



TRIBUTES
TO
SHAKESPEARE

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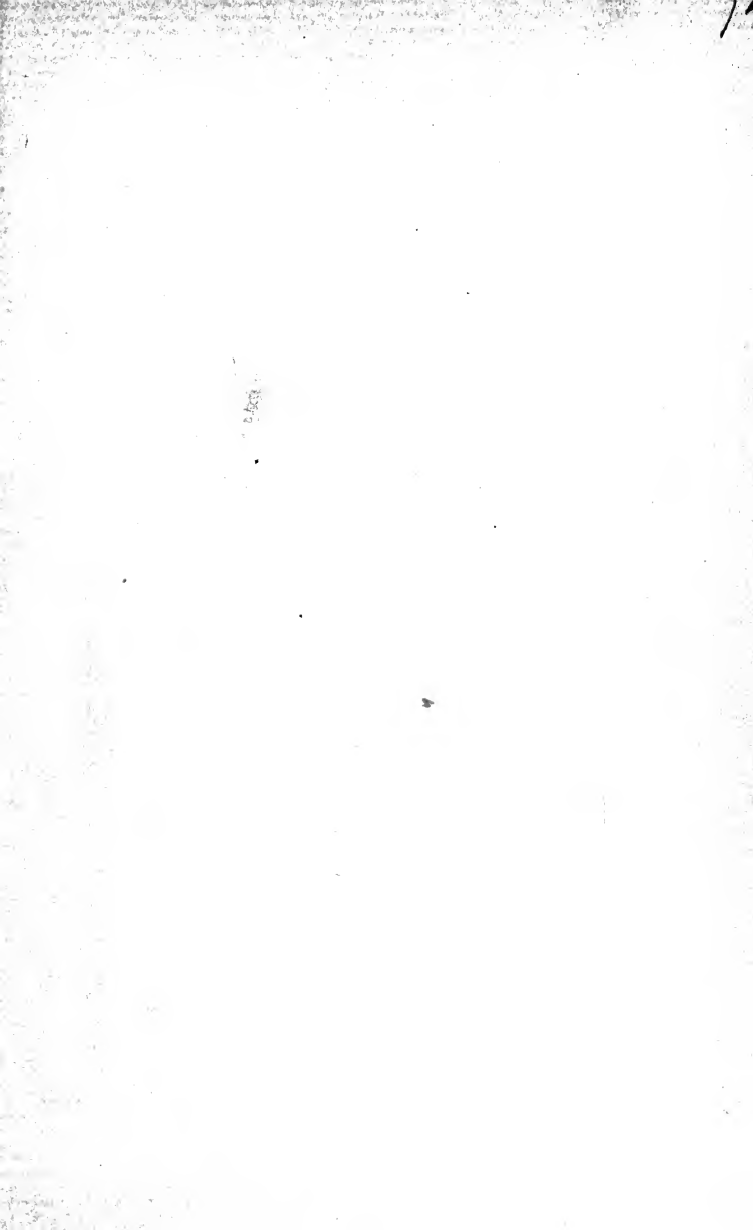
Shakespeare

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🌀 Tributes to 🌀
SHAKESPEARE

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED
BY MARY R. SILSBY



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1892
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TO
WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT.D.
IN RECOGNITION OF HIS SERVICES TO
STUDENTS OF SHAKESPEARE
THIS VOLUME IS
Gratefully Inscribed

50594

It is really curious . . . that almost all the poets who have touched Shakespeare seem to become inspired above themselves. The poem that Ben Jonson wrote in his memory has a splendor of movement about it that is uncommon with him,—a sort of rapture ; and Dryden wrote nothing finer than what he wrote of the greatest of poets.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

(Shakespeare's Richard the Third).



PREFACE.

FOR several years, while engaged in the study of Shakespeare in connection with a Shakespeare Society, the editor preserved in her note-books every poem addressed to the dramatist, or inspired by his genius or personality, which fell under her notice. These ranged in date from 1595 to 1891, and filled many pages. It was merely a labor of love, with an interest in observing the variety of styles in which the great theme was treated, and she entertained no idea of ever making any further use of the material thus gathered. But the suggestion was made by friends that if these poems were issued in a volume it would form an interesting collec-

tion, and such she trusts it will prove to the lovers of Shakespeare.

As no single volume could include all the poetical tributes to the great dramatist, an effort has been made to select the best that have been printed during three centuries.

The contemporary poems have been chronologically arranged in the opening pages of the book, and with the modern poems an effort at chronological arrangement has also been attempted. Where it has not been possible to obtain the exact date of a poem, the date of the publication of the volume in which it appeared has been used.

Brief explanatory notes have been added to the poems when deemed necessary.

The collection of "Brief Tributes," at the end of the volume, was not intended to be exhaustive, but merely to include short references to the poet that came under the editor's eye while gathering the longer pieces.

The editor cannot too strongly express her obligations to those who have kindly aided her in making the volume complete. Every

publisher and author to whom she appealed for permission to use copyrighted poems most graciously assented; and the interest they evinced in the plan, and the encouragement she has thus received, have made the undertaking a pleasure rather than a task.

The editor also desires to express her obligations to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., by whose kind permission she was allowed to incorporate the poems by Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, Bayard Taylor, and Mrs. Piatt, and to draw from the pages of the *Atlantic*; to the Century Company, who added their consent to that of the authors for the poems quoted from the *Century*; to the publishers of the *Literary World*; to Mr. William Winter and his publishers, the Messrs. Macmillan & Co.; to Messrs. Stoddard, Gilder, Aldrich, C. C. Buel, and the many other American poets whose poems enrich the pages of her book.

Dr. William J. Rolfe, to whom the editor has the pleasure of dedicating the volume, writes as follows of its plan :

CAMBRIDGE, *Jan.* 5, 1892.

DEAR MRS. SILSBY, — Many thanks for the proof-sheets of your book, the plan of which you kindly explained to me some months ago. It was a happy thought to gather up these tributes to Shakespeare, and it is remarkable that it was not done by some lover of the poet long ere this. In Dr. Ingleby's "Centurie of Prayse" (which you tell me you had not seen until I called your attention to it when your book was just going to press, and which, as you say, would have saved you much labor in verifying the text of certain pieces), the allusions to the dramatist, whether in prose or in verse, in print or in manuscript, between 1591 and 1693, have been collected; but there are comparatively few of these which would properly come within the scope of your volume. Many of them merely mention the name of Shakespeare or refer to him in a casual way, and many others are in no sense "tributes" to his genius or his memory. The present century has been far richer in these tributes than the one to which Dr. Ingleby restricted himself. The intervening century, the earlier half of it in particular, as might be expected, furnishes few poems for your list. The chronology of the poems is, indeed, very interesting and suggestive to the student of Shakespeare and of literature.

Allow one such student to congratulate you heartily on both the plan and the execution of your book, and to subscribe himself

Most gratefully and cordially yours,

W. J. ROLFE.

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TRIBUTES TO SHAKESPEARE.

AD GULIELMUM SHAKESPEARE.

Honie-tongued Shakespeare, when I saw thine
issue,

I swore Apollo got them, and none other ;
Their rosie-tinted features clothed in tissue,
Some heaven-borne goddesse said to be
their mother ;

Rose-cheekt Adonis with his amber tresses ;
Faire fire-hot Venus charming him to love
her ;

Chaste Lucretia, virgine-like her dresses ;
Proud lust-stung Tarquine seeking still to
prove her ;

Romeo; Richard; more whose names I know
not,

 Their sugred tongues, and power-attractive
 beauty,

Say they are saints, although that saints they
show not;

 For thousand vowes to them subjective
 dutie.

They burn in love, thy children, Shakespeare.

 Let them;

 Go woo thy Muse! More nymphish brood
 beget them!

JOHN WEEVER (1576-1632).

[Weever composed his book, entitled "Epigrammes in the oldest cut and newest Fashion," in 1595, when he was nineteen years old. This is the 22d Epigram of the Fourth Weeke, and is valuable as an early contemporary reference to Shakespeare.]

TO SHAKESPEARE.

And Shakespeare, thou whose hony-flowing
Vaine,
(Pleasing the World), thy Praises doth obtaine,
Whose Venus and whose Lucrece (sweete and
chaste),
Thy Name in Fame's immortall Booke have
plac't,
Live ever you; at least, in Fame live ever!
Well may the Bodye die, but Fame dies never.

RICHARD BARNEFIELD (1574-1605).

[These lines form the fourth stanza in a poem entitled "A Remembrance of Some English Poets," in Barnefield's "Poems in Divers Humors," published in 1598. The first stanza is on Spenser, the second on Daniell, and the third on Drayton. Barnefield's "Ode to the Nightingale," "As it fell upon a day," etc., had the honor of being attributed to Shakespeare.]

SHAKESPEARE.

But stay my muse! in thine owne confines
keepe,

& wage not warre with so deere lov'd
a neighbor.

But having sung thy day song rest and sleepe
preserve thy small fame and his greater
favor ;

His song was worthie merrit (Shakespeare
hee)

sung the faire blossome, thou the withered
tree.

Laurell is due to him, his art and wit
hath purchast it, Cypress thy brow will fit.

WM. BARKSTEAD (1607).

[From "Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis, or
Lust's Prodigies, a Poem," 1607. William Bark-
stead was an actor and dramatist in the reign
of James I.]

TO OUR ENGLISH TERENCE, MR. WILL
SHAKESPEARE.

Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,
Hadst thou not plaid some kingly parts in
sport,

Thou hadst bin a companion for a king ;
And bin a king among the meaner sort.

Some others raile ; but, raile as they thinke
fit,

Thou hast no railing, but a reigning wit,
And honesty, thou sow'st which they do
reape,
So to increase their stocke, which they do
keepe.

JOHN DAVIES of Hereford.

("Scourge of Folly," 1607.)

[John Davies, the epigrammatist, the author of the above, was a native of Hereford, and was educated at Oxford; he was famous as a poet and writing-master, and became one of the instructors of Prince Henry at the Court of James I. He was not related to Sir John Davies. "The

Scourge of Folly" consisted of "Epigrams and others in her many noble and worthy Persons of our Land." The book is now very rare and costly; the verses scarcely rise above doggerel. Davies lived among great scholars and wits: with Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, Marston, Bacon, Drayton, Sidney, Sir Thomas Lucy, and, greatest of all, Shakespeare; to all of whom he addressed epigrams. This one to Shakespeare implies a singular, and otherwise unknown, circumstance of Shakespeare's life, and leads us to suppose that he had given offence to King James by performing the character of a king, and that this stood in the way of his rising in favor at court. We cannot term the comparison of Shakespeare to Terence an especially felicitous one.]

TO MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare, that nimble Mercury, thy braine,
Lulls many hundred Argus'-eyes asleepe;
So fit for all thou fashionest thy vein,
At th' horse-foot fountain thou hast drunk
full deepe,

Virtue's or vice's theme to thee all one is ;
Who loves chaste life, there's Lucrece for
a teacher ;
Who lists read lust, there's Venus and Adonis,
True model of a most lascivious lecher ;
Besides, in plays thy wit winds like Meander,
Whence needy new composers borrow more
Than Terence doth from Plautus or Menander,
But to praise thee aright I want thy store.
Then let thine owne works thine owne worth
upraise,
And help t' adorn thee with deserved Baies.

THOMAS FREEMAN.

("Rub and a Great Cast," 1614.)

[The book from which this tribute to Shakespeare is taken is now extremely rare; only two or three copies are known to be extant. It contained two hundred epigrams, and was published in 1614, when the author was about twenty-three years of age. It is said that he was the friend of Shakespeare, Donne, Chapman, and Heywood, to some of whose judgments he submitted his epigrams.]

TO SHAKESPEARE.

To him that impt my fame with Clio's quill,
Whose magick rais'd me from Oblivion's
den;
That writ my story on the Muses' hill,
And with my actions dignified his pen;
He that from Helicon sends many a rill,
Whose nectar'd veins are drunk by thirsty
men,
Crown'd be his style with fame, his head with
baies,
And none detract, but gratulate his praise.

Yet if his scenes have not engrost all grace,
The much famed actor could extend on
stage,
If Time or Memory have left a place
For me to fill t' enform this ignorant age;
In that intent I show my horrid face,
Imprest with fear and characters of rage,

Nor acts nor chronicles could e'er contain
The hell-deep reaches of my soundless brain.

C. B. (Christopher Brooke).

("The Ghost of Richard the Third," 1614.)

[These lines are from Christopher Brooke's poems, published in 1614 with the following title: "The Ghost of Richard the Third, Expressing himself in these three Parts: 1. His Character. 2. His Legend. 3. His Tragedie. Containing more of him than hath been heretofore shewed; either in Chronicles, Playes or Poems." It is interesting not only from its reference to Shakespeare's "Richard the Third," but that it contains also several lines quoted from Shakespeare's play.]

INSCRIPTION

ON THE TABLET OVER SHAKESPEARE'S
GRAVE.

APRIL 25. 1616.

Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare,
To digg the dust enclosed heare:
Blest be ye man yt spares these stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones.

INSCRIPTION
UPON THE TABLET UNDER SHAKE-
SPEARE'S BUST.

In the Chancel North Wall of Stratford Church.

Ivdicio Pylivm, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, popvlys mæret, Olympvs habet.

Stay Passenger, why goest thou by so fast?
Read if thou canst, whom envious Death hath
plast,

With in this monvment Shakspeare with
whome

Qvick Nature dide: whose name doth deck
y^s Tombe

Far more then cost: sieh all, y^t He hath writt,
Leaves living art, bvt page, to serve his Witt.

Obiit Año Do' 1616.

Ætatis, 53, Die 23 Ap.

(1617-1622.)

ON MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Beaumont, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Chaucer, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold
tomb.

To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
Until Domes day, for hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day and that, by fate bee slaine,
For whom the curtains shal bee drawne againe.
But if Precedencie in death doe barre,
A fourth place in your sacred Sepulcher ;
In this uncarved marble of thy owne,
Sleep, brave Tragedian, Shakespeare! sleepe
alone ;

Thy unmolested rest, thy unshared cave,
Possess as lord, not tenant, to thy grave,
That unto others, it may counted bee
Honour hereafter to bee layed by thee.

WILLIAM BASSE, 1622.

[There are many versions of this epitaph, which was written in 1622, and attributed to William Basse; it is claimed to be the *first* written on Shakespeare. There are six manuscript copies of it known to be extant, in which the form is altered, as it is also in the printed versions in Donne's Poems, and appended to Shakespeare's Poems.]

LINES ON THE PORTRAIT OF
SHAKESPEARE.

This Figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature to out-doo the life;
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse,
All that was ever writ in brasse,
But since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not at his Picture, but his Booke.

BEN JONSON.

[These lines — “To the Reader” — face the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare, prefixed to the first folio edition of his Works (1623), and are also found in the second (1632), third (1664), and fourth (1685) folios.]

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED,
THE AUTHOR
MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke and Fame;
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too
much.

'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. . . .

Soule of the Age!

The applause! delight! the wonder of our
Stage!

My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further to make thee a roome;
Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe,

And art alive still, while thy Booke 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 disproportion'd muses :
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell, how farre thou didst our Lyly out-
shine,

Or sporting Kid, 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 Æs-
chylus,

Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage ; or, when thy socks were
on,

Leave thee alone, for the comparison
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 warme
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charme!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to weare 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 Shakespeare, 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 a 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 Shakespeare'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 brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
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 Starre of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping
Stage ;

Which, since thy flight fro' hence, hath
mourn'd like night,
And despires day, but for thy Volume's light.

BEN JONSON.

[This eulogy was prefixed to the first folio,
1623.]

UPON THE LINES AND LIFE OF THE
FAMOUS SCENICKE POET,
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Those hands, which you so clapt, go now, and
wring
You Britaine's brave; for done are Shake-
speare's dayes ;
His dayes are done, that made the dainty
Playes
Which made the Globe of heav'n and earth
to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the Thespian
Spring,

Turn'd all to teares, and Phœbus cloudes his
 rayes ;
That corp's, that coffin now besticke those
 bayes,
Which crown'd him Poet first, then Poets'
 King.

If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All those he made, would scarce make one to
 this ;

Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave
(Death's publique tyring-house) the Nuncius is.
For though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

[Prefixed to the first folio edition of Shakespeare's works, 1623.]

TO THE MEMORIE OF THE DECEASED
AUTHOUR MAISTER W.
SHAKESPEARE.

Shake-speare, at length thy pious followes
give
The world thy Workes ; thy Workes, by which,
outlive
Thy Tombe thy name must ; when that stone
is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Moni-
ment,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This
Booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make
thee looke
Fresh to all Ages : when Posterite
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodigie
That is not Shake-speare's : ev'ry Line, each
Verse
Here shall revive, redeeme thee from thy
Herse.

Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once in-
vade.

Nor shall I e're beleeve, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) untill our bankrout Stage be
sped

(Impossible) with some new straine t' out-do
Passions of Juliet and her Romeo ;

Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans
spake.

Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst never
dye,

But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

L. DIGGES.

[Prolegomena to the folio of 1623.]

TO THE MEMORIE OF M. W. SHAKESPEARE.

Wee wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'st
so soone,
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graves-Tyr-
ing-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed
worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actor's Art,
Can dye, and live to acte a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortalitie;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M. (1623).

[Prolegomena to the first folio of 1623. The lines have been attributed to John Marston, Jasper Mayne, and James Mabbe.]

EPITAPH UPON MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Loord Shakespeare lyes whom none but death
could shake

And heere shall ly till judgement all awake,
When the last trumpet doth uncloze his eyes
The wittiest poet in the world shall rise.

[This epitaph, together with slightly altered versions of the two inscriptions on the tablets over the grave and under the bust, was on a fly-leaf at the end of a copy of Shakespeare's plays, first folio edition of 1623, and written in a handwriting of the time. The book was offered for sale by the Messrs. Christie, in England, in 1888.]

SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare thou hadst as smooth a Comicke
vaine,

Fitting the socke, and in thy natural braine,
As strong conception, and as Cleere a rage,
As any one that trafiqu'd with the stage.

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1627).

[From "Elegies appended to the Battle of Agincourt." 1627.]

ON WORTHY MASTER SHAKESPEARE
AND HIS POEMS.

A mind reflecting ages past, whose cleere
And equall surface can make things appeare
Distant a Thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent.
To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Rowle backe the heavens, blow ope the iron
gates

Of death and Lethe, where (confused) lye
Great heapes of ruinous mortalitie
In that deepe duskie dungeon to discern
A royall Ghost from Churles : By Art to learne
The Physiognomie of shades, and give
Them suddaine birth, wondring how oft they
live.

What story coldly tells, what Poets faine
At second hand, and picture without braine

Senseless and souleless showes. To give a
Stage

(Ample and true with life) voyce, action, age,
As Plato's yeare and new Scene of the world
Them unto us, or us to them had hurld.

To raise our auncient Soveraignes from their
herse,

Make Kings his subjects, by exchanging
Verse

Enlive their pale trunkes, that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage :

Yet so to temper passion, that our eares
Take pleasure in their paine; And eyes in
teares

Both weepe and smile; fearefull at plots so
sad,

Then laughing at our feare; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd, affected with that truth

Which we perceive is false; pleas'd in that
ruth

At which we start; and by elaborate play
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crab-like way,

Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravaine for our sport——
——while the Plebeian Impe from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and workes upon
Mankind by secret engines; Now to move
A chilling pittie, then a rigorous love;
To strike up and stroake down, both joy and
 ire,
To steere th' affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew. Stolne from ourselves——
 This and much more which cannot bee ex-
 prest,
But by himself, his tongue and his owne
 brest,
Was Shakespeare's freehold, which his cun-
 ning braine
Improv'd by favour of the nine fold traine.
The buskind Muse, the Commicke Queene, the
 graund
And lowder tone of Clio; nimble hand,
And nimbler foote of the melodious paire,
The Silver voyced Lady; the most faire

Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts.
And she whose prayse the heavenly body
chants.

These joyntly woo'd him, envying one an-
other

(Obey'd by all as Spouse, but lov'd as brother)
And wrought a curious robe of sable grave
Fresh greene, and pleasant yellow, red most
brave,

And constant blew, rich purple, guiltless
white,

The lowly Russet, and the Scarlet bright ;
Branch'd and embroydred like the painted
Spring

Each leafe match'd with a flower, and each
string

Of golden wire, each line of silke ; there
run

Italian workes whose thred the Sisters spun ;
And there did sing, or seeme to sing, the
choyce

Birdes of a forraine note and various voyce.

