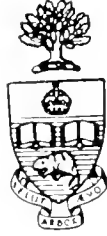


Wood Side
and
Sea Side



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WOOD-SIDE
AND SEA-SIDE



Illustrated by Pen and Pencil.

NEW YORK :
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
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1869.

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TO PAN.

ALL ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honor and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honored. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honored, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.



THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come ! the merry summer months of beauty, song,
and flowers ;
They come ! the gladsome months that bring thick leafi-
ness to bowers.

Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling cark and care
 aside;
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters
 glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tran-
 quillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand;
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and
 bland;
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;
It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome
 thee:
And mark how with thy own thin locks — they now are
 silvery gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, “Be
 gay!”

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky,
But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody:
Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like
 red gold;
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they
 hold.
God bless them all, those little ones, who, far above this
 earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound—from yonder wood
 it came!
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad
 name;

Yes, it is he! the hermit-bird, that, apart from all his kind,
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western
wind;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again—his notes are void of
art;
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of
the heart.



Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight
like me,
To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer
tree!
To suck once more in every breath their little souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright
summer day,

When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless, truant
 boy,
 Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a mighty
 heart of joy!

I'm sadder now—I have had cause; but oh! I'm proud to
 think
 That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet delight to
 drink;
 Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm, un-
 clouded sky,
 Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by,
 When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and
 cold,
 I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse,—a heart that hath
 waxed old!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

SUMMER WOODS.

COME ye into the summer woods;
 There entereth no annoy;
 All greenly wave the chestnut-leaves,
 And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
 Of beauty you may see,
 The bursts of golden sunshine,
 And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung, in bowery glades,
The honeysuckles twine ;
There blooms the rose-red campion,
And the dark-blue columbine.



There grows the four-leaved plant, "true love,"
In some dusk woodland spot ;
There grows the enchanter's night-shade,
And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there,
Unscared by lawless men ;
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker,
And the golden-crested wren.

Come down, and ye shall see them all,
The timid and the bold ;
For their sweet life of pleasantness,
It is not to be told.

And far within that summer wood,
Among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook,
The brightest e'er was seen.

There come the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge,
And freely drink their fill !

And dash about and splash about,
The merry little things ;
And look askance with bright black eyes,
And flirt their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrels drop
Down from their leafy tree,
The little squirrels with the old,--
Great joy it was to me !

And down unto the running brook,
I've seen them nimbly go ;

And the bright water seemed to speak
A welcome kind and low.

The nodding plants they bowed their heads,
As if in heartsome cheer :
They spake unto these little things,
“ ’Tis merry living here ! ”

Oh, how my heart ran o’er with joy !
I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight
All round us, if we would !

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,
Beneath the old wood shade,
And all day long has work to do,
Nor is of aught afraid.

The green shoots grow above their heads,
And roots so fresh and fine
Beneath their feet ; nor is there strife
’Mong them for mine and thine.

There is enough for every one,
And they lovingly agree ;
We might learn a lesson, all of us,
Beneath the greenwood tree.

MARY HOWITT.



THE LAMB.

LITTLE Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Gave thee life, and bad thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead ;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice ;
 Little lamb, who made thee ?
 Dost thou know who made thee ?

 Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;
 Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child :
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
 Little lamb, God bless thee ;
 Little lamb, God bless thee !

WILLIAM BLAKE.

SONG: ON MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire !
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.



SONG OF THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern :
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges ;

By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.



I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles ;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.



I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



UNDER THE TREES.

I.

WHEN the summer days are bright and long,
And the little birds pipe a merry song,
'Tis sweet in the shady woods to lie,
And gaze at the leaves, and the twinkling sky,
Drinking the while the rare, cool breeze,
Under the trees—under the trees!

II.

When winter comes, and the days are dim,
And the wind is singing a mournful hymn,
'Tis sweet in the faded woods to stray,
And tread the dead leaves into the clay,



Thinking of all life's mysteries,
Under the trees—under the trees!

III.

Summer or winter, day or night,
 The woods are an ever-new delight ;
 They give us peace, and they make us strong,
 Such wonderful balms to them belong ;
 So, living or dying, I'll take mine ease
 Under the trees—under the trees !

R. H. STODDARD.

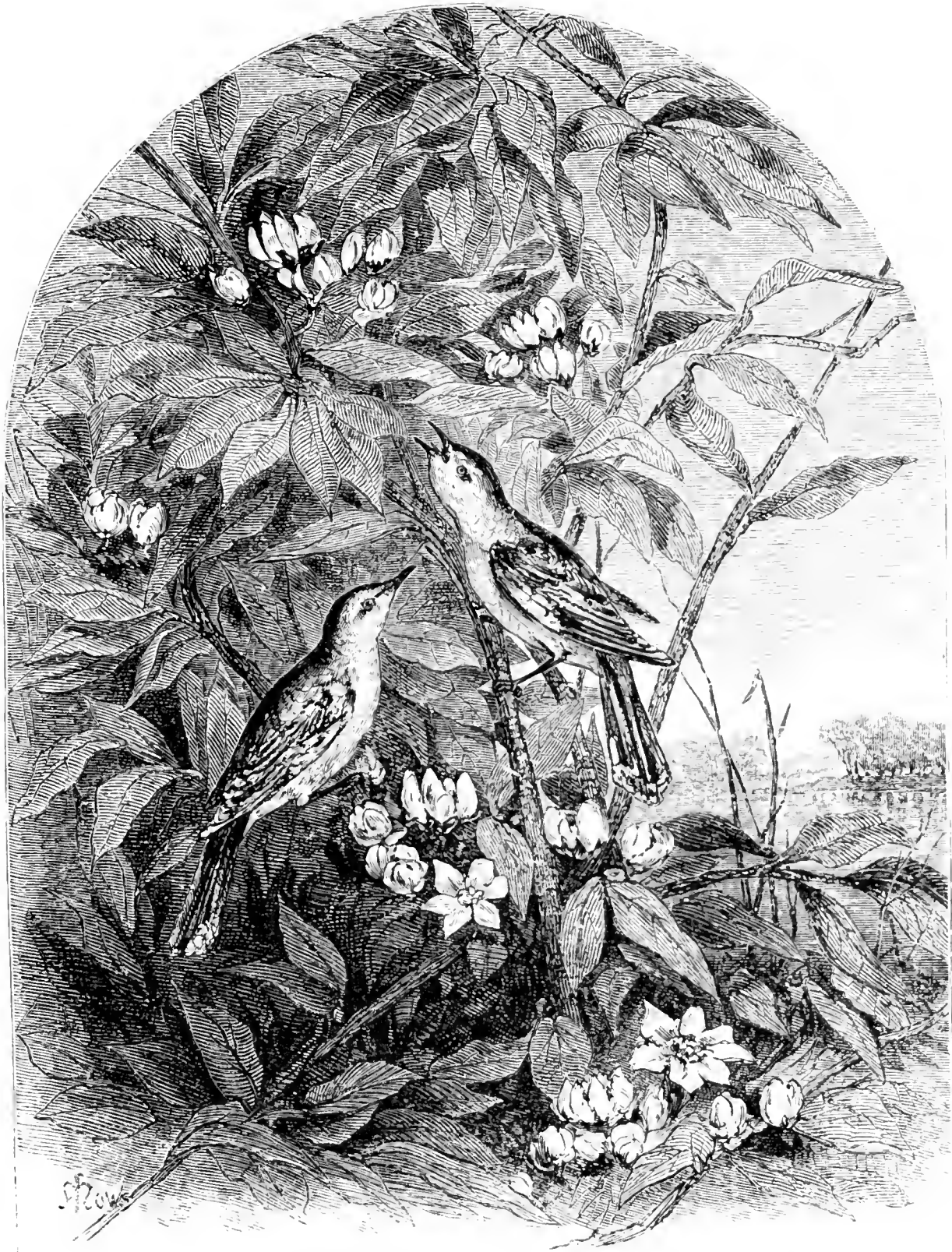
INVOCATION TO RAIN IN SUMMER.

O GENTLE, gentle summer rain,
 Let not the silver lily pine,
 The drooping lily pine in vain
 To feel that dewy touch of thine—
 To drink thy freshness once again,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain !

In heat the landscape quivering lies ;
 The cattle pant beneath the tree ;
 Through parching air and purple skies
 The earth looks up, in vain, for thee ;
 For thee—for thee, it looks in vain,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain !

Come, thou, and brim the meadow streams,
 And soften all the hills with mist,
 O falling dew ! from burning dreams
 By thee shall herb and flower be kissed ;
 And earth shall bless thee yet again,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain !

W. C. BENNETT.



BIRDS.

O H, the sunny summer time !
Oh, the leafy summer time !
Merry is the birds' life,
When the year is in its prime !

Birds are by the waterfalls,
Dashing in the rainbow spray ;
Everywhere, everywhere,
Light and lovely things are they !
Birds are in the forest old,
Building in each hoary tree ;
Birds are on the green hills,
Birds are on the sea !

On the moor and in the fen,
'Mong the whortleberries green,
In the yellow furze-bush
There the joyous bird is seen !
In the heather on the hill,
All among the mountain thyme ;
By the little brooksides,
Where the sparkling waters chime ;
In the crag, and on the peak,
Splintered, savage, wild, and bare,
There the bird with wild wings
Wheelet through the air.

Wheelet through the breezy air,
Singing, screaming in his flight,
Calling to his bird-mate,
In troubleless delight !
In the green and leafy wood,
Where the branching ferns upcurl,
Soon as is the dawning
Wake the mavis and the merle ;
Wakes the cuckoo on the bough,
Wakes the jay with ruddy breast,

Wakes the mother ring-dove,
Brooding on her nest !

Oh, the sunny summer time !
Oh, the leafy summer time !
Merry is the bird's life,
When the year is in its prime !
Some are strong, and some are weak,
Some love day, and some love night,
But whate'er a bird is,
Whate'er loves—it has delight
In the joyous song it sings,
In the liquid air it cleaves,
In the sunshine, in the shower,
In the nest it weaves.

Do we wake, or do we sleep,
Go our fancies in a crowd,
After many a dull care,
Birds are singing loud !
Sing then, linnet, sing then, wren,
Merle and mavis, sing your fill ;
And thou, rapturous skylark,
Sing and soar up from the hill !
Sing, O nightingale, and pour
Out for us sweet fancies new ;
Singing for us, birds,
We will sing of you !

MARY HOWITT



RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart ;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright rays into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in fancy comes my mother
As she used to, years ago,
To survey her darling dreamers,
Ere she left them till the dawn.
Oh ! I see her bending o'er me,
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother—
A serene angelic pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her eyes, delicious blue,
And forget I, gazing on her,
That her heart was all untrue !
I remember but to love her
With a rapture kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

There is naught in Art's bravuras
 That can work with such a spell
 In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,
 Whence the holy passions well,
 As that melody of Nature,
 That subdued, subduing strain
 Which is played upon the shingles
 By the patter of the rain.

ANONYMOUS.

 TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night?
 'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave;
 And, after they have shown their pride,
 Like you, awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK.



THE WATER! THE WATER!

THE Water! the Water!
The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth through the quiet night
Its ever-living glee.

THE WATER! THE WATER!

The Water! the Water!
That sleepless, merry heart
Which gurgles so unstintedly,
And loveth to impart,
To all around it, some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The Water! the Water!
The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old gray stone,
Beside the alder-tree.
The Water! the Water!
That ever-bubbling spring
I loved and looked on while a child
In deepest wondering,—
And asked it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be spent.

The Water! the Water!
The merry wanton brook,
That bent itself to pleasure me,
Like mine old shepherd crook.
The Water! the Water!
That sang so sweet at noon,
And sweeter still all night to win
Smiles from the pale, proud moon,
And from the little fairy faces
That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

The Water! the Water!
The dear and blessed thing,
That all day fed the little flowers
On its banks blossoming.

The Water! the Water!
That murmured in my ear
Hymns of a saint-like purity,
That angels well might hear,
And whisper in the gates of heaven,
How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.



The Water! the Water!
Where I have shed salt tears,
In loneliness and friendliness,
A thing of tender years.
The Water! the Water!
Where I have happy been,
And showered upon its bosom flowers
Culled from each meadow green;

THE WATER! THE WATER!

And idly hoped my life would be
So crowned by love's idolatry.

The Water! the Water!

My heart yet burns to think
How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,
For parched lip to drink.

The Water! the Water!

Of mine own native glen—
The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,
But ne'er shall hear again,
Though fancy fills my ear for aye
With sounds that live so far away!

The Water! the Water!

The mild and glassy wave,
Upon whose broomy banks I've longed
To find my silent grave.

The Water! the Water!

Oh, blest to me thou art!
Thus sounding in life's solitude
The music of my heart,
And filling it, despite of sadness,
With dreamings of departed gladness.

The Water! the Water!

The mournful, pensive tone
That whispered to my heart how soon
This weary life was done.

The Water! the Water!

That rolled so bright and free,
And bade me mark how beautiful
Was its soul's purity;
And how it glanced to heaven its wave,
As, wandering on, it sought its grave.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.



“BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.”

BREAK, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

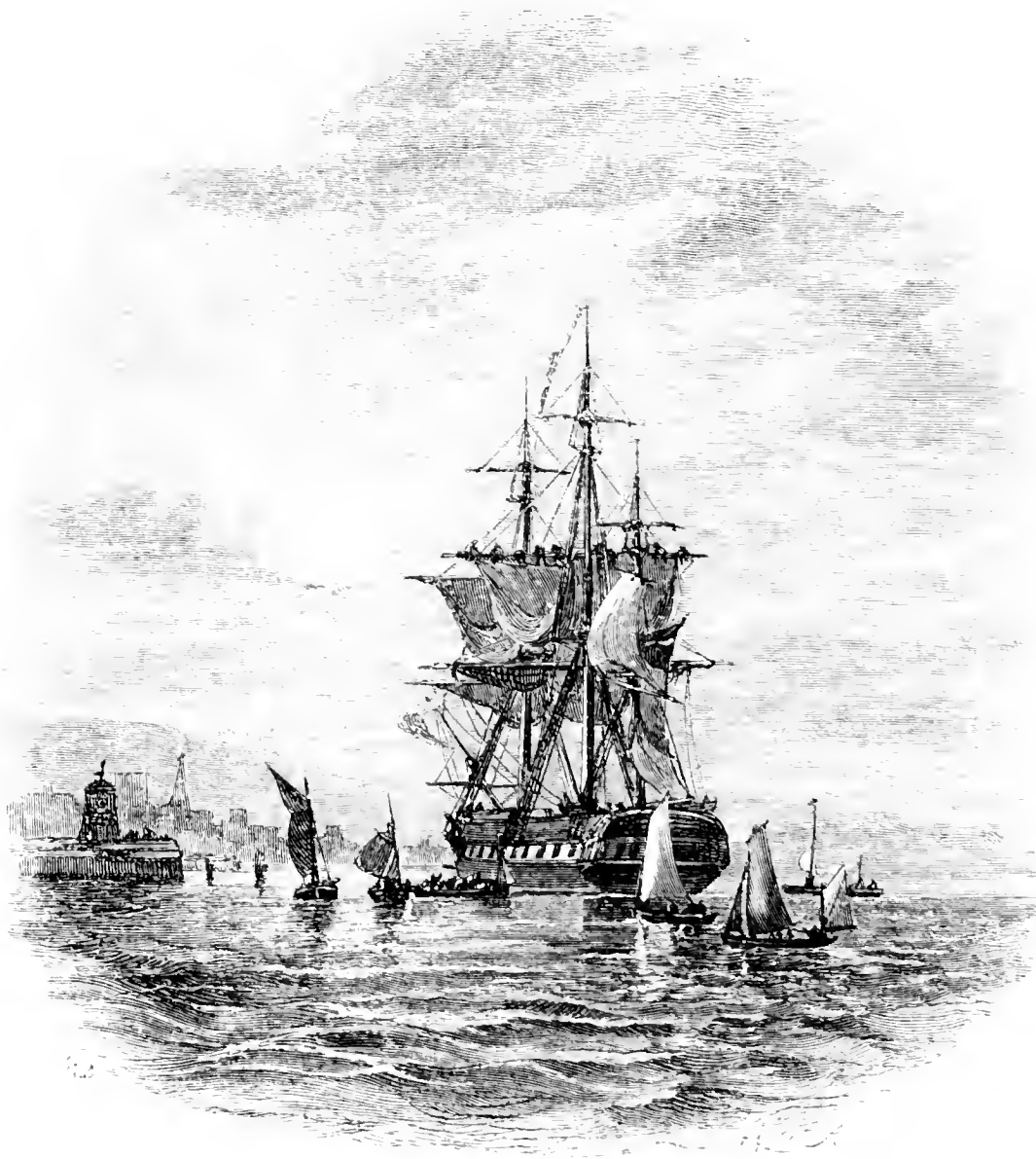
Oh well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!

Oh well for the sailor-lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
To the haven under the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break;
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON





THE RIVULET.

I.

STAY, rivulet, nor haste to leave
The lovely vale that lies around thee !
Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,
When but a fount the morning found thee ?

II.

Born when the skies began to glow,
Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,
No blossom bowed its stalk to show
Where stole thy still and scanty waters.

III.

Now on thy stream the noonbeams look,
Usurping, as thou downward driftest,

Its crystal from the clearest brook,
 Its rushing current from the swiftest.

IV.

Ah! what wild haste!—and all to be
 A river and expire in ocean.
 Each fountain's tribute hurries thee
 To that vast grave with quicker motion.

V.

Far better 'twere to linger still
 In this green vale, these flowers to cherish,
 And die in peace, an aged rill,
 Than thus, a youthful Danube, perish.

From the Spanish, by W. C. BRYANT.

RIVER OF LEAVES.

MY spirit grieves, oh, river of leaves!
 For the magic thy wild green beauty weaves!
 From no slight spring light bubbles upfling
 To trickle through pebbles, round ferns to swing.
 But thou dost break, full up and awake,
 From the soaring Blue Mountain's cradled lake.
 Linked lakes then pass thy picture-bright glass
 On through the forest's unbounded mass.
 Thy wave now roves by colonnade groves,
 Now blackens in bush-blotting, tamarack coves;
 By dingles green now it ripples in sheen,
 Now crumbles to foam in some rocky ravine.



The Indian plume burns ruddy in bloom,
Like a torch of the gnomes in thy bordering gloom,
The harebell wakes by thy dashing breaks ;
There the wiry-hooked, golden-nooked columbine quakes.

Mossily tressed on the gray pine's crest
 Looms, ragged and russet, the fish-hawk's nest ;
 Down yon smooth sides the black otter slides,
 In this deep basin the white-fish hides.
 See yon grassed park, where the cedars dark
 Have planted their tents round the shanty of bark,
 To what sweet eves, oh, river of leaves—
 To what glad dawns fond memory cleaves !
 Oft did I float o'er the golden gloat
 Of the moon, in my buoyant, black, Saranac boat,
 The soft white light made the dead tree bright,
 And pearled into brilliance the tangled night.
 Thus glows the spell of tree, wave, and dell,
 Oh, river of leaves! but, at last, farewell !

ALFRED B. STREET.

A WISH.

I.

MINE be a cot beside the hill :
 A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
 A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
 With many a fall, shall linger near.

II.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

III.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.



IV.

The village-church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.



A NORTHERN LEGEND.

THERE sits a lovely maiden,
The ocean murmuring nigh;
She throws the hook and watches;
The fishes pass it by.

A ring, with a red jewel,
Is sparkling on her hand ;
Upon the hook she binds it,
And flings it from the land.

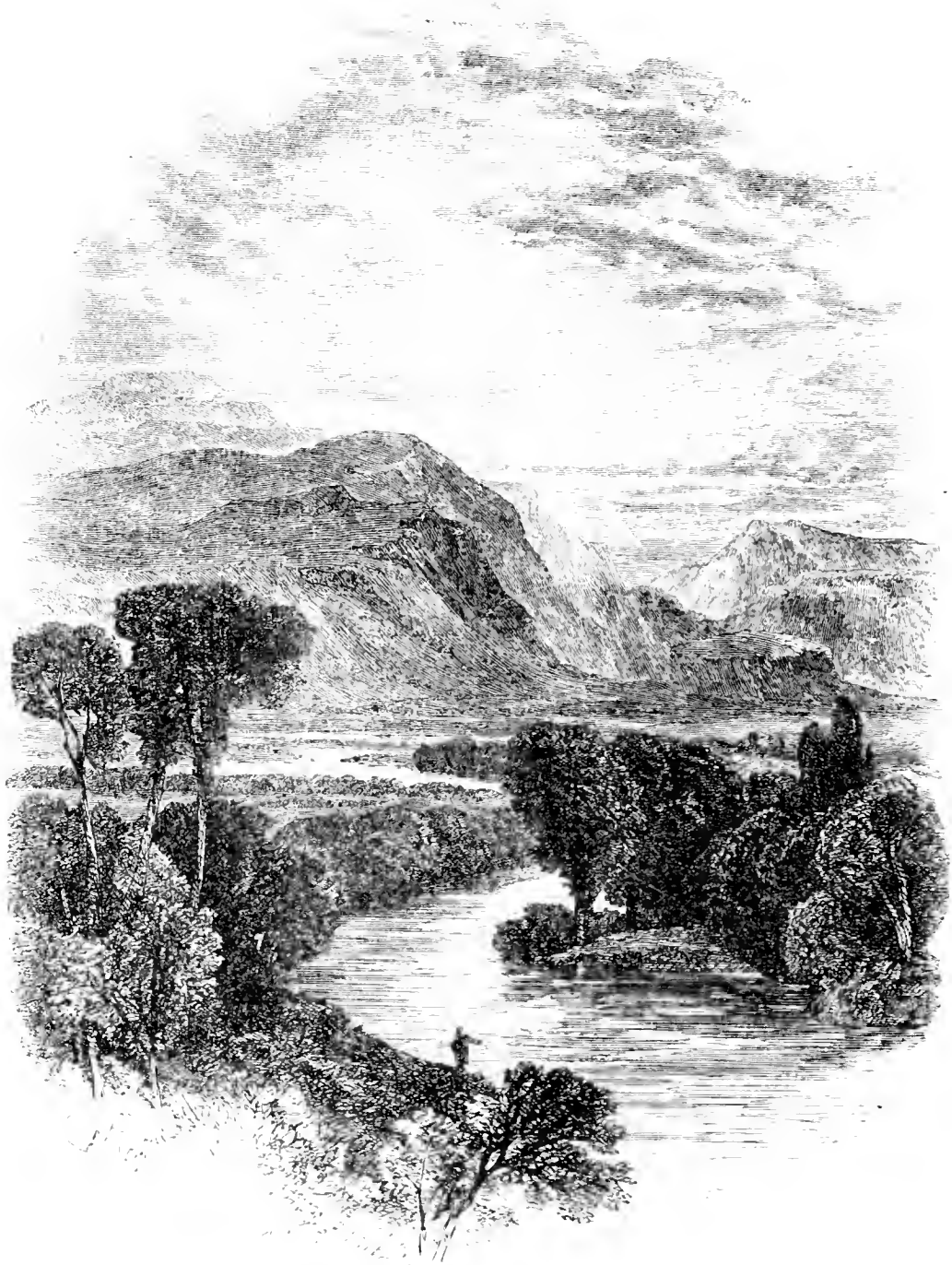
Uprises from the water
A hand like ivory fair.
What gleams upon its finger ?
The golden ring is there.

Uprises from the bottom
A young and handsome knight ;
In golden scales he rises,
That glitter in the light.

The maid is pale with terror—
“Nay, Knight of Ocean, nay,
It was not thou I wanted ;
Let go the ring, I pray.”

“Ah, maiden, not to fishes
The bait of gold is thrown ;
The ring shall never leave me,
And thou must be my own.”

From the German of Uhland, by W. C. BRYANT



ODE TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs and dying gales—

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,

With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed.

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum ;
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,



Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial, loved return !

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp

The fragrant Hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew ; and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires ;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite name !

WILLIAM COLLINS.



A SERENADE.

A WAKE thee, my Lady-love !
Wake thee, and rise !
The sun through the bower peeps
Into thine eyes !

Behold how the early lark
Springs from the corn !

THE IVY GREEN.

Hark, hark, how the flower-bird
Winds her wee horn !

The swallow's glad shriek is heard
All through the air !
The stock-dove is murmuring
Loud as she dare !

Apollo's winged bugleman
Cannot contain,
But peals his loud trumpet-call
Once and again !

Then wake thee, my Lady-love !
Bird of my bower !
The sweetest and sleepest
Bird at this hour !

GEORGE DARLEY

THE IVY GREEN.

O H ! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old !
Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim ;



And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
 And a stanch old heart has he !
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
 To his friend, the huge oak-tree !
 And slyly he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,
 And he joyously twines and hugs around
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
 And nations scattered been ;
 But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten upon the past ;
 For the stateliest building man can raise
 Is the Ivy's food at last.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

TO NIGHT.

I.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of night !
 Out of the misty Eastern cave,
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
 Which make thee terrible and dear—
 Swift be thy flight !

II.

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought ;
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out ;
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought !



III.

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee ;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to her rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee !

IV.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 "Wouldst thou me?"
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noontide bee,
 "Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Wouldst thou me?"—And I replied,
 "No, not thee!"

V.

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

I.

RISE!—Sleep no more! 'Tis a noble morn.
 The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn,
 And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten hound,
 Under the steaming, steaming ground.
 Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,
 And leave us alone in the clear gray sky!



Our horses are ready and steady.—So, ho!
I'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.
*Hark, hark!—Who calleth the maiden Morn
From her sleep in the woods and the stubble eorn?
The horn—the horn!
The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.*

II.

Now, through the copse where the fox is found,
And over the stream at a mighty bound,

And over the high lands, and over the low,
 O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go!
 Away!—as a hawk flies full at his prey,
 So flieth the hunter, away—away!
 From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
 When the red fox dies, and—the day is done!
*Hark, hark!—What sound on the wind is borne?
 'Tis the conquering voice of the hunter's horn:
 The horn—the horn!
 The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn!*

III.

Sound! sound the horn! To the hunter good
 What's the gully deep or the roaring flood?
 Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,
 At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds.
 Oh, what delight can a mortal lack,
 When he once is firm on his horse's back,
 With his stirrups short, and his snaffle strong,
 And the blast of the horn for his morning song?
*Hark, hark!—Now, home! and dream till morn
 Of the bold, sweet sound of the hunter's horn!
 The horn—the horn!
 Oh, the sound of all sounds is the hunter's horn!*

BARRY CORNWALL.

A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them—ere he framed



The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which from the stilly twilight of the place,

And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place



Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship;—Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,

Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown so loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors

Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms ; upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them ;—and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still. O God ! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the firmament
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages ; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by ?

Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

W C BRYANT





HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun—God's lidless eye—
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply—
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There—as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
 “ Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,”
O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
 Your lore sublime !



“ Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
 Arrayed,” the lilies cry, “ in robes like ours ;
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
 Are human flowers ! ”

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist !
 With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
 Of love to all !

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made for pleasure :
 Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
 From every source your sanction bids me treasure
 Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
 For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
 Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
 Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
 Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
 And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
 Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
 My soul would find, in flowers of Thy ordaining,
 Priests, sermons, shrines!

HORACE SMITH.

THE VOICE OF AUTUMN.

THERE comes from yonder height
 A soft, repining sound,
 Where forest-leaves are bright,
 And fall, like flakes of light,
 To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,
 That, lightly floating on,
 Just skims the weedy leas,
 Just stirs the glowing trees,
 And is gone.

He moans by sedgy brook,
And visits with a sigh
The last pale flowers that look,
From out their sunny nook,
At the sky.



O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind,
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind :

And wanders on to make
That soft, uneasy sound
By distant wood and lake,
Where distant fountains break
From the ground.

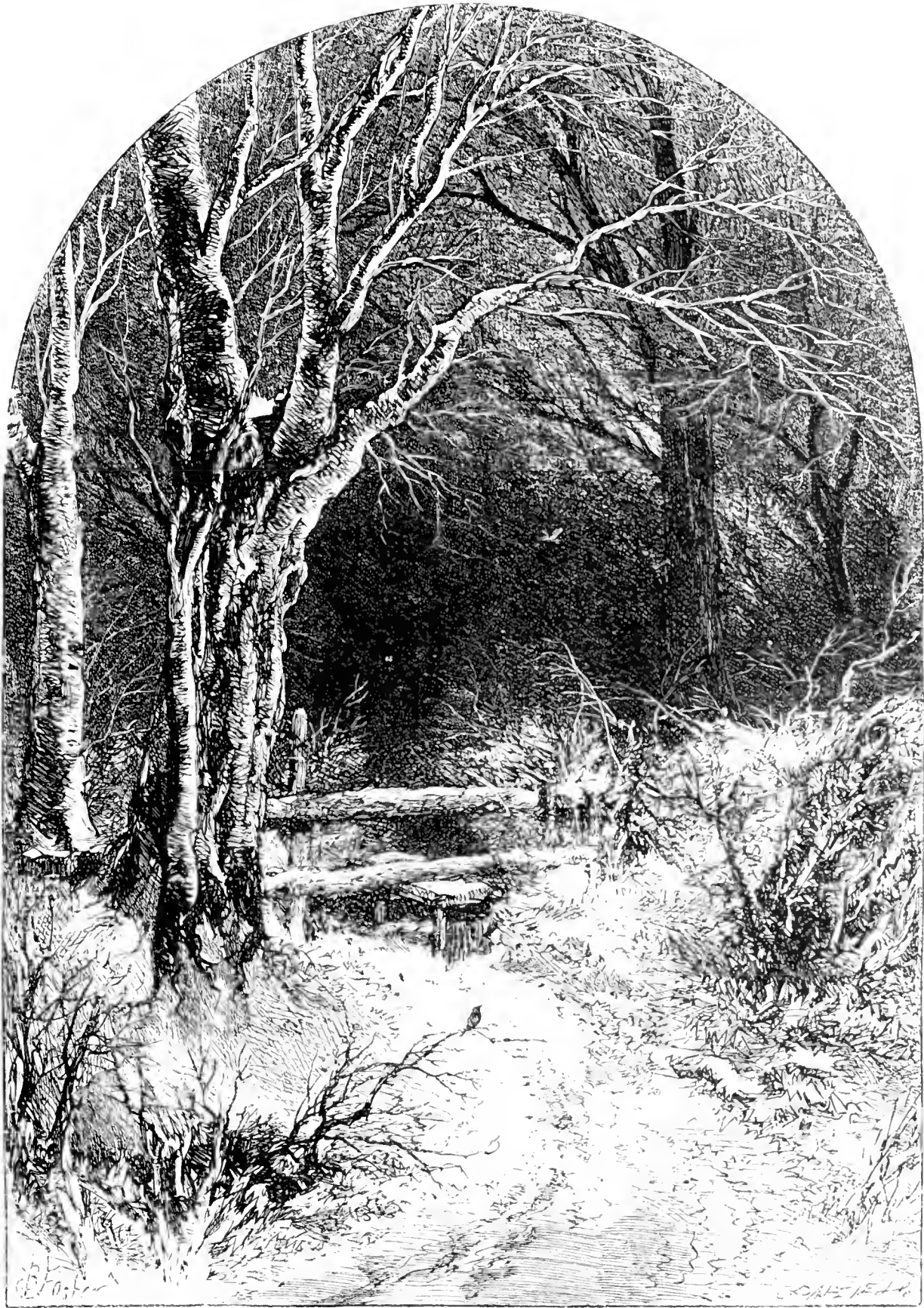
No bower where maidens dwell
Can win a moment's stay,
Nor fair untrodden dell ;
He sweeps the upland swell,
And away.

Mourn'st thou thy homeless state,
O soft, repining wind ?
That early seek'st and late
The rest it is thy fate
Not to find—

Not on the mountain's breast,
Not on the ocean's shore,
In all the East and West :
The wind that stops to rest
Is no more.

By valleys, woods, and springs,
No wonder thou shouldst grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings,
And must leave.

W. C. BRYANT



WINTER SONG.

SUMMER joys are o'er;
Flowerets bloom no more.

Wintry winds are sweeping;
 Through the snow-drifts, peeping
 Cheerful evergreen
 Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumèd throng
 Charms the wood with song;
 Ice-bound trees are glittering;
 Merry snow-birds, twittering,
 Fondly strive to cheer
 Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
 Many charms in thee—
 Love thy chilly greeting,
 Snow-storms fiercely beating,
 And the dear delights
 Of the long, long nights.

LUDWIG HOLTY. (German.)

Translation of C. T. BROOKS.

THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
 It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
 Or like a cradled creature lies.



I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go:
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,

When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow !

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she was, and is, to me ;
For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change ;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea !

BARRY CORNWALL

The sunny wall
Presents the downy peach, the shining plum,
The ruddy fragrant nectarine, and, dark
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.

THOMSON.



HYMN OF NATURE.

GOD of the earth's extended plains !
The dark, green fields contented he ;
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky ;
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heaving deep !

The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their thundering bands ·
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by Thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, " Depart in peace."

God of the forest's solemn shade !

The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to Thee ;
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air !

Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow ;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry,
Breathe forth the language of Thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !

How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings !
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to Thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!

Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.



For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at Thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come,
 And Nature's self to dust return ;
 Her crumbling altars must decay,
 Her incense-fires shall cease to burn ;
 But still her grand and lovely scenes
 Have made man's warmest praises flow ;
 For hearts grow holier as they trace
 The beauty of the world below.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

THE SNOW-SHOWER.

STAND here by my side, and turn, I pray,
 On the lake below thy gentle eyes ;
 The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
 And dark and silent the water lies ;
 And out of that frozen mist the snow
 In wavering flakes begins to flow ;
 Flake after flake,
 They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come
 From the chambers beyond that misty veil.
 Some hover awhile in air, and some
 Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
 All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
 Meet and are still in the depth below ;
 Flake after flake
 Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.



Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the milky way ;

There broader and burlier masses fall ;
The sullen water buries them all ;
 Flake after flake,
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady way ;
As friend with friend or husband with wife
Makes hand in hand the passage of life ;
 Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
The fair frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh ;
 Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake !

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear ;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought ;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time and now are not ;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost,
 Flake after flake,
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide ;
A gleam of blue on the water lies ;

And far away, on the mountain-side,
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water no more is seen ;
Flake after flake,
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

W. C. BRYANT

A TRUE STORY OF A FAWN.

DOWN from a mountain's craggy brow
His homeward way a hunter took,
By a path that wound to the vales below
At the side of a leaping brook.
Long and sore had his journey been,
By the dust that clung to his forest green,
By the stains on his brodered moccasin ;
And over his shoulder his rifle hung,
And pouch and horn at his girdle swung.

The eve crept westward ; soft and pale
The sunset poured its rosy flood,
Slanting over the wooded vale :
And the weary hunter stood
Looking down on his cot below,
Watching his children there at play—
Watching the swing on the chestnut-bough
Flit to and fro through the twilight gray,
Till the dove's nest rocked on its quivering spray.

Faint and far through the forest wide
Came a hunter's voice, and a hound's deep cry !



Silence, that slept in the rocky dell,
Scarcely waked as her sentinel
Challenged the sound from the mountain-side.
Over the valleys the echo died,
 And a doe sprang lightly by,
And cleared the path, and panting stood
With her trembling fawn by the leaping flood.

She spanned the torrent at a bound,
 And swiftly onward, winged by fear,
Fled as the cry of the deep-mouthed hound
 Fell louder on her ear !

And, pausing by the waters deep,
Too slight to stem their rapid flow,
Too weak to dare the perilous leap,
The fawn sprang wildly to and fro,
Watching the flight of her lithe-limbed doe.

Now she hung o'er the torrent's edge,
And sobbed and wept as the waves shot by ;
Now she paused on the rocky ledge,
With head erect, and steadfast eye,
Listening to the stag-hound's cry.
Close from the forest the deep bay rang,
Close in the forest the echoes died,
And over the pathway the brown fawn sprang
And crouched at the hunter's side.

Deep in the thickets the boughs unclasped,
Leaped apart with a crashing sound ;
Under the lithe vines, sure and fast,
Came on the exulting hound :
Yet baffled, stopped to bay and glare
Far from the torrent's bound !
For the weeping fawn still crouching there
Shrank not nor fled, but closer pressed
And laid her head on the hunter's breast.

EDITH MAY.

THE BROOK-SIDE.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill ;
I could not hear the brook flow—
The noisy wheel was still ;



There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree ;
I watched the long, long shade,

And, as it grew still longer,
 I did not feel afraid ;
 For I listened for a footfall,
 I listened for a word—
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not—
 The night came on alone—
 The little stars sat one by one,
 Each on his golden throne ;
 The evening wind passed by my cheek,
 The leaves above were stirred—
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
 When something stood behind ;
 A hand was on my shoulder—
 I knew its touch was kind :
 It drew me nearer—nearer,—
 We did not speak one word,
 For the beating of our own hearts
 Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

 HYMN OF THE CITY.

NOT in the solitude
 Alone may man commune with heaven, or see
 Only in savage wood
 And sunny vