









A  
ROUND OF DAYS

DESCRIBED IN  
ORIGINAL POEMS  
BY SOME OF  
OUR MOST CELEBRATED POETS,

AND IN  
PICTURES

BY  
EMINENT ARTISTS

ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.

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ADVERTISEMENT.



AS LIFE consists of "a round of days," that title has been chosen to designate a collection of Poems and Pictures representing every-day scenes, occurrences, and incidents in various phases of existence.

No attempt at a classification of subjects has been made; for as the occurrences in real life often come unexpectedly, the grave and the gay jostling each other, so in this "ROUND OF DAYS" the Poems have been promiscuously inserted—scenes of various, and, perhaps, of opposite kinds following close together, as they do in the alternate cloud and sunshine of men's actual experience.

In some cases, the Artist has illustrated the Author's Poem; in others, the Authors have shown themselves willing to portray in words the ideas conveyed in the Artists' original Designs. Authors and Artists have shown the most hearty spirit of co-operation; and for this kindness they are requested, one and all, to accept the sincere thanks of

THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.





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AN ASPIRATION.

I ASKED Miss Di, who loves her sheep,  
To look at this delightful Peep  
Of April leafage, pure and beamy—  
A pair of girls, in hoops and nets,  
Caress a pair of woolly pets—  
And all is young, and nice, and dreamy.





AN ASPIRATION.

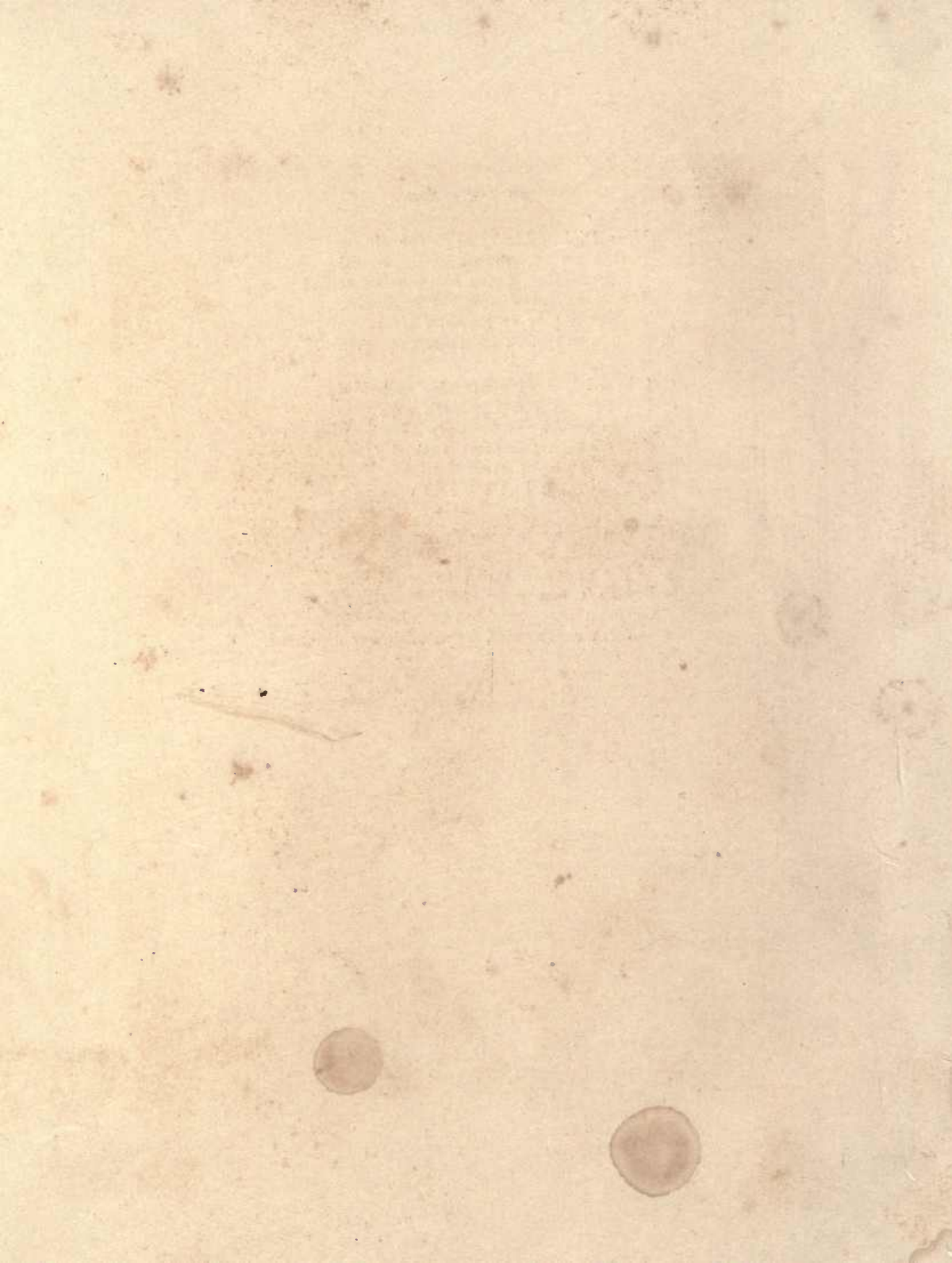
Miss Di has kindly eyes for all  
That's pretty, quaint, and pastoral :  
Says she—"These ladies sentimental  
Are lucky, in this world of shams,  
To find a pair of luckless lambs,  
So white—and so extremely gentle."

I heard her with surprise and doubt ;  
For though I don't much care about  
The world she spoke with such disdain of :  
And though the lamb I mostly see  
Is overdone—it seemed to me  
That these had little to complain of.

When Beings of the fairer sex  
Arrange their white arms round our necks,  
We are, and ought to be, enraptured :  
I wish I was your lamb, Miss Di,  
Or even that poor butterfly,  
With some small hope of being captured.

*Frederick Locker.*









## BROKEN VICTUALS.

“ My way of life  
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead—”

*Macbeth.*

CLOSER and closer fold your pet  
Against that sheltering breast,  
With lips and eyes of wonderment  
By pity scarce suppress.  
Youth well may deem the sight unmeet  
Of age in threadbare clothes,  
That finds the broken victuals sweet,  
A stranger's hand bestows.

The time has past when he could blush  
To meet that questioning eye,  
When his thin cheek for shame would flush  
E'en at youth's pitying sigh.  
Hunger takes off the bitterness  
Of charitable bread;  
Thin blood finds comfort in the warmth  
From alien fire-sides shed.

She asks not how he came to this,—  
If fault with fate combined  
To leave his grey hairs shelterless  
Against the world's keen wind;  
She only sees that he is poor,  
And feels that he is old,  
That love, warmth, comfort should be his,  
Not scorn, and want, and cold.

*Tom Taylor.*









AN ENGLISH DRAWING-ROOM.

1865.

SHE came amongst us from the South  
And made the North her home awhile ;  
Our dimness brightened in her smile,  
Our tongue grew sweeter in her mouth.

We chilled beside her liberal glow,  
She dwarfed us by her ampler scale,  
Her full-blown blossom made us pale,  
She summer-like and we like snow.

We Englishwomen, trim, correct,  
All minted in the selfsame mould,  
Warm-hearted but of semblance cold,  
All-courteous out of self-respect :

She woman in her natural grace,  
Less trammelled she by lore of school,  
Courteous by nature not by rule,  
Warm-hearted and of cordial face.

So for awhile she made her home  
Amongst us in the rigid North,  
She who from Italy came forth  
And scaled the Alps and crossed the foam :

But if she found us like our sea  
Of aspect colourless and chill,  
Rock-girt ; like it she found us still  
Deep at our deepest, strong and free.

*Christina G. Rossetti.*







## AT THE THRESHOLD.

Ay! there is Silly Nanny with the child!  
And here am I, a-chopping wood, you see!—  
For Tom has got the fit, and drinking wild—  
We've a hard pull to manage such as he!  
Drink makes him mad, and he will have his way;  
I wouldn't be the one to speak him nay;  
But, Lord! his heart is right, his love is tried,  
And we've a trick that serves our purpose best—  
I chop the sticks, and make a bright fire-side,  
And Nanny, though she's witless, does the rest!

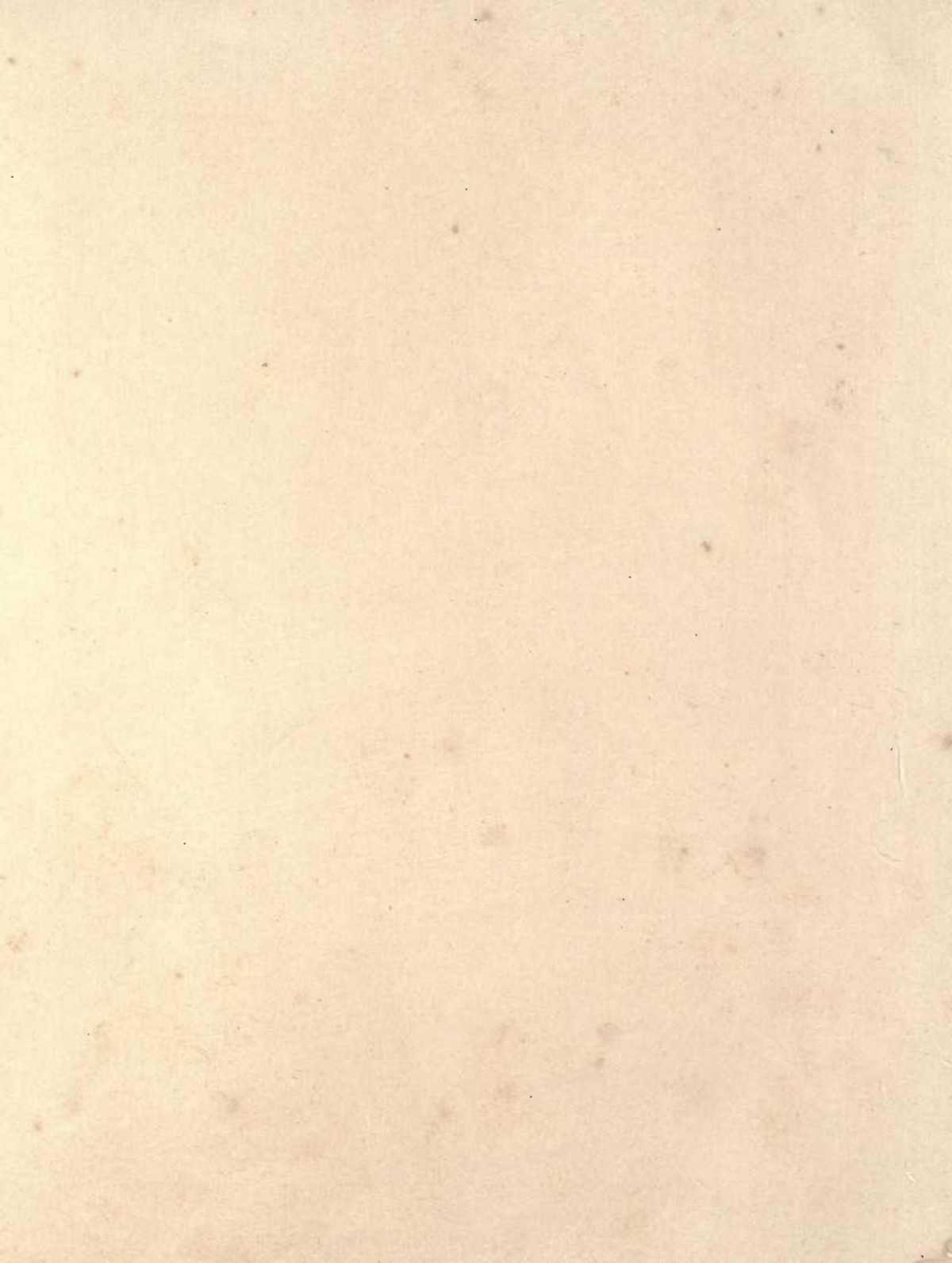
For though he'd frown on me when he's in drink,  
His girl can manage him and bring him round:  
Though she's no brains to use, no head to think,  
Though Nature stinted her, her heart is sound.  
Well, father sees her moving 'bout the place  
With kindly ways and tender quiet face,  
And thinks, I know, how Nature has denied  
His Nanny wits, but made her all good-will,—  
*Then*, his eyes fall upon the bright fire-side,  
And he feels shamed to use his brains so ill!

He thinks,—how witless ones are good and kind,  
How even silly beasts have gentle ways,  
And all the while the fire-light fills his mind  
With homely thoughts of cozier, brighter days;  
And by the time I bring his cup o' tea,  
The drink is conquer'd, he has warm'd to *me*!  
His eyes grow dim, he holds his arms out wide,  
Poor Nanny brings the baby to his breast!—  
Ay! there's our plan! Make up a bright fire-side,  
And leave a man's own love to do the rest!

*Robert Buchanan.*









## BROTHERS.

LITTLE DAY and I!—I, dimm'd with tears,  
My face a cloud, as child's sorrow sears ;  
Day, quenching smiles, hushing busy glee,  
To mirror back my grief in sympathy.

Pretty little Day! Bright household sun!  
Chaining all hearts, linking all to one!  
Lips babbling love, tender arms to twine,  
Pitiful of sadness, joy must outshine!

Loving little Day! Our baby-king!  
Treachery to whom no pardoning!  
Kisses his sceptre, glad knees his throne,  
Reigning by baby-witchery alone!

Coaxing little Day! Our darling still!  
Winning his graver, as his baby-will!  
Wielding prerogative rarely bright,  
Out-quenching far hereditary right!

Happy little Day! No tyrant he,  
Needful of laws to gird high fealty!  
Ceaseless his monarchy, fix'd his sway ;  
Day rules by Love,—and Love will reign alway!

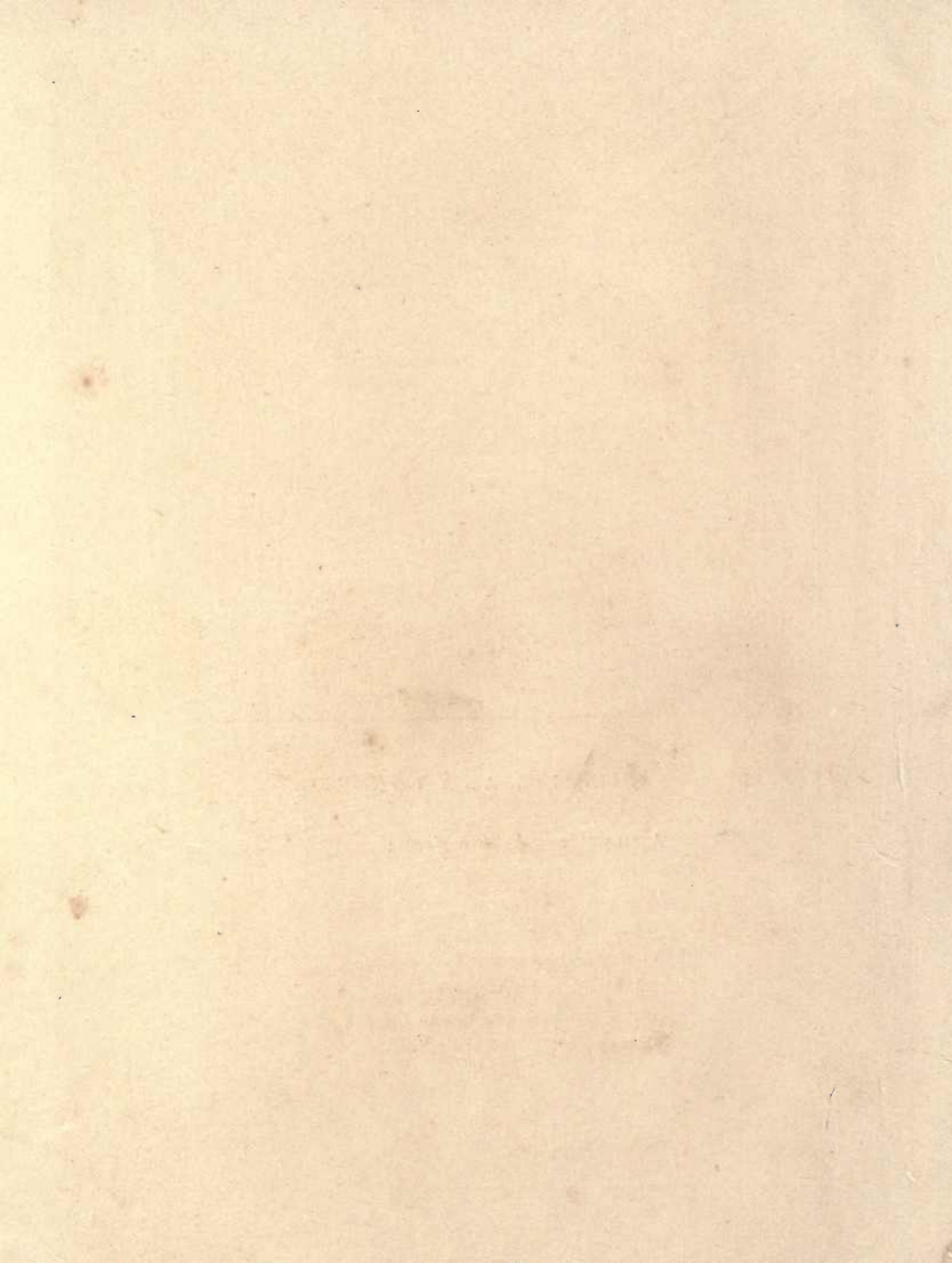
*Jennett Humphreys.*





### SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

A SILENT, rosy light, a gleam ;  
Not sudden, yet not slow ;  
Drives Night away, and breaks her dream,  
And sets the clouds a-glow :  
A sun-burst from the opal clouds,  
A bright but slanting beam,  
Next gives long shadows to the grass  
And rose tints to the stream.



SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

Thus day begins ; the bridegroom sun  
Shines out above the river—  
A little infant welling brook,  
Near which the aspens shiver ;  
A youngling stream a child might leap ;  
While o'er its grassy edges  
Peep out the blue forget-me-nots,  
Thin rushes and wild sedges.

But as the sun grows up in strength,  
So hurries on the stream ;  
Past fields of golden grain, deep pools  
Where great fish dart and gleam.  
Past villages where calmly sits  
The fisher 'neath the willows ;  
And past a mighty town where ships  
Lie rocking on its billows.



Until at last the sun goes down,  
And tints the sky again  
With solemn purple hues, as if  
A great king died in pain :  
A rocky coast—a sea where ships  
Glide on in solemn motion :  
The day hath joined Eternity ;  
The stream th' Eternal Ocean.

*Hain Friswell.*





### GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye, Miss Rosie ;  
A word that is sad to say ;  
Though you are young and bonny,  
And I am old and gray :  
Your life is only beginning,  
And mine drawing near its end,  
But Death's face at the close of my journey  
Is the quiet face of a friend.





GOOD-BYE.

I am not afraid of him, dearie :  
We have often met face to face  
When I tended the sick and dying—  
And now I am in their place,  
And they are away in heaven,  
Where sickness and pain are o'er :  
Where we all grow good together,  
And, mayhap, grow young once more.

Good-bye—are you sorry to say it ?  
More sorry, I think, than I.  
Yes, I'd like to have lived to see you  
Wed in the church hard by,  
I'd like to have had your wee things  
Toddling about my knee :  
You'll remember old nurse a little,  
And tell them sometimes of me ?

I was only a nurse, Miss Rosie :  
I never had daughter or son,  
Never a home or a husband,  
And of sweethearts only one :  
If I should meet him shortly,  
Do you think I should know him again ?  
He died at nineteen, Miss Rosie,  
And I lived to threescore and ten.

Good-bye, good-bye, my dearie :  
And good-bye to each and all :  
My duty to the young ladies,  
My love to the children small ;  
And say I am waiting patient  
Till I hear His knock at the door ;  
When I shall go forth to meet Him,  
And be with Him evermore.

*The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."*







## THE HOME POND.

DIDST never hear, Raph? Hey! I wonder that should be,  
Many a day and night the Hall-folk told it me;  
This was her tryst,—together,—sweethearts, as we say——  
“As thee and me, lass, loikely?” As we, laddie! Nay!

She was rare pretty; not carrying stately-wise,  
But pranksomely, bonnie, wi' frolic-peering eyes:  
He was her pair,—the two handsomer than the day——  
“Loike thee and me, lass, may be?” Like thee, Raph, lad! Nay!

They trysted-like constant. He cleping his far call,  
She, listing all-hankering, skeering from the Hall  
To bide here his coming, to sport, and hie away——  
“As thee wi' me, loikely, lass?” Tut, laddie! Me! Nay!

She never hinder'd; and forbye she sped so true  
And gleeful, he jested her; priding he could woo  
So sure-like,—priding she, so wistly to obey——  
“Teasing, lass, loikely? As I thee?” Tush! Thee, Raph? Nay!

He wended by next morn; piping his hoot, low clear;  
Leaping his heart, gladdest, foreknowing she would hear:  
No whimsey echoing—no tripping foot his way—  
Down by the sedge and ooze, white-clad and stiff, she lay.

*Help! From the Hall! Help!* And so frenzy-pitch'd his cry,  
Folk from the house and meadows clamber'd breath-spent nigh;  
Tricking, she up'd and beck'd him, sprightly, and frisk, and gay——  
“Not dead then, lass, haply?”—Dead, laddie, dead? Nay! Nay!

Just jesting! To prove which would he—She fond, or gone?  
She must be one! And straight, in face of all, that morn,  
She kiss'd him, gladding:—so Squire bid her take her way  
And wed——“As thou me, lass?” Well,—mayhap,—Raph!—Some day!

*Jennett Humphreys.*





## IN FIVE ACTS.

### I.

#### THE PROPOSAL.

LET me recall that blissful time,  
When, all in love, yet half in fear,  
We walked beneath the blossomed lime,  
Arm locked in arm, so near and dear.

When words half-utterance found, but died ;  
Hopes fluttered up, and then expired ;  
Like youngling birds their first flight tried,  
Which drop to earth half dazed, half tired.

But what *my* lips scarce spoke, *her* heart  
Divined, and bade her eyes express,  
And checked her modest fawn-like start :  
Trembling, she blushed and answered, " Yes."







II.

THE WEDDING TOUR.

SOLEMN the priest, in purest white,  
To us rehearsed the sacred vow ;  
Northward we lovers take our flight,  
Our homely shores content us now.

O'er English hills, 'neath soft blue skies,  
Down rugged steeps I aid my wife ;  
The proud trust brightening in my eyes  
That I shall be her staff through life.





III.

A NEW LIFE.

At home we rest, and, lo! a soul  
Unto our tender charge is given:  
Weaklings, one weaker to control.  
Oh give us strength, thou gracious Heaven!

Oh lakes of love, clear liquid eyes,  
How all the mother shines from thee!  
That glance which gave her heart I prize  
Less than the mother's love I see.





IV.

DEATH IN LIFE.

It came, it stayed, that stranger soul,  
Its hostel-body stronger grew ;  
A part of each to knit the whole,  
In joy or sorrow tried and true.

It went ; our firstborn, our dear love,  
God's sweetest gift, to death we yield ;  
Yet still we trust to meet above,  
And Death makes Faith a stronger shield.





v.

THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

SLOWLY, as down the mountain height,  
We two descend the hill of life;  
The shadows deepen ere the night—  
Still constant husband, faithful wife.

Yet still the glow of wedded love,  
As we two near to Death's dark door,  
Shines like a beacon from above  
At midnight o'er a snow-clad moor.

*The Author of "The Gentle Life."*









WED LAST SPRING.

TWO DAYS ago the winter was not done,  
And now the world is flooded full of sun—  
Is brimming o'er with sights and sounds of Spring:  
'Tis the world's birthday; sorrow there is none,  
Because all hearts must sing.

Now, clumps of primroses, like clots of cream,  
Hid violets, like kisses in a dream;  
While from the blue that disembodied song,  
Which is the lark, or so the poets deem,  
Drops clear, and sweet, and strong.

Pink tassels on the larches overhead,  
And golden catkins in the willow bed;  
And o'er the fields, in hopeful patience sown,  
A tender veil of emerald green is spread—  
How the young wheat has grown!

What though short showers whisper in the leaves,  
And hang their diamonds on the dripping eaves!  
Are not your eyes, love, wet with happy tears,  
Which do but nurture, so my heart believes,  
Sweet fruit for coming years?

Accept loved Nature's omens, then, mine own;  
Her sunshine largesse o'er your bridal thrown,  
Her sunset calm to picture after-life,  
When joy to steadfast happiness has grown,  
And all is well, my wife!

*Tom Hood.*







## EVENTIDE.

THE sombre boughs are hushed at eventide ;  
The sinking sun streams red through dusky bars ;  
On sluggish wing the slow rooks homeward slide ;  
Earth gathers silence 'neath the gathering stars—  
Heaven's vigil, myriad-eyed !

Quiet and dark as death grow wood and heath—  
Quiet and dark and very full of peace ;  
Save for a waterfall, which, far beneath,  
Sobs in the deepening gloom, and will not cease,  
With willows for its wreath.

But sorrow wakens as the twilight fades :  
The nightingale will soon her grief renew,  
Companioned of sigh-echoes down the glades ;  
The flowers ere long will bathe in tears of dew,  
And glisten in the shades.

For lo ! beneath the line the broad orb dips ;  
A tremulous darkness deepens overhead ;  
Nature perceives her golden lord's eclipse :  
The woods are mourning for the monarch dead—  
Their fingers at their lips.

The solemn sky is tapestried for woe,  
A purple pall with golden fringes decked :  
The winds, wild-wailing, wander to and fro :—  
And thus it is that those whose hopes are wrecked,  
O Evening, love thee so !

*Tom Hood.*







### AMONGST THE MOWERS.

WHEN in the yet green corn the charlock flower  
Flames yellow ; when the lark above it sings  
In the blue heavens, and weeder-women start  
His brooding mate below, and on their spuds  
Leaning, admire her nest and dusky eggs ;  
When from the hedge the wild rose and the woodbine  
Shed beauty and sweetness ; when the fanning air  
Breathes on the cheek the spirit of the fields,



AMONGST THE MOWERS.

All livingly mosaicked with their flowers—  
Clover and golden lotus, plantain and stars  
Of many names and dyes: then, young and old,  
Forth comes the mower-band, and the scythe rings  
Summer's first notes upon the sharpening stone.  
Forth come they from their cots and gardens trim,  
But oftener from the wretched undrained hut,  
Squalid with want, and swarming with young boors,  
Who, after them, shall labour and feel sad.  
Forth come they with their kegs and homely meals  
Wrapt in old kerchiefs; forth they come to toil,  
As though it were to some great holiday;  
For all around is glad: Nature is glad:  
The cuckoo's shout, the cawing of young rooks,  
Fed in the hedgerow trees, and starling broods,  
Making the copses one wide noisy "chirr,"  
Tell them 'tis God's great Summer festival—  
And so they take it, but in serious mood.

What ails them? Ah, in years of pleasant youth  
I spent glad days amongst them; sat with them,  
And heard the stories of the times gone by,  
Deep-hidden griefs and tender memories;  
And never do I see those rustic bands,  
Nor hear the sweeping music of their blades,  
But the deep presence of the human heart  
Salutes me, and old memories sad and glad.

*William Howitt.*





### THE OLD KNITTER.

I've seen my seventieth Winter pass ;  
I've had my share of grief and pain,  
Nor am as strong as once I was,  
And yet I mean not to complain.  
—I always was a knitter? Yes,  
It comes like nature to my hand,



THE OLD KNITTER.

And that we rarely do amiss  
Which we completely understand.  
I tell the children so. My son  
Has seven children. I'd eleven,  
Nine living, married every one,  
And two were taken young to Heaven.  
Sometimes I think I best loved those  
Whom God took from me in their youth ;  
And as I knit for George and Rose,  
I seem to knit for Ben and Ruth ;  
For they in slender mould were cast,  
Like Richard's twins ; and now and then  
I lose the present in the past,  
And call his children Ruth and Ben ;  
For whilst my busy fingers knit—  
I know not how—but through my brain  
What crowds of lovely phantoms flit,  
And all the past comes back again !  
—No ; I have neither seen nor heard  
Those dear ones who are gone to rest ;  
And reason good—it were absurd,  
For they're in Heaven, and with the Blest.  
But oft I see them in my dreams,  
As real as if in very life,  
And just as young my husband seems  
As when he made me first his wife.  
—Aye, yes ! you think I see him, then !  
I know not ; but one thing is sure,  
My William, Ruth, and little Ben  
Are safe in Heaven. What need I more ?

*Mary Howitt.*









## THE SONG.

TOGETHER in the house awhile,  
I saw her, young, and fair, and meek ;  
I watched her softly, sweetly smile,  
I heard her softly, sweetly speak ;  
And yet my heart was all my own—  
Was all my own to give or keep,  
No sudden spell was o'er it thrown,  
No thought to banish sleep.

Yet oft my eye was well content  
To follow on her footsteps, where  
She moved, on household thoughts intent,  
As light as is the Summer air ;  
And sweet as is the Summer air  
Her every look, her every tone,  
She drew me to her unaware,  
And yet my heart was all my own.

Until one Summer eve she sung  
A little song of love and death.  
A rose unto the casement clung,  
I felt within my soul its breath ;  
A spell was o'er my spirit thrown,  
A thought was mine to banish sleep ;  
And now my heart is all her own,  
Her own to lose or keep.

*Dora Greenwell.*





### A MILKING SONG.

Up, Beauty, up! come, Spot and Daisy!  
High holiday, in shine and shadow,  
All day long you have been keeping,  
Growing sleek, and smooth, and lazy,  
Feeding, sleeping,  
Scarcely peeping  
O'er the long grass of the meadow;  
Scarcely stirring, though the flies  
In a cloud about you hover;  
Scarcely op'ning your brown eyes,  
Though the bee is in the clover!  
Come, rouse and follow  
Through the hollow,  
Follow to my chanted rhyme;  
Up, Beauty, up! come, Spot and Daisy!  
Through the copse all dim and hazy,  
Follow—it is milking-time!



A MILKING SONG.

When the milking pail is brimming,  
And the hot day's work is done,  
And the reaper, swart and glowing,  
Homeward going,  
Leaves his mowing  
As the evening mists are dimming  
The last glory of the sun ;  
I will lead you past the mill,  
Where the pool so sweet and still is,  
There to splash and drink your fill  
All among the water-lilies !  
Come, rouse and follow  
Through the hollow,  
Follow to my chanted rhyme ;  
Up, Beauty, up ! come, Spot and Daisy !  
Through the copse all dim and hazy,  
Follow—it is milking-time !

*Amelia B. Edwards.*









### RICHER THAN GOLD.

OH my love was bold and true,  
And he sailed across the bay,  
Singing, "I'll return to you  
In a twelvemonth and a day."

With no shadow of a doubt he went,  
For he was true as bold:  
But I feared the roaring ocean,  
And cared little for the gold.

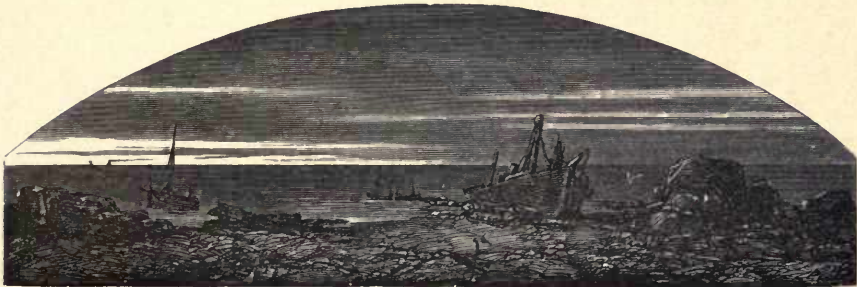
All that Summer still and calm  
Lay the sparkling silver tide,  
In the sunshine deep and warm,  
Or in moonlight bright and wide;



RICHER THAN GOLD.

And the breezes fanned my cheek  
Which bore letters o'er the bay,  
Saying, "I'll bring back a heap of gold  
In a twelvemonth and a day

Summer pass'd,—and Autumn came,  
When the breezes 'gan to blow,  
And the waves, no longer tame,  
Were foam-crested, white as snow ;



The sullen sun set redly,  
The winds piped shrill and cold,  
And on my knees I prayed for him,  
And recked not of the gold.

Oh the storm it is all over,  
On the shore there lies a wreck,  
With cargo gone and broken masts,  
And yawning sides and deck :

To the sea they gave their riches,  
Fought for life like sailors bold :  
But my love is safe within my arms—  
What care I for the gold ?

*The Author of "The Gentle Life."*





### FIDELITY.

THERE is a little river path beneath the sunlit beeches,  
And weeping willows trail their boughs within its wat'ry reaches;  
Where birds may drink and men may think—for both a wholesome diet;  
The brook's faint swirl will calm the whirl of brains unused to quiet.

So let us try, my dog and I, this little rustie journey:  
He is a calm old setter;—I a half-employed attorney.  
He shams to smell a water rat, and dashes at a bramble,  
Then barks—the echoes illustrate the quiet of our ramble.

Ah, could my heart bound up like his! could I forget each trouble—  
The broken troth which made my life seem but an empty bubble!  
Could I bring back my youth once more, my joy in all things human;  
My loving trust in all mankind;—especially in woman!

But now I trust the world no more—alas! because I know it:  
No friend like Ponto brings my stick, when in the stream I throw it;  
For man is false, and woman too—especially Miss Spooner,  
The jilt! *I* trust her sex again? I'd trust a dog much sooner.

*Hain Friswell.*









## THE SEASONS.

### 1. SPRING DAYS.

THE merry Spring is coming now,  
The swallow o'er the sea ;  
The bud will hang upon the bough,  
The blossom on the tree ;

And many a pleasant sound will rise to greet her on her way,  
The voice of bird, and leaf, and stream, and warm winds in their play.  
Oh! sweet the airs that round her breathe, and bountiful is she ;  
She bringeth all the things that sweet, and fresh, and hopeful be ;  
She looks in love upon the earth, through sunshine and through showers ;  
She fills the maiden's heart with mirth, the maiden's hand with flowers.

The yellow palm is waving light,  
The larch is turning green,  
The woodland cherry gleams in white,  
As if to be their queen.

Now the blue violet, as we pass, hides deep, and does not know  
How sweet she is, and in the grass we find her hiding low ;  
The primrose blooms, the kingcup threads the meadows all with gold,  
And the furze breaks like an odorous flame o'er upland waste and wold :  
Oh! fair the woodlands, fair the fields, and sweet the passing hours ;  
Sweet to the maiden and the youth who count them all by flowers.







## THE SEASONS.

### 2. SUMMER DAYS.

COME, O Summer, tarrying long ;  
Though the woods be silent all :  
Who would ask for mirth or song,  
That hath felt thy blessing fall ?  
Bring thy murmured sounds, that woo  
All the heart to calm and rest ;  
Let thy lonely cushat coo  
From her loving, grieving breast.

Let thy bee be busy still,  
Let thy grasshopper be gay,  
Give thy workers all their will,  
Let thy happy idlers play.  
Warm beneath our feet the grass,  
Warm upon our brows the air ;  
Light the dragon-fly flits past,  
And the rose is everywhere.

Oh! what hours of gladness lie  
'Twixt us and the sinking sun ;  
Now, ye happy children, hie  
To the woods till day be done ;  
By the brook and ferny glade  
Find the place you love the best ;  
Play in sunshine or in shade,  
Ye are safe, and warm, and blest.









## THE SEASONS.

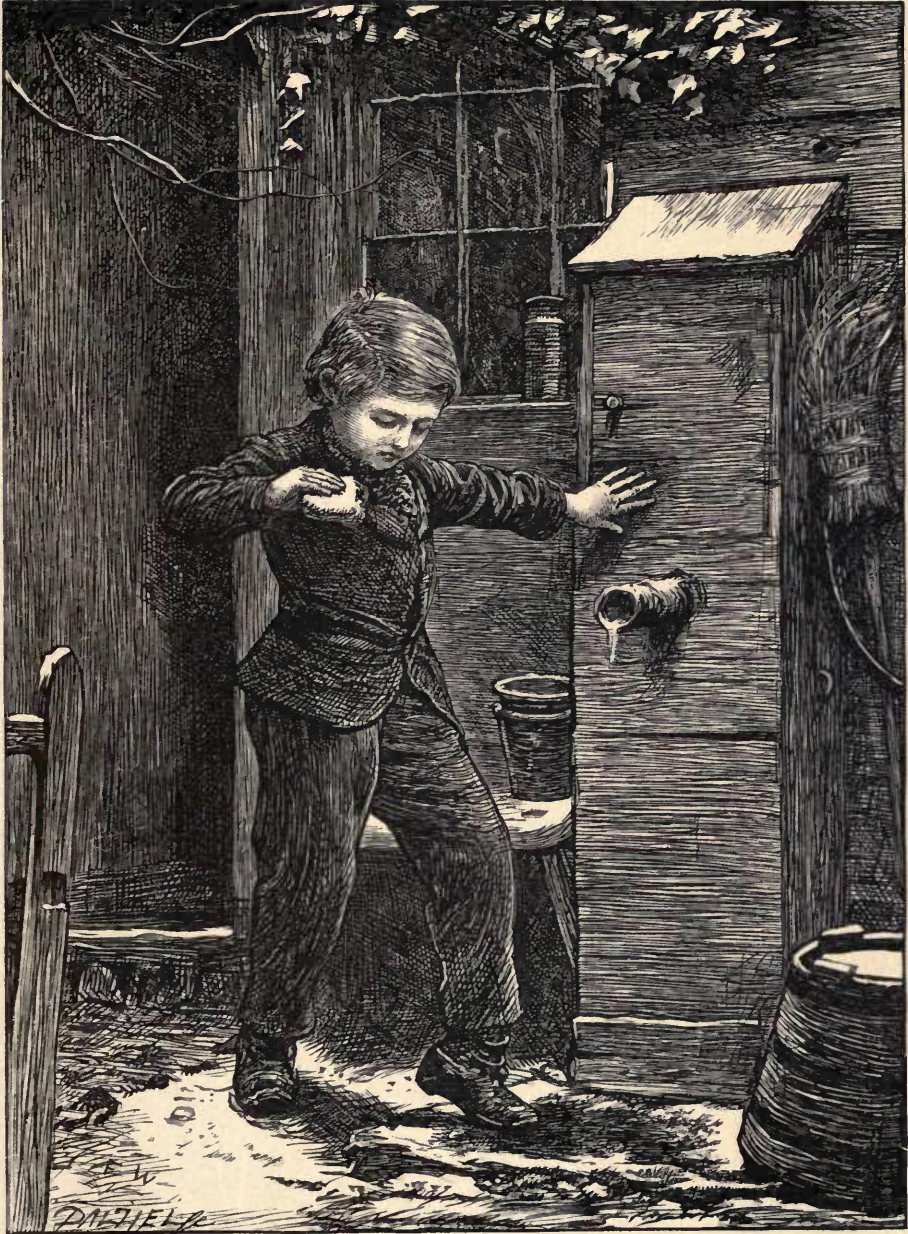
### 3. AUTUMN DAYS.

How many wooers hath the Spring to bid her welcome free !  
Thou beautiful brown Autumn, then, thy praise be sung by me ;  
Thy redd'ning leaf, thy ripened sheaf, thy russet rustling corn,  
The creaking of thy loaded wains, thy hunters' cheery horn.

A little child within the woods, I heard the falling cone,  
I sought for brambles ripe, I made the ruddy nut my own,  
I watched the peach's sunny cheek turn on the sunny wall,  
And, with no guess at Nature's laws, saw many an apple fall.

I saw thy scarlet lilies flame, I saw thy sunflowers bold  
Stand up to mark thy golden hours on dial-plates of gold.  
Oh ! precious are thy glowing gifts, and bountiful and free ;  
Thou beautiful brown Autumn, then, thy praise be sung by me.







## THE SEASONS.

### 4. WINTER DAYS.

COLD, cold, it is very cold !  
At Christmas time the year is old ;  
His pulse is faint, and his blood runs slow,  
He lies like a corpse in his shroud of snow ;  
It was drawn round his limbs by a noiseless sprite—  
He grew white with age in a single night.  
Wrap him up close and cover him deep,  
Nothing is left for him now but to sleep ;  
    Nothing is left for us now but to play,—  
    Winter was made for a holiday !

No stir in the waters, no sound on the air ;  
The birds have found shelter, *they* only know where ;  
But cold is the comfort they own at the best  
When the icicle hangs where the swallow found rest ;  
And a few of earth's wise things, when Summer was gay,  
Laid by something safe for a winterly day ;  
But while they are sheltering, and sleeping, and hiding,  
We boys are snow-balling, and skating, and sliding ;  
    Nothing is left for us now but to play,—  
    Winter was made for a holiday !

*Dora Greenwell.*





A SONG ON THE GOING AWAY.

“ OLD man, upon the green hill-side  
With yellow flowers besprinkled o'er,  
How long in silence wilt thou bide  
At this low stone door ?

“ I stoop : within 't is dark and still ;  
But shadowy paths methinks there be,  
And lead they far into the hill ?”

“ Traveller, come and see.”

1 2020 ON THE ROAD TO THE



A SONG ON THE GOING AWAY.

“Tis dark, 'tis cold, and hung with gloom ;  
I care not now within to stay ;  
For thee and me is scarcely room,  
I will hence away.”

“Not so, not so, thou youthful guest,  
Thy foot shall issue forth no more :  
Behold the chamber of thy rest,  
And the closing door !”



“Oh ! have I 'scaped the whistling ball,  
And striven on smoky fields of fight,  
And scaled the 'leaguered city's wall  
In the dangerous night ;

“And borne my life unharmed still  
Through foaming gulfs of yeasty spray,  
To yield it on a grassy hill,  
At the noon of day ?”

“Peace. Say thy prayers, and go to sleep,  
Till *some time* ONE my seal shall break,  
And deep shall answer unto deep,  
When He crieth, ‘AWAKE !’”

*Jean Ingelow.*





A LIFE IN A YEAR.

1. THE OPEN WINDOW. (*Morning.*)

GLITTERED in sunshine the gravel walk,  
Glittered the grassy lawn with dew,  
When I stayed my horse at the gate, in talk  
With her brother leaning across it. I knew



A LIFE IN A YEAR. THE OPEN WINDOW.

She had but lately come from school ;  
I had not seen her when in the calm  
Breath of the Summer morning cool  
I took my way past the Upland Farm.

What did the Summer roses say,  
That round the half-opened casement clung ?  
Red, red to their very hearts were they :  
Did they tell me that I and the world were young ?  
Just for a moment they swayed and shook,  
Parted to show me a sudden face :  
Can a face alter a life?—a look  
Make of the world another place ?

Just for a moment the roses shook,  
And a face looked out from among them, then  
Vanished—but not from my heart the look,  
At a window that never will shut again.  
Still at the Upland Farm the rose  
Blows on the wall and blooms within ;  
Still in my heart it blooms and blows,  
The rose I have set my life to win !







A LIFE IN A YEAR.

2. THE GARDEN. (*Noon.*)

By me the valley-lily blows  
    Unsung amid its shrouding green ;  
By me unmourned the violets close  
    Their dim sweet eyes, and die unseen ;  
For it was Autumn when I met  
    Her whom I love: the sunflowers bold  
Stood up like guards around her set,  
And all the air with mignonette





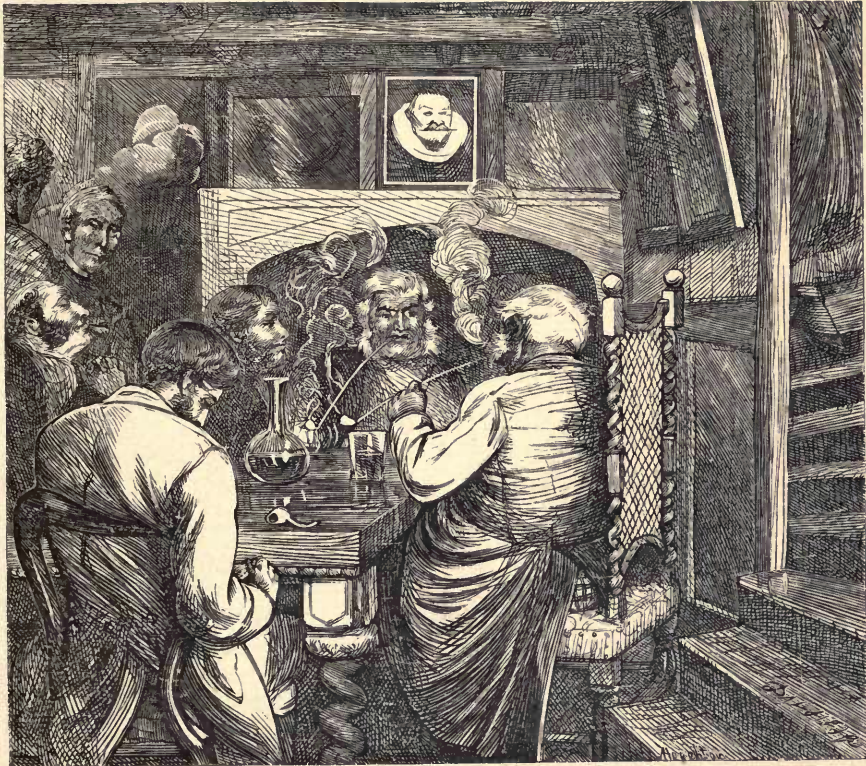
A LIFE IN A YEAR. THE GARDEN.

Was warm within the garden old.  
Beside her feet the marigold  
Glowed star-like; and the sweet pea sent  
A sigh to follow as she went  
Slowly adown the terrace—there  
I saw thee, O my love! and thou wert fair.

She stood in the full noon-day unafraid,  
As one beloved of sunlight; for awhile  
She leant upon the time-worn balustrade,  
The white clematis wooed her, and the clove  
Hung all its burning heart upon her smile;  
And on her cheek and in her eyes was love;  
And on her lips, that, like an opening rose,  
Seemed parting some sweet story to disclose,  
The soul of all the Summer lingered—there  
I saw thee, O my love! and thou wert fair.







A LIFE IN A YEAR.

3. THE GRASSY WALK. (*Evening.*)

I WAS to meet her at set of sun—  
Why to the quiet Grange that day  
Should my father's friends come one by one  
Dropping in with intent to stay?  
All that long sunny afternoon,  
Oh, how weary seemed their talk  
Of rise in cattle, and fall in hay!



A LIFE IN A YEAR. THE GRASSY WALK.

Had they forgotten that it was June,  
Roses in bloom and birds in song?  
Yet the lane will turn, be it never so long :  
They went at last, and I took my way,  
Light as a bird, to the grassy walk.

Warm was the Summer breeze that stole  
To my cheek, and warm the Summer air :  
Golden the slanting sunbeams there  
Streamed through the boughs ; each elm tree's bole  
Stood up clear as is the stalk  
Of a lily cropped by an angel's hand.  
One bird sang clear to be the soul  
Of the silent spell, as I saw her stand,  
Waiting for me, in the grassy walk.







A LIFE IN A YEAR.

4. BETROTHAL.

SWEET is the Summer, but quickly past,  
There's but little left when June is over ;  
Can we bid the breath of the woodbine last,  
Or harvest the scent of the hay and clover ?





A LIFE IN A YEAR.

Sweet are the days that so quickly fleet;  
But there is a word that is yet unspoken,  
A word that only a word can meet,  
A chain to be bound; or a spell to be broken.

Oh for that word to make me blest,  
And safe for ever! So many woo her,  
I am but one among the rest:  
Who of a maiden's heart can be sure?  
Enough of dreams, and of looks, and sighs;  
There is a word that must now be spoken,  
That gives me all, or that all denies—  
Will a heart be won, or a heart be broken?

All things hung ripe and ready to fall,  
Crimson the leaf of the maple burning;  
A breath would bring the peach from the wall,  
Or shake down the apples, ruddy turning;  
And yet not a breath the corn field stirred  
From its golden rest when the word was spoken,  
One Autumn eve, and met by a word—  
There was no love lost, and no heart broken!

*Dora Greenwell.*





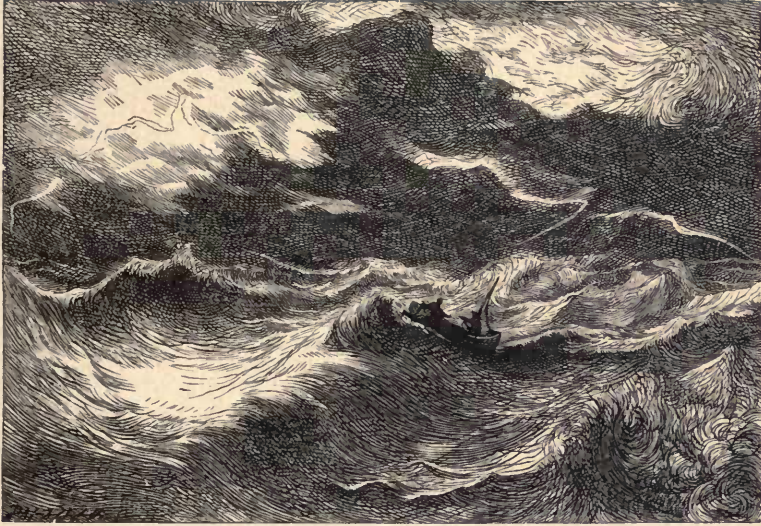


## THE PILOT BOAT.

### I. EVENING.

THERE'S a schooner in the bay,  
With a signal at her fore,  
And I hear the Pilot say,  
"Though a squall may come to-night,  
We shall get on board all right,  
And the tide begins to flow at break of day.  
Shove her off, my lad!" cries he,  
"We've a craft that's fit for sea."  
And the ripples on the shore  
Murmur softly as they run  
Through the crimson evening light,  
While the Father and the Son  
Sail away.



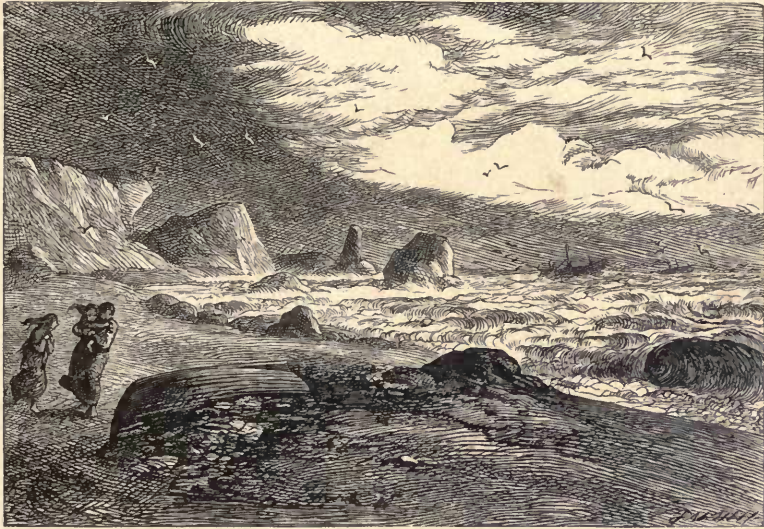


THE PILOT BOAT.

2. NIGHT.

WHEN the cliff and wave grow dark,  
In a cottage by the strand  
See a glimmering taper-spark,  
Where the Pilot's Wife is sewing,  
With her children all asleep ;  
But in gloomy heav'n above no star is showing.  
Ha! the lightning, and a crash  
Like the downfall of the skies,—  
Rushing rain, roaring deep,  
Sudden gale with fury blowing.  
Out of nothing at each flash,  
Leap the dreadful sea and land.  
Was that wind she heard? or,—hark!  
Shouts and cries?





THE PILOT BOAT.

3. MORNING.

'Tis a morn remorseful, pale,  
For the frenzy overpast ;  
With a sullen sinking gale,  
Flying clouds, torn and shattered,  
And a dismal gleam of day among them cast.  
On the rough perturbéd ocean  
Rolls a ship in helpless motion ;  
She has neither sail nor mast.  
On the waif-strewn beach, a boat  
Lies keel upwards, bruised and battered ;  
And the Son and Father,—these  
Shall no more on earthly seas  
Ever float.

*William Allingham.*







ONE MOUTH MORE.

It is but one mouth more, father :  
And HE that can bestow  
Wherewith to satisfy all needs,  
Will still provide, I know.



ONE MOUTH MORE.

Hark, how outside the wind doth roar!  
See, how chill drives the sleet!—  
He came for shelter to our door,  
Of all doors in the street.

When Willy ran home from the school,  
He found him shivering there:  
His eye looked up in Willy's face,  
Out of the draggled hair,  
As if it said "I have no food,  
No sheltering roof have I;  
If you'll not take me in to live,  
I must stay here to die."

I know that you have sore to do  
To keep us clothed and fed;  
How mother's bound to save and spare,  
How all eat careful bread:  
But God that blessed the widow's mite,  
And filled the widow's cruse,  
Will not let miss the bone or crust  
For which poor Doggie sues.

I'll save his portion out of mine,  
And so will Willy too;  
He'll watch your bundle while you dine,—  
We'll find him work to do:  
And when he wags his tail at meat,  
Or barks with us at play,  
If there be one more mouth to eat,  
There's one more grace to say.

*Tom Taylor.*





### THE SILENT POOL.

A WINTRY sky at eventide,  
And doleful woods. My faith! yon lassie  
Was rash to wait alone beside  
The Silent Pool, so still and glassy.

It looks far deeper than the sea,  
More ghostly than the lake of Charon;  
Its beetling bank appears to me  
A risky spot to nurse despair on.



THE SILENT POOL.

She watched and wept. To meet him here  
She climbed the stile and crossed the stubble:—  
He's come at last, to dry her tear,  
And ease her of her tender trouble.

They've met—their greeting is indeed  
The fondest of young Love's embraces:  
The blissful moments lightly speed;  
Love, only Love, can see their faces.

Most people like to bill and coo,  
And some have done it for the last time  
So, happy pair, we envy you  
Your pleasant and improving pastime.

For life is toil, and age is bane,  
When all we love is dead or missing:  
But if we see this Pool again,  
You'll still be here, and still be kissing!

*Frederick Locker.*











## A LIFE IN A DAY.

### 1. THE LANE. (*Morning.*)

Your mother cried, "We'll all be late!  
That Summer Sunday morning,"  
And it is true you made us wait  
Awhile with your adorning.  
How fresh your Sunday ribbons were!  
How smooth your gown! how bright your hair!  
That Summer Sunday morning.

Your father on before us went,  
He heard the bells, he would not wait;  
Your mother followed—well content;  
I leant upon the garden gate.  
You came, your little sister's hand  
In yours; I saw you shyly stand  
That Summer Sunday morning.

And as we walked the world was fair,  
The world was gay, the world was sweet;  
A weight of bliss was on the air,  
A weight was on our loitering feet.  
Your mother turned her head, and cried,  
"We'll all be late!" but did not chide.  
That Summer Sunday morning.







A LIFE IN A DAY.

2. THE BRIDGE. (*Noon.*)

We lingered on the rustic bridge ;  
We saw the pebbles in the stream  
Below us, clear in amber light  
Of noon-day, flash and gleam.  
Afar, the yellow flag-flowers caught  
A glory from the flitting beam,  
And all was still and fair, methought,  
And golden, as a dream.

Oh! might this hour not pass away!  
Oh! were it given to us, not lent!  
And might we, framed within it, stay,  
A breathing picture of content!  
And hear the babbling waters run,  
And hear the distant stock-dove coo,  
And dream that in the world were none  
But only I and you!









A LIFE IN A DAY.

3. THE GATE. (*Evening.*)

WE stood a moment at the gate,  
Her father stood beside the door:  
He thought we should have come before,  
And we had made his supper wait.  
Just at that moment rose the moon:  
I heard her mother say "You're late."  
But oh! I thought we came too soon.

We went within; my words were few,  
Her looks, I thought, were cold and shy;  
How little like the talk we knew  
Beneath the open sky!  
And yet I did not wish to go:  
Her mother said their clock was slow;  
I thought it struck too soon.

We stood together at the gate  
A little while, good-night to say.  
She whispered softly, "It is late;"  
But all my heart said, "Stay."  
A little cloud across the moon  
Sailed softly, passing on its way;  
I thought it passed too soon.

*Dora Greenwell.*





BY THE SEA.

WHY does the sea moan evermore?  
Shut out from Heaven it makes its moan,  
It frets against the boundary shore;  
All earth's full rivers cannot fill  
The sea, that drinking thirsteth still.

Sheer miracles of loveliness  
Lie hid in its unlooked-on bed:  
Anemones, salt, passionless,  
Blow flower-like; just enough alive  
To blow, and propagate, and thrive.

Shells quaint with curve, or spot, or spike,  
Encrusted live things Argus-eyed,  
All fair alike, yet all unlike,  
Are born without a pang, and die  
Without a pang, and so pass by.

*Christina G. Rossetti.*





## THE OLD SHEPHERD.

### I. ON THE HILLS.

THE vapours glitter on the hill,—  
The morning air is soft,—  
There's music in the merry rill,—  
There's music in the croft.  
But turn from what is gay and green,  
To gaze on this pathetic scene.

The silent tarn is frozen dry—  
The hills return no sound—  
There's Winter in the dappled sky,  
And Winter on the ground:  
The shepherd knows the scene austere,  
And why the wind is tempered here!







THE OLD SHEPHERD.

2. AT HOME.

I GRUDGE that lonely man his crook :—  
It seems no idle whim  
That if he reads in Nature's book,  
Her voice has been to him  
A spiritual life to sway  
And cheer him on his endless way.

O, fair are these sequestered lives,  
Their labours never soil—  
Thrice blest is he who thus derives  
A dignity from toil :  
And HE who loves us all will keep  
The shepherd who so loves his sheep.

*Frederick Locker.*







## OUTWARD BOUND.

CLINK-CLINK-CLINK goes our windlass.  
"Ahoy!"—"Haul in!"—"Let go!"  
Yards braced and sails set,—  
Flags uncurl and flow.  
Some eyes that watch from shore are wet,  
(How bright their welcome shone!)  
While, bending softly to the breeze,  
And rushing through the parted seas,  
Our gallant ship glides on.

Though one has left a sweetheart,  
And one has left a wife,  
'Twill never do to mope and fret,  
Or curse a sailor's life.  
See, far away they signal yet—  
They dwindle—fade—they're gone!  
For dashing outwards, bold and brave,  
And springing light from wave to wave,  
Our merry ship flies on.

Gay spreads the sparkling ocean;  
But many a gloomy night  
And stormy morrow must be met  
Ere next we heave in sight.  
The parting look we'll ne'er forget,  
The kiss, the benison,  
As round the rolling world we go.  
God bless you all!—blow, breezes, blow!  
Sail on, good ship, sail on!

*William Allingham.*









## HOMeward BOUND.

HEAD the ship for England!  
Shake out every sail!  
Blithe leap the billows,  
Merry sings the gale.  
Captain, work the reck'ning;  
How many knots a day?—  
Round the world and home again,  
That's the sailor's way!

We've traded with the Yankees,  
Brazilians, and Chinese;  
We've laughed with dusky beauties  
In shade of high palm trees;  
Across the Line and Gulf-stream—  
Round by Table Bay—  
Everywhere and home again,  
That's the sailor's way!

Nightly stands the North Star  
Higher on our bow;  
Straight we run for England;  
Our thoughts are in it now.  
Jolly time with friends ashore,  
When we've drawn our pay!—  
All about and home again,  
That's the sailor's way!

Tom will to his parents;  
Jack will to his dear;  
Joe to wife and children;  
Bob to pipes and beer;  
Dicky to the dancing-room,  
To hear the fiddles play;—  
Round the world and home again,  
That's the sailor's way!

*William Allingham.*





### YOUTH AND AGE.

OF warm sunlight scarce a span  
In the shady lane  
'Twi'x the child and the old man ;  
Yet between the twain  
Such a wide long stretch of years,  
Joys and sorrows, smiles and tears !

Little Mary's golden head  
Doubling Summer's gold ;—  
Winter snow-wreaths thickly shed  
On that brow so old !  
Will she e'er grow grey as he ?  
Was he ever young as she ?



YOUTH AND AGE.

Happy little Mary,  
Never grave or sad ;  
Tales of elf and fairy  
Make her young heart glad ;—  
Gentle thoughts of humankind  
Fill with peace the old man's mind.



For, as fruits grow mellow,  
Hearts grow ripe with ruth,  
When the leaves are yellow ;—  
In the spring of youth  
Sunshine warms the shallow root,  
Swelling blossoms for the fruit !

*Tom Hood.*





### MY JESSIE.

My Jessie lives beyond the town,  
Just where the moorland, bare and brown,  
Looks over to the sea:  
A little maid of lowly birth,  
But, oh! of all the girls on earth,  
The dearest girl to me!





MY JESSIE.

Few summers hath she known: her eyes  
Are bluer than the Summer skies,  
And brimming o'er with fun;  
Her hair is like a golden crown;  
Her little hands are sadly brown;  
Her cheek tells of the sun.

But could you see her come and go  
In Summer shine and Winter snow,  
As I do, day by day;  
Now rising like the lark at morn;  
Like Ruth, now gleaning in the corn;  
Now busy in the hay;



Now racing like a greyhound fleet  
Along the glist'ning sands, with feet  
Like snow, so white and bare;  
All beauty, health, enjoyment, mirth,  
You'd say no queen on all the earth  
Was ever half so fair!

*Amelia B. Edwards.*







FATED TO MEET.

OVER half the world we came together,  
The woman I love, and I.  
'T was sunny weather—'t was stormy weather—  
No matter!—we drew nigh!

Across the ocean, across the land—  
What leagues our poor hearts Sundered!—  
We came together,—clasped hand in hand,  
And not a whit we wondered!

For what could keep us divided long,  
Since our hearts were made for each other?  
The yearning that drew us was so strong,  
We must meet one another.

The moonlight slept on the white hill-side,  
The nightingales sobbed in gloom;  
And 't was there I met my destined bride  
Beside the old king's tomb.

Hand in hand we stood by the mound  
Where that king's bones were interred:—  
Though he'd lain so many years in the ground,  
At our kiss his ashes stirred.

For o'er half the world we came together,  
That tall fair woman and I;  
Drawn each to each by a mystic tether,  
United till we die.

So when we met in the place of graves  
What should our kiss resemble,  
But two vast rivers, mingling waves,  
While all around them tremble?

*Tom Hood.*















THE WATER WRAITH.\*

THE sea is moaning, the new-born cries,  
In her child-bed sorrow the mother lies,—  
And the fisher fisheth afar away,  
    In the morning grey.

The lift is laden, the dawn appears,—  
Is it the moan o' the wind he hears?  
Is it the splash o' the ocean foam?  
    Or a cry from home?

The wind is whistling in shroud and sheet,—  
He fisheth there that the babe may eat;  
He gazeth down from the side of his bark  
    On the waters dark.

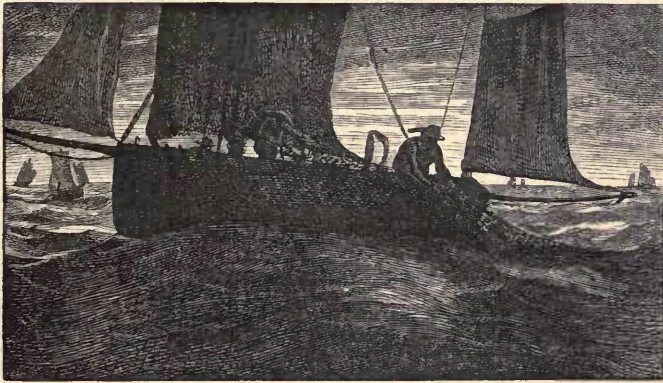
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\* *Wraith*, the apparition of one on the point of death.



THE WATER WRAITH.

Sees he the gleam o' the foam-flake there,  
Or a white white face in its floating hair?  
Salt seaweeds that are shoreward drifted,  
Or arms uplifted?



His heart is heavy, his lips are set,  
He sighs as he draggeth in his net;  
The dawning brightens, the water screams,  
And the white face gleams!

'Tis chill, so chill, as he shoreward flies;  
The boat is laden, the new-born cries,—  
But the wraith of the mother fades far away  
In-the morning grey!

*Robert Buchanan.*





### THE SEA CAPTAIN'S FAREWELL TO HIS CHILD.

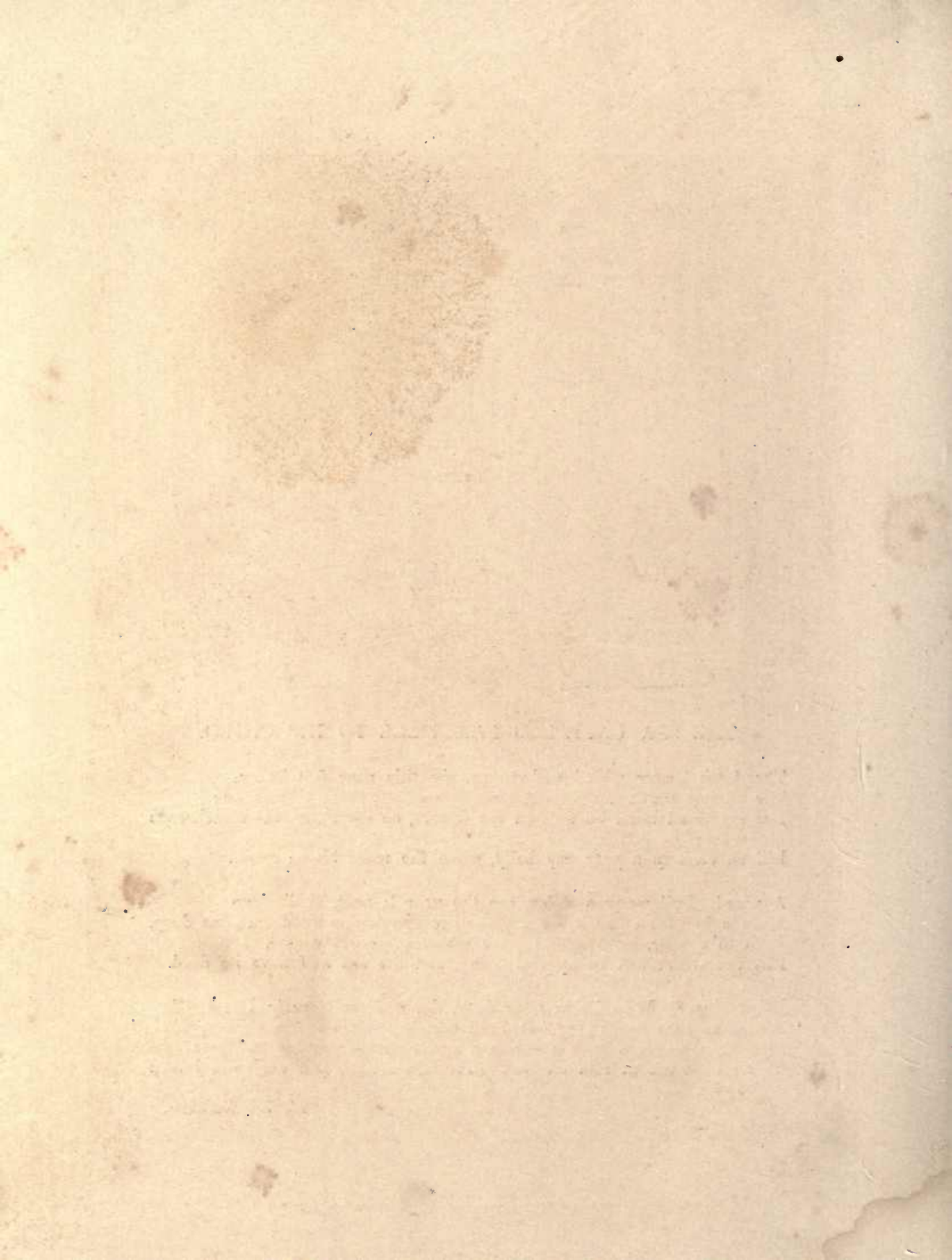
THE fresh breeze whistles above us, the tide runs fast below,  
 The ship is waiting, they tell me,—is waiting,—and I must go;  
 For my bread must be won on the waters, on the changeful treacherous  
 main:

I'll be back in a year, my baby, when the roses bloom again.

A year! Full many a sailor, ere the year is past, shall sleep,  
 With a boulder of rock for a pillow, in the tangle weed, fathoms deep.  
 Back in a year, my lambkin,—the words are quickly said,  
 But the storm will be up and doing, and the sea *will* have its dead.

What then? Who die in their duty, die well, and are in His hand.  
 "We're as near to Heaven," said old Gilbert, "by sea as we are by land;"  
 E'en then we shall have a meeting, and no more parting and pain,  
 When both are at rest on OUR FATHER'S breast, and the roses bloom  
 again.

*H. W. Dulcken.*









## THE OLD COUPLE AND THE OLD CLOCK.

THE old clock still keeps honest time,  
The old wheels still run true ;  
As shrill and cheery sounds its chime  
As when its case was new.  
Their eighty years on that old pair  
Have left their wrinkling trace,  
But not one seal of time is there  
Upon the old clock-face.

Pride of their cottage plenishing  
When he and she were wed,  
It took its stand, with tell-tale hand,  
Beside their marriage bed.  
It set the times of death and birth  
To an unvarying song,  
Nor changed, as hours of joy or mirth  
Passed, swift or slow, along.

Albeit brass and wood, that keep  
An even pace and voice,  
Which with our sorrows cannot weep,  
Nor with our joys rejoice,  
That cottage clock hath grown a part  
Of all their fourscore years,  
As if it had a human heart  
For joys, griefs, hopes, and fears.

Each week 't was cleansed from stain and soil,  
And wound with pride and care—  
The mark between six days of toil,  
And one of rest and prayer.  
And in their eve, as in their prime,  
That rite is still gone through,  
As carefully as if with time  
Their age had still to do.

*Tom Taylor.*





### BEATEN.

Oh, my daughter, little daughter, life is over with me now,  
All within my heart is heavy, and the death-sweat clouds my brow:  
I have waited, watched, and hungered, striven, prayed;—but all in vain,  
And the little hope within me dies to never rise again.

Beaten, spent, and overweighted in the ceaseless toil and strife,  
Break, strong heart; thy fellows press thee, pass thee in the race for life:  
Black against the landskip lurid rise the buildings of the town,—  
There the workers throng and struggle, hurry up and hurry down.

Let them win! I will not hate them: bless them with my dying breath.  
Not to me to gain the race, although I strove unto the death.  
Gold is curs'd, and so is want; to him who lost, or striving, won,  
Come the trials and temptations: praised be God that mine are done.

But for you, my little daughter, but for *you* my heart is sore;  
Yet for you is bless'd the future, I forsee like seer of yore.  
Close these eyes, poor child, I'm weary: smile upon me; fain I'd sleep  
That long sleep that knows no waking, still as happy, calm as deep.

*The Author of "The Gentle Life."*





### THE FAILING TRACK.

WHERE go the feet that hitherto have come?  
Here yawns no gulf to quench the flowing Past.  
Slowly and gently, as a song grows dumb,  
The grass floats in: the gazer stands aghast.

Tremble not, maiden. Let the footprints die.  
The skylark's way doth vanish with his notes.  
The mighty-throated, when he mounts on high,  
Far o'er some lowly landmark sings and floats.

Fear not, I say. Paths vanish from the wave  
Where thousand ships have torn a track of grey,  
And yet new ships go on, quiet and brave:  
A changeless heart of iron tells the way.





THE FAILING TRACK.

What! neither loadstone heart, nor eye of lark,  
To guide thy footsteps where old footprints fail?  
Ah! then 't is time to turn, before the dark:  
Thy childhood's vision lies not in yon vale.

The backward path alone is plain to see;  
Thy foot hath pressed it, weary ways behind:  
Back to the prayer beside thy mother's knee;  
Back to the question and the child-like mind.



Then start afresh,—but toward a noble end;  
Some goal o'er which there hangs a star at night.  
So shalt thou need no footprints to befriend;  
True heart and shining star will guide thee right.

*George Mac Donald.*





### KYRIE ELEISON.

It is the Sabbath day: the sun in the sky  
Looks kindly down on the earth, like God's own eye ;  
Sweet, through the vaulted heaven, the far-heard bell  
Speaks multitudinous prayer from hill and dell ;  
And bright the commingling colours of raiment worn,  
The "best" of our simple folk, for their Sunday morn,  
Where crowds by the pleasant hedgerows troop along,—  
The prattle of children mixed with the wild birds' song ;  
Till those fluttering vestments touch, on their churchyard way,  
The stirless tombs of the Dead,—who no longer pray!



KYRIE ELEISON.

The bells have ceased from their swinging : the trampling feet  
Have reached, with a decent haste, the accustomed seat :  
Silent and reverent now, all heads are bare,  
In the burnished gloss of their youth, or the scant grey hair ;



And the oaken roof is thrilled by the organ's sound,  
As if music sent pulses of life to the walls around,  
The children's choir uplifting with voices clear  
The hymn we have known thro' many and many a changeful year ;  
LORD, remember the souls who have met this day,  
And their Dead,—who are silent for ever, and cannot pray !



KYRIE ELEISON.

Thou, THOU only canst tell, where those heads are bowed,  
Which are the wheat and tares in that kneeling crowd ;  
Which is the "contrite heart" Thou wilt not despise ;  
And where are the wandering thoughts under steadfast eyes.  
Thou, THOU only canst mark, when the inward woe  
Is but an innocent grief for its "long ago,"  
And when it is burdened with thoughts which no man reads,  
Black with impalpable dust of remorseful deeds,  
Like the dust of ruin which fell on that distant shore  
When the choking cities were buried to rise no more.  
LORD, be good to these souls at Thy final day,  
And their Dead,—who have done with repentance, and cannot pray !

Light is the Summer wind : as it comes and goes,  
The yew tree is still, but it lifts the trembling spray of the rose.  
Soft it comes over the graves,—with a wafting mild  
As the fanning of angel wings or the breath of a laughing child ;  
Sweet from the river-run meadows with freshness rife,  
It carries a silent message from Death to Life.  
In at the Gothic window, it enters and stirs the veil  
Of the late-made widow who sits there, meek-looking, wan, and pale ;  
Breathes on the cheek of the maiden whose lover died  
Ere the happy day that had made her a willing bride ;  
And freshens the tear-sworn eyelids, hot and sore,  
Of some Rachel who mourns for her children for evermore ;  
Then back to the graveyard it wafteth their living breath,  
As though it returned with a message from Life to Death.  
LORD, remember all mourners 'mongst those that pray,  
And their Dead,—outside in the sunshine, this Summer day !

Their dead ! Each year, as it passes, shall silence some  
Of the choral voices now singing of Heaven's high home.  
Some of these breathing and living, both young and old,  
Must pass from the church to the churchyard ere Summer be cold.  
The proud hard man who for ever hath heard in vain  
The pitiful anxious pleading of hearts in pain,—  
And the kindly helper of others, whose cheery tone  
The blind and the poor recall as they grieve alone ;  
The parent, whose lost protection leaves life all blank for a while ;  
And the child, whose death bore from us the joy of the house with  
his smile.  
Day by day shall be parting ; day by day shall be birth ;  
And gatherings into the bosom of one great mother—Earth.  
LORD, do Thou keep us ready, we humbly pray,  
And look down on the dead and the living, this Sabbath day !

*The Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

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From  
Mr. Stone



Matilda  
at this lonely hour in January









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