Here hangs a mossey rocke; there plays a
faire

But chiding fountaine purl'd: Not the ayre
Nor cloudes nor thunder, but were living
drawne

Not out of common Tiffany or Lawne.

But fine materials, which the Muses know
And onely know the countries where they
grow.

Now, when they could no longer him en-
joy

In mortall garments pent; death may de-
stroy

They say his body, but his verse shall live
And more than nature takes, our hands shall
give.

In a lesse volumne, but more strongly bound
Shakespeare shall breathe and speake, with
Laurell crown'd

Which never fades. Fed with Ambrosian
meate

In a well-lyned vesture rich and neate.



So with this robe they cloath him, bid him
weare it

For time shall never staine, nor envy teare it.

The friendly admirer of his Endowments.

I. M. S. (1632).

[Shakespearian editors and scholars have usually treated the letters I. M. S. as the initials of the author's name, and many have been the conjectures in regard to the identity of the "friendly admirer." The poem has been attributed to Jasper Mayne (Student), John Marston (Student, or Satirist), John Milton (Senior, or Student), John Chapman, and Dr. John Donne; and each has had able advocates to support his claims. Dr. Clement M. Ingleby advanced a most plausible theory: that the letters I. M. S. signify "In Memoriam Scriptoris (decessi);" and that this fine poem, prefixed to the second folio (1632), is a kind of rival to Ben Jonson's, which adorned the first folio (1623), and which Jonson declared to be "In Memory of the (deceased) Author," etc. In Dr. Ingleby's opinion, the author was a *very great* poet, a distinguished rival of Shakespeare's, who bore him no envy.]

UPON THE EFFIGIES OF MY WORTHY
FRIEND, THE AUTHOR,
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
AND HIS WORKES.

Spectator, this Life's shaddow is; To see
The truer image and a livelier he
Turne Reader. But, observe his Comicke
vaine,
Laugh, and proceed next to a Tragicke
straine,
Then weepe; So when thou find'st two con-
traries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soul
rise,
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could)
Rare Shake-speare to the life thou dost be-
hold.

(Anonymous.)

[Prefixed to the second folio edition, 1632.]

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE
DRAMATICKE POET, W.
SHAKESPEARE.

What neede my Shakespeare for his honour'd
bones,
The labour of an Age, in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Under a starre-y-pointing Pyramid?
Deare Sonne of Memory, great Heire of
Fame,
What needst thou such dull witnessse of thy
Name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thy selfe a lasting Monument:
For whil'st to th' shame of slow-endavouring
Art
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued
Booke,
Those Delphicke Lines with deepe Impres-
sion tooke;

Then thou, our fancy of her selfe bereaving,
Dost make us Marble, with too much conceiving;
And so sepulcher'd, in such pompe dost lie,
That kings, for a such a Tombe, would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON.

[This epitaph of sixteen lines was prefixed to the second Shakespeare folio (1632), according to a custom then prevailing. It was printed anonymously, and is our first specimen of Milton's poetry; and was written by him in 1630, at the age of twenty-two.]

EXTRACT FROM "THE HIERARCHIE
OF THE BLESSED ANGELLS."

Our moderne Poets to that passe are driven,
Those names are curtal'd which they first had
given;
And, as we wisht to have their memories
drown'd,
We scarcely can afford them halfe their sound.

Greene, who had in both Academies t'ane
Degree of Master, yet could never gaine
To be call'd more than Robin ; who had he
Profest aught save the Muse, Serv'd, and been
Free

After a seven yeares Prentiseship ; might
have

(With credit too) gone Robert to his grave.

Marlo, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
Could ne're attaine beyond the name of Kit ;
Although his Hero and Leander did
Merit addition rather. Famous Kid

Was call'd but Tom. Tom Watson, though he
wrote

Able to make Apollo's selfe to dote
Upon his Muse ; for all that he could strive,
Yet never could to his full name arrive.

Tom Nash (in his time of no small esteeme)
Could not a second syllable redeeme.

Excellent Bewmont, in the foremost ranke
Of the rar'st Wits, was never more than
Franck.

Mellifluous Shakespeare, whose enchanting
Quill

Commanded Mirth or Passion, was but Will.
And famous Jonson, though his learned
Pen

Be dipt in Castaly, is still but Ben.

Fletcher and Webster, of that learned packe
None of the mean'st, yet neither was but
Jacke.

Deckers but Tom ; nor May, nor Middleton.
And hee's now but Jacke Foord, that once was
John.

THOMAS HEYWOOD (1635).

IN REMEMBRANCE OF
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPERE.

ODE.

I.

Beware (delighted poets !) when you sing,
To welcome Nature in the early Spring ;

Your numerous feet not tread
The banks of Avon ; for each flowre
(As it nere knew a Sun or showre)
Hangs there, the pensive head.

II.

Each tree, whose thick and spreading growth
hath made,
Rather a night beneath the boughs than
shade,
(Unwilling now to grow,)
Looks like the plume a captain weares,
Whose rifled falls are steep't i' th' teares
Which from his last rage flow.

III.

The pitious river wept it self away,
Long since (alas!) to such a swift decay,
That reach the map, and look
If you a river there can spie :
And for a river your mock'd eye
Will finde a shallow brooke.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT (1638).

[Sir William Davenant (1605-1668), Shakespeare's reputed godson, claims our grateful acknowledgment for his untiring efforts to restore Shakespeare to the English stage. While not a great poet, this dirge on Shakespeare, says Prof. Saintsbury, "is of the best stamp of the older school." He succeeded Ben Jonson as poet-laureate in 1637, and was knighted by Charles I. in 1643. His career was a most romantic one.]

EXTRACT FROM "JONSONUS VIRBIUS."

So in our Halcyon dayes, we have had now
Wits, to which, all that after come, must
bow.

And should the Stage compose her self a
Crowne

Of all those wits, which hitherto sh'as knowne;
Though there be many that about her brow
Like sparkling stones, might a quick lustre
throw;

Yet Shakespeare, Beaumont, Jonson, these
three shall

Make up the Jem in the point verticall.

And now since Jonsons gone, we well may
say,

The Stage hath seene her glory and decay.

OWEN FELTHAM (1638).

[“Jonsonus Virbius” (Jonson Revived)—a collection of verses in praise of Ben Jonson, published the year after his death.]

TO SHAKESPEARE.

Thy Muses sugred dainties seeme to us
Like the fam'd Apples of old Tantalus:
For we (admiring) see and heare thy straines,
But none I see or heare, those sweets attaines.

TO THE SAME.

Thou hast so us'd thy Pen (or shooke thy
Speare)

That Poets startle, nor thy wit come neare.

THOMAS BANCROFT (1639).

[From “Two Bookes of Epigrammes and Epitaphs” (1639). “Shooke thy Speare” is an

allusion to Shakespeare's crest, which was a falcon supporting a spear.]

TO MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare, we must be silent in thy praise,
 'Cause our encomion's will but blast thy Bayes,
 Which envy could not, that thou didst so well;
 Let thine own histories prove thy Chronicle.

(Anonymous, 1640.)

["Witts Recreations Selected from the finest Fancies of Moderne Muses. With a Thousand outlandish Proverbs." Epigram 25.]

UPON

MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

THE DECEASED AUTHOUR, AND HIS POEMS.

Poets are borne not made, when I would prove
 This truth, the glad remembrance I must love
 Of never dying Shakespeare, who alone,
 Is argument enough to make that one.
 First, that he was a Poet none would doubt,
 That heard th' applause of what he sees set out

Imprinted ; where thou hast (I will not say
Reader his Workes, for to contrive a Play ;
For him twas none) the patterne of all wit,
Art without Art unparaleld as yet.

Next Nature onely heipt him, for looke thorow
This whole Booke, thou shalt find he doth
not borrow,

One phrase from Greekes, nor Latines imitate
Nor once from vulgar Languages Translate,
Nor Plagiari-like from others gleane,
Nor begges he from each witty friend a Scene
To piece his Acts with, all that he doth write
Is pure his owne plot, language exquisite,
But oh ! what praise more powerfull can we give
The dead, then that by him the Kings men live,
His Players, which should they but have
shar'd the Fate,

All else expir'd within the short Termes date ;
How could the Globe have prospered, since
through want

Of change, the Plaies and Poems have growne
scant,

But happy verse thou shalt be sung and heard,
When hungry quills shall be such honour barr'd.
Then vanish upstart Writers to each Stage,
You need Poetasters of this Age,
Where Shakespeare liv'd or spake, Vermine
forbear,

Least with your froth you spot them, come
not neere;

But if you needs must write, if poverty
So pinch, that otherwise you starve and die,
On Gods name may the Bull or Cockpit have
Your lame blancke Verse, to keepe you from
the grave :

Or let new Fortunes younger brethren see,
What they can picke from your leane industry.
I doe not wonder when you offer at
Blacke-Friers, that you suffer : tis the fate
Of richer veines, prime judgments that have
far'd

The worse, with this deceased man compar'd.
So have I seene, when Cesar would appeare,
And on the Stage at half-sword parley were,

Brutus and Cassius : oh how the Audience
Were ravish'd, with what wonder they went
thence,

When some new day they would not brooke a
line,

Of tedious (though well laboured) Catiline ;
Sejanus too was irksome, they priz'de more
Honest Iago, or the jealous Moore.

And though the Fox and subtill Alchemist,
Long intermitted could not quite be mist,
Though these have sham'd all the Ancients,
and might raise,

Their Authours merit with a crowne of Bayes.
Yet these sometimes, even at a friends de-
sire

Acted, have scarce defrai'd the Seacole fire
And doore-keepers : when let but Falstaffe
come,

Hall, Paines, the rest you scarce shall have a
roome

All is so pester'd : let but Beatrice
And Benedicke be scene, loe in a trice

The Cockpit Galleries, Boxes, all are full
To hear Malvoglio, that crosse garter'd Gull.
Briefe, there is nothing in his wit fraught
Booke,

Whose sound we would not heare, on whose
worth looke

Like old coynd gold, whose lines in every page,
Shall passe true currant to succeeding age :
But why doe I dead Shakespeare's praise
recite,

Some second Shakespeare, must of Shake-
speare write ;

For me tis needlesse, since an host of men,
Will pay to clap his praise, to free my Pen.

LEONARD DIGGES (1640).

[Prefixed to Shakespeare's Poems, 1640.]

AN ELEGY, ON THE DEATH OF THAT
FAMOUS WRITER AND ACTOR,
MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

I dare not doe thy Memory that wrong,
Unto our larger griefes to give a tongue ;
Ile onely sigh in earnest, and let fall
My solemne teares at thy great Funerall ;
For every eye that raines a showre for thee,
Laments thy losse in a sad Elegie.
Nor is it fit each humble Muse should have,
Thy worth his subject, now th' art laid in
grave ;

No its a flight beyond the pitch of those,
Whose worthless Pamphlets are not sence in
Prose.

Let learned Jonson sing a Dirge for thee,
And fill our Orbe with mournfull harmony ;
But we neede no Remembrancer, thy Fame
Shall still accompany thy honoured Name,
To all posterity ; and make us be,
Sensible of what we lost in losing thee ;

Being the Ages wonder whose smooth Rhimes,
Did more reforme than lash the looser Times.
Nature her selfe did her owne selfe admire,
As oft as thou wert pleased to attire
Her in her native lusture, and confesse,
Thy dressing was her chiefest comelinesse.
How can we then forget thee, when the age
Her chiefest Tutor, and the widdowed Stage
Her onely favorite in thee hath lost,
And Natures selfe, what she did bragge of
most.

Sleepe then rich soule of numbers, whilst poor
we,

Enjoy the profits of thy Legacie ;
And thinke it happinesse enough we have,
So much of thee redeemed from the grave,
As may suffice to enlighten future times,
With the bright lustre of thy matchlesse
Rhimes.

(Anonymous.)

[Appended to Shakespeare's Poems, 1640.]

TO SHAKESPEARE.

See him whose Tragic scenes Euripides
 Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
 Compare great Shakespeare—Aristophanes
 Never like him, his Fancy could display ;
 Witness the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles,
 His sweet and his to be admired lay
 He wrote of lustful Tarquins rape, shews he
 Did understand the depth of Poesie.

SAMUEL SHEPPARD.

[“The Times Displayed in Six Sestyads,” 1646.]

 ELEGIAC VERSES ON SHAKESPEARE.

In Memory of our Famous Shakespeare.

Sacred Spirit, while thy Lyre
 Ecchoed o're the Arcadian Plaines,
 Even Apollo did admire,
 Orpheus wondered at thy straines.

Plautus sigh'd, Sophocles wept
 Teares of anger, for to heare

After they so long had slept
So bright a Genius should appear ;
Who wrote his Lines with a Sunne-beame
More durable than Time or Fate,
Others boldly do blaspheme,
Like those that seeme to Preach, but prate.
Thou wert truly Priest-elect,
Chosen darling to the Nine,
Such a Trophy to erect
(By thy wit and skill Divine).
That were all their other Glories
(Thine excepted) torn away
By thy admirable Stories,
Their garments ever shall be gay.
Where thy honoured bones do lie
(As Statius once to Maro's urne)
Thither every year will I
Slowly tread, and sadly mourn.

SAMUEL SHEPPARD.

[The preceding verses are in an exceedingly rare volume entitled "Epigrams, Theological,

Philosophical, and Romantick, Six Bookes; with some Select Poems, by S. Sheppard," printed by G. D., and are to be sold by Thomas Bucknall, at the Golden Lion, in Duck Lane, 1651; these verses are on page 150. In the Third Pastoral, at p. 249, he again speaks of Shakespeare, after a eulogy on Ben Jonson, thus:

“ With him contemporary then
(As Naso, and fam'd Maro, when
Our sole Redeemer took his birth)
Shakespeare trod on English earth,
His Muse doth merit more rewards
Than all the Greek, or Latine Bards,
What flow'd from him was purely rare,
As born to blesse the Theater,
He first refin'd the Commick Lyre
His wit all do, and shall admire
The chiefest glory of the Stage,
Or when he sung of War and strage
Melpomene soon viewed the Globe,
Invelop'd in her sanguine Robe,
He that his worth would truly sing,
Must quaffe the whole Pierian spring.”

In this rare book Spenser, Sidney, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Suckling are mentioned in the Third Pastoral. The twenty-eighth epigram in the Fourth Book is in high praise of Edmund Spenser.]

TO

MR. CLEMENT FISHER OF WINCOTT.

Shakespeare your Wincot Ale hath much re-
nownd,

That fox'd a Beggar so (by chance was found
Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
To make him to believe he was a Lord :

But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)

'Twill make a Lord as drunk as any Beggar.

Bid Norton brew such Ale as Shakespeare
fancies

Did put Kit Sly into such Lordly trances :

And let us meet there (for a fit of Gladness)

And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.

SIR ASTON COKAINE.

("Small Poems of Divers Sorts," 1658.)

[Cokaine's allusion, of course, is to Shake-
speare's "Taming of the Shrew;" and for Kit
Sly's reference to Wincot and its famous ale, see
"Induction—Taming of the Shrew," scene ii,
lines 16-23, Rolfe's edition.]

SHAKESPEARE.

As, when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches
shoot ;
So, from old Shakespeare's honour'd dust, this
day
Springs up and buds a new reviving play.
Shakespeare, who (taught by none) did first
impart
To Fletcher wit, to laboring Jonson art,
He, monarch-like, gave those, his subjects,
law ;
And is that Nature that they paint and draw.
Fletcher reached that which on his heights did
grow,
While Jonson crept, and gathered all below.
This did his love, and this his mirth digest ;
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other men,
'Tis with the drops that fall from Shakespeare's
pen.

The storm which vanish'd on the neighb'ring
shore,
Was taught by Shakespeare's Tempest first to
roar.

That innocence and beauty, which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this enchanted isle.
But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be ;
Within that circle, none durst walk but he.
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar wits allow,
Which works by magic supernatural things ;
But Shakespeare's power is sacred as a king's.
Those legends from old priesthood were re-
ceiv'd,
And he then writ, as people then believ'd.

JOHN DRYDEN.

(Prologue to "The Tempest, or The Enchanted
Island," 1669.)

[The plays of Shakespeare could not please the corrupt taste of the time of Charles II., and had to be remodelled by such men as Dryden, Davenant, Tate, Ravenscroft, and others. "The Tempest" was chosen for the first Shakespearian

revival, having been altered by Davenant and Dryden; and this is Dryden's prologue to it.]

SHAKESPEARE.

In country beauties as we often see
Something that takes in their simplicity,
Yet while they charm they know not they are
fair,

And take without their spreading of the
snare—

Such artless beauty lies in Shakespear's wit;
'Twas well in spite of him whate'er he writ.
His excellencies came, and were not sought,
His words like casual atoms made a thought;
Drew up themselves in rank and file, and writ,
He wondering how the devil it were, such
wit.

Thus, like the drunken tinker in his play,
He grew a prince, and never knew which way.
He did not know what trope or figure meant,
But to persuade is to be eloquent;

So in this Cæsar which this day you see,
Tully ne'er spoke as he makes Anthony.

Those then that tax his learning are to
blame,

He knew the thing, but did not know its
name;

Great Jonson did that ignorance adore,
And though he envied much, admir'd him
more.

The faultless Jonson equally writ well;
Shakespear made faults—but then did more
excel.

One close at guard like some old fencer lay,
T'other more open, but he shew'd more
play.

In imitation Jonson's wit was shown,
Heaven made *his* men, but Shakespear made
his own.

Wise Jonson's talent in observing lay,
But others' follies still made up his play.
He drew the like in each elaborate line,
But Shakespear like a master did design.

Jonson with skill dissected human kind,
And shew'd their faults, that they their faults
might find;

But then as all anatomists must do,
He to the meanest of mankind did go,
And took from gibbets such as he would
show.

Both are so great, that he must boldly dare
Who both of them does judge, and both com-
pare;

If amongst poets one more bold there be,
The man that dare attempt in either way, is
he.

JOHN DRYDEN.

[Prologue to "Julius Cæsar," by John Dryden
and Sir William D'Avenant—"Covent Garden
drolery." 1672.]

SHAKESPEARE.

When Shakespeare, Jonson, Fletcher, ruled
the stage,

They took so bold a freedom with the age,

That there was scarce a knave or fool in town
Of any note, but had his portrait shown.

SIR CARR SCROPE.

[“In Defense of Satyr.” (Quoted by the Earl of Rochester in “An Allusion to the Tenth Satyr of the First Book of Horace,” 1678.) Sir Carr Scrope was the last baronet of the name, and author of translations from Ovid and Horace.]

SHAKESPEARE.

See my lov'd Britons, see your Shakespeare
rise,

An awful ghost confessed to human eyes!
Unnam'd, methinks, distinguish'd I had been
From other shades, by this eternal green,
Above whose wreaths the vulgar poets strive,
And with a touch their wither'd bays re-
vive.

Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age,
I found not, but created first, the stage.
And if I drain'd no Greek or Latin store,
'Twas that my own abundance gave me more.

On foreign trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britain, rich without supply.
In this my rough-drawn play you shall behold
Some master-strokes, so manly and so bold,
That he, who meant to alter, found 'em such,
He shook; and thought it sacrilege to touch.
Now, where are the successors to my name?
What bring they to fill out a poet's fame?
Weak, short-liv'd issues of a feeble age;
Scarce living to be christen'd on the stage.

JOHN DRYDEN.

[Prologue to "Troilus and Cressida or Truth found too late," by John Dryden, 1679. Spoken by Betterton as the Ghost of Shakespeare.]

SHAKESPEARE.

Our Shakespeare wrote, too, in an age as
blest,
The happiest poet of his time, and best;
A gracious prince's favour cheer'd his muse,
A constant favour he ne'er feared to lose,

Therefore he wrote with fancy unconfin'd,
And thoughts that were immortal as his mind.
And from the crop of his luxuriant pen
E'er since succeeding poets humbly glean.
Though much the most unworthy of the
 throng,
Our this day's poet fears he's done him wrong.
Like greedy beggars that steal sheaves away,
You'll find he's rifled him of half a play.
Amidst his baser dross you'll see it shine
Most beautiful, amazing, and divine.
Whilst we both wit's and Cæsar's absence
 mourn
Oh! when will he and poetry return?
When shall we there again behold him sit,
Midst shining boxes and a courtly pit,
The lord of hearts and president of wit?

THOMAS OTWAY.

[Prologue to "Caius Marius" (altered from
"Romeo and Juliet"), 1680.]

TO SHAKESPEARE.

To day we bring old gather'd Herbs, 'tis
true,
But such as in sweet Shakspear's Garden
grew.
And all his Plants' immortal you esteem,
Your Mouthes are never out of taste with
him.
How're to make your Appetites more keen,
Not only oily words are sprinkled in ;
But what to please you gives us better hope,
A little Vineger against the Pope.

For by his feeble Skill 'tis built alone,
The Divine Shakespeare did not lay one
stone.

J. CROWN.

[Prologues to "Henry the Sixth," by J. Crown, Parts I. and II., 1681. Crown was the author of many successful plays, and was in great favor at the court of Charles II.]

SHAKESPEARE.

Plato and Lucian are the best Remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;
Yet to ourselves we Justice must allow,
Shakespear and Fletcher are the wonders
now;

Consider them, and read them o're and o're,
Go see them play'd, then read them as be-
fore.

For though in many things they grossly fail,
Over our Passions still they so prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rockt asleep,
The dull are forced to feel, the wise to weep.
Their Beauties Imitate, avoid their faults. . . .

JOHN SHEFFIELD,
Earl of Musgrave.

[Extract from "An Essay upon Poetry," 1682.]

SHAKESPEARE.

He hopes since in rich Shakespeare's soil it
grew
'Twill relish yet, with those whose tastes are
true,
And his Ambition is to please a Few.
If then this Heap of Flow'rs shall chance to
wear
Fresh beauty in the Order they now bear,
E'en this is Shakespeare's praise; each rus-
tick knows
'Mongst plenteous Flow'rs a Garland to Com-
pose
Which strung by this Coarse Hand may fairer
show,
But 'twas a Power Divine first made 'em
grow.

NAHUM TATE.

[Prologue to the "History of King Lear," by
Nahum Tate, 1689.]

SHAKESPEARE.

How's this, you cry? an actor write? we know
it;

But Shakespeare was an actor and a poet.

Has not great Jonson's learning often fail'd?

While Shakespeare's greater genius still pre-
vail'd.

JOHN DRYDEN.

[Prologue to "The Mistakes," by Joseph Harris, 1690.]

SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare, thy gift, I place before my
sight;

With awe I ask his blessing ere I write;

With reverence look on his majestic face,

Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.

His soul inspires me, while thy praise I
write,

And I, like Teucer under Ajax, fight;

Bids thee, through me, be bold ; with dauntless
breast

Contemn the bad and emulate the best.

Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are
lost,

When most they rail, know then, they envy
most.

JOHN DRYDEN.

(“ Epistle to Sir Godfrey Kneller,” 1693.)

[On the death of Sir William Davenant, the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare, which he owned, was sold to Betterton, the actor, and while in his possession Sir Godfrey Kneller made a copy of it, which he presented to Dryden. In return, Dryden sent the great painter these verses.]

SHAKESPEARE'S MULBERRY TREE.

Behold this fair goblet! 'Twas carved from
the tree

Which, O my sweet Shakespeare, was planted
by thee!

As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy
shrine,

What comes from thy hand must be ever
divine.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree,
Bend to thee, blest mulberry ;
Matchless was he who planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest so rampant and
high,

Who spread wide your branches, whose heads
sweep the sky,

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought
here,

To root out the natives, at prices so dear.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree, *etc.*

The oak so held royal is Britain's great
boast,

Preserved once our king, and will always our
coast,

But of fir we make ships, we have thousands
that fight,

While one, only one, like our Shakespeare can
write.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree, *etc.*

Let Venus delight in gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowers;
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will
suit,

With the sweetest of flowers, and the finest of
fruit.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree, *etc.*

With learning and knowledge the well-lettered
birch

Supplies law and physic and grace for the
church,

But law and the Gospel in Shakespeare we find,
And he gives the best physic for body and
mind.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree, *etc.*

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
 From him and his merits this takes a degree ;
 Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,
 Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and
 vine.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree, *etc.*

The genius of Shakespeare outshines one
 bright day,
 More rapture than wine to the heart can
 convey,
 So the tree that he planted by making his own
 Has the laurel and bays and the vine all in
 one.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree, *etc.*

Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree,
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;
 Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
 To honor the country, do honor to him.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree, *etc.*

DAVID GARRICK.

[James I., hoping that in the raising and manufacture of silk England might become independent of France, began the importation of mulberry trees, and directed all persons who had means and facilities to experiment in their culture. In 1609, Shakespeare planted the mulberry tree of which Garrick thus enthusiastically sings, in the garden of New Place; having brought the tree from London, buying it from a supply ordered by the king. In 1756, the Rev. Francis Gastrell became owner of New Place, and soon after, being annoyed by pilgrims who came to see the tree which Shakespeare had planted with his own hands, he had it hewn down, and sold the wood to Sharpe, the turner. The Stratford people were proud of the tree, and were aroused to open violence: a mob collected before New Place and smashed the windows. Finally, to escape the payment of taxes (a house valued or leased at more than forty shillings a year had to be taxed to support the parish), Dr. Gastrell pulled down New Place, and for this crowning act of vandalism he left Stratford, "amid the execrations of its inhabitants." At the first Stratford Jubilee, in 1769, a goblet made from the precious wood was presented to Garrick; it was filled with mulberry wine, of which he drank, and then recited these lines, which he had composed for the occasion. The freedom

of the Warwickshire borough, enclosed in a handsome casket made out of the trunk of the tree, was also presented to the great tragedian, in acknowledgment of his efforts in behalf of the festival.]

WARWICKSHIRE—A SONG.

Ye Warwickshire lads and ye lasses,
See what at our Jubilee passes;
Come! revel away; rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire
Lad—

Warwickshire Lad,
All be glad!

For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
Where Nature has lavished her bounty,
Where much she has given, and some to be
spared;

For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire
Bard,

Warwickshire Bard,
Never paired,
For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire
Bard.

Each shire has its different pleasures,
Each shire has its different treasures ;
But to rare Warwickshire all must submit,
For the wit of all wits was a Warwickshire
Wit—

Warwickshire Wit,
How he writ !
For the wit of all wits was a Warwickshire
Wit.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
And half a score more we take pride in,—
Of famous Will Congreve, we boast, too, the
skill ;
But the Will of all Wills was Warwickshire
Will,

Warwickshire Will,
Matchless still,

For the Will of all Wills was Warwickshire
Will.

Our Shakespeare compared is to no man,
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman ;
Their swans are all geese to the Avon's Sweet
Swan,

And the man of all men was a Warwickshire
Man.

Warwickshire Man,
Avon's Swan !

And the man of all men was a Warwickshire
Man.

As Ven'son is very inviting,
To steal it our Bard took delight in ;
To make his friends merry he never was
lag,

For the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire
Wag,

Warwickshire Wag,

Ever brag!

For the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire
Wag.

There never was seen such a creature—

Of all he was worth he robbed Nature;

He took all her smiles, and he took all her
grief,

And the thief of all thieves was a Warwick-
shire Thief,

Warwickshire Thief,

He's the Chief!

For the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire
Thief.

DAVID GARRICK.

[This was one of the songs written by Garrick for the first great Stratford Jubilee, in 1769, and was sung at the principal banquet, and often during the festival, to music composed by Arne. We may question Garrick's good taste in referring to the venison legend, but cannot omit the stanza, as it introduces so well the final one.]

ODE TO SHAKESPEARE.

Thou, soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare
would dream,

The fairies by moonlight dance round his
green bed,

For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his
head.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing
swain,

Here rove without danger and sigh without
pain,

The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall e'er
dread,

For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his
head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and
their truth,

And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth ;

For the raptures of fancy there poets shall
tread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his
head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,
Be the swans on thy waters whiter than snow,
Ever full be thy stream, like his name may it
spread,
And the turf ever-hallow'd which pillow'd his
head.

DAVID GARRICK.

[This song is from the long "Ode" by Garrick, on the occasion of dedicating a building and erecting a statue to Shakespeare at Stratford during the Jubilee (1769): it is the best of the Ode.]

SWEET WILLY O.

The pride of all Nature was sweet Willy O,
The first of all swains,
He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was like to sweet Willy O.

He sung it so rarely, did sweet Willy O,
He melted each maid,
So skillful he play'd,
No Shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.

All Nature obey'd him, this sweet Willy O,
Wherever he came,
Whate'er had a name,
Whenever he sung follow'd sweet Willy O.

He would be a soldier,* this sweet Willy O,
When arm'd in the field
With sword and with shield,
The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

* "A soldier"—meaning "writer of tragedy."

He charm'd em when living, the sweet Willy O,
 And when Willy dy'd,
 'Twas Nature that sigh'd,
 To part with her all in her sweet Willy O.

DAVID GARRICK (1769).

THE BIRTH OF SHAKSPEARE.

(*Air*—" *Thro' Erin's Isle.*")

In Bess's days,
 (Which glory's rays
 Forever shall environ,
 The gods made men
 Much better then,
 Of mingled gold and iron ;
 A nobler race
 No records trace,
 To handle pen, or break spear.
 "To perfect man,"
 Said Jove's great clan,
 "Suppose we try a Shakspeare?"

Oh, sweet Shakspeare!
Immortal Willy Shakspeare!
Ev'n the gods
Allowed it odds,
They couldn't make a Shakspeare.

Cried Phœbus, "Pray
Give me the clay,
I'll breathe in 't fire poetical,
Which thro' the mass
Shall instant pass
Exhaustless and prophetical;"
Quoth Mars, "Egad,
Well said, dear lad,
Or never may I break spear;
For any part
I'll inspire his heart;
But still we haven't Shakspeare!"
Oh, sweet Shakspeare, *etc.*

With looks that strike,
In her we like,

Bespoke then gentle Venus,—

“ His heart, dear Mars,

My gracious stars !

We must have that between us,

My darlings all

Have courage tall,

I can't deny its meetness !

But here, my friend,

I'll with it blend

E'en female love and sweetness.”

Oh, sweet Shakspeare, *etc.*

Then Wisdom's maid,

(Of aspect staid,

But ever fresh and charming,)

Prepared the brain

With wondrous pain

And energy alarming ;

That so in debt

None else should get,

Protesting as she shut it in,

Unless he brought
(Preposterous thought !)
As fine a head to put it in.
Oh, sweet Shakspeare, *etc.*

The god of Wit
Imparted it,
To dissipate spleen's tumour,
Mnemosyne
Gave Memory,
And Momus added Humour ;
Jove shook his head,
And smiling said,
" Superior power is needing ;
My gift tho' last,
Has all surpast,
I've doubled each preceding."
Oh, sweet Shakspeare !
Immortal Willy Shakspeare !
Thus the Gods,
In spite of odds,
Contrived to make a Shakspeare.

J. OGDEN.

[From "Shakspere's Garland," dedicated to the Shakespearian Club established at the Falcon Inn, the ancient resort of the Bard himself, at Stratford.]

FROM "THE ROSCIAD."

May not some great extensive genius raise
The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise ;
And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom
 warms,
Make England great in letters as in arms ?
There may—there hath—and Shakespeare's
 muse aspires
Beyond the reach of Greece ; with native fires
Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at
 his height.
Why should we then abroad for judges roam
When abler judges we may find at home ?
Happy in tragic and in comic powers,
Have we not Shakespeare? is not Jonson
 ours?

For them, your natural judges, Britons vote,
 They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons
 wrote.

He said, and conquer'd. Sense resumed her
 sway

And disappointed pedants stalk'd away,
 Shakespeare and Jonson, with deserved ap-
 plause,

Joint judges were ordain'd to try the cause.

* * * *

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
 A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
 Sat Shakespeare;—in one hand a wand he
 bore,

For mighty wonders famed in days of yore;
 The other held a globe, which to his will
 Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill.
 Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
 And look'd through Nature at a single view.
 A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
 And taught new lands to rise, new seas to
 roll,

Called into being scenes unknown before,
 And passing nature's bounds, was something
 more.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

[Charles Churchill wrote the "Rosciad" (1761) to satirize the players of the time, of whose merits he called Shakespeare and Jonson to be judges.]

SHAKESPEARE.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GARRICK.

When Shakespeare leads the mind a dance,
 From France to England, hence to France,
 Talk not to me of time and place ;
 I own I'm happy in the chase.
 Whether the drama's here or there,
 'Tis Nature, Shakespeare, everywhere.

* * * *

Oh, where's the bard, who at one view
 Could look the whole creation through,
 Who travers'd all the human heart,
 Without recourse to Grecian art ?

He scorned the modes of imitation,
Of altering, pilfering, and translation,
Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
From models of a former age ;
The bright original he took,
And tore the leaf from Nature's book.
'Tis Shakespeare thus, who stands alone—
But why repeat what you have shown ?
How true, how perfect, and how well
The feelings of our hearts must tell.

ROBERT LLOYD.

[In Lloyd's Poetical Works is found "Shakespeare—An Epistle to Mr. Garrick, with an Ode to Genius" (1760), from which this extract is taken.]

SHAKESPEARE.

Centuries have rolled on centuries, years on
years,
The never-ceasing progress of decay
Has swept the mighty and the mean away,
Monarchs and multitudes ! but there appears,

Towering above all tempests and all time,
A pyramid more glorious and sublime
Than those the imperishable Memphis rears
Over her sandy wilderness ; for theirs
Are but unspeaking stories, where lies en-
shrined
Eternal silence. But peerless Shakespeare
pours
Forth still from his exhaustless stores of
mind,
All truth—all passion—and all poetry ;
Mounting, with tireless wings, on every wind,
And filling earth with sweetest minstrelsy.

(Anonymous.)

SONNET.

(Written at the tomb of Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon.)

A humble votary of the tuneful nine,
To Shakespeare's tomb a pilgrim I repair,
To yield the mind's deep adoration there,
And bow the knee at wisdom's proudest shrine !

Lo! where hath lingered, lost in wonder's maze,
The ken of princes, and the glance of peers—
Lo! where have paused, in reverential gaze,
The good and great of other climes and
years—
Bend I, great shade! submissively to pay
The unfeigned homage of one grateful heart,
To whom thy magic pages do portray,
The boundless realms of nature and of art!
Allow this lowly tribute to the fame
Which shall to every age transmit thy honored
name.

(Anonymous.)

THE TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE.

A VISION (1755).

What time the jocund rosy-bosom'd hours
Led forth the train of Phœbus and the spring,
And Zephyr mild profusely scatter'd flowers
On earth's green mantle from his musky
wing;

The morn unbarr'd the ambrosial gates of light,
Westward the raven-pinion'd darkness flew,
The landscape smiled in vernal beauty bright,
And to their graves the sullen ghosts withdrew.

The nightingale no longer swell'd her throat
With love-lorn plainings, tremulous and slow;
And on the wings of silence ceased to float
The gurgling notes of her melodious woe;

The god of sleep, mysterious visions led
In gay procession 'fore the mental eye,
And my freed soul awhile her mansion fled,
To try her plumes for immortality.

Through fields of air methought I took my flight,
Through every clime, o'er every region pass'd,
No paradise or ruin 'scaped my sight,
Hesperian garden or Cimmerian waste.

On Avon's banks I lit, whose streams appear
To wind with eddies fond round Shake-
speare's tomb,
The year's first feathery songsters warble near,
And violets breathe, and earliest roses bloom.

Here Fancy sat (her dewy fingers cold
Decking with flowerets fresh the unsullied
sod),
And bathed with tears the sad sepulchral
mould,
Her favorite offspring's long and last abode.

“ Ah ! what avails (she cried) a poet's name ?
Ah ! what avails the immortalizing breath
To snatch from dumb oblivion others' fame ?
My darling child here lies a prey to death !

“ Let gentle Otway, white robed Pity's priest,
From grief domestic teach the tears to flow ;
Or Southern captivate the impassion'd breast,
With heartfelt sighs and sympathy of woe.

“For not to these his genius was confined,
Nature and I each tuneful power had given,
Poetic transports of the maddening mind,
And the wing'd words that waft the soul to
heaven.

“The fiery glance of the intellectual eye,
Piercing all objects of creation's store,
Which on this world's extended surface lie ;
And plastic thought that still created more.”

“O grant (with eager rapture I replied),
Grant me, great goddess of the changeful
eye!

To view each being in poetic pride,
To whom thy son gave immortality.”

Sweet Fancy smiled and waved her mystic rod,
When straight these visions felt her power-
ful arm,
And one by one succeeded at her nod,
As vassal sprites obey the wizard's charm.

First a celestial form* (of azure hue,
Whose mantle bound with bride ethereal,
flow'd
To each soft breeze its balmy breath that drew)
Swift down the sunbeams of the noontide
rode.

Obedient to the necromantic sway
Of an old sage, to solitude resign'd,
With fenny vapours he obscured the day,
Launch'd the long lightning, and let loose
the wind.

He whirl'd the tempest through the howling air,
Rattled the dreadful thunder clap on high,
And raised a roaring elemental war
Betwixt the sea green waves and azure sky;

Then like Heaven's mild ambassador of love
To man repentant, bade the turmoil cease;
Smooth'd the blue bosom of the realms above,
And hush'd the rebel elements to peace.

* Ariel, in "The Tempest."

Unlike to this, in spirit or in mien,
Another form* succeeded to my view ;
A two-legg'd brute, which nature made in
 spleen,
Or from the loathing womb unfinish'd drew.

Scarce could he syllable the curse he thought,
Prone were his eyes to earth, his mind to
 evil,
A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,
The mongrel offspring of a witch and devil.

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient forest's bound,
The flowery margin † of a silent stream,
O'erarched by oaks with ivy mantled round,
And gilt by silver Cynthia's maiden beam.

On the green carpet of the unbended grass,
A dapper train of female fairies play'd,
And eyed their gambols in the watery glass,
That smoothly stole along the shadowy glade.

* Caliban, in "The Tempest."

† Fairy-land, from "Midsummer-Night's Dream."

Through these the queen, Titania, pass'd
adored,

Mounted aloft in her imperial car,
Journeying to see great Oberon her lord
Wage the mock battles of a sportive war.

Arm'd cap-à-pie, forth march'd the fairy king,
A stouter warrior never took the field,
His threatening lance a hornet's horrid sting,
The sharded beetle's scale his sable shield.

Around their chief the elfin host appear'd,
Each little helmet sparkling like a star,
And their sharp spears a pierceless phalanx
rear'd,
A grove of thistles glistening in the air.

The scene then changed from this romantic
land,

To a bleak waste by boundary unconfined,
Where three swart sisters* of the weird band,
Were muttering curses to the troublous wind.

* The Witches in "Macbeth."

Pale want had wither'd every furrowed face,
 Bowed was each carcass with the weight of
 years,
And each sunk eyeball from its hollow case,
 Distill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Horsed on three staves, they posted to the
 bourn
 Of a drear island, where the pendent brow
Of a rough rock, shagg'd horribly with thorn,
 Frown'd on the boisterous waves, which
 raged below.

Deep in a gloomy grot, remote from day,
 Where smiling comfort never showed her
 face,
Where light n'er entered, save one rueful ray
 Discovering all the terrors of the place,
They held damn'd mysteries with infernal state,
 Whilst ghastly goblins glided slowly by,
The screech owl scream'd the dying call of fate,
 And ravens croak'd their horrid augury.

No human footstep cheer'd the dread abode,
Nor sign of living creature could be seen,
Save where the reptile snake, or sullen toad,
The murky floor had soil'd with venom green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow sound,
Each weird sister vanished into smoke ;
Now a dire yell of spirits * under ground
Through troubled earth's wide yawning sur-
face broke.

When lo ! each injured apparition rose ;
Aghast the murderer started from his bed ;
Guilt's trembling breath his heart's real current
froze,
And horror's dewdrops bathed his frantic
head.

More had I seen—but now the god of day
O'er earth's broad breast, his flood of light
had spread,
When Morpheus call'd his fickle train away,
And on their wings each bright illusion fled.

* Ghosts in " Macbeth," " Richard the Third," etc.

Yet still the dear enchantress of the brain,
My wakeful eyes with wishful wanderings
sought,
Whose magic will controls the ideal train,
The ever restless progeny of thought.

“Sweet power! (said I) for others gild the ray
Of wealth, or honour’s folly-feather’d crown;
Or lead the madding multitude astray,
To grasp at air blown bubbles of renown;

“Me (humbler lot!) let blameless bliss en-
gage,
Free from the noble mob’s ambitious strife,
Free from the muckworm miser’s lucrous rage,
In calm contentment’s cottaged vale of life.

“If frailties there (for who from them is free?)
Through error’s maze, my devious footsteps
lead,
Let them be frailties of humanity,
And my heart plead the pardon of my head.

“Let not my reason impiously require,
What Heaven has placed beyond its narrow
span ;
But teach me to subdue each fierce desire,
Which wars within this little empire, man.

“Teach me, what all believe, but few possess,
That life’s best science is ourselves to know ;
The first of human blessings is to bless ;
And happiest he who feels another’s woe.

“Thus cheaply wise and innocently great,
While time’s smooth sand shall regularly pass,
Each destined atom’s quiet course, I’ll wait,
Nor rashly break nor wish to stop the glass—

“And when in death my peaceful ashes lie,
If e’er some tongue congenial speaks my
name,
Friendship shall never blush to breathe a sigh,
And great ones envy such an honest fame.”

JOHN GILBERT COOPER (1755).

TO SHAKESPEARE.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face ; the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smiled.
"This pencil take" (she said) "whose colours
clear
Richly paint the vernal year ;
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy !
This can unlock the gates of joy,
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

THOMAS GRAY.

("The Progress of Poesy," 1755.)

MONODY.

(Written near Stratford-upon-Avon.)

Avon, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,

Their boughs entangling with the embattled
sedge ;

Thy bank with watery foliage quaintly fringed,
Thy surface with reflected verdure tinged,
Soothe me with many a pensive pleasure
mild.

But while I muse, that here the bard divine,
Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd aisles
enclose,

Where the tall windows rise in stately rows,
Above the embowering shade,
Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,
Of daisies pied, his infant offering made ;
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
Framed of thy reeds a shrill and artless
pipe,—

Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled !
As at the waving of some magic wand ;
An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
And awful shapes of warriors and of kings
People the busy mead,
Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall ;

And slowly pace, and point with trembling
hand

The wounds ill-covered by the purple pall.

Before me Pity seems to stand

A weeping mourner, smote with anguish
sore,

To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood

His robe with regal woes embroidered o'er.

Pale Terror leads the visionary band,

And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping
blood.

THOMAS WARTON (1750).

SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Great Homer's birth seven rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of fame ;
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
His wondrous worth ; what Egypt could bestow,
With all the schools of Greece and Asia joined,
Enlarged the immense expansion of his mind.

Nor yet unrivalled the Maconian strain,
The British Eagle, and the Mantuan Swan
Tower equal heights. But happier, Stratford,
thou

With uncontested laurels deck thy brow ;
Thy Bard was thine unschooled, and from thee
brought

More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught.
Not Homer's self such matchless honors won ;
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakespeare none.

(Anonymous.)

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT TO
SHAKESPEARE.

“ O youths and virgins : O declining eld :
O pale misfortune's slaves : O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet : ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seats of kings :
O sons of sport and pleasure : O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore
wounds

Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand,
Which left thee void of hope : O ye who roam
In exile, ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown, or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause,
Approach : behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here, then, round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other, 'This was Shakespeare's
form ;

Who walked in every path of human life,
Felt every passion ; and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever, that experience yield,
Which his own genius only could acquire.' ”

MARK AKENSIDE (1721-1770).

AN EPISTLE ADDRESSED TO
SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION
OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

Sir,—

While born to bring the Muse's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays,
While nursed by you she sees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwithered o'er his honored tomb;
Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
What secret transports in her bosom swell;
With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
And blushing hides her wreath at Shakespeare's
name.

Hard was the lot those injured strains endured,
Unowned by Science, and by years obscured;
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing sighs confessed
A fixed despair in every tuneful breast.

* * * *

But Heaven, still various in its works, decreed
The perfect boast of time should last succeed.

7



The beauteous union must appear at length,
Of Tuscan fancy and Athenian strength ;
One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
And even a Shakespeare to her fame be born !

Yet, ah ! so bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hoped an equal day !
No second growth the western isle could bear,
At once exhausted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part ;
Nature in him was almost lost in art.
Of softer mould the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name ;
With pleased attention, midst his scenes we find,
Each glowing thought that warms the female
mind ;
Each melting sigh, and every tender tear ;
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
His every strain the Smiles and Graces own ;
But stronger Shakespeare felt for man alone ;
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand,
The unrivalled picture of his early hand.

With gradual steps and slow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair Empire o'er her shores advance :
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and just in all she drew ;
Till late Corneille, with Lucan's spirit fired,
Breathed the free strain, as Rome and he
inspired ;
And classic judgment gained to sweet Racine,
The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread,
And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every scene could give
The historian's truth, and bid the manners
live.

Waked at his call, I view with glad surprise
Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
There Henry's trumpets spread their loud
alarms,
And laurelled Conquest waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
Scarce born to honors, and so soon to die!

Yet shall thy theme, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king ;
The time shall come when Gloster's heart shall
 bleed,
In life's last hours, with horror of the deed ;
When dreary visions shall at last present
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent ;
Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
Blunt the weak sword, and break the oppressive
 spear.

Where'er we turn, by Fancy charmed, we find
Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
With humbler nature in the rural grove ;
Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green ;
Dressed by her hand, the woods and valleys
 smile,
And Spring diffusive decks the enchanted isle.
O, more than all in powerful genius blest,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast !

Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall
feel,

Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal!

There every thought the poet's warmth may
raise,

There native music dwells in all the lays.

O might some verse with happiest skill per-
suade

Expressive Picture to adopt thine aid!

What wondrous draughts might rise from every
page!

What other Raphaels charm a distant age!

* * * *

WILLIAM COLLINS (1744).

[Sir Thomas Hanmer (1677-1746) was a member of an old English family, an Oxford scholar, and a man of wealth and importance. In 1744 he published an edition of Shakespeare, in six quarto volumes, which involved him in a serious quarrel with Warburton, who intended to issue an edition of Shakespeare himself; and though Hanmer had been for several years at the work, yet Warburton, enraged at his issuing his first,

charged him with having stolen his notes. Hammer's edition was highly esteemed by Johnson and the critics of the day, and was soon sold at an exorbitant price. Collins addressed this Epistle to him on its publication, and Gay and other writers addressed him in flattering terms.]

SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare (whom you and every play-house
bill

Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.

* * * *

Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway shone;
But Otway failed to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespeare scarce effaced a line.

ALEXANDER POPE (1732).

(Extract from "The Satires in Imitation of Horace.")

TO THE IDOL OF MY EYE, AND DE-
LIGHT OF MY HEART, ANN
HATHAWAY.

Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
With love's sweet notes to grace your song,
To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
Listen to mine Ann Hathaway!
She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might wondering stoop to hear;
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And Nature charm, Ann hath a way;
 She hath a way,
 Ann Hathaway;
To breathè delight Ann hath a way.

When Envy's breath and rancorous tooth,
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray,
To soothe the heart Ann hath a way;
She hath a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care,

Turn foulest night to fairest day,
Thou know'st, fond heart, Ann hath a way ;
 She hath a way,
 Ann Hathaway ;
To make grief bliss Ann hath a way.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay ;
Talk of my gem, Ann Hathaway !
She hath a way, with her bright eye,
Their various lustre to defy ;
The jewels she, and the foil they,
So sweet to look Ann hath a way ;
 She hath a way,
 Ann Hathaway ;
To shame bright gems, Ann hath a way.

But were it to my fancy given
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven ;
For, though a mortal made of clay,
Angels must love Ann Hathaway ;

She hath a way so to control,
To rapture the imprisoned soul,
And sweetest heaven on earth display,
That to be heaven Ann hath a way;
 She hath a way,
 Ann Hathaway;
To be heaven's self Ann hath a way.

[This ballad was written by Charles Dibdin (1745-1814), though it has been ascribed to Shakespeare. "It may be found set to music in the edition of Dibdin's Songs published by Davidson (London, 1848), vol. ii., p. 127" (Rolfe).]

THE BUST OF SHAKESPEARE.

Stranger, to whom this monument is shown,
Invoke the poet's curses on Malone,
Whose meddling zeal his barb'rous taste displays,
And daubs his tombstone as he marred his plays.

(Album at Stratford—Trinity Church.)

[The Stratford Bust, to which these lines refer, is in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church at Stratford-on-Avon. It is considered the best authenticated of all the representations which we have of Shakespeare. It was originally painted in colors—to resemble life; the hair and beard were auburn, the eyes of a light hazel, and the doublet was scarlet. By order of Malone in 1793, and to satisfy his classical taste, it was painted a uniform white. About a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Collins, of London, removed the white paint, and restored this interesting relic to its original colors. The head of the Ward statue in Central Park, New York, is modelled from the Stratford Bust. The allusion to Malone's edition of Shakespeare is hardly just, as he was a most painstaking editor.]

WRITTEN IN THE VISITORS' BOOK
AT STRATFORD.

The eyes of Genius glisten to admire
How Mem'ry hails the sound of Shakespeare's
lyre.

One tear I'll shed, to form a crystal shrine
For all that's great, immortal, and divine.

Let princes o'er their subject kingdoms rule,
'Tis Shakespeare's province to command the
soul!

To add one leaf, oh, Shakespeare! to thy bays,
How vain the effort, and how mean my lays!
Immortal Shakespeare! o'er thy hallow'd page,
Age becomes taught, and youth is e'en made
sage.

PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE (1810).

[Lucien was not the only member of the Bonaparte family who was a pilgrim to the shrine of Shakespeare: Napoleon III. spent his last day in England there before being proclaimed Emperor of the French (1852).]

WRITTEN BEFORE RE-READING "KING
LEAR."

O golden-tongued Romance with serene lute!
Fair plumèd Syren! Queen! if far away!
Leave melodizing on this wintry day,
Shut up thine olden volume, and be mute.

Adieu! for once again the fierce dispute,
Betwixt Hell torment and impassion'd clay
Must I burn through; once more assay
The bitter sweet of this Shakespearian fruit.
Chief Poet! and ye clouds of Albion,
Begetters of our deep eternal theme,
When I am through the old oak forest gone
Let me not wander in a barren dream,
But when I am consumèd with the Fire,
Give me new Phoenix-wings to fly at my desire.

JOHN KEATS (1818).

WRITTEN IN THE VISITORS' BOOK
AT STRATFORD.

Of mighty Shakespeare's birth the room we see,
That where he died in vain do try.
Useless the search, for all immortal, he,
And those who are immortal never die.

WASHINGTON IRVING (1818).

[This brief poetical tribute to Shakespeare inadequately expresses Irving's admiration. It was

he, in his "Stratford-on-Avon" (1818), who first described in his incomparable prose the emotion which a visit to Shakespeare's native town excites in the heart of the "literary pilgrim of every nation;" and cold and dull must he be who cannot say with Irving, "Ten thousand honors and blessings on the bard who has gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions!"]

SHAKESPEARE ODE.

God of the glorious Lyre
Whose notes of old on lofty Pindus rang,
While Jove's exulting choir
Caught the glad echoes and responsive sang,—
Come! bless the service and the shrine
We consecrate to thee and thine.

Fierce from the frozen North,
When Havoc led his legions forth
O'er Learning's sunny groves the dark de-
stroyers spread;
In dust the sacred statue slept,
Fair Science round her altars wept,
And Wisdom cowl'd his head.

At length, Olympian lord of morn,
The raven veil of night was torn,
When through the golden clouds descending,
Thou didst hold thy radiant flight,
O'er Nature's lovely pageant bending,
Till Avon roll'd all sparkling to thy sight!

There, on its bank, beneath the mulberry's
shade,
Wrapp'd in young dreams, a wild-eyed minstrel
stray'd.

Lighting there and lingering long,
Thou didst teach the bard his song;
Thy fingers strung his sleeping shell,
And round his brows a garland curl'd;
On his lips thy spirit fell,
And bade him wake and warm the world.

Then Shakespeare rose!
Across the trembling strings
His daring hand he flings,
And lo! a new creation glows!

There, clustering round, submissive to his will,
Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil.

Madness, with his frightful scream,
Vengeance, leaning on his lance,
Avarice, with his blade and beam,
Hatred, blasting with a glance,
Remorse that weeps, and Rage that roars,
And Jealousy that dotes, but dooms and murders,
yet adores.

Mirth, his face with sunbeams lit,
Waking laughter's merry swell,
Arm in arm with fresh-eyed Wit,
That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes
his bell.

Despair, that haunts the gurgling stream,
Kiss'd by the virgin moon's cold beam,
Where some lost maid wild chaplets
wreathes,
And swan-like, thus her own dirge
breathes,

Then, broken-hearted, sinks to rest,
Beneath the bubbling wave that shrouds her
 maniac breast.

Young Love, with eye of tender gloom,
Now drooping o'er the hallow'd tomb
Where his plighted victims lie,—
Where they met, but met to die ;
And now when crimson buds are sleep-
 ing,
Through the dewy arbor peeping,
Where Beauty's child, the frowning world for-
 got,
To Youth's devoted tale is listening,
Rapture on her dark lash glistening,
While fairies leave their cowslip cells and guard
 the happy spot.

Thus rise the phantom throng,
Obedient to their Master's song,
And lead in willing chains the wondering soul
 along,

For other worlds war's Great One sigh'd
in vain,—

O'er other worlds see Shakespeare rove
and reign!

The rapt magician of his own wild lay,
Earth and her tribes his mystic wand obey.

Old Ocean trembles, Thunder cracks the
skies,

Air teems with shapes, and tell-tale spec-
tres rise;

Night's paltering hags their fearful orgies
keep,

And faithless Guilt unseals the lip of
Sleep;

Time yields his trophies up, and Death re-
stores

The moulder'd victims of his voiceless
shores;

The fireside legend and the faded page,

The crime that cursed, the deed that
bless'd an age,

All, all come forth,—the good to charm
and cheer,
To scourge bold Vice, and start the gen-
erous tear ;
With pictur'd Folly, gazing fools to shame,
And guide young Glory's foot along the path
of fame.

Lo! hand in hand,
Hell's juggling sisters stand,
To greet their victim from the fight ;
Group'd on the blasted heath,
They tempt him to the work of death,
Then melt in air and mock his wondering
sight.

In midnight's hallow'd hour,
He seeks the fatal tower
Where the lone raven, perch'd on high,
Pours to the sullen gale
Her hoarse, prophetic wail,
And croaks the dreadful moment nigh.

See by the phantom dagger led,
Pale, guilty thing !
 Slowly he steals, with silent tread,
And grasps his coward steel to smite his sleep-
 ing King !

Hark ! 'tis the signal bell,
Struck by that bold and unsex'd one
Whose milk is gall, whose heart is stone ;
 His ear hath caught the knell,—
'Tis done ! 'tis done !
Behold him from the chamber rushing,
Where his dead monarch's blood is gushing !
 Look where he trembling stands,
Sad gazing there,
 Life's smoking crimson on his hands,
And in his felon heart, the worm of wild despair !
 Mark the sceptred traitor slumbering !
There flit the slaves of conscience round,
 With boding tongue foul murders number-
 ing ;
Sleep's leaden portals catch the sound.

In his dream of blood for mercy quaking,
At his own dull scream behold him waking!
Soon that dream to fate shall turn ;
For him the living furies burn ;
For him the vulture sits on yonder misty peak,
And chides the lagging night, and whets his
hungry beak.

Hark! the trumpet's warning breath
Echoes round the vale of death.
Unhorsed, unhelm'd, disdainng shield,
The panting tyrant scours the field.
Vengeance! he meets thy dooming blade!
The scourge of earth, the scorn of Heaven,
He falls! unwept and unforgiven,
And all his guilty glories fade.
Like a crush'd reptile in the dust he lies,
And Hate's last lightning quivers from his eyes!

Behold yon crownless king,—
Yon white-lock'd, weeping sire,—
Where heaven's unpillar'd chambers ring,
And burst their stream of flood and fire!

He gave them all,—the daughters of his love ;
That recreant pair ! they drive him forth to rove

 In such a night of woe,
The cubless regent of the wood
Forgets to bathe her fangs in blood,
 And caverns with her foe !

Yet one was ever kind ;
Why lingers she behind ?

Oh pity!—view him by her dead form kneeling,
 ing,

Even in wild frenzy holy nature feeling.
His aching eyeballs strain

 To see those curtain'd orbs unfold,
That beauteous bosom heave again ;
 But all is dark and cold.

In agony the father shakes ;
 Grief's choking note
 Swells in his throat,

Each wither'd heartstring tugs and breaks !
Round her pale neck his dying arms he wreathes,
And on her marble lips his last, his death-kiss
 breathes.

Down, trembling wing!—shall insect weakness
keep

The sun-defying eagle's sweep?

A mortal strike celestial strings,

And feebly echo what a seraph sings?

Who now shall grace the glowing throne

Where, all unrivall'd, all alone,

Bold Shakespeare sat, and look'd creation
through,

The minstrel monarch of the worlds he drew?

That throne is cold—that lyre in death unstrung,

On whose proud note delighted wonder hung.

Yet Old Oblivion, as in wrath he sweeps,

One spot shall spare,—the grave where Shake-
speare sleeps.

Rulers and ruled in common gloom may lie,

But Nature's laureate bards shall never die.

Art's chisell'd boast and Glory's trophied shore

Must live in numbers, or can live no more.

While sculptured Jove some nameless waste
may claim,

Still rolls the Olympic car in Pindar's fame;

Troy's doubtful walls in ashes pass'd away,
Yet frown on Greece in Homer's deathless lay;
Rome, slowly sinking in her crumbling fanes,
Stands, all immortal in her Maro's strains;
So, too, yon giant empress of the isles,
On whose broad sway the sun forever smiles,
To Time's unsparing rage one day must bend,
And all her triumphs in her Shakespeare end!

O Thou! to whose creative power
We dedicate the festal hour,
While Grace and Goodness round the altar
stand,
Learning's anointed train, and Beauty's rose-
lipp'd band—
Realms yet unborn in accents now unknown,
Thy song shall learn, and bless it for their own.

Deep in the West, as Independence roves,
His banners planting round the land he loves,
Where Nature sleeps in Eden's infant grace,
In Time's full hour shall spring a glorious race.

Thy name, thy verse, thy language, shall they
bear,
And deck for thee the vaulted temple there.
Our Roman-hearted fathers broke
Thy parent empire's galling yoke ;
But thou, harmonious master of the mind,
Around their sons a gentler chain shalt bind ;
Once more in thee shall Albion's sceptre wave,
And what her monarch lost, her monarch Bard
shall save.

CHARLES SPRAGUE (1823).

[This ode, a prize poem, was read at the Boston Theatre in 1823.]

TO SHAKESPEARE.

He lighted with his golden lamp on high,
The unknown regions of the human heart,
Showed its bright fountains, showed its rueful
wastes,
Its shoals and headlands; and a tower he
raised

Refulgent, where eternal breakers roll,
For all to see, but no man to approach.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1824).

["Imaginary Conversations: 'The Abbé De-
lille and Walter S. Landor.'"]

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF SHAKE-
SPEARE.

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is
fled!
Hues of all flowers that in their ashes lie,
Trophied in that fair light whereon they
fed,
Tulip, and hyacinth, and sweet rose red,—
Like exhalations from the leafy mould,
Look here how honor glorifies the dead,
And warms their scutcheons with a glance of
gold!
Such is the memory of poets old,
Who on Parnassus' hill have bloomed elate;

Now they are laid under their marbles cold,
And turned to clay, whereof they were
create ;
But god Apollo hath them all enrolled,
And blazoned on the very clouds of fate !

THOMAS HOOD (1828).

SHAKESPEARE.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre. Like that ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplighted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind,
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds. Great poet, 'twas thy
art,
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm fatal purpose of the heart,

Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1833).

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

(JANUARY, 1837.)

We stood upon the tomb of him whose praise

Time, nor oblivion's thrift, nor envy chill,

Nor War, nor ocean with her severing space,

Shall hinder from the peopled world to fill ;

And thus, in fulness of our heart, we cried ;

God's works are wonderful,—the circling sky,

The rivers that with noiseless footing glide,

Man's firm-built strength, and woman's liquid
eye ;

But the high spirit that sleepeth here below,

More than all beautiful and stately things,

Glory to God, the mighty Maker, brings ;

To whom alone 'twas given the bounds to know

Of human action, and the secret springs

Whence the deep streams of joy and sorrow flow.

HENRY ALFORD,

Dean of Canterbury (1810-1871).

SHAKESPEARE.

How little fades from earth when sink to rest
The hours and cares that move a great man's
breast!

Though naught of all we saw the grave may
spare,

His life pervades the world's impregnate air;
Though Shakespeare's dust beneath our foot-
steps lies,

His spirit breathes amid his native skies.

With meaning won from him forever glows
Each air that England feels, and star it
knows;

His whispered words from many a mother's
voice

Can make her sleeping child in dreams re-
jice;

And gleams from spheres he first conjoined to
earth

Are blest with rays of each new morning's
birth.

Amid the sights and tales of common things,
Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars, and deaths of
kings—

Of shore and sea, and Nature's daily round,
Of life that tills, and tombs that load the
ground,

His visions mingle, swell, command, pace by,
And haunt with living presence, heart and eye.
And tones from him by other bosoms caught
Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought;
And the long sigh, and deep, impassioned thrill
Rouse custom's trance, and spur the faltering
will.

Above the goodly land, more his than ours,
He sits supreme, enthroned in skyey towers,

And sees the heroic brood of his creation
Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.
O shaping brain! O flashing fancy's hues!
O boundless heart kept fresh by pity's dews!
O wit humane and blithe! O sense sublime!
For each dim oracle of mantled time!

Transcendent form of man ! in whom we read
Mankind's whole tale of impulse, thought, and
deed !

Amid the expanse of years, beholding thee,
We know how vast our world of life may be,
Wherein, perchance, with aims as pure as
thine,
Small tasks and strengths may be no less di-
vine.

JOHN STERLING (1839).

TO SHAKESPEARE.

If from the height of that celestial sphere,
Where now thou dwellest, spirit powerful and
sweet !
Thou yet canst love the race that sojourn
here,
How must thou joy, with pleasure not unmeet
For thy exalted state, to know how dear
Thy memory is held throughout the earth
Beyond the favored land that gave thee birth.

E'en in thy seat in heaven thou mayest receive
Thanks, praise, and love, and wonder ever new,
From human hearts, who in thy verse perceive
All that humanity calls good and true ;
Nor dost thou for each mortal blemish grieve
They from thy glorious works have fallen away,
As from thy soul its outward form of clay.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE (1844).

TO SHAKESPEARE.

Oft when my lips I open to rehearse
Thy wondrous spells of wisdom, and of
power,
And that my voice, and thy immortal verse
On listening ears and hearts I mingled pour,
I shrink dismayed, and awful doth appear
The vain presumption of my own weak deed ;
Thy glorious spirit seems to mine so near,
That suddenly I tremble as I read !
Thee an invisible auditor I fear.
O, if it might be so, my master dear !

With what beseeching would I pray to thee,
To make me equal to my noble task !
Succor from thee how humbly would I ask,
Thy worthiest works to utter worthily!

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE (1844).

WRITTEN IN THE VISITORS' BOOK
AT STRATFORD.

Stratford-on-Avon! Well, I think I must
See Shakespeare's house—his tomb and bust
I've seen, and just maligned Malone
For daubing Shakespeare's bust of stone,
And could not let his works alone.
Just now I'm rather in a pet,
I've sketched his house, and got quite wet.
And now I sit, turn o'er and look
The countless names writ in this book.
And try to think with all my might,
That I've also a right to write.
But hold, I fear to increase my crime,
To give as *reason*, doggerel rhyme.

DANIEL MACLISE (1811-1870).

SHAKESPEARE.

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask. Thou smilest, and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-
place,
Spare but the cloudy border of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality;
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams
know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-
secure,
Didst tread on earth unguessed at. Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which
bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM
SHAKESPEARE.

O precious evenings ! all too swiftly sped !
Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
And giving tongues unto the silent dead !
How our hearts glowed and trembled as she
read,
Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages
Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,
Anticipating all that shall be said !
O happy Reader ! having for thy text
The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have
caught
The rarest essence of all human thought !
O happy Poet ! by no critic vexed !
How must thy listening spirit now rejoice,
To be interpreted by such a voice !

H. W. LONGFELLOW (1850).

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

To Stratford-on-the-Avon—And we passed
Thro' aisles and avenues of the princeliest trees
That ever eyes beheld. None such with us
Here in the bleaker North. And as we went
Through Lucy's park, the red day dropt i' the
west ;

A crimson glow, like blood in lovers' cheeks,
Spread up the soft green sky and passed away ;
The mazy twilight came down on the lawns,
And all those huge trees seemed to fall asleep ;
The deer went past like shadows. All the park
Lay round us like a dream ; and one fine
thought

Hung over us, and hallowed all. Yea, he,
The pride of England, glistened like a star,
And beckoned us to Stratford.

ROBERT LEIGHTON (1822-1869).

POETRY IMMORTAL.

The sacred beings of poetic birth
Immortal live to consecrate the earth.
San Marco's pavement boasts no doge's tread,
And all its ancient pageantry has fled ;
Yet, as we muse beneath some dim arcade,
The mind's true kindred glide from ruin's shade ;
In every passing eye that sternly beams
We start to meet the Shylock of our dreams ;
Each maiden form, where virgin grace is seen,
Crosses our path with Portia's noble mien ;
While Desdemona, beauteous as of yore,
Yields us the smile that once entranced the
Moor.

* * * *

Long ere brave Nelson shook the Baltic shore,
The bard of Avon hallow'd Elsinore ;
Perchance when moor'd the fleet, awaiting day,
To fix the battle's terrible array,
Some pensive hero, musing o'er the deep,
So soon to fold him in its dreamless sleep,

Heard the Dane's sad and self-communing
tone

Blend with the water's melancholy moan,
Recall'd, with prayer and awe-suspended
breath,

His wild and solemn questionings of death,
Or caught from land Ophelia's dying song,
Swept by the night-breeze plaintively along!

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN (1813-1871).

SHAKESPEARE IN ITALY.

Beyond our shores, beyond the Apennines,
Shakespeare, from heaven came thy creative
breath!

'Mid citron grove and overarching vines
Thy genius wept at Desdemona's death;
In the proud sire thou badest anger cease,
And Juliet by her Romeo sleeps in peace.
Then rose thy voice above the stormy sea,
And Ariel flew from Prospero to thee.

W. S. LANDOR (July, 1860).

In poetry, there is but one supreme,
Though there are many angels round his
 throne,
Mighty and beauteous, while his face is hid.

LANDOR.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(APRIL 23, 1864.)

She sat in her eternal house,
 The sovereign mother of mankind ;
Before her was the peopled world,
 The hollow night behind.

“Below my feet the thunders break,
 Above my head the stars rejoice ;
But man, although he babbles much,
 Has never found a voice.

“Ten thousand years have come and gone,
 And not an hour of any day,
But he has dumbly looked to me,
 The things he could not say.

“It shall be so no more,” she said,
And then revolving in her mind,
She thought: “I will create a child
Shall speak for all his kind.”

It was the spring-time of the year,
And lo, where Avon's waters flow,
The child, her darling, came on earth,
Three hundred years ago.

There was no portent in the sky,
No cry, like Pan's, along the seas,
Nor hovered round his baby mouth
The swarm of classic bees.

What other children were, he was,
If more, 'twas not to mortal ken;
The being likest to mankind,
Made him the man of men.

They gossiped, after he was dead,
An idle tale of stealing deer;
One thinks he was a lawyer's clerk;
But nothing now is clear.

Save that he married, in his youth,
 A maid, his elder ; went to town ;
Wrote plays ; made money ; and at last
 Came back, and settled down,

A prosperous man, among his kin,
 In Stratford, where his bones repose.
And this—what can be less?—is all
 The world of Shakespeare knows.

It irks us that we know no more,
 For where we love, we would know all ;
What would be small in common men,
 In great is never small.

Their daily habits, how they looked,
 The color of their eyes and hair,
Their prayers, their oaths, the wine they drank,
 The clothes they used to wear,

Trifles like these declare the men
 And should survive them—nay, they must ;
We'll find them somewhere ; if it needs,
 We'll rake among their dust !

Not Shakespeare's ! He has left his curse
On him disturbs it ; let it rest,
The mightiest that ever Death
Laid in the earth's dark breast.

Not to himself did he belong
Nor does his life belong to us ;
Enough, he *was* ; give up the search
If he were thus, or thus.

Before he came his like was not,
Nor left he heirs to share his powers ;
The mighty Mother sent him here,
To be his voice and ours.

To be her oracle to man,
To be what man may be to her ;
Between the Maker and the made,
The best interpreter.

The hearts of all men beat in his,
Alike in pleasure and in pain ;
And he contained their myriad minds,
Mankind in heart and brain.

Shakespeare! what shapes are conjured up
By that one word! They come and go,
More real, shadows though they be,
Than many a man we know.

Hamlet the Dane, unhappy Prince,
Who most enjoys when suffering most;
His soul is haunted by itself—
There needs no other Ghost.

The Thane, whose murderous fancy sees
The dagger painted in the air;
The guilty King, who stands appalled
When Banquo fills his chair.

Lear in the tempest, old and crazed,
“Blow winds, spit fire, singe my white head!”
Or, sadder, watching for the breath
Of dear Cordelia—dead!

The much-abused relentless Jew,
Grave Prospero, in his magic isle,
And she who captived Anthony,
The serpent of old Nile.

Imperial forms, heroic souls,
Greek, Roman, masters of the world,
Kings, queens, the soldier, scholar, priest,
The courtier, sleek and curled ;

He knew and drew all ranks of men,
And did such life to them impart,
They grow not old, immortal types,
The Lords of Life and Art.

Their sovereign he, as she was his,
The awful Mother of the Race,
Who, hid from all her children's eyes,
Unveiled to him her face ;

Spake to him till her speech was known,
Through him till man had learned it ; then
Enthroned him in her Heavenly House,
The most supreme of Men !

R. H. STODDARD.

SHAKESPEARE.

(A CELEBRATION ODE, APRIL 23, 1864.)

Ring out, glad bells, your blithest lays
In honor of our poet's fame ;
Join heart and voice, with loud acclaim,
To flood the land with grateful praise.

Not all the trophies he hath won
Are worthy of his skill divine.
Bow, nation—bow before his shrine,
And own your greatest, grandest son.

No hero, crushing human wrongs—
No champion, bleeding for the right,
Hath equalled in the great world's fight,
Our conqueror in the strife of tongues.

O myriad mind ! whose matchless lyre
Could only speak with living word,
Whose sound, full oft, dead hearts hath
stirred
To fervent breathings of desire ;

The music thou dost richly pour,
In silver cadence far and near,
Like Oberon's love-juice, charms the ear,
And all who listen must adore.

First scholar of Dame Nature's throng,
And by no other teacher taught,
He dug his treasure-caves of thought
From Avon with its silver song—

And yet, though men have yearned to find,
Through thrice a hundred years of toil,
Those Alpine heights of unturned soil,
Where towers the summit of his mind ;

Their mightiest efforts are but vain
To grasp its greatness—scale its height ;
The mountain-top eludes the sight
Of weary watchers on the plain !

His glory glimmers from afar,
Through hecatombs of buried years ;
Yet fairer now to light appears,
And queenlier than the evening star.

Let all, to-day, his name revere ;
 Ring, happy land, with grateful praise !
 And crown with never-fading bays
 Our poet, preacher, sage, and seer !

Chime on, ye tuneful bells—chime on !
 Proclaim to all our generous pride ;
 And let the nations far and wide
 Behold how Britain loves her son.

Chambers's Journal, March, 1864.

SHAKESPEARE.

(TERCENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, APRIL 23,
 1864.)

“ Who claims our Shakespeare from that realm
 unknown,
 Beyond the storm-vexed islands of the deep,
 Where Genoa's roving mariner was blown ?
 Her twofold Saint's-day let our England
 keep ;
 Shall warring aliens share her holy task ? ”
 The Old World echoes ask.

O land of Shakespeare ! ours with all thy past,
Till these last years that make the sea so
wide,

Think not the jar of battle's trumpet-blast
Has dulled our aching sense to joyous pride
In every noble word thy sons bequeathed
The air our fathers breathed !

War-wasted, haggard, panting from the strife,
We turn to other days and far-off lands,
Live o'er in dreams the Poet's faded life,
Come with fresh lilies in our fevered hands
To wreath his bust, and scatter purple flow-
ers,—
Not his the need, but ours !

We call those poets who are first to mark
Through earth's dull mist the coming of the
dawn,—
Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale spark,
While others only note that day is gone ;
For him the Lord of light the curtain rent
That veils the firmament.

The greatest for its greatness is half known,
Stretching beyond our narrow quadrant-
lines,—

As in that world of Nature all outgrown
Where Calaveras lifts his awful pines,
And cast from Mariposa's mountain-wall
Nevada's cataracts fall.

Yet heaven's remotest orb is partly ours,
Throbbing its radiance like a beating heart;
In the wide compass of angelic powers
The instinct of the blindworm has its part;
So in God's kingliest creature we behold
The flower our buds infold.

With no vain praise we mock the stone-carved
name
Stamped once on dust that moved with pulse
and breath,
As thinking to enlarge that amplest fame
Whose undimmed glories gild the night of
death;

We praise not star or sun ; in these we see
Thee, Father, only thee !

Thy gifts are beauty, wisdom, power, and love ;
We read, we reverence on this human soul,—
Earth's clearest mirror of the light above,—
Plain as the record on thy prophet's scroll,
When o'er his page the effluent splendors
poured,
Thine own, " Thus saith the Lord !"

This player was a prophet from on high,
Thine own elected. Statesman, poet, sage,
For him thy sovereign pleasure passed them by ;
Sidney's fair youth, and Raleigh's ripened
age,
Spenser's chaste soul, and his imperial mind
Who taught and shamed mankind.

Therefore we bid our hearts' Te Deum rise,
Nor fear to make thy worship less divine,
And hear the shouted choral shake the skies,
Counting all glory, power, and wisdom thine ;

For thy great gift thy greater name adore,
And praise thee evermore!

In this dread hour of Nature's utmost need,
Thanks for those unstained drops of fresh-
ening dew!

O, while our martyrs fall, our heroes bleed,
Keep us to every sweet remembrance true,
Till from this blood-red sunset springs new-
born
Our Nation's second morn!

O. W. HOLMES.

ODE ON SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

In Stratford upon Avon
Where the silent waters flow,
The immortal Drama woke from sleep,
Three hundred years ago.

Then as the long dark ages rolled away,
A light from Heaven shone on Shake-
speare's face.

Land of the illustrious Dead! With thee
this day,

We love to linger near the hallowed
place,

For wert thou not the Fatherland of our New
England race?

Beyond the Rocky Mountains,
From the Golden Gate of fame,
Far East to Schoodic's misty shores,
Is heard his honored name.

Live where we may, such life-like scenes he
drew,

Arrayed in robes of beauty, all his own,
Nature herself proclaims each picture true
To Albion's echoing hills;—nor there
alone,

As e'en Megara speaks in Prospero's thunder-
tone.

Ah! what a halcyon memory,
Our school-boy days bring on,
When young Othello told us how
He Desdemona won!

Where are the voices that once filled the
air?

Let not stern manhood deem the illusion
wrong,

When the boy dreamed the enchanted isle
was there,

Near Academic grove unknown to song,
Where Kennebec among the hills, meandering
glides along.

Not in the Theatre alone

Is seen his wondrous power,

Though some great actor tread the stage,
The pageant of an hour;

He visits many a humble home — and
when

Some brave thought stirs the heart by sor-
row riven,

We feel like heroes—though we live like
men

In lowly lot : for here full oft at even,
The Bard of Avon sweeps the Æolian harp of
Heaven.

England with all thy glory
From the Druid days of old,
Not Crecy's pride, nor Agincourt
Nor Field of the Cloth of Gold,
Shines with such virtue in all coming time
As genius, learning, minstrelsy inspire
They fill the ideal world with thoughts sub-
lime,
Guiding Ambition's eye to aim far higher,
Than light the flames of civil war, with strange,
unholy fire !

They gleam like stars in history
Along a dreary waste,
Who first enlarged the bounds of mind,
Or raised the tone of taste.

Thus Bacon looms up in that glorious age,
Of Spenser's lay and Jonson's critic eye,
When a Promethean spark illum'd the stage,
And Shakespeare drew such scenes of
time gone by,
That Life a Drama seems, midst shadows of
Eternity.

JOHN H. SHEPPARD.

(Celebration by New England Historical and
Genealogical Society, April 23, 1864.)

SHAKESPEARE.

I wish that I could have my wish to-night ;
For all the fairies should assist my flight
Back into the abyss of years ;
Till I could see the streaming light,
And hear the music of the spheres
That sang together at the joyous birth
Of that immortal mind,
The noblest of his kind—
The only Shakespeare that has graced our
earth.

Oh, that I might behold
Those gentle sprites, by others all unseen,
Queen Mab and Puck the bold,
With curtseys manifold
Glide round his cradle every morn and e'en ;

That I might see the nimble shapes that ran
And frisked and frolicked by his side,
When school-hours ended or began,
At morn or eventide ;

That I might see the very shoes he wore,
Upon the dusty street,
His little gown and pinafore,
His satchel and his schoolboy rig complete !

If I could have the wish I rhyme,
Then should this night, and all it doth contain,

Be set far back upon the rim of Time,
And I would wildered be upon a stormy plain ;

The wanton waves of winter wind and storm
Should beat upon my ruddy face,
And on my streaming hair ;
And hags and witches multiform,
And beldames past all saintly grace,
Should hover round me in the sleety air !

Then hungry, cold, and frightened by these
imps of sin,
And breathless all with buffeting the storm,
Betimes I would arrive at some old English
inn,
Wainscoted, high and warm.
The fire should blaze in antique chimney-place ;
And on the high-backed settles, here and
there,
The village gossip, and the merry laugh
Should follow brimming cups of half-an'-half ;
Before the fire, in hospitable chair,
The landlord fat should bask his shining face,
And slowly twirl his pewter can ;
And there in his consummate grace,

The perfect lord of wit,
The immortal man,
The only Shakespeare of this earth should
sit.

There, too, that Spanish galleon of a hulk,
Ben Jonson, lying at full length,
Should so dispose his goodly bulk
That he might lie at ease upon his back,
To test the tone and strength
Of Boniface's sherris-sack.

And there should be some compeers of these
two,
Rare wits and poets of the land,
Whom all good England knew,
And who are now her dear forget-me-
nots;
And they should lounge on Shakespeare's
either hand,
And sip their punch from queer old cans and
pots.

Oh, then, such drollery should begin,
Such wit flash out, such humor run
Around the fire in this old English inn,
The veriest clod would be convulsed with fun;
And Boniface's merry sides would ache,
And his round belly like a pudding shake.

Never since the world began
Has been such repartee;
And never till the next begins,
Will greater things be said by man,
Than this same company
Were wont to say so oft in those old English
inns.

Dear artist, if you paint this picture mine,
Do not forget the storm that roars
Above the merry din and laughter within
doors;
But let some stroke divine
Make all within appear more rich and warm,
By contrast with the outer storm.

HENRY AMES BLOOD.

April 23, 1864.

THE STRATFORD JUBILEE.

(APRIL 23, 1864.)

Went not thy spirit gladly with us then,
Most genial Shakspeare!—wast thou not
with us
Who throng'd to honor thee and love thee
thus,
A few among thy subject fellow-men?
Yea,—let me truly think it; for thy heart
(Though now long-since the free-made citizen
Of brighter cities where we trust thou art,
Was one, in its great whole and every part,
With human sympathies; we seem to die,
But verily live; we grow, improve, expand,
When Death transplants us to that Happier
Land;
Therefore, sweet Shakspeare, came thy spirit
nigh,
Cordial with Man, and grateful to High Heaven
For all our love to thy dear memory given.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

THE TWO POETS.

(APRIL 23, 1864.)

SHAKESPEARE.

Gramercy! What a night for stalking deer!
My kingdom for a— Hold! what have we here!
A head of Schiller! Phœbus! can it be,
Schiller in Central Park ahead of me?

SCHILLER.

Goodden, good Shakespeare; *Guten Abend*—
long
Have I thy coming waited, Prince of Song,
Guarding the snowy flocks that round me
throng.

SHAKESPEARE.

What flocks, O Schiller! *cujum pecus?*—say
Whose errant sheep into thy pasture stray?

SCHILLER.

No errant sheep; but the white birds that yon
The lakelet's placid bosom rest upon,
And are to mankind thy comparison.

SHAKESPEARE.

O faithful Schiller ! who, by lake and river,
My truant swans thus unto me deliver,
Half of my white-necked flock be thine forever !

[This is from *Harper's Weekly*, with an accompanying cut of a scene in Central Park, where Shakespeare stands before the bust of Schiller, as if addressing him.]

SHAKESPEARE.

(Quatrain.)

I see all human wits
Are measured but a few ;
Unmeasured still my Shakespeare sits,
Lone as the blessed Jew.

R. W. EMERSON (1867).

SHAKESPEARE.

England's genius filled all measure
Of heart and soul, of strength and pleasure,
Gave to the mind its emperor,
And life was larger than before ;
Nor sequent centuries could hit
Orbit and sum of Shakespeare's wit.

The men who lived with him became
Poets, for the air was fame.

R. W. EMERSON.

(Extract from "Solution," 1867.)

IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD AT
FREDERICKSBURG.

In the old churchyard at Fredericksburg,
A gravestone stands to-day,
Marking the place where a grave has been,
Though many and many a year it has seen,
Since its tenant mouldered away,
And that quaintly carved old stone
Tells its simple tale to all;—
"Here lies a bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare."

There in the churchyard at Fredericksburg,
I wandered all alone,
Thinking sadly on empty fame,
How the great dead are but a name,—
To few are they really known.
Then upon this battered stone,

My listless eye did fall,
Where lay the bearer of the pall,
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

Then in the churchyard at Fredericksburg,
It seemed as though the air
Were peopled with phantoms that swept by,
Flitting along before my eye,
So sad, so sweet, so fair ;
Hovering about this stone,
By some strange spirit's call,
Where lay a bearer of the pall,
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

For in the churchyard of Fredericksburg,
Juliet seemed to love,
Hamlet mused, and the old Lear fell,
Beatrice laughed, and Ariel
Gleamed through the skies above,
As here beneath this stone
Lay in his narrow hall,
He who before had borne the pall,
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

And I left the old churchyard at Fredericksburg;
 Still did the tall grass wave,
 With a strange and beautiful grace,
 O'er the sad and lonely place
 Where hidden lay the grave ;
 And still did the quaint old stone
 Tell its mournful tale to all :—
 “ Here lies a bearer of the pall,
 At the funeral of Shakespeare.”

FREDERICK WADSWORTH LORING (1870).

[The above poem was suggested by this newspaper paragraph :

“ In the cemetery of Fredericksburg, Va., there is a red-sandstone slab with the following inscription :

Here lies the body of

EDWARD HELDON

PRACTITIONER IN PHYSICS AND CHIRURGERY.

Born in Bedfordshire, England, in the year of our Lord 1542 ; was contemporary with, and one of the pall bearers of William Shakespeare. After a brief illness, his spirit ascended, in the year of our Lord 1618—aged 76.”

While the author did not consider it a fact, the poetical subject fired his imagination, and he

wrote the poem which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1870.

The Heldon myth again went the rounds of the newspapers in 1884. Dr. W. J. Rolfe explained the probable foundation for the ingenious hoax, in regard to this alleged pall bearer, in the columns of the *Literary World* for December, 1884, and January, 1885, and of it the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillips wrote, "The pall story is appalling in its absurdity."

There is a melancholy interest attached to the poem, on account of the tragic fate of its young author. Mr. Loring was killed by Indians in Arizona, in 1871, when he was only twenty-three years of age.]

SHAKESPEARE.

When first the tuneful Nine their table spread,
And bade of mortals the immortal few
To banquet, it was counted Shakespeare's due
To sit, as sovereign master, at the head;
And there, on either hand, by fair nymphs fed,
All drinking from the fountain, fresh and new,
The wine of Helikon, sat other two—
Dante and Homer crowned and garlanded.

Since then, a thousand goodly men have sought
 To catch the crumbs which from that table fell;
A million poems have been deftly wrought,
 But still the waves of song no higher swell.
Like rain-drops lost, unnumbered in the sea,
Shall deathless Shakespeare's followers ever be!

SIMEON TUCKER CLARK.

SHAKESPEARE'S STATUE.

(CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, MAY 23, 1872.)

I.

In this free Pantheon of the air and sun,
 Where stubborn granite grudgingly gives place
 To petted turf, the garden's daintier race
Of flowers, and Art hath slowly won
A smile from grim, primeval barrenness,
 What alien Form doth stand?
Where scarcely yet the heroes of the land,
As in their future's haven, from the stress
Of all conflicting tides, find quiet deep
 Of bronze or marble sleep,
What stranger comes, to join the scanty band?

Who pauses here, as one that muses
While centuries of men go by,
And unto all our questioning refuses
His clear, infallible reply ?

Who hath his will of us, beneath our new-world
sky ?

II.

Here, in his right, he stands !
No breadth of earth-dividing seas can bar
The breeze of morning, or the morning star,
From visiting our lands :
His wit, the breeze, his wisdom, as the star,
Shone where our earliest life was set, and blew
To freshen hope and plan
In brains American,—
To urge, resist, encourage, and subdue !
He came, a household ghost we could not ban :
He sat, on winter nights, by cabin fires ;
His summer fairies linked their hands
Along our yellow sands ;
He preached within the shadow of our spires ;
And when the certain Fate drew nigh, to cleave
The birth-cord, and a separate being leave,

He, in our ranks of patient-hearted men,
Wrought with the boundless forces of his
fame,
Victorious, and became
The Master of our thought, the land's first
Citizen !

III.

If, here, his image seem
Of softer scenes and grayer skies to dream,
Thatched cot and rustic tavern, ivied hall,
The cuckoo's April call
And cowslip-meads beside the Avon stream,
He shall not fail that other home to find
We could not leave behind !
The forms of Passion, which his fancy drew,
In us their ancient likenesses beget :
So, from our lives forever born anew,
He stands amid his own creations yet !
Here comes lean Cassius, of conventions tired ;
Here, in his coach, luxurious Antony
Beside his Egypt, still of men admired ;
And Brutus plans some purer liberty !

A thousand Shylocks, Jew and Christian, pass ;
A hundred Hamlets, by their times betrayed ;
And sweet Anne Page comes tripping o'er the
grass,

And antlered Falstaff pants beneath the
shade.

Here toss upon the wanton summer wind

The locks of Rosalind ;

Here some gay glove the damnèd spot conceals

Which Lady Macbeth feels ;

His ease here, smiling smooth Iago takes,

And outcast Lear gives passage to his woe,

And here some foiled Reformer sadly breaks

His wand of Prospero !

In liveried splendor side by side,

Nick Bottom and Titania ride ;

And Portia, flushed with cheers of men,

Disdains dear faithful Imogen ;

And Puck, beside the form of Morse,

Stops on his forty-minute course ;

And Ariel from his swinging bough

A blossom casts on Bryant's brow,

Until, as summoned from his brooding brain,
He sees his children all again,
In us, as on our lips, each fresh, immortal strain !

IV.

Be welcome, Master ! In our native air
Keep the calm strength we need to learn of
thee !
A steadfast anchor be
'Mid passions that exhaust, and times that wear !
Thy kindred race, that scarcely knows
What power is in Repose,
What permanence in Patience, what renown
In silent faith and plodding toil of Art
That shyly works apart,
All these in thee unconsciously doth crown !

v.

The Many grow, through honor to the One ;
And what of loftier life we do not live,
This Form shall help to give,
In our free Pantheon of the air and sun !

Here, where the noise of Trade is loudest,
It builds a shrine august,
To show, while pomp of wealth is proudest,
How brief is gilded dust :
How Art succeeds, though long,
And o'er the tumult of the generations,
The strong, enduring spirit of the nations,
How speaks the voice of Song !
Our City, at her gateways of the sea,
Twines bay around the mural crown upon her,
And wins new grace and dearer dignity,
Giving our race's Poet, honor !
If such as he
Again may ever be,
And our humanity another crown
Find in some equal, late renown,
The reverence of what he was shall call it down!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

[This poem was written for the dedication of the statue to Shakespeare in Central Park, May, 1872. Mr. W. C. Bryant delivered the oration on the occasion, and Mr. Edwin Booth recited Stoddard's poem to Shakespeare (1864).]

SHAKESPEARE.

What shall his crown be? Not the laurel leaf
That, blood-besprinkled, decks the warrior's
head,
Who grasps at glory as destruction's chief,
A living monument to thousands dead;
Bequeathing a vast legacy of grief,
Some pest incarnate fed with human life
Born of ambition, or the lust of strife.
In regal diadem, shall we proclaim
Him monarch? That would circumscribe his
worth;
A kingly coronet would only shame.
The kinglier Thought whose realm is the whole
earth.
Such petty vanities but mock his fame.
Profane it not, he is all crowns above!
Hero of Peace, Evangelist of Love!

JOHN BROUGHAM.

[Written for the dedication of the Ward statue
in Central Park, May, 1872.]

ANNE HATHAWAY.

Once on a time when jewels flashed,
And moonlit fountains softly splashed,
And all the air was sweet and bright
With music, mirth, and deft delight,
A courtly dame drew, laughing, near

A poet—greatest of his time—
And chirped a question in his ear,
With voice like silver bells in chime :
“ Good Mr. Shakespeare, I would know
The name thy lady bore, in sooth,
Ere thine. Nay, little time ago

It was—for we still mark her youth ;
Some high-born name, I trow, and yet,
Altho' I've heard it, I forget.”

Then answered he with dignity,
Yet blithely—for the hour was gay—
“ My lady's name—Anne Hathaway.”

“ And good, sweet sir,” the dame pursued,
Too fair and winsome to be rude,

“’Tis whispered here and whispered there,
By doughty knights and ladies fair,
That—that—well,—that her royal lord
Does e’en obey her lightest will ;
Now, my good spouse—I pledge my word—
Tho’ loving well, doth heed me ill ;
How art thou conquered, prithee tell,”
She pleaded with her pretty frown ;
“ I fain would know what mighty spell
Can bring a haughty husband down.”
She ceased and raised her eager face
To his, with laughing, plaintive grace.
Then answered he, with dignity,
Yet blithely—for the hour was gay—
“ Ah lady, I can only say
Her name again—Anne Hath-a-way.”

SCOTT’S SHAKESPEARE.

When Scotland’s master genius raised
The veil of long departed time,
And bade us wonder while we gazed
On regal pomp and feudal crime ;

Touch'd with the rays of living light
That darted from his magic pen,
Heroes and kings stood out to sight,
As if they breathed and moved again.

When midst the noblest of the land,
The vision'd form of Shakespeare came,
Even he—the enchanter—stayed his hand,
Nor dared to sport with Shakespeare's name.

[The above stanzas were suggested by the glimpse of Shakespeare introduced into the novel of "Kenilworth," where a few gracious words were addressed to him by Leicester at the palace gate, and received by the immortal dramatist in respectful silence.]

SHAKESPEARE.

The name of human names we most revere,
That in our cradle-days we used to hear ;
The first that on our waking senses fell,
As if we came to life beneath its spell ;
Whose strong attracting force our souls obeyed,
And grew to strength beneath his vital grade.

What precious memories these thoughts in-
spire
Of our fair mother and our fervid sire,
Their fine rehearsals round the evening fire !
How the great poet's music filled their
lives,
And in their children's children still sur-
vives ;
And how they made their own his thoughts
that reach
The human heart, through every grade and
change.
These shaped, without intent, our daily
speech,
And gave our lives a higher, brighter range.

His was the living sympathetic glass
That holds, forever, pictures as they pass ;
That brings each moral feature out to view,
Disclosing what is false and what is true ;
That measures values, not by what appears,
But by the tests of truth, like holy seers.

He lost no truth that fell upon its face ;
All lesser lights he drew into his own—
Attracting, nature-like, each form of grace,
As birds of plumage seek the torrid zone.

He drew the nuggets from the golden
lands—

Such shapes he made of these, none else can
make—

Leaving for others the few sparkling sands
That, in his wealth, he never stooped to
take.

What startling figures leaves he on the
wall,

As fires electric shed their glyphic trace ;

What precious pictures from his fingers fall,
As hands of skill on grounds of gold en-
chase ;

What fiery strokes of pride, and truth, and
brand,

Appear beneath his all-engrossing hand—

The hand that makes the passions come and go,
That masters all their fitful, changing forms,
Whose fierce attractions cause their overflow,
Whose meteoric laws control their storms ;

Whose forms of beauty—fresh and young with
force—

He passes o'er us in their bright array,
As stars are clustered in their starry course
And chase each other in the Milky Way;

Whose forms ethereal—like the solar beams
Whence men have wrested types of things
on earth,

So these come down in subtler golden streams,
Of part terrestrial, part aërial birth,
Appearing now in tears and then in mirth.

We marvel much that beings of an hour
To vaster scopes, like his, should e'er attain,
And share almost the wondrous sense of power
That triumphed in his heart, and hand, and
brain.

But God had touched him with a glorious ray,
Endued him with resemblance of His might,
To use the grander forces of the day,
To fill with star-dust all the fields of night.

Through all his rushing world there throbs the
beat

Of life momentous, present, far and near ;
We feel the press of forces, and the heat
Of seething passions ; over all we hear,
Above the wings of flying ages hear—
Surpassing Roman grace, surpassing Greek,
Exceeding all we hope man yet may speak—
His living voices, playful, sweet, and clear—
His, sterner, grander, masterful, severe !

He spake as those might speak that understand
The more sublime of God's unwritten
speech ;

He leads us step by step, and hand in hand,
Up to the glorious heights the angels reach.

MARY H. WELLES PUMPELLY (1873).

SHAKESPEARE.

A vision as of crowded city streets,
With human life in endless overflow ;
Thunder of thoroughfares ; trumpets that
 blow
To battle ; clamor, in obscure retreats,
Of sailors landed from their anchored fleets ;
Tolling of bells in turrets, and below
Voices of children, and bright flowers that
 throw
O'er garden walls their intermingled sweets !
This vision comes to me when I unfold
The volume of the Poet paramount,
Whom all the muses loved, not one alone ;—
Into his hands they put the lyre of gold,
And, crowned with sacred laurel at their
 fount,
Placed him as Musagetes on their throne.

H. W. LONGFELLOW (1875).

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Not if men's tongues and angels' all in one
Spake, might the word be said that might
speak Thee.

Streams, winds, woods, flowers, fields, moun-
tains, yea, the sea,

What power is in them all to praise the sun ?

His praise is this,—he can be praised of none.

Man, woman, child, praise God for him ; but
he

Exults not to be worshipped, but to be.

He is : and, being, beholds his work well done.

All joy, all glory, all sorrow, all strength, all
mirth,

Are his ; without him, day were night on earth.

Time knows not his from time's own period.

All lutes, all harps, all viols, all flutes, all lyres,

Fall dumb before him ere one string suspires.

All stars are angels : but the sun is God.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

SONNET.—TO ENGLAND.

Our mother, which wast twice, as history saith,
Found first among the nations: once, when she
Who bore thine ensign saw the God in thee
Smite Spain, and bring forth Shakespeare;
once, when death
Shrank, and Rome's bloodhounds cowered, at
Milton's breath:
More than thy place, then first among the free;
More than that sovereign lordship of the sea
Bequeathed to Cromwell from Elizabeth;
More than thy fiery guiding-star, which Drake
Hailed, and the deep saw lit again for Blake;
More than all deeds wrought of thy strong
right hand,—
This praise keeps most thy fame's memorial
strong,
That thou wast head of all these streams of song,
And time bows down to thee as Shake-
speare's land.

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

TO EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

(WITH "SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.")

Had we been living in the antique days,
With him, whose young but cunning fingers
 penned
These sugared sonnets to his strange sweet
 friend,
I dare be sworn we would have won the bays.
Why not? We could have turned in amorous
 phrase
Fancies like these, where love and friend-
 ship blend,
(Or were they writ for some more private end?)
And this, we see, remembered is with praise.
Yes, there's a luck in most things, and in none
More than in being born at the right time;
 It boots not what the labor to be done,
Or feats of arms, or art, or building rhyme.
Not that the heavens the little can make great,
But many a man has lived an age too late.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

WITH "SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS."

(TO JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, JR.)

What can I give him, who so much hath given,
That princely heart, so over-kind to me,
Who, richly guerdoned both of earth and
heaven,

Holds for his friends his heritage in fee?
No costly trinket of the golden ore,
Nor precious jewel of the distant Ind.
Ay me! These are not hoarded in my store,
Who have no coffers but my grateful mind.
What gift then—nothing? Stay, this Book of
Song

May show my poverty and thy desert,
Steeped, as it is, in love, and love's sweet
wrong,

Red with the blood that ran through Shake-
speare's heart.

Read it once more, and, fancy soaring free,
Think, if thou canst, that I am singing Thee.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

WRITTEN ON A FLY-LEAF OF "SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS."

When shall true love be love without alloy :
Shine free at last from sinful circumstance !
When shall the canker of unheavenly chance
Eat not the bud of that most heavenly joy !
When shall true love meet love not as a coy
Retreating light that leads a deathful dance,
But as a firm fixed fire that doth enhance
The beauty of all beauty ! Will the employ
Of poets ever be too well to show
That mightiest love with sharpest pain doth
writhe ;
That underneath the fair, caressing glove
Hides evermore the iron hand ; and though
Love's flower alone is good, if we would
prove
Its perfect bloom, our breath slays like a
scythe !

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

Thus spake his dust (so seemed it as I read

The words): *Good friend, for Jesus' sake
forbear*

(Poor ghost!) *To digg the dust enclosed
heare—*

Then came the malediction, on the head
Of who so dare disturb the sacred dead.

Outside the mavis whistled strong and clear,
And, touched with the sweet glamour of the
year,

The winding Avon murmured in its bed.

But in the solemn Stratford church the air

Was chill and dank, and on the foot-worn
tomb

The evening shadows deepened momentarily;

Then a great awe crept on me, standing there,

As if some speechless Presence in the gloom
Was hovering, and fain would speak with
me.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

SHAKESPEARE.

Like to a glass of magic old
His soul each passing image caught ;
His mind an ocean that could hold
The river of each human thought.

My dimmer eyes meet far-off rays
His all immortal vision saw ;
That inner world—the Dawn of Days—
Breaks through the clouds earth's vapors
draw.

And ever, while I read, there seems
A world of real life around ;
And friends of old float through the dreams
Of peopled air and fairy ground.

Great Nature's self so in him dwelt,
With all her wealth of songs and springs,
That never throb of *his* is felt,
But *she* is vocal while he sings.

J. M. ROGERS.



HIRAM HAYES IN STRATFORD.

Once I journeyed while the mavis,
O'er the English meadows sang ;
It was beauteous summer weather,
All the roads with music rang.

Hiram Hayes was my companion,
Straight from Boston he had come—
Purse as long as John J. Astor's,
Head as hollow as a drum.

Towards the leafy lanes of Warwick,
Merrily the stage coach flew—
How I clapped my hands and shouted,
“ Soon in Stratford we'll be due.”

“ What of that ? ” asked weary Hiram.
“ Shakespeare's country ! glorious Will !
We shall see the spire of Avon
When we mount up yonder hill !

“ There his home was ; there his grave is ;
There his fancies grew sublime ;
There he plumed his mighty pinions,
Built his fame up for all time.”

“Drive on faster! I sha’n’t stop there!”

Muttered Mr. Hiram Hayes;

“Shakespeare never would be thought of

If he hadn’t writ them plays!”

Atlantic Monthly.

SHAKESPEARE.

Adam of poets! thou must once have
felt

The Almighty’s awful nearness unto thee;
Into the nostrils of thy soul seemed
dealt

The breath of all the poets yet to
be.

Not through long generations didst thou
come,

But contact with the Almighty gave thee
birth;

Charged with His breathing, what the mighty
sum

Of all that thou hast given to the earth!

And is it said, thou often wroughtest so
That holy inspiration was profaned?
Ah! Adam's self hath taught—too well we
know
How far he falls who hath such height at-
tained.

Adam of poets, still, despite the dross,—
Thy truth the saviour that redeems from loss!

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES (1879).

TO THE AVON.

Flow on, sweet river! like his verse
Who lies beneath this sculptured hearse;
Nor wait beside the churchyard wall
For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once; I see him now
A boy with sunshine on his brow,
And hear in Stratford's quiet street
The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge
Wading knee-deep amid the sedge;
And lost in thought, as if thy stream
Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows;
And fain would follow where it goes,
To the wide world, that shall erelong
Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream! That dream is o'er;
He stands upon another shore;
A vaster river near him flows,
And still he follows where it goes.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A WORD FOR SHAKESPEARE.

When hawthorn hedges, foaming white,
Were sweet with mimic snowing,
He first beheld the April light
And heard the Avon flowing.

Like other children, then as now,
The olden summers found him,
He laughed and cried, and knit his brow,
And ruled the world around him !

Still was he wiser than they knew—
This child, the straw-thatch under,
Whose song three hundred years ago
Yet makes the wide world wonder !

A child, from croon of cradle hymn
Above him in his slumbers,—
A youth, along the Avon's rim
He caught his tuneful numbers.

Full poet-souled the shy boy grew
To manhood's ripe completeness ;
What Nature taught he quickly knew—
Her wondrous lore and sweetness.

The years so fraught with weary toil
Were gladdened by his singing,
For well he heard through life's turmoil
Serenest music ringing ;

As everywhere the world-wide throng
To-day who know and love him,
Through his can hear the lark's sweet song,
That soared and sang above him.

Where'er he turned his eager feet,
Her smile o'er him was leaning,
He felt the heart of Nature beat,
And learned its hidden meaning.

What golden wealth from her he brought—
Her heir by this sweet token—
A power to clothe the hidden thought
That else had been unspoken.

What marvel that the race to-day
Toward him is fondly turning,
Who gave its hope a tongue for aye
To tell its deathless yearning?

All changing moods of being's state,
Life's sad or sunny fancies,
The smile of love, the scowl of hate,
Affection's sweet romances,

He holds embalmed in wondrous art—
A lore beyond the sages—
The wildest passions of the heart,
The tenderest love-lit pages.

Grand builder in the realm of thought!
Through his wide-swinging portals,
Behold the fane his fancy wrought,
And peopled with immortals!

The king of bards he stands revealed,
By very grace of giving,—
What hidden founts hath he unsealed,
And poured for all the living!

His fame and song ring evermore
Above the centuries' thunders;—
Though dead three hundred years and more,
Yet still the wide world wonders!

BENJ. F. LEGGETT (1880).

SHAKESPEARE.

On fabled California's flowery strand
There stands, great girthed and piercing to
the sun,
A tree before whose front the gods might stand
A-tremble at the sign of Mightier One ;
Within whose tunneled trunk, 'neath emerald
spires,
The Indian shapes his flints and fans his fires,
And coyotes creep, and horse and rider chase,
Through ceaseless cycles of the human race.
The fool will sneer if you the story tell,
The wise man worship—marvels please him
well.
So thou, perennial Shakespeare, aye must stand
The mightiest marvel of the human mind !
Let maundering nomads mar with axe and
brand ;
Pause, master spirits : here your master find !

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

SHAKESPEARE.

O Poet, thou wast like a flower
That opened in the sun and shower
Beside the way,
Though trodden on by careless feet,
Still ever through the dust and heat,
Turned upward to the skies to greet
The perfect day.

O Poet, thou wast like a lark
That slumbers in the dew and dark
Through all the night ;
The dreaming world below him lies ;
He meets the morn, he mounts the skies,
And sings himself to Paradise,
The heaven of light.

MINNA IRVING (1880).

POET AND ACTRESS.

When Avon's Bard his sweetest music scored,

A woman's vision with the numbers blent ;

Each to the other equal beauty lent

As weaving fancy robed the form adored.

O Poet, didst thou see upon the board

Eye-filling Rosalind, whose playful bent

Suffused thy lines ? Juliet, all passion-spent ?

Viola's sweet self, and Imogen's restored ?

'Twas thine to give the music-mated lines,

But Heaven alone empowers the counterpart

To walk in splendor where such genius shines.

Thrice happy we, blest heirs of dual art,

To own as mother-tongue Will Shakespeare's

writ,

To live when kindling Neilson voices it.

CLARENCE CLOUGH BUEL.

(*Century Magazine*, 1880.)

SHAKESPEARE.

Out of a richly storied, far-off time,
 Sounding through centuries of echoing years,
 One voice, above all voices, fills our ears.
Clear over all ring out its tones sublime
In stately verse, oft laughing into rhyme,
 Stirring our hearts to gladness or to tears
 With trooping images of hopes and fears.
As full it sounds to-day as; in its prime,
 It filled with melody a golden age;
Nor hath it lost one charm or wizard spell
To wake the passions, or their fury quell—
 O sweet enchanter, O magician sage,
Still o'er each living age employ thy arts,
Charming to thy remembrance human hearts!

WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

November, 1883.

MANKIND'S HIGHEST.

A dream enticed the Spirit of the Earth
And as in sleep, fantastic shapes he chased ;
The Hours slumbered, and the Laws delayed.
When he awoke, behold ! man's puny race
He found had in the fleeting interval
Expired as silently as bubbles burst.
A smile of pity crossed the Spirit's lips ;
"To think the weaklings, if I nodded, died !
But, after all," he said, "the tiny imps
Have startled from me many a hearty laugh.
My time would drag could I no longer see
The shifting scenes of Human Comedy."

So men he made anew : and that the new
Might differ nowise from the elder breed,
He hunted 'mid the ruins of the past,
A book wherein true types of men are drawn.
And from these patterns he refilled the globe.
Upon that book, O Shakespeare, was thy name.

WM. ROSCOE THAYER.

THE POET'S MONTH.

When April comes, like tearful, timorous nymph
Escaping from the stormy grasp of March,
'Tis not alone for summer harbingers
And mildness after winter's harsher days
We hail the gentle month. It hath a grace,
A fair inheritance that hath come down
The busy, perilous, and changeful years,
Bringing a better boon than gold to us ;
It is our poet's month. On a spring day,
"A day in April never came so sweet" *
And goodly in its golden promises
As that whereon in England's heart upsprung
A seed whose fruitfulness hath brought great
store
Of all men's blessings ; made its parent soil
Forever glorious,
On a sweet day of spring was Shakespeare born,
Our Shakespeare ; for his tongue, his fame are
ours ;

* "Merchant of Venice," ii., 9, 93.

Nor can the island of his birth fold in
 His fame that overlaps the bounds of oceans,
 Reaching remotest corners of the earth.
 Still for that day of old we love thee, April,
 And if thou hast been called injurious names,
 We will forget them ; and thou shalt not be
 To us, for that one birth, a "spongy April ;" *
 But ever in thy changeful skies shall shine
 The ancient "glory of an April day." †
 The young year loves thee, and most maidenly
 Reflects thy changefulness, all smiles and tears,
 Both happy : for she has not learned the woes
 The dark November of her life may bring ;
 "The April's in her eyes ; it is love's spring ;" ‡
 And love lends "spices to the April day." §
 Her small, swift bounding foot, "whose perfect
 white
 Shows like an April daisy on the grass," ||

* "Tempest," iv., 1, 65.

† "Two Gentlemen of Verona," i., 3, 85.

‡ "Antony and Cleopatra," iii., 2, 43.

§ "Timon of Athens," iv., 3, 41. || "Lucrece," 395.

Flashes before us as the nymph flies on
 "Where proud-pied April dress'd in all his
 trim," *

"Three April perfumes" † in his waving locks,
 Catches her eye, enticing her light steps
 To come and dance away the merry hours

"'Twixt May and April." ‡

Bright month! thy poet loved thee; and thy
 freshness

Breathes pleasantness and joy in his sweet
 verse,

And perfume that "smells April," § lovesome-
 ness

That cries how "men are April when they woo." ||

So "youthful April shall," ¶ by all the lovers

Of him who sung its charm, be often blessed

For his sweet songs; and, in the years to come,

"When well-apparelled April on the heel

* Sonnet xcvi., 2. † Sonnet civ., 7.

‡ "Lover's Complaint," cii.

§ "Merry Wives of Windsor," iii., 2, 69.

|| "As You Like It," iv., 1, 147.

¶ "Titus Andronicus," iii., 1, 18.

Of limping Winter treads,"* 'twill bring re-
membrance

Of poesy, "a man in April born;" †

And to the beauty "peering in April's front" ‡

Give added grace. Nor must we blame his
month

That not "fourscore of April" § birthdays came

To cheer the world with golden years of verse;

Nor that in "April died" || his heart of song;

Died! Nay: his song, his soul of poesy,

His grandeur, and his sweetness have not died;

But live immortal in his deathless verse,

Victors of time, and death, and accident;

Making the world more happy, noble, wise;

Stirring in every heart harmonious strings,

Divinest music of the human soul;

In which thy bard, O April, shall live on

While men recall the past, and have the gift

* "Romeo and Juliet," i., 2, 27.

† "Troilus and Cressida," i., 2, 189.

‡ "Winter's Tale," iv., 4, 3.

§ "Winter's Tale," iv., 4, 280.

|| "King John," iv., 2, 120.

To feel, beyond the brutes, gay springtime's
 promises,
 Celestial hopes transfiguring earthly things ;
 While Age, with memories of full ripe years,
 "Calls back the lovely April of its prime" *
 Or Youth rejoices in its best delights,
 "With April's first-born flowers and all things
 rare." †

WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

[These verses, written in 1884, contain in quotation every allusion Shakespeare has made in his plays and poems to the month of his birth.]

SHAKESPEARE.

I.

His soul was like a palace wrought of glass,
 Star-stained and many-sided, and full-fraught
 With all the fairest flowers of human thought,
 Outspread in one immeasurable mass,—

* Sonnet iii., 10.

† Sonnet xxi., 7.

A garden of enravishments, where pass
The rapt creations that his fancy caught
From realms of being hitherto unsought,
Or feebly sought, or fruitlessly, alas !
He peered thro' nature with a prophet's ken,
He pierced her secrets with a poet's eye,—
With passion, power, and high philosophy,
He set the spirit's inner-gates apart ;
He stripped the shackles from the souls of
men,
And sacked the fortress of the human
heart.

II.

The perfect model of the perfect mind !
Within the spheric fullness of his sense,
Within his kingly soul's circumference,
The image of the universe was shrined ;
In lofty utterance, his tongue outlined
The golden orb of all intelligence ;
He touched the circle of omnipotence,
Defining things no other ere defined.

God made but one ! the rack of centuries,
The rolling chariot of resistless years,
Leaves unbedimmed the amaranth he wears ;
His fame is co-eternal with the skies,
His words are fadeless as our memories,
His influence as deathless as our tears.

JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS (1884).

A VISION OF LOSS.

Sitting alone, there came to me a thought
The merest fancy of my musing brain,
That stabbed me like a sharp and sudden
pain,—
What if our Shakespeare had not lived or
wrought !
How strange a world ! bereft of him who taught
Mankind to know itself. And I was fain
To measure the huge loss : thereon a train
Of figures passed me, and a vision I caught

Of musing Hamlet, and the majesty
Of discrowned Lear, the Fool who loved
him well,
Shades of great ancients, Brutus, Antony,
The Prince and Falstaff, loving Romeo,
The tricky Puck and nimble Ariel,
And mightiest conjurer ! poet Prospero.

All these had slowly vanished from my ken,
When, following, appeared a beauteous
band
Of maids and matrons, joining hand with
hand,
Led by the pearl of women, Imogen.
Mild Hermione after came, and then
Titania, summer queen of fairy-land,
With Portia, Rosalind, and her who planned
For love a rescue from the spite of men ;
Miranda, Viola,—sweet sisterhood
As wise as fair, as fair and wise as
good ;

Whose names are linked as in a garland rare
Blown rose and bud are joined without a
thorn,—
These, too, all melted into air, thin air,
And left me mourning as one all forlorn.

M. L. HENRY.

(*Literary World*, 1884.)

SHAKESPEARE.

Working as erst by law, not miracle,
By genius God doth lift a common soul
To some still spot where it may glimpse the
goal;
Bidding it on the mountain heights to dwell,
Yet not so far apart but it may tell
To toilers in the plain below, the whole
Of the vision.—Master, still the organ-roll
Of thy deep music vibrates, and its spell
Aids the uplift that stirs our grosser clay

To rise and seek the heights. O soul God set
A little lower than his white angels, yet
A round for man to climb the starward way
Thou art. One palm with angels long since
met,
The other warm in man's grasp still doth stay.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

THE DEAD LION.

Only a player ; and his ancestry
Derived from yeoman sires—From such a
line
How could there spring an intellect
divine ?
Shakespeare? Ah, no!—no mighty soul was
he ;
In Bacon, Raleigh, the true Shakespeares see.
Doth light of genius fall on earth to shine
On low-born lives? Would Heaven, with
large design,
Godlike endow one of the yeomanry ?

Thus chatter they who to the mystery
 Of a great soul would find a brazen key;
 Or figure poesy up like a paltry sum.
 So when a lion dies base jackals come,
 To rend the kingly, and make hideous night,
 With obscure howling o'er his fallen might.

WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

July, 1884.

THE NAMES.

Shakespeare!—To such name's sounding, what
 succeeds
 Fitly as silence! Falter forth the spell,—
 Act follows word, the speaker knows full well,
 Nor tampers with its magic more than needs.
 Two names there are: That which the Hebrew
 reads
 With his soul only; if from lips it fell,
 Echo, back thundered by earth, heaven, and
 hell,
 Would own "Thou didst create us!" Nought
 impedes,

We voice the other name, man's most of
might,

Awesomely, lovingly: let awe and love

Mutely await their working, leave to sight

All of the issue as—below—above—

Shakespeare's creation rises: one remove,

Though dread—this finite from that infinite.

ROBERT BROWNING.

March 12, 1884.

[Mr. Browning wrote this sonnet for the "Shakespearean Show-Book," issued in connection with the Shakespeare Show, held in London in 1884, for the benefit of the Chelsea Hospital. The contributions were for charity's sake, and consist of songs, poems, musical compositions, pictures, programmes, and fac-simile autographs. It is an interesting volume, and a valuable souvenir of the Show, for which it served as a handbook. Complete lists of the tableaux and Shakespearian relics on exhibition are included in it.]

THE MODERN RHYMER.

I.

Now you who rhyme, and I who rhyme,
Have we not sworn it, many a time—
That we no more our verse would scrawl
For Shakspeare he had said it all!
And yet whatever others see
The world is fresh to you and me—
And birds that sing, and winds that blow,
And flowers that make the country glow,
And lusty swains, and maidens bright,
And clouds by day, and stars by night;
And all the pictures in the skies
That passed before Will Shakspeare's eyes,
Love, hate, and scorn—frost, fire, and flower—
On us as well as him have power.
Go to—our spirits shall not be laid,
Silenced and smothered by a shade.
Avon is not the only stream
Can make a poet sing and dream;

Nor are those castles, queens, and kings
The height of sublunary things.

II.

Beneath the false moon's pallid glare,
By the cool fountain in the square
(This gray-green dusty square that's set
Where two gigantic highways met)
We hear a music strange and new,
Will Shakspere, was not known to you!
You saw the new world's sun arise,
High up it shines in our own skies.
You saw the ocean from the shore,
Through mid-seas now our ship doth
 roar—

A wild, new, teeming world of men
That wakens in the poet's brain
Thoughts that were never thought be-
 fore—

Of hope, and longing, and despair;
Wherein man's never resting race
Westward, still westward, on doth fare,

Doth still subdue, and still aspire,
Or turning on itself doth face
Its own indomitable fire—
O million-centuried thoughts that make
The Past seem but a shallop's wake!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

TO MODJESKA AS ROSALIND.

When from the poet's brain fair Arden's
glades
Were peopled with the lightsome folk we
know,
A shade of discontent was seen to grow
Upon his brow, as he through long decades
In vision saw this loveliest of his maids
By beardless boys enacted, and her show
Of maiden grace obscured and hidden so
In guise of youths half won from boyish
trades.

Soon changed the vision and through centu-
ries far

A group of women fair he then did see,
Whose hearts, one after other, were beguiled
By some Orlando's youth and bravery,
And in the throng, and radiant as a star,
On *thee*, the mighty master, looking, smiled!

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

November, 1884.

EPIGRAM.

“How weak are words—to carry thoughts like
mine!”

Saith each dull daughter round the much bored
Nine.

Yet words sufficed for Shakespeare's suit, when
he

Woo'd Time, and won instead Eternity.

WILLIAM WATSON (1884).

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

(TO THE OVER-CURIOUS.)

[Good frend for Iesus sake forbear
To digg the dvst enclosed heare
Bleste be the man that spares these stones
And curst be he that moves my bones.]

These living stones hide most mysterious dust;
The curse and blessing that so guard his grave
Seem flashing, somehow, from their blinding
light.

Let what *he* willed lie in the heart of night;
Dig not for earthly things of love or lust
Beneath the deathless beauty that they have.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

(Century Magazine, July, 1885.)

WITH A COPY OF SHAKESPEARE.

This is the deep profound that imports man;
His shoals, his rapids, all are chartered here;
There is no joy of voyage, and no fear
That is not bodied in this mighty plan.

He knew where the sweet springs of love began,
And whence the fires of hate and horror peer,
What wakens merriment, and how appear
The raging passions that bewitch and ban.
Herein behold how nobly souls may mount,
How basely fall ; and see as well how sweet
The common rill of human life may run.
It is at once the ocean and the fount ;
The compass of our triumph and defeat ;
The heart of earth, the splendor of the sun.

CHARLES GOODRICH WHITING (1885).

THE SERMON OF A STATUE.

(IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.)

Suddenly, in the melancholy place
With sculptured king and priest and knight
assembled,
The music called us. Then, with kindly grace,
On a gold head was laid a hand that trembled :

“You little stranger, come,” the verger cried,
“And hear the sermon.” “No,” the child re-
plied.

A moment standing on his new-world will,
There in the Corner of the Poets, holding
His cap with pretty reverence, as still
As any of that company, he said, folding
His arms: “But let that canon wait.” And
then,
“I want to stay here with these marble men.

“If they could preach, I’d listen!” Ah, they
can,
Another thought. It pleased the boy to
linger

In the pale presence of the peerless man,
Who pointed to his text with moveless finger.
Laughing with blue-eyed wonder, he said:
“Look,
This one (but do you know him?) has a
book!”

. . . I know him. Ay, and all the world knows
him,—

Among the many poets the one only!
On that high head the stained gloom was dim;
In those fixed eyes the look of gods was
lonely.

Kings at his feet, to whom his hand gave fame,
Lay, dust and ashes, shining through his
name.

I heard him. With the still voice of the dead
From that stone page, right careless of de-
rision,

Sad jesters of a faithless age! he read
How the great globe would vanish like a
vision,

With all that it inhabit. . . And hath he
Then writ but one word, and that—Vanity?

S. M. B. PIATT (1886).

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF SHAKESPEARE.

Between these covers a fair country lies,
Which, though much traversed, always
 seemeth new ;
Far, mountain peaks of Thought reach to
 the blue ;
While placid meadows please less daring eyes
Deep dells and ivied walls where daylight dies
 Tell of Romance, and lovers brush the dew
 By moonlit stream and lake, while never few
Are the rich bursts of song that shake the
 skies.

This country's king holds never-ending court ;
 To him there come from all his wide domain
Minstrels of love and spangled imps of sport,
 And messengers of fancy, joy, and pain ;
Of man and nature, he has full report ;
 He made his kingdom, none dispute his
 reign.

CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

AFTER READING SHAKESPEARE.

Blithe fancy lightly builds with airy hands,
Or on the edges of the darkness peers,
Breathless and frightened at the Voice she
hears :

Imagination (lo ! the sky expands)
Travels the blue arch and Cimmerian sands,—
Homeless on earth, the pilgrim of the spheres,
The rush of light before the hurrying years,
The Voice that cries in unfamiliar lands.

Men weigh the moons that flood with eerie light
The dusky vales of Saturn—wood and stream,
But who shall follow on the awful sweep
Of Neptune through the dim and dreadful
deep?

Onward he wanders in the unknown night,
And we are shadows moving in a dream.

C. E. MARKHAM (1887).

THE CHILDS FOUNTAIN AT STRAT-
FORD-ON-AVON.

Welcome, thrice welcome is thy silvery gleam,
Thou long imprisoned stream !

Welcome the tinkle of thy crystal beads,
As plashing raindrops to the flowery meads,
As summer's breath to Avon's whispering reeds !
From rock-walled channels, drowned in rayless
night,

Leap forth to life and light ;
Wake from the darkness of thy troubled dream,
And greet with answering smile the morning's
beam !

No purer lymph the white-limbed Naiad knows
Than from thy chalice flows ;
Not the bright spring of Afric's sunny shores,
Starry with spangles washed from golden ores,
Nor glassy stream Blandusia's fountain pours,
Nor wave translucent where Sabrina fair
Braids her loose-flowing hair,
Nor the swift current, stainless as it rose,
Where chill Arveiron steals from Alpine snows.

Here shall the traveller stay his weary feet
 To seek thy calm retreat ;
Here at high noon the brown-armed reaper rest ;
Here, when the shadows, lengthening from the
 west,
Call the mute song-bird to his leafy nest,
Matron and maid shall chat the cares away
 That brooded o'er the day,
While flocking round them troops of children
 meet,
And all the arches ring with laughter sweet.

Here shall the steed, his patient life who spends,
 In toil that never ends,
Hot from his thirsty tramp o'er hill and plain,
Plunge his red nostrils, while the torturing rein
Drops in loose loops beside his floating mane ;
Nor the poor brute that shares his master's lot—
 Find his small needs forgot—
Truest of humble, long-enduring friends,
Whose presence cheers, whose guardian care
 defends !

Here lark and thrush and nightingale shall sip,
 And skimming swallows dip,
And strange shy wanderers fold their lustrous
 plumes,
Fragrant from bowers that lent their sweet
 perfumes
Where Pæstum's rose or Persia's lilac blooms;
Here from his cloud the eagle stoop to drink
 At the full basin's brink,
And whet his beak against its rounded lip,
His glossy feathers glistening as they drip.

Here shall the dreaming poet linger long,
 Far from his listening throng—
Nor lute nor lyre his trembling hand shall bring;
Here no frail Muse shall imp her crippled wing,
No faltering minstrel strain his throat to sing!
These hallowed echoes who shall dare to claim
 Whose tuneless voice would shame,
Whose jangling chords with jarring notes would
 wrong
The nymphs that heard the Swan of Avon's song?

What visions greet the pilgrim's raptured eyes !

What ghosts made real rise !

The dead return—they breathe—they live again,
Joined by the host of Fancy's airy train,
Fresh from the springs of Shakespeare's quick-
ening brain !

The stream that slakes the soul's diviner thirst
Here found the sunbeams first ;
Rich with his fame, not less shall memory prize
The gracious gift that humbler wants supplies.

O'er the wide waters reached the hand that gave
To all this bounteous wave,
With health and strength and joyous beauty
fraught ;

Blest be the generous pledge of friendship,
brought

From the far home of brother's love, unbought !
Long may fair Avon's fountain flow, enrolled
With storied shrines of old,
Castalia's spring, Egeria's dewy cave,
And Horeb's rock the god of Israel clave !

Land of our Fathers, ocean makes us two,
 But heart to heart is true!
Proud is your towering daughter in the West,
Yet in her burning life-blood reign confest
Her mother's pulses beating in her breast.
This holy fount, whose rills from heaven descend,
 Its gracious drops shall lend—
Both foreheads bathed in that baptismal dew,
And love make one the old home and the new!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[Dr. Holmes's poem, written for the dedication of the fountain given by Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to Stratford-on-Avon, October 17, 1887, was read by Mr. Henry Irving; and the occasion was honored, also, by an address from Mr. James Russell Lowell.]

HAMLET AT THE BOSTON.

We sit before the row of evening lamps,
 Each in his chair,
Forgetful of November dews and damps,
 And wintry air.

A little gulf of music intervenes,
 A bridge of sighs,
Where still the cunning of the curtain screens
 Art's paradise.

My thought transcends these viols' shrill delight,
 The booming bass.
And towards the regions we shall view to night
 Makes hurried pace.

The painted castle, and the unneeded guard,
 That ready stand ;
The harmless Ghost, that walks with helm
 unbarred
 And beckoning hand.

And, beautiful as dreams of maidenhood,
That doubt defy,
Young Hamlet, with his forehead grief-subdued
And visioning eye.

O fair dead world, that from thy grave awak'st
A little while,
And in our heart strange revolution mak'st
With thy brief smile!

O beauties vanished, fair lips magical,
Heroic braves!

O mighty hearts, that held the world in thrall!
Come from your graves!

The poet sees you through a mist of tears,—
Such depths divide
Him, with the love and passion of his years
From you, inside!

The poet's heart attends your buskined feet,
Your lofty strains,
Till earth's rude touch dissolves that madness
sweet,
And life remains:

Life that is something, while the senses heed
The spirit's call ;

Life that is nothing, when our grosser need
Ingulfs it all.

And thou, young hero of this mimic scene,
In whose high breast
A genius greater than thy life hath been
Strangely compressed !

Wear'st thou those glories draped about thy soul
Thou dost present ?

And art thou by their feeling and control
Thus eloquent ?

'Tis with no feignèd power thou bind'st our
sense,
No shallow art ;

Sure, lavish Nature gave thee heritage
Of Hamlet's heart !

Thou dost control our fancies with a might
So wild, so fond,

We quarrel, passed thy circle of delight,
With things beyond ;

Returning to the pillows rough with care,
 And vulgar food,
Sad from the breath of that diviner air,
 That loftier mood.

And there we leave thee, in thy misty tent
 Watching alone ;
While foes about thee gather imminent
 To us scarce known.

Oh, when the lights are quenched, the music
 hushed,
 The plaudits still,
Heaven keep the fountain, whence the fair
 stream gushed,
 From choking ill !

Let Shakspeare's soul, that wins the world from
 wrong,
 For thee avail,
And not one holy maxim of his song
 Before thee fail !

So get thee to thy couch as unreprieved
As heroes blest ;
And all good angels, trusted in and loved,
Attend thy rest !

JULIA WARD HOWE.

SINCE CLEOPATRA DIED.

“ Since Cleopatra died
I have lived in such dishonor, that the world
Doth wonder at my baseness.”

“ Since Cleopatra died !” Long years are past,
In Antony’s fancy, since the deed was done.
Love counts its epochs, not from sun to sun,
But by the heart-throb. Mercilessly fast
Time has swept onward since she looked her
last
On life, a queen. For him the sands have run
Whole ages through their glass, and kings
have won
And lost their empires o’er earth’s surface
vast

Since Cleopatra died. Ah ! Love and Pain
Make their own measure of all things that
be.

No clock's slow ticking marks their death-
less strain ;

The life they own is not the life we see ;

Love's single moment is eternity ;

Eternity, a thought in Shakspere's brain.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON (1888).

ACROSS THE FIELDS TO ANNE.

[From Stratford-on-Avon a lane runs west-
ward through the fields a mile to the little village
of Shottery, in which is the cottage of Anne
Hathaway, Shakespeare's sweetheart and wife.]

How often in the summertide,

His graver business set aside,

Has stripling Will, the thoughtful-eyed,

As to the pipe of Pan

Stepped blithesomely with lover's pride

Across the fields to Anne !

It must have been a merry mile,
This summer stroll by hedge and stile,
With sweet foreknowledge all the while
 How sure the pathway ran
To dear delights of kiss and smile,
 Across the fields to Anne.

The silly sheep that graze to-day,
I wot, they let him go his way,
Nor once looked up, as who should say :
 “ It is a seemly man.”
For many lads went wooing aye
 Across the fields to Anne.

The oaks, they have a wiser look ;
Mayhap they whispered to the brook :
“ The world by him shall yet be shook,
 It is in Nature's plan ;
Though now he fleets like any rook
 Across the fields to Anne.”

And I am sure, that on some hour
Coquetting soft 'twixt sun and shower,

He stooped and broke a daisy flower
With heart of tiny span,
And bore it as a lover's dower
Across the fields to Anne.

While from her cottage garden-bed
She plucked a jasmine's goodlihed,
To scent his jerkin's brown instead ;
Now since that love began,
What luckier swain than he who sped
Across the fields to Anne?

The winding path whereon I pace,
The hedgerows green, the summer's grace,
Are still before me face to face ;
Methinks I almost can
Turn poet and join the singing race
Across the fields to Anne !

RICHARD E. BURTON.

(*Century Magazine*, 1889.)

ASHES.

(Written in the Shakespeare Church at Stratford-upon-Avon, August 26, 1889.)

No eyes can see man's destiny completed
Save His, who made and knows th' eternal
plan :
As shapes of cloud in mountains are repeated,
So thoughts of God accomplished are in
man.

Here the divinest of all thoughts descended ;
Here the sweet heavens their sweetest boon
let fall ;
Upon this hallowed ground begun and ended
The life that knew, and felt, and uttered all.

There is not anything of human trial
That ever love deplored or sorrow knew,
No glad fulfilment and no sad denial,
Beyond the pictured truth that Shakespeare
drew.

All things are said and done, and though for
ever

The streams dash onward and the great
winds blow,

There comes no new thing in the world, and
never

A voice like his, that seems to make it so.

Take then thy fate, or opulent or sordid,

Take it and bear it, and esteem it blest ;

For of all crowns that ever were awarded

The crown of simple patience is the best.

WILLIAM WINTER.

(From "Gray Days and Gold.")

GUILIELMUS REX.

The folk who lived in Shakspere's day

And saw that gentle figure pass

By London Bridge,—his frequent way,—

They little knew what man he was !

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 'twas the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are mouldered, half-remembered things,—
'Tis he alone, that lives and reigns!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

August, 1890.

THE PASSING BELL AT STRATFORD.

Sweet bell of Stratford, tolling slow,
In summer gloaming's golden glow,
I hear and feel thy voice divine,
And all my soul responds to thine.

As now I hear thee, even so,
My Shakespeare heard thee long ago,
When lone by Avon's pensive stream
He wandered, in his haunted dream ;

Heard thee—and far his fancy sped
Through spectral caverns of the dead,
And strove—and strove in vain—to pierce
The secret of the universe.

As now thou mournest didst thou mourn
On that sad day when he was borne,
Through the long aisle of honied limes,
To rest beneath the chambered chimes.

He heard thee not, nor cared to hear !
Another voice was in his ear,
And, freed from all the bonds of men,
He knew the awful secret then.

Sweet bell of Stratford, toll, and be
A golden promise unto me

Of that great hour when I shall know
The path whereon his footsteps go.

WILLIAM WINTER (1890).
(From "Gray Days and Gold.")

A BAR TO ORIGINALITY.

In one respect Will Shakespeare is a curse ;
To literary folk—like me and you ;
He's drawn so largely on fair Nature's purse,
There's really nothing left for us to do.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS (1890).

AFTER READING "TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT."

Your Marlowe's page I close, my Shakespeare's
ope.

How welcome, after drum and trumpet's din,
The continuity, the long, slow slope
And vast curves of the gradual violin !

WILLIAM WATSON (1890).

1

THE TWENTY-THIRD OF APRIL.

A little English earth and breathèd air
Made Shakspere the divine : so is his verse
The broidered soil of every blossom fair ;
So doth his song all sweet bird songs re-
hearse.

But tell me, then, what wondrous stuff did
fashion

That part of him which took those wilding
flights

Among imagined worlds—whence the white
passion

That burned three centuries through the
days and nights?

Not heaven's four winds could make, nor the
round earth,

The soul wherefrom the soul of Hamlet
flamed ;

Nor anything of merely mortal birth
Could lighten as when Shakspere's name is
named.

How was his body bred we know full well,
But that high soul's engendering who may
tell!

R. W. GILDER.

April 23, 1891.

THE THOUGHT OF SHAKESPEARE.

The thought of Shakespeare is like vital air ;
Transfused with warmth and lustre and un-
bounded,
Of azure, cloud, and rainbow hues com-
pounded,
Tempestuous here, serene and sunny there ;
Astir with breaths which blow from regions
rare,
From summits which no pinion yet hath
rounded,
And lights which glimmer out of depths un-
sounded
Sometimes like starlights when the night is
fair.

Where ends that thought, the arching heavens
are lying,

And where begins, the earth all reeking
clings,

So doth it hold the elements supplying

Life's various force that even foulest things
Draw nourishment from thence, and there,
wide-flying

In kindred ether soar the lightest wings.

RICHARD EDWIN DAY.

May, 1891.

BRIEF TRIBUTES TO SHAKESPEARE.

For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's
boast?

JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748).

("The Seasons—Summer.")

And divinest Shakespeare's might
Fills Avon and the world with light.

P. B. SHELLEY (1792-1822).

Shakespeare! on whose forehead climb
The Crowns o' the world! Oh, eyes sublime—
With tears and laughter for all time!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1809-1861).
("Vision of the Poets.")

Shakespeare, loveliest of souls,
Peerless in radiance, in joy!

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888).
("Heine's Grave.")

What were our Shakespeare's deathless fame,
Dependent on man's jealous praise?
He moves before us, with God's claim
To kingdom flashing from his bays.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.
("The Book of the Dead.")

Beethoven, Raphael, cannot reach
 The charm which Homer, Shakspeare, teach.
 To these, to these, their thankful race
 Gives, then, the first, the fairest place ;
 And brightest is their glory's sheen,
 For greatest hath their labor been.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

(Epilogue to Lessing's "Laocoön.")

Ah, the earth's best can be but the earth's
 best !

Did Shakespeare live, he could but sit at home
 And get himself in dreams the Vatican,
 Greek busts, Venetian paintings, Roman walls,
 And English books, none equal to his own,
 Which I read, bound in gold (he never did).

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889).

(" Bishop Blongram's Apology.")

The morning star, the guide and the pioneer
 of true philosophy.

COLERIDGE.

There is delight in singing, though none hear
Beside the singer ; and there is delight
In praising, though the praiser sit alone
And see the praised far off him, far above.
Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

("Sonnet to Robert Browning.")

Our loved bard, the sweetest and the best
Of all the singers of our English tongue,
Whose fame is old, whose voice is ever young.

WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

Shakespeare, the wisest of men, as the
greatest of poets.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Shakespeare is a great psychologist, and we
learn from his pieces the secrets of nature.

GOETHE.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

MILTON ("L'Allegro").

Shakespeare has had neither equal nor
second.

MACAULAY.

I should like to have been Shakespeare's
shoe-black—just to have lived in his house, just
to have worshipped him—to have run on his
errands, and seen that sweet serene face.

W. M. THACKERAY.

The great master who knew everything.

CHARLES DICKENS.

He wrote the play the Almighty made.

EDWARD YOUNG.

The great master of the maxims of life and conduct.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

We account for Shakespeare as we account for the highest mountain, the greatest river. He was.

R. G. INGERSOLL.

The intellectual measure of every man since born, in the domains of creative thought, may be assigned to him, according to the degree in which he has been taught by Shakespeare.

JOHN RUSKIN.

I am always happy to meet persons who perceive the transcendent superiority of Shakespeare over all other writers.

R. W. EMERSON.

His works are, next to the Bible, the most precious and priceless heritage of imaginative genius.

F. W. FARRAR.

The protagonist on the great arena of modern poetry, and the glory of the human intellect.

DE QUINCEY.

The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature—it is the greatest in all literature.

HALLAM.

Great above rule. . . . Nature was his own.

MALLETT.

Consider what this Shakespeare has actually become among us.

Which Englishman we ever made, in this land of ours, which million of Englishmen,

would we not give up rather than the Stratford Peasant? . . . He is the grandest thing we have yet done. . . . Consider now, if they asked us, Will you give up your Indian Empire or your Shakespeare, you English; never have had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakespeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language: but we, for our part, too, should not we be forced to answer: Indian Empire, or no Indian Empire; we cannot do without Shakespeare! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakespeare does not go, he lasts forever with us: we cannot give up our Shakespeare!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

He is really, really the genius: he has gone to the bottom of everything, divined everything, said everything: he is always true to nature.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *fi/s.*

Altogether "a manly man" (as Chaucer says) this Shakespeare, strong, tender, humourful, sensitive, impressionable, the truest friend, the foe of none but narrow minds and base. And as we track his work from the lightness and fun of its rise, through the fairy fancy, the youthful passion, the rich imaginings, the ardent patriotism, the brilliant sunshine, of his first and second times, through the tender affection of his Sonnets, the whirlwind of passion in his Tragedies, and then to the lovely sunset of his latest plays, what can we do but bless his name, and be thankful that he came to be a delight, a lift and strength, to us and our children's children to all time—a bond that shall last forever between all English-speaking, English-reading men, the members of that great Teutonic brotherhood which shall yet long lead the world in the fight for freedom and for truth!

F. J. FURNIVALL.

(Introd. to "Leopold" Shakespeare.)

THE END.



SHAKESPEARE.

WITH NOTES BY WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M.

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(*For commendations, see next page.*)

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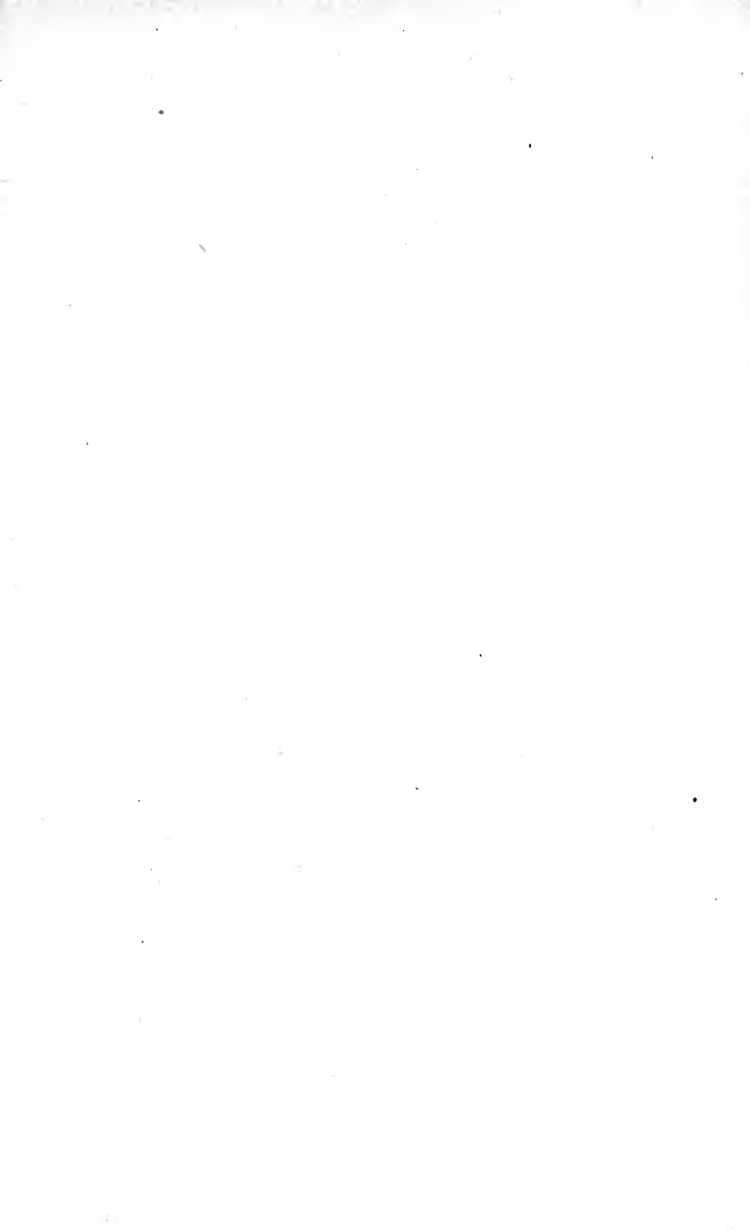
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