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CLARK LECTURER AT TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

*Flos poetarum fuit
Qui nunc abierunt hinc in communem locum,
Absentes prosunt sed tamen praesentibus.
Vos omnes opere magno esse oratos volo
Benigne ut operam detis ad nostrum gregem.*

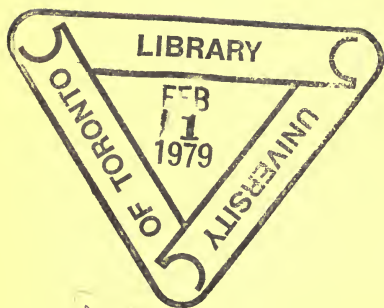
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PHILOMVSIS • MYSOPHILIS

*From tiresome ease, from idle toil,
O blest who timely turns his flight
To tread the consecrated soil,
To contemplate the perfect light,
Apollo's humble Anchorite,
Secure to dwell and save his soul;—
But when the Master's hands enrol
The names of those that served him best,
Whose name were lowest on the scroll,
O doubly he and trebly blest!*

B. N.

PREFACE

AT the outset some explanation will be desired of the principles underlying this Anthology. In the first place, then, the title may be interpreted not only in its proper sense of an enclosed garden, but more particularly of a garden of the dead ; no poems being admitted by living authors. Again, none are admitted which are still copyright. These limitations necessarily exclude many poems which the reader, having them on the surface of his memory, may expect to find in the various sections ; but, on the other hand, they allow more space for the older poets who are probably less familiar. And a candid reader who compares the most modern expression of an idea with some older one contained in this volume, will not uniformly find the preponderance on the side of the former, superb

as the poetic production of the last half century in England has been. Sonnets have been excluded because, in the Editor's judgment, they do not mix well with lyric and dramatic poetry. The selections from the drama are such as express general truths, and do not depend for their comprehension or force upon particular characters and circumstances. Great care has been bestowed to secure an accurate text ; but the Editor has not hesitated to omit lines and stanzas that for any reason seemed best omitted. In important cases such omissions are pointed out in the notes.

YATTENDON RECTORY.

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*Power above powers! O heavenly Eloquence!
That, with the strong rein of commanding words,
Dost manage, guide, and master the eminence
Of men's affections more than all their swords;
Shall we not offer to thy excellence
The richest treasure that our wit affords?
Thou that canst do much more with one poor pen
Than all the powers of princes can effect,
And draw, divert, dispose, and fashion men
Better than force or rigour can direct;
Should we this ornament of glory, then
As the immaterial fruits of shades neglect?
Whenas our accent, equal to the best,
Is able greater wonders to bring forth;
When all that ever hotter spirits expressed
Comes bettered by the patience of the north.*

Daniel

LOVE

*O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!*
Shakespeare

THE POTENCY OF LOVE

OTHER slow arts entirely keep the brain,
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immurèd in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye,
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;
 Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.

SHAKESPEARE

DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS
 HE COULD LOVE

A face that should content me wondrous well
 Should not be fair, but lovely to behold ;
 With gladsome cheer, all grief for to expel :
 With sober looks so would I that it should
 Speak without words, such words as none can tell :
 The tress also should be of crisped gold.
 With wit and these might chance I might be tied,
 And knit again the knot that should not slide.

WYATT

SHALL I tell you whom I love?

Hearken then awhile to me ;
 And if such a woman move
 As I now shall versify,
 Be assured 'tis she, or none,
 That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right
 As she scorns the help of art,
 In as many virtues dight
 As e'er yet embraced a heart :

So much good, so truly tried,
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath,
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath,
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

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.

Such she is : and if you know
Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown, or fair, or—so
That she be but sometime young ;
Be assured 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

BROWNE

AND would you see my mistress' face /
It is a flowery garden place,
Where knots of beauties have such grace
That all is work and nowhere space.

It is a sweet delicious morn,
Where day is breeding, never born ;
It is a meadow, yet unshorn,
Which thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,
 Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex ·
 It is th' Idea of her sex,
 Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of Death that smiles,
 Pleasing, though it kills the whiles :
 Where Death and Love in pretty wiles
 Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth,
 It is the feign'd Elysium's truth :
 The spring, that winter'd hearts renew'th ;
 And this is that my soul pursu'th.

CAMPION

A WELCOME

*Welcome, welcome! do I sing
 Far more welcome than the spring :
 He that parteth from you never,
 Shall enjoy a spring for ever.*

Love, that to the voice is near
 Breaking from your ivory pale,
 Need not walk abroad to hear
 The delightful nightingale.

Welcome, welcome, then I sing . . .

Love, that looks still on your eyes,
 Though the winter have begun
 To benumb our arteries,
 Shall not want the summer's sun.

Welcome, welcome . . .

Love, that still may see your cheeks,
Where all rareness still reposes,
Is a fool if e'er he seeks
Other lilies, other roses.

Welcome, welcome . . .

Love, to whom your soft lips yields,
And perceives your breath in kissing,
All the odours of the fields
Never, never shall be missing.

Welcome, welcome . . .

Love, that question would anew
What fair Eden was of old,
Let him rightly study you,
And a brief of that behold.

Welcome, welcome . . .

BROWNE

THE PILGRIMAGE

As you came from the holy land
Of Walsinghame,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

*How shall I know your true love,
That have met many one,
As I went to the holy land,
That have come, that have gone?*

She is neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine
In the earth or the air.

*Such a one did I meet, good sir,
 Such an angelic face,
 Who like a queen, like a nymph, did appear
 By her gait, by her grace.*

She hath left me here all alone,
 All alone, as unknown,
 Who sometimes did me lead with herself,
 And me loved as her own.

*What's the cause that she leaves you alone,
 And a new way doth take,
 Who loved you once as her own,
 And her joy did you make?*

I have loved her all my youth,
 But now old, as you see :
 Love likes not the falling fruit
 From the withered tree.

*Know that love is a careless child,
 And forgets promise past,
 He is blind, he is deaf when he lust,
 And in faith never fast.*

*His desire is a dureless content,
 And a trustless joy ;
 He is won with a world of despair,
 And is lost with a toy.*

But true love is a durable fire
 In the mind ever burning,
 Never sick, never old, never dead,
 From itself never turning.

RALEIGH

THE IDEA REALISED

Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name ;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worshipped be :
Still when to where thou wert I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing did I see ;
But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh and else could nothing do
More subtil than the parent is
Love must not be, but take a body too ;
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid love ask, and now
That it assume thy body I allow,
And fix itself in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

DONNE

THE HEART'S VENTURE

As careful merchants do expecting stand
(After long time and merry gales of wind)
Upon the place where their brave ship must land,
So wait I for the vessel of my mind.

Upon a great adventure is it bound,
Whose safe return will valued be at more
Than all the wealthy prizes which have crowned
The golden wishes of an age before

Oh hasten then, and if thou be not gone
Unto that wished traffic through the main,

My powerful sighs shall quickly drive thee on,
And then begin to draw thee back again.

If in the mean rude waves have it oppress
It shall suffice, I ventured at the best.

BROWNE

SONG

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear ; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low :
Trip no further, pretty sweetening ;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What 's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

SHAKESPEARE

MADRIGAL

My love in her attire doth shew her wit,
It doth so well become her ;
For every season she hath dressings fit
For winter, spring, and summer.
No beauty doth she miss
When all her robes are on.
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

ANON.

TYRIAN dye why do you wear,
 You whose cheeks best scarlet are ?
 Why do you fondly pin
 Pure linens o'er your skin,
 Your skin that's whiter far ;—
 Casting a dusky cloud before a star ?

Why bears your neck a golden chain ?
 Did Nature make your hair in vain
 Of gold most pure and fine ?
 With gems why do you shine ?
 They, neighbour to your eyes,
 Show but like Phosphor when the Sun doth rise.

COWLEY

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

ANON.

TO MISTRESS MARGARET

Merry Margaret
 As midsummer flower,

Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower :
With solace and gladness
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness :
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly
Her demeaning
In every thing,
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write
Of merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.
As patient and still
And as full of goodwill
As fair Isaphill,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander ;
Stedfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought ;
Far may be sought,
Ere that ye can find
So courteous, so kind,
As merry Margaret
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.

SKELTON

TO MISTRESS MARGERY

With margerain gentle,
The flower of goodlihead,
Embroidered the mantle
Is of your maidenhead.
Plainly, I cannot glose ;
Ye be, as I divine,
The pretty primërose,
The goodly columbine.

Beniga, courteous, and meek,
With wordes well devised ;
In you, who list to seek,
Be virtues well comprised.
With margerain gentle,
The flower of goodlihead,
Embroidered the mantle
Is of your maidenhead.

SKELTON

SILVIA

Who is Silvia ? what is she,
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair and wise is she ;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness :
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling ;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling :
 To her let us garlands bring.

SHAKESPEARE

DOUBT you to whom my Muse these notes entendeth,
 Which now my breast, o'ercharg'd, to music lendeth ?
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
 Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry state with pleasure ?
 Who keeps the key of Nature's chiefest treasure ?
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
 Only for you the heav'n forgot all measure.

Who hath the lips, where wit in fairness reigneth ?
 Who womankind at once both decks and staineth ?
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
 Only by you Cupid his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet, whose step of sweetness planteth ?
 Who else, for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth ?
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
 Only to you her sceptre Venus granteth.

Who hath the breast, whose milk doth passions nourish ?
 Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish ?
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
 Only through you the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand which without stroke subdueth ?
 Who long-dead beauty with increase reneweth ?
 To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
 Only at you all envy hopeless rueth.

SIDNEY

CHARIS' TRIUMPH

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth !
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth,
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty ;
And enamoured do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Thorough swords, thorough seas, whither she
would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth !
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth !
Do but mark, her forehead's smother
Than words that soothe her ;
And from her arch'd brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life,
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it ?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow,
Before the soil hath smutched it ?
Have you felt the wool of beaver ?
Or swan's down ever ?

Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar?
 Or the nard in the fire?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
 O so white,—O so soft,—O so sweet is she!
JONSON

T O C E L I A

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine:
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not withered be;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me,
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

JONSON

C A M P A S P E

Cupid and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
 Loses them too; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose

Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win:
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O Love! has she done this to thee?

What shall, alas! become of me?

LVLVE

CHLORIS IN THE SNOW

I saw fair Chloris walk alone
When feathered rain came softly down, —
Then Jove descended from his tower
To court her in a silver shower;
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
Like little birds into their nest;
But overcome with whiteness there,
For grief it thawed into a tear;
Then falling down her garment hem,
To deck her froze into a gem.

CAREW

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day,
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past,
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose
 For in your beauty's orient deep
 These flowers as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more where those stars light
 That downwards fall in dead of night;
 For in your eyes they sit, and there
 Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
 The Phoenix builds her spicy nest,
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

CAREW

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

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

BYRON

TO LAURA

Rose-checked Laura, come !
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow
From concert divinely framed,
Heaven is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for helps to grace them ;
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord .

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing
Ever perfect, ever in them-
Selves eternal.

CAMPION

ODE

Sweet love, mine only treasure,
For service long unfeigned,
Wherein I nought have gained ;
Vouchsafe this little pleasure,
To tell me in what part
My lady keeps my heart.

If in her hair so slender
Like golden nets, entwined,
Which fire and art have fined ;

Her thrall my heart I render
 For ever to abide
 With locks so dainty tied.

If in her eyes she bind it,
 Wherein that fire was framed,
 By which it is inflamed,
 I dare not look to find it ;
 I only wish it sight,
 To see that pleasant light.

But if her breast have deigned
 With kindness to receive it,
 I am content to leave it,
 Though death thereby were gained ;
 Then, lady, take your own
 That lives for you alone.

A. W.

AN ODD CONCEIT

Lovely kind and kindly loving,
 Such a mind were worth the moving :
 Truly fair and fairly true, —
 Where are all these but in you ?

Wisely kind and kindly wise,
 Blessed life, where such love lies !
 Wise and kind and fair and true, --
 Lovely live all these in you.

Sweetly dear and dearly sweet,
 Blessed, where these blessings meet !
 Sweet, fair, wise, kind, blessed, true, —
 Blessed be all these in you !

BRETON

AUBADE

I

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies !
 And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eye-
 With everything that pretty is—my lady sweet, arise
 Arise, arise.

SHAKESPEARE

II

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest
 And climbing shakes his dewy wings,
 He takes this window for the East,
 And to implore your light he sings—
 Awake ! awake ! the morn will never rise
 Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

DAVENANT

III

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow ;
 Sweet air, blow soft ; mount, larks, aloft,
 To give my love good-morrow.
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
 Bird, prune thy wing ; nightingale, sing.
 To give my love good-morrow,
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin redbreast,
 Sing, birds, in every furrow ;
 And from each hill let music shrill,
 Give my fair love good-morrow.
 Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
 Stare, linnet and cock-sparrow ;
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
 Sing my fair love good-morrow.
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Sing, birds, in every furrow.

HEYWOOD.

IV

Phœbus, arise !
 And paint the sable skies
 With azure, white, and red :
 Rouse Memnon's mother from her 'Tithon's bed
 That she thy càreer may with roses spread :
 The nightingales thy coming eachwhere sing :
 Make an eternal spring !
 Give life to this dark world which lieth dead ;
 Spread forth thy golden hair
 In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
 And emperor-like decore
 With diadem of pearl thy temples fair :
 Chase hence the ugly night
 Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
 This is that happy morn,
 That day, long-wishèd day,
 Of all my life so dark,
 (If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn
 And fates not hope betray),
 Which, only white, deserves
 A diamond for ever should it mark.

This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.
Fair king, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Penéus streams
Did once thy heart surprise ;
Nay, suns, which shine as clear
As thou when two thou did to Rome appear.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise :
If that ye winds would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your stormy chiding stay ;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes these purple ports of death
The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair
Ensatroning sea and air
Makes vanish every star :
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels :
The fields with flowers are decked in every hue,
The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue ;
Here is the pleasant place
And everything, save her, who all should grace.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

SERENADE

1

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee ;

And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee !

No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee !
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber ;
What though the moon does slumber ?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me ;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

HERRICK

II

Who is it that this dark night
Underneath my window plaineth ?
*It is one who from thy sight
Being, ah, exiled, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.*

Why, alas, and are you he ?
Be not yet those fancies changèd ?
*Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estrangèd.
Let my change to ruin be.*

Well, in absence this will die ;
 Leave to see, and leave to wonder.
Absence sure will help, if I
 Can learn how my self to sunder
From what in my heart doth lie.

But time will these thoughts remove ;
 Time doth work what no man knoweth.
Time doth as the subject prove ;
 With time still the affection groweth
In the faithful turtle-dove.

What if you new beauties see,
 Will not they stir new affection ?
I will think they pictures be
 (Image-like, of saints' perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

But your reason's purest light
 Bids you leave such minds to nourish.
Dear, do reason no such spite.
 Never doth thy beauty flourish
More than in my reason's sight.

SIDNEY

III

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright :
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how ?—
To thy chamber-window, Sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream—
 The champak odours fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;
 The nightingale's complaint
 It dies upon her heart,
 As I must die on thine
 O belovèd as thou art !

O lift me from the grass !
 I die, I faint, I fail !
 Let thy love in kisses rain
 On my lips and eyelids pale.
 My cheek is cold and white. alas !
 My heart beats loud and fast ;
 O ! press it close to thine again
 Where it will break at last.

SHELLEY

COME, O come, my life's delight,
 Let me not in languor pine,
 Love loves no delay : thy sight,
 The more enjoyed, the more divine :
 O come, and take from me
 The pain of being deprived of thee.

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
 Like a little world of bliss ;
 Beauty guards thy looks : the rose
 In them pure and eternal is.
 Come then, and make thy flight
 As swift to me as heavenly light.

CAMPION

A FANCY

First shall the heav'ns want starry light,
The seas be robb'd of their waves,
The day want sun, and sun want bright.
The night want shade, the dead men graves,
The April flow'rs and leaf and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

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

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

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

LODGE

DEAR, if you change, I'll never choose again ;
 Sweet, if you shrink, I'll never think of love :
 Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain ;
 Wise, if too weak, more wits I'll never prove,
 Dear, sweet, fair, wise ! change, shrink, nor be not weak ;
 And, on my faith, my faith shall never break.

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heaven adorn ;
 Heaven her bright stars through earth's dim globe shall
 move :
 Fire heat shall lose, and frost of flame be born ;
 Air, made to shine, as black as hell shall prove :
 Earth, heaven, fire, air, the world transformed shall view,
 Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you.

ANON.

FAIR would I change that note
 To which fond love hath charmed me
 Long, long to sing by rote
 Fancying that that harmed me :
 Yet when this thought doth come
 ' Love is the perfect sun
 Of all delight,'
 I have no other choice
 Either for pen or voice
 To sing or write.

O Love, they wrong thee much
 That say thy sweet is bitter,
 When thy rich fruit is such,
 As nothing can be sweeter.

Fair house of joy and bliss
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee ;
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

ANON.

SONG

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing :
A plant that with most cutting grows
Most barren with best using.
Why so ?
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Hey ho !

DANIEL

HE or she that hopes to gain
Love's best sweet without some pain,
Hopes in vain.

Cupid's livery no one wears
But must put on hopes and fears,
Smiles and tears.

And, like to April weather,
Rain and shine both together,
Both or neither.

ANON.

MADRIGAL

April is in my mistress' face,
And July in her eyes hath place ;
Within her bosom is September,
But in her heart a cold December.

ANON.

TWO LOVES

Brown is my love but graceful ;
And each renowned whiteness
Matched with thy lovely brown loseth its brightness.

Fair is my love but scornful ;
Yet have I seen despised
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well prized.

ANON.

CRUEL BEAUTY

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play ;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair ;
Love does on both her lips for ever stray ;
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.
In all her outward parts Love's always seen ;
But, oh, he never went within.

COWLEY

KIND are her answers,
But her performance keeps no day ;
Breaks time, as dancers,
From their own music when they stray.
All her free favours and smooth words
Wing my hopes in vain.
O did ever voice so sweet but only feign ?
Can true love yield such delay,
Converting joy to pain ?

Lost is our freedom
When we submit to women so :
Why do we need 'em
When, in their best, they work our wee ?
There is no wisdom
Can alter ends by fate prefixt.
O, why is the good of man with evil mixt ?
Never were days yet called two
But one night went betwixt.

CAMPION

LOVE'S PRISONER

How sweet I roamed from field to field
And tasted all the summer's pride.
Till I the Prince of Love beheld
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow ;
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage ;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me ;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

BLAKE

SONG

My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away ;
And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold ;
Oh, why to him was 't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold ?
His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb.
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding-sheet ;
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat :
Then down I'll lie as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away !

BLAKE

PHILLIS

Love guards the roses of thy lips,
 And flies about them like a bee :
 If I approach he forward skips,
 And if I kiss he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his bower
 And sleeps within their pretty shine ;
 And if I look the boy will lour
 And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.

LOGGE

Phillis is my only joy,
 Faithless as the winds or seas ;
 Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,
 Yet she never fails to please :
 If with a frown
 I am cast down,
 Phillis smiling,
 And beguiling,
 Makes me happier than before.

Tho' alas, too late I find
 Nothing can her fancy fix,
 Yet the moment she is kind
 I forgive her all her tricks ;
 Which tho' I see,
 I can't get free :
 She deceiving,
 I believing :
 What need lovers wish for more ?

SEDLEY

FORGET NOT YET

Forget not yet the tried intent
 Of such a truth as I have meant ;
 My great travail so gladly spent,
 Forget not yet !

Forget not yet when first began
 The weary life ye know, since whan,
 The suit, the service, none tell can ;
 Forget not yet !

Forget not yet the great assays,
 The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
 The painful patience in delays,
 Forget not yet !

Forget not ! oh ! forget not this,
 How long ago hath been, and is,
 The mind that never meant amiss.
 Forget not yet !

Forget not then thine own approved,
 The which so long hath thee so loved,
 Whose steadfast faith yet never moved ;
 Forget not yet !

WYATT

YEA OR NAY

Madam, withouten many words
 Once I am sure you will or no :
 And if you will, then leave your bords,*
 And use your wit and show it so.

* Tricks

For with a beck you shall me call;
And if of one that burns alway
Ye have pity or ruth at all,
Answer him fair with yea or nay.

If it be yea, I shall be fain :
If it be nay, friends as before,
You shall another man obtain,
And I mine own, and yours no more.

WYATT

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

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

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings, known,
Make me quite forget my own?

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

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

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

WITHER

TO ANTHEA

WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

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

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

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

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

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

HERKICK

A CAVALIER'S WOOING

My dear and only love, I pray
This noble world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy ;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone ;

My thoughts shall evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 Who puts it not unto the touch,
 'To win or lose it all.

But if thou wilt be constant then
 And faithful of thy word,
 I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
 And famous by my sword ;
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways
 Was never heard before ;
 I'll deck and crown thee all with bays,
 And love thee evermore.

MONTROSE

If. as I have, you also do
 Virtue in woman see,
 And dare love that, and say so too,
 And forget the *He* and *She*,—

And if this love, though placèd *so*,
 From profane men you hide,
 Which will no faith on this bestow
 Or, if they do, deride,—

Then you have done a braver thing
 Than all the worthies did ;
 And a braver thence will spring,
 Which is, to keep that hid.

DONNE

AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND
MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame,
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.*
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart
Neither for pain nor smart:
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

WYATT

* Sorrow.

OF A WOMAN'S HEART

O faithless world, and thy most faithless part
 A woman's heart,
 The true shop of variety, where sits
 Nothing but fits
 And fevers of desire, and pangs of love,
 Which toys remove.
 Why was she born to please, or I to trust
 Words writ in dust,
 Suffering her eyes to govern my despair,
 My pain for air,
 And fruit of time rewarded with untruth,
 The food of youth?
 Untrue she was, yet I believed her eyes,
 Instructed spies,
 Till I was taught that love was but a school
 To breed a fool.
 Or sought she more by triumphs of denial
 To make a trial
 How far her smiles commanded my weakness?
 Yield and confess!
 Excuse no more thy folly; but, for cure,
 Blush and endure
 As well thy shame as passions that were vain;
 And think 'tis gain
 To know that love lodged in a woman's breast
 Is but a guest.

WOTTON

 THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE
 UNKINDNESS OF HIS LOVE

My lute, awake, perform the last
 Labour that thou and I shall waste;

And end that I have now begun :
And when this song is sung and past
My lute, be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon ;
Should we then sigh or sing or moan ?
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection :
So that I am past remedy ;
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts thorough Love's shot,
By whom unkind thou hast them won :
Think not he hath his bow forgot.
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That mak'st but game of earnest pain,
Trow not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lover's plain,
Although my lute and I have done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste ;
And ended is that we begun :
Now is this song both sung and past—
My lute, be still, for I have done.

WYATT

MYRA

I, with whose colours Myra dressed her head.

I, that wore posies of her own hand making,

I, that mine own name in the chimneys read

By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking :

Must I look on, in hope time coming may

With change bring back my turn again to play ?

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile found

A garland sweet with true love-knots in flowers,

Which I to wear about mine arms was bound

That each of us might know that all was ours :

Must I lead now an idle life in wishes,

And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes !

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,

I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed,

I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,

I, who did make her blush when I was named :

Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,

Watching with sighs till dead love be awakèd ?

I, that when drowsy Argus fell asleep,

Like jealousy o'erwatchèd with desire,

Was ever warnèd modesty to keep

While her breath speaking kindled Nature's fire :

Must I look on a-cold while others warm them ?

Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets arm them ?

Was it for this that I might Myra see

Washing the water with her beauties white ?

Yet would she never write her love to me.

Thinks wit of change when thoughts are in delight !

Mad girls may safely love as they may leave ;

No man can *print* a kiss : lines may deceive.

BROOKE

THE LOVER COMFORTETH HIMSELF WITH
THE WORTHINESS OF HIS LOVE

When raging love with extreme pain
Most cruelly distrains my heart :
When that my tears as floods of rain
Bear witness of my woful smart ;
When sighs have wasted so my breath,
That I lie at the point of death :

I call to mind the navy great
That the Greeks brought to Troyetown,
And how the boisterous wind did beat
Their ships and rend their sails adown ;
Till Agamemnon's daughter's blood
Appeased the gods, that them withstood :

And how that in those ten years' war
Full many a bloody deed was done,
And many a lord that came full far
There caught his bane (alas,) too soon ;
And many a good knight overrun,
Before the Greeks had Helen won ;

Then think I thus—since such repair,
So long time war of valiant men,
Was all to win a lady fair,
Shall I not learn to suffer then,
And think my time well spent to be,
Serving a worthier wight than she ?

Therefore I never will repent
But pains contented still endure.
For like as when, rough winter spent,
The pleasant spring straight draweth in ure,
So after raging storms of care,
Joyful at length may be my fare.

SURREY

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HIM AND HIS
HEART

At her fair hands how have I grace entreated,
With prayers oft repeated !
Yet still my love is thwarted :
Heart, let her go, for she'll not be converted —

Say, shall she go?

O no, no, no, no, no ;

She is most fair though she be marble-hearted.

How often have my sighs declared mine anguish,
Wherein I daily languish !

Yet doth she still procure it :

Heart, let her go, for I can not endure it.

Say, shall she go?

O no, no, no, no, no ;

She gave the wound, and she alone must cure it.

But shall I still a true affection owe her,
Which prayers, sighs, tears, do show her,
And shall she still disdain me?

Heart, let her go, if they no grace can gain me.

Say, shall she go?

O no, no, no, no, no ;

She made me hers, and hers she will retain me.

But if the love that hath, and still doth burn me,
No love at length return me,

Out of my thoughts I'll set her.

Heart, let her go ; oh, heart, I pray thee, let her.

Say, shall she go?

O no, no, no, no, no ;

Fixed in the heart, how can the heart forget her?

W. DAVISON

TRUE AND FALSE LOVE

Love seeketh not itself to please,
 Nor for itself hath any care.
 But for another gives its ease,
 And builds a heaven in hell's despair.

Love seeketh only self to please,
 To bind another to its delight,
 Joys in another's loss of ease,
 And builds a hell in heaven's despite.

BLAKE

SONG

Where shall the lover rest,
 Whom the fates sever
 From his true maiden's breast,
 Parted for ever?
 Where, through groves deep and high,
 Sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die,
 Under the willow.

Chorus—

Eleu loro, etc. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
 Cool streams are laving;
 There, while the tempests sway,
 Scarce are boughs waving;
 There, thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted for ever,

Never again to wake,

Never, O never !

Chorus—

Elen loro, etc. Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,

He, the deceiver,

Who could win maiden's breast,

Ruin, and leave her ?

In the lost battle,

Borne down by the flying,

Where mingles war's rattle,

With groans of the dying.

Chorus—

Elen loro, etc. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap

O'er the false-hearted ;

His warm blood the wolf shall lap,

Ere life be parted,

Shame and dishonour sit

By his grave ever ;

Blessing shall hallow it,—

Never, O never !

Chorus—

Elen loro, etc. Never, O never !

SCOTT

TO HIS COY LOVE

A CANZONET

I pray thee leave, love me no more,

Call home the heart you gave me,

I but in vain that saint adore

That can but will not save me.

These poor half kisses kill me quite ;
 Was ever man thus served ?
 Amidst an ocean of delight
 For pleasure to be starved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts
 With azure riverets branched,
 Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
 Yet is my thirst not stanch'd.
 O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,
 By me thou art prevented ;
 'Tis nothing to be plagued in Hell,
 But thus in Heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
 Nor thy life's comfort call me ;
 O these are but too powerful charms
 And do but more enthrall me.
 But see how patient I am grown
 In all this coil about thee ;
 Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone ;
 I cannot live without thee.

DRAYTON

THE POET-WOOER

I now think Love is rather deaf than blind,
 For else it could not be
 That she
 Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
 And cast my suit behind :
 I'm sure my language to her was as sweet,
 And every close did meet
 In sentence of as subtle feet
 As hath the youngest he
 That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree,

Oh, but my conscious fears
That fly my thoughts between
Tell me that she hath seen
My hundreds of gray hairs,
Told seven and forty years,
And all these, through her eyes, have stopt her ears.
JONSON

HALFWAY IN LOVE

Fair friend, 'tis true, your beauties move
My heart to a respect,
Too little to be paid with love,
Too great for your neglect.

I neither love nor yet am free,
For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
'Tis of the purest kind.

It little wants of love but pain ;
Your beauty takes my sense,
And lest you should that praise disdain,
My thoughts feel th' influence.

'Tis not a passion's first access,
Ready to multiply :
But like love's calmest state it is
Possess with victory.

It is like love to truth reduced,
All the false values gone,
Which were created, or induced
By imagination.

'Tis either fancy or 'tis fate
 'To love you more than I :
 I love you at your beauty's rate,
 Less were an injury.

JONSON

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE

I ask no kind return of love,
 No tempting charm to please ;
 Far from the heart those gifts remove,
 That sighs for peace and ease ;

No peace, nor ease, the heart can know,
 That, like the needle true,
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
 But turning trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
 'Tis pain in each degree :
 'Tis bliss but to a certain bound,
 Beyond is agony.

MRS. GREVILLE

TIME is the feathered thing,
 And whilst I praise
 The sparklings of thy looks, and call them rays,
 Takes wing,
 Leaving behind him as he flies
 An unperceivèd dimness in thine eyes.

His minutes while they 're told,
 Do make us old,
 And every sand of his fleet glass,
 Increasing age as it doth pass,
 Insensibly sows wrinkles there,
 Where flowers and roses did appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
 Doth into ice expire,
 Flames turn to frost;
 And ere we can
 Know how our crow turns swan,
 Or how a silver snow
 Springs there where jet did grow,
 Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

MAYNE.

TO A. L.

PERSUASIONS TO LOVE

Think not, 'cause men flatt'ring say,
 Y'are fresh as April, sweet as May,
 Bright as is the morning-star,
 That you are so; or though you are
 Be not therefore proud, and deem
 All men unworthy your esteem:
 For being so, you lose the pleasure
 Of being fair, since that rich treasure
 Of rare beauty and sweet feature
 Was bestowed on you by nature
 To be enjoyed, and 'twere a sin,
 There to be scarce, where she hath been
 So prodigal of her best graces;

Thus common beauties and mean faces
 Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
 The sport you lose by being coy.
 Starve not yourself, because you may
 Thereby make me pine away ;
 Nor let brittle beauty make
 You your wiser thoughts forsake :
 For that lovely face will fail ;
 Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail ;
 'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done
 Than summer's rain, or winter's sun ;
 Most fleeting, when it is most dear ;
 'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.
 These curious locks so aptly twined,
 Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
 Will change their auburn hue, and grow
 White, and cold as winter's snow.
 That eye which now is Cupid's nest
 Will prove his grave, and all the rest
 Will follow ; in the cheek, chin, nose,
 Nor lily shall be found, nor rose ;
 And what will then become of all
 Those, whom now you servants call ?
 Like swallows, when your summer's done
 They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
 Then wisely choose one to your friend,
 Whose love may (when your beauties
 end)
 Remain still firm : be provident,
 And think before the summer's spent
 Of following winter ; like the ant
 In plenty hoard for time of scant,
 Cull out amongst the multitude
 Of lovers, that seek to intrude
 Into your favour, one that may
 Love for an age, not for a day ;

For when the storms of time have moved
Waves on that cheek which was beloved ;
When a fair lady's face is pined,
And yellow spread where red once shined ;
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may return, but lover never :
Oh love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not lose this present minute :
For time and age will work that wrack,
Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes ;
The faded rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves :
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason ;
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauty's flow'r :
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

CAREW

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

Had we but world enough and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find : I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood

And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow ;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze ;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest ;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart ;
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near ;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
Now therefore while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapt power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life :
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

MARVELL

A DIRGE

Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread ;
For Love is dead :

 All love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain :
 Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
And faith fair scorn doth gain.
 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female frenzy,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us !

Weep, neighbours, weep ; do you not hear it said
That Love is dead ?

 His deathbed, peacock's Folly ;
His winding-sheet is Shame :
 His will, False Seeming wholly ;
His sole executor, blame.

 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female frenzy,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord deliver us !

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead ;

 Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My mistress' marble heart ;
 Which epitaph containeth,
' Her eyes were once his dart.

 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female frenzy,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us !

Alas, I lie ; rage hath this error bred ;
Love is not dead ;

Love is not dead, but sleepeth,
In her unmatched mind,

Where she his counsel keepeth,
Till due deserts she find.

Therefore from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a frenzy,
Who Love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !

SIDNEY

ONE word is too often profaned

For me to profane it,

One feeling too falsely disdained

For thee to disdain it.

One hope is too like despair

For prudence to smother,

And pity from thee more dear

Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love ;

But wilt thou accept not

The worship the heart lifts above

And the Heavens reject not :

The desire of the moth for the star,

Of the night for the morrow,

The devotion to something afar

From the sphere of our sorrow ?

SHELLEY

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—
Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

After the slumber of the year
The woodland violets re-appear ;
All things revive in field or grove,
And sky and sea,—but two, which move
And form all others, life and love.

SHELLEY

TO HIS MISTRESS

ON THE SEAL OF HER LETTER

Thou sent'st to me a heart was crowned,
I took it to be thine ;
But when I saw it had a wound,
I knew the heart was mine.

A bounty of a strange conceit
To send mine own to me :
And send it in a worse estate
Than it was sent to thee.

O heavens, how wouldst thou use a heart
That should rebellious be,
Since thou hast been unkind to that
Which so much honoured thee?

DONNE

Now sleep, and take thy rest,
 Once grieved and pained wight,
 Since now she loves thee best
 Who is thy heart's delight.
 Let joy be thy soul's guest,
 And care be banished quite,
 Since she hath thee expressed
 To be her favourite.

MABBE

OF KISSING

For Love's sake, kiss me once again,
 I long, and should not beg in vain,
 Here's none to spy, or see,
 Why do you doubt or stay?
 I'll taste as lightly as the bee,
 That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.

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

JONSON

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river
 And the rivers with the ocean,
 The winds of heaven mix for ever
 With a sweet emotion ;

Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

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

SHELLEY

AND truly I would rather be struck dumb
Than speak against this ardent listlessness :
For I have ever thought that it might bless
The world with benefits unknowingly ;
As does the nightingale, up-perched high,
And cloister'd among cool and bunch'd leaves—
She sings but to her love, nor e'er conceives
How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-grey hood.
Just so may love, although 'tis understood
The mere commingling of passionate breath,
Produce more than our searching witnesseth :
What I know not : but who of men can tell
That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would
swell

To melting pulp, that fish could have bright mail,
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
If human souls did never kiss and greet?

KEATS

TO CASTARA

OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF LOVE

Where sleeps the north wind when the south inspires
 Life in the Spring, and gathers into quires
 The scattered nightingales? whose subtle ears
 Heard first th' harmonious language of the spheres?
 Whence hath the stone magnetic force t' allure
 Th' enamoured iron? from a seed impure
 Or natural did first the mandrake grow?
 What power in th' ocean makes it ebb and flow?
 What strange materials is the azure sky
 Compacted of? of what its brightest eye,
 The ever flaming sun? what people are
 In th' unknown world? what worlds in every star?
 Let curious fancies at this secret rove:
 Castara, what we know we'll practise, love.

HABINGTON

AGAINST WEEPING

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
 Which like growing fountains rise
 To drown their banks; grief's sullen brooks
 Would better flow in furrowed looks.
 Thy lovely face was never meant
 To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those waterish stars again,
 Which else portend a lasting rain;
 Lest the clouds which settle there
 Prolong my winter all the year,
 And thy example others make
 In love with sorrow for thy sake.

KING

I SAW my Lady weep
 And sorrow proud to be advanced so
 In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.

Her face was full of woe,
 But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
 Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair
 And Passion wise ; tears a delightful thing,
 Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom rare ;
 She made her sighs to sing,
 And all things with so sweet a sadness move,
 As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

ANON.

S O R R O W

The dew no more will weep,
 The primrose's pale cheek to deck :
 The dew no more will sleep,
 Nuzzled in the lily's neck :
 Much rather would it tremble here,
 And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold which
 Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
 Makes Sorrow half so rich,
 As the drops distilled from thee :
 Sorrow's best jewels be in these
 Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the keys.

When Sorrow would be seen
 In her bright majesty,
 For she is a Queen !
 Then is she dressed by none but thee ;

Then, and only then, she wears
Her richest pearls ;—I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes
When they red with weeping are
For the sun that dies,
Sits Sorrow with a face so fair :
Nowhere but here doth meet,
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

CRASHAW

ODE

*That time and absence proves
Rather helps than hurts to loves.*

Absence, hear thou my protestation,
Against thy strength,
Distance and length :
Do what thou canst for alteration,
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join, and time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
He soon hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To hearts that cannot vary,
Absence is present, Time doth tarry.

My senses want their outward motions
Which now within
Reason doth win,
Redoubled in her secret notions :
Like rich men that take pleasure
In hiding more than handling treasure.

By absence this good means I gain,
 That I can catch her
 Where none can watch her,
 In some close corner of my brain,
 There I embrace and kiss her ;
 And so I both enjoy and miss her.

DONNE

How ill doth he deserve a Lover's name
 Whose pale weak flame
 Cannot retain
 His heat in spite of absence or disdain ;
 But doth at once like paper set on fire
 Burn and expire.
 True love did never change his seat,
 Nor did he ever love that could retreat.

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

CAREW

TO LUCASTA

ON HIS GOING BEYOND THE SEAS

If to be absent were to be
 Away from thee ;

Or that when I am gone
 You or I were alone ;
 Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
 Pity from blust'ring wind, or swallowing grave.

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

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

LOVELACE

TO LUCASTA

ON HIS GOING TO THE WARS

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.

LOVELACE

TO ALTHEA

FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tinkle in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage :
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

LOVELACE

TO HIS LOVE
 ON GOING A JOURNEY

Sweetest love, I do not go
 For weariness of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter love for me ;
 But since that I
 Must die at last, 'tis best
 Thus to use myself in jest
 By feignèd death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
 And yet is here to-day ;
 He hath no desire nor sense,
 Nor half so short a way :
 Then fear not me,
 But believe that I shall make
 Hastier journeys, since I take
 More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's pow'r !
 That, if good fortune fall,
 Cannot add another hour,
 Nor a lost hour recall ;
 But come bad chance,

And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length
Itself o'er us t' advance.

When thou sigh'st thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away ;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me as thou say'st
If in thine my life thou waste,
Which art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill ;
Destiny may take thy part
And may thy fears fulfil ;
But think that we
Are but turn'd aside to sleep.
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be !

DONNE

A VALEDICTION

FORBIDDING MOURNING

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
'Now his breath goes,' and some say 'No' ;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' Earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull, sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refined,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less eyes, lips, and hand, to miss.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two ;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run ;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

DONNE

THE ABSENT LOVER

Soon as she heard the name of Artegall
Her heart did leap, and all her heart-strings tremble,
For sudden joy and secret fear withal ;
And all her vital powers with motion nimble
To succour it, themselves 'gan there assemble ;
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plain appeared, though she it would dissemble,
And feigned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

One while she blained herself, another while
She him condemned as trustless and untrue,
And then, her grief with error to beguile,
She feigned to count the time again anew,
As if before she had not counted true ;
For hours, but days, for weeks that passed were
She told but months, to make them seem more few ;
Yet when she reckoned them still drawing near,
Each hour did seem a month, and every month a year.

SPENSER

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage,
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

Then let me go, and hinder not my course :
 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
 And make a pastime of each weary step,
 Till the last step have brought me to my love ;
 And there I'll rest as after much turmoil
 A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

SHAKESPEARE

FOREKNOWLEDGE

Little think'st thou, poor flower
 Whom I have watched six or seven days,
 And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
 Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
 And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,

Little think'st thou
 That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
 To-morrow find thee fall'n, or not at all.

Little think'st thou, poor heart,
 That labourest yet to nestle thee,
 And think'st by hovering here to get a part
 In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
 And hop'st her stiffness by long siege to bow :

Little think'st thou
 That thou, to-morrow, ere the sun doth wake,
 Must with this sun and me a journey take.

DONNE

MEMORY

So shuts the marigold her leaves
 At the departure of the sun ;
 So from the honeysuckle sheaves
 The bee goes when the day is done ;

So sits the turtle when she is but one,
And so all woe, as I since she is gone.

To some few birds kind Nature hath
Made all the summer as one day :
Which once enjoyed, cold winter's wrath
As night they sleeping pass away.
Those happy creatures are, they know not yet
The pain to be deprived, or to forget

I oft have heard men say there be
Some that with confidence profess
The helpful Art of Memory :
But could they teach forgetfulness,
I'd learn, and try what further art could do
To make me love her and forget her too.

Sad melancholy, that persuades
Men from themselves, to think they be
Headless, or other body's shades,
Hath long and bootless dwelt with me.
For could I think she some idea were,
I still might love, forget, and have her here.

BROWNE

IN a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree !
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity ;
The north cannot undo them
With a sleety whistle through them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From huddling at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy brook !
 Thy bubblings ne'er remember
 Apollo's summer look ;
 But, with a sweet forgetting,
 They stay their crystal fretting.
 Never, never petting
 About the frozen time.

Ah ! would 'twere so with many
 A gentle girl and boy !
 But were there ever any
 Writhed not at passèd joy ?
 To know the change and feel it,
 When there is none to heal it,
 Nor numbèd sense to steal it,
 Was never said in rhyme.

KEATS

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.

But in my sleep to you I fly :
 I'm always with you in my sleep,
 The world is all one's own.
 But then one wakes, and where am I ?
 All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids ;
 So I love to wake ere break of day :
 For though my sleep be gone,
 Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
 And still dreams on.

COLERIDGE

SONG

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

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

SIDNEY

EPITHALAMION

Ye learnèd sisters, which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rhymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple lays,
But joyèd in their praise ;
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck did raise,
Your string could soon to sadder tenor turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreariment :
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside ;
And having all your heads with garlands crowned,
Help me mine own love's praises to resound ;
Ne let the same of any be envied :
So Orpheus did for his own bride,
So I unto myself alone will sing ;
The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth spread,
Having dispersed the night's uncheerful damp,
Do ye awake ; and with fresh lustyhead
Go to the bower of my belovèd love,
My truest turtle-dove :
Bid her awake ; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his mask to move,
With his bright tead * that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to wait on him,
In their fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soon her dight,
For lo ! the wishèd day is come at last,
That shall for all the pains and sorrows past
Pay to her usury of long delight :
And, whilst she doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphs that you can hear
Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that neighbours to her near ;
All with gay garlands goodly well beseen.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay garland,
For my fair love, of lilies and of roses,
Bound truelove-wise, with a blue silk riband,
And let them make great store of bridal posies,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridal bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,

* Torch.

And diapered like the discoloured mead.
Which done, do at her chamber-door await,
For she will waken straight,
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing ;
The woods shall to you answer, and your echo ring.

Wake now, my love, awake ! for it is time ;
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb ;
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.
Hark ! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
And carol of Love's praise.
The merry lark her matins sings aloft ;
The thrush replies ; the mavis descant plays ;
The ouzel shrills ; the ruddock warbles soft ;
So goodly all agree, with sweet concert,
To this day's merriment.
Ah ! my dear love, why do you sleep thus long.
When meeter were that you should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,*
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among ?
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight :
But first come, ye fair Hours, which were begot,
In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night ;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,

* Mate.

And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and still repair ;
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,
The which do still adorn her beauties' pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride :
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen ;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo
ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come :
Let all the virgins therefore well await ;
And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day :
The joyfull'st day that ever sun did see.
Fair Sun ! show forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus ! father of the Muse !
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that might thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,
But let this day, let this one day, be mine ;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Hark ! how the minstrels 'gin to shrill aloud
Their merry music that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling crowd,
That well agree withouten breach or jar.

But most of all the damsels do delight,
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto do dance and carol sweet,
That all the senses they do ravish quite :
The whiles the boys run up and down the street,
Crying aloud with strong confused noise,
As if it were one voice.
Hymen ! io Hymen ! Hymen ! they do shout ;
That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill ;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud ;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen, sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Lo ! where she comes along with portly pace.
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that 'seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire ;
And being crownèd with a garland green,
Seen like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are ;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before,
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store?
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
Her paps like lilies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble tower;
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up, with many a stately stair,
To honour's seat and chastity's sweet bower.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively sprite,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonished like to those which read
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted faith, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty;
There virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,

And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

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 those 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

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
And leave your wonted labours for this day :
This day is holy ; do ye write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sun is in his chiefest height,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To choose the longest day in all the year,

And shortest night, when longest fitter were :
Yet never day so long but late would pass.
Ring ye the bells, to make it wear away,
And bonfires make all day ;
And dance about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring

Ah ! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my love ?
How slowly do the hours their numbers spend ;
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move !
Haste thee, O fairest planet ! to thy home
Within the western foam :
Thy tirèd steeds long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,
And the bright evening star with golden crest
Appear out of the east.
Fair child of beauty ! glorious lamp of love !
That all the host of heaven in ranks dost lead,
And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread,
How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them 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.
The 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 odoured 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 flowery 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 lay to sing :
 The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo ring.

SPENSER

Now hath Flora robbed her bowers
 To befriend this place with flowers :
 Strow about, strow about !
 The sky rained never kindlier showers.
 Flowers with bridals well agree,
 Fresh as brides and bridegrooms be :
 Strow about, strow about !
 And mix them with fit melody.
 Earth hath no princelier flowers
 Than roses white and roses red,
 But they must still be mingled ;
 And as a rose new plucked from Venus' thorn,
 So doth a bride her bridegroom's bed adorn.

Divers divers flowers affect
 For some private dear respect :
 Strow about, strow about !
 Let every one his own protect ;
 But he's none of Flora's friend
 That will not the rose commend.
 Strow about, strow about !

Let princes princely flowers defend :
Roses, the garden's pride,
Are flowers for love and flowers for kings,
In courts desired and weddings :
And as a rose in Venus' bosom worn,
So doth a bridegroom his bride's bed adorn.

CAMPION

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 deathbeds blowing,
Larks'-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 !

FLETCHER

THE golden gates of Sleep unbar,
Where Strength and Beauty, met together,
Kindle their image, like a star
In a sea of glassy weather.
Night, with all thy stars look down—
Darkness, weep thy holiest dew !
Never smiled the inconstant moon
On a pair so true.
Let eyes not see their own delight :
Haste, swift Hour, and thy flight
Oft renew.

Fairies, sprites, and angels keep her !
Holy stars, permit no wrong !
And return to wake the sleeper,
Dawn, ere it be long !
Oh joy ! Oh fear ! what will be done
In the absence of the sun ?
Come along !

SHELLEY

HÓME AFFECTIONS
AND FRIENDSHIP

*Glad sight wherever new with old
Is joined through some dear homeborn tie ;
The life of all that we behold
Depends upon that mystery.*

Wordsworth.

REMINISCENCE

Al! I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; whenas we sat and sighed
And looked upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ailed, —yet something we did ail;
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus
In that first garden of our simpleness
We spent our childhood. But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge—ah, how then
Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow
Check my presumption and my forwardness;
Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show
What she would have me, yet not have me know.

DANIEL

MAN AND WIFE

SWEET is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower.

Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild ; then silent Night,
With this her soleinn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train :
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds : nor rising sun
On this delightful land : nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful Evening mild ; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

MILTON

A PERFECT WOMAN

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn .
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH

THE ANNIVERSARY

ALL kings and all their favourites,—
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,—
(The Sun itself, which makes times as they pass,
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw) :—
All other things to their destruction draw ;
Only our love hath no decay :
This no to-morrow hath nor yesterday ;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

DONNE

A CRADLE SONG

SWEET dreams form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head !
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams !

Sweet Sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown !
Sweet sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles in the night
Hover over my delight !
Sweet smiles, mother's smile
All the livelong night beguile !

Sweet moans, dove-like sighs
Chase not slumber from thine eyes !
Sweet moan, sweeter smile,
All the dove-like moans beguile !

BLAKE

TO MISS CHARLOTTE PULTENEY

IN HER MOTHER'S ARMS

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing without skill to please

Little gossip, blithe and hale,
 Tattling many a broken tale,
 Singing many a tuneless song,
 Lavish of a heedless tongue,
 Simple maiden, void of art,
 Babbling out the very heart,
 Yet abandoned to thy will,
 Yet imagining no ill,
 Yet too innocent to blush,
 Like the linnet in the bush,
 To the mother-linnet's note
 Moduling her slender throat,
 Chirping forth thy petty joys,
 Wanton in the change of toys,
 Like the linnet green, in May,
 Flitting to each bloomy spray ;
 Wearied then and glad of rest,
 Like the linnet in the nest,
 This thy present happy lot,
 This in time will be forgot :
 Other pleasures, other cares,
 Ever-busy time prepares,
 And thou shalt in thy daughter see
 This picture once resembled thee.

PHILIPS

A CHILD's a plaything for an hour ;
 Its pretty tricks we try
 For that or for a longer space ;
 Then tire, and lay it by.

But I knew one that to itself
 All seasons could control ;

That would have mocked the sense of pain
Out of a grievèd soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms,
Young climber-up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways
Then life and all shall cease.

MARY LAMB

THE PICTURE OF LITTLE T. C.
IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS

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

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

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

Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
In triumph over hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise :

Let me be laid,

Where I may see the glories from some shade.

Meantime, whilst every verdant thing
Itself does at thy beauty charm,
Reform the errors of the Spring ;
Make that the tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair,
And roses of their thorns disarm ;

But most procure

That violets may a longer age endure.

But O young beauty of the woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flowers,
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds ;
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime
To kill her infants in their prime,
Should quickly make th' example yours ;

And ere we see

Nip in the blossom all our hopes and thee.

MARVELL

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY

FIVE YEARS OLD

LORDS, knights, and 'squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell ;
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silk-worms beds
With all the tender things I swear,
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair,

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas, when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends ;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it),
And I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

PRIOR

TO MY YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY

WHY came I so untimely forth
Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth
Or shadow of felicity,

That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love?

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

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

WALLER

TO CHLORIS

AH ! Chloris, that I now could sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain !
When I the dawn used to admire
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
Like metals in the mine ;
Age from no face took more away
Than youth concealed in thine :

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond Love as unperceived did fly
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favoured you,
Threw a new flaming dart :
Each gloried in their wanton part :
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art :
To make a beauty, she.

SEDLEY

TO H.C.

SIX YEARS OLD

O THOU whose fancies from afar are brought,
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol ;
Thou faery voyager, that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream ;
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery ;
O blessed vision ! happy child !
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
 Lord of thy house and hospitality ;
 And Grief, uneasy lover I never rest
 But when she sate within the touch of thee.
 O too industrious folly !
 O vain, O causeless melancholy !
 Nature will either end thee quite,
 Or lengthening out thy season of delight,
 Preserve for thee, by individual right,
 A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.
 What hast thou to do with sorrow,
 Or the injuries of to-morrow ?

Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings forth,
 Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
 Or to be trailed along the soiling earth ;
 A gem that glitters while it lives,
 And no forewarning gives ;
 But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife
 Slips in a moment out of life.

WORDSWORTH!

A SISTER

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,
 Those bright blue eggs together laid !
 On me the chance-discovered sight
 Gleamed like a vision of delight.
 I started—seeming to espy
 The home and sheltered bed,
 The sparrow's dwelling, which hard by
 My father's house in wet or dry
 My sister Emmeline and I
 Together visited.

She looked at it and seemed to fear it ;
 Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it ;
 Such heart was in her, being then
 A little Prattler among men.
 The Blessing of my later years
 Was with me when a boy ;
 She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
 And humble cares, and delicate fears,
 A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
 And love, and thought, and joy.

WORDSWORTH

CHILDISH FRIENDSHIP

I

We were
 Two lads, that thought there was no more behind
 But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
 And to be boy eternal.
 We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
 And bleat the one at the other : What we changed
 Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
 The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dreamed
 That any did : Had we pursued that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher reared
 With stronger blood, we should have answered heaven
 Boldly, ' Not guilty, ' the imposition cleared
 Hereditary ours.

II

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ;
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needles created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet a union in partition,
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crown'd with one crest.

.
 We still have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together ;
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

SHAKESPEARE

MANLY FRIENDSHIP

SINCE my dear soul was mistress of my choice,
 And could of men distinguish, her election
 Hath sealed thee for herself : for thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Has ta'en with equal thanks : and bless'd are those,
 Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please : Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

TO A FRIEND
BEFORE TAKING A JOURNEY

I HAVE examined and do find
Of all that favour me
There's none I grieve to leave behind
But only, only thee.
To part with thee I needs must die
Could parting sep'rate thee and I.

Our changed and mingled souls are grown
To such acquaintance now,
That if each would resume their own,
Alas, we know not how.
We have each other so engrost
That each is in the union lost.

And thus we can no absence know,
Nor shall we be confined ;
Our active souls will daily go
To learn each other's mind.
Nay, should we never meet to sense,
Our souls would hold intelligence.

Thy larger soul in me shall lie,
And all thy thoughts reveal ;
Then back again with mine shall fly,
And thence to me shall steal.
Thus still to one another tend,
Such is the sacred name of *Friend*.

KATHERINE PHILIPS

OH, friendship, cordial of the human breast,
So little felt, so fervently exprest,
Thy blossoms deck our unsuspecting years,
The promise of delicious fruit appears :

But soon, alas, we find the rash mistake
That sanguine inexperience loved to make,
And view with tears the expected harvest lost
Decay with time or wither by a frost.

Whoever undertakes a friend's great part,
Should be renewed in nature, pure in heart,
Prepared for many a trial, strong to prove
A thousand ways the force of genuine love :
He may be called to give up health and gain,
To exchange content for trouble, ease for pain,
To echo sigh for sigh and groan for groan,
And wet his cheeks with sorrows not his own.
The heart of man, for such a task too frail,
When most relied on is most sure to fail,
And, summoned for to take its fellow's woe,
Starts from its office like a broken bow.

CRABBE.

SONG

I

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly—
Then, heigh ho ! the holly !

II

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :

Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh ho ! the holly !

SHAKESPEARE

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother :
They parted—ne'er to meet again ;
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between ;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man :
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

LAMB

OFF in the stillly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me :
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !

Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

MOORE

THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET

WHERE art thou, my belovèd Son,
Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?
Oh find me, prosperous or undone !
Or if the grave be now thy bed,
Why am I ignorant of the same
That I may rest : and neither blame
Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

Seven years, alas ! to have received
No tidings of an only child ;
To have despaired, have hoped, believed,
And been for evermore beguiled ;

Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !
 I catch at them, and then I miss ;
 Was ever darkness like to this ?

Ah ! little doth the young one dream,
 When full of play and childish cares,
 What power is in his wildest scream,
 Heard by his mother unawares !
 He knows it not, he cannot guess :
 Years to a mother bring distress ;
 But do not make her love the less.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
 Hopeless of honour and of gain,
 Oh ! do not dread thy mother's door ;
 Think not of me with grief and pain ;
 I now can see with better eyes ;
 And worldly grandeur I despise,
 And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas ! the fowls of Heaven have wings,
 And blasts of Heaven will aid their flight ;
 They mount—how short a voyage brings
 The wanderers back to their delight !
 Chains tie *us* down by land and sea ;
 And wishes, vain *us* mine, may be
 All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
 Maimed, mangled by inhuman men ;
 Or thou upon a desert thrown
 Inheritest the lion's den :
 Or hast been summoned to the deep,
 Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
 An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts ; but none will force
Their way to me :—'tis falsely said
'That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead ;
For, surely, then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds ;
I dread the rustling of the grass ;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass ;
I question things, and do not find
One that will answer to my mind ;
And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief :
If any chance to heave a sigh,
They pity me and not my grief.
Then come to me, my Son, or send
Some tidings that my woes may end ;
I have no other earthly friend !

WORDSWORTH

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S
PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
'Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
'The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,

'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The heart that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it !) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O, welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own ;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,—
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if sculs can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile ! It answers—Yes,
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learnt at last submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no
more.

Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed ;
All this, and, more endearing, still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interposed too often makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the
hours,

When playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,

The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin—
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile,
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed.)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift I hast reached the shore,
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,'*
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed, —
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-tossed.
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, oh the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;

* From Garth's *Dispensary*.

But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies !

And now, farewell ! Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine ;
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COWPER

AUTUMNAL BEAUTY

No spring, nor summer's beauty, hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face.

If 'twere a shame to love, here 'twere no shame,
Affections here take Reverence's name.

Were her first years the golden age ; that 's true,
But now she's gold oft tried, yet ever new.

That was her torrid and inflaming time ;

This is her habitable tropic clime.

Fair eyes ! who asks more heat than comes from hence
He in a fever wishes pestilence.

Call not these wrinkles graves ; if graves they were,
They were Love's graves, or else he is nowhere.

Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit,

Vow'd to this trench, like an anachorit

Here dwells he ; though he sojourn everywhere

In progress, yet his standing house is here ;

Here where still evening is, not noon, nor night,

Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.

If we love things long sought, age is a thing
Which we are fifty years in compassing ;
If transitory things which soon decay,
Age must be loveliest at the latest day.

DONNE

AN ODE

UPON A QUESTION MOVED WHETHER LOVE
SHOULD CONTINUE FOR EVER

O NO, Belov'd, I am most sure
These virtuous habits we acquire
As being with the soul entire
Must with it evermore endure.

Else should our souls in vain elect ;
And vainer yet were Heaven's laws,
When to an everlasting cause
They give a perishing effect.

These eyes again thine eyes shall see,
These hands again thine hand enfold,
And all chaste blessings can be told
Shall with us everlasting be.

For if no use of sense remain
When bodies once this life forsake,
Or they could no delight partake,
Why should they ever rise again ?

And if every imperfect mind
Make love the end of knowledge here
How perfect will our love be where
All imperfection is refined !

So when from hence we shall be gone,
And be no more nor you nor I ;
As one another's mystery
Each shall be both, yet both but one.

HERBERT OF CHERBURY

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the belovèd's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on,

SHELLEY

MAN

Man, proud man,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence.

Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To just in us unused!

Shakespeare

CHILDHOOD AND AGE

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The Soul that rises with us ~~our~~ life's Star,
Hath had ~~elsewhere~~ its setting,
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home ;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy ;
The Youth, who daily farthest from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ,

A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this bath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part ;
 Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance dost belie
 Thy soul's immensity ;
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st th' eternal deep
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
 Thou, over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by ;
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?

Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy ! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction ; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest —
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast —

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise ;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings ;

Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realised,

High instincts, before which our mortal Nature

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised :

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,

Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence ; truths that wake,

To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy ;
 Hence in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither ;
 Can in a moment travel thither,—
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

WORDSWORTH

I CANNOT reach it; and my striving eye
 Dazzles at it, as at eternity.
 Were now that chronicle alive
 Those white designs which children drive
 And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
 With them content too, in my power,
 Quickly would I make my path even
 And by mere playing go to heaven.

Dear, harmless age ! the short, swift span
 Where weeping virtue parts with man ;
 Where love without lust dwells, and bends
 What way we please without self-ends.

An age of mysteries ! which he
 Must live twice that would God's face see ;
 Which angels guard and with it play ;
 Angels which foul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan
 Thee more than e'er I study man,
 And only see through a long night
 Thy edges and thy bordering light !
 O for thy centre and mid-day !
 For sure that is the narrow way.

VAUGHAN

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day ;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky ;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON
COLLEGE

YE distant spires, ye antique towers
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade ;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way :

Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !
Ah fields beloved in vain !
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margin green
The paths of pleasure trace ;
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?
The captive linnet which enthrall ?

What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murm'ring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty :
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign
 And unknown regions dare descry :
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast :
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom
 The little victims play !
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day :
 Yet see how all around 'em wait
 The Ministers of human fate
 And black Misfortune's baleful train !
 Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murth'rous band !
 Ah, tell them they are men

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth.
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griesly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen :
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings : all are men.
Condemned alike to groan ;

The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies ?
 Thought would destroy their paradise !
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
 Both were mine ! Life went a-maying
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
 When I was young !
When I was young ?—Ah, woful *When* !
 Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
 This breathing house not built with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
 How lightly then it flashed along :
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide !
 Nought cared this body for wind or weather
 When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like,
 Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
 O ! the joys, that came down shower-like,
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
 Ere I was old !

For this dost thou thy native worth disguise
And play'st the sycophant t' observe their eyes ;
Thy glass thou counsell'st more to adorn thy skin,
That first should school thee to be fair within.

'Tis childish to be caught with pearl or amber,
And woman-like too much to cloy the chamber ;
Youths should the fields affect, heat their rough steeds,
Their hardened nerves to fit for bitter deeds.
Is't not more joy strongholds to force with swords
Than women's weakness take with looks or words ?

Men that do noble things all purchase glory :
One man for one brave act hath proved a story :
But if that one ten thousand dames o'ercame,
Who would record it, if not to his shame ?
'Tis far more conquest with one to live true
Than every hour to triumph lord of new.

CAMPION

SILLY boy, 'tis full moon yet, thy night as day shines
clearly,
Had thy youth but wit to fear, thou couldst not love so
dearly ;
Shortly wilt thou mourn when all thy pleasures are
bereaved ;
Little knows he how to love, that never was deceived.

This is thy first maiden flame, that triumphs yet
unstained,
All is artless now you speak, not one word yet is
feigned ;

All is heaven that you behold, and all your thoughts are
blessed,
But no spring can want his fall, each Troilus hath his
Cressid.

Thy well-ordered locks ere long shall rudely hang
neglected;
And thy lively pleasant cheer read grief on earth
dejected—
Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint, that made thy
heart so holy,
And with sighs confess, in love that too much faith is
folly.

Yet be just and constant still! Love may beget a
wonder,
Not unlike a summer's frost, or winter's fatal thunder.
He that holds his sweetheart true unto his day of dying,
Lives, of all that ever breathed, most worthy the
envying.

CAMPION

THE sea hath many thousand sands
The sun hath motes as many,
The sky is full of stars, and love
As full of woes as any:
Believe me, that do know the elf,
And make no trial by thyself.

It is in truth a pretty toy
For babes to play withal:
But O the honies of our youth
Are oft our age's gall!

Self-proof in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee so :

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,
Tells truth without belief ;
For headstrong youth will run his race,
Although his goal be brief :
Love's martyr, when his heat is past,
Proves Care's confessor at the last.

ANON.

TWO IDEALS

LOOK not thou on beauty's charming,
Sit thou still when kings are arming,
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,
Speak not when the people listens,
Stop thine ear against the singer,
From the red gold keep thy finger,
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife !
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

SCOTT

L'AI LEGRO

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy !

Find out some uncouth cell
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous
wings
And the night-raven sings ;
There under ebon shades, and low-browed
rocks
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore :
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying—
There on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew
Filled her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides :—
Come, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

To live with her, and live with thee
In unprovèd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill,
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;

Meadows trim and daisies pied ;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ·
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies.
The cynosure o' neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their sav'ry dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses :
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail ;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets ate ;
She was pinched and pulled, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led ;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end ;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,

And, stretched out all the chimney's length
Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream,
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony ;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed

Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

MILTON

II. PENSEROSO

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred !
How little you bestead,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sunbeams
Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy !
Hail, divinest Melancholy !
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue :
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen, that strove
To set her beauty's praise above

The sea-nymphs, and their powers
offended ;

Yet thou art higher far descended ;

Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore ;

His daughter she (in Saturn's reign

Such mixture was not held a stain)

Oft in glimmering bowers and glades

He met her, and in secret shades

Of woody Ida's inmost grove,

While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,

Sober, steadfast, and demure,

All in a robe of darkest grain¹

Flowing with majestic train,

And sable stole of cypress lawn.

Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted state,

With even step and musing gait,

And looks commercing with the skies,

Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;

There, held in holy passion still,

Forget thyself to marble, till

With a sad leaden downward cast,

Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;

And join with thee calm Peace, and

Quiet,

Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,

And hears the Muses in a ring

Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;

And add to these retirèd Leisure,

That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;

But first and chiefest with thee bring

Him that yon soars on golden wing,

¹ Purple.

Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne
 The cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hist along
 'Less Philomel will deign a song
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er th' accustomed oak.

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of
 folly,

Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee, chantress, oft the woods among,
 I woo to hear thy even song ;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wand'ring Moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heav'ns' wide pathless way ;
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-watered shore
 Swinging slow with sullen roar.
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still, removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the
 room

Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,

Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine :
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did
seek !

Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass ;
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride ;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung ;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the
ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale
career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frownced as she was
wont

With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
Was never heard, the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid :
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good.
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embow'd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell
Where I may sit and rightlly spell
Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew ;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

MILTON

LOOK HOME

RETIRÈD thoughts enjoy their own delights,
As beauty doth in self-beholding eye ;
Man's mind a mirror is of heavenly sights,
A brief wherein all marvels summèd lie,
Of fairest forms and sweetest shapes the store,
Most graceful all, yet thought may grace them more.

The mind a creature is, yet can create,
 To Nature's patterns adding higher skill:
 Of finest works wit better could¹ the state
 If force of wit had equal power of will:
 Device of man in working hath no end;
 What thought can think another thought can mend.

SOUTHWELL

SELF-IGNORANCE

WHEN Reason's lamp, which like the sun in sky
 Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,
 Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
 Under the ashes, half extinct and dead:

How can we hope, that through the eye and ear
 This dying sparkle in this cloudy place
 Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear
 Which were infused in the first minds by grace?

The wits that dived most deep and soared most high,
 Seeking Man's powers, have found his weakness such:
 'Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
 We learn so little and forget so much.'

For this the wisest of all moral men
 Said, '*He knew naught, but that he naught did know,*'
 And the great mocking-master mocked not then
 When he said, '*Truth was buried deep below.*'

For why should we the busy soul believe,
 When boldly she concludes of that or this;
 When of herself she can no judgment give,
 Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is?

¹ *i.e.* could better.

All things without which round about we see,
We seek to know, and how therewith to do
But that whereby we reason, live, and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and flows of Nile ;
But of that clock, which in our breasts we bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone
And pass both tropics, and behold each pole,
When we come home are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own soul.

DAVIES

DESIRE OF KNOWLEDGE

NATURE that framed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds :
Our souls whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Wills us to wear ourselves and never rest
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all.

MARLOWE

THE SOUL COMPARED TO A RIVER

LIKE as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a nymph along the grassy plains ;
Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land
From whose soft side she first did issue make,
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake ;
Yet Nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no final stay,
'Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
Within whose wat'ry bosom first she lay :
Even so the soul, which in this earthly mould
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views,
At first her mother earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly things,
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings ;
Yet under heaven she cannot light on ought
That with her heavenly nature doth agree,
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be ;
For who did ever yet in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find ?
Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health ?
Or, having wisdom, was not vexed in mind ?

DAVIES

TRUE KNOWLEDGE AND ITS USE

IN lapse to God though thus the World remains,
 Yet doth she with divine eyes in Chaos'd light,
 Strive, study, search through all her finite veins,
 To be and know (without God) infinite :
 To which end cloisters, cells, schools, she erects
 False moulds, that while they fashion do infect.

Yet here, before we can direct man's choice
 We must divide God's children from the rest ;
 Since these pure souls who only know His voice
 Have no art but *Obedience* for their test :
 A mystery between God, and the man,
 Asking, and giving far more than we can.

For in the world, not of it, since they be
 Like passengers, their ends must be to take
 Only those blessings of mortality
 Which He that made all fashioned for their sake :
 Not fixing love, hope, sorrow, care, or fear,
 On mortal blossoms, which must die to bear.

For Earth and Fardiness it is alone
 Which envies, strives, hates, or is malcontent,
 Which meteors vanish must from this clear zone,
 Where each thought is on his Creator bent,
 And where both Kings and People should aspire
 To fix all other motions of desire.

Hence have they latitudes wherein they may
 Study sea, sky, air, earth, as they enjoy them ;
 Contemplate the creation, state, decay
 Of mortal things in them that misemploy them,
 Preserve the body to obey the mind,
 Abhor the error yet love human-kind.

The chief use then in man of that he knows
 Is his pains-taking for the good of all ;
 Not fleshly weeping for our own made woes,
 Not laughing from a melancholy gall,
 Not hating from a soul that overflows
 With bitterness, breathed out from inward thrall :
 But sweetly rather to ease, loose, or bind,
 As need requires, this frail, fall'n, human-kind.

BROOKE

BALLADE OF GOOD COUNSEL

FLEE from the press and dwell with soothfastness ;
 Suffice thine owen thing though it be small ;
 For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness ;
 Press hath envý, and wealth blinds overall.
 Savour no more than thee behovë shall ;
 Rule well thyself that other folk canst rede,
 And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.

Tempest thee not all crooked to redress
 In trust of her that turneth as a ball ;
 Much wealë stant in little business,
 Beware therefore to spurn agains an awl.
 Strive not as doth the crokkë with the wall.
 Dauntë thyself that dauntest others deed,
 And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.

That thee is sent receive in buxomness,
 The wrestling for the world asketh a fall ;
 Here is no home, here is but wilderness.
 Forth, pilgrim, forth ! forth, beast, out of thy stall !
 Know thy country, look up, thank God of all ;

Hold the high-way, and let thy ghost thee lead,
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.

L'ENVOY

Therefore, thou vache, leave thine old wretchedness ;
Unto the world leave now to be thrall.
Cry Him mercy that of his high goodness
Made thee of naught ; and in especial
Draw unto Him, and pray in general
For thee, and eke for other, heavenly meed,
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.

CHAUCER

TO THEM THAT TRUST IN FORTUNE

THOU that art proud of honour, shape, or kin,
That heapest up this wretched world's treasure,
Thy fingers shrined with gold, thy tawny skin
With fresh apparel garnished out of measure,
And wenest to have fortune at thy pleasure,
Cast up thine eye, and look how slipper chance
Illud'th her men with change and variance.

Sometimes she look'th as lovely fair and bright
As goodly Venus, mother of Cupide,
She becketh and she smil'th on every wight,
But this cheer feignèd may not long abide.
There com'th a cloud, and farewell all our pride.
Like any serpent he beginn'th to swell,
And look'th as fierce as any fury of hell.

Yet for all that we brotle¹ men are fain,
(So wretched is our nature and so blind)
As soon as fortune list to laugh again

¹ Brittle, fickle.

With fair countenance and deceitful mind,
 To crouch and kneel and gape after the wind,
 Not one or twain but thousands in a rout,
 Like swarming bees come flickering her about,

Then as a bait she bringeth forth her ware,
 Silver [and] gold, rich pearl, and precious stone ;
 On which the mazed people gaze and stare
 And gape therefor, as dogs do for the bone.
 Fortune at them laugheth, and in her throne
 Amid her treasure and wavering riches
 Proudly she hoveth ¹ as lady and empress.

Fast by her side doth weary Labour stand,
 Pale Fear also, and Sorrow all bewept,
 Disdain and Hatred on that other hand,
 Eke Restless Watch, from sleep with travail kept,
 His eyes drowsy and looking as he slept ;
 Before her standeth Danger and Envý,
 Flattery, Deceit, Mischief, and Tyranny.

About her cometh all the world to beg.
He asketh land, and *he* to pass would bring
 This toy and that, and all not worth an egg ;
He would in love prosper above all thing ;
He kneeleth down and would be made a king ;
He forceth ² not so he may money have
 Though all the world account him for a knave.

Lo thus ye see—divers heads, divers wits ;
 Fortune alone as divers as they all
 Unstable here and there among them flits ;
 And at adventure down her giftës fall,
 Catch whoso may she throweth great and small
 Not to all men, as cometh sun and dew,
 But for the most part all among a few.

¹ hovereth (like a bird of prey).

² careth.

And yet her brotel gifts long may not last.
 He, that she gave them, looketh proud and high ;
 She whirl'th about and pluck'th away as fast
 And giv'th them to another by and by.
 And thus from man to man continually
 She us'th to give and take, and slyly toss
 One man to winning of another's loss.

Alas the foolish people can not cease
 Ne void her train, till they the harm do feel.
 About her alway busily they press ;
 But, lord, how he doth think himself full well
 That may set once his hand upon her wheel.
 He holdeth fast : but upward as he flieth,
 She whippeth her wheel about, and there he lieth

She suddenly enhaunceth them aloft,
 And suddenly mischieveth all the flock.
 The head that late lay easily and full soft,
 Instead of pillows lieth on the block
 And yet, alas, the most cruel proud mock,
 The dainty mouth that ladies kissed have,
 She bringeth in the case to kiss a knave

In changing of her course the change shew'th this :
 Up start'th a knave and down there fall'th a knight,
 The beggar rich and the rich man poor is,
 Hatred is turned to love, love to despight.
 This is her sport, thus proveth she her might ;
 Great boast she mak'th if one be by her power
 Wealthy and wretched both within an hour.

Wherefore if thou in surety lust to stand,
 Take poverty's part and let proud fortune go,

Receive nothing that cometh from her hand :
 Love manner and virtue : they be only tho¹ :
 Which double Fortune may not take thee fro' :
 Then may'st thou boldly defy her turning chance,
 She can thee neither hinder nor advance.

THOMAS MORE

SOOTHSAY

WHO makes the last a pattern for next year
 Turns no new leaf, but still the same thing reads ;
 Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
 And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

*

Our soul, whose country's heaven, and God her father,
 Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent ;
 Yet so much in her travel she doth gather,
 That she returns home wiser than she went.

*

Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell ;
 Inn any where, continuance is Hell ;
 And seeing the snail which everywhere doth roam
 Carrying his own house still, still is at home ;
 Follow (for he is easy-paced) this snail,
 Be thine own palace or the world's thy jail.

*

How happy's he, which hath due place assigned
 To his beasts : and disafforested his mind !
 Empaled himself to keep them out, not in ;
 Can sow, and durst trust corn, where they have been ;
 Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and every beast,
 And is not ass himself to all the rest.

*

¹ those

Oh, to confess we know not what we should,
 Is half excuse, we know not what we would !
 Lightness depresseth us, Emptiness fills ;
 We sweat and faint, yet still go down the hills.

In none but us are such mixed engines found
 As hands of double office : for the ground
 We till with them, and them to Heaven we raise ;
 Who prayerless labours, or without these prayers,
 Doth but one half, that 's none ; He which said, ' Plough,
 And look not back,' to look up doth allow.

Some men whom we call virtuous, are not so
 In their whole substance ; but their virtues grow
 But in their *humours*, and at seasons show.
 For when through tasteless flat humility
 In dough-baked men some harmlessness we see,
 'Tis but his *phlegm* that 's virtuous and not he,
 So in the blood sometimes ; whoever ran
 To danger unimportuned, he was then
 No better than a *sanguine*-virtuous man.
 So cloistered men, who in pretence of Fear
 All contributions to this life forbear,
 Have virtue in *melancholy*, and only there.
 Spiritual *choleric* critic, which in all
 Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
 Have through this zeal virtue but in their gall.
 We're thus but parcel-gilt, to gold we're grown,
 When virtue is our soul's complexion ;
 Who know his virtue's name or place, hath none.

DONNE

IUSTVM ET TENACEM

THE man of life upright
Whose cheerful mind is free
From weight of impious deeds,
And yoke of vanity ;

The man whose silent days,
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes can not delude
Nor sorrow discontent ;

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor vaults his guilt to shroud
From thunder's violence.

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep,
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
His book the heaven he makes,
His wisdom heavenly things.

Good thoughts his surest friends.
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

CAMPION

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice. Who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend ;

This Man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath All.

WOTTON

THE CHRISTIAN STOIC

THE virtuous man is free, though bound in chains ;
 Though poor, content ; though banished, yet no
 stranger :

Though sick, in health of mind ; secure in danger ;
 And o'er himself, the world, and fortune reigns.

Nor good haps proud, nor bad dejected make him ;
 To God's, not to man's will, he frames each action ;
 He seeks no fame but inward satisfaction ;
 And firmer stands, the more bad fortunes shake him.

A. W.

SUAVE MARI MAGNO

HE that of such a height hath built his mind,
 And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
 As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
 Of his resolvèd powers ; nor all the wind
 Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same ;
 What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
 The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey !

And with how free an eye doth he look down
 Upon these lower regions of turmoil !
 Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
 On flesh and blood ! where honour, power, renown,
 Are only gay afflictions, golden toil ;
 Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
 As frailty doth, and only great doth seem
 To little minds who do it so esteem.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexèd state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility ;
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as foredone

And whilst distraught Ambition compasses,
And is encompassed ; whilst as Craft deceives,
And is deceived ; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress,
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes : he looks thereon
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

DANIEL.

CONSTANCY

Who is the honest man ?

He that doth still, and strongly, good pursue ;
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true.

Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind.

Who rides his sure and even tro',
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shuns them ; but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing, and the example weigh.

All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work, or woo,
To use in any thing a trick or sleight ;
For above all things he abhors deceit.

His words, and works, and fashion, too,
All of one piece : and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations. When the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run.

The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue. Virtue is *his* sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way.

Whom others' faults do not defeat ;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs ; and share, not mend, the ill.

This is the mark-man, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

HERBERT

THE PERFECT LIFE

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be ;

Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :

A lily of a day

Is fairer far in May,

Although it fall and die that night—

It was the plant and flower of Light.

In small proportions we just beauties see ;

And in short measures life may perfect be

JONSON

THE MASTER SPIRIT

GIVE me a spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is ; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law ;
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational.

CHAPMAN

MAN is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate ;
Nothing to him falls early or too late ;
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still

FLETCHER

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought :
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright :
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care ;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !
Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives :
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate :
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice ;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more ; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress ;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,

And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows :
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means ; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;
Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all ;
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover ; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ,
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need ;
—He who, though thus enflued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love :—
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,

Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not —
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won :
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast ;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :
This is the happy Warrior ; this is he
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

WORDSWORTH

CHARACTER AND CIRCUMSTANCES

WITHIN the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions which would hide
And darken so can deal, that they become
Contingencies of pomp ; and serve to exalt
Her native brightness. As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even,
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,

In the green trees ; and, kindling on all sides
 Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
 Into a substance glorious as her own,
 Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
 Capacious and serene. Like power abides
 In man's celestial spirit ; Virtue thus
 Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus feeds
 A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
 From the encumbrances of mortal life,
 From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt ;
 And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
 From palpable oppressions of despair.

WORDSWORTH

JUSTICE

ALL glory else besides ends with our breath ;
 And men's respects scarce brings us to our grave :
 But this of doing good must outlive death,
 And have a right out of the right it gave.
 Though th' act but few, th' example profiteth
 Thousands, that shall thereby a blessing have.
 The world's respect grows not but on deserts :
 Power may have knees, but justice hath our hearts.

DANIEL

SACRED Religion ! mother of form and fear !
 How gorgeously sometime dost thou sit decked,
 What pompous vestures do we make thee wear,
 What stately piles we prodigal erect,
 How sweet perfumed thou art, how shining clear,
 How solemnly observed, with what respect !

Another time all plain, all quite threadbare,
 Thou must have all within, and nought without :
 Sit poorly without light, disrobed : no care
 Of outward grace, t' amuse the poor devout,
 Powerless, unfollowed ; scarcely men can spare
 The necessary rites to set thee out.

DANIEL

PERSEVERANCE IN HONOUR NECESSARY

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingritudes :
 Those scraps are good deeds past : which are devoured
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done : Perséverance
 Keeps honour bright : To have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast ; keep then the path .
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue : If you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost ;—
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'errun and trampled on : Then what they do in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours :
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
 And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,

Grasps in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was ;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past ;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

SHAKESPEARE

THE USES OF ILL SUCCESS

THE ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promised largeness : checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest reared ;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand ;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works ;
And call them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove.

To find persiſtive conſtancy in men ?
 The fineneſs of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love : for then, the bold and coward.
 The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
 The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affined and kin :
 But, in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
 Diſtinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
 And what hath maſs, or matter, by itſelf,
 Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

In the reproof of chance

Lies the true proof of men : the ſea being ſmooth,
 How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
 Upon her patient breſt, making their way
 With thoſe of nobler bulk !
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
 The ſtrong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
 Like Perſeus' horſe : Where's then the ſaucy boat,
 Whoſe weak untimbered ſides but even now
 Co-rivalled greatness ? either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toaſt for Neptune. Even ſo
 Doth valour's ſhow, and valour's worth, divide,
 In ſtorms of fortune : For, in her ray and brightness,
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize *
 Than by the tiger ; but when the ſplitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies fled under ſhade, why, then, the thing of
 courage,
 As roused with rage, with rage doth ſympathiſe,
 And, with an accent tuned in ſelf-ſame key,
 Returns to chiding fortune.

SHAKESPEARE

* Gad-fly.

ON DEGREE

THE heavens themselves, the planets and this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad : But when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents ! what mutiny !
What raging of the sea ! shaking of earth !
Commotion in the winds ! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure ! O, when degree is shaken,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick ! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place ?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy : The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe :
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead :

Force should be right ; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite ;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power.
Must make, perforce, an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself.

SHAKESPEARE

IMAGINATION

LOVERS and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact :
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination ;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear !

II

It so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lacked and lost,
Why then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours : So will it fare with Claudio :
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed.

III

Gaunt.—All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee ;
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not, the king exiled thee : or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd ;

The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
 Than a delightful measure or a dance :
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Bolingbroke.—O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
 Than when he bites but lanceth not the sore.

SHAKESPEARE

IV

'Tis better in a play
 Be Agamemnon than himself indeed.
 How oft with danger of the field beset,
 Or with home-mutinies, would he un-be
 Himself ; or, over cruel altars weeping,
 Wish, that with putting off a vizard he
 Might his true inward sorrow lay aside !
 The shows of things are greater than themselves.
 How doth it stir this airy part of us
 To hear our poets tell imagined fights,
 And the strange blows that feignèd courage gives !
 When I Achilles hear upon the stage
 Speak honour and the greatness of his soul,
 Methinks I too could on a Phrygian spear
 Run boldly and make tales for after times :

But when we come to act it in the deed,
Death mars this bravery, and the ugly fears
Of the other world sit on the proudest brow ;
And boasting valour loseth his red cheek.

ANON.

AFTER SEEING A MASQUE

OUR revels now are ended ; these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKESPEARE

CONTENT

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mines
Can buy, no chymic art can counterfeit ;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty ;
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain ;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little, all in nought,—Content.

ANON.

IN crystal towers and turrets richly set
 With glitt'ring gems that shine against the sun,
 In regal rooms of jasper and of jet,
 Content of mind not always likes to won ;
 But oftentimes it pleaseth her to stay
 In simple cots enclosed with walls of clay.

ANON.

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

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
 The cottage that affords nor pride nor care,
 The mean that 'grees with country music best,
 The sweet consort of mirth and modest fare,
 Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss ;
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

GREENE

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
 O, sweet content !
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?
 O, punishment !
 Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
 To add to golden numbers golden numbers ?
 O, sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney !

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring ?
O, sweet content !
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears ?
O, punishment !
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king !
O, sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney !

DEKKER

TIME'S GLORY

TIME'S glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient raven's wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammered steel,
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel :

To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild ;
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguiled,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops
And waste huge stones with little water drops.

SHAKESPEARE

TIME GOES BY TURNS

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

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

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

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

SOUTHWELL

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING
FROM VICISSITUDE

Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy Spring :
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet :
But chief, the skylark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by :

Their raptures now that wildly flow
No yesterday nor morrow know ;
'Tis Man alone that joy describes
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace ;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lour
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue ;
Behind the steps that Misery treads
Approaching Comfort view :
The hues of bliss more brightly glow
Chastised by sabler tints of woe,
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost
And breathe and walk again :
The meanest floweret of the vale
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

• GRAY

THE ABSTRACT OF MELANCHOLY

WHEN I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown ;
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, and void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly ;
Naught so sweet as melancholy !

When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill-done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannise,
Fear and sorrow me surprise,
Whether I tarry still, or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly ;
Naught so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brookside or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly ;
Naught so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan ;
In a dark grove or irksome den,
With discontents and furies, then
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly ;
None so sour as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces and cities fine ;
Here now, then there, the world is mine ;
Rare beauties, gallants, ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely, is divine.
All other joys to this are folly ;
None so sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Ghosts, goblins, fiends : my fantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes ;
Headless bears, black men, and apes ;
Doleful outcries, fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly ;
None so damn'd as melancholy.

BURTON

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly :
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't.
But only Melancholy,
O sweetest Melancholy !
Welcome folded arms, and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that 's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound !
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves !
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls !
A midnight bell, a parting groan !
These are the sounds we feed upon ;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
Nothing 's so dainty sweet as lovely Melancholy.

FLETCHER

MEMORY, hither come,
And tune your merry notes :
And while upon the wind
Your music floats,
I'll pore upon the stream
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream,
And hear the linnet's song,
And then I'll lie and dream
The day along :
And when night comes, I'll go
To places fit for woe,
Walking along the darken'd valley
With silent Melancholy.

BLAKE

LIFE A BUBBLE

THIS Life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.
And though it sometime seem of its own might
Like to an eye of gold to be fixed there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
—But in that pomp it doth not long appear ;
For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,
Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

DRUMMOND

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,

Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood :
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to night :
The wind blows out ; the bubble dies ;
The spring intomb'd in autumn lies ;
The dew 's dry'd up ; the star is shot ;
The flight is past ; and man forgot !

BEAUMONT

THE World 's a bubble, and the Life of Man
Less than a span :
In his conception wretched, from the womb
So to the tomb ;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears,
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.

Yet whilst with sorrow here we live oppress,
What life is best ?
Courts are but only superficial schools
To dandle fools :
The rural parts are turned into a den
Of savage men :
And where 's a city from foul vice so free,
But may be termed the worst of all the three ?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head :
Those that live single, take it for a curse,
Or do things worse :

Some would have children : those that have them,
 moan

Or wish them gone :

What is it then, to have, or have no wife,
 But single thralldom, or a double strife?

Our own affections still at home to please
 Is a disease :

To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
 Peril and toil :

Wars with their noise affright us ; when they cease,
 We are worse in peace ;—

What then remains, but that we still should cry
 For being born, or, being born, to die?

BACON

VAIN TEARS

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
 Sorrow calls no time that 's gone ;
 Violets plucked the sweetest rain
 Makes not fresh nor grow again ;
 Trim thy locks, look cheerfully ;
 Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see ;
 Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
 Why should sadness longer last ?
 Grief is but a wound to woe ;
 Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

FLETCHER

LIFE'S STAY

THE sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain ;
The marble stone is pierced at length,
With little drops of drizzling rain :
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,
The steel obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stag that seems so stout,
By yelping hounds at bay is set :
The swiftest bird that flies about
Is caught at length in fowler's net.
The greatest fish in deepest brook
Is soon deceived with subtle hook.

Yea, man himself, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit, and worthy skill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is no thing but time doth waste ;
The heavens, the earth, consume at last.

But virtue sits, triumphing still,
Upon the throne of glorious fame :
Though spiteful Death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name.
By life or death, whatso betides,
The state of virtue never slides.

ANON.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS

O WEARISOME condition of humanity !
 Born under one law, to another bound ;
 Vainly begot and yet forbidden vanity,
 Created sick, commanded to be sound :
 What meaneth Nature by these diverse laws ?
 Passion and Reason self-division cause.
 Is it the mark or majesty of power
 To make offences that it may forgive ?
 Nature herself doth her own self deflower,
 To hate those errors, she herself doth give.
 For how should man think that he may not do
 If Nature did not fail and punish too ?
 Tyrant to others, to herself unjust,
 Only commands things difficult and hard.
 Forbids us all things which it knows is lust ;
 Makes easy pains, impossible reward.
 If Nature did not take delight in blood,
 She would have made more easy ways to good.
 We that are bound by vows, and by promotion,
 With pomp of holy sacrifice and rites,
 To lead belief in good and 'still devotion,
 To preach of Heaven's wonders and delights ;
 Yet when each of us in his own heart looks,
 He finds the God there far unlike his books.

BROOKE

THE LIE

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless arrant ! *
 Fear not to touch the best ;
 The truth shall be thy warrant.

* Errand.

Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the Church, it shows
What 's good, and doth no good.
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' action,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then tell them all they lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust.
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth ;
Tell honour how it alters ;
Tell beauty how she blasteth ;
Tell favour how it falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness ;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness ;
Tell skill it is pretension ;
Tell charity of coldness ;
Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness ;
Tell nature of decay ;
Tell friendship of unkindness ;
Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming ;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city ;
 Tell how the country erreth ;
 Tell, manhood shakes off pity ;
 Tell, virtue least preferreth.
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,
 Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing :
 Stab at thee he who will,
 No stab the soul can kill.

RALEIGH

FORLORN HOPE

TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time ;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
 Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

SHAKESPEARE

BE wise to-day ! tis madness to defer :
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life

Procrastination is the thief of time :
Year after year it steals, till all are fied,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, 'That all men are about to live,
For ever on the brink of being born :
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
On this reversion, takes up ready praise ;
At least, their own ; their future selves applaud.
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !
Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails ;
That lodged in Fate's, to Wisdom they consign ;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage. When young
indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves and re-resolves ; then dies the same.
And why ? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves !
Themselves, when some alarming shock of Fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden
dread :

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close ; where passed the shaft, no trace is found.
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel ;
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death :
 Even with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

YOUNG

LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE
 EUGANEAN HILLS

MANY a green isle needs must be
 In the deep wide sea of misery,
 Or the mariner, worn and wan,
 Never thus could voyage on
 Day and night, and night and day,
 Drifting on his dreary way,
 With the solid darkness black
 Closing round his vessel's track ;
 Whilst above, the sunless sky
 Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
 And behind the tempest fleet
 Hurries on with lightning feet,
 Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
 Till the ship has almost drank
 Death from the o'er-brimming deep ;
 And sinks, down, down, like that sleep
 When the dreamer seems to be
 Weltering through eternity ;
 And the dim low line before
 Of a dark and distant shore
 Still recedes, as ever still
 Longing with divided will.

But no power to seek or shun
He is ever drifted on
O'er the unreposing wave
To the haven of the grave.

Ay, many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide agony :
To such a one this morn was led
My bark, by soft winds piloted.
—'Mid the mountains Euganean
I stood listening to the pæan
With which the legioned rooks did hail
The Sun's uprise majestic :
Gathering round with wings all hoar,
Through the dewy mist they soar
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
Bursts, and then,—as clouds of even
Fleck'd with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,—
So their plumes of purple grain
Starred with drops of golden rain
Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale
Through the broken mist they sail ;
And the vapours cloven and gleaming
Follow down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright, and clear, and still
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy.
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair ;

Underneath day's azure eyes,
 Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,—
 A peopled labyrinth of walls,
 Amphitrite's destined halls,
 Which her hoary sire now paves
 With his blue and beaming waves.
 Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
 Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
 On the level quivering line
 Of the waters crystalline ;
 And before that chasm of light,
 As within a furnace bright,
 Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
 Shine like obelisks of fire,
 Pointing with inconstant motion
 From the altar of dark ocean
 To the sapphire-tinted skies ;
 As the flames of sacrifice
 From the marble shrines did rise
 As to pierce the dome of gold
 Where Apollo spoke of old.

Noon descends around me now :
 'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
 When a soft and purple mist
 Like a vaporous amethyst,
 Or an air-dissolved star
 Mingling light and fragrance, far
 From the curved horizon's bound
 To the point of heaven's profound,
 Fills the overflowing sky,
 And the plains that silent lie
 Underneath ; the leaves unsodden
 Where the infant frost has trodden

With his morning-wingèd feet
Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;
And the red and golden vines
Piercing with their trellised lines
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness :
The dun and bladed grass no less,
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air ; the flower
Glimmering at my feet ; the line
Of the olive-sandalled Apennine
In the south dimly islanded ;
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun ;
And of living things each one ;
And my spirit, which so long
Darkened this swift stream of song,—
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky ;
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odour, or the soul of all
Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
Or the mind which feeds this verse
Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon,
Leading the infantine moon
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs :
And the soft dreams of the morn
(Which like wingèd winds had borne
To that silent isle which lies

'Mid remembered agonies,
 The frail bark of this lone being,
 Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
 And its ancient pilot, Pain,
 Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
 In the sea of life and agony :
 Other spirits float and flee
 O'er that gulf : even now, perhaps,
 On some rock the wild wave wraps,
 With folding wings they waiting sit
 For my bark, to pilot it
 To some calm and blooming cove,
 Where for me, and those I love,
 May a windless bower be built,
 Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
 In a dell 'mid lawny hills
 Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
 And soft sunshine, and the sound
 Of old forests echoing round,
 And the light and smell divine
 Of all flowers that breathe and shine,
 —We may live so happy there,
 That the spirits of the air
 Envyng us, may even entice
 To our healing paradise
 The polluting multitude ;
 But their rage would be subdued
 By that clime divine and calm,
 And the winds whose wings rain balm
 On the uplifted soul, and leaves
 Under which the bright sea heaves ;
 While each breathless interval
 In their whisperings musical

The inspirèd soul supplies
 With its own deep melodies ;
 And the Love which heals all strife
 Circling, like the breath of life,
 All things in that sweet abode
 With its own mild brotherhood.
 They, not it, would change ; and soon
 Every sprite beneath the moon
 Would repent its envy vain,
 And the Earth grow young again !

SHELLEY

O WORLD ! O Life ! O Time !
 On whose last steps I climb,
 Trembling at that where I had stood before ;
 When will return the glory of your prime ?
 No more—O never more !

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight :
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more—O never more !

SHELLEY

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION

NEAR NAPLES

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple noon's transparent light :

The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight—
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods —
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

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

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

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

Some might lament that I were cold
 As I when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown oid,
 Insults with this untimely moan.
 They might lament—for I am one
 Whom men love not and yet regret ;
 Unlike this day which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

SHELLEY

A L A M E N T

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
 Swifter far than youth's delight,
 Swifter far than happy night,

Art thou come and gone :

As the earth when leaves are dead,
 As the night when sleep is sped,
 As the heart when joy is fled,

I am left lone, alone.

The swallow Summer comes again,
 The owlet Night resumes her reign,
 But the wild swan Youth is fain

To fly with thee, false as thou.

My heart each day desires the morrow,
 Sleep itself is turned to sorrow,
 Vainly would my winter borrow

Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
 Roses for a matron's head,
 Violets for a maiden dead,

Pansies let my flowers be :

On the living grave I bear,
 Scatter them without a tear
 Let no friend, however dear,
 Waste one hope, one fear for me.

SHELLEY

DEJECTION: AN ODE

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
 With the old Moon in her arms;
 And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
 We shall have a deadly storm.

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

WELL! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made
 The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
 This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
 Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
 Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
 Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes
 Upon the strings of this Eolian lute,
 Which better far were mute.
 For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
 And overspread with phantom light,
 (With swimming phantom light o'erspread
 But rimmed and circled by a silver thread)
 I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
 The coming on of rain and squally blast.
 And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
 And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!
 Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they
 awed,
 And sent my soul abroad,
 Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
 Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

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

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

O Lady ! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live :
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that ~~inanimate~~ cold world allowed

To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth,
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element !

O pure of heart ! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be !
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous Lady ! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower.
Joy, Lady ! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice !
And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

There was a time when, though my path was
rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness :
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth :

Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,
But oh ! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination.
For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can ;
And haply by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man—
This was my sole resource, my only plan :
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
Reality's dark dream !
I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
Of agony by torture lengthened out
That lute sent forth ! Thou Wind, that ravest without,
Bare craig, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad Lutanist ! who in this month of showers,
Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds !
Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold !
What tell'st thou now about ?
'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,
With groans of trampled men, with smarting
wounds—
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold !
But hush ! there is a pause of deepest silence !
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,

With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over—
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud !
A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight,
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay,
'Tis of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way :
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother
hear.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep :
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep !
Visit her, gentle Sleep ! with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth !
With light heart may she rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice ;
To her may all things live, from pole to pole,
Their life the eddying of her living soul !
O simple spirit, guided from above,
Dear Lady ! friend devoutest of my choice,
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

COLERIDGE

ODE TO DUTY

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;

Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free ;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth :
Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
Who do thy work, and know it not :
Long may the kindly impulse last !
But Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand
fast !

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

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

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

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

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

WORDSWORTH

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night ;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods ;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright ;

The birds are singing in the distant woods ;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods ;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters ;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors ;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;
The grass is bright with rain-drops ;—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth ;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist ; that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor ;
I saw the hare that raced about with joy ;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar,
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy :
The pleasant season did my heart employ :
My old remembrances went from me wholly ;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy !

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low,
To me that morning did it happen so ;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came :
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor
could name.

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky ;
And I bethought me of the playful hare :
Even such a happy child of earth am I ;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare ;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care ;

But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood :
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good :
But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all ?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride ;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-side .
By our own spirits are we deified ;
We poets in our youth begin in gladness ;
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befel, that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares :
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence ;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence ;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense :
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself ;

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age :
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage ;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, his body, limbs, and face,
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood :
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the Old-man stood ;
That heareth not the loud winds when they call ;
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,
As if he had been reading in a book ;
And now a stranger's privilege I took ;
And drawing to his side, to him did say,
' This morning gives us promise of a glorious day.

A gentle answer did the Old-man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew :
And him with further words I thus bespake,
' What occupation do you there pursue ?
This is a lonesome place for one like you.'
He answered, while a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest—

Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
 Of ordinary men ; a stately speech ;
 Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,
 Religious men, who give to God and Man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come
 'To gather Leeches, being old and poor :
 Employment hazardous and wearisome !
 And he had many hardships to endure ;
 From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor,
 Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance,
 And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The Old-man still stood talking by my side ;
 But now his voice to me was like a stream
 Scarce heard ; nor word from word could I divide ;
 And the whole body of the Man did seem
 Like one whom I had met with in a dream ;
 Or like a man from some far region sent,
 To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned ; the fear that kills ;
 And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;
 Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills ;
 And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
 —Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
 My question eagerly did I renew,
 ' How is it that you live, and what is it you do ?'

He with a smile did then his words repeat :
 And said, that, gathering Leeches, far and wide
 He travelled ; stirring thus about his feet
 The waters of the pools where they abide.
 ' Once I could meet with them on every side ;

But they have dwindled long by slow decay ;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.'

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The Old-man's shape, and speech, all troubled me :
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind
But stately in the main : and when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure ;
I'll think of the Lcech-gatherer on the lonely moor !'

WORDSWORTH

PATRIOTISM

*O England, model to thy inward greatness
Like little body with a mighty heart !*

*This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise ;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war ;
This happy breed of men, this little world ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune.*

*This England never did nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.*

Shakespeare

AND did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain green ?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen ?

And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills ?

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
Bring me my arrows of desire !
Bring me my spear : O clouds, unfold !
Bring me my chariot of fire !

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

BLAKE

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;

High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

SCOTT

LIBERTY

I

OH how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd !
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour truth ;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd ;
Their armouries and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless ; while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,
Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

MILTON

II

Who shall awake the Spartan fire,
And call in solemn sounds to life
The youths whose locks divinely spreading
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding
Applauding Freedom loved of old to view?
What new Alcæus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword in myrtle drest,
At wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renowned !)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leaped in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound.

COLLINS

III

Ye Clouds ! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control !
Ye Ocean-Waves ! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws !
Ye woods ! that listen to the night-birds singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging
Have made a solemn music of the wind !
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound !

O ye loud Waves ! and O ye Forests high !
 And O ye Clouds that far above me soared !
 Thou rising Sun ! thou blue rejoicing Sky !
 Yea, every thing that is and will be free !
 Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
 With what deep worship I have still adored
 The spirit of divinest Liberty.

COLERIDGE

BOADICEA

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage and full of grief :

' Princess ! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

' Rome shall perish,—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt :
 Perish hopeless and abhorred,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

' Rome, for empire far renowned,
 Tramples on a thousand states ;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates.

' Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name.
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

' Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

' Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.'

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought and died,
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

' Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you !'

COWPER

AGINCOURT

1

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire : and through their paly flames
Each battle * sees the other's umber'd face :
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band

* Army.

Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry ' Praise and glory on his head ! '
 For forth he goes and visits all his host,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
 And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night,
 But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks ;
 A largess universal like the sun
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.

II

KING HENRY'S SPEECH BEFORE THE BATTLE

What 's he that wishes so ?
 My cousin Westmoreland ?—No, my fair cousin :
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss ; and if to live,
 The fewer men the greater share of honour.
 God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold ;
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
 But if it be a sin to covet honour
 I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one
more :

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my
host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall see this day, and live old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, To-morrow is saint Crispian :
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars :
And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day.
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day : Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd :
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered :
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition :

And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here ;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

SHAKESPEARE

TO THE CAMBRO-BRITONS AND THEIR
HARP, HIS BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

FAIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry ,
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopp'd his wav,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride
King Henry to deride
His ransom to provide
To the king sending ;

Which he neglects the while
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then :
' Though they to one be ten
Be not amazed :
Yet have we well begun ;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

' And for myself (quoth he)
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me ;
Nor more esteem me :
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

' *Poitiers* and *Cressy* tell
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell :
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.'

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vaward led ;
With the main Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen.

Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did'st the signal aim
To our hid forces ;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw
And forth their bilbows¹ drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy ;

¹ Swords, from *Bilboa*

Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,—
Our men were hardy !

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,¹
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright ;
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry ;

¹ Dash.

O when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

DRAYTON

FLODDEN FIELD

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vaward wing.

Where Huntly, and where Home?—
O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne.

That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!

Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,

While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,

Our Caledonian pride!
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse as ail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their King.

But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghas'tly blow,
Unbroken was the ring ;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight ;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well ;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
'Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands ;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foeman know ;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest
low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds
blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless piash,
While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land ;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong :
Still from the sire the son shall hear

Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield !

SCOTT

HAIL thou, my native soil ! thou blessed plot
Whose equal all the world affordeth not !
Shew me who can so many crystal rills,
Such sweet clothed vallies, or aspiring hills,
Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy mines
Such rocks in whom the diamond fairly shines :
And if the earth can shew the like again,
Yet will she fail in her sea-ruling men.
Time never can produce men to o'ertake
The fames of Grenville, Davies, Gilbert, Drake,
Or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more,
That by their power made the Devonian shore
Mock the proud Tagus ; for whose richest spoil
The boasting Spaniard left the Indian soil
Bankrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
By winning this, though all the rest were lost.

BROWNE

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

You brave heroic minds
Worthy your country's name,
That honour still pursue ;
Go and subdue,
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long :
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale,
Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer
West and by south forth keep,
Rocks, leeshores nor shoals
When Eolus scowls
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice
To get the pearl and gold
And ours to hold
Virginia
Earth's only paradise.

Where nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
And the fruitfull'st soil
Without your toil
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine
And useful sassafras.

To whom the golden age
Still nature's laws doth give,
Nor other cares attend
But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land
Above the seas that flows
The clear wind throws
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand.

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given),
O you the happiest men,
Be frolic then ;
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far,
Such heroes bring ye forth,
As those from whom we came,
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our north.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,—
Apollo's sacred tree,—
You it may see
A poet's brows
To crown that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend
 Industrious Hackluit
 Whose reading shall inflame
 Men to seek fame,
 And much commend
 To after times thy wit.

DRAYTON

KINGSHIP

I

Richard II.

For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—
 How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed :
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;
 All murder'd :—For within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps death his court ; and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,—
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable,—and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell king !
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,

For you have but mistook me all this while :
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends :—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king ?

II

Henry IV.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep ! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;

And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

III

Henry V.

O hard condition !
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing ! What infinite heart's case
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy ?
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony ?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers ?
What are thy rents ? what are thy comings-in ?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth !
What is thy soul of adoration ?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men ?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poisoned flattery ? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure !
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation ?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending ?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it ? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose ;
I am a king that find thee ; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcèd title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave
Who, with a body filled, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell .
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium ; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse ;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave :
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

IV

Henry VI.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light :
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind :
Sometime the flood prevails ; and then the
wind :

Now one the better ; then another best ;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered :
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so :
For what is in this world but grief and woe ?
O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain :
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock :
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece ;
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,

Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?
 O, yes it doth ; a thousandfold it doth.
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him

SHAKESPEARE

QUEEN WORSHIP

I

 A PRAISE OF ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA, DAUGHTER
 OF KING JAMES I.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light,
 You common people of the skies,
 What are you when the Moon shall rise ?

You curious chanters of the wood
 That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents ; what 's your praise
 When Philomel her voice shall raise ?

You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known
 Like the proud virgins of the year
 As if the spring were all your own,—
 What are you when the Rose is blown?

So when my Mistress shall be seen
 In form and beauty of her mind,
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
 Tell me, if she were not designed
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

WOTTON

II

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

(*To Queen Elizabeth*)

His golden locks time hath to silver turned :
 O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !
 His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
 But spurned in vain ; youth waneth by increasing :
 Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen ;
 Duty, faith, love, are roots and evergreen.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 And, lover's sonnets turned to holy psalms,
 A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, which are age's alms :
 But though from court to cottage he depart,
 His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in lonely cell,
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—

' Bless'd be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
 Curs'd be the souls that think her any wrong !'
 Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
 To be your bedesman now that was your knight.

PEELE

III

THE DISGRACED COURTIER'S LAMENT

(*To Queen Elizabeth*)

•

(*The poet after celebrating his Mistress' divine qualities
 addeth that she lacked mercy.*)

YET have these wonders want, which want comparison
 Yet hath her mind some marks of human race ;
 Yet will she be a woman for a fashion,
 So doth she please her virtues to deface.
 And like as that immortal power doth seat
 An element of waters, to allay
 The fiery sunbeams that on earth do beat,
 And temper by cold night the heat of day,
 So hath perfection, which begat her mind,
 Added thereto a change of fantasy,
 And left her the affections of her kind,
 Yet free from every ev'l but cruelty.

(*And so one defect in the poet availed to lose him his
 Mistress' love.*)

And as a stream by strong hand bounded in
 From nature's course where it did sometime run,
 By some small rent or loose part doth begin
 To find escape till it a way hath won ;
 Doth then all unawares in sunder tear
 The forced bounds, and raging run at large

In the ancient channels as they wonted were ;
 Such is of women's love the careful charge,—
 Held and maintained with multitude of woes ;
 Of long erections such the sudden fall ;
 One hour diverts, one instant overthrows,
 For which our lives, for which our fortune's thrall
 So many years those joys have dearly bought ;
 Of which when our fond hopes do most assure,
 All is dissolved ; our labours come to nought ;
 Nor any mark thereof there doth endure.
 But as the fields, clothed with leaves and flowers
 The banks of roses smelling precious sweet
 Have but their beauty's date and timely hours,
 And then defaced by winter's cold and sleet,
 So far, as neither fruit nor form of flower
 Stays for a witness what such branches bare,
 But as time gave, time did again devour,
 And change our rising joy to falling care :
 So of affection which our youth presented ;
 When she that from the sun reaves power and light¹
 Did but decline her beams as discontented,
 Converting sweetest days to saddest night,
 All droops, all dies, all trodden under dust,
 The person, place, and passages forgotten ;
 The hardest steel eaten with softest rust,
 The firm and solid tree both rent and rotten.

(Hope therefore is dead in him, but not love.)

With youth is dead the hope of Love's return
 Who looks not back to hear our after-cries :
 Where he is not he laughs at those that mourn :
 Whence he is gone, he scorns the mind that dies.

¹ Cynthia.

When he is absent, he believes no words ;
When reason speaks, he careless stops his ears ;
Whom he hath left he never grace affords,
But bathes his wings in our lamenting tears.
Sorrow was my revenge, and woe my hate ;
I powerless was to alter my desire ;
My love is not of time nor bound to date ;
My heart's internal heat and living fire
Would not, nor could, be quenched with sudden
showers ;
My bound respect was not confined to days,
My vowed faith not set to ended hours ;
I love the bearing and not bearing sprays
Which now to others do their sweetness send ;
The incarnate, snow-driven white, and purest azure
Who from high heaven doth on their fields descend,
Filling their barns with grain, and towers with
treasure.
Erring, or never erring, such is love
As, while it lasteth, scorns the account of those
Seeking but self-contentment to improve,
And hides, if any be, his inward woes.
But thou my weary soul and heavy thought,
Made by her love a burthen to my being,
Dost know my error never was forethought,
Nor ever could proceed from sense of loving.
Of other cause if then it had proceeding
I leave th' excuse, sith judgment hath been given ;
The limbs divided, sundered, and a-bleeding
Cannot complain the sentence was uneven.

(The poet's occupation is gone.)

She cares not for thy praise, who knows not theirs ;
It's now an idle labour, and a tale

Told out of time, that dulls the hearer's ears,
 A merchandise whereof there is no sale.
 Leave them, or lay them up with thy despairs ;
 She hath resolved and judged thee long ago.
 Thy lines are now a murmuring to her ears,
 Like to a falling stream, which passing slow,
 Is wont to nourish sleep and quietness ;
 So shall thy painful labours be perused,
 And draw on rest, which sometime had regard,
 But those her cares thy errors have excused.

(Sorrow, and the voice of sorrow, are alike vain.)

But stay, my thoughts, make end : give fortune
 way :

Harsh is the voice of woe and sorrow's sound :
 Complaints cure not, and tears do but allay
 Griefs for a time which after more abound.

To seek for moisture in the Arabian sands
 Is but a loss of labour and of rest :
 The links which time did break of hearty bands
 Words cannot knit, or wailings make anew.

Seek not the sun in clouds when it is set . . .
 On highest mountains, where those cedars grew,
 Against whose banks the troubled ocean beat,
 And were the marks to find thy hopèd port,
 Into a soil far off themselves remove.

On Sestus' shore, Leander's late resort,
 Hero hath left no lamp to guide her love.
 Thou look'st for light in vain, and storms arise ;
 She sleeps thy death, that erst thy danger sighed ;
 Strive then no more : bow down thy watery eyes—
 Eyes which to all these woes thy heart did guide.
 She is gone, she is lost, she is found, she is ever fair :
 Sorrow draws weakly, where love draws not too :

Woe's cries sound nothing, but only in love's ear.
 Do then by dying what life cannot do.
 Unfold thy flocks, and leave them to the fields.
 To feed on hills, or dales, where likes them best,
 Of what the summer or the springtime yields,
 For love and time have given thee leave to rest

(*L'envoy.*)

Thus home I draw, as death's long night draws on ;
 Yet every foot, old thoughts turn back mine eyes
 Constraint me guides, as old age draws a stone
 Against the hill, which over-weighty lies
 For feeble arms or wasted strength to move :
 My steps are backward, gazing on my loss,
 My mind's affection, and my soul's sole love,
 Not mixed with fancy's chaff or fortune's dross.
 To God I leave it, Who first gave it me,
 And I her gave, and she returned again.
 As it was hers ; so let His mercies be
 Of my last comforts the essential mean.

But be it so or not, the effects are past ;
 Her love hath end ; my woe must ever last.

RALEGH

UPON THE DEATH OF KING CHARLES I.

GREAT, good, and just I could I but rate
 My griefs and thy too rigid fate,
 I'd weep the world to such a strain,
 As it should deluge once again.
 But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies
 More from 'Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
 I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
 And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.

MONTROSE

HORATIAN ODE

UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

THE forward youth that would appear
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil th' unused armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urged his active star :

And like the three-forked lightning first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide :

For 'tis all one to courage high
The emulous, or enemy ;
And with such, to enclose
Is more than to oppose.

~~Then~~ burning through the air he went
And palaces and temples rent ;
And Caesar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame ;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the Man is due

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot)

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the Kingdoms old
Into another mould.

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient Rights in vain .
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war
Where his were not the deepest scar ?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case ;

That thence the Royal actor borne
 The tragic scaffold might adorn :
 While round the armed bands
 Did clap their bloody hands :

He nothing common did or mean
 Upon that memorable scene,
 But with his keener eye
 The axe's edge did try ;

Nor called the Gods, with vulgar spite,
 To vindicate his helpless right ;
 But bowed his comely head
 Down, as upon a bed.

—This was that memorable hour
 Which first assured the forced¹ power :
 So when they did design
 The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,
 Did fright the architects to run ;
 And yet in that the State
 Foresaw its happy fate !

And now the Irish are ashamed
 To see themselves in one year tamed :
 So much one man can do
 That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
 And have, though overcome, confess
 How good he is, how just
 And fit for highest trust ;

¹ Fated.

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republic's hand—
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey !

He to the Commons' feet presents
A Kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame, to make it theirs :

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the Public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more does search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

—What may not then our Isle presume
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year !

As Caesar *i.e.*, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric¹ be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-coloured mind,
But from this valour sad
Shrink underneath the plaid—

¹ Dangerous.

Happy, if in the tufted brake
 The English hunter him mistake.
 Nor lay his hounds in near
 The Caledonian deer.

But Thou, the War's and Fortune's son,
 March indefatigably on ;
 And for the last effect
 Still keep the sword erect :

Besides the force it has to fright
 The spirits of the shady night,
 The same arts that did gain
 A power, must it maintain.

MARVELL

ENGLAND AFTER THE CIVIL WARS

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

SEE how the flowers as at parade
 Under their colours stand displayed :
 Each regiment in order grows,
 That of the tulip, pink, and rose.
 But when the vigilant patrol
 Of stars walks round about the pole,
 Their leaves, that to the stalks are curled,
 Seem to their staves the ensigns furled.
 Then in some flower's beloved hut,
 Each bee, as sentinel, is shut ;
 And sleeps so too ; but if once stirred
 She runs you through, nor asks the word.
 O thou, that dear and happy isle
 The garden of the world erewhile,
 Thou paradise of the four seas,

Which heaven planted us to please,
 But, to exclude the world, did guard
 With wat'ry, if not flaming, sword ;
 What luckless apple did we taste
 To make us mortal, and thee waste !
 Unhappy ! shall we never more
 That sweet militia restore,
 When gardens only had their towers,
 And all the garrisons were flowers ;
 When roses only arms might bear,
 And men did rosy garlands wear ?

MARVELL

SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat that rowed along,
 The listening winds received this song :
 ' What should we do but sing His praise
 That led us through the watery maze
 Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own ?
 Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
 That lift the deep upon their backs ;
 He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storms and prelates' rage :
 He gave us this eternal spring
 Which here enamels everything,
 And sends the fowls to us in care
 On daily visits through the air.
 He hangs in shades the orange bright
 Like golden lamps in a green night,

And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows :
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet ;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by His hand,
From Lebanon He stores the land ;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast—of which we rather boast—
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
O let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which thence perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay !'
—Thus sung they in the English boat
An holy and a cheerful note :
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

MARVELL

AH no. To distant climes, a dreary scene
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;

Those matted woods where birds forget to sing
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from every former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

GOLDSMITH

BRITISH CLIMATE AND FREEDOM

MY genius spreads her wing
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on every spray ;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
 Extremes are only in the master's mind !
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
 With daring aims irregularly great,
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by,
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand :
 Pierce in their native hardiness of soul,
 True to imagined right, above control,
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

GOLDSMITH

A PROPHECY OF FREE TRADE

(*The Thames speaks*)

THY trees, fair Windsor, now shall leave their woods
And half thy forests rush into thy floods ;
Tempt icy seas where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole ;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales !
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come when free as seas or wind
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide ;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold ;
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.

POPE

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
 head,
 And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, —
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
 But we left him alone with his glory.

WOLFE

SEA SONG

YE Mariners of England
That guard our native seas !
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe ;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave ;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As we sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle, *etc.*

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle, *etc.*

The meteor flag of England
Yet shall terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow

CAMPBELL

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the night of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
' Hearts of oak ! ' our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
' Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'

Then Denmark blest our chief
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day :

While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou :
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoes,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

CAMPBELL

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

TOLL for the Brave !
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main :

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

COWPER

BATTLE SONG

DAY, like our souls, is fiercely dark ;
What then? 'Tis day !
We sleep no more ; the cock crows —hark
To arms ! away !
They come ! they come ! the knell is rung
Of us or them ;
Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
Of gold and gen.
What collared hound of lawless sway,
To famine dear—
What pensioned slave of Attila,
Leads in the rear ?
Come they from Scythian wilds afar,
Our blood to spill ?
Wear they the livery of the Czar ?
They do his will.
Nor tasselled silk, nor epaulette,
Nor plume, nor torse—
No splendour gilds, all sternly met,
Our foot and horse.
But dark and still, we inly glow,
Condensed in ire !
Strike, tawdry slaves, and ye shall know
Our gloom is fire.
In vain your pomp, ye evil powers,
Insults the land ;

Wrongs, vengeance, and *the cause* are ours,
And God's right hand !
Madmen ! they trample into snakes
The wormy clod !
Like fire beneath their feet awakes
The sword of God !
Behind, before, above, below,
They rouse the brave ;
Where'er they go, they make a foe,
Or find a grave.

ELLIOTT

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay.
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

COLLINS

ART

*A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.*
Keats

*Spite of cormorant devouring Time
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge.*
Shakespeare

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on :
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone !
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu ;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new ;

More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
 For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 For ever panting, and for ever young ;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Leadest thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn ?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity : Cold Pastoral !
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayest,
 ' Beauty is truth, truth beauty '—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

KEATS

THE POWER OF MUSIC

I

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees
 And the mountain-tops that freeze
 Bow themselves when he did sing :

To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art :
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

FLETCHER

II

Lorenzo.—How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon
this bank !

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins :
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn.

Jessica.—I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo.—The reason is your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music: Therefore the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
 floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature:
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus:
 Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

SHAKESPEARE

III

At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes
 And stole upon the air, that even silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish't she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more
 Still to be so displac't. I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death.

*

Comus.—Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence.
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings

Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of Darkness till it smiled ! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs ;
Who as they sung, would take the prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium : Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause :
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself ;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.

MILTON

IV

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre !
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail ;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire :
Though so exalted she
And I so lowly be
Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark ! how the strings awake :
And, though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of numerous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try ;
Now all thy charms apply ;
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

R

Weak Lyre ! thy virtue sure
 Is useless here, since thou art only found
 To cure, but not to wound,
 And she to wound, but not to cure.
 Too weak too wilt thou prove
 My passion to remove ;
 Physic to other ills, thou 'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre !
 For thou canst never tell my humble tale
 In sounds that will prevail,
 Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire ;
 All thy vain mirth lay by,
 Bid thy strings silent lie,
 Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master die.

COWLEY

TWO SONGS FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY

I

FROM Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
 This universal frame began :
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high
 Arise, ye more than dead !
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry
 In order to their stations leap,
 And music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began :
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What Passion cannot Music raise and quell !
When Jubal struck the chorded shell
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries ' Hark ! the foes come ;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat ! '

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of helpless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh ! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach,
 The sacred organ's praise ?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

II

ALEXANDER'S FEAST

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son :
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne ;
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
 (So should desert in arms be crowned) ;
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sate like a blooming eastern bride
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride :—
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave
 None but the brave
 None but the brave deserves the fair !

Timotheus placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire
 With flying fingers touched the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky
 And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the power of mighty love !
A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode
When he to fair Olympia prest,
And while he sought her snowy breast ;
'Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign
of the world.

—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound !
A present deity ! they shout around :
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound !
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician
sung :

O! Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes !
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums !
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face :
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes. he
comes !

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he
slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he Heaven and Earth defied
Changed his hand and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful Muse

Soft pity to infuse :

He sung Darius great and good,

By too severe a fate

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

And welt'ring in his blood ;

Deserted, at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed ;

On the bare earth exposed he lies

With not a friend to close his eyes.

—With downcast looks the joyless victor
sate,

Revolving in his altered soul

The various turns of chance below ;

And now and then a sigh he stole,

And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see

That love was in the next degree ;

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,

For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures

Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble,

Honour but an empty bubble,

Never ending, still beginning ;

Fighting still, and still destroying ;

If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying :
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee !
—The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again :
At length with love and wine at once opprest
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder
Hark, hark ! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head :
As awaked from the dead
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise !
See the snakes that they rear
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were
slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew !
Behold how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
—The princes applaud with a furious joy :
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to
destroy ;

Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy !

—Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
before.

—Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown ;
He raised a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down !

DRYDEN

THE PASSIONS

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the muse's painting.
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined ;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound ;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.
Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings ;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange and mingled air
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.
But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all the song ;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;

And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung ;—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose ;

He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And blew a blast so loud and dread,

Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !

And ever and anon, he beat

The doubling drum with furious heat ;

And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,

Her soul-subduing voice applied,

Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,

While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting
from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed ;

Sad proof of thy distressful state !

Of differing themes the veering song was mixed ;

And now it courted Love, now raving called on
Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,

Pale Melancholy sat retired.

And, from her wild sequestered seat,

In notes by distance made more sweet,

Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul.

And dashing soft from rocks around,

Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;

Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
stole ;

Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,

Round a holy calm diffusing,

Love of peace, and lonely musing.

In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh ! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung.
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known !
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed
queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen
spear.

Last came Joy's ecstasie trial ;
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed ;
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best ,
They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing.
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?

As in that loved Athenian bower
 You learned an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared !
 Can well recall what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
 Fill thy recording Sister's page ;—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 E'en all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound :—
 O bid our vain endeavours cease ;
 Revive the just designs of Greece ;
 Return in all thy simple state !
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

COLLINS

TO A LADY

WITH A GUITAR

Ariel to Miranda :—Take
 This slave of music, for the sake
 Of him, who is the slave of thee ;
 And teach it all the harmony
 In which thou canst, and only thou,
 Make the delighted spirit glow,
 Till joy denies itself again,
 And, too intense, is turned to pain.

For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken ;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
From life to life must still pursue
Your happiness, for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own ;
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
'To the throne of Naples he
Lift you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon
In her interlunar swoon
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel ;
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen Star of birth
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity !
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still,
Has tracked your steps and served your
will.

Now in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remembered not ;
And now, alas ! the poor sprite is
Imprisoned for some fault of his
In a body like a grave—
From you he only dares to crave
For his service and his sorrow
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this viol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine ;
And dreaming, some of autumn pa t,
And some of spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love ; and so this tree,—
O that such our death may be !—
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again :
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar ;
And taught it justly to reply
To all who-question skilfully
In language gentle as thine own ;
Whispering in enamoured tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells ;
—For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicèd fountains ;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening ; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way :

--All this it knows, but will not tell
 To those who cannot question well
 The spirit that inhabits it ;
 It talks according to the wit
 Of its companions ; and no more
 Is heard than has been felt before
 By those who tempt it to betray
 These secrets of an elder day.
 But, sweetly as its answers will
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,
 It keeps its highest holiest tone
 For one beloved Friend alone.

SIII I I I Y

If all the pens that ever poets held
 Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
 And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
 Their minds and muses, on admired themes ;
 If all the heavenly quintessence they 'still
 From their immortal flowers of poesy,
 Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
 The highest reaches of a human wit ;
 If these had made one poem's period
 And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
 Yet should there hover in their restless heads
 One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,
 Which into words no virtue can digest.

MARLOWE

THE POET TO THE NIGHTINGALE

EXERT thy voice, sweet harbinger of Spring !
This moment is thy time to sing,
This moment I attend to praise,
And set my numbers to thy lays ;
Free as thine shall be my song,
As thy music, short or long ;
Poets wild as thou were born,
Pleasing best when unconfined,
When to please is least designed,
Soothing but their cares to rest ;
Cares do still their thoughts molest,
And still th' unhappy poet's breast,
Like thine, when best he sings, is placed
 against a thorn.

She begins ! Let all be still !
Muse, thy promise now fulfil !
Sweet, oh, sweet ! still sweeter yet !
Can thy words such accents fit ?
Canst thou syllables refine,
Melt a sense that shall retain
Still some spirit of the brain,
Till with sounds like those it join ?
'Twill not be ! then change thy note,
Let division shake thy throat !
Hark ! division now she tries,
Yet as far the Muse out flies.

LADY WINCHILSEA

ON THE MUSE OF POETRY

IN my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw,
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight ;
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling,
By a daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull liveness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made.
The strange music of the waves
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss,
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect,
From all these and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,

She hath taught me, by her might,
 To draw comfort and delight.
 Therefore, thou best earth'y bliss,
 I will cherish thee for this.

WITHER

THE POET'S AUDIENCE

AND for the few that only lend their ear,
 That few is all the world ; which with a few
 Do ever live, and move, and work, and stir.
 This is the heart doth feel, and only know ;
 The rest of all that only bodies bear,
 Roll up and down, and fill up but the row ;
 And serves as others' members, not their own,
 The instruments of those that do direct.
 Then what disgrace is this, not to be known
 To those know not to give themselves respect ?
 And though they swell with pomp of folly blown,
 They live ungraced, and die but in neglect.

And for my part, if only one allow
 The care my lab'ring spirits take in this,
 He is to me a theatre large enow,
 And his applause only sufficient is :
 All my respect is bent but to his brow ;
 That is my all, and all I am is his.

DANIEL

HUMANER LETTERS

O BLESSED letters I that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all,
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead-living unto council call ;
By you th' unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel, and what does us befall.

- For these lines are the veins, the arteries,
And undecaying life-strings of those hearts,
That still shall pant, and still shall exercise
The motion, Spirit and Nature both imparts,
And shall with those alive so sympathise,
As nourished with their powers, enjoy their parts.

Soul of the World, Knowledge, without thee
What hath the earth that truly glorious is ?
Why should our pride make such a stir to be,
To be forgot ? What good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the world's delight ?

DANIEL.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, AND
WHAT HE HATH LEFT US

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man nor Muse can praise too much.

'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
 Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise ;
 For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
 Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes
 right ;

Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
 The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance ;
 Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
 And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.
 But thou art proof against them and, indeed,
 Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
 I therefore will begin : Soul of the age !
 The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage !
 My SHAKSPEARE, rise ! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further, to make thee a room ;
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,
 And art alive still while thy book doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
 That I not mix thee so my brain excuses,—
 I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses ;
 For if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less
 Greek,

From thence to honour thee I would not seek
 For names, but call forth thundering Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova¹ dead,
 To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
 And shake a stage : or, when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone for a comparison

¹ Seneca,

Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe
 He was not of an age, but for all time !
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to war,
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please.
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of Nature's family
 Yet must I not give Nature all ! thy Art,
 My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
 For though the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion ; and that he :
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same,
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame
 Or for the laurel he may gain to scorn ;
 For a good poet's made, as well as born.
 And such wert thou ! Look, how the father's
 face
 Lives in his issue, even so the race
 Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly
 shines
 In his well turned and true filed lines,
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.

¹ That man.

Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
 That so did take Eliza and our James !
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced, and made a constellation there !
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
 Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned
 like night,
 And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

JONSON

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE
 DRAMATIC POET W. SHAKSPEARE

WHAT needs my Shakspeare, for his honoured bones,
 The labour of an age in pilèd stones?
 Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art
 Thy easy numbers flow ; and that each heart
 Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took ;
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving :
 And, so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

MILTON

MILTON'S INVOCATION TO LIGHT

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from eternity ; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate !
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before the sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night ;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare : Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp ; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,

Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equalled with me in fate,
 So were I equalled with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides ;
 And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old :
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return ; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate ; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

HIS INVOCATION TO THE MUSE:

THE POEM HALF FINISHED

DESCEND from Heaven, Urania, by that name
 If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
 Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
 Above the flight of Pegaséan wing !
 The meaning, not the name, I call : for thou

Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st ; but, heavenly-born,
Before the hills appeared, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom, thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee
Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempering : with like safety guide I dawn
Return me to my native element :
Lest from this flying steed unrein'd (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime),
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere ;
Standing on earth, not wrapped above the pole
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude ; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east : still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drowned
Both harp and voice ; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores.
For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

MILTON

ODE TO SIMPLICITY

O THOU by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong ;
Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song !

Thou, who with hermit heart
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall :
But comest a decent maid,
In Attic robe arrayed,
O chaste, unboastful Nymph, to thee I call !

By all the honeyed store
On Hybla's thymy shore ;
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear ;
By her whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Soothed sweetly sad Electra's Poet's ear :

By old Cephissus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat
On whose enamelled side
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allured thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse !
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty culled the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

Though taste, though genius bless
To some divine excess,
Faints the cold work till thou inspire the whole ;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye ;
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale :
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature ! learn my tale.

COLLINS

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

A PINDARIC ODE

I

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take ;
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign ;
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

Oh ! sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curbed the fury of his car,
 And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command,
 Perching on the sceptred hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing ;
 Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his
 eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
 Tempered to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crownèd Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day
 With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures ;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet ;
 To brisk notes in cadence beating,
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach
 declare :
 Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay ;
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way :
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of
 Love.

II

Man's feeble race what ills await !
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky ;
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of
war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame ;
The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy
flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,

How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish :
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around ;
 Every shade and hallowed fountain
 Murmured deep a solemn sound ;
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, O Albion ! next thy sea-encircled
 coast.

III

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
 To him the mighty Mother did unveil
 Her awful face ; the dauntless child
 Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
 'This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year ;
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy !
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Nor second He, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of the abyss to spy.
 He passed the flaming bounds of place and time ;
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,

He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah ! 'tis heard no more—

Oh lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now ? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air ;
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues unborrowed of the sun ;
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

GRAY

TO RICHARD BENTLEY

IN silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
Half pleased, half blushing, let the Muse admire
While Bentley leads her sister-art along,
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought
 Fixed by his touch a lasting essence take ;
 Each dream, in fancy's airy colouring wrought,
 To local symmetry and life awake !
 The tardy rhymes that used to linger on,
 To censure cold, and negligent of fame,
 In swifter measures animated run,
 And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.
 Ah ! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
 His quick creation, his unerring line ;
 The energy of Pope they might efface,
 And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.
 But not to one in this benighted age
 Is that diviner inspiration given,
 That burns in Shakespeare's or in Milton's page,
 The pomp and prodigality of heaven.
 As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
 The meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,
 Together dart their intermingled rays,
 And dazzle with a luxury of light.
 Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
 My lines a secret sympathy impart ;
 And as their pleasing influence flows confest,
 A sigh of soft reflection heave the heart.

GRAY

THE POET GROWING OLD

DEPARTING Summer hath assumed
 An aspect tenderly illumed,
 The gentlest look of Spring ;
 That calls from yonder leafy shade
 Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
 A timely carolling.

No faint and hesitating trill
Such tribute as to winter chill
The lonely red-breast pays !
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,
From social warblers gathering in
Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor does the example fail to cheer
Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,
And yellow on the bough :—
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head !
Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
Around a younger brow.

Yet will I temperately rejoice ;
Wide is the range, and free the choice
Of undiscordant themes ;
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize
Not less than vernal ecstasies,
And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,
And they like Demi-gods are strong
On whom the Muses smile ;
But some their function have disclaimed,
Best pleased with what is aptliest framed
To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains
Committed to the silent plains
In Britain's earliest dawn :
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,
While all-too-daringly the veil
Of nature was withdrawn !

Nor such the spirit-stirring note
When the live chords Alcæus smote.
Inflamed by sense of wrong ;
Woe, woe to tyrants ! from the lyre
Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire
Of fierce, vindictive song.

And not unhallow'd was the page
By winged Love inscribed, to assuage
The pangs of vain pursuit ;
Love listening while the Lesbian Maid
With finest touch of passion sway'd
Her own Æolian lute.

O ye who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculean lore,
What rapture ! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides.

That were indeed a genuine birth
Of poesy ; a bursting forth
Of genius from the dust.
What Horace gloried to behold,
What Maro loved, shall we enfold ?
Can haughty Time be just !

WORDSWORTH

ELEGIAC STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE IN A
STORM, PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged pile !
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee ;
I saw thee every day ; and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !
So like, so very like, was day to day !
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm ! It seemed no sleep
No mood, which season takes away, or brings :
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah ! *then* if mine had been the painter's hand
To express what then I saw ; and add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream ;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,
Amid a world how different from this !
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile :
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine
Of peaceful years ; a chronicle of heaven ;—
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have made ;
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more :
I have submitted to a new control ;
A power is gone, which nothing can restore ;
A deep distress hath humanised my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been ;
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, friend ! who would have been the
friend,
If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate work !—yet wise and well,
Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;
That hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone.
Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind !
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne !
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here ;—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

WORDSWORTH

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS

He has outsoared the shadow of our night.
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight
Can touch him not and torture not again.
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure ; and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey, in vain—
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He is made one with Nature. There is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone, —
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness

Which once he made more lovely. He doth bear
His part, while the One Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world ; compelling
there

All new successions to the forms they wear ;
Torturing the unwilling dross, that checks its flight,
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear ;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the heaven's
light.

The splendours of the firmament of time

May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy
air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown

Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal
thought
Far in the unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him : Sidney as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,
Arose ; and Lucan, by his death approved ;—
Oblivion, as they rose, shrank like a thing reprov'd.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
 'Thou art become as one of us,' they cry ;
 'It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,
 Silent alone amid an heaven of song.
 Assume thy winged throne, thou vesper of our
 throng.'

Who mourns for Adonais ? Oh, come forth,
 Fond wretch, and know thyself and him
 aright.
 Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous earth .
 As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
 Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
 Sate the void circumference ; then shrink
 Even to a point within our day and night ;
 And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink,
 When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the
 brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre
 Oh not of him but of our joy. 'Tis nought
 That ages, empires, and religions there
 Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought ;
 For such as he can lend--they borrow not
 Glory from those who made the world their prey ;
 And he is gathered to the kings of thought
 Who waged contention with their time's decay,
 And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the paradise,
 The grave, the city, and the wilderness ;
 And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
 And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
 The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
 Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
 Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
 A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
 Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand ;
 And one keen pyramid with wedge sublinie,
 Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
 This refuge for his memory, doth stand
 Like flame transformed to marble ; and beneath
 A field is spread, on which a newer band
 Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,
 Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished
 breath.

Here pause. These graves are all too young as yet
 To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
 Its charge to each ; and, if the seal is set
 Here on one fountain of a mourning mind,
 Break it not thou ! too surely shalt thou find
 'Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
 Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
 Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
 What Adonais is why fear we to become ?

The One remains, the many change and pass ;
 Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly ;
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,

If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !
 Follow where all is fled ! Rome's azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart ?
 Thy hopes are gone before ; from all things here
 They have departed ; thou shouldst now depart !
 A light is past from the revolving year,
 And man and woman ; and what still is dear
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
 The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near ;
 'Tis Adonais calls ! Oh ! hasten thither !
 No more let life divide what death can join together.

That light whose smile kindles the universe,
 That beauty in which all things work and move,
 That benediction which the eclipsing curse
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
 Which, through the web of being blindly wove
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
 The massy earth and sphered skies are riven !
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar !
 Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

SHELLEY

THE POET SHELLEY

MIDST others of less note came one frail form,
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell. He, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness
Actæon-like ; and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued like raging hounds their father and
their prey.

A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift—
A love in desolation masked—a power
Girt round with weakness ; it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour ;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow ; even whilst we speak
Is it not broken ? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly : on a cheek
The life can burn in blood even while the heart
may break.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white and pied and blue ;
And a light spear topped with a cypress-cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noon-day dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it. Of that
crew
He came the last, neglected and apart ;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

SHELLEY

MOTHER of Hermes and still youthful Maia !
May I sing to thee
As thou wast hymned on the shores of Baiæ ?
Or may I woo thee
In earlier Sicilian ? or thy smiles
Seek as they once were sought in Grecian isles
By bards who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan ?
O give me their old vigour, and unheard
Save of the quiet primrose, and the span
Of heaven and few ears,
Rounded by thee my song should die away
Content as theirs
Rich in the simple worship of a day.

KEATS

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife ;
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art ;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life :
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

LANDOR

TO THE MUSES

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased ;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth ;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry ;

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you !
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few !

BLAKE

ROMANCE

Fashioning worlds of fancies evermore.

Spenso

*The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain.
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms, or watery depths; all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason,
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.*

Coleridge

A DREAM IN MAY MORNING

ME thoughtē thus that it was May
And in the dawning where I lay
Me mettē¹ thus in my bed all naked ;—
And lookēd forth, for I was waked
With smallē fowlēs, a great heap,²
That had affrayed me out of sleep,
Through noise and sweetness of their song
And as me mette, they sat among
Upon my chamber roof without,
Upon the tiles all about ;
And sungen evereach in his wise
The most solemnē service
By note, that ever man, I trow,
Had heard. For some of them sung low,
Some high, and all of one accord.
To tellē shortly at one word
Was never heard so sweet a steven,³
But it had been a thing of heaven.
For there was none of them that feigned
To sing, for each of them him pained
To find out merry crafty notes ;
They ne sparēd not their throats.
My windowēs were shut each one
And through the glass the sonnē shone,
Upon my bed with brightē beams
With many gladē, gildē streams ;

¹ Dreamt.

² Crowd.

³ Sound.

And eke the welkin was so fair,
 Blue, brightë, clearë was the air
 And full atemper,¹ for sooth, it was ;
 For neither too cold nor hot it nas,²
 Ne in all the welkin was a cloud.

CHAUCER

A PRAISE AND DREAM OF
 THE DAISY

NOW have I then such a condition
 That of all the flowrës in the mead
 Then love I most these flowers white and red,
 Such as men callen daisies in their towne.
 To them have I so great affection,
 As I said erst, when comen is the May,
 That in my bed there dawneth me no day,
 That I nam up, and walking in the mead
 To see this flower against the sonnë spread,
 When it upriseth early by the morrow ;
 That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow,
 So glad am I when that I have presence
 Of it, to do it allë reverence
 As she that is of allë flowerës flower,
 Fulfillëd of all virtue and honoür,
 And ever alikë fair, and fresh of hue.
 And I love it, and ever alikë new,
 And ever shall, till that mine heartë die,
 All swear I not, of this I will not lie,
 There lovëd no wight hotter in his life.
 And when that it is eve, I run belive³
 As soon as ever the sonnë ginneth west,

¹ Temperate.² Was not.³ Quickly.

To see this flower, how it will go to rest,
 For fear of night, so hateth she darkness.
 Her cheer is plainly spread in the brightness
 Of the sun, for there it will uncloze.
 Alas, that I ne had English, rime or prose,
 Sufficient this flower to praise aright.
 She is the clearness and the very light
 That in this darkë world me wind'th and leadeth ;
 The heart within my sorrowful breast you dreadeth
 And loveth so sore, that ye be verily
 The mistress of my wit, and nothing I.
 My word, my work, is knit so in your band,
 That as an harp obeyeth to the hand
 That maketh it sound after his fingering.
 Right so may you out of mine heartë bring
 Such voice, right as you list, to laugh or plain.
 Be you my guide, and lady sovereign.

My busy ghost, that trusteth alway new
 To see this flower so young, so fresh of hew,
 Constrained me with so greedy desire
 That in mine heart I feelë yet the fire,
 That madë me to rise ere yet were day, —
 And this was now the firstë morrow of May, —
 With dreadful heart, and glad devotion
 For to be at the resurrection
 Of this flower, when that it should uncloze
 Against the sun, that rose as red as rose.
 And down on knees anon right I me set,
 And, as I could, this freshë flower I gret,
 Kneeling alway till it unclosed was
 Upon the smallë, softë, sweetë grass.
 And Zephyrus and Flora gentilly
 Gave to the flowers, soft and tenderly,
 Their sweetë breath, and made them for to
 spread,
 As God and Goddess of the flowery mead.

In which methought I mightë, day by day,
 Dwellen alway, the jolly month of May,
 Withouten sleep, withouten meat or drink.
 Adown full softely I gan to sink
 And leaning on mine elbow and my side
 The longë day I shope me to abide
 For nothing elles, and I shall not lie,
 But for to look upon the daïsy ;
 That men by reason well it callë may
 The 'daïsy,' or else 'the eye of day.'

When that the sun out of the south gan west
 And that this flower gan close, and go to rest,
 For darkness of the night, the which she
 dred ;

Home to mine house full swiftly I me sped,
 To go to rest, and early for to rise,
 To see this flower spread, as I devise.
 And in a little arbour that I have
 That benchëd was on turvës fresh y-grave,
 I had one shouldë me my couchë make ;
 For dainty of the newë summer's sake,
 I bad them strawen flowers on my bed.
 When I was laid and had mine eyën hid
 I fell on sleep within an hour or two.
 Me mette¹ how I lay in the meadow tho
 To see this flower that I love so and dread ;
 And from afar came walking in the mead,
 The God of Love and in his hand a Queen,
 Aud she was clad in royal habit green ;
 A fret of gold she haddë next her hair,
 And upon that a white corown she bare,
 With floucons smallë, and I shall not lie
 For all the world right as a daïsy
 Y-crowned is with whitë leavës light,

So were the flourons of her corown white ;
 For of one pearlë, fine, oriental,
 Her whitë corown was y-makëd all.
 For which the white corown above the green
 Made her like a daisy for to seen,
 Considered eke her fret of gold above.
 Y-clothed was this mighty God of Love
 In silk embroidered, full of greenë graves¹
 Within a fret of redë rosë leaves,
 The freshest since the world was first begun
 His giltë hair was corownd with a sun,
 Instead of gold for heaviness and weight,
 Therewith methought his facë shone so bright,
 That well unnethës² might I him behold ;
 And in his hand methought I saw him hold
 Two fiery dartës, as the gledës³ red,
 And angel-like his winges saw I spread.
 And by the hand he held this noble queen,
 Corownd with white, and clothed all in green.
 So womanly, so benign, and so meek,
 That in this worldë though that men would seek,
 Half her beauty shoulde men not find
 In créature that formed is by kind.
 And therefor may I say, as thinketh me,
 This song in praising of this lady free.

Hide, Absalon, thy giltë tresses clear ;
Esther, lay thou thy meekness all adown .
Hide, Jonathas, all thy friendly mannër ;
Penelope, and Marcia Catoun,
Make of your wisekood no comparison ;
Hide ye your beauties, Ysoude and Elaine,
My lady cometh, that all this may distain.

¹ Groves.

² Scarcely.

³ Burning coals.

⁴ Take the colour from.

*Thy fairē body let it not appear,
 Lavine; and thou Lucrece of Romē town
 And Polixene, that boughten love so dear,
 And Cleopatre, with all thy passion,
 Hide ye your truth of love and your renown,
 And thou, Thisbe, that hast of love such pain;
 My lady cometh, that all this may distain.*

*Hero, Dido, Laudomia, all y-fere,¹
 And Phillis, hanging for thy Demophoun,
 And Canace, espied by thy cheer,
 Ysiphile, betrayed with Jasoun,
 Maketh of your truth neither boast ne soun,
 Nor Ypermystre, or Adriane, ye twain,
 My lady cometh that all this may distain.*

CHAUCER

DESCRIPTION OF THE LISTS BUILT BY
 THESEUS FOR THE TOURNAMENT
 BETWEEN PALAMON AND
 ARCITE

I TROWE men would deem it negligence
 If I forget to tellen the dispense
 Of Theseus, that go'th so busily
 To maken up the listēs royally;
 That such a noble theatre as it was
 I dare well sain that in this world there nas.

¹ Together.

The circuit a mil^{le} was about,
Walled of stone, and ditched all without.
Round was the shape in manner of compass,
Full of degrees, the hight of sixty pas,
That when a man was set on one degree
He lett¹ not his fellow for to see.

Eastward there stood a gate of marble white,
Westward right such another in the opposite ;
And shortly to concluden, such a place
Was none in earth, as in so little space :
For in the land there nas no crafty man,
That geometry or ars-metric can,
Ne portrayour, ne carver of imâges,
That Theseus ne gave him meat and wages,
The theatre for to maken and devise.
And for to do his rite and sacrifice,
He eastward hath upon the gate above,
In worship of Venus, goddess of love,
Done make an altar and an oratory ;
And westward, in the mind and in memory
Of Mars, he maked hath right such another,
That cost² largely of gold a fother.²
And northward, in a turret on the wall,
Of alabaster white and red corâl,
An oratorie rich for to see
In worship of Diane of chastity,
Hath Theseus done wrought in noble wise.
But yet had I forgotten to devise
The noble carving, and the portraitures,
The shape, the countenance, and the figures,
That weren in these oratories three.

First in the temple of Venus may'st thou see,
Wrought on the wall, full piteous to behold,
The broken sleep^{ers} and the sigh^{ers} cold,

¹ Hindered.

² Load.

The sacred tearës and the way menting
 The fiery strokës of the desiring,
 That Lovë's servants in this life endure ;
 The oathës that their covenants assure ;
 Pleasaunce and hope, desire, fool-hardiness,
 Beauty and youthë, bawdery, richness,
 Charmës and force, lesinges,² flattery,
 Dispensë, business, and Jealousy
 That wore of yellow goldës a garlând
 And a cuckoo sitting on her hand ;
 Feastës, instruments, carolës, dances,
 Lust and array, and all the circumstances
 Of love, which that I reckon and reckon
 shall,

By order weren painted on the wall,
 And mo than I can make of mention.
 For soothly, all the mount of Citheron,
 Where Venus hath her principal dwelling,
 Was shewed on the wall in portraying,
 With all the garden, and the lustiness.
 Nor was forgot the porter Idleness
 Ne Narcisus the fair of yore agone,
 Ne yet the folly of king Salomon,
 Ne yet the greatë strength of Hercules,
 The enchantments of Medea and Circes,
 Ne of Turnus with the hardy fierce couràge,
 The richë Croesus, caitif³ in servàge.
 Thus may ye seen that wisdom ne richës
 Beauty ne sleightë, strengthë ne hardiness,
 Ne may with Venus holdë champarty⁴ ;
 For as her list the world then may she guie.⁵
 Lo, all these folk so caught were in her las,⁶
 Till they for woe full oftë said ' alas ! '

¹ Wailing.⁴ Partnership.² Lies.⁵ Guide.³ Wretched.⁶ Net.

Sufficeth here ensamples one or two
And though I could reckon a thousand mo.

The statue of Venus, glorious for to see,
Was naked fleeting in the large sea,
And from the navel down all covered was
With waves green and bright as any glass.
A citole in her right hand haddē she,
And on her head full seemly for to see,
A rosy garland, fresh and well-smelling ;
Above her head her doves flickering.
Before her stood her sonē Cupido ;
Upon his shoulders winges had he two ;
And blind he was, as it is often seen ;
A bow he bare and arrows bright and keen.

Why should I not as well eke tell you all
The portraiture that was upon the wall
Within the temple of mighty Mars the red ?
All painted was the wall in length and bread
Like to the estres¹ of the grisly place,
That hight the greate temple of Mars in Thrace,
In thilke coldē, frosty, region,
Whereas Mars bath his sovereign mansion.

First on the wall was painted a forest,
In which there dwelleth neither man ne beast,
With knotty, knarry, barren trees old,
Of stubbes sharp and hideous to behold ;
In which there ran a rōmbel² in a swough,³
As though a storm should biester every bough ;
And downward from an hill, under a bent,
There stood the temple of Mars armipotent,
Wrought all of burnished steel, of which th'
en'ree

Was long and strait, and ghastly for to see.

¹ Inward parts.

² Roaring.

³ Sough (both words onomatopœic).

And thereout came a rage¹ and such a vese,²
 That it made all the gatës for to rese.³
 The northren light in at the doorës shone,
 For window on the wall ne was there none.
 Through which men mighten any light
 discern.

The doors were all of adamant etern,
 Y-clenchëd overthwart and endëlong
 With iron tough ; and, for to make it strong,
 Every pillar, the temple to sustain,
 Was tonnë-great, of iron bright and sheen.

There saw I first the dark imagining
 Of felony, and all the compassing ;
 The cruel ire, as red as any glede ;⁴
 The pickëpurse and eke the palë dread ;
 The smiler with the knife under the cloke ;
 The shippen burning with the blackë smoke ;
 The treason of the murdering in the bed,
 The open war, with woundës all be-bled ;
 Contest with bloody knife and sharp menace ;
 All full of chirking⁵ was that sorry place.
 The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
 His heartë-blood hath bathëd all his hair ;
 The nail y-driven in the shode⁶ a-night ;
 The coldë death, with mouth gaping upright.
 Amiddës of the temple sat Mischance
 With discomfort and sorry countenance.
 Yet saw I Woodness⁷ laughing in his rage,
 Armed Complaint, Outcry, and fierce Outrage,
 The carrion⁸ in the bush with throat y-corrë,
 A thousand slain and not of qualm y-storvë,⁹
 The tyrant with the prey by force y-reft,
 The town destroyed, there was nothing left.

¹ Raging wind.

² Gust.

³ Shake.

⁴ Burning coal.

⁵ Shrieking.

⁶ Temple

⁷ Madness.

⁸ Carcase.

⁹ Not dead through sickness.

Yet saw I burnt the ship¹s hoppesters,
 The hunter strangled with the wild^e bears,
 The sow fretten the child right in the cradle,
 The cook y-scalded, for all his long^e ladle.
 Nought was forgotten by th' infortune of Mart,
 The carter over-ridden with his cart,
 Under the wheel full low he lay adown.
 There were also of Mart^es division
 The barber, and the butcher, and the smith
 That forgeth sharpe sword^es on his stith.
 And all above, depainted in a tower,
 Saw I Conquest sitting in great honour,
 With the sharpe sword over his head
 Hanging by a subtle twin^es thread.
 Depainted was the slaughter of Julius,
 Of great Nero, and of Antonius ;
 Albe that thilk^e time they were unborn,
 Yet was their death depainted there-beforn,
 By menacing of Mars, right by figure ;
 So was it shew^ed in that portraiture
 As is depainted in the stars above,
 Who shall be slain or elles dead for love.
 Sufficeth one ensample in stories old,
 I may not reckon them all^e though I would.

The statue of Mars upon a carte² stood,
 Arm^ed, and look^ed grim as he were wood ;
 And over his head there shinen two figures
 Of starr^es, that be clep^ed in Scriptures
 That one Puella, that other Rubeus.
 This god of arm^es was array^ed thus —
 A wolf there stood before him at his feet
 With eyen red, and of a man he eat ;
 With subtle pencil was depaint this story,
 In redouting of Mars and of his glory.

¹ Dancing ships.

² Chariot.

Now to the temple of Diane the chaste
 As shortly as I can I will me haste,
 To tellë you all the description.
 Depainted be the wallës up and down
 Of hunting and of shamefast chastity.
 There saw I how woeful Calistopee
 When that Diane agrieved was with her
 Was turned from a woman to a bear,
 And after was she made the lodë-star ;
 Thus was it paint, I can say you no far ;¹
 Her son is eke a star as men may see.
 There saw I Dane, y-turnèd to a tree,
 (I menë not the goddessë Diane
 But Penneus' daughter which that hightë Dane.²)
 There saw I Attheon an hart y-made
 For vengeance that he saw Diane all naked ;
 I saw how that his houndës have him caught,
 And fretten him, for that they knew him naught.
 Yet painted was a little further-more,
 How Atthalante hunted the wildë boar,
 And Meleager, and many another mo,
 For which Dianë wrought him care and woe.
 There saw I many another wonder story,
 The which me list not drawn to memory.
 This goddess on a hart full highë sate,
 With smallë houndës all about her feet ;
 And underneath her feet she had a moon,
 Waxing it was and shouldë wanë soon.
 In gaudy-green³ her statue clothèd was,
 With bow in hand and arrows in a case,
 Her eyen castë she full low adown,
 Where Pluto hath his darkë region.
 A woman travailing was her beforne,
 But for her child so longë was unborn,

¹ Farther.² *i.e.* Daphne.³ A light green colour.

Full piteously Lucina gan she call,
 And said ' Help, for thou mayest best of all.'
 Well could he painten lifely that it wrought,
 With many a florin he the huës bought.

Now be these listës made, and Theseus
 That at his greatë cost arrayëd thus
 The temples and the theatre every deal,
 When it was done, him liked wonder well.

CHAUCER

A PAGEANT OF HUMAN LIFE

CHILDHOOD

I AM called Childhood, in play is all my mind ;
 To cast a quoit, a cockstele,¹ and a ball.
 A top can I set, and drive it in his kind,
 But would to God these hateful bookës all
 Were in a fire brent to powder small !
 Then might I lead my life always in play :
 Which life God send me to mine ending day.

MANHOOD

Manhood I am, therefore I me delight
 To hunt and hawk, to nourish up and feed
 The gray hound to the course, the hawk to th' flight,
 And to bestride a good and lusty steed ;
 These things become a very man indreed ;
 Yet thinketh this boy his peevish game sweeter,
 But what no force, his reason is no better !²

¹ Stick for cock-shying.² No matter for that, he knows no better.

CUPID

Whoso ne knoweth the strength, power and might
 Of Venus and me her little son Cupid,
 Thou, Manhood, shalt a mirror be ¹ aright,
 By us subduëd for all thy great pride ;
 My fiery dart pierceth thy tender side.
 Now thou, which erst despisedst children small,
 Shall wax a child again and be my thrall.

AGE

Old Age am I, with lockes thin and hoar,
 Of our short life the last and best part :
 Wise and discreet : the public weal therefore
 I help to rule to my labour and smart ;
 Therefore Cupid withdraw thy fiery dart ;
 Chargeable matters shall of love ² oppress
 Thy childish game and idle business.

DEATH

Though I be foul, ugly, lean and misshape,
 Yet there is none in all this worldë wide
 That may my power withstandë or escape,
 Therefore, sage father, greatly magnified,
 Descend from your chair, set apart your pride,
 Vouchsafe to lend (though it be to your pain)
 To me a fool some of your wise brain.

LADY FAME

Fame I am called, marvel you nothing
 Though [I] with tongues am compassed all round,
 For in voice of people is my chief living :
 O cruel death, thy power I confound.

¹ To him who knows not, etc.

² i.e. Thy childish game of love.

When thou a noble man hast brought to ground.
Maugre¹ thy teeth, to live cause him shall I
Of people in perpetual memory.

TIME

I whom thou seest with horologe in hand
Am namèd Time, the lord of every hour,
I shall in space destroy both sea and land.
O simple Fame, how dar'st thou man honour,
Promising of his name an endless flower?
Who may in the world have a name eternall
When I shall in process destroy the world and all?

LADY ETERNITY

Me needeth not to boast, I am Eternity.
The very namè signifyeth well,
That mine empire infinite shall be.
Thou mortal Time, every man can tell,
Art nothing else but the mobility
Of sun and moon changing in every degree.
When they shall leave their course thou shalt
be brought
For all thy pride and boasting into nought.

THOMAS MOKE

CYNTHIA

THENCE to the Circle of the Moon she clamb,
Where Cynthia reigns in everlasting glory.
To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
All fairly deckt with heaven's goodly story ;

¹ Despite.

Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hoary
Old aged Sire, with hour-glass in hand,
Hight Time,) she ent'red, were he lief or sorry ;
Ne staid till she the highest stage had scan'd,
Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.

Her sitting on an Ivory throne she found,
Drawn of two steeds, th' one black, the other white,
Environ'd with ten thousand stars around,
That duly her attended day and night ;
And by her side there ran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Evening Star intend ;
That with his torch, still twinkling like twilight,
Her lighten'd all the way where she should wend,
And joy to weary wand'ring travellers did lend.

SPENSER

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright !

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close.
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright !

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal-shining quiver :
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe how short soever ,
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright !

JONSON

ECHO'S LAMENT OF NARCISSUS

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tear
 Yet slower, yet ! O faintly gentle springs :
 List to the heavy part the music bears,
 Woe weeps out her division, when she sings
 Droop herbs and flowers,
 Fall grief in showers,
 Our beauties are not ours ;
 O I could still
 Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
 Drop, drop, drop, drop,
 Since nature's pride is now a withered daffadil.

JONSON

TO ECHO

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy æry shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That liketh thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere !
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

MILTON

THE SIRENS' SONG

STEER, hither steer your wingèd pines,
All beaten mariners !
Here lie Love's undiscovered mines,
A prey to passengers ;
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which makes the phoenix' urn and nest :
Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you save our lips ;
But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,
Exchange, and be awhile our guests ;
For stars gaze on our eyes.
The compass Love shall hourly sing,
And as he goes about the ring
We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth, with a kiss.
Then come on shore
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

BROWNE

From COMUS

I

COMUS speaks :—

THE star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold ;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream ;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the East ;
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Topsy Dance, and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head.
Strict Age and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie ;
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move ;
And, on the tawny sands and shelves,
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs, decked with daisies trim,

Their merry wakes and pastimes keep ;
 What hath night to do with sleep ?
 Night hath better sweets to prove ;
 Venus now wakes, and wakens love.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

II

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT *epiloguises* :—

To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky :
 There I suck the liquid air
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree :
 Along the crispèd shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours.
 Thither all their bounties bring ;
 There eternal Summer dwells,
 And West-winds, with musky wing,
 About the cedarn alleys fling
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
 Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purpled scarf can shew ;
 And drenches with Elysian dew
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true),
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,

Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen :
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the Gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy : so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend ;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

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

MILTON

HERO AND LEANDER

ON Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoined by Neptune's might ;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.

At Sestos Hero dwelt, Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.
Some say for her the fairest Cupid pined,
And looking in her face was stricken blind.
But this is true ; so like was one the other,
As he imagined Hero was his mother,
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And with still panting rockt, there took his
rest.

Amorous Leander beautiful and young
(Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung)
Dwelt at Abydos ; since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make greater moan.
His dangling tresses that were never shorn,
Had they been cut and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allured the venturous youth of Greece
To hazard more than for the golden fleece.
Fair Cynthia wished his arms might be her sphere
Grief makes her pale because she moves not
there.

His body was as straight as Circe's wand ;
Jove might have sipt out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpast
The white of Pelops' shoulder . . . let it suffice
That my slack muse sings of Leander's eyes,
Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and despising many
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
The men of wealthy Sestos every year
For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,

Rose-checked Adonis, kept a solemn feast :
Thither resorted many a wandering guest
To meet their loves : such as had none at all
Came lovers home from this great festival ;
For every street like to a firmament
Glistened with breathing stars, who where they went
Frighted the melancholy earth, which deemed
Eternal heaven to burn ; for so it seemed
As if another Phaëton had got
The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.
But far above the loveliest Hero shined,
And stole away the enchanted gazer's mind ;
For like sea-nymphs' inveigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers by ;
Nor that night-wandering, pale and watery star
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling¹ car
From Latmus' mount up to the gloomy sky,
Where crowned with blazing light and majesty
She proudly sits) more overrules the flood
Than she the hearts of those who near her stood.
On this feast-day—O cursed day and hour !—
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
As after chanced, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none :
The walls were of discoloured jasper-stone,
Wherein was Proteus carved ; and overhead
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other wine from grapes outwring.
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was ;
The town of Sestos call'd it Venus' glass :
For know that underneath this radiant floor
Was Danae's statue in a brazen tower :

¹ Hurling.

Love kindling fire to burn such towns as Troy ;
 Silvanus weeping for the lovely boy
 That now is turned into a cypress-tree
 Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.
 And in the midst a silver altar stood ;
 There Hero, sacrificing turtle's blood,
 Vailed to the ground, veiling her eyelids close ;
 And modestly they opened as she rose :
 Hence flew Love's arrow with the golden head,
 And thus Leander was enamoured.
 Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gazed
 Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed
 Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook :
 Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
 For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
 When two are stript, long ere the course begin
 We wish that one should lose, the other win ;
 And one especially do we affect
 Of two gold ingots, like in each respect :
 The reason no man knows, let it suffice,
 What we behold is censured by our eyes.
 Where both deliberate the love is slight ;
 Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight !

*

Thus having swallowed Cupid's golden hook
 The more she strived the deeper was she strook ;
 Yet, evilly feigning anger, strove she still
 And would be thought to grant against her will ;
 So having paused a while at last she said,
 ' Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid ?'
 Ay, me ! such words as these should I abhor,
 And yet I like them for the orator.'
 With that Leander stooped to have embraced her,
 But from his spreading arms away she cast her,

And thus bespake him : ' Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.
Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
Far from the town (where all is whist and still,
Save that the sea, playing on yellow sand,
Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus
In silence of the night to visit us),
My turret stands ; and there, God knows, I play
With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.
Come thither.' As she spake this, her tongue
tripped,
For unawares ' Come thither ' from her slipped ;
And suddenly her former colour changed
And here and there her eyes through anger ranged ;
And like a planet moving several ways
At one self instant she, poor soul, assays
Loving not to love at all, and every part
Strove to resist the motions of her heart.

MARLOWE

FAUSTUS TO HELEN

WAS this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul, see where it flies !—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee
Instead of Troy shall Wertenberg be sacked :

And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
 And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest :
 Yea I will wound Achilles in the heel,
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.
 O thou art fairer than the evening air
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars !

MARLOWE

From THE FAERY QUEENE

THE CAVE OF DESPAIR

ERE long they come where that same wicked wight
 His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
 Far underneath a craggy cliff ypitch,¹
 Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
 That still for carrion carcases doth crave :
 On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly Owl,
 Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
 Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl ;
 And all about it wandering ghosts did wail and howl.

And all about old stocks and stubs of trees,
 Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees ;
 On which had many wretches hanged been,
 Whose carcases were scattered on the green,
 And thrown about the cliffs. Arrived there,
 That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teen,
 Would fain have fled, ne durst approchen near ;
 But th' other forced him stay, and comforted in fear.

That darksome cave they enter, where they find
 That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
 Musing full sadly in his sullen mind :

¹ Placed.

His griesel locks, long grown and unbound,
Disordered hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face ; through which his hollow eyne
Looked deadly dull, and stared as astound ;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pinned and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts :
And him beside there lay upon the grass
A dreary corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallowed in his own yet lukewarm blood,
That from his wound yet wellèd fresh, alas !
In which a rusty knife fast fixèd stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approving true
The woeful tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Redcross knight did view ;
With fiery zeal he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge before his blood were cold,
And to the villain said : ' Thou damnèd wight,
The author of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right
With thine own blood to price his blood, here shed
in sight ?'

What frantic fit' (quoth he), ' bath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doom to give ?
What justice ever other judgment taught,
But he should die who merits not to live ?
None else to death this man despairing drive
But his own guilty mind, deserving death.

Is then unjust to each his due to give ?
 Or let him die, that loatheth living breath,
 Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath ? ¹

' Who travels by the weary wandering way,
 To come unto his wished home in haste,
 And meets a flood that doth his passage stay,
 Is not great grace to help him over past,
 Or free his feet that in the mire stick fast ?
 Most envious man, that grieves at neighbour's good,
 And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast !
 Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath stood
 Upon the bank, yet wilt thy self not pass the flood ?

' He there does now enjoy eternal rest
 And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
 And further from it daily wanderest :
 What if some little pain the passage have,
 That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave,
 Is not short pain well borne, that brings long ease,
 And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave ?
 Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
 Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.'

The knight much wondered at his sudden wit,
 And said—' The term of life is limited,
 Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it :
 The soldier may not move from watchful stead,
 Nor leave his stand until his captain bed.' ²
 ' Who life did limit by almighty doom,'
 (Quoth he) ' knows best the terms established ;
 And he, that points the sentinel his room,
 Doth license him depart at sound of morning drum.

¹ Uneasily.

² Bid.

'Is not his deed, what ever thing is done
In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
To die again? All ends that was begun :
Their times in his eternal book of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his still changing state,
Or shun the death ordained by destiny?
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence
nor why.

'The longer life, I wot, the greater sin ;
The greater sin, the greater punishment :
All those great battles, which thou boasts to win
Through strife, and bloodshed, and avengement.
Now praised, hereafter dear thou shalt repent ;
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
Is not enough thy evil life forespent ?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth stray.

'Then do no further go, no further stray,
But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensuen may ;
For what hath life that may it lovèd make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow, strife,
Pain, hunger, cold that makes the heart to quake,
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife ;
All which, and thousands moe, do make a loathsome
life.'

THE HOUSE OF MORPHEUS

HE, making speedy way through spersèd air,
And through the world of waters wide and deep,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repair.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep,
And low, where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwelling is ; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
In silver dew his ever-drooping head,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth
spread.

Whose double gates he findeth lockèd fast,
The one fair framed of burnisht ivory,
The other all with silver overcast ;
And wakeful dogs before them far do lie,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep.
By them the sprite doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drownèd deep
In drowsy fit he finds : of nothing he takes keep.

And more to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,¹
Mixed with a murmuring wind, much like the sown
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swown.
No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,
As still are wont t'annoy the wallèd town,
Might there be heard ; but careless Quiet lies
Wrapt in eternal silence far from enemies.

¹ In the air.

THE HOUSE OF CUPID

FOR round about the walls yelothed were
With goodly arras of great majesty
Woven with gold and silk, so close and near
That the rich metal lurked privily,
As faining to be hid from envious eye ;
Yet here, and there, and everywhere, unwares
It shewed itself and shone unwillingly :
Like a discoloured ¹ snake, whose hidden snares
Through the green grass his long bright burnished
back declares.

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
Many fair portraits and many a fair feat ;
And all of love, and all of lustihead,
As seem'd by their semblaunt, did entreat :
And eke all Cupid's wars they did repeat,
And cruel battles, which he whilome fought,
'Gainst all the gods to make his empire great ;
Besides the huge massacres which he wrought
On mighty kings and Kesars into thraldom brought.

Kings, Queens, Lords, Ladies, Knights, and Damsel
gent,
Were heaped ² together with the vulgar sort
And mingled with the rascal rabblement,
Without respect of person or of port,
To shew Dan Cupid's power and great effort :
And round about a border was entraild
Of broken bows and arrows shivered short ;
And a long bloody river through them railed, ³
So lively and so like that living sense it failed.

¹ Divers-coloured.² Crowded.³ Flowed.

And at the upper end of that fair room
There was an altar built of precious stone
Of passing value and of great renown
On which there stood an image all alone
Of massy gold, which with his own light shone :
And wings it had with sundry colours dight
More sundry colours than the proud Pavone
Bears in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discoloured bow she spreads through
heaven's height.

Blindfold he was : and in his cruel fist
A mortal bow and arrows keen did hold,
With which he shot at random when him list,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold :
(Ah man ! beware how thou those darts behold.)
A wounded dragon under him did lie,
Whose hideous tail his left foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedy.

And all about the glistening walls were hung
With warlike spoils and with victorious preys
Of mighty conquerors and captains strong
Which were whilome captivèd in their days
To cruel love, and wrought their own decays.
Their swords and spears were broke, and hawberks
rent,
And their proud girlands of triumphant bays
Trodden in dust with fury insolent,
To shew the victor's might and merciless intent.

All suddenly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every door,

With which that iron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had been tore ;
And forth issued, as on the ready floor
Of some Theatre, a grave personage
That in his hand a branch of laurel bore,
With comely haveour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments fit for tragic stage.

Proceeding to the midst he still did stand,
As if in mind he somewhat had to say ;
And to the vulgar beck'ning with his hand,
In sign of silence, as to hear a play,
By lively actions he 'gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned :
Which done, he back retired soft away,
And, passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

The whiles a most delicious harmony
In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetness of the melody
The feeble senses wholly did confound,
And the frail soul in deep delight nigh drown'd :
And, when it ceased, shrill trumpets loud did bray,
That their report did far away rebound ;
And, when they ceased, it 'gan again to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim array.

The first was Fancy, like a lovely Boy
Of rare aspect, and beauty without peer,
Matchable either to that imp of Troy,
Whom Jove did love and chose his cup to bear
Or that same dainty lad, which was so dear
To great Alcides, that, when as he died,
He wailed womanlike with many a tear,
And every wood and every valley wide
He filled with Hylas' name ; the Nymphs eke Hylas cried.

His garment neither was of silk nor say,
But painted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sunburnt Indians do array
Their tawny bodies in their proudest plight :
As those same plumes so seemed he vain and light,
That by his gait might easily appear ;
For still he far'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did bear,
That in the idle air he moved still here and there.

And him beside marched amorous Desire,
Who seemed of riper years than th' other swain,
Yet was that other swain this elder's sire,
And gave him being, common to them twain :
His garment was disguised very vain,
And his embroidered bonnet sat awry :
'Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strain,
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That soon they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did
fly.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discoloured coat of strange disguise,
That at his back a broad Capuccio¹ had,
And sleeves dependent Albanese-wise :
He looked askew with his mistrustful eyes,
And nicely trode, as thorns lay in his way,
Or that the floor to shrink he did advise ;
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard thereon he lay.

With him went Danger, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of bears' skin, that him more dreadful made ;
Yet his own face was dreadful, ne did need
Strange horror to deform his grisly shade :

¹ Hood.

A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
 In th' other was ; this Mischief, that Mishap :
 With th' one his foes he threatened to invade,
 With th' other he his friends meant to enwrap ;
 For whom he could not kill he practised to entrap.

Next him was Fear, all armed from top to toe,
 Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
 But feared each shadow moving to or fro ;
 And, his own arms when glittering he did spy
 Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly ;
 As ashes pale of hue, and winged-beeled,
 And evermore on Danger fixed his eye,
 'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
 Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.

After all these there marched a most fair Dame,
 Led of two grysie¹ villains, th' one Despite,
 The other cleped Cruelty by name :
 She, doleful Lady, like a dreary Sprite
 Called by strong charms out of eternal night,
 Had Death's own image figured in her face,
 Full of sad signs, fearful to living sight ;
 Yet in that horror shewed a seemly grace,
 And with her feeble feet did move a comely pace.

Her breast all naked, as nett ivory
 Without adorn of gold or silver bright
 Wherewith the craftsman wons it beautify,
 Of her due honour was despoiled quite ;
 And a wide wound therein (O rueful sight !)
 Entrenched deep with knife accursed keen,
 Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting sprite,
 (The work of cruel hand) was to be seen,
 That dyed in sanguine red her skin all snowy clean.

¹ Squalid.

At that wide orifice her trembling heart
 Was drawn forth, and in silver basin laid,
 Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
 And in her blood yet steaming fresh embayed :
 And those two villains, which her steps upstayed,
 When her weak feet could scarcely her sustain,
 And fading vital powers 'gan to fade,
 Her forward still with torture did constrain,
 And evermore increased her consuming pain.

Next after her, the winged God himself
 Came riding on a Lion ravenous,
 Taught to obey the manage of that Elf
 That man and beast with power imperious
 Subdueth to his kingdom tyrannous.
 His blindfold eyes he bade a while unbind,
 That his proud spoil of that same dolorous
 Fair Dame he might behold in perfect kind ;
 Which seen, he much rejoiced in his cruel mind.

Of which full proud, himself uprearing high
 He looked round about with stern disdain,
 And did survey his goodly company ;
 And marshalling the evil ordered train,
 With that the darts which his right hand did strain
 Full dreadfully he shook, that all did quake,
 And clapped on high his coloured winges twain,
 That all his many ¹ it afraid did make :
 Then, blinding him again, his way he forth did take.

Behind him was Reproach, Repentance, Shame ;
 Reproach the first, Shame next, Repent behind :
 Repentance feeble, sorrowful, and lame ;
 Reproach despiteful, careless, and unkind ;

¹ Train.

Shame most ill favoured, bestial, and blind :
Shame lower'd, Repentance sigh'd, Reproach did scold :
Reproach sharp stings, Repentance whips entwined,
Shame burning brand-irons in her hand did hold :
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

And after them a rude confused rout
Of persons flocked, whose names is hard to read :
Amongst them was stern Strife, and Anger stout ;
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead ;
Lewd Loss of Time, and Sorrow seeming dead
Inconstant Change, and false Disloyalty ;
Consuming Riotise, and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeance ; faint Infirmary ;
Vile Poverty ; and, lastly, Death with infamy

THE GARDENS OF ADONIS

THERE is continual spring, and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one time ;
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruit's load :
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime
Amongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

Right in the midst of that Paradise
There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughs sharp steel did never lop

Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compassed the height ;
And from their fruitful sides sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground, with precious dew bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasant Arbour, not by art
But of the trees' own inclination made,
Which knitting their rank branches, part to part,
With wanton ivy twine entrail'd athwart,
And eglantine and caprifole¹ among,
Fashioned above within their inmost part,
That neither Phœbus' beams could through them
throng,
Nor Aeolus' sharp blast could work them any wrong.

And all about grew every sort of flower,
To which sad lovers were transformed of yore ;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramour
And dearest love ;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the wat'ry shore ;
Sad Amaranthus, made a flower but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seems I see Amintas' wretched fate,
To whom sweet Poets' verse hath given endless date.

There wont fair Venus often to enjoy
Her dear Adonis' joyous company,
And reap sweet pleasure of the wanton boy :
There yet, some say, in secret he does lie,
Lapped in flowers and precious spicery,

¹ Woodbine.

By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of Stygian Gods, which do her love envý ;
But she herself, whenever that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetness takes her fill.

And sooth, it seems, they say ; for he may not
For ever die, and ever buried be
In baleful night where all things are forgot :
All be he subject to mortality,
Yet is eterne in mutability,
And by succession made perpetual,
Transformed oft, and changed diversly ;
For him the Father of all forms they call :
Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

There now he liveth in eternal bliss,
Joying his goddess, and of her enjoyed ;
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruel tusk him deadly cloyed : ¹
For that wild Boar, the which him once annoyed,
She firmly hath imprisoned for aye,
That her sweet love his malice mote avoid,
In a strong rocky Cave, which is, they say,
Hewn underneath that Mount, that none him loosen
may.

There now he lives in everlasting joy,
With many of the Gods in company
Which thither haunt, and with the Winged Boy,
Sporting himself in safe felicity :
Who when he hath with spoils and cruelty
Ransacked the world, and in the woful hearts
Of many wretches set his triumphs high,
Thither resorts, and, laying his sad darts
Aside, with fair Adonis plays his wanton parts.

¹ Wounded.

And his true love fair Psyche with him plays,
Fair Psyche to him lately reconciled,
After long troubles and unmeet upbrays
With which his mother Venus her reviled,
And eke himself her cruelly exiled :
But now in steadfast love and happy state
She with him lives and hath him born a child,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,¹
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

THE BOWER OF BLISS

THENCE passing forth, they shortly do arrive
Whereas the Bower of Bliss was situate ;
A place picked out by choice of best alive,
That nature's work by art can imitate :
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may daintiest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
As well their entered guests to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without ;
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin :
Nought feared their force that fortilage to win,
But wisdom's power, and temperance's might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin ;
And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,
Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.

¹ Delight.

It framed was of precious ivory,
That seemed a work of admirable wit ;
And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medea was ywrit ;
Her mighty charms, her furious loving fit ;
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsèd faith, and love too lightly flit ;
The wondered Argo, which in venturous peece ¹
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flower of Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billows fry
Under the ship as thorough them she went,
That seemed the waves were into ivory,
Or ivory into the waves were sent ;
And otherwhere the snowy substance sprent
With vermell, like the boys' blood therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent ;
And otherwhiles, with gold besprinkled,
It seemed the enchanted flame which did Creusa wed.

All this and more might in that goodly gate
Be read, that ever open stood to all
Which thither came ; but in the Porch there sat
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing, more than natural,
That travellers to him seemed to entice :
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercise.

They in that place him Genius did call :
Not that celestial power, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertains in charge particular,

¹ Fortified ship.

Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And strange phantoms doth let us oft foresee,
And oft of secret ill bids us beware :
That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himself it well perceive to be.

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call ;
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envies to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall
Through guileful semblants which he makes us
see :
He of this Garden had the governall,
And Pleasure's porter was devised to be,
Holding a staff in hand for more formality.

Thus being entered, they behold around
A large and spacious plain, on every side
Strewed with pleasauns¹ ; whose fair grassy
ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beautified
With all the ornaments of Flora's pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,
When forth from virgin bower she comes in the early
morn.

Therewith the Heavens always jovial
Looked on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffered storm nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate ;

¹ Objects of pleasure.

Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
To afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the mild air with season moderate
Gently attempered, and disposed so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and wholesome
smell :

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill
Of Rhodope, on which the Nymph that bore
A giant babe herself for grief did kill ;
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
Fair Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore ;
Or Ida, where the Gods loved to repair,
Whenever they their heavenly bowers forlore ;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fair ;
Or Eden self, if ought with Eden mote compare.

Much wondered Guyon at the fair aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffered no delight
To sink into his sense, nor mind affect,
But passed forth, and looked still forward right,
Bridling his will and mastering his might,
Till that he came unto another gate ;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With boughs and branches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping arms in wanton wreathings intricate :

So fashioned a Porch with rare device ;
Arched over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bunches hanging down seemed to entice
All passers-by to taste their luscious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered ;
Some deep empurpled as the Hyacine,
Some as the Rubine laughing sweetly red,
Some like fair Emeralds, not yet well ripened.

And them amongst some were of burnished gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
That the weak boughs, with so rich load opprest
Did bow adown as overburdenèd.
Under that porch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in fair weeds but foul disorderèd,
And garments loose that seemed unmeet for woman-
head.

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulness swelled,
Into her cup she scrused¹ with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foul impeach
That so fair winepress made the wine more sweet
Thereof she used to give to drink to each,
Whom passing by she happenèd to meet :
It was her guise all Strangers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon offered it to taste,
Who, taking it out of her tender hand,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in pieces it was broken fond,²
And with the liquor stainèd all the land :
Whereat Excess exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstand,
But suffered him to pass, all were she loth ;
Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward goeth.

There the most dainty Paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,

¹ Squeezed.

² Found.

In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does others' happiness envy ;
The painted flowers, the trees upshooting high,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the crystal running by,
And, that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonness ensued
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;
So striving each the other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify ;
So differing both in wills agreed in fine :
So all agreed, through sweet diversity,
This Garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channel running one might see ;
Most goodly it with curious imagery
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boys
Of which some seemed with lively jollity
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
Whilst others did themselves embay in liquid joys.

And over all of purest gold was spread
A trail of ivy in his native hue ;
For the rich metal was so coloured,
That wight who did not well advised it view
Would surely deem it to be ivy true :
Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowers they fearfully did steep,
Which drops of crystal seemed for wantonness to weep.

Infinite streams continually did well
Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see.
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew into so great quantity,
That like a little lake it seemed to be ;
Whose depths exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All paved beneath with Jasper shining bright,
That seemed the fountain in that sea did sail
upright.

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere :
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner music that mote be ;
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony ;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree :

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet ;
The angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine response meet :
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the bass murmur of the waters' fall ;
The waters' fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

The whiles some one did chant this lovely lay :
*Ah ! see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see,
In springing flower the image of thy day.
Ah ! see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly she*

*Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems the less ye see her may.
Lo! see soon after how more bold and free
Her barèd bosom she doth broad display;
Lo! see soon after how she fades and falls away.*

*So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower;
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
Of many a lady, and many a paramour.
Gather therefore the Rose whilst yet is prime,
For soon comes age that will her pride deflower:
Gather the Rose of love whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayest loved be with equal crime.*

THE HOUSE OF PRIDE

A STATELY palace built of squared brick,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
And golden foil all over them displayed,
That purest sky with brightness they dismayed:
High lifted up were many lofty towers,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of fair windows and delightful bowers;
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workman's wit;
But full great pity, that so fair a mould
Did on so weak foundation ever sit:
For on a sandy hill, that still did flit

And fall away, it mounted was full high,
That every breath of heaven shook it :
And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Arrived there, they passed in forth right ;
For still to all the gates stood open wide :
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight,
Called Malvenú, who entrance none denied :
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight.
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Palace bright.

High above all a cloth of state was spread,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day ;
On which there sat, most brave embellished
With royal robes and gorgeous array,
A maiden Queen that shone as Titan's ray,
In glistening gold and peerless precious stone ;
Yet her bright blazing beauty did assay
To dim the brightness of her glorious throne,
As envying herself, that too exceeding shone :

Exceeding shone, like Phoebus' fairest child,
That did presume his father's fiery wain,
And flaming mouths of steeds, unwonted wild,
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rein :
Proud of such glory and advancement vain,
While flashing beams do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten plain,
And, rapt with whirling wheels, inflames the skyen
With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to shine.

So proud she shined in her princely state,
Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdain ;
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate :
Lo ! underneath her scornful feet was lain
A dreadful dragon with an hideous train ;
And in her hand she held a mirror bright,
Wherein her face she often viewed fain,
And in her self-lov'd semblance took delight ;
For she was wondrous fair, as any living wight.

Of grisly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the Queen of hell ;
Yet did she think her peerless worth to pass
That parentage, with pride so did she swell ;
And thundering Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell,
And wield the world, she claimed for her sire,
Or if that any else did Jove excel :
For to the highest she did still aspire ;
Or, if ought higher were than that, did it desire.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made herself a Queen, and crowned to be ;
Yet rightful kingdom she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native sovereignty :
But did usurp with wrong and tyranny
Upon the sceptre which she now did hold :
Ne ruled her realm with laws, but policy,
And strong advisement of six wizards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdom did uphold.

Sudden upriseth from her stately place
The royal Dame, and for her coach doth call :
All hurtlen forth ; and she, with princely pace,
As fair Aurora in her purple pall

Out of the East the dawning day doth call.
 So forth she comes ; her brightness broad doth blaze.
 The heaps of people, thronging in the hall,
 Do ride each other upon her to gaze :
 Her glorious glitterand light doth all men's eyes amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coach does climb,
 Adorned all with gold and garlands gay,
 That seemed as fresh as Flora in her prime :
 And strove to match in royal rich array,
 Great Juno's golden chair ; the which, they say,
 The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
 To Jove's high house through heavens brass-paved
 way,
 Drawn of fair peacocks, that excel in pride,
 And full of Argus eyes their tails dispreaden wide.

THE HOUSE OF ATÈ

HARD by the gates of hell her dwelling is ;
 There whereas all the plagues and harms abound
 Which punish wicked men that walk amiss :
 It is a darksome delve¹ far underground
 With thorns and barren brakes environ'd round,
 That none the same may easily outwin :²
 Yet many ways to enter may be found,
 But none to issue forth when one is in ;
 For discord harder is to end than to begin.

And all within the riven walls were hung
 With ragged monuments of times forepast,
 All which the sad effects of discord sung :
 There were rent robes and broken sceptres placed ;

¹ Dell.

² Get out.

Altars defiled and holy things defaced ;
Disshiver'd spears and shields ytern in twain ;
Great cities ransack'd, and strong castles rased ;
Nations captivèd, and huge armies slain ;
Of all which ruins there some relics did remain.

There was the sign of antique Babylon ;
Of fatal Thebes ; of Rome that reigned long ;
Of sacred Salem ; and sad Ilion,
For memory of which on high there hung
The golden apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three fair goddesses did strive :
There also was the name of Nimrod strong ;
Of Alexander, and his princes five
Which shared to them the spoils that he had got alive.

And eke of private persons many moe
That were too long a work to count them all,
Some, of sworn friends that did their faith forego ;
Some, of born brethren, proved unnatural ;
Some, of dear lovers, foes perpetual ;
Witness their broken bands there to be seen,
Their girlands rent, their bowers despoiled all,
The monuments whereof there biding been,
As plain as at the first when they were fresh and green.

THE TEMPLE OF VENUS

THUS having past all peril, I was come
Within the compass of that Island's space ;
The which did seem, unto my simple doom,
The only pleasant and delightful place

That ever trodden was of footings' trace :
For all that nature by her mother wit
Could frame in earth, and form of substance base.
Was there ; and all that nature did omit,
Art, playing second nature's part, supplied it.

No tree, that is of count, in greenwood grows,
From lowest Juniper to Cedar tall,
No flower in field, that dainty odour throws,
And decks his branch with blossoms over all,
But there was planted, or grew natural :
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please itself withal ;
Nor heart could wish for any quaint device,
But there it present was, and did frail sense entice.

In such luxurious plenty of all pleasure,
It seemed a second paradise to guess,
So lavishly enriched with Nature's treasure,
That if the happy souls, which do possess
Th' Elysian fields and live in lasting bliss,
Should happen this with living eye to see,
They soon would loathe their lesser happiness,
And wish to life returned again to be,
That in this joyous place they mote have joyance free.

Fresh shadows, fit to shroud from sunny ray ;
Fair lawns, to take the sun in season due ;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play ;
Soft rumbling brooks, that gentle slumber drew ;
High reared mounts, the lands about to view ;
Low looking dales, disloign'd ¹ from common gaze ;
Delightful bowers, to solace lovers true ;
False labyrinths, fond runners' eyes to daze ;
All which by nature made did nature self amaze,

¹ Separated.

And all without were walks and alleys dight
With divers trees enranged in even ranks ;
And here and there were pleasant arbours pight,
And shady seats, and sundry flow'ring banks,
To sit and rest the walkers' weary shanks !
And therein thousand pairs of lovers walked,
Praising their god, and yielding him great thanks,
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talked,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balked.

All these together by themselves did sport
Their spotless pleasures and sweet loves' content.
But, far away from these, another sort
Of lovers linked in true hearts' consent ;
Which loved not as these for like intent,
But on chaste virtue grounded their desire,
Far from all fraud or feigned blandishment ;
Which, in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Brave thoughts and noble deeds did evermore aspire.

Such were great Hercules and Hyllus dear ;
True Jonathan and David trusty tried ;
Stout Theseus and Pirithous his fere ;¹
Pylades and Orestes by his side ;
Mild Titus and Gesippus without pride ;
Damon and Pythias, whom death could not sever ;
All these, and all that ever had been tied
In bands of friendship, there did live for ever ;
Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves decayed never.

Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw
Might not my steps withhold, but that forthright
Unto that purpos'd place I did me draw,
Whereas my love was lodged day and night,

¹ Companion.

The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The Queen of beauty, and of love the mother,
There worshipped of every living wight ;
Whose goodly workmanship far past all other
That ever were on earth, all were they set together.

I, much admiring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approached, which open stood ;
But therein sate an amiable Dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood :
Strange was her tyre ; for on her head a crown
She wore, much like unto a Danisk hood,
Powdered with pearl and stone ; and all her gown
Enwoven was with gold, that raught¹ full low adown.

Concord she cleeped was in common rede,
Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship true ;
They both her twins, both born of heavenly seed,
And she herself likewise divinely grew ;
The which right well her works divine did shew :
For strength and wealth and happiness she lends,
And strife and war and anger does subdue ;
Of little much, of foes she maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

By her the heaven is in his course contained,
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almighty maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands ;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devour the air, and hell them quight,
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nurse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus' grace the gate doth open right.

¹ Reached.

Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankincense I found
And odours rising from the altars' flame.
Upon an hundred marble pillars round
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All decked with crowns, and chains, and girlands gay
And thousand precious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vows did pay;
And all the ground was strew'd with flowers as fresh as
May.

An hundred Altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices' fire,
That with the steam thereof the Temple sweat,
Which rolled in clouds to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers' vows entire
And eke an hundred brasen cauldrons bright,
To bathe in joy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a damsel hight,¹
For all the priests were damsels in soft linen dight

Right in the midst the goddess self did stand.
Upon an altar of some costly mass,
Whose substance was unclean² to understand:
For neither precious stone, nor dureful brass,
Nor shining gold, nor mould'ring clay it was;
But much more rare and precious to esteem,
Pure in aspect, and like to crystal glass,
Yet glass was not, if one did rightly deem,
But, being fair and brittle,³ likest glass did seem.

But it in shape and beauty did excel
All other idols which the heathen adore,
Far passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos Isle of yore,

¹ Intrusted.² Hard.³ Brittle.

With which that wretched Greek, that life forlore,
Did fall in love ; yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with a slender veil afore ;
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast combined.

And all about her neck and shoulders flew,
A flock of little loves, and sports, and joys,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hue ;
Whose shapes seemed not like to terrestrial boys,
But like to Angels playing heavenly toys,
The whilst their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother : he enjoys
The wide kingdom of love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of lovers piteously complaining,
Some of their loss, some of their loves' delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdaining,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently feigning,
As every one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest some one, through Love's constraining
Tormented sore, could not contain it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill.

'Great Venus ! Queen of beauty and of grace,
The joy of Gods and men, that under sky
Dost fairest shine, and most adorn thy place ;
That with thy smiling look dost pacify
The raging seas, and mak'st the storms to fly :
Thee, goddess, thee the winds, the clouds do fear ;
And, when thou spread'st thy mantle forth on high,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,
And heavens laugh, and all the world shews joyous cheer.

'So all the world by thee at first was made,
And daily yet thou dost the same repair ;
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fair,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare :
Thou art the root of all that joyous is :
Great God of men and women, queen of th' air,
Mother of laughter, and wellspring of bliss,
O grant that of my love at last I may not miss.'

So did he say : but I with murmur soft,
That none might hear the sorrow of my heart,
Yet inly groaning deep and sighing oft,
Besought her to grant ease unto my smart,
And to my wound her gracious help impart.
Whilst thus I spake, behold ! with happy eye
I spied where at the Idol's feet apart
A bevy of fair damsels close did lie,
Waiting when as the Anthem should be sung on high.

The first of them did seem of riper years
And graver countenance than all the rest,
Yet all the rest were eke her equal peers,
Yet unto her obeyed all the best :
Her name was Womanhood ; that she expressed
By her sad semb'ant and demeanour wise,
For steadfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at random, after gazers guise,
Whose luring baits oftimes do heedless hearts entise.

And next to her sat goodly Shamefacedness,
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground uprear,
Ne ever once did look up from her desse,¹
As if some blame of evil she did fear,

¹ Dais.

That in her cheeks made roses oft appear :
And her against sweet Cheerfulness was placed,
Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening clear,
Were decked with smiles that all sad humours chased,
And darted forth delights the which her goodly graced.

And next to her sate sober Modesty,
Holding her hand upon her gentle heart ;
And her against sate comely Courtesy,
That unto every person knew her part ;
And her before was seated overthwart
Soft Silence, and submisse Obedience,
Both linked together never to dispart ;
Both gifts of God, not gotten but from thence ;
Both girlands of His Saints against their foes' offence.

Thus sat they all around in seemly rate,
And in the midst of them a goodly maid,
Even in the lap of Womanhood there sate,
The which was all in lilly white arrayed,
With silver streams amongst the linen strayed ;
Like to the Morn, when first her shining face
Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd :
That same was fairest Amoret in place,
Shining with beauty's light and heavenly virtue's grace.

Whom soon as I beheld, my heart 'gan throb
And wade in doubt what best were to be done ;
For sacrilege me seem'd the Church to rob,
And folly seemed to leave the thing undone
Which with so strong attempt I had begun.
'Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast fear,
Which Ladies' love, I heard, had never won
'Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped near,
And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to rear.

And evermore upon the Goddess' face
Mine eye was fixt, for fear of her offence ;
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh at me, and favour my pretence,
I was emboldened with more confidence ;
And nought for niceness nor for envy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like astonished staring.
Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them daring.

She often prayed, and often me besought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her go,
Sometime with witching smiles ; but yet, for nought
That ever she to me could say or do,
Could she her wished freedom from me woo ;
But forth I led her through the temple gate,
By which I hardly passed with much ado ;
But that same lady, which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retreat.

SPENSER

ALL NATURE DANCETH

FIRST you see fixt in this huge mirror blue
Of trembling lights a number numberless,
Fixed they are named, but with a name untrue
For they all move and in a dance express
That great long year that doth contain no less
Than threescore hundreds of those years in all
Which the Sun makes with his course natural.

What if to you these sparks disordered seem
As if by chance they had been scattered there ?

The gods a solemn measure do it deem,
And see a just proportion everywhere,
And know the points where first their movings were;
 To which first points when all return again,
 The axle-tree of heaven shall break in twain.

Under that spangled sky five wand'ring flames,
Besides the King of Day and Queen of Night,
Are wheeled around all in their sundry frames,
And all in sundry measures do delight,
Yet altogether keep no measure right ;
 For by itself each doth itself advance
 And by itself each doth a galliard dance.

And, lo ! the sea that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand ;
For his great crystal eye is always cast
Up to the moon, and on her fixed fast ;
 And as she danceth in her pallid sphere,
 So danceth he about his centre here.

Sometimes his proud green waves in order set,
One after other flow unto the shore,
Which, when they have with many kisses wet,
They ebb away in order as before ;
And to make known his courtly love the more,
 He oft doth lay aside his three-forked mace,
 And with his arms the timorous earth embrace.

Only the Earth doth stand for ever still :
Her rocks remove not, nor her mountains meet :
(Although some wits enriched with Learning's skill
Say heaven stands firm, and that the earth doth fleet,
And swiftly turneth underneath their feet)
 Yet though the Earth is ever stedfast seen,
 On her broad breast hath dancing ever been.

For those blue veins that through her body spread,
Those sapphire streams which from great hills do
spring,

(The Earth's great dugs ; for every wight is fed
With sweet fresh moisture from them issu ng)

Observe a dance in their wild wandering ;

And still their dance begets a murmur sweet,

And still the murmur with the dance doth meet.

See how those flowers that have sweet beauty too,

(The only jewels that the earth doth wear

When the young Sun in bravery her doth woo,)

As oft as they the whistling wind do hear

Do wave their tender bodies here and there ;

And though their dance no perfect measure is,

Yet oftentimes their music makes them kiss.

Lastly, where keep the Winds their revelry,

Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hays,¹

But in the Air's tralucent gallery ?

Where she herself is turned a hundred ways

While with those maskers wantonly she plays ;

Yet in this misrule they such rule embrace,

As two at once encumber not the place.

But why relate I every singular ?

Since all the world's great fortunes and affairs

Forward and backward rapt and whirled are,

According to the music of the spheres :

And Change herself her nimble feet upbears

On a round slippery wheel that rolleth aye,

And turns all States with her imperious sway.

DAVIES

¹ Dances.

THE GATES OF HELL

AND first within the porch and jaws of hell
Sat deep *Remorse of Conscience*, all besprent
With tears ; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent
To sob and sigh ; but ever thus lament,
 With thoughtful care as she that all in vain
 Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
Whirled on each place, as place that vengeance
 brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Tossed and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought ;
 With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the
 sky,
 Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

When fell *Revenge*, with bloody foul pretence
Had shewed herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence
Till in our eyes another sight we met :
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
 Rueing, alas, upon the woful plight
 Of *Misery*, that next appeared in sight.

His face was lean and somedea! pined away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone,
But what his body was, I cannot say,
For on his carcase raiment had he none
Save clouts and patches piecèd, one by one ;
 With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
 His chief defence against the winter's blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometimes some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which full daintily would he fare :
His drink, the running stream ; his cup, the bare
Of his palm closed ; his bed, the hard cold
ground :
To this poor life was *Misery* ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him and on his fears,
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held ;
And by and by, another shape appears,
Of greedy *Care*, still brushing up the breres,
His knuckles knobb'd, his flesh deep dented in,
With tawed¹ hands, and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow grey no sooner hath begun
To spread his light, even peeping in our eyes,
When he is up and to his work yrun :
But let the night's black misty mantle rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy *Sleep*, the cousin of *Death*,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath :
Small keep took he, whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown ; but as a living death
So, dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's fear was he,

¹ Hardened.

And of our age in earth the better part ;
 Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see
 Things oft that tide, and oft that never be ;
 Without respect, esteeming equally
 King Cræsus' pomp, and Irus' poverty.

SACKVILLE

A PROCESSION OF PEACE

BEFORE her flew Affliction girt in storms,
 Gash'd all with gushing wounds, and all the forms
 Of bane and misery frowning in her face ;
 Whom Tyranny and Injustice had in chase ;
 Grim Persecution, Poverty, and Shame ;
 Detraction, Envy, foul Mishap, and lame
 Scruple of Conscience ; Fear, Deceit, Despair ;
 Slander and Clamour, that rent all the air ;
 Hate, War, and Massacre, uncrowned Toil ;
 And Sickness, t' all the rest the base and foil,
 Crept after ; and his deadly weight trod down
 Wealth, Beauty, and the glory of a Crown.
 These usher'd her far off ; as figures given
 To show these Crosses borne, make peace with
 heaven.

But now, made free from them, next her before,
 Peaceful and young, Herculean Silence bore
 His craggy club ; which up aloft he held ;
 With which, and his forefinger's charm he still'd
 All sounds in air ; and left so free mine ears,
 That I might hear the music of the spheres,
 And all the angels singing out of heaven ;
 Whose tunes were solemn as to passion given ;
 For now, that Justice was the happiness there
 For all the wrongs to Right inflicted here,

Such was the passion that Peace now put on ;
And on all went ; when suddenly was gone
All light of heaven before us ; from a wood,
Whose light foreseen, now lost, amazed we stood
The sun still gracing us ; when now, the air
Inflamed with meteors, we discovered fair
The skipping goat ; the horse's flaming mane ;
Bearded and trained comets ; stars in wane ;
The burning sword, the firebrand-flying snake ;
The lance ; the torch ; the licking fire ; the drak
And all else meteors that did ill abode ;
The thunder chid ; the lightning leaped abroad ;
And yet when Peace came in all heaven was clear
And then did all the horrid wood appear,
Where mortal dangers more than leaves did grow
In which we could not one free step bestow,
For treading on some murder'd passenger
Who thither was, by witchcraft, forced to err :
Whose face the bird hid that loves humans best,
That hath the bugle eyes and rosy breast,
And is the yellow Autumn's nightingale.

CHAPMAN

From PARADISE LOST *and* PARADISE
REGAINED

PARADISE

SOUTHWARD through Eden went a river large ;
And now, divided, into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account ;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,

With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrowned the noontide bowers : Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view ;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste :
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock ; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose :
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant ; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned,
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply : airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world ; nor that sweet
grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired

Castalian spring, night with this Paradise
Of Eden strive ; nor that Nyseian isle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid son
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye ;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara.

HELL

FOUR ways they flying march, a'long the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams :
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate ;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep ;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile ; or else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damietta and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk : The parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies haled,

At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought ; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infixed, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink ;
But fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus.

SATAN COMPARED

(On the sea of fire.)

THUS Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed ; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood ; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove ;
Briarëos, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held ; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream :

Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lea, while night
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays :
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay.

(Moving to the shore.)

He scarce had ceased, when the superior Fiend
Was moving toward the shore : his ponderous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast ; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views,
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure ; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.

(Amongst his legions.)

He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower : his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and th' excess
Of glory obscured : as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air

Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.

(Flying to Hell gates.)

Meanwhile, the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight : sometimes
He scours 'the right hand coast, sometimes the left ;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs ; they, on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole : So seemed
Far off the flying Fiend.

(His encounter with Death.)

So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge,
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levelled his deadly aim : their fatal hands
No second stroke intend ; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on

Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air :
 So frowned the mighty combatants, that Hell
 Grew darker at their frown : so matched they stood.

(His journey through Chaos.)

In a boggy Syrtis, neither sea
 Nor good dry land, nigh foundered on he fares,
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
 Half flying ; behoves him now both oar and sail.
 As when a gryphon, through the wilderness
 With wingèd course, o'er hill or moory dale,
 Pursues the Arimasian, who by stealth
 Had from his wakeful custody purloined
 The guarded gold : So eagerly the Fiend
 O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or
 rare,
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

•

But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity, and force renewed,
 Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
 Into the wild expanse ; and, through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round
 Environed, wins his way ; harder beset
 And more endangered, than when Argo passed
 Through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling rocks ;
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned
 Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steered.
 So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Moved on : with difficulty and labour he ;
 But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven

Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
 A glimmering dawn ; Here Nature first begins
 Her furthest verge, and Chaos to retire
 As from her outmost works a broken foe
 With tumult less, and with less hostile din ;
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light ;
 And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
 Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn ;
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
 Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermined square or round,
 With opal towers and battlements adorned
 Of living sapphire, once his native seat ;
 And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
 This pendent world, in bigness as a star
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.

*(The world discovered through an opening in the
 outer sphere.)*

As when a scout,
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
 All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land
 First seen, or some renowned metropolis
 With glistening spires and pinnaëles adorned,
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams :
 Such wonder seized, though after heaven seen,
 The spirit malign ; but much more envy seized,
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
 Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood
 So high above the circling canopy

Of night's extended shade), from eastern point
 Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas,
 Beyond th' horizon : then from pole to pole
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause
 Downright into the world's first region throws
 His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
 Through the pure marble air his oblique way,
 Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seemed other worlds.

(Encounter with Gabriel's force in Paradise.)

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron brig' t
 Turned fiery red, sharpening in moonèd horns
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
 Sways them ; the careful ploughman doubting
 stands,
 Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeless sheaves
 Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarmed,
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
 Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved.

(In the form of a serpent.)

So spake the enemy of mankind enclosed
 In serpent, inmate bad ! and toward Eve
 Addressed his way : not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground, as since ; but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that towered
 Fold above fold, a surging maze ; his head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes ;
 With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect

Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
 Floated redundant : pleasing was his shape
 And lovely : never since of serpent-kind
 Lovelier ; not those that in Illyria changed
 Hermione and Cadmus ; or the god
 In Epidaurus ; nor to which transformed
 Ammonian Jove or Capitoline, was seen ;
 He with Olympias ; this with her who bore
 Scipio, the height of Rome.

*

He, leading, swiftly rolled
 In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
 Brightens his crest ; as when a wandering fire,
 Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
 Condenses, and the cold environs round,
 Kindled through agitation to a flame,
 Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
 Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool ;
 There swallowed up and lost, from succour far.
 So glistered the dire Snake.

A MAGICAL PALACE

ANON, out of the earth, a fabric huge
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave ; nor did there want
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven ;

The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcaïro, such magnificence
Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Sérapis, their gods ; or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately height ; and straight the
doors

Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement : from the arched roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky.

A MAGICAL BANQUET

IN ample space under the broadest shade,
A table richly spread, in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of nob'est sort
And savour ; beast of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Gris-amber-steamed ; all fish, from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drained
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast
And at a stately side-board, by the wine
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas ; distant more
Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood,

Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed
Fairer than feigned of old or fabled since
Of faery damsels, met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings, or charming notes ; and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.

A VISION OF ROME AND ATHENS

THE city, which thou seest, no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
Of nations ; there the Capitol thou seest,
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable ; and there mount Palatine,
The Imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires :
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of Gods (so well I have disposed
My aery microscope), thou may'st behold,
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers,
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in ;
Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces

Hasting, or on return, in robes of state,
 Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
 Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings ;
 Or embassies from regions far remote,
 In various habits, on the Appian road,
 Or on the Emilian ; some from farthest south,
 Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
 Meroe, Nilotic isle ; and, more to west,
 The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea ;
 From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these ;
 From India, and the golden Chersonese,
 And utmost Indian Isle Taprobane,
 Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed ;
 From Gallia, Gades, and the British west ;
 Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians, north
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.



Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
 Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold
 Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil ;
 Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
 And eloquence, native to famous wits
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
 See there the olive grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
 Trills her thick-waibled notes the sunnier long ;
 There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
 Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
 To studious musing ; there Ilissus rolls
 His whispering stream : within the walls, then view
 The schools of ancient sages ; his, who bred
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,
 Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next ;

There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand ; and various measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own :
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
High actions and high passions best describing :
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne :
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From Heaven descended to the low-roofed house
Of Socrates ; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men ; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean and the Stoic severe.

MILTON

ANGELS

I

BESIDE his head there sat a fair young man
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest years,

Whose tender bud to blossom new began,
And flourish fair above his equal peers :
His snowy front, curled with golden hairs
Like Phoebus' face adorned with sunny rays,
Divinely shone ; and two sharp winged shears
Deck'd with diverse plumes like painted jays
Were fix'd at his back to cut his airy ways.

Like as Cupido on Idæan hill,
When having laid his cruel bow away
And mortal arrows, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murderous spoils and bloody prey,
With his fair mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three :
The goddess, pleas'd with his wanton play
Suffers herself through sleep beguiled to be,
The whiles the other ladies mind their merry glee

SPENSER

II

Nor delay'd the winged Saint
After his charge received ; but from among
Thousand celestial Ardours, where he stood
Veiled with his gorgeous wings, upspringing light,
Flew through the midst of Heaven ; the angelic
quires,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all the empyreal road ; till, at the gate
Of Heaven arrived, the gate self-opened wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sovran Architect had framed.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interposed, however small, he sees,
Not unconformed to other shining globes,
Earth, and the garden of God, with cedars crowned

Above all hills. As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the moon ;
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air ; till, within soar
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
A phoenix, gazed by all as that sole bird,
When, to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A Seraph winged : Six wings he wore to shade
His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament ; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipped in Heaven ; the third his feet
Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled
The circuit wide.

MILTON

THE GENIUS OF THE WOOD

FOR know, by lot from Jove I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,

To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill :
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew.
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground ;
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasselled horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of Gods and Men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurg'd ear.

MILTON

FAIRY SONGS

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie :

There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily :
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

II

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands :
 Court'sied when you have, and kissed
 The wild waves whist,
 Foot it featly here and there ;
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
 Hark, hark ! Bowgh, wowgh.
 The watch-dogs bark :
 Bowgh, wowgh.
 Hark, hark ! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

III

Over hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,
 I do wander everywhere,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green .
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
 In their gold coats spots you see ;
 These be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours :
 I must go seek some dewdrops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

IV

You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;
 Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;
 Come not near our fairy queen :

Chorus

Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby :
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
 Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh ;
 So, good night, with lullaby.

SHAKESPEARE

QUEEN MAB

O, THEN, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies¹
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep ;
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams :
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :
 Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight.

¹ *Atoma.*

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :¹
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice :
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in **his** ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night ;
 And bakes the elf-locks² in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

SHAKESPEARE

DREAMS

IF there were dreams to sell
 What would you buy ?
 Some cost a passing bell ;
 Some a light sigh,
 That shakes from Life's fresh crown
 Only a rose-leaf down.
 If there were dreams to sell,
 Merry and sad to tell,
 And the crier rang the bell,
 What would you buy ?

¹ A place in court.² Fairy-locks, locks of hair clotted and tangled in the night.

A cottage lone and still,
 With bowers nigh,
 Shadowy, my woes to still,
 Until I die.
 Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
 Fain would I shake me down.
 Were dreams to have at will,
 This would best heal my ill,
 This would I buy.

BEDDOES

A DREAM OF SPRING

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

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets ;
 Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
 The constellated flower that never sets ;
 Faint oxlips ; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
 The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that
 wets
 Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
 Green cow-bind and the moonlight-coloured May
 And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
 Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day :

And wild roses, and ivy serpentine
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray :
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with
white,
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light ;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand — and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come
That I might there present it—O ! to Whom ?

SHELLEY

KUBLA KHAN

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round ;

And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree :
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil
seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing
A mighty fountain momently was forced :
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and
ever

It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice ;
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,

Singing of Mount Abora !
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
 That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome ! Those caves of ice !
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise !

COLERIDGE

LEWTI

OR THE CIRCASSIAN LOVE-CHAUNT

AT midnight by the stream I roved,
 To forget the form I loved.
 Image of Lewti ! from my mind
 Depart ; for Lewti is not kind.

The Moon was high, the moonlight gleam
 And the shadow of a star
 Heaved upon Tamaha's stream ;
 But the rock shone brighter far,
 The rock half sheltered from my view
 By pendent boughs of tressy yew—
 So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,
 Gleaming through her sable hair.
 Image of Lewti ! from my mind
 Depart ; for Lewti is not kind.

I saw a cloud of palest hue,
Onward to the moon it passed ;
Still brighter and more bright it grew,
With floating colours not a few,
Till it reached the moon at last :
Then the cloud was wholly bright,
With a rich and amber light !
And so with many a hope I seek,
And with such joy I find my Lewti ;
And even so my pale wan cheek
Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty !
Nay, treacherous image ! leave my mind,
If Lewti never will be kind.

The little cloud—it floats away,
Away it goes ; away so soon ?
Alas ! it has no power to stay :
Its hues are dim, its hues are grey—
Away it passes from the moon !
How mournfully it seems to fly,
Ever fading more and more,
To joyless regions of the sky—
And now 'tis whiter than before !
As white as my poor cheek will be,
When, Lewti ! on my couch I lie,
A dying man for love of thee.
Nay, treacherous image ! leave my mind—
And yet, thou didst not look unkind.

Hush ! my heedless feet from under
Slip the crumbling banks for ever :
Like echoes to a distant thunder,
They plunge into the gentle river.
The river-swans have heard my tread,
And startle from their reedy bed.

O beauteous birds ! methinks ye measure
Your movements to some heavenly tune !
O beauteous birds ! 'tis such a pleasure
To see you move beneath the moon,
I would it were your true delight
To sleep by day and wake all night.
I know the place where Lewti lies,
When silent Night has closed her eyes :
It is a breezy jasmine-bower,
The nightingale sings o'er her head :
Voice of the night ! had I the power
That leafy labyrinth to thread,
And creep, like thee, with soundless tread.
I then might view her bosom white
Heaving lovely to my sight,
As these two swans together heave
On the gently swelling wave.

COLERIDGE

LOVE

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

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight ;
She stood and listened to my lay
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story —
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight !

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land ;

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain ;
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay ;

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

COLERIDGE

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass !
Reaping and singing by herself !
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chant
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang,
As if her song could have no ending .
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending :—

I listened till I had my fill,
And when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

WORDSWORTH

From 'THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER'

(The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line. The ship drawn by a storm toward the South Pole.)

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

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

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

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

(Till a great sea-bird called the Albatross came through the snow-fog, and proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice. The Ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen. The fair breeze continues, the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward till it reaches the Line. The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so :
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

(Death, and Life-in-Death, have dived for the ship's crew ; and she (the latter) winneth the Ancient Mariner. One after another his shipmates drop down dead ; but Life-in-Death begins her work on the Ancient Mariner. He despiseth the creatures of the calm ; and envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.)

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

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

I looked upon the rotting sea
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

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

(In his loneliness and fixedness, he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn yet still move onward, and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival. By the light of the moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm; their beauty and their happiness. He blesseth them in his heart.)

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide ;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burned away
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

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

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

(The bodies of the ship's crew are inspirited, and the ship moves on ; but not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.)

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

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

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook,

In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
'The spirit slid ; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

*

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

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

Swiftly, swiftly, flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too ;
Sweetly, sweetly, blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

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

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

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

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
 That stands above the rock :
 The moonlight steeped in silentness
 The steady weathercock.

COLERIDGE

From CHRISTABEL

THE FINDING OF GERALDINE

•

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock
 And the owls have awakened the crowing cock ;
 Tu—whit !——Tu—whoo !
 And hark, again ! the crowing cock,
 How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
 Hath a toothless mastiff bitch ;
 From her kennel beneath the rock
 She maketh answer to the clock,
 Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour ;
 Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
 Sixteen short howls, not over loud ;
 Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin grey cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full ;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is grey :
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothèd knight ;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that 's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest mistletoe :
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel !
It moaned as near as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill ; the forest bare ;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak ?

There is not wind enough in the air
 To move away the ringlet curl
 From the lovely lady's cheek—
 There is not wind enough to twirl
 The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
 That dances as often as dance it can,
 Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
 On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel !
 Jesu, Maria, shield her well !
 She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
 And stole to the other side of the oak.
 What sees she there ?

There she sees a damsel bright,
 Drest in a silken robe of white,
 That shadowy in the moonlight shone :
 The neck that made that white robe wan,
 Her stately neck, and arms were bare ;
 Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were,
 And wildly glittered here and there
 The gems entangled in her hair.
 I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
 A lady so richly clad as she—
 Beautiful exceedingly !

Mary mother, save me now !
 (Said Christabel,) And who art thou ?

The lady strange made answer meet,
 And her voice was faint and sweet :—
 Have pity on my sore distress,
 I scarce can speak for weariness :

Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear !
Said Christabel, How camest thou here ?
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet :—

My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine :
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn :
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white :
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be ;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced, I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke :
He placed me underneath this oak ;
He swore they would return with haste ;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand
And comforted fair Geraldine :
O well, bright dame ! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline ;

And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose : and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel :
All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell ;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth,
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well ;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate ;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched
out.

The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate :
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court : right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the Lady by her side :

Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress !
Alas, alas ! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court : right glad they were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make !
And what can ail the mastiff bitch ?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch :
For what can ail the mastiff bitch ?

COLERIDGE

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

O WHAT can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering ?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

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

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

I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful—a faery's child,
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
 She looked at me as she did love,
 And made sweet noan.

I set her on my pacing steed
 And nothing else saw all day long,
 For sidelong would she bend, and sing
 A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild and manna-dew,
 And sure in language strange she said
 I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept, and sighed full sore,
 And there I shut her wild wild eyes
 With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
 And there I dreamed—Ah woe betide!
 The latest dream I ever dream'd
 On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale Kings and Princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
 They cried—'La Belle dame sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall!'

I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering ;
Though the sedge is withered from the lake
And no birds sing.

KEATS

From HYPERION

THE FALL OF THE TITANS

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
Sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair ;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass ;
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade : the Naiad mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.
Along the margin-sand large footmarks went,
No farther than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,

Unscptred ; and his realmless eyes were closed ;
While his bowed head seemed listening to the
Earth,

His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.
It seemed no force could wake him from his place ;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a goddess of the infant world ;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height ; she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck ;
Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian Sphinx
Pedestalled haply in a palace court
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But oh ! how unlike marble was that face :
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun ;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its storèd thunder labouring up.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain :
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenour and deep organ tone.

•

Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed,
More sorrow like to this, and such like woe,
Too huge for mortal tongue, or pen of scribe :

The Titans fierce, self-hid or prison-bound,
Groaned for the old allegiance once more,
And listened in sharp pain for Saturn's voice.
But one of the whole mammoth-brood still
kept

His sovereignty and rule and majesty ;
Blazing Hyperion on his orbèd fire
Still sat, still snuffed the incense teeming up
From man to the sun's God ; yet unsecure ;
For as among us mortals omens drear
Fright and perplex, so also shuddered he—
Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated screech,
Or the familiar visiting of one
Upon the first toll of his passing-bell,
Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp ;
But horrors, portioned to a giant nerve,
Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright,
Bastioned with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touched with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glared a blood-red through all its thousand
courts,

Arches and domes and fiery galleries :
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
Flushed angrily : while sometimes eagles' wings
Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
Darkened the place : and neighing steeds were
heard,

Not heard before by Gods or wondering men. .
Even now, while Saturn, roused from icy trance,
Went step for step with Thea through the woods,
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Came slope upon the threshold of the west :
Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew open
In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes
Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies

And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
That inlet to severe magnificence
Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.

He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath ;
His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
'That scared away the meek ethereal Hours,
And made their dove-wings tremble. On he
flared,
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
'Through bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light,
And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,
Until he reach'd the great main cupola ;
'There standing fierce beneath, he stampt his foot.
And from the basements deep to the high towers
Jarr'd his own golden region ; and before
'The quavering thunder thereupon had ceased,
His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
'To this result : . . .
' Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall ?
Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
Of all my lucent empire ? It is left
Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.
The blaze, the splendour, and the symmetry
I cannot see—but darkness, death and darkness.
Even here, into my centre of repose,
The shady visions come to domineer,
Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp.
Fall I—No, by Tellus and her briny robes !
Over the fiery frontier of my realms
I will advance a terrible right arm,

Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
And bid old Saturn take his throne again.'
He spake, and ceased, the while a heavier threat
Held struggle with his throat, but came not
forth ;

For at Hyperion's words the Phantoms pale
Bestirr'd themselves, thrice horrible and cold ;
And from the mirror'd level where he stood
A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.
At this, through all his bulk an agony
Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown,
Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
Making slow way, with head and neck convulsed
From over-strained might. Released, he fled
To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours
Before the dawn in season due should blush,
He breathed fierce breath against the sleepy portals,
Clear'd them of heavy vapours, burst them wide
Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.
The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode
Each day from east to west the heavens through,
Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds ;
Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold and hid,
But ever and anon the glancing spheres,
Circles, and arcs, and broad-belting colure,
Glow'd through, and wrought upon the muffling
dark

Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir deep
Up to the zenith—hieroglyphics old,
Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers
Then living on the earth, with labouring thought
Won from the gaze of many centuries :
Now lost, save what we find on remnants huge
Of stone, or marble swart ; their import gone,
Their wisdom long since fled. Two wings this
orb

Possess'd for glory, two fair argent wings,
Ever exalted at the God's approach :
And now, from forth the gloom their plumes
immense
Rose, one by one, till all outspreaded were ;
While still the dazzling globe maintain'd eclipse,
Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
Fain would he have commanded, fain took throne
And bid the day begin, if but for change.
He might not :-- No, though a primeval God :
The sacred seasons might not be disturb'd.
Therefore the operations of the dawn
Stay'd in their birth, even as here 'tis told.
'Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
Eager to sail their orb ; the porches wide
Open'd upon the dusk demesnes of night ;
And the bright Titan, phrenzied with new woes,
Unused to bend, by hard compulsion bent
His spirit to the sorrow of the time ;
And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
Upon the boundaries of day and night,
He stretch'd himself in grief and radiance faint.
There as he lay, the Heaven with its stars
Look'd down on him with pity, and the voice
Of Cœlus, from the universal space,
'Thus whisper'd low and solemn in his ear :
' O brightest of my children dear, earth-born
And sky-engender'd, Son of Mysteries
All unrevealed even to the powers
Which met at thy creating ; . . . oh ! brightest
child !
Art thou, too, near such doom ? vague fear
there is :
For I have seen my sons most unlike Gods.
Divine ye were created, and divine
In sad demeanour, solemn, undisturb'd

Unruffled, like high Gods, ye lived and ruled :
 Now I behold in you fear, hope, and wrath ;
 Actions of rage and passion ; even as
 I see them, on the mortal world beneath,
 In men who die.—This is the grief, O Son !
 Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and fall !
 Yet do thou strive ; as thou art capable,
 And canst oppose to each malignant hour
 Ethereal presence :—I am but a voice ;
 My life is but the life of winds and tides,
 No more than winds and tides can I avail :
 But thou canst. Be thou therefore in the van
 Of circumstance ; yea, seize the arrow's barb
 Before the tense string murmur.—To the earth !
 For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his woes.
 Meantime I will keep watch on thy bright sun
 And of thy seasons be a careful nurse.'
 Ere half this region-whisper had come down,
 Hyperion arose, and on the stars
 Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide
 Until it ceased ; and still he kept them wide :
 And still they were the same bright, patient stars.
 Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
 Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
 Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
 And plunged all noiseless into the deep night.

KEATS

From PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

LIFE OF LIFE

LIFE of Life ! Thy lips enkindle
 With their love the breath between them ;
 And thy smiles before they dwindle
 Make the cold air fire ; then screen them

In those locks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light ! Thy limbs are burning
Through the veil which seems to hide them,
As the radiant lines of morning
Through thin clouds, ere they divide them ;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others : none beholds thee ;
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour ;
And all feel, yet see thee never,—
As I feel now, lost for ever !

Lamp of Earth ! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing !

CHORUS OF SPIRITS OF THE MIND

(To Prometheus)

FROM unremembered ages we
Gentle guides and guardians be
Of Heaven-oppress'd Mortality.
And we breathe and sicken not
The atmosphere of human thought :
Be it dim and dank and grey
Like a storm-extinguish'd day

Travell'd o'er by dying gleams ;
Be it bright as all between
Cloudless skies and windless streams,
Silent, liquid and serene.
As the birds within the wind,
As the fish within the wave,
As the thoughts of man's own mind
Float through all above the grave :
We make there our liquid lair,
Voyaging cloudlike and unpent
Through the boundless element.
Thence we bear the prophecy
Which begins and ends in thee.

First Spirit

On a battle-trumpet's blast
I fled hither, fast, fast, fast,
Mid the darkness upward cast.
From the dust of creeds outworn,
From the tyrant's banner torn,
Gathering round me, onward borne,
There was mingled many a cry—
'Freedom !' 'Hope !' 'Death !' 'Victory !'
Till they faded through the sky.
And one sound, above, around,
One sound, beneath, around, above,
Was moving, 'twas the Soul of Love ;
'Twas the hope, the prophecy,
Which begins and ends in thee.

Second Spirit

A rainbow's arch stood on the sea
Which rocked beneath, immovably ;
And the triumphant storm did flee,
Like a conqueror, swift and proud,

Between, with many a captive cloud,
 A shapeless, dark, and rapid crowd,
 Each by lightning riven in half.
 I heard the thunder hoarsely laugh ;
 Mighty fleets were strewn like chaff,
 And spread beneath, a hell of death,
 O'er the white waters. I alit
 On a great ship lightning-split ;
 And speeded hither on the sigh
 Of one who gave an enemy
 His plank, then plunged aside to die.

Third Spirit

I sate beside a Sage's bed
 And the lamp was burning red
 Near the book where he had fed ;
 When a Dream with plumes of flame
 To his pillow hovering came.
 And I knew it was the same
 Which had kindled long ago
 Pity, eloquence, and woe ;
 And the world awhile below
 Wore the shade its lustre made.
 It has borne me here as fleet
 As Desire's lightning feet :
 I must ride it back ere morrow,
 Or the Sage will wake in sorrow.

Fourth Spirit

On a poet's lips I slept,
 Dreaming like a love-adapt
 In the sound his breathing kept.
 Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses.
 But feeds on the ærial kisses
 Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.

He will watch from dawn to gloom
 The lake-reflected sun illumine
 The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
 Nor heed nor see what things they be,
 But from these create he can
 Forms more real than living man,
 Nurslings of immortality.
 One of these awaken'd me
 And I sped to succour thee.

Chorus of Spirits

Hast thou beheld the form of Love?

Fifth Spirit

As over wide dominions
 I sped, like some swift cloud that wings the wide air's
 wildernesses,
 That planet-crested shape swept by on lightning-braided
 pinions,
 Scattering the liquid joy of life from his ambrosial
 tresses:
 His footsteps paved the world with light. But as I
 passed, 'twas fading,
 And hollow ruin yawn'd behind: great sages bound
 in madness,
 And headless patriots, and pale youths who perish'd
 unupbraiding,
 Glean'd in the night. I wander'd o'er, till thou,
 O King of Sadness,
 Turn'st by thy smile the worst I saw to recollected
 gladness.

Sixth Spirit

Ah sister, Desolation is a delicate thing:
 It walks not on the earth, it floats not on the air,

But treads with killing footstep, and fans with silent wing

The tender hopes which in their hearts the best and gentlest bear ;

Who soothed to false repose by the fanning plumes above,

And the music-stirring motion of its soft and busy feet,
Dream visions of ærial joy, and call the monster Love,

And wake, and find the shadow Pain, as he whom now we greet.

Chorus

Though Ruin now Love's shadow be,

Following him destroyingly

On Death's white and winged steed,

Which the fleetest cannot flee,

Trampling down both flower and weed,

Man and beast, and foul and fair,

Like a tempest through the air ;

'Thou shalt quell this horsenian grim,

Woundless though in heart and limb

Prometheus

Spirits ! how know ye this shall be ?

Chorus

In the atmosphere we breathe
(As buds grow red when the snow-storms flee

From Spring gathering up beneath,
Whose mild winds shake the elder-brake,

And the wandering herdsmen know
That the white-thorn soon will blow)

Wisdom, Justice, Love, and Peace,

When they struggle to increase,

Are to us as soft winds be
To shepherd boys, the prophecy
Which begins and ends in thee.

SHELLEY

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

Where the dance is sweeping,
Through the greensward peeping
Shall the soft lights start ;
Laughing maids, unstaying,
Deeming it trick-playing,
High their robes upswaying,
O'er the lights shall dart ;
And the woodland haunter
Shall not cease to saunter
When, far down some glade,
Of the great world's burning
One soft flame upturning,
Seems, to his discerning,
Crocus in the shade.

EBENEZER JONES

NATURE

Paradise, and Groves

*Elysian, Fortunate Fields—why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of Man,
When wedded to this goodly Universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day.*

Wordsworth

THE SUN

THE golden sun, in splendour likest Heaven,
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far ; they, as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering
lamp

Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep ;
So wondrously was set his station bright,
Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone .
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire ;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear ;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breastplate, and a stone besides
Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.

What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
The archchymic sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?

MILTON

HYMN TO LIGHT

WHEN, goddess, thou lift'st up thy waken'd head
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy quire of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

At thy appearance, grief itself is said
To shake his wings and rouse his head,
And cloudy care has often took
A gentle beamy smile reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, fear itself grows bold;
Thy sunshine melts away his cold.
Encouraged at the sight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

Thou Scythian-like dost round thy lands above
The Sun's gilt tent for ever move,
And still as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes
Is but thy several liveries,
Thou the rich dye on them bestowest,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou goest.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st ;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st,
The virgin lilies in their white
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light !

Thou in the moon's bright chariot proud and gay
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey ;
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild
(O greatness without pride !) the bushes of the field.

COWLEY

DAWN

THE busy larke, messenger of day,
Salueth in her song the morrow gray,
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright
That all the orient laugheth of the light,
And with his streamës drieth in the greves¹
The silver dropës hanging on the leaves.

CHAUCER

By this the Northern waggoner had set
His sevenfold team behind the stedfast star
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firm is fixt, and sendeth light from far

¹ Groves.

To all that in the wide deep wand'ring are ;
And cheerful Chanticleere with his note shrill
Had warned once that Phœbus' fiery car
In haste was climbing up the Eastern hill
Full envious that Night so long his room did fill.

SPENSER

BEAUTIES OF THE MORNING

THE sun, when he hath spread his rays,
And showed his face ten thousand ways,
Ten thousand things do then begin
To show the life that they are in :
The heaven shows lively art and hue
Of sundry shapes and colours new,
And laughs upon the earth ; anon
The earth, as cold as any stone,
Wet in the tears of her own kind,
'Gins then to take a joyful mind :
For well she feels that out and out
The sun doth warm her round about,
And dries her children tenderly,
And shows them forth full orderly.
The mountains high, and how they stand !
The valleys, and the great main land !
The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,
The castles, and the rivers long !
The hunter then sounds out his horn,
And rangeth straight through wood and corn.
On hills then show the ewe and lamb,
And every young one with his dam.
Then lovers walk and tell their tale
Both of their bliss and of their bale.

Then tune the birds their harmony ;
 Then flock the fowls in company,
 Then every thing doth pleasure find
 In that, that comforts all their kind.

ANON.

EVENING

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
 Silence was pleased ; Now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

MILTON

ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed ;

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum ;
Now teach me, Maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return !

For, when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires ;
And hears their simple bell ; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name !

COLLINS

A NOCTURNAL REVERIE

IN such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel, still waking, sings ;
Or from some tree, framed for the owl's delight,
She, hollowing clear, directs the wanderer right,
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face,
When in some river, overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen,
When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,

Whence spring the woodbine and the bramble-rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows,
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes,
Where scattered glowworms, but in twilight fine,
Shew trivial beauties, watch their hour to shine,
While Salisb'ry stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms and perfect beauty bright ;
When odours, which declined repelling day,
Thro' temperate air uninterrupted stray ;
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear ;
When through the gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient fabric awful in repose ;
While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale ;
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing thro' th' adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we
fear,

Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear ;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud ;
When curlews cry beneath the village-walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls ;
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures whilst tyrant Man does sleep ;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals ;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak ;
Till the free soul to a composedness charm'd,
Finding the elements of rage disarm'd,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in th' inferior world, and thinks it like her
own ;

In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks and all's confused again ;
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
Our pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued.

LADY WINCHILSEA

SLUMBER-SONGS

I

CARE-CHARMING Sleep, thou easer of all woes, —
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince ; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers ; — easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses : — sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
 Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride !

II

COME, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
 Lock me in delight awhile :
 Let some pleasing dreams beguile
 All my fancies, that from thence
 I may feel an influence
All my powers of care bereaving !

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
 Let me know some little joy !
 We that suffer long annoy
 Are contented with a thought
 Through an idle fancy wrought :
 O let my joys have some abiding.

FLETCHER

SPRING

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,
 With heigh ! the doxy over the dale,
 Why then comes in the sweet o' the year ;
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

SHAKESPEARE

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king ;
 Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and may make country houses gay,
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
 In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !
 Spring ! the sweet Spring !

NASH

Now each creature joys the other
 Passing happy days and hours,
One bird reports unto another,
 In the fall of silent showers ;
Whilst the earth, our common mother,
 Hath her bosom decked with flowers.

DANIEL

NOT Iris in her pride and bravery
Adorns her arch with such variety ;
Nor doth the milk-white way in frosty night,
Appear so fair and beautiful in sight
As do these fields, and groves, and sweetest
 bowers,
Bestrewed and decked with parti-colour'd flowers.
Along the bubbling brooks and silver glide,
That at the bottom doth in silence slide ;
The water-flowers and lilies on the banks,
Like blazing comets, burgen all in ranks ;
Under the hawthorn and the poplar-tree,
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be,
The primrose and the purple hyacinth,
The dainty violet and the wholesome minth,
The double daisy, and the cowslip, queen
Of summer flowers, do overpeer the green ;
And round about the valley as ye pass
Ye may ne see for peeping flowers the grass.

PEELE

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song !
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK

ON A BANK AS I SAT A-FISHING

AND now all nature seemed in love !
The lusty sap began to move ;
New juice did stir th' embracing vines ;
And birds had drawn their valentines
The jealous trout, that low did lie

Rose at a well-dissembled fly :
There stood my friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill.
Already were the eaves possess'd
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest ;
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice ;
The showers were short ; the weather mild ;
The morning fresh ; the evening smiled.

Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow,
Where, for some sturdy foot-ball swain,
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain.
The fields and garden were beset
With tulip, crocus, violet ;
And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.

Thus all looked gay, all full of cheer,
To welcome the new-liveried year.

WOTTON

SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN

THE rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumined mountain ; through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far-smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright and green, the landscape laughs around,
Full swell the woods ; their every music wakes,
Mixed in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,

Whence, blending all, the sweetened Zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense and every hue unfolds
In fair proportion, running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.

THOMSON

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky ;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The Child is father of the Man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WORDSWORTH

SONG ON MAY MORNING

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

MILTON

Now that the winter's gone, the earth has lost
Her snow-white robes: and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream:
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee.
Now do a choir of chirping Minstrels bring,
In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring,
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.
Now all things smile—only my love doth lour:
Nor hath the scalding noon-day sun the power
To melt that marble ice which still doth hold
Her heart congealed, and makes her pity cold
The ox which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields; and love no more is made
By the fireside; but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season—only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

CAREW

TO BLOSSOMS

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past.

But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

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

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

HERRICK

MORNING BIRDS IN SPRING

WHEN Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
 No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave¹
 At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
 But hunts-up to the morn the feathered sylvans sing:
 And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,
 Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
 Those quiristers are perch't with many a speckled breast.
 Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glitt'ring east
 Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
 Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's
 sight:
 On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open
 throats,

¹ Make fine.

Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all composed of sounds about them everywhere;
The thrush with shrill sharps, as purposely he sung
'T' awake the lustless sun ; or chiding that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill ;
The ousel¹ near at hand, that hath a golden bill ;
As nature him had markt of purpose t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be ;
For with their vocal sounds they sing to pleasant May ;
Upon his dulcet pipe the merle² doth only play.
When in the lower brake the nightingale hard by
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw ;
And but that Nature by her all-constraining law
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night,
The more to use their ears, their voices sure would
 spare,
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts at first had learned of her.
To Philomel the next, the linnet we prefer ;
And by that warbling bird, the woodlark place we
 then,
The red-sparrow, the nope,³ the red-breast, and the
 wren,
The yellow-pate, which though she hurt the blooming
 tree,
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these chanting fowls the goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The tydy³ for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco³ then, the counterfeiting jay,
The softer with the shrill, some hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves,⁴

¹ Blackbird. ² Bull-finch. ³ See Note. ⁴ Groves.

Thus sing away the morn until the mounting sun
Through thick exhalèd fogs his golden head hath run,
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps
To kiss the gentle shade this while that sweetly sleeps.

DRAYTON

TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice ;
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WORDSWORTH

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight :

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flow'd.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody :

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her
bower :

Like a glow-worm golden,
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from
the view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-
winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth sur-
pass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of
pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then, as I am listening now !

SHELLEY

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth !
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple-stained mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy !
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown :
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that oftentimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades :
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ?

KEATS

THE NIGHTINGALE

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.

Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge !
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring : it flows silently,
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night ! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark ! the Nightingale begins its song,
' Most musical, most melancholy ' bird !
A melancholy bird ! Oh ! idle thought !
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man whose heart was
pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch ! filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain ;
And many a poet echoes the conceit.

My Friend, and thou, our Sister ! we have learnt
A different lore : we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance ! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music !

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,

Which the great lord inhabits not ; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and kingcups grow within the paths
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales ; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's song.
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug-jug.
And one low piping sound more sweet than all —
Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day ! On moon-lit bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You might perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and
full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

COLERIDGE.

HER supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in wavy notes, with a trembling bill,
The pliant series of her slippery song ;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys float
And roll themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, 'stilled out of her breast,
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugared nest

Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
 Bathing in streams of liquid melody ;
 In that sweet soil it seems a holy quire,
 Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre ;
 Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
 Of sweet-lipped angel-imps, that swill their throats
 In cream of morning Helicon, and then
 Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
 To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
 That men can sleep while they their matins sing ;
 Most divine service ! whose so early lay
 Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day.

CRASHAW

As it fell upon a day
 In the merry month of May
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow and plants did spring
 Everything did banish moan
 Save the nightingale alone.
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty
 That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;
Tereu, tereu, by and by :
 That to hear her so complain
 Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
 For her griefs so lively shown
 Made me think upon mine own,

—Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain ;
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee
King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead.
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing :
Even so, poor bird, like thee
None alive will pity me.

BARNEFIELD

A SUMMER'S MORNING

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight ;
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound ;
If chance, with nymphlike step, fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seemed, for her now pleases more ;
She most, and in her look sums all delight.

MILTON

A SUMMER'S EVE

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

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

The flowers, like brave embroidered girls,
Looked as they most desired
To see whose head with orient pearls
Most curiously was tyred.

The rills, that on the pebbles played,
Might now be heard at will ;
This world the only music made,
Else everything was still.

And to itself the subtle air
Such sovereignty assumes,
That it receive too large a share
From nature's rich perfumes.

DRAYTON

THE rarer pleasure is, it is more sweet,
And friends are kindest when they seldom meet.
Who would not hear the nightingale still sing,
Or who grew ever weary of the spring?
The day must have her night, the spring her fall,
All is divided, none is lord of all.
It were a most delightful thing,
To live in a perpetual spring.

ANON.

A NIGHT STORM

AND either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heaven ; the clouds,
From many a horrid rift, abortive poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire
In ruin reconciled : nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts
Or torn up sheer . . .
Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning fair
Came forth, with pilgrim steps, in amice grey ;
Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree ; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

MILTON

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb or tree

Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of Repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear ?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men :
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow :
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name :
Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties her's exceed !
Fair trees ! wheres'e'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat
Love hither makes his best retreat
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race :
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow :
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;

The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas ;
Annihilating all that 's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside
My soul into the boughs does glide ;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy Garden-state
While man there walked without a mate
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises 'twere in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new !
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run .

And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers !

MARVELL

ROSES

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
Who are so wondrous sweet and fair.

WALLER

THOU blushing Rose, within whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes :
Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon ;
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee !
Thou 'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.

FANSHAWE

O ROSE, thou art sick !
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,
Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy,
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

BLAKE

THE BUTTERFLY

HE the gay garden round about doth fly,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey with curious busy eye
Of every flower and herb there set in order ;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Ye none of them he rudely doth disorder,

Ne with his feet their silken leaves deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place,

And evermore with most variety
And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
He casts his glutton sense to gratify ;
Now sucking of the sap of herb most meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feet ;
And then he percheth on some branch thereby
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

SPENSER

TO THE GRASSHOPPER

OH, thou that swing'st upon the waving ear
Of some well-fillèd oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropt thee from heaven where thou wert reared ;

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

Up with the day, the Sun thou welcom'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah, the sickle ! golden ears are cropped ;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night ;
Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topped,
And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite.

LOVELACE

TO MEADOWS

YE have been fresh and green,
Ye have been filled with flowers,
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours

You have beheld how they
With wicker arks did come
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round,
Each virgin, like a Spring,
With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here
Whose silvery feet did tread
And with dishevelled hair
Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

HERRICK

No scene that turns with engines strange,
Does oftener than these meadows change;
For when the Sun the grass hath vexed,
The tawny mowers enter next;
Who seem like Israelites to be
Walking on foot through a green sea.

To them the grassy deeps divide
And crowd a lane to either side.

MARVELL

ODE TO AUTUMN

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

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

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?
Think not of them,—thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn

Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn .
Hedge-cricket sing, and now with treble soft,
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

KEATS

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill .
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
Destroyer and Preserver ; Hear, O hear !

'Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning ; there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height —
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night

Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst : O hear !

Thou who didst waken from his summer-dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves : O hear !

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than Thou, O uncontrollable ! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.
Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !

The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
 Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
 My spirit ! be thou me, impetuous one !
 Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
 Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth ;
 And, by the incantation of this verse,
 Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
 Be through my lips to unawakened earth
 The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

SHELLEY

THE TIMBER

SURE thou didst flourish once ! and many springs,
 Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers
 Past o'er thy head : many light hearts and wings,
 Which now are dead, lodged in thy living bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies ;
 Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches
 shoot

Towards the old and still enduring skies,
 While the low violet thrives at their root.

But thou beneath the sad and heavy line
 Of death doth waste, all senseless, cold, and dark ,
 Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,
 Nor any thought of greenness, leaf or bark.

VAUGHAN

A WIDOW bird sate mourning for her Love
 Upon a wintry bough ;

The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

SHELLEY

A SNOW SCENE

THE keener tempests come ; and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend—in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congealed.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
'Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,

Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is —
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the black heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

THOMSON

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours ;
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.
Let now the chimneys blaze
And cups o'erflow with wine,
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine.
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall wait on honey love,
While youthful revels, masques, and courtly
sights
Sleep's leaden spells remove

This time doth well dispense
 With lovers' long discourse ;
 Much speech hath some defence,
 Though beauty no remorse.
 All do not all things well ;
 Some measures comely tread,
 Some knotted riddles tell,
 Some poems smoothly read.
 The summer hath his joys,
 And winter his delights.
 Though love and all his pleasures are but toys
 They shorten tedious nights.

CAMPION

THE OCEAN

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar ;
 I love not man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel,
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

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

The armaments which thunder-strike the wall's
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;

These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

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

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

BYRON

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH

THIS Sycamore, oft musical with bees,—
 Such tents the Patriarchs loved ! O long unharmed

May all its aged boughs o'ercanopy
The small round basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the Spring
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath
Send up cold waters to the traveller
With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
Which at the bottom like a fairy's page,
As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the fount.
Here twilight is and coolness: here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.
Drink, pilgrim, here; here rest! and if thy heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
Or passing gale or hum of murmuring bees.

COLERIDGE

THE DELL

A GREEN and silent spot amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing sky-lark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely: but the dell
Bathed by the mist is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
When through its half-transparent stalks at eve
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.

COLERIDGE

A FRAGRANT GROVE

THEN walked they to a grove but near at hand,
Where fiery Titan had but small command,
Because the leaves conspiring kept his beams
For fear of hurting, when he is in extremes,
The under-flowers, which did enrich the ground
With sweeter scents than in Arabia found.
The earth doth yield, which they through pores
exhale,

Earth's best of odours, th' aromatical :
Like to that smell, which oft our sense describes
Within a field which long unploughed lies,
Somewhat before the setting of the sun ;
And where the rainbow in the horizon
Doth pitch her tips ; or as when in the prime
The earth being troubled with a drought long
time,

The hand of heaven his spongy clouds doth
strain,

And throws into her lap a shower of rain ;

She sendeth up (conceivèd from the sun)

A sweet perfume and exhalation.

Not all the ointments brought from Delos isle,

Nor from the confines of seven-headed Nile,

Nor that brought whence Phœnicians have abodes,

Nor Cyprus wild vine-flowers, nor that of Rhodes ;

Nor rose's oil from Naples, Capua,

Saffron confected in Cilicia,

Nor that of quinces, nor of marjoram,

That ever from the isle of Coos came ;

Nor these, nor any else, though ne'er so rare

Could with this place for sweetest smells compare.

BROWN.

IN A FOREST

DARK all without it knits ; within
It opens passable and thin ;
And in as loose an order grows
As the Corinthian porticoes.
The arching boughs unite between
The columns of the temple green ;
And underneath the wingèd quires
Echo about their tunèd fires.
The nightingale does here make choice
To sing the trials of her voice ;
Low shrubs she sits in, and adorns
With music high the squatted thorns.
But highest oaks stoop down to hear
And listening elders prick the ear.
The thorn, lest it should hurt her, draws
Within the skin its shrunken claws.
But I have for my music found
A sadder, yet more pleasing sound ;
The stock-doves, whose fair necks are graced
With nuptial rings, their ensigns chaste ;
Yet always, for some cause unknown,
Sad pair, unto the elms they moan.
O why should such a couple mourn,
That in so equal flames do burn !
Then as I careless on the bed
Of gelid strawberries do tread,
And through the hazels thick espy
The hatching throstle's shining eye.
The heron from the ash's top
The eldest of its young lets drop,
As if it stork-like did pretend
That tribute to its lord to send.

But most the hewel's¹ wonders are,
Who here has the holt-felster's² care.
He walks still upright from the root,
Measuring the timber with his foot,
And all the way, to keep it clean,
Doth from the bark the wood-moths glean
He, with his beak, examines well
Which fit to stand, and which to fell.
The good he numbers up, and hacks,
As if he marked them with the axe.
But where he, tinkling with his beak,
Does find the hollow oak to speak,
That for his building he designs,
And through the tainted side he mines,
Who could have thought the tallest oak
Should fall by such a feeble stroke?
Nor would it had the tree not fed
A traitor-worm, within it bred.
(As first our flesh, corrupt within,
Tempts impotent and bashful sin.)
And yet that worm triumphs not long,
But serves to feed the hewel's young.
Whiles the oak seems to fall content,
Viewing the treason's punishment
Thus I, easy philosopher,
Among the birds and trees confer
And little now to make me wants
Or of the fowls, or of the plants.
Already I begin to call
In their most learned original;
And where I language want, my signs
The bird upon the bough divines.
No leaf does tremble in the wind,
Which I returning cannot find.

¹ Wood-pecker.² Forester.

Out of these scattered Sibyl's leaves
Strange prophecies my fancy weaves ;
And in one history consumes,
Like Mexique paintings, all the plumes.
What Rome, Greece, Palestine e'er said,
I in this light mosaic read.
Thrice happy he who, not mistook,
Hath read in Nature's mystic book.
And see how Chance's better wit
Could with a mask my studies hit !
The oak-leaves me embroider all,
Between which caterpillars crawl :
And ivy, with familiar trails,
Me licks and clasps and curls and hales,
Under this antic cope I move
Like some great prelate of the grove.
Then languishing with ease I toss
On pallets swoln of velvet moss ;
While the wind, cooling through the boughs,
Flatters with air my panting brows.
Thanks for my rest, ye mossy banks,
And unto you, cool zephyrs, thanks,
Who, as my hair, my thoughts too shed,
And winnow from the chaff my head.

MARVELL

A FOREST

THE path through which that lovely twain
Have passed, by cedar, pine, and yew,
And each dark tree that ever grew,
Is curtained out from heaven's wide blue.
Nor sun nor moon nor wind nor rain
Can pierce its interwoven bowers ;
Nor aught save where some cloud of dew

Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze
Between the trunks of the hoar trees,
Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers
Of the green laurel blown anew,
And bends,—and then fades silently :—
One frail and fair anemone,
Or when some star, of many a one,
That climbs and wanders through steep night,
Has found the cleft through which alone
Beams fall from high those depths upon,—
Ere it is borne away—away,
By the swift heavens that cannot stay,—
It scatters drops of golden light,
Like lines of rain that ne'er unite :
And the gloom divine is all around,
And underneath is the mossy ground.

SHELLEY

AN EARTHLY PARADISE

A SHIP is floating in the harbour now ;
A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow ;
There is a path on the sea's azure floor,—
No keel has ever ploughed that path before ;
The halcyons brood around the foamless isles ;
The treacherous ocean has forsworn its wiles ;
The merry mariners are bold and free :
Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail with me ?
Our bark is as an albatross whose nest
Is a far Eden of the purple east ;
And we between her wings will sit, while Night
And Day and Storm and Calm pursue their flight,
Our ministers, along the boundless sea,
Treading each other's heels, unheededly.

It is an isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of paradise ;
And, for the harbours are not safe and good,
This land would have remained a solitude
But for some pastoral people native there,
Who from the elysian, clear and golden air
Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,—
Simple and spirited, innocent and bold ;
The blue Ægean girds this chosen home,
With ever-changing sound and light and foam
Kissing the sifted sands and caverns hoar ;
And all the winds wandering along the shore
Undulate with the undulating tide.
There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide ;
And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
As clear as elemental diamond,
Or serene morning air. And far beyond,
The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer
(Which the rough shepherd treads but once a
year)
Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls
Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls
Illumining, with sound that never fails,
Accompany the noonday nightingales.
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs,
The light clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep ;
And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
And dart their arrowy odour through the brain,
Till you might faint with that delicious pain.
And every motion, odour, beam, and tone,
With that deep music is in unison ;
Which is a soul within the soul,—they seem
Like echoes of an antenatal dream.

It is an isle 'twixt heaven, air, earth, and sea,
Cradled, and hung in clear tranquillity ;
Bright as that wandering Eden, Lucifer,
Washed by the soft blue oceans of young air.
It is a favoured place. Famine or blight,
Pestilence, war, and earthquake, never light
Upon its mountain-peaks ; blind vultures, they
Sail onward far upon their fatal way.
The winged storms, chaunting their thunder-psalm
To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
From which its fields and woods ever renew
Their green and golden immortality.
And from the sea there rise, and from the sky
There fall, clear exhalations, soft, and bright,
Veil after veil, each hiding some delight ;
Which sun or moon or zephyr draw aside,
Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride
Glowing at once with love and loveliness,
Blushes and trembles at its own excess.
Yet, like a buried lamp, a soul no less
Burns in the heart of this delicious isle,
An atom of the Eternal, whose own smile
Unfolds itself, and may be felt, not seen.
O'er the grey rocks, blue waves, and forests green,
Filling their bare and void interstices.

SHELLEY

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
 And loves to lie in the sun
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

SHAKESPEARE

'A PASSION OF MY LORD OF ESSEX'

HAPPY were he could finish forth his fate
 In some unhaunted desert, most obscure
 From all societies, from love and hate
 Of worldly folk ; then might he sleep secure :
 Then wake again, and ever give God praise,
 Content with hips and haws and bramble-berry ;
 In contemplation spending all his days
 And change of holy thoughts to make him merry ;
 Where when he dies his tomb may be a bush,
 Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.

THE COUNTRY'S RECREATIONS

QUIVERING fears, heart-tearing cares,
 Anxious sighs, untimely tears,

Fly, fly to courts !
 Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
 Where strained sardonic smiles are glozing still,
 And grief is forced to laugh against her will ;
 Where mirth's but mummery,
 And sorrows only real be !

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
 Sad troop of human misery !
 Come, serene looks,
 Clear as the crystal brooks,
 Or the pure azured heaven, that smiles to see
 The rich attendance of our poverty !
 Peace, and a secure mind,
 Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals ! did you know
 Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
 You'd scorn proud towers,
 And seek them in these bowers,
 Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may
 shake
 But blustering care could never tempest make,
 Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us
 Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask, nor dance
 But of our kids, that frisk and prance :
 Nor wars are seen,
 Unless upon the green
 Two harmless lambs are butting one the other ;
 Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother :
 And wounds are never found,
 Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Here are no false entrapping baits,
To hasten too-too hasty Fates ;
 Unless it be
 The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which worldling-like still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook :
 Nor envy, unless among
 The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems hid in some forlorn creek ;
 We all pearls scorn
 Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass ,
 And gold ne'er here appears,
 Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves ! O may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery !
 May pure contents
 For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these
 mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains ;
 Which we may every year
 Find when we come a-fishing here.

ANON.

THE COUNTRY LIFE

SWEET country life, to such unknown
Whose lives are others', not their own.
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee :—

Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
To seek and bring rough pepper home ;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove ;
Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the west :
No ! thy ambition's masterpiece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece ;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year :
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds ;
For well thou know'st 'tis not the extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
Then to thy cornfields thou dost go,
Which though well soiled, yet thou dost
know

That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands :
There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them ;
And cheer'st them up, by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough :
This done, then to th' enamelled meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present God-like power
Imprinted in each herb and flower ;
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine :
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
Unto the dew-laps up in meat ;
And as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there :—

These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
 Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
 And find'st their bellies there as full
 Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool;
 And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
 A shepherd piping on a hill.

For sports, for pageantry and plays,
 Thou hast thy eves and holydays;
 On which the young men and maids
 meet

To exercise their dancing feet,
 Tripping the comely country round,
 With daffodils and daisies crowned.
 Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,
 Thy May-poles too with garlands graced,
 Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
 Thy shearing-feast, which never fail,
 Thy harvest home, thy wassail bowl,
 That 's tossed up after Fox' i' th' hole,
 Thy mummeries, thy twelfth-tide kings
 And queens, thy Christmas revellings,—
 Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
 And no man pays too dear for it :—
 To these, thou hast thy times to go
 And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow :
 Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
 The lark into the trammel net
 Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade
 To take the precious pheasant made ;
 Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls then
 To catch the pilfering birds, not men.

O happy life ! if that their good
 The husbandmen but understood ;
 Who all the day themselves do please
 And younglings, with such sports as these :

And, lying down, have nought t' affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

HERRICK

COUNTRY DREAMS

THE damask meadows and the crawling streams
Sweeten and make soft thy dreams ;
The purling springs, groves, birds, and well-weaved
bowers,
With fields enamellèd with flowers,
Present thee shapes, while phantasy discloses
Millions of lilies mixt with roses.
Then dream thou hearest the lamb with many a bleat
Woo'd to come suck the milky teat ;
Whilst Faunus in the vision vows to keep
From ravenous wolf the woolly sheep ;
With thousand such enchanting dreams, which meet
To make sleep not so sound as sweet
Nor can these figures so thy rest endear,
As not to up when chaunticleer
Speaks the last watch, but with the dawn dost rise
To work, but first to sacrifice :
Making thy peace with Heaven for some late fault,
With holy meal, and crackling salt.

CORBET

THE WISH

WELL then ! I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy ;

And they, methinks, deserve my pity
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah ! yet ere I descend to the grave,
May I a small house and large garden have ;
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too !

And, since love ne'er will from me flee,
A Mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only beloved and loving me.

O fountains ! when in you shall I
Myself eased of unpeaceful thoughts espy ?
O fields ! O woods ! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade ?

Here 's the spring-head of pleasure's flood :
Here 's wealthy Nature's treasury,
Where all the riches lie that she
Has coined and stamped for good !

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetched metaphors appear ;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.

The gods, when they descended, hither
From heaven did always choose their way :
And therefore we may boldly say
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I
And one dear She live, and embracing die !

She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.

I should have then this only fear :
Lest men, when they my pleasure see,
Should hither throng to live like me ;
And so make a City here.

COWLEY

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mixed ; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

POPE

AT the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three
years :

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? she sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but they
fade,

The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes !

WORDSWORTH

FROST AT MIDNIGHT

THE frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark, again ! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits

Abstruser musings : save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed ! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings on of life,
Inaudible as dreams ! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not ;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
By its own moods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep
calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought !
My babe so beautiful ! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee.
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes ! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe ! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags : so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach

Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher ! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw ; whether the eve-drops
fall,

Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

COLERIDGE

ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE

. . . THESE beauteous Forms
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,
As have no slight and trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts

Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world,
 Is lightened : that serene and blessed mood
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul :
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things. If this
 Be but a vain belief, yet oh, how oft
 In darkness, and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
 How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
 O sylvan Wye ! Thou wanderer thro' the
 woods,

How often has my spirit turned to thee !

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished
 thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again
 While here I stand :

Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when
 first

I came among these hills ; when like a roe
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers and the lonely streams,
 Wherever Nature led : more like a man

Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur. . . . For I have
learned

To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

WORDSWORTH

PASTORALS

*Through enamelled meads they went.
Quiet she, he passion-rent.*

Brooke

*Where flowers, and founts, and nymphs and
semi-gods,
And all the graces find their old abodes.*

Chapman

MORNING SONG

SHEPHERDS, rise and shake off sleep
See the blushing morn doth peep
Through the window, while the sun
To the mountain tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field ;
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day ;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay :
So unfold and then away.

HYMN TO PAN

SING his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep ;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, oh great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing !
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
As the young spring ;
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place day doth unyoke !

AMORET

THE SATYR

I

THROUGH yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods, have I run,
Whose bottom never kissed the sun
Since the lusty spring began ;
All to please my Master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit ; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.
But behold a fairer sight !
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods ; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live. Therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.

Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits ; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells :
Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poet's good ;
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus ; nuts more brown,
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them ,
Deign, oh fairest fair, to take them !
For these black-eyed Dryope
Hath often-times commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb :
See how well the lusty time
Hath decked their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread !
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green ;
These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat :
All these, and what the woods can yield
The hanging mountain, or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong ;
Till when, humbly leave I take
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun.

II

Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
Eyes of stars and golden-tressed
Like Apollo ! tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr ? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light ?
Shall I dive into the sea
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces ? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours ? get thee fruit,
Or steal from heaven old Orpheus' lute ?
All these I'll venture for, and more
To do her service all these woods adore.

THE RIVER GOD

I AM this fountain's god. Below,
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,

Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool streams shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I :
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen ;
Orient pearl fit for a queen
Will I give thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in ;
Not a fish in all my brook,
That shall disobey thy look,
But when thou wilt come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly :
And to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string.

THE SONG

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river sweet ;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod ;
Nor let the water rising high
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob ; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.

FLETCHER

FANCY AND DESIRE

COME hither, shepherd's swain.
Sir, what do you require?
I pray thee shew to me thy name.
My name is Fond Desire.

When wert thou born, Desire?
In pomp and prime of May.
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot
By Fond Conceit, men say.

Tell me, who was thy nurse?
Fresh youth in sugared joy.
What was thy meat and daily food?
Sad sighs with great annoy.

What hadst thou then to drink?
Unfeignèd lovers' tears.
What cradle wert thou rocked in?
In hope devoid of fears.

What lulled thee then asleep?
Sweet speech which likes me best.
Tell me, where is thy dwelling-place?
In gentle hearts I rest.

What thing doth please thee most?
To gaze on beauty still.
Whom dost thou think to be thy foe?
Disdain of my good will.

Doth company displease?
Yes, surely, many one.
Where doth Desire delight to live?
He loves to live alone.

Doth either time or age
Bring him unto decay?
No, no; Desire both lives and dies
A thousand times a day.

Then, fond Desire, farewell,
Thou art no mate for me;
I should be loath, methinks, to dwell
With such a one as thee.

OXFORD

THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE

Melibæus. SHEPHERD, what 's love, I pray thee tell.

Faustus. It is that fountain and that well
Where Pleasure and Repentance dwell;
It is perhaps that sauncing-bell¹
That tolls all into heaven or hell;
And this is love, as I heard tell.

Melibæus. Yet what is love? good shepherd, sain.

Faustus. It is a sunshine mixed with rain;
It is a toothache or like pain;
It is a game where none can gain;
The lass saith no, and would full fain,
And this is love, as I hear sain

Melibæus. Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?

Faustus. It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray;
It is a thing will soon away;
Then nymphs, take vantage while ye may;
And this is love, as I hear say.

¹ Sacring-bell.

Melibæus. Yet what is love, good shepherd, shew.

Faustus. A thing that creeps, it cannot go;¹
 A prize that passeth to and fro;
 A thing for one, a thing for moe;
 And he that proves shall find it so;
 And shepherd, this is love, I trow.

RALEGH

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

AH, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
 And sweeter too;
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
 And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
 As merry as a king in his delight;
 And merrier too;
 For kings bethink them what the state require,
 Where shepherds careless carol by the fire:
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
 His cream and curds as doth the king his meat;
 And blither too;
 For kings have often fears when they do sup,
 Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup:
 Ah then, ah then,

¹ Walk.

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king upon his beds of down,

More sounder too;

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill;

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sithe,

And blither too;

For kings have wars and broils to take in hand
Where shepherds laugh and love upon the land;

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

GREENE

THE WANT

THE budding floweret blushes at the light,

The meads are sprinkled with the yellow hue,

In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,

The nesh¹ young cowslip bendeth with the dew;

The trees enleafed, unto heaven straught

When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din are brough'

The evening comes and brings the dew along;

The ruddy welkin shineth to the cyne;

Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,

Young ivy round the doorpost doth entwine;

¹ Soft.

I lay me on the grass ; yet, to my will,
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.

When Autumn blake¹ and sunburnt doth appear,
With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,
Bringing up Winter to fulfil the year,
Bearing upon his back the ripened sheaf,
When all the hills with woody seed are white,
When levin-fires² and gleams do meet from far the sight ;

When the fair apples red as evening sky
Do bend the tree unto the fruitful ground,
When juicy pears and berries of black dye
Do dance in air and call the eyes around ;
Then, be the evening foul or be it fair,
Methinks my heart's joy is stained with some care.

CHATTERTON

GOOD Muse, rock me asleep
With some sweet harmony ;
The weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company.

Sweet Love, begone awhile,
Thou knowest my heaviness ;
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness.

The bushes and the trees
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty colour leese,
And not a leaf is seen.

The blackbird and the thrush
That made the woods to ring,
With all the rest are now at hush,
And not a note they sing.

¹ Yellow (?).

² Lightning.

Sweet Philomel, the bird
 That hath the heavenly throat,
 Doth now, alas, not once afford
 Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
 Each herb hath lost her savour,
 And Phyllida the fair hath lost
 The comfort of her favour.

And therefore, my sweet Muse,
 Thou know'st what help is best ;
 Do now thy heavenly cunning use,
 To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray
 What fate shall be my friend,
 Whether my life shall still decay,
 Or when my sorrow end.

BRETON

SONG

She FAIR and fair and twice so fair
 As fair as any may be,—
 The fairest shepherd on our green
 A love for any lady.

He. Fair and fair and twice so fair
 As fair as any may be,—
 Thy love is fair for thee alone
 And for no other lady.

She. My love is fair, my love is gay,
 As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
 And of my love my roundelay,
 My merry, merry, merry roundelay.

Concludes with Cupid's curse :
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse.

PEELE

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, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

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

And I will make thee beds of roses ;
And 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 ;
Fair-lined slippers 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,
Come 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.

MARLOWE

THE NYMPH'S REPLY

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
And Philomel becometh dumb ;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields ,
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs ;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

RALEGH

COLIN CLOUT'S SONGS

I

IN PRAISE OF ELISA, QUEEN OF SHEPHERDS

SEE, where she sits upon the grassy green,
O seemly sight !

Yclad in scarlet, like a maiden Queen,
And ermines white :

Upon her head a Crimson coronet,
With Damask roses and Daffadillies set :

Bay leaves between
And Primroses green
Embellish the sweet Violet.

Tell me, have ye seen her angelic face,
Like Phœbe fair !

Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
Can you well compare ?

The Red rose medled¹ with the White yfere,²
In either cheek depainten lively cheer :

Her modest eye,
Her majesty,

Where have you seen the like but there ?

I saw Calliope speed her to the place
Where my Goddess shines ;
And after her the other Muses trace
With their Violines.

Be they not bay branches which they do bear,
All for Elisa in her hand to wear ?

So sweetly they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to hear.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foot
To the instrument :

¹ Mixed.

² Together.

They dancen deftly, and singen soot¹
 In their merriment.
 Wants not a fourth Grace to make the dance even?
 Let that room to my Lady be given :
 She shall be a Grace
 To fill the fourth place,
 And reign with the rest in heaven.

 Bring hither the Pink and purple Columbine
 With Gilliflowers ;
 Bring Coronations, and Sops-in-wine
 Worn of Paramours,
 Strow me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
 And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lilies :
 The pretty Paunce²
 And the Chevisaunce³
 Shall match with the fair flower-delice.⁴

II

MAY

Is not this the merry month of May,
 When love-lads masken in fresh array ?
 How falls it, then, we no merrier been,
 Ylike as others, girt in gaudy green ?
 Our blanket liveries been all too sad
 For this same season, when all is yclad
 With pleasaunce ; the ground with grass, the woods
 With green leaves, the bushes with blossoming buds
 Young folk now flocken in every where,
 To gather May buskets and smelling breere ;
 And home they hasten the posts to dight,
 And all the kirk pillars ere daylight,
 With hawthorn buds and sweet eglantine,
 And garlands of roses and sops-in-wine.

¹ Sweet. ² See Note. ³ Pansy. ⁴ Wall-flower. ⁵ Iris.

III

THE WINTER OF LOVE

THOU barren ground, whom winter's wrath hath
wasted,
Art made a mirror to behold my plight :
Whilome thy fresh spring flowered, and after hasted
Thy summer proud, with Daffadillies dight ;
And now is come thy winter's stormy state,
Thy mantle marred, wherein thou maskedst late.

Such rage as winter's reigneth in my heart,
My life-blood freezing with unkindly cold ;
Such stormy stours do breed my baleful smart,
As if my year were waste and waxen old ;
And yet, alas ! but now my spring begun,
And yet, alas ! it is already done.

You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bower,
And now are clothed with moss and hoary frost,
Instead of blossom, wherewith your buds did flower ;
I see your tears that from your boughs do rain,
Whose drops in dreary icicles remain.

All so my lustful leaf is dry and sere,
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted ;
The blossom which my branch of youth did bear
With breathed sighs is blown away and blasted :
And from mine eyes the drizzling tears descend,
As on your boughs the icicles depend.

SPENSER

ON A DAY

ON a day (alack the day !),
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air :
'Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
That the shepherd (sick to death)
Wished himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow
Air, would I might triumph so !
But, alack, my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet ;
Do not call it sin in me,
'That I am forsworn for thee.
'Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiopè were,
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

SHAKESPEARE

WORLDLY PARADISE

WHO can live in heart so glad
As the merry country lad ?
Who upon a fair green balk
May at pleasure sit and walk,
And amid the azure skies,
See the morning sun arise ;
While he hears in every spring,
How the birds do chirp and sing :
Or before the hounds in cry
See the hare go stealing by :

Or along the shallow brook,
Angling with a baited hook,
See the fishes leap and play
In a blessed sunny day :
Or to hear the partridge call,
Till she have her covey all :
Or to see the subtle fox,
How the villain plies the box,
After feeding on his prey,
How he closely sneaks away,
Through the hedge and down the
furrow
Till he gets into his burrow :
Then the bee to gather honey,
And the little black-haired coney
On a bank for sunny place
With her forefeet wash her face ;
Are not these, with thousands more
Than the courts of kings do know,
The true pleasing spirit's sights,
That may breed true love's de-
lights ?
But with all this happiness
To behold that shepherdess,
To whose eyes all shepherds yield
All the fairest of the field,
Fair *Aglaia*, in whose face
Lives the shepherd's highest grace :
For whose sake I say and swear,
By the passions that I bear,
Had I got a kingly grace,
I would leave my kingly place
And in heart be truly glad
To become a country lad ;
Hard to lie, and go full bare,
And to feed on hungry fare :

So I might but live to be,
Where I might but sit to see,
Once a day, or all day long,
The sweet subject of my song :
In Aglaia's only eyes
All my worldly paradise.

BRETON

PHYLLIDA AND CORYDON

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walked by the wood-side,
Whenas May was in his pride :
There I spied all alone,
Phyllida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot !
He would love and she would not
She said never man was true .
He said, none was false to you.
He said, he had loved her long ;
She said, Love should have no wrong
Corydon would kiss her then ;
She said, maids must kiss no men,
Till they did for good and all ;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not Love abuse,
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded ,

And Phyllida, with garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the May.

BRETON

THE NYMPH'S FAWN

I HAVE a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness,
And all the spring-time of the year
It only lovèd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes ;
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed,
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold :
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

MARVELL

DIAPHENIA

DIAPHENIA like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Teigh-ho, how I do love thee !

I do love thee as my lambs
 Are belovèd of their dams ;
 How blest were I if thou would'st prove me !

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,
 That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
 Fair sweet, how I do love thee !
 I do love thee as each flower
 Loves the sun's life-giving power ;
 For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessed
 When all thy praises are expressèd,
 Dear joy, how I do love thee !
 As the birds do love the spring,
 Or the bees their careful king :
 Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me !

CONSTABLE

SAMELA

LIKE to Diana in her summer weed,
 Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
 Goes fair Samela.
 Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
 When washed by Arethusa fount they lie,
 Is fair Samela.
 As fair Aurora in her morning gray,
 Decked with the ruddy glister of her love,
 Is fair Samela.
 Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day,
 Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
 Shines fair Samela.
 Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
 Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
 Of fair Samela.

Her cheeks, like rose and lily, yield forth gleams;
Her brows bright arches framed of ebony :

Thus fair Samela

Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the show of majesty,

For she's Samela.

Pallas in wit,—all three, if you will view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,

Yield to Samela.

GREENE

ROSALINE

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame colour is her hair
Whether unfolded, or in twines :

Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink ;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think—

Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace ;

Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !

Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity :

Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

Her neck is like a stately tower
 Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
 To watch for glances every hour
 From her divine and sacred eyes :

Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !

Her paps are centres of delight,
 Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
 Where Nature moulds the dew of light
 To feed perfection with the same :

Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
 With marble white, with sapphire blue
 Her body every way is fed,
 Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view :

Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !

Nature herself her shape admires ;
 The gods are wounded in her sight ;
 And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
 And at her eyes his brand doth light :

Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
 The absence of fair Rosaline,
 Since for a fair there's fairer none,
 Nor for her virtues so divine :

Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline ;

Heigh-ho, my heart ! would God that she
 were mine !

LODGE

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

LOVE in my bosom like a bee
 Doth suck his sweet ;
 Now with his wings he plays with me
 Now with his feet.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast :
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night :
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if so I sing,
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
Whist, wanton, still ye !

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence ;
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offence :
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin :
Alas ! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod ?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be !
Look in mine eyes ! I like of thee :
O Cupid ! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee !

DAFFADILL.

Batte. GORBO, as thou cam'st this way
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields didst stray
Saw'st thou my daffadill?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
Which colour likes her sight.
And never hath her beauty seen
But through a veil of white.

Than roses richer to behold
That trim up lovers' bowers,
The pansy and the marigold,
Tho' Phoebus' paramours.

Gorbo. 'Thou well describ'st the daffadill!
It is not full an hour
Since by the spring near yonder hill
I saw that lovely flower.

Batte. Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet
Nor news of her didst bring,
And yet my daffadill's more sweet
Than that by yonder spring.

Gorbo. I saw a shepherd that doth keep,
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making (as he fed his sheep)
A wreath of daffadillies.

Batte. Yet, Gorbo, thou delud'st me still;
My flower thou didst not see,
For, know, my pretty daffadill
Is worn of none but me.

To show itself but near her feet
No lily is so bold,

Except to hide her from the heat
Or keep her from the cold.

Gorbo. Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass ;
They call her Daffadill.

Whose presence as along she went
The pretty flowers did greet
As though their heads they downward bent
With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill
Unto the vaileys loud did cry,
' There goes sweet Daffadill.'

Batte. Ay, gentle shepherd, now with joy
Thou all my flocks dost fill ;
That's she alone, kind shepherd boy ,
Let us to Daffadill.

DRAYTON

EPITHALAMIUM

LET Mother Earth now deck herself in flowers,
To see her offspring seek a good increase,
Where justest love doth vanquish Cupid's powers,
And war of thoughts is swallowed up in peace,

Which never may decrease,
But, like the turtles fair,

Live one in two, a well-united pair :

Which that no chance may stain

O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

O Heaven awake, show forth thy stately face ;
Let not these slumbering clouds thy beauties hide,
But with thy cheerful presence help to grace

The honest Bridegroom and the bashful Bride,
Whose loves may ever bide,
Like to the elm and vine,
With mutual embracements them to twine :
In which delightful pain,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

Ye Muses all, which chaste affects allow,
And have to Thyrsis showed your secret skill,
To this chaste love your sacred favours bow ;
And so to him and her your gifts distil
That they all vice may kill,
And, like to lilies pure,
May please all eyes, and spotless may endure :
Where that all bliss may reign,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

Ye nymphs which in the waters empire have,
Since Thyrsis' music oft doth yield you praise,
Grant to the thing which we for Thyrsis crave :
Let one time—but long first—close up their days,
One grave their bodies seize,
And like two rivers sweet
When they, though diverse, do together meet.
One stream both streams contain !
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

Pan, father Pan, the god of silly sheep !
Whose love is cause that they in number grow,—
Have much more care of them than they do keep,
Since from these good the others' good doth flow ;
And make their issue show
In number like the herd
Of younglings which thyself with love hast reared,
Or like the drops of rain !
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

Virtue, if not a god, yet God's chief part !
Be thou the knot of this their open vow :
That still he be her head, she be his heart ;
He lean to her, she unto him do bow ;
 Each other still allow ;
 Like oak and mistletoe,
Her strength from him, his praise from her do grow,
 In which most lovely train,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

But thou, foul Cupid, sire to lawless lust !
Be thou far hence with thy empoisoned dart,
Which though of glittering gold, shall here take rust,
Where simple love which chasteness doth impart,
 Avoids thy hurtful art,
 Not needing charming skill
Such minds with sweet affections for to fill :
 Which being pure and plain,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

All churlish words, shrewd answers, crabbed looks,
All privateness, self-seeking, inward spite,
All waywardness which nothing kindly brooks,
All strife for toys, and claiming master's right,
 Be hence aye put to flight ;
 All stirring husband's hate,
'Gainst neighbours good, for womanish debate,
 Be fled, as things most vain !
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

All peacock pride and fruits of peacock's pride,
Longing to be with loss of substance gay,
With recklessness what may the house betide
So that you may on higher slippers stay,
 For ever hence away !
 Yet let not sluttery,

The sink of filth, be counted housewifery,
 But keeping wholesome mean !
 O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

But above all, away vile jealousy,
 The evil of evils, just cause to be unjust !
 How can he love, suspecting treachery ?
 How can she love, where love can not win trust ?
 Go, snake, hide thee in dust ;
 Nor dare once show thy face
 Where open hearts do hold so constant place
 That they thy sting restrain !
 O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain !

The Earth is decked with flowers, the Heavens displayed,
 Muses grant gifts, Nymphs long and joined life,
 Pan store of babes, Virtue their thoughts well stayed,
 Cupid's lust gone, and gone is bitter strife.
 Happy man ! happy wife !
 No pride shall them oppress,
 Nor yet shall yield to loathsome sluttishness :
 And jealousy is slain,
 For Hymen will their coupled joys maintain.

SIDNEY

A MASQUE

Enter IRIS

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
 Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease ;
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
 And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep ;
 Thy banks with plowed and twilled brims,
 Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,

To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy broom
 groves,
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
 Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipped vineyard ;
 And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
 Where thou thyself dost air : The queen o' the sky,
 Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
 Bids thee leave these ; and with her sovereign grace,
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
 To come and sport : her peacocks fly amain :
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain

Enter CERES

Cer. Hail many-coloured messenger, that ne'er
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers ;
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
 My bosky acres, and my unshrubbed down,
 Rich scarf to my proud earth : Why hath thy queen
 Summoned me hither, to this short-grassed green ?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate ;
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
 If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
 Do now attend the queen ? Since they did plot
 The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
 I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
 Be not afraid ; I met her deity
 Cutting the clouds towards Paphos ; and her son
 Dove-drawn with her : here thought they to have done
 Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,

Whose vows are that no bed-rite shall be paid
 Till Hymen's torch be lighted : but in vain ;
 Mars's hot minion is returned again ;
 Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows.
 And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
 Great Juno comes : I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO

Jun. How does my bounteous sister ? Go with me,
 To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
 And honoured in their issue.

Song

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage blessing,
 Long continuance and increasing
 Hourly joys be still upon you !
 Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
 Barns and garner's never empty ;
 Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing ;
 Plants with goodly burthen bowing ;
 Spring come to you, at the farthest,
 In the very end of harvest !
 Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.

[JUNO and CERES *whisper*, and send IRIS
on employment.

Iris. You nymphs called Naiads of the winding
 brooks,
 With your sledged crowns, and ever harmless looks,
 Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land,
 Answer your summons ; Juno does command.
 Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
 A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry :
Make holiday : your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers properly habited, they join
with the Nymphs in a graceful dance.*

AT A SHEEP-SHEARING

(PERDITA—POLIXENES—CAMILLO—FLORIZEL—
and OTHERS)

Per. Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend
sirs,

For you there's rosemary, and rue, these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long :
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing !

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streaked gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren ; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them ?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol.

Say, there be ;

Yet nature is made better by no mean,
 But nature makes that mean : so, over that art,
 Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
 That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
 A gentler scion to the wildest stock ;
 And make conceive a bark of baser kind
 By bud of nobler race : This is an art
 Which does mend nature,—change it rather : but
 The art itself is nature.

Per.

So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors.*Per.*

I'll not put

The dibble in earth to set one slip of them ;
 Here's flowers for you ;
 Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
 The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
 And with him rises weeping ; these are flowers
 Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
 To men of middle age : You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
 And only live by gazing

Per.

Out, alas !

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
 Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
 fair'st friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that
 might

Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours ;
 That wear upon your virgin branches yet
 Your maidenheads growing :—O, Proserpina,
 For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou lett'st fall
 From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes

Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
 Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and
 The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one ! O ! these I lack,
 To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
 To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What ! like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;
 Not like a corse : or if,—not to be buried,
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers :
 Methinks I play as I have seen them do,
 In Whitsun pastorals.

Flo. What you do
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever ; when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ,
 Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
 To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
 And own no other function : Each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens. But come, our dance.
 Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair
 That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

[*Music. A dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*]

THE MISTRESS OF PHILARETE

I

ME so oft my fancy drew
 Here and there, that I ne'er knew

Where to place desire before
So that range it might no more ;
But as he that passeth by
Where, in all her jollity,
Flora's riches in a row
Doth in seemly order grow,
And a thousand flowers stand
Bending as to kiss his hand ;
Out of which delightful store
One he may take and no more.
Long he pausing doubteth whether
Of those fair ones he should gather

First the primrose courts his eyes,
Then the cowslip he espies ;
Next the pansy seems to woo him,
Then carnations bow unto him ;
Which whilst that enamoured swain
From the stalk intends to strain,
As half fearing to be seen
Prettily her leaves between
Peeps the violet, pale to see
That her virtues slighted be,
Which so much his liking wins,
That to seize her he begins.
Yet before he stooped so low
He his wanton eye did throw
On a stem that grew more
high,
And the rose did there espy,
Who besides her precious scent
To procure his eyes content
Did display her goodly breast,
Where he found at full express
All the good that nature showers
On a thousand other flowers ;

Wherewith he affected takes it,
His beloved flower he makes it,
And without desire of more
Walks through all he saw before.

So I wandering but erewhile
Through the garden of this isle,
Saw rich beauties, I confess,
And in number numberless.
Yea, so differing lovely too,
That I had a world to do,
Ere I could set up my rest,
Where to choose and choose the best.

Thus I fondly feared, till fate,
(Which I must confess in that
Did a greater favour to me
Than the world can malice do me)
Showed to me that matchless flower,
Subject for this song of our ;
Whose perfection having eyed,
Reason instantly espied
That desire, which ranged abroad
There would find a period,
And no marvel if it might,
For it there hath all delight,
And in her hath nature placed
What each several fair one graced.

Let who list for me advance
The admirèd flowers of France ;
Let who will praise and behold
The reservèd Marigold ;
Let the sweet-breathed Violet now
Unto whom she pleaseth bow ;
And the fairest Lily spread

Where she will her golden head ;
 I have such a flower to wear,
 That for those I do not care.

Let the young and happy swains,
 Playing on the Britain' plains,
 Court unblamed their shepherdesses,
 And with their gold curled tresses
 Toy uncensured, until I
 Grudge at their prosperity.

Let all times both present, past,
 And the age that shall be last,
 Vaunt the beauties they bring forth.
 I have found in one such worth,
 That content I neither care
 What the best before me were ;
 Nor desire to live and see
 Who shall fair hereafter be.
 For I know the hand of nature
 Will not make a fairer creature.

II

There's her hair with which Love angles
 And beholders' eyes entangles ;
 For in those fair curled snares
 They are hampered unawares,
 And compelled to swear a duty
 To her sweet, enthralling beauty.
 In my mind 'tis the most fair
 That was ever callèd hair ;
 Somewhat brighter than a brown,
 And her tresses waving down
 At full length, and so dispread,
 Mantle her from foot to head.

If you saw her archèd brow,
 Tell me, pray, what art knows how
 To have made it in a line
 More exact or more divine.
 Beauty there may be descried
 In the height of all her pride,
 'Tis a meanly¹ rising plain,
 Whose pure white hath many a vein
 Interlacing, like the springs
 In the earth's enamellings.
 If the tale be not a toy
 Of the little wingèd boy,—
 When he means to strike a heart,
 Thence he throws the fatal dart ;
 Which of wounds still makes a
 pair,
 One of love, one of despair.

Short her chin is, and yet so
 As it is just long enow ;
 Loveliness doth seem to glory
 In that circling promontory.
 Pretty moving features skip
 'Twixt the hillock and the lip,
 If you note her but the while
 She is pleased to speak or smile.
 And her lips, that show no dullness
 Full are in the meanest¹ fulness ;
 Those the leaves be, whose unfolding
 Brings sweet pleasures to beholding .
 For such pearls they do disclose
 Both the Indies match not those ;
 Yet are so in order placed,
 As their whiteness is more graced

¹ Moderate

When her ivory teeth she buries
 Twixt her two enticing cherries,
 There appear such pleasures hidden
 As might tempt what were forbidden.
 If you look again, the whiles
 She doth part those lips in smiles,
 'Tis as when a flash of light
 Breaks from heaven to glad the night.

Others may my pencil crave,
 But those lips I cannot leave;
 For methinks if I should go,
 And forsake those cherries so,
 There's a kind of excellence
 Would hold me from departing hence.
 I would tell you what it were,
 But my cunning fails me here.
 They are like in their discloses
 To the morning's dewy roses,
 That beside the name of fair
 Cast perfumes that fill the air.
 Melting soft her kisses be,
 And had I now two or three,
 More inspired by their touch,
 I had praised them twice as much.

But, sweet Muses, mark ye, how
 Her fair eyes do check me now,
 That I seemed to pass them so,
 And their praises overgo!
 And yet blame me not, that I
 Would so fain have passed them by.
 For I feared to have seen them
 Lest there were some danger in them.
 Yet such gentle looks they lend
 As might make her foe a friend

And by their allurings move
All beholders unto love.
Such a power is also there,
As will keep those thoughts in fear
And command enough I saw
To hold impudence in awe.
Whilst she me beholding is,
My heart dare not think amiss,
For her sight most piercing clear,
Seems to see what's written there.

Then, almost obscured, appears
Those her jewel-gracing ears,
Through the voice in love's meanders
Those their pretty circlings wanders,
Whose rare turnings will admit
No rude speech to enter it.

Stretching from Mount Forehead lies
Beauty cape betwixt her eyes ;
Which two crystal-passing lakes
Love's delightful isthmus makes.
Neither more or less extending
Than most meriteth commending.
On the either side of this,
Love's most lovely prospect is ;
Those her smiling cheeks whose colour
Comprehends true beauty fuller
Than the curious't mixtures can
That are made by art of man ;
It is beauty's garden-plot,
Where, as in a true love's knot,
So the snowy lily grows
Mixed with the crimson rose,
That as friends they join'd be ;
Yet they seem to disagree

Whether of the two shall reign,
 And the lilies oft obtain
 Greater sway, unless a blush
 Helps the roses at a push.
 Hollow fallings none there are
 There's no wrinkle, there's no scar;
 Only there's a little mole
 Which from Venus' cheek was stole.

But descend awhile, mine eye,
 See if polished ivory,
 Or the finest fleeced flocks,
 Or the whitest Albion rocks,
 For comparisons may stand
 To express that snowy hand.
 When she draws it from her glove,
 It hath virtue to remove,
 Or disperse, if there be aught
 Cloudeth the beholder's thought.
 If that palm but toucheth your,
 You shall feel a secret power
 Cheer your heart, and glad it more,
 Though it drooped with grief before,
 Through the veins, disposed true,
 Crimson yields a sapphire hue,
 Which adds grace and more delight
 By embracing with the white.
 Smooth and moist and soft and tender
 Are her palms; the fingers slender,
 Tipt with mollified pearl:
 As if that transformed girl,
 Whose much cunning made her dare
 With Jove's daughter to compare,
 Had that hand worn, maugre¹ spite,

¹ In spite of.

She had shamed the goddess quite ;
 For there is in every part,
 Nature perfecter than art.

III

This a servant made me sworn
 Who before-time held in scorn
 To yield vassalage, or duty,
 Though unto the queen of beauty,
 Yet that I her servant am
 It shall more be to my fame
 Than to own these woods and downs
 Or be lord of fifty towns ;
 And my mistress to be deemed
 Shall more honour be esteemed
 Than those titles to acquire
 Which most women most desire.
 Yea, when you a woman shall
 Countess or a duchess call
 That respect it shall not move,
 Neither gain her half such love
 As to say, lo ! this is she
 That supposed is to be
 Mistress to Philareté
 And that lovely nymph, which he,
 In a pastoral poem famed,
 And *Fair Virtue* there hath named.

WITHER

A QUEEN OF ENGLISH SHEPHERDS

O'ER the smooth enamelled green
 Where no print of step hath been,

Follow me, as I sing
And touch the warbled string,

Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof,

Follow me.

I will bring you where she sits
Clad in splendour as befits

Her deity.

Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more

By sandy Ladon's liliated banks,

On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar

Trip no more in twilight ranks ;

Though Erymanth your loss deplore,

A better soil shall give ye thanks.

From the stony Mænalus

Bring your flocks, and live with us ;

Here ye shall have greater grace,

To serve the Lady of this place.

Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,

Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.

Such a rural Queen

All Arcadia hath not seen.

MILTON

MAY-DAY

GET up, get up for shame ! the blooming morn

Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair

Fresh-quilted colours through the air !

Get up, sweet slug-a-bed ! and see

The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you are not drest—
Nay, not so much as out of bed,
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair:
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come! and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green, and trimmed with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come! we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May;

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying.
But, my Corinna, come ! let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream ;
And some have wept and wooed and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth.
Many a green-gown has been given ;
Many a kiss, both odd and even ;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament ;
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks picked : yet we're not a-
Maying.

Come ! let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time ;
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun ;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again :
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come ! let's go a-Maying.

HERRICK

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE
(SHEPHERD—NYMPH—CHORUS)

Shep. THIS mossy bank they pressed. *Nym.* That
aged oak

Did canopy the happy pair
All night from the damp air.

Cho. Here let us sit, and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day breaking their embraces broke.

Shep. See, Love, the blushes of the morn appear,
And now she hangs her pearly store,
Robbed from the eastern shore,
I' th' cowslip's bell and roses rare ;
Sweet, I must stay no longer here !

Nym. Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,
But show my sun must set ; no morn
Shall shine till thou return ;
The yellow planets and the grey
Dawn shall attend thee on thy way.

Shep. If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
Their useless shine. *Nym.* My tears will
quite
Extinguish their faint light.

Shep. Those drops will make their beams more clear,
Love's flames will shine in every tear.

Cho. They kissed and wept, and from their lips and
eyes,
In a mixed dew, of briny sweet
Their joys and sorrows meet ;
But she cries out :—*Nym.* Shepherd, arise,
The sun betrays us else to spies.

Shep. The winged hours fly fast whilst we embrace,
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.

Nym. Then let us pinion time, and chase
The day for ever from this place.

Shep. Hark! *Nym.* Ay me! stay! *Shep.* For ever:
Nym. No! arise!

We must be gone! *Shep.* My nest of spice!

Nym. My soul! *Shep.* My Paradise!

Cho. Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes
Grief interrupted speech with tears' supplies.

CAREW

CLORINDA AND DAMON

Clorinda

DAMON! come drive thy flocks this way!

Damon

No! 'Tis too late they went astray.

Clorinda

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

Damon

Grass withers and the flowers too fade.

Clorinda

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

Damon

That den?

Clorinda

Love's shrine.

Damon

But virtue's grave.

Clorinda

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

Damon

Not heaven's eye.

Clorinda

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

Damon

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

Clorinda

What is't you mean?

Damon

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

Clorinda

And what late change?

Damon

The other day

Pan met me.

Clorinda

What did great Pan say?

Damon

Words that transcend poor shepherd's skill.
But he e'er since my songs does fill,
And his name swells my slender oar.

Clorinda

Sweet must Pan sound in Damon's note

Damon

Clorinda's voice might make it sweet.

Clorinda

Who would not in Pan's praises meet?

Chorus

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

MARVELL

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THYRSIS
AND DORINDA

Dorinda

When death shall snatch us from these kids
And shut up our divided lids,
Tell me, Thyrsis, prithee do,
Whither thou and I must go.

Thyrsis

To the Elisium.

D. O where is 't?

- T.* A chaste soul can never miss 't.
D. I know no way but one; our home
Is our Elisium?

- T.* Cast thine eye to yonder sky,
There the milky way doth lie ;
'Tis a sure but rugged way
That leads to everlasting day.
- D.* There birds may nest, but how can I,
That have no wings and cannot fly ?
- T.* Do not sigh, fair nymph. For fire
Hath no wings, yet doth aspire
Till it hit against the pole.
Heaven 's the centre of the soul.
- D.* But in Elisium how do they
Pass eternity away ?
- T.* O, there 's neither hope nor fear,
There 's no wolf, no fox, no bear,
No need of dog to fetch our stray,
Our Lightfoot we may give away.
And there most sweetly, thine ear
May feast with music of the sphere.
- D.* How I my future state
By silent thinking antedate.
I prithee let 's spend our time, come,
In talking of Elisium.
- T.* Then I 'll go on : There sheep are full
Of softest grass, and softest wool ;
There birds sing concerts, garlands grow,
Cold winds do whisper, springs do flow.
There always is a rising sun,
And day is ever but begun.
Shepherds there bear equal sway,
And every nymph 's a Queen of May.
- D.* Ah me ! ah me !
- T.* Dorinda, why dost cry ?
- D.* I 'm sick, I 'm sick, and fain would die.
Convince't me now that this is true,
By bidding with me all adieu.

- T.* I cannot live without thee, I
Will for thee, much more with thee, die.
- D.* Then let us give Corellia charge o' th' sheep,
And thou and I'll pluck poppies, and them steep
In wine, and drink on't even till we weep,
So shall we smoothly pass away in sleep.

MARVELL.

ECLOGUE

(A MAN—A WOMAN—SIR ROGER)

Man.

BUT whither, fair Maid, do ye go?
O where do ye bend your way?
I will know whither you go,
I will not be answered nay.

Woman

To Robin and Nell, all down in the dell.
To help them at making of hay.

Man

Sir Roger the parson hath hired me there;
Come, come, let us trip it away:
We'll work, and we'll sing, and we'll drink of
strong beer,
As long as the merry summer's day.

Woman

How hard is my doom to wurch!¹
Great is my woe!
Dame Agnes who lies in the church
With birlet² gold
With gilded aumeres,³ strong, untold,
What was she more than me, to be so?

¹ Work.² Coif.³ Borders

Man

I ken Sir Roger from afar,
 Tripping over the lea ;
 I will ask why the lordës son
 Is more than me.

Sir Roger

The sultry sun doth hie¹ apace his wain,
 From every beam a seed of life doth fall.
 Quickly heap up the hay upon the plain,
 Methinks the cocks beginneth to grow tall.
 This is aye like our doom ; the great, the small,
 Must wither and be forwinëd² by death's dart.
 See, the sweet floweret hath no sweet at all ;
 It with the rank weed beareth equal part.
 The craven, warrior, and the wise be blent,
 Alike to dry away with those they did lament.

Man

All-a-boon, Sir Priest, all-a-boon !
 By your priestship now say unto me ;
 Sir Gaufrid the knight, who liveth hard by,
 Why should he than me be more great,
 In honour, knighthood, and estate ?

Sir Roger

Attun thine eye around this hayëd lea,
 Attentively look o'er the sun-parched dell,
 An answer to thy barganet³ here see ;
 This withered floweret will a lesson tell ;
 It rose, it blew, it flourished, it did well,
 Looking askance upon the neighbour green,
 Yet with the 'dained⁴ green its glory fell,
 Eftsoons it shrank upon the day-burnt plain,

¹ Hasten. ² Withered. ³ Ballad. ⁴ Disdained,

Did not its look, whilst it there did stand,
 To crop it in the bud move some dread hand.
 Such is the way of life ; the loverd's ente¹
 Moveth the robber him therefor to slee ;
 If thou hast ease, the shadow of content,
 Believe the truth, there's none more hale than thee.
 Thou workest : well, can that a trouble be ?
 Sloth more would jade thee than the roughest day.
 Couldst thou the kivercle² of soules see
 Thou wouldst eftsoons see truth in what I say.
 But let me hear thy way of life, and then
 Hear thou from me the lives of other men.

Man

I rise with the sun,
 Like him to drive the wain,
 And ere my work is done
 I sing a song or twain.
 I follow the plough-tail
 With a long jub³ of ale.
 On every saint's high-day
 With the minstrel I am seen,
 All a-footing it away
 With maidens on the green.
 But oh, I wish to be more great
 In glory, tenure, and estate.

Sir Roger

Hast thou not seen a tree upon a hill,
 Whose boundless branches reachen far to sight ?
 When furiéd tempests do the heaven fill,
 It shaketh dire, in dole and much affright ;
 Whilst the poor lowly floweret, humbly dight,
 Standeth unhurt, unquashéd by the storm.
 Such is a pict're of life ; the man of might

¹ Lord's purse.

² Covered part.

³ Bottle.

Is tempest-chafed, his woe great as his form :
Thyself, a floweret of a small account,
Wouldst harder feel the wind, as thou didst higher
mount.

CHATTERTON

FÆSULAN IDYL

HERE, when precipitate Spring with one light bound
Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires ;
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
Soft airs, that want the lute to play with them,
And softer sighs, that know not what they want ;
Under a wall, beneath an orange tree
Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones
Of sights in Fiesole right up above,
While I was gazing a few paces off
At what they seemed to show me with their nods,
Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,
A gentle maid came down the garden steps
And gathered the pure treasure in her lap.
I heard the branches rustle, and stept forth
To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat,
(Such I believed it must be) ; for sweet scents
Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts,
And nurse and pillow the dull memory
That would let drop without them her best stores.
They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
Whene'er their genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose ; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproacht me ; the ever sacred cup

Of the pure lily hath between my hands
 Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.
 I saw the light that made the glossy leaves
 More glossy ; the fair arm, the fairer cheek
 Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit ;
 I saw the foot, that although half-erect
 From its grey slippers, could not lift her up
 To what she wanted ; I held down a branch,
 And gathered her some blossoms, since their hour
 Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies
 Of harder wing were working their way through
 And scattering them in fragments under foot.
 So crisp were some, they rattled unevolved,
 Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
 Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,
 And like snow not seen through, by eye or sun ;
 Yet every one her gown received from me
 Was fairer than the first ; . . . I thought not so,
 But so she praised them to reward my care.
 I said : *You find the largest.*

This, indeed,

Cried she, *is large and sweet.*

She held one forth,

Whether for me to look at or to take
 She knew not, nor did I ; but taking it
 Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubts,
 I dared not touch it ; for it seemed a part
 Of her own self ; fresh, full, the most mature
 Of blossoms, yet a blossom ; with a touch
 To fall, and yet unfallen.

She drew back

The boon she tendered, and then, finding not
 The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
 Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

LANDOR

EVENING SONG

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is,
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads :
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground ;
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom :
Therefore, from such danger lock
Every one his lovèd flock ;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away ;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease ;
Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the other eye doth sleep ;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eyelids ! So, farewell !
Thus I end my evening's knell.

FLETCHER

DEATH

*Death with most grim and grisly visage seen,—
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath.*

Spenser

*Men must endure
Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither.*

Shakespeare

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate :
Death lays his icy hand on kings,
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still ;
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds !
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb.
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

SHIRLEY

THE FEAR OF DEATH

COWARDS die many times before their deaths ;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come when it will come.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling region of thick-ribbèd ice ;
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst
 Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
 Imagine howling !—'tis too horrible !
 The weariest and most loathèd worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

SHAKESPEARE

THOUGHTS ON DEATH

From an Elegy on Mrs. Elizabeth Drury.

THINK then, my soul, that death is but a groom,
 Which brings a taper to the outward room,
 Whence thou spy'st first a little glimmering light,
 And after brings it nearer to thy sight :
 For such approaches doth Heav'n make in death :
 Think thyself labouring now with broken breath,

And think those broken and soft notes to be
Division, and thy happiest harmony.
Think that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more
But that, as bells called thee to church before,
So this to the triumphant church calls thee.
Think these things cheerfully, and if thou be
Drowsy or slack, remember then that she,
She hath taught us, that though a good man hath
Title to heaven, and plead it by his faith,
And though he may pretend a conquest, since
Heaven was content to suffer violence :
Yea, though he plead a long possession too,
For they're in Heaven on Earth, who Heaven's works
do ;

Though he had right and power and place before,
Yet Death must usher and unlock the door.
This must, my soul, thy long-short progress be
To advance these thoughts ; remember then that she,
She, whose fair body no such prison was
But that a soul might well be pleased to pass
An age in her : she, whose rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for so much as they were like to her ;
She in whose body (if we dare prefer
This low world to so high a mark as she)
The western treasure, eastern spicery,
Europe and Afric and the unknown rest
Were easily found or what in them was best ;
She, of whose soul if we may say 'twas gold,
Her body was th' electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that ; we understood
Her by her sight ; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say, her body thought ;
She, she thus richly and largely housed, is gone,
And chides us, slow-paced snails, who crawl upon

Our prison's prison, Earth, nor think us well
 Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell.
 But 'twere but little to have changed our room
 If as we were in this our living tomb
 Oppressed with ignorance, we still were so.
 Poor soul, in this thy flesh what dost thou know?
 And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats
 To know but catechisms and alphabets
 Of unconcerning things, matters of fact;
 How others on our stage their parts did act:
 What Cæsar did, yea, or what Cicero said.
 Why grass is green, or why our blood is red,
 Are mysteries which none have reached unto;
 In this low form, poor soul, what wilt thou do?
 Oh, when wilt thou shake off this pedantry
 Of being taught by sense and fantasy?
 Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seem
 great
 Below; but up into the watch-tower get,
 And see all things despoiled of fallacies:
 Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
 Nor hear through labyrinths of ears, nor learn
 By circuit or collections to discern:
 In Heaven thou straight know'st all concerning it,
 And what concerns it not shalt straight forget.

DONNE

A LAMENT

IN TIME OF PLAGUE

ADIEU, farewell earth's bliss,
 This world uncertain is:
 Fond are life's lustful joys,
 Death proves them all but toys.

None from his darts can fly :
I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us !

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health ;
Physic himself must fade ;
All things to end are made ;
The plague full swift goes by ;
I am sick, I must die !

Lord, have mercy on us !

Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour :
Brightness falls from the air ;
Queens have died young and fair
Dust hath closed Helen's eye :
I am sick, I must die !

Lord, have mercy on us !

Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave :
Swords may not fight with fate :
Earth still holds ope her gate.
Come, come, the bells do cry ;
I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us !

Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness :
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply :
I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us !

NASH

ELEGIES

ON GEORGE TALBOT, ESQ.

LET me contemplate thee (fair soul), and though
I cannot track the way which thou didst go
In thy celestial journey ; and my heart
Expansion wants, to think what now thou art,
How bright and wide thy glories ; yet I may
Remember thee as thou wert in thy clay.

Sad midnight whispers with a greedy ear
I catch from lonely graves, in hope to hear
News from the dead, nor can pale visions fright
His eye, who since thy death feels no delight
In man's acquaintance. Mem'ry of thy fate
Doth in me a sublimer soul create.
And now my sorrow follows thee, I tread
The milky way, and see the snowy head
Of Atlas far below, while all the high
Swoln buildings seem but atoms to my eye.

How small seems greatness here ! How not a span
His empire who commands the ocean.
Both that which boasts so much its mighty ore,
And th' other which with pearl hath paved its shore.
Nor can it greater seem, when this great All
For which men quarrel so is but a ball
Cast down into the air to sport the stars ;
And all our general ruins, mortal wars,
Depopulated states, caused by their sway ;
And man's so reverend wisdom but their play.

Chaste as the nun's first vow, as fairly bright
As when by death her soul shines in full light

Freed from the eclipse of earth, each word that came
From thee (dear Talbot) did beget a flame
T' enkindle virtue : which so fair by thee
Became, man—that blind mole—her face did see.
But now t' our eye she's lost, and if she dwell
Yet on the earth, she's coffin'd in the cell
Of some cold hermit, who so keeps her there
As if of her the old man jealous were.
Nor ever shows her beauty but to some
Carthusian, who even by his vow is dumb.
So 'mid the ice of the far northern sea
A star about the arctic circle may
Than ours yield clearer light, yet that but shal.
Serve at the frozen pilot's funeral.

HABINGTON

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HERVEY

It was a dismal and a fearful night
Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast
By something more like death possess.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? Ah, me ! too much I know.

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life to moan ?
O thou hast left me all alone !
Thy soul and body when death's agony
Besieged around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part
Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
 The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade,
 Or your sad branches thicker join,
 And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

Large was his soul ; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here ;
High as the place 'twas shortly in heav'n to have,
 But low, and humble as his grave ;
So high that all the virtues there did come
 As to their chiefest seat
 Conspicuous, and great ;
So low that for me too it made a room.

He scorned this busy world below, and all
That we, mistaken mortals, pleasure call ;
Was filled with innocent gallantry and truth,
 Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.
He like the stars, to which he now is gone,
 That shine with beams like flame,
 Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him knowledge had rather sought ;
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
 In such a short mortality.
When e'er the skilful youth discoursed or writ,
 Still did the notions throng
 About his eloquent tongue,
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget.
And when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
Retired and gave to them their due,
For the rich help of books he always took,
Though his own searching mind before
Was so with notions written o'er
As if wise nature had made that her book.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always lived, as other saints do die.
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he slept.
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unsullied with his journey of the day.

COWLEY

UPON THE DEATH OF SIR ALBERTUS
MORTON'S WIFE

HE first deceased ; she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.

WOTTON

ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse
SIDNEY'S sister, PEMBROKE'S mother ;
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

ON ELIZABETH L. H.

WOULDST thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die :
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth ;
The other, let it sleep in death,
Fitter where it died to tell
Than that it lived at all. Farewell !

ON SALATHIEL PAVY

A child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel

WEEP with me, all you that read
This little story ;
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.
Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When Fates turned cruel,
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel ;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,

As, sooth, the Parcae thought him one,
He played so truly.
So, by error to his fate
They all consented ;
But viewing him since, alas, too late
They have repented ;
And have sought to give new birth
In baths to steep him ;
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

JONSON

ON HIS ROYAL PATRON

OF jet, or porphyry, or that white stone
Paros affords alone,
Or those in azure dye
Which seem to scorn the sky,
Here Memphis wonders do not set ;
Nor Artemisia's huge frame
That keeps so long her lover's name :
Make no great marble Atlas tremble with gold
To please a vulgar eye that doth behold :
The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their tears
A crystal tomb to him through which his worth appears.

DRUMMOND

EPITAPH

THINK not, reader, me less blest
Sleeping in this narrow chest,
Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid.

If a rich tomb makes happy, then
That Bee was happier far than men
Who busy in the thymy wood
Was fettered by the golden flood,
Which from the amber-weeping tree
Distilleth down so plenteously ;
For so this little wanton elf
Most gloriously enshrined itself.
A tomb whose beauty might compare
With Cleopatra's sepulchre.

In this little bed my dust
Incurtained round I here intrust,
While my more pure and nobler part
Lies entombed in every heart.
Then pass on gently, ye that mourn,
Touch not this mine hallowed urn :
These ashes which do here remain
A vital tincture still retain ;
A seminal form within the deeps
Of this little chaos sleeps.
The thread of life untwisted is
Into its first consistencies ;
Infant nature cradled here
In its principles appear ;
This plant thus calcined into dust
In its ashes rest it must,
Until sweet Psyche shall inspire
A softening and prolific fire,
And in her fostering arms enfold
This heavy and this earthy mould.
Then as I am I'll be no more,
But bloom and blossom as before.
When this cold numbness shall retreat
By a more than chymick heat.

ANON.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS
OF WINCHESTER

This rich marble doth inter
The honoured wife of Winchester,
A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told : alas, too soon
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death
Yet had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.

Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
Quickly found a lover meet ;
The virgin quire for her request
The god that sits at marriage feast :
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce well-lighted flame ;
And in his garland, as he stood,
Ye might discern a cypress bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son.
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes :
But, whether by mischance or blame,
Atropos for Lucina came ;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoiled at once both fruit and tree ;

The hapless babe, before his birth,
Had burial, yet not laid in earth ;
And the languished mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.

So have I seen some tender slip
Saved with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Plucked up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flower
New shot up from vernal shower :
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Sideways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral.

Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have ;
After this thy travail sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That, to give the world increase,
Shortened hast thy own life's lease,
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon ;
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name ;
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in
glory,
Next her, much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian shepherdess
Who, after years of barrenness,
The highly favoured Joseph bore

To him that served for her before,
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light.

MILTON

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD WEST

IN vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire ;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join ;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire ;
These ears, alas ! for other notes repine ;
A different object do these eyes require ;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ,
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;
To warm their little loves the bird's complain ;
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

GRAY

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVET

A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC

CONDEMNED to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind,
Nor, lettered Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish poured his groan,
And lonely Want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride ;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then, with no fiery, throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

JOHNSON

LUCY

I

THREE years she grew in sun and shower ;
Then Nature said, ' A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown :
This child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse : and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.'

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

II

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove ;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye !
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, O !
The difference to me !

III

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal ;
I had no human fears ;
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;
She neither hears nor sees ;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees !

IV

I TRAVELLED among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea ;
Nor, England ! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time, for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire ;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed,
The bowers where Lucy played ;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

WORDSWORTH

THE voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key,
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day,

Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard or seen ;
But what I once enjoyed in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

WITHER

AH, what avails the sceptred race ?
Ah, what the form divine ?
What every virtue, every grace ?
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

LANDOR

WE watched her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

HOOD

ON AN INFANT DYING

AS SOON AS BORN

I SAW where in the shroud did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's work ;
A flow'ret crush'd in the bud,
A nameless piece of Babyhood,
Was in her cradle-coffin lying ;
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying :
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb !
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut
For the long dark : ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.
Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below ?
Shall we say, that Nature blind
Checked her hand, and changed her mind
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finished pattern without fault ?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lacked she the Promethean fire
(With her nine moons' long workings sickened)
That should thy little limbs have quickened ?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
Life of health, and days mature :
Woman's self in miniature !
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make Beauty by.

Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry
That babe or mother, one must die
So in mercy left the stock
And cut the branch ; to save the shock
Of young years widowed, and the pain
When single state comes back again
To the lone man who, rest of wife,
Thenceforward drags a maimèd life?
The economy of Heaven is dark,
And wisest clerks have missed the mark
Why human buds, like this, should fall
More brief than fly ephemeral
That has his day ; while shrivelled crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones ;
And crabbèd use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.
—Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss :
Rites, which custom does impose,
Silver bells, and baby's clothes ;
Coral redder than those lips
Which pale death did late eclipse ;
Music framed for infants' glee,
Whistle never tuned for thee ;
Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have
 them,
Loving hearts were they which gave them.
Let not one be missing ; nurse,
See them laid upon the hearse
Of infant slain by doom perverse.
Why should kings and nobles have
Pictured trophies to their grave,
And we, churls, to thee deny
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie—
A more harmless vanity.

LAMB

DIRGES

I

FULL fathom five thy father lies :
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange ;
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Hark ! now I hear them,—
Ding, dong, bell.

SHAKESPEARE

II

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm ;
But keep the wolf far thence, that 's foe to men,
For with his nails he 'll dig them up again.

WEBSTER

III

ALL the flowers of the Spring
Meet to perfume our burying :
These have but their growing prime
And man doth flourish but his time.
Survey our progress from our birth ;
We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.

Sweetest breath and clearest eye
(Like perfumes) go out and die.
And consequently this is done
As shadows wait upon the sun.

WEBSTER

IV

LAY a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew ;
Maidens, willow branches bear ;
Say I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

V

GLIDE soft, ye silver floods,
And every spring :
Within the shady woods
Let no bird sing !
Nor from the grove a turtle dove
Be seen to couple with her love ;
But silence on each dale and mountain dwell,
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

But of great Thetis' train
Ye mermaids fair,
That on the shores do plain
Your sea-green hair,
As ye in trammels knit your locks
Weep ye ; and so enforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs through the broad shores tell
How Willy bade his friend and joy farewell.

Cease, cease, ye murmuring winds,
 'To move a wave ;
But if with troubled minds
 You seek his grave,
Know 'tis as various as yourselves,
Now in the deep, then on the shelves,
His coffin tossed by fish and surges fell,
Whilst Willy weeps and bids all joy farewell.

Had he, Arion-like,
 Been judged to drown,
He on his lute could strike
 So rare a sown,
A thousand dolphins would have come,
And jointly strove to bring him home.
But he on shipboard died, by sickness fell,
Since when his Willy bade all joy farewell.

Great Neptune, hear a swain !
 His coffin take,
And with a golden chain
 (For pity) make
It fast unto a rock near land !
Where ev'ry calmy morn I'll stand,
And ere one sheep out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell.

BROWNE

VI

O SING unto my roundelay,
 O drop the briny tear with me ;
Dance no more at holyday,
 Like a running river be :
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his locks as the winter night,
White his rode¹ as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below :
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout ;
O ! he lies by the willow-tree :
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing
In the briered dell below ;
Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the night-mares as they go :
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

See ! the white moon shines on high ;
Whiter is my true love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud :
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Here upon my true love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid,

¹ Skin.

Not one holy Saint to save
 All the coldness of a maid :
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll dent ¹ the briers
 Round his holy corse to gree ² ;
 Ouph and fairy, light your fires—
 Here my body still shall be :
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
 Drain my heart's blood away ;
 Life and all its goods I scorn,
 Dance by night, or feast by day :
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

CHATTERTON

LAMENT FOR ASTROPHEL

WOODS, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,
 Sith he is gone, the which them all did grace ;
 And all the fields do wail their widow state,
 Sith death their fairest flower did late deface :
 The fairest flower in field that ever grew
 Was Astrophel ; that ' was ' we all may rue.

¹ Fasten.

² Grow.

What cruel hand of cursèd foe unknown
Hath cropt the stalk which bore so fair a flower
Untimely cropt, before it well were grown,
And clean defacèd in untimely hour ;
Great loss to all that ever him did see,
Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me.

Break now your girlonds, O ye shepherds' lasses !
Sith the fair flower which them adorned is gone ;
The flower which them adorned is gone to ashes,
Never again let lass put girland on :
Instead of girland wear sad cypress now,
And bitter elder broken from the bough.

Ne ever sing the love-lays which he made ;
Who ever made such lays of love as he ?
Ne ever read the riddles which he said
Unto yourselves to make you merry glee :
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,
Your merry maker now, alas ! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all world's delight,
Hath robbèd you, and reft fro me my joy ;
Both you and me, and all the world, he quite
Hath robbed of joyance, and left sad annoy.
Joy of the world, and shepherds' pride, was he ;
Shepherds, hope never like again to see.

O Death ! thou hast us of such riches reft,
Tell us at least, what hast thou with it done ?
What is become of him whose flower here left
Is but the shadow of his likeness gone ?
Scarce like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pass.

But that immortal spirit, which was decked
With all the dowries of celestial grace,

By sovereign choice from th' heavenly quiet select,
And lineally derived from angels' race,
O what is now of it become? aread :
Aye me ! can so divine a thing be dead ?

Ah ! no : it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aye in blissful paradise,
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie
In bed of lilies wrapt in tender wise,
And compassed all about with roses sweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds, all of celestial brood,
To him do sweetly carol day and night,
And with strange notes, of him well understood,
Lull him asleep in angelic delight ;
Whilst in sweet dream to him presented be
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their divine aspects, appearing plain,
And kindling love in him above all measure ;
Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling pain :
For what so goodly form he there doth see
He may enjoy, from jealous rancour free.

There liveth he in everlasting bliss,
Sweet Spirit ! never fearing more to die,
Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,
Ne fearing savage beasts' more cruelty,
Whilst we here wretches wail his private lack,
And with vain vows do often call him back.

But live thou there still, happy, happy Spirit !
And give us leave thee here thus to lament ;

Not thee that dost thy heaven's joy inherit,
 But our own selves, that here in dole are drent.
 Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our eyes,
 Mourning in others our own miseries.

LADY PEMBROKE

LYCIDAS

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude ;
 And, with forced fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year :
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due :
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse :
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destined urn ;
 And, as he passes, turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard
 What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,

Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering
wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute ;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
And old Damætas loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return !
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wi'd thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn :

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless
deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream :
Ay me ! I fondly dream !
Had ye been there—for what could that have
done ?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,

His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise'
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds!
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle
swain?

And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakèd promontory:
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,

That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed ;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
' Ah ! Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?'
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake ;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :
' How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to
hold

A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said :
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely looks ;
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise ;
Ay me ! Whilst thee the shores and sounding
 seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold ;
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth :
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,

Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walked the waves ;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey ;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay :
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

MILTON

COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD LOST
HIS LOVE

WHAT needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
Of saints ?

In endless mirth,
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth.
She sees no tears,
Or any tone
Of thy deep groan
She hears :
Nor does she mind,
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind ;
But changed above,
She likes not there,
As she did here
Thy love.
Forbear therefore,
And lull asleep
Thy woes, and weep
No more.

HERRICK

A DREAM OF IMMORTALITY

I LAY as dead, but scarce chained were my cares
And slakèd scarce my sighs, scarce dried my tears,
Sleep scarce the ugly figures of the day
Had with his sable pencil put away,
And left me in a still and calmy mood,
When by my bed methought a virgin stood,
A virgin in the blooming of her prime
If such rare beauty measured be by time.
Her head a garland wore of opals bright,
About her flowed a gown as pure as light,

Dear amber locks gave umbrage to her face
Where modesty high majesty did grace ;
Her eyes such beams sent forth that but with pain
Here weaker sights their sparkling could sustain.
No deity feigned which haunts the silent woods
Is like to her, nor siren of the floods ;
Such is the golden planet of the year,
When blushing in the East he doth appear.
Her grace did beauty, voice yet grace did pass,
Which thus through pearls and rubies broken was.

' How long wilt thou, said she, estranged from
joy,

Paint shadows to thyself of false annoy ?
How long thy mind with horrid shapes affright
And in imaginary ills delight ;
Esteem that loss which, well when viewed, is gain,
Or if a loss, yet not a loss to plain ?
O leave thy tired soul more to molest,
And think that woe when shortest then is best.
If she for whom thou deafnest thus the sky
Be dead, what then ? Was she not born to die ?
Was she not mortal born ? If thou dost grieve
That times should be in which she should not live,
Ere e'er she was weep that day's wheel was rolled.

But why wouldst thou here longer wish to be ?
One year doth serve all nature's pomp to see,
Nay, even one day and night : this moon, that
sun,

' Those lesser fires about this round which run,
Be but the same which, under Saturn's reign,
Did the serpentine seasons interchain :
How oft doth life grow less by living long ?
And what excelleth but what dieth young ?
For age, which all abhor, yet would embrace,
Whiles makes the mind as wrinkled as the face ;

And when that destinies conspire with worth,
'That years not glory wrong, life soon goes forth.

But what if she for whom thou spend'st those
groans,

And wastest life's dear torch in ruthless moans,
She for whose sake thou hat'st the joyful light,
Court'st solitary shades, and irksome night,
Doth live? Oh! if thou canst, through tears, a
space

Lift thy dimmed lights, and look upon this face,
Look if those eyes, which, fool, thou didst adore,
Shine not more light than they were wont before ;
Look if those roses death could aught impair,
Those roses to thee once which seemed so fair ;
And if those locks have lost aught of that gold,
Which erst they had when thou them didst behold.
I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,
And still shalt be, till thou be like me made.

Above this vast and admirable frame,
This temple visible which world we name,
There is a world, a world of perfect bliss,
Pure, immaterial, bright, more far from this
Than that high circle, which the rest enspheres,
Is from this dull ignoble vale of tears ;
A world, where all is found, that here is found,
But further discrepant than heaven and ground.
It hath an earth, as hath this world of yours,
With creatures peopled, stored with trees and flowers ;
It hath a sea, like sapphire girdle cast,
Which decketh of harmonious shores the waist ;
It hath pure fire, it hath delicious air,
Moon, sun, and stars, heavens wonderfully fair ;
But there flowers do not fade, trees grow not old,
The creatures do not die through heat nor cold ;
Sea there not tossèd is, nor air made black,
Fire doth not nurse itself on others' wrack ;

There heavens be not constrained about to range,
For this world hath no need of any change ;
The minutes grow not hours, hours rise not days,
Days make no months, but ever-blooming Mays.

Here I remain, but hitherward do tend
All who their span of days in virtue spend :
Whatever pleasure this low place contains
It is a glance but of what high remains.
Those who perchance think there can nothing be
Without ¹ this wide expansion which they see
Feel such a case, as one whom some abime
Of the deep ocean kept had all his time ;
Who born and nourished there, can scarcely dream
That aught can live without ¹ that briny stream ;
Cannot believe that there be temples, towers,
That go beyond his caves and dampish bowers,
Or there be other people, manners, laws
Than them he finds within the roaring wawes ²
That sweeter flowers do spring than grow on rocks,
Or beasts be which excel the scaly flocks.
But think that man from those abimes were brought,
And saw what curious nature here hath wrought,
Did see the meads, the tall and shady woods,
The hills did see, the clear and ambling floods ;
The diverse shapes of beasts which kinds forth
bring.

The feathered troops that fly and sweetly sing :
Did see the palaces, the cities fair,
The form of human life, the fire, the air,
The brightness of the sun that dims his sight ;
The moon, the ghastly splendours of the night :
What uncouth rapture would his mind surprise !
How would he his late dear resort despise !
How would he muse how foolish he had been
To think nought be, but what he there had seen !

¹ Outside.

² Waves.

Why did we get this high and vast desire,
 Unto immortal things still to aspire?
 Why doth our mind extend it beyond time
 And to that highest happiness even climb,
 If we be nought but what to sense we seem,
 And dust, as most of worldlings us esteem?
 We be not made for earth, though here we come,
 More than the Embryon for the mother's womb;
 It weeps to be made free, and we complain
 To leave this loathsome gaol of care and pain.'

Here did she pause, and with a mild aspect
 Did towards me those laming twins direct;
 The wonted rays I knew, and thrice essayed
 To answer make, thrice falt'ring tongue it stayed:
 And while upon that face I fed my sight,
 Methought she vanished up in Titan's light,
 Who gilding with his rays each hill and plain,
 Seemed to have brought the goldsmith's world again.

DRUMMOND

LINES ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

MORTALITY, behold and fear!
 What a change of flesh is here!
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within this heap of stones;
 Here they lie had realms and lands,
 Who now want strength to stir their hands;
 Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
 They preach, 'In greatness is no trust.'
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest royall'st seed
 That the earth did e'er suck in,
 Since the first man died for sin;

Here the bones of birth have cried,
'Though gods they were, as men they died ;'
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings ;
Here's a world of pomp and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

BEAUMONT

GLEN ALMAIN

OR THE NARROW GLEN

IN this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian, in the Narrow Glen ;
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one :
He sang of battles, and the breath
Of stormy war, and violent death ;
And should, methinks, when all was past,
Have rightfully been laid at last
Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent
As by a spirit turbulent ;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And everything unreconciled ;
In some complaining, dim retreat
For fear and melancholy meet ;
But this is calm ; there cannot be
A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed ?
Or is it but a groundless creed ?
What matters it ? I blame them not
Whose fancy in this lonely spot
Was moved ; and in such way expressed
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A convent, even a hermit's cell,
Would break the silence of this dell ;

It is not quiet, is not ease ;
But something deeper far than these
The separation that is here
Is of the grave ; and of austere
Yet happy feelings of the dead :
And therefore was it rightly said
That Ossian, last of all his race,
Lies buried in this lonely place.

WORDSWORTH

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ,
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour ;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
 vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre ;

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,

With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered
Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ;

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies would he rove ;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

'One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

'The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
He gave to misery, all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven, 'twas all he wished, a
friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY

RELIGION

*Every man has business and desire,
Such as it is ; and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.*

Shakespeare

MORNING HYMN

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in Heaven,
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou
- fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now flit'st,
With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that flies ;
And ye, five other wandering Fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and, ye Elements, the eldest birth

Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix
And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and, wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls : Ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, Universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark !

MILTON

ON A DROP OF DEW

SEE how the orient dew
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,

(Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,)
Round in itself incloses :
And in its little globe's extent
Frames as it can its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight
Scarce touching where it lies,
But gazing back upon the skies
Shines with a mournful light ;
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.

Restless it rolls and unsecure
Trembling lest it grow impure :
Till the warm sun pity its pain,
And to the skies exhale it back again.
So the soul, that drop, that ray
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Rememb'ring still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green ;
And recollecting its own light
Does in its pure and circling thoughts express
The greater heaven in an heaven less.

In how coy a figure wound
Every way it turns away :
So the world excluding round
Yet receiving in the day :
Dark beneath, but bright above :
Here disdaining, there in love.
How loose and easy hence to go,
How girt and ready to ascend.
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.

Such did the Manna's sacred dew distil ;
 White and entire though congealed and chill ;
 Congealed on earth, but does dissolving run
 Into the glories of th' Almighty Sun.

MARVELL

MATINS

I CANNOT ope mine eyes
 But thou art ready there to catch
 My morning soul and sacrifice :
 Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart ?
 Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
 Or star, or rainbow, or a part
 Of all these things, or all of them in one ?

My God, what is a heart,
 That thou should'st it so eye and woo,
 Pouring upon it all thy art,
 As if that thou hadst nothing else to do ?

Indeed man's whole estate
 Amounts (and richly) to serve thee :
 He did not heaven and earth create,
 Yet studies them, not Him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know ;
 That this new light which now I see,
 May both the work and workman show ;
 Then by a sun-beam I will climb to thee.

HERBERT

WALK with thy fellow-creatures : note the hush
 And whispers amongst them. There's not a spring

Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
And oak doth know I AM— Canst thou not sing?

O leave thy cares and follies I go this way.

And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

VAUGHAN

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM

WHEN I survey the bright

Celestial sphere :

So rich with jewels hung, that night

Doth like an Æthiop bride appear

My soul her wings doth spread

And heavenward flies,

Th' Almighty's mysteries to read

In the large volumes of the skies

For the bright firmament

Shoots forth no flame

So silent, but is eloquent

In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star

Contracts its light

Into so small a character

Removed far from our human sight,

But if we stedfast look

We shall discern

In it as in some holy book,

How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror

That far-stretcht power

Which his proud dangers traffic for,

Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the farthest North
 Some nation may
 Yet undiscovered issue forth
 And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation yet shut in
 With hills of ice
 May be let out to scourge his sin,
 Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
 Their ruin have,
 For as your selves your empires fall,
 And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
 Though seeming mute,
 The fallacy of our desires
 And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watched since first
 The world had birth :
 And found sin in itself accurst,
 And nothing permanent on earth.

HABINGTON

ETENIM RES CREATÆ EXERTO CAPITE
 OBSERVANTES EXPECTANT REVELATIONEM
 FILIORUM DEI—(Rom. viii. 19)

AND do they so? have they a sense
 Of aught but influence?
 Can they their heads lift, and expect,
 And groan too? Why, the Elect
 Can do no more : my volumes said
 They were all dull and dead ;

They judged them senseless and their state
Wholly inanimate.
Go, go ; seal up thy looks
And burn thy books !

I would I were a stone, or tree,
Or flower, by pedigree,
Or some poor highway-herb, or spring
To flow, or bird to sing !
Then should I tied to one sure state
All day expect my date ;
But I am sadly loose and stray
A giddy blast each way ;
O let me not thus range !
Thou canst not change.

VAUGHAN

AN ODE

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
 What though no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?—
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 ' The hand that made us is divine.'

ADDISON

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
 That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph, that adores and burns :
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

POPE

' GOD'S PROVIDENCE

MANY are the sayings of the wise,
 In ancient and in modern books enrolled,
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude ;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to man's frail life,

Consolatories writ

With studied argument, and much persuasion
sought

Lenient of grief and anxious thought :

But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound

Little prevails, or rather seems a tune

Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint ;

Unless he feel within

Some source of consolation from above,

Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,

And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers ! what is man,

That thou towards him with hand so various,

Or might I say contrarious,

Temper'st thy providence through his short
course

Not evenly, as thou rul'st

The angelic orders, and inferior creatures
mute,

Irrational and brute ?

Nor do I name of men the common rout,

That, wandering loose about,

Grow up and perish, as the summer-fly.

Heads without name, no more remembered ;

But such as thou hast solemnly elected,

With gifts and graces eminently adorned,

To some great work, thy glory,

And people's safety, which in part they effect :

Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft,

Amidst their highth of noon,

Changest thy countenance, and thy hand, with
no regard

Of highest favours past

From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit

To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal,

But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt
 them high ;
 Unseemly falls in human eye,
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission ;
 Oft leavest them to the hostile sword
 Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived ;
 Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
 And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.
 If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
 Painful diseases and deformed,
 In crude old age ;
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
 The punishment of dissolute days : in fine,
 Just, or unjust, alike seem miserable,
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

*

Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to men,
 Unless there be, who think not God at all :
 If any be, they walk obscure ;
 For of such doctrine never was there school,
 But the heart of the fool,
 And no man therein doctor but himself.

*

All is best, though we oft doubt
 What the unsearchable dispose
 Of highest Wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close.

MILTON

O YOUNGĖ freshĖ folkĖs, he or she,
 In which that love upgroweth with your age,
 Repaireth home from worldly vanity,

And of your heart upcasteth the visage
To thilke God, that after his image
You made, and thinketh all nis but a fair
This world that passeth soon, as flowres fair.

And loveth Him the which that, right for love,
Upon a cross, our soulés for to buy,
First starf¹ and rose, and sits in heaven above ;
For he nil falsen no wight, dare I say,
That will his heart all wholly on him lay ;
And since he best to love is, and most meek,
What needeth feigned lovés for to seek ?

CHAUCER

QUIA AMORE LANGUEO

IN a valley of this restless mind
I sought in mountain and in mead,
Trusting a true love for to find.
Upon an hill then took I heed ;
A voice I heard (and near I yede) ;
In great dolour complaining tho :
See, dear soul, how my sides bleed
Quia amore langueo.

Upon this hill I found a tree,
Under the tree a man sitting ;
From head to foot wounded was he,
His hearte blood I saw bleeding.
A seemly man to be a king.
A gracious face to look unto.
I asked why he had paining ;
[He said,] *Quia amore langueo.*

I am true love that false was never ;
My sister, man's soul, I loved her thus.

¹ Died.

² Went.

Because we would in no wise dis sever
 I left my kingdom glorious.
 I purveyed her a palace full precious :
 She fled, I followed, I loved her so
 That I suffered this pain piteous
Quia amore langueo.

My fair love and my spouse bright !
 I saved her fro beating, and she hath me bet ;
 I clothed her in grace and heavenly light,
 This bloody shirt she hath on me set ;
 For longing of love yet would I not let ;
 Sweete strokes are these : lo !
 I have loved her ever as I her het
Quia amore langueo.

I crowned her with bliss and she me with thorn ;
 I led her to chamber and she me to die ;
 I brought her to worship and she me to scorn ;
 I did her reverence and she me villany.
 To love that loveth is no maistry ;
 Her hate made never my love her foe—
 Ask me then no question why—
Quia amore langueo.

Look unto mine handes, man !
 These gloves were given me when I her sought ;
 They be not white, but red and wan ;
 Embroidered with blood my spouse them brought ;
 They will not off, I loose them nought,
 I woo her with them wherever she go,
 These hands for her so friendly fought
Quia amore langueo.

Marvel not, man, though I sit still :
 See, love hath shod me wonder strait,

¹ Promised.

Buckled my feet, as was her will
 With sharp nails (well thou mayest wait !)
 In my love was never desait,
 All my members I have opened her to ;
 My body I made her heart's bait ¹
Quia amore langueo.

In my side I have made her nest ;
 Look in, how wide a wound is here !
 'This is her chamber, here shall she rest,
 'That she and I may sleep in fere. ²
 Here may she wash, if any filth were,
 Here is succour for all her woe ;
 Come when she will she shall have cheer
Quia amore langueo.

I will abide till she be ready,
 I will her sue or she say nay ;
 If she be retchless I will be greedy,
 If she be dangerous I will her pray ;
 If she do weep, then bide I ne may :
 Mine arms been spread to clip her me to
 Cry once, I come : now, soul, assay
Quia amore langueo.

Fair love, let us go play :
 Apples been ripe in my gardine.
 I shall thee clothe in a new array,
 Thy meat shall be milk, honey, and wine.
 Fair love, let us go dine :
 Thy sustenance is in my scrip, lo !
 Tarry not now, my fair spouse mine,
Quia amore langueo.

If thou be foul I shall thee make clean,
 If thou be sick I shall thee heal,
 If thou mourn ought I shall thee mene ; ³
 Spouse, why wilt thou not with me deal ?

¹ Resting-place

² Together.

³ Care for

Foundest thou ever love so leal?
 What wilt thou, soul, that I shall do?
 I may not unkindly thee appeal
Quia amore languo.

What shall I do now with my spouse
 But abide her of my gentleness,
 Till that she look out of her house
 Of fleshly affection? love mine she is;
 Her bed is made, her bolster is bliss,
 Her chamber is chosen; is there none mo.
 Look out at the window of kindness
Quia amore languo.

My love is in her chamber: hold your peace!
 Make no noise, but let her sleep.
 My babe shall suffer no disease,
 I may not hear my dear child weep.
 With my pap I shall her keep,
 Ne marvel ye not though I tend her to:
 This hole in my side had never been so deep.
 But *quia amore languo.*

Long and love thou never so high,
 My love is more than thine may be.
 Thou gladdest, thou weapest, I sit thee by:
 Yet wouldst thou once, love, look at me!
 Should I always feede thee
 With children's meat? nay, love, not so!
 I will prove thy love with adversity,
Quia amore languo.

Wax not weary, mine own wife!
 What meed is aye to live in comfort?
 In tribulation I reign more rife
 Ofter times than in disport

In weal and in woe I am aye to support ;
Mine own wife, go not me fro I
Thy meed is marked, when thou art mort :
Quia amore languo.

ANON.

THE BURNING BABE

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart
to glow,
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright did in the air appear,
Who scorched with excessive heat such floods of tears
did shed,
As though his floods should quench his flames which
with his tears were fed ;
Alas, quoth he, but newly born in fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire
but I !
My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding
thorns ;
Love is the fire and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame
and scorns ;
The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy b'ows the coals ;
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled
souls ;
For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to their
good,
So will I melt into a bath, to wash them in my blood.
With this he vanished out of sight, and swiftly shrunk
away ;
And straight I called unto mind, that it was Christmas
day.

SOUTHWELL

YET if His Majesty, our sovereign lord
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, ' I'll be your guest to-morrow night,'
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work ! ' Let no man idle stand.
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all ;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat,
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
'That without tapers they may give a light.
Look to the presence ; are the carpets spread,
The dais o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs ?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place.'
Thus if the king were coming would we do,
And 'twere good reason too ;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.
But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven :
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn,
We entertain him always like a stranger,
And as at first still lodge him in the manger.

ANON.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S
NATIVITY

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring ;
For so the holy sages once did sing,

That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside ; and, here with us to be,

Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God ?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now, while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,

Hath took no print of the approaching light.
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright ?

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet ;
Oh ! run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel choir,
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN

It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature in awe to him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathise ;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only, with speeches fair,
She woos the gentle air,
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
 She, crowned with olive green, came softly-sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around ;
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood ;
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame

The new enlightened world no more should need ;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axle-tree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortal finger strook ;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shame-faced Night arrayed ;
The helmèd Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music as ('tis said)
Before was never made,
 But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal Spheres !

Once bless our human ears

(If ye have power to touch our senses so),

And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time ;

And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow,

And with your ninefold harmony,

Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song

Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;

And speckled Vanity

Will sicken soon and die ;

And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;

And Hell itself will pass away,

And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then

Will down return to men,

Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,

Mercy will sit between,

Throned in celestial sheen,

With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering :

And Heaven, as at some festival,

Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says No,

This must not yet be so,

The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,

That on the bitter cross

Must redeem our loss,

So both himself and us to glorify ;

Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,

The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the
deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake ;
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; for from this happy day
The old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,

The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint,
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim

Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice battered god of Palestine;
And moonèd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thanmuz
mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain, with cymbals' ring,
They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue,
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen

In Memphian grove or green,

Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;

Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbreled anthemis dark
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine ;
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave ;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending ;
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending ;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

MILTON

GOOD FRIDAY

RIDING WESTWARD

HENCE is't that I am carried towards the west
This day, when my soul's form bends to the east ;
Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.

Who sees God's face, that is self-life, must die ;
What a death were it then to see God die ?
It made his own lieutenant, Nature, shrink ;
It made his footstool crack, and the sun wink.
Could I behold those hands which span the poles,
And tune all spheres at once, pierced with those
holes ?

Could I behold that endless height, which is
Zenith to us and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us ? or that blood, which is
The seat of all our souls, if not of his,
Made dirt of dust ? or that flesh, which was worn
By God for his apparel, ragged and torn ?
Though these things as I ride be from mine eye,
They're present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them ; and 'Thou look'st
towards me,

O Saviour, as 'Thou hang'st upon the tree.
I turn my back to thee, but to receive
Corrections ; till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O think me worth thine anger, punish me,
Burn off my rust, and my deformity ;
Restore thine image so much by thy grace,
That thou may'st know me, and I'll turn my face.

DONNE

EASTER DAY

SLEEP, sleep, old Sun, thou canst not have re-past
As yet the wound, thou took'st on Friday last ;
Sleep then, and rest : the world may bear thy stay,
A better Sun rose before thee to-day ;
Who, not content t' enlighten all that dwell
On the Earth's face as thou, enlightened Hell ;

And made the dark fires languish in that vale,
 As at thy presence here our fires grow pale :
 Whose body having walked on Earth, and now
 Hast'ning to Heav'n, would, that he might allow
 Himself unto all stations and fill all,
 For these three days become a mineral.
 He was all gold, when he lay down, but rose
 All tincture ; and doth not alone dispose
 Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
 Of pow'r to make ev'n sinful flesh like his.

DONNE

AWAKE, sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns ;
 Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth ;
 Unfold thy forehead gathered into frowns :
 Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth :
 Awake, awake ;
 And with a thankful heart his comforts take.

*I got me flowers to straw thy way ;
 I got me boughs off many a tree :
 But thou wast up by break of day,
 And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.*

HERBERT

THE SECOND ADVENT

AH, what time wilt thou come ? when shall
 that cry,
The Bridegroom's coming, fill the sky ?
 Shall it in the evening run
 When our words and works are done ?
 Or will thy all-surprising light
 Break at midnight ?
 Or shall these early fragrant hours
 Unlock thy bowers,

And with their blush of light descry
 Thy locks crowned with eternity?
 Indeed it is the only time
 That with thy glory doth best chime;
 All now are stirring, ev'ry field
 Full hymns doth yield;
 The whole creation shakes off night,
 And for thy shadow looks the light;
 Stars now vanish without number,
 Sleepy planets set and slumber,
 The pury clouds disband and scatter,
 All expect some sudden matter,
 Not one beam triumphs, but from far
 That morning star.

O at what time soever Thou
 Unknown to us the heavens wilt bow,
 And with thy Angels in the van
 Descend to judge poor careless man,
 Grant I may not like puddle lie
 In a corrupt security:
 Where if a traveller water crave
 He finds it dead, and in a grave.
 But as this restless vocal spring
 All day and night doth run and sing,
 And though here born, yet is acquainted
 Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted;
 So let me all my busy age
 In thy free services engage.

VAUGHAN

MAN'S MEDLEY

HARK, how the birds do sing,
 And woods do ring.

All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
 Yet if we rightly measure,
 Man's joy and pleasure
 Rather hereafter than in present is.
 To this life things of sense
 Make their pretence ;
 In th' other Angels have a right by birth ;
 Man ties them both alone
 And makes them one
 With th' one hand touching heaven, with th' other
 earth.
 But as his joys are double,
 So is his trouble ;
 He hath two winters, other things but one ;
 Both frosts and thoughts do nip,
 And bite his lip ;
 And he of all things fears two deaths alone.
 Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
 May be reliefs,
 Could he but take them right and in their ways
 Happy is he, whose heart
 Hath found the art
 To turn his double pains to double praise.

HERBERT

EMPLOYMENT

HE that is weary, let him sit.
 My soul would stir
 And trade in courtesies and wit,
 Quitting the fur
 To cold complexions needing it,
 Man is no star, but a quick coal
 Of mortal fire :

Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lest his own ashes choke his soul.

When th' elements did for place contest
With him, whose will
Ordained the highest to be best ;
The earth sat still,
And by the others is opprest.

Life is a business, not good cheer ;
Ever in wars.
The sun still shineth there or here,
Whereas the stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

Oh, that I were an orange-tree,
That busy plant !
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dressed me.

But we are still too young or old ;
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold :
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increase our cold.

HERBERT

THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by ;
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can :
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;
 Then beauty flowed ; then wisdom, honour,
 pleasure :
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
 Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness :
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast.

HERBERT

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS

AND is there care in heaven? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is : else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than beasts. But O, th' exceeding grace
 Of highest God that loves his creatures so
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succour us that succour want !
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The flitting skies, like flying Pursuivant
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant !

They for us fight, they watch and duly ward
And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;
And all for love and nothing for reward.
O why should heavenly God to man have such
regard ?

SPENSER

A HYMN TO THE NAME AND HONOUR
OF THE ADMIRABLE SAINT TERESA

LOVE, thou art absolute, sole Lord
Of life and death. To prove the word,
We'll now appeal to none of all
Those thy old soldiers, great and tall,
Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down
With strong arms their triumphant crown :
Such as could with lusty breath
Speak loud, unto the face of death,
Their great Lord's glorious name ; to none
Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne
For love at large to fill ; spare blood and sweat :
We'll see Him take a private seat,
And make His mansion in the mild
And milky soul of a soft child.

Scarce has she learnt to lisp a name
Of martyr, yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath
Which spent can buy so brave a death.
She never undertook to know
What death with love should have to do.
Nor has she e'er yet understood
Why, to show love, she should shed blood ;
Yet, though she cannot tell you why,
She can love, and she can die.

Scarce has she blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake ;
Yet has a heart dares hope to prove
How much less strong is death than love.

Since 'tis not to be had at home,
She'll travel for a martyrdom.
No home for her, confesses she,
But where she may a martyr be.
She'll to the Moors, and trade with them,
For this unvalued diadem ;
She offers them her dearest breath,
With Christ's name in 't, in change for death ;
She'll bargain with them, and will give
Them God, and teach them how to live
In Him ; or, if they this deny,
For Him she'll teach them how to die.
So shall she leave amongst them sown
Her Lord's blood, or at least her own.

Farewell then, all the world, adieu !
Teresa is no more for you.
Farewell all pleasures, sports, and joys,
Never till now esteemèd toys !
Farewell whatever dear may be,
Mother's arms, or father's knee !
Farewell house, and farewell home !
She's for the Moors and Martyrdom.

Sweet, not so fast ; lo ! thy fair spouse,
Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows,
Calls thee back, and bids thee come
T' embrace a milder martyrdom.

O, how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtle pain !

Of intolerable joys !
Of a death, in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again,
And would for ever so be slain ;
And lives and dies, and knows not why
To live, but that he still may die.
How kindly will thy gentle heart
Kiss the sweetly-killing dart !
And close in his embraces keep
Those delicious wounds, that weep
Balsam, to heal themselves with thus,
When these thy deaths, so numerous,
Shall all at once die into one,
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion ;
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted
By too hot a fire, and wasted
Into perfuming clouds, so fast
Shalt thou exhale to heaven at last
In a resolving sigh, and then,—
O, what? Ask not the tongues of men.

Angels cannot tell ; suffice,
Thyself shalt feel thine own full joys,
And hold them fast for ever there.
So soon as thou shalt first appear,
The moon of maiden stars, thy white
Mistress, attended by such bright
Souls as thy shining self, shall come,
And in her first ranks make thee room ;
Where, 'mongst her snowy family,
Immortal welcomes wait for thee.
O, what delight, when she shall stand
And teach thy lips heaven, with her hand,
On which thou now may'st to thy wishes
Heap up thy consecrated kisses.

What joy shall seize thy soul, when she,
Bending her blessed eyes on thee,
Those second smiles of heaven, shall dart
Her mild rays through thy melting heart !

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
All thy good works which went before,
And waited for thee at the door,
Shall own thee there ; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns, with which the king, thy spouse,
Shall build up thy triumphant brows.
All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains sit bright upon thee :
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
And thy sufferings be divine.
Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems.
Even thy deaths shall live ; and new
Dress the soul which late they slew.
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars
As keep account of the Lamb's wars.

Those rare works, where thou shalt leave writ
Love's noble history, with wit
Taught thee by none but Him, while here
They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.
Each heavenly word by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy brows ; and be
Both fire to us and flame to thee ;
Whose light shall live bright in thy face
By glory, in our hearts by grace.
Thou shalt look round about, and see
Thousands of crowned souls throng to be

Themselves thy crown, sons of thy vows,
 The virgin-births with which thy spouse
 Made fruitful thy fair soul ; go now,
 And with them all about thee bow
 To Him ; put on, He'll say, put on,
 My rosy love, that thy rich zone,
 Sparkling with the sacred flames
 Of thousand souls, whose happy names
 Heaven keeps upon thy score : thy bright
 Life brought them first to kiss the light
 That kindled them to stars ; and so
 Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go.
 And, wheresoe'er He sets His white
 Steps, walk with Him those ways of light.
 Which who in death would live to see,
 Must learn in life to die like thee.

CRASHAW

UPON THE BOOK AND PICTURE OF THE
 SERAPHICAL SAINT TERESA

From The Flaming Heart.

O THOU undaunted daughter of desires !
 By all thy dower of lights and fires ;
 By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;
 By all thy lives and deaths of love ;
 By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
 And by thy thirsts of love more large than they ;
 By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
 By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire ;
 By the full kingdom of that final kiss
 That seized thy parting soul, and sealed thee His ;
 By all the Heav'n thou hast in Him
 (Fair sister of the seraphim !)
 By all of Him we have in thee ;

Leave nothing of myself in me.
 Let me so read thy life, that I
 Unto all life of mine may die.

CRASHAW

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

BLEST pair of Syrens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;
 And to our high-raised phantasy present
 That undisturbèd song of pure concent,
 Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
 To Him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee ;
 Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row,
 Their loud up-lifted angel trumpets blow ;
 And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly :
 That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
 As once we did, till disproportioned sin
 Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O, may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
 To his celestial concert us unite
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

MILTON

CHURCH MUSIC

SWEETEST of sweets, I thank you : when displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure
A dainty lodging me assigned.

Now I in you without a body move,
Rising and falling with your wings :
We both together sweetly live and love,
Yet say sometimes, *God help poor kings.*

HERBERT

THE RETREAT

HAPPY those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy !
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestial thought,
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright face ;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity ;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense,
A sev'ral sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
 And tread again that ancient track !
 That I might once more reach that plain,
 Where first I left my glorious train ;
 From whence th' enlightened spirit sees
 That shady city of palm trees.
 But ah ! my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way !
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move ;
 And when this dust falls to the urn,
 In that state I came, return.

VAUGHAN

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
 My staff of faith to walk upon,
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
 My bottle of salvation,
 My gown of glory, hope's true gage ;
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer ;
 No other balm will there be given ;
 Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
 Travelleth towards the land of heaven :
 Over the silver mountains,
 Where spring the nectar fountains :
 There will I kiss
 The bowl of bliss ;
 And drink mine everlasting fill
 Upon every milken hill,
 My soul will be a-dry before ;
 But after, it will thirst no more.

RALEGH

WEIGHING the steadfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful clocks the noiseless date
And intercourse of times divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive, and
flowers,
Early as well as late,
Rise with the sun, and set in the same bowers ;

I would, said I, my God would give
The staidness of these things to man ! for these
To His divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace ;
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine,
The flowers without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never drest so fine.

Man hath still either toys or care :
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
But ever restless and irregular
About this earth doth run and ride.
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows
where ;
He says it is so far
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams ;
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes.
By some hid sense their Maker gave ;
Man is the shuttle to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

VAUGHAN

THE COLLAR

I STRUCK the board, and cried, No more ;
I will abroad.

What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free, free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.

Shall I be still in suit ?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?

Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it ; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me ?
Have I no bays to crown it ?
No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted ?
All wasted ?

Not so, my heart ; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.

Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures : leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not ; forsake thy cage,

Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,

While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away : take heed,
I will abroad.

Call in thy death's-head there : tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load.

But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling *Child*,
And I replied *My Lord*.

HERBERT

A DIALOGUE

SWEETEST Saviour, if my soul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then control
Any thought of waving.
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch so full of stains ;
What delight or hope remains ?

*What, child, is the balance thine,
Thine the poise and measure ?
If I say, Thou shalt be mine,
Finger not my treasure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, only he,
Who for man was sold, can see ;
That transferred th' accounts to me.*

But I can see no merit,
Leading to this favour,
So the way to fit me for it
Is beyond my savour.
As the reason then is thine,
So the way is none of mine ;
I disclaim the whole design,
Sin disclaims and I resign.

*That is all, if that I could
 Get without repining ;
 And my clay my creature would
 Follow my resigning.
 That as I did freely part
 With my glory and desert,
 Left all joys to feel all smart—
 Ah, no more ; thou break'st my heart.*
 HERBERT

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE SOUL AND THE BODY

- Soul.* Ay me, poor soul, whom bound in sinful chains
 This wretched body keeps against my will !
Body. Ay me, poor body, whom for all my pains,
 This froward soul causeless condemneth still.
Soul. Causeless? whenas thou striv'st to sin each day !
Body. Causeless, whenas I strive thee to obey.
Soul. Thou art the means by which I fall to sin.
Body. Thou art the cause that sett'st this means a-work.
Soul. No part of thee that hath not faulty bin.
Body. I shew the poison that in thee doth lurk.
Soul. I shall be pure whenso I part from thee.
Body. So were I now but that thou stainest me.

A. W.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RESOLVED SOUL
AND CREATED PLEASURE

*Courage, my soul ! now learn to wield
 The weight of thine immortal shield !
 Close on thy head thy helmet bright !
 Balance thy sword against the fight !*

*See where an army, strong as fair,
With silken banners spreads the air!
Now if thou be'st that thing divine,
In this day's combat, let it shine!
And show that Nature wants an art
To conquer one resolv'd heart.*

Pleasure

Welcome, the Creation's guest
Lord of Earth, and Heaven's Heir,
Lay aside that warlike crest,
And of Nature's banquet share!
Where the souls of fruits and flowers
Stand prepared to heighten yours!

Soul

I sup above: and cannot stay
To bait so long upon the way.

Pleasure

On these downy pillows lie!
Whose soft plumes will thither fly:
On these roses I strewed so plain,
Lest one leaf thy side should strain.

Soul

My gentler rest is on a thought;
Conscious of doing what I ought.

Pleasure

Hark, how Music then prepares
For thy stay these charming airs!
Which the posting winds recall,
And suspend the river's fall.

Soul

Had I but any time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.

Cease Tempter ! None can chain a mind
Whom this sweet chordage cannot bind.

Chorus

*Earth cannot show so brave a sight
As when a single soul does fence
The batteries of alluring sense ;
And Heaven views it with delight.
Then persevere ! for still new charges sound ;
And if thou overcom'st, thou shalt be crowned !*

Pleasure

All that's costly, fair, and sweet
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one Beauty meet .
And she be only thine !

Soul

If things of sight such heavens be,
What heavens are those we cannot see ?

Pleasure

Wheresoe'er thy foot shall go,
The minted gold shall lie ;
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new worlds to buy !

Soul

Were't not a price, who 'ld value gold ?
And that's worth nought that can be sold.

Pleasure

Wilt thou all the glory have,
That war or peace commend ?
Half the world shall be thy slave,
The other half thy friend !

Soul

What friends ! if to myself untrue ?
 What slaves ! unless I captive you ?

Pleasure

Thou shalt know each hidden cause,
 And see the future time,
 Try what depth the centre draws,
 And then to Heaven climb !

Soul

None thither mounts by the degree
 Of Knowledge but Humility.

Chorus

*Triumph ! Triumphs ! victorious soul !
 The world has not one pleasure more.
 The rest does lie beyond the pole,
 And is thine everlasting store !*

MARVELL.

AN HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

HEAR me, O God,
 A broken heart
 Is my best part :
 Use still thy rod,
 That I may prove
 Therein thy love.

If thou hadst not
 Been stern to me
 But left me free,

RELIGION

I had forgot
Myself and thee.

For sin's so sweet
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than thou hast done?
That gav'st a son
To free a slave :
First made of nought :
With all since bought.

Sin, death, and hell,
His glorious name
Quite overcame :
Yet I rebel
And slight the same.

But I'll come in,
Before my loss
Me farther toss,
As sure to win
Under his cross.

JONSON

DISCIPLINE

THROW away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath :
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
Unto thine is bent :
 I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
 But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep :
Though I halt in pace,
 Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove,
Love will do the deed ;
 For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot ;
Love's a man of war,
 And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow ?
That which wrought on thee,
 Brought thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away thy rod ;
Though man frailties hath
 Thou art God .
Throw away thy wrath.

HERBERT

And up to heaven in an hour ;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
 We say amiss,
 This or that is ;
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither !
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at heav'n, growing and groaning thither :
 Nor doth my flower
 Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline :
What frost to that ? what pole is not the zone
 Where all things burn,
 When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown ?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write ;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing : O my only light,
 It cannot be
 That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

'These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide :
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
 Who would be more,
 Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

HERBERT

THE LITANY

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When, God knows, I'm tost about,
Either with despair or doubt ;
Yet, before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,

And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

HERRICK

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my
troubled breast.

O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to
rest !

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapour dims our
eyes :

Glory there the sun outshines ; whose beams the blessed
only see.

O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to
Thee !

CAMPION

LAST LINES

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere ;
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity !
Life, that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity ;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void :
Thou—THOU art Being and Breath,
And what THOU art may never be destroyed.

EMILY BRONTË

THE WORLD

I SAW Eternity the other night
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright ;

And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
And all her train were hurled.

•

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing, and weep, soared up into the ring ;
But most would use no wing.
O fools, said I, thus to prefer dark night
Before true light !
To live in grotts, and caves, and hate the day
Because it shews the way,
The way, which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God ;
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he !
But as I did their madness so discuss
One whispered thus,
'This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
But for His bride.'

VAUGHAN

THE WHITE ISLAND

IN this world, the Isle of Dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes,
Reciting :

But when once from hence we fly
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young eternity,
Uniting,

O holy Hope ! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have shewed them
me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the just,
Shining no where, but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust ;
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may
know
At first sight, if the bird be flown ,
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep :
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee !
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective, still as they pass :
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

VAUGHAN

ETERNITY

WHEN I bethink me on that speech whilere
 Of Mutability, and well it weigh,
 Me seems, that though she all unworthy were
 Of the Heav'ns' Rule ; yet, very sooth to say,
 In all things else she bears the greatest sway :
 Which makes me loathe this state of life so tickle,
 And love of things so vain to cast away ;
 Whose flowering pride, so fading and so fickle,
 Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming
 sickle.

Then gin I think on that which Nature said,
 Of that same time when no more Change shall be,
 But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stay'd
 Upon the pillars of Eternity,
 That is contrair to Mutability ;
 For all that moveth doth in Change delight :
 But thence-forth all shall rest eternally
 With him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight :
 O ! that great Sabbaoth God, grant me that Sab
 baoth's sight.

SPENSER

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race ;
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,
 And merely mortal dross ;
 So little is our loss,

So little is thy gain !
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss ;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then, all this earthy grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time.

MILTON



NOTES

P. 3. *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 374-354. *And when Love speaks*, etc. The sense of this difficult passage seems to be that Love possesses all the attributes of the individual deities, and his voice is a harmony of all their voices.

P. 7. Walsingham was, next to St. Thomas's tomb at Canterbury, the favourite shrine of pilgrimage in old England; the milky way was sometimes called the Walsingham way.

P. 9. 'The Heart's Venture' is not a sonnet, but an extract from a song in *Britannia's Pastorals*; from which comes also 'Shall I tell you whom I love?' (p. 4.) Keats found Browne full of inspiration; his debt to him is one which critics have yet to recognise and estimate.

P. 10. The anonymous lyrics, unless it is otherwise stated, are borrowed from Mr. Bullen's volumes of *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books*. 'My love in her attire' is from Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*.

P. 12. *Gentle as falcon*. 'Falcon-gentle, so called for her gentle and courteous condition and fashions.'—Turbervile, quoted by Dyce in his edition of Skelton. He explains 'hawk of the tower' to mean a hawk that towers aloft. *Isaphill* is Hypsipyle, a queen of Lemnos who saved her father's life, when the other men on the island were murdered by the women. *Coliander* is coriander, an aromatic; *Pomander*, a ball of perfumes; *Cassandra*, Cassandra, quoted for her chastity. In l. 20 the texts read, 'As patient and *as* still,' which spoils the rhythm.

P. 13. *Margerain* is marjoram; primërose is written with a central *e* for the metre's sake, although Dyce does not record such a spelling.

P. 14, l. 15. *Staineth*. To 'stain' is to take out colour; Stella's brightness is at once the glory and despair of her sex. (Cf. the refrain of Chaucer's ballade, p. 307.)

P. 15, l. 10. I venture to print *thorough* instead of *through*, to match the metre of the last line in the other stanzas.

P. 16. It may be noted here once more that this spontaneous little song, 'To Celia,' is carefully composed from various scraps of the Love Letters of Philostratus, a Greek rhetorician of the second century A.D.

P. 17. This order of the stanzas in 'Ask me no more' is found in the *Academy of Compliments*, and it has the advantage of removing the weakest verse from the beginning, and placing May before June.

P. 19. It should be remembered to the credit of Archbishop Trench that he discovered and printed in his *Household Book of Poetry* the beautiful lyric 'To Laura' before Mr. Bullen revived Campion's fame in this generation.

P. 20. It still remains a mystery who A. W. may be. His verses appeared in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*.

P. 22. The text of Drummond is from the Maitland Club reprint of the 1616 edition, which was the last published in the poet's lifetime. *Memnon's Mother* is Aurora, but the expression has no special aptness. The eyes 'by Penéus' streams' were Daphne's, who was the daughter of the River-god. The reference in the lines that follow is to the recorded appearance at Rome of two suns at once; on which see Pliny, *Natural History*, ii. 31. The 'purple ports (*i.e.* gates) of death' must mean lips, the bliss of kissing which makes the lover swoon.

P. 23. The metre of this serenade of Herrick's is borrowed from some verses in Jonson's masque, *The Gipsies Metamorphosed*.

'The faery beam upon you,
The stars to glisten on you,
A moon of light
In the noon of night
Till the fire-drake hath o'erigone you
The wheel of Fortune guide you,
The boy with the bow beside you
Run aye in the way
Till the bird of day
And the luckier lot betide you!

P. 26, l. 3. It is hard to believe that Mr. Allingham is not right in altering 'fail' to 'pine'; in so symmetrical a stanza a false rhyme is a blot, and 'fail' occurs in the rhyme subsequently.

P. 35, l. 8. *And I mine own*, i.e. And I be mine own.

P. 37. The text of these verses of Montrose is taken from the Appendix to Napier's *Memoirs*; certain stanzas are omitted.

P. 42, l. 3. '*Chimneys*' is for 'chimney-piece'. Cotgrave has '*cheminée*, a chimney, also a chimney-piece or tapisserie or of mason's work'; here of tapestry, into which Myra worked her lover's name.

P. 49. This interesting poem is printed in *Underwoods* among Laureate verses. As the text can hardly be correct as it stands there, a word has been omitted from each of the two lines, 'My thoughts *too* feel the influence' and 'By *your* imagination.'

P. 61. The verses entitled 'Sorrow' are from *Saint Mary Magdalen*; but their sentiment seemed more appropriate to this than to the religious section of the anthology.

P. 65, l. 7. The reading 'birds' for 'gods' was due to a suggestion of Dr. Percy; it is not judicious, because it would anticipate the third stanza, and it misses the poet's meaning, that the servant of the 'divine Althea' knows even greater freedom than the god of love himself and all the Cupids.

P. 67. Donne has paid the natural penalty of putting his learning into his poetry; the learning has dragged the poetry with it to oblivion. But few poets, whose restoration to light has been in these last days attempted, so well repay the descent into limbo. For 'the trepidation of the spheres' cf. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 483.

P. 69. *Faery Queene*, iv. 6. 29; v. 6. 5.

P. 79, l. 28. *Barnaby the bright* is St. Barnabas' Day, June 11. There was an old saying, 'Barnaby Bright, the longest day and the shortest night.'

P. 82, l. 15. Mr. Bullen conjectures 'harebells dim'; in that case the 'spring-time's harbinger' will be the primrose, as in fact it is.

P. 87. *Hymen's Triumph*, i. 1; *Paradise Lost*, iv. 641-656.

P. 90. To Miss Charlotte Pulteney. This and other poems upon children in the same seven-syllable metre earned for Philips the contemptuous nickname of *Namby-pamby*, his name being Ambrose. It was coined by Carey, author of *Sally in our Alley*, and has survived in the language.

P. 91. From *Poems for Children* by Charles and Mary Lamb; assigned by Professor Palgrave, no doubt rightly, to the latter.

P. 97. 'A Sister.' To these verses Wordsworth refers in *A Farewell* (1802)—

'And in this bush our sparrow built her nest,
Of which I sang one song that will not die.'

P. 98. *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 62-75; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 198-214; *As You Like It*, i. 3. 69-72; *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 68-79.

P. 100. Katherine Philips was known in her own day as 'the matchless Orinda.' For an account of her sentimental coterie, see Mr. Gosse's *Seventeenth-Century Studies*.

P. 102. Coleridge's *Christabel*.

P. 110. The subject of these lines of Donne is said by Isaak Walton to have been the mother of George Herbert.

P. 115. It may seem an unpardonable sacrilege to omit any portion of Wordsworth's great ode, but only so much as was general in sentiment seemed appropriate to this anthology; and both first and last sections deal with particular experiences. The opening was composed two years before the rest of the poem. In regard to the doctrine of pre-existence it should be remarked that the poet himself protests against the idea that he meant to inculcate it as a belief. 'It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. I took hold of the notion as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorising me to make for my purpose the best use I could of it as a poet.'

P. 124. The last paragraph of 'Verse and Age' was published four years after the others, *i.e.* in 1832, and under a different title; but it seems to belong to them

P. 127. From Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor* and *Old Mortality*.

P. 128. It would be out of place here to annotate Milton. The reader who requires help will find stores of notes in Todd; and, for the lyrics, in Warton and Prof. Hales' *Longer English Poems*. The chief difficulties of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* arise from the necessary terseness of the octosyllabic metre, which sometimes obscures the syntax, sometimes the image. Thus, of the first kind of obscurity, it is not clear *who* is 'to come in spite of sorrow' to the poet's window, Mirth or the lark, or *who* tells the goblin story, or *when* 'tower'd cities' are pleasing. Of the other class of difficulties, the best instance is the description of a dream towards the end of *Il Penseroso*. The poet has not made it plain to us of what substance the dream is imagined to be, and so we miss the connection expressed by 'at his wings.' Warton proposed to omit *at*, and take the wings to be the Dream's, not Sleep's; another proposal is to read 'an aery stream.'

P. 128. 'Self-Ignorance,' and the passage from Davies on p. 140, are from *Nosce Teipsum*. By 'the wisest of all moral men,' and 'the great mocking-master,' are meant Socrates and Democritus. The last stanza suggests a passage in Matthew Arnold's *A Southern Night*—

' We who pursue
Our business with unslackening stride,
Traverse in troops with care-filled breast
The soft Mediterranean side,
The Nile, the East,
And see all sights from pole to pole,
And glance, and nod, and bustle by,
And never once possess our soul
Before we die.'

P. 139. 1 *Tamburlaine*, ii. 7.

P. 141. *A Treatise of Humane Learning*, §§ 54, 64, 129, 132, 133, 143.

P. 142. The *ballade*, through its revival some time since in France and England, is now a familiar form of verse; an other of Chaucer's will be found on p. 307. A few words have been modernised:—*tickleness* means 'instability'; *savour*,

'live the life of pleasure'; *rede*, 'advise'; *daunte*, 'tame'; *buxomness*, 'obedience'; *it is no dread*, 'there is no doubt.'

P. 143. Sir Thomas More's verse has been curiously overlooked; manuals and anthologies of English literature know it not. If the reader will compare More's handling of the *rime royal* with Sackville's (ii. 64), he will agree that More is nearer Spenser than Sackville (who is generally called his forerunner), although More is some half-century the senior. A roughness to our ears in More's lines arises from his practice of eliding the vowel in the termination *-eth*; this must point to a pronunciation of his day; cf. in Chaucer's ballade on the previous page, *standt* for 'standeth.' The fourth line of the tenth stanza reads in the folio, 'instead of pillows lieth after on the block.' The reader will not fail to note that More was himself a more than usually pathetic instance of the fortune he thus deploras.

P. 146. *Soothsay*. These stanzas are from various letters: the first two to Sir Henry Goodere; the third to Sir Henry Wotton; the fourth to Sir Edward Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Cherbury; the fifth and sixth to the Countess of Bedford; the last to the Lady Carey. They are probably less well known than Herbert's *Church Porch*, of which they were the model. To understand the last quotation it must be recollected that man was supposed to be made up of four elements (see the quotation from Marlowe, p. 139), each of which contributed a *humour* to his body, from the preponderance of any one of which arose his settled 'humour' or 'complexion.'

P. 150. Daniel's lines are from an 'Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland'; those on p. 157 are from *Musophilus*. Except the passage printed on p. 87 very little of Daniel's verse is generally known; but it well deserves a modern edition. Coleridge says of him:—'Read Daniel, the admirable Daniel; the style and language are just such as any very pure and manly writer of the present day—Wordsworth, for example—would use; it seems quite modern in comparison with the style of Shakespeare.'—(*Table-Talk*, Bohn's ed., p. 278.)

P. 153. Chapman's *Byron's Conspiracy*, quoted by Lamb; Fletcher's *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune*; the whole of this last is a very spirited piece, aimed at astrology. A great deal

of Browning's teaching, for instance, is condensed in these lines—

'Affliction when I know it is but this,
A deep alloy whereby man tougher is
To bear the hammer, and the deeper still,
We still arise more image of his will.'

P. 156. *Excursion*, Book iv. Compare a line of Vaughan, which perhaps was the germ of this passage—

'Mists make but triumphs for the day.'

Pp. 158-9. *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3. 145-179; i. 3. 3-51. In the last line 'returns' is Pope's conjecture for the folio 'retires'; Dyce reads 'retorts,' which is the sense wanted.

P. 161. *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 85-124.

Pp. 162-3. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 4-22; *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 219-232; *Richard II.* i. 3. 275-303; the play of *Nero*; and *Tempest*, iv. 1. 148-158.

P. 167. *Lucrece*, 939-959.

P. 169. This ode was apparently never finished, since a quatrain is found in the texts after the second stanza, and another with various fragmentary lines at the end. But the poem is complete without them.

P. 177. From *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*.

P. 178. *Mustapha*. In l. 16 *is* should probably be *we*.

P. 179. 'The Lie' is printed from the text of Canon Hannah; he disposes of the legend that it was written the night before Raleigh's execution by showing that it was in print in 1608, and in ms. probably ten years earlier (*Courtly Poets*, pp. 23, 220). The verses he did write the night before his death are the following; they were written in the Bible which he gave to Dean Tounson—

'Even such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.'

P. 181. *Macbeth*, v. 5. 19-28; *Night Thoughts*, i. 390-433.

P. 183. Not quite half of Shelley's poem is here printed.

P. 205. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto vi.

P. 206. *Samson Agonistes*, 1268-1286; *Ode to Liberty*, i.; *Ode to France*, i.

P. 210. *Henry V.* Act iv. Prologue; iii. 18-67.

P. 217. *Marmion*, Canto vi., part of xxxiii., xxxiv.

P. 219. From *Britannia's Pastorals*.

P. 219. 'An expedition sent by Sir Walter Raleigh explored Pamlico Sound; and the country they discovered, a country where in their poetic fancy "men lived after the manner of the Golden Age," received from Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, the name of Virginia. But the first permanent settlement on the Chesapeake was effected in the beginning of the reign of James I., and its success was due to the conviction of the settlers that the secret of the New World's conquest lay simply in labour. Among the hundred and five colonists who originally landed, forty-eight were gentlemen, and only twelve were tillers of the soil. Their leader, John Smith, however, not only explored the vast bay of Chesapeake, and discovered the Potomac and Susquehannah, but held the little company together in the face of famine and desertion till the colonists had learnt the lesson of toil. In fifteen years the colony numbered five thousand souls.'—(Green's *Short History*, p. 491.) *Industrious Hackluyt* is the Rev. Richard Hakluyt, author of *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries of the English Nation*, etc. He was 'one of the chief promoters of the petition to the King for patents for the colonisation of Virginia, and was afterwards one of the chief adventurers in the London or South Virginian Company.'—(*Dict. Nat. Biog.*)

P. 222. *Richard II.* iii. 2. 155-177; 2 *Henry IV.* iii. 1. 4-31; *Henry V.* iv. 1. 250-301; 3 *Henry VI.* ii. 5. 1-54. These parallel passages on 'Ceremony' supply a study in kingship. Richard's idea of kingship is that of divine right—'the right divine of kings to govern wrong'; and when this is disregarded, nothing is left. Henry IV., his supplanter, substitutes might for right, but retains the idea of kingship as that which has a

claim on other men rather than that on which they have a claim. His son, Henry v., joins right with might; he inherits the traditional idea of kingship, but by his self-denying conduct contradicts it; his son, again, 'the royal saint,' has more than all his father's good intentions, but none of his power, and so relapses into the evil fortune of Richard. He is king 'by the wrath of God'; he is the only one of the four who would willingly have exchanged conditions with the 'homely swain.'

P. 227. Raleigh's long unfinished poem 'To Cynthia,' from which this is an extract, was first published from the Hatfield MSS. in Hannah's *Courtly Poets*.

P. 231, l. 27. Cf. Spenser, *Faery Queene*, iv. 12. 28—

'It's late in death of danger to advise,
Or love forbid him that is life deny'd.'

P. 233. See Napier's *Memoirs of Montrose*, App. pp. 27-9.

P. 234. Mr. Aitken, in his welcome edition of Marvell's Poems, paraphrases the fourth and fifth stanzas thus: 'Restless Cromwell first broke his fiery way through his own party; for to ambition rivals and enemies are the same, and with ambitious men to restrain their energies is more than to oppose them.'

P. 238. *Appleton House*, 309-334.

P. 241. *The Deserted Village*, 341-362; *Traveller*, 317-334.

P. 242. *Windsor Forest*, 385-402.

P. 244, l. 15. The first edition had 'where Blake, the boast of freedom,' Nelson being still alive.

P. 250. The original title of this piece was 'Ode written in the beginning of the year 1746.'

P. 255. *Merchant of Venice*, v. 54-88.

P. 256. *Comus*, 244-264; 555-562.

P. 271, 1. *Tamburlaine*, v. 1. Lamb, who speaks of the difficulty of 'culling a few sane lines' from this play must have lost patience before reaching the fifth act, for he could never have missed seeing the beauty of this passage.

P. 273. *The Shepherd's Hunting*, 4th Eclogue.

Pp. 274-5. From '*Musophilus*, containing a general defence of learning.'

P. 276, l. 14. William Basse (whose name is familiar to readers of Walton's *Angler*) had written an elegy on Shakespeare, beginning—

'Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer; and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.

These lines of Jonson were among the commendatory verses prefixed to the first folio edition of Shakespeare's works. 'What Ben Jonson did for Shakespeare,' says Archbishop Trench, 'Cartwright, and more briefly Cleveland, have done in turn for Jonson; Denham for Cowley; Cowley for Crashaw; Carew for Donne; Marvell for Milton; Dryden for Oldham. There is not one of these that may not be read with profit by the careful student of English literature.' This is quite true; but it is no less true that very few of all these panegyrics are inspired by the Muse. The Archbishop calls Dryden's lines on Oldham 'the finest and most affecting epitaph in the English language.' The opening couplet is fine—

'Farewell, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own'—

but there the fineness and the pathos end. One interesting passage from Carew on Donne may be quoted here:—

'Thou mayst claim
From so great disadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our troublesome language bends, made only fit
With her tough thick-rib'd hoops to gird about
Thy giant fancy, which had proved too stout
For their soft melting phrases. . . .
"Here lies a king that ruled as he thought fit
The universal monarchy of wit."

P. 279. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 1-55; vii. 1-39.

P. 282, l. 16. *Her*, the nightingale; *Electra's Poet*, Sophocles. Two verses are omitted.

P. 287. This Richard Bentley was the son of the great classical scholar; he was the friend of Walpole and Gray, and helped the former in his decoration of Strawberry Hill. It was for Walpole's edition of Gray's Poems (1753) that he furnished the set of six drawings here eulogised.

P. 288. To these poems of Wordsworth about his art the reader may add, if he pleases, *A Poet's Epitaph* and *Extempore Effusion upon the death of James Hogg*.

P. 292, l. 13. The loss was of his brother John, whose vessel struck on a rock on the voyage to India. Sir George Beaumont, although a connoisseur of fine taste, will probably be immortalised by Wordsworth rather than by his own pictures. He may be remembered, too, as one of the founders of the National Gallery, and the donor of the Michael Angelo relief to the Royal Academy.

P. 293. Shelley's *Adonais* is too long to be printed here entire; the more personal verses on Keats and on himself are extracted.

P. 303. *Boke of the Duchesse*, 291-343, with omissions.

P. 304. *Legende of Goode Women*, 40-269, with omissions.

* P. 308. *Knights Tale*, 1023-1234. It should be noted that Chaucer's text has been modernised as far as it was possible to do so without destroying the rhythm.

P. 317. *Faerie Queene*, vii. 6, 8-9.

P. 323. This extract is from the first 'Sestiad' of *Hero and Leander*, of which Marlowe wrote two and Chapman four.

P. 327. *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*, v. 3.

P. 328. The passages from *The Faerie Queene* are to be found as follows:—Cave of Despair, i. ix. 33-44; House of Morpheus, i. i. 39-41; House of Cupid, iii. xi. 28, 29, 46-48, 52, xii. 3, 4, 6-12, 19; Gardens of Adonis, iii. vi. 42-50; Bower of Bliss, ii. xii. 42-48, 50-62, 70, 71, 74-75; House of Pride, i. iv. 4-6, 8-12, 16, 17; House of Ate, iv. i. 20-22, 24; Temple of Venus, iv. x. 21-27, 29, 31, 34, 35, 37-40, 42-44, 47-53, 56, 57.

P. 332. With this may be compared Chaucer's description (*Boke of the Duchesse*, 153-169)—

' This messenger took leave and went
Upon his way, and never ne stent
Till he come to the dark valley
That stant betwexë rockes tway.
There never yet grew corn ne grass
Ne tree, ne nought that oughte was,
Beastë, ne man, ne nought elies
Save that there were a few welles
Come running fro the cliffs adown
That made a deadly sleeping soun
And ronnen down right by a cave,
That was under a rock ygrave
Amid the valley, wonder deep.
There these goddes lay and sleep,
Morpheus and Eclympasteyre,
That was the god of slepe's heir,
That slepe, and did none other work.'

P. 361. *Orchestra*, or a Poem of Dancing.

P. 364. *Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates*.

P. 366. *Euthymia Raptus*, the Tears of Peace, *conclusio*.

P. 367. The passages from *Paradise Lost* will be found as follows :—Paradise, iv. 223, 258-281; Hell, ii. 574-614; Satan Compared, i. 192-209, 283-298, 589-599; ii. 629-643; 704-720; 939-950; 1011-1022, 1034-1053; iii. 543-566; iv. 977-987; ix. 494-510, 631-643; A Magical Palace, i. 710-730. From *Paradise Regained* :—A Magical Banquet, ii. 339-365; A Vision of Rome and Athens, iv. 44-79, 236-280.

P. 380. Angels, *Faerie Queene*, II. viii. 5, 6; *Paradise Lost*, v. 247-287.

P. 382. *Arcades*, 44-73.

P. 383. Fairy Songs, *Tempest*, v. 1. 89; i. 2. 376; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 2; ii. 2. 9.

P. 385. *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4. 53-91.

P. 397. It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that the prose arguments which connect the several extracts from *The Ancient Mariner* are Coleridge's own.

P. 425. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 572, 577-587, 592-612.

P. 426. Eight verses are here printed of Cowley's *Hymn to Light*, out of twenty-six.

P. 427. *Knights Tale*, 633-638; *Faerie Queene*, i. ii. 1.

Some of the finest descriptions of daybreak are given in a line or two, which are scarcely separable from their context. Such, for instance, are Shakespeare's:—

'But see the morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.'—(*Hamlet*, i. i. 166.)

'The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.'

(*Rom. and Jul.* II. 3. 1.)

'Look, the gentle day
Before the wheels of Phœbus round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.'—(*Much Ado*, v. 3. 25.)

To which may be added two from Marston—

'Is not yon gleam the shuddering morn that flakes
With silver tincture the east verge of heaven?'

(*Antonio and Melinda*, I. 3. 1.)

'For see, the dapple grey coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hooves
And chase it through the sky'—(*Ibid.* II. 1. 1.)

P. 429. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 598-609.

The first stanza of the *Ode to Evening* reads in the first edition, 'O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear,' and 'brawling for 'solemn.'

P. 431. 'It is remarkable that, excepting the *Nocturnal Reverie* of Lady Winchilsea and a passage or two in the *Windsor Forest* of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the *Paradise Lost* and the *Seasons* does not contain a single new image of external nature, and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the poet had been steadily fixed upon his object.'—(Wordsworth, *Essay in Lyrical Ballads*.)

P. 434. Spring, *Winter's Tale*, iv. 3. 1; *Summer's Last*

Will and Testament; opening lines of *An Ode*; *Arraignment of Paris*.

P. 440. *Polyolbion*, Song xiii. For the following note I am indebted to my friend Mr. W. Warde Fowler, Sub-Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, author of *A Year with the Birds*, etc. 'The Red Sparrow is the Reed Sparrow, *i.e.* either the Reed warbler or Sedge warbler. The Reed Bunting is also called Reed sparrow, but I expect that Drayton meant one or both of the others. The Nope is no doubt the Bullfinch; the word is still used in Staffordshire, and takes the form of Hope, Mwope, and Pope in several counties. The Yellow-pate must in my opinion be the Yellow-hammer. His song is not excellent, but there is no other bird that will answer. The Tydie is more difficult to identify, because the word *tit*, which it is obviously connected with, is used of several small birds, and is supposed to mean "small." Here one of the Tits may be meant, but beyond that I cannot go. The Hecco is the Green Woodpecker; the word survives in all sorts of forms, and even in New England.'

P. 451. Crashaw's *Music's Duel*.

P. 453. *Paradise Lost*, ix. 445-454.

P. 455. *Paradise Regained*, iv. 409-438.

P. 459. These eight lines from Fanshawe are really two quatrains from different sonnets; but I find them so put together in Trench's *Household Book*. 'The Butterfly' is from Spenser's *Muiopotmos*.

P. 461. *Appleton House*, 385-392.

P. 468. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, iv. 178, 179, 181-3.

P. 470. *Fears in Solitude*, 1-11.

P. 471. *Britannia's Pastorals*, Book i. Song 2.

P. 472. *Appleton House*, 505-600.

P. 474. *Prometheus Unbound*, ii. 2.

P. 475. A passage from *Epipsychidion*.

P. 477. *As You Like It*, ii. 5.

P. 478. These verses of the unfortunate Earl of Essex are said to have been enclosed in a letter to Queen Elizabeth from Ireland in 1599 (Hannah's *Courtly Poets*, p. 177). 'The Country's Recreations' is quoted in Walton's *Angler*.

P. 488. This passage from 'Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey' is perhaps the most typical of Wordsworth's theory of the influence of Nature on the Mind. With it should be read 'There was a boy—ye knew him well, ye cliffs,' and 'Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe,' both written in the year following (1799).

P. 493-7. *The Faithful Shepherdess*, v. 1 i. 1; iii. 1.

P. 506-8. *The Shepherds Calender*; extracts from April, May, and January.

P. 512. From 'The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn.'

P. 521. *Tempest*, iv. 1. 60-118, 128-138.

P. 524. *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4, 73-146, 153-155.

P. 534. *Arcades*, 84-109.

P. 548. *The Faithful Shepherdess*, ii. 1

P. 552. *Julius Caesar*, ii. 2, 32-37; *Measure for Measure*, iii. 1. 118-132.

P. 561. This Epitaph was first printed by Professor H. Morley.

P. 563. Four lines are omitted from the close of Milton's *Epitaph*.

P. 565. An interesting discussion on this poem of Gray's will be found in Wordsworth's Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, and Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, chap. xviii.

P. 573. Dirges, *Tempest*, *The White Devil*, *The Devil's Law Case*, *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Britannia's Pastorals*, ii. 1; *Mella*. In the Chatterton a few words have been modernised :

thus 'coldness' is printed for *calness*; and 'ouph and fairy has been substituted for *ouphant fairy*.

P. 592. The first edition of Gray's *Elegy* was entitled 'Elegy wrote in a Country Churchyard;' in the second edition 'wrote' was altered to *written*; perhaps in consequence of a squib of Byrom's, 'The Passive Participles' Petition to the Printer of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.' One verse, which, after long hesitation, was excised, may be quoted here; it stood just before *The Epitaph*--

* There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

P. 599. *Paradise Lost*, v. 153-208. With this may be compared Thomson's 'Hymn' on the Seasons, and Coleridge's *Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni*.

P. 602. From Rules and Lessons in Vaughan's *Silex Scintillans*.

P. 606. *Essay on Man*, i. 267-280; *Samson Agonistes*, 652-704; 293-299; 1745-8.

P. 608. *Troilus and Criseyde*, v. *ad fin*.

P. 609. From a collation of the two texts printed by the Early English Text Society.

P. 614. Mr. A. H. Bullen discovered this beautiful fragment in a MS. in Christ Church Library, and printed it in his *More Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books*.

P. 624. These two verses of Herbert are borrowed, the one from *The Dawning*, the other from *Easter*; the rest of each poem is marred by frigid conceits.

P. 628. *Faerie Queene*, II. viii. 1. 2.

P. 635. We cannot but recognise in this poem of Vaughan's the germ of Wordsworth's great ode.

P. 636. The rest of Raleigh's *Pilgrimage* is omitted, as not chiming with modern experience of courts of law.

P. 654. *Faerie Queene*, concluding stanzas ; possibly the last verses Spenser wrote. By 'Sabbaoth' he means 'Sabbath'.

Translations do not come within the scope of this Anthology, or several fine versions of Psalms might have been included in this section, such as Sidney's 93rd or 139th, and Vaughan's 104th.

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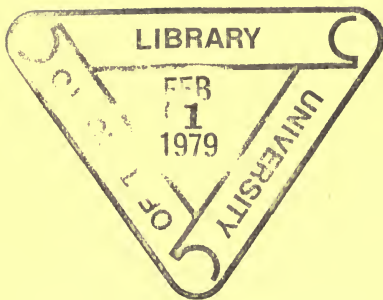
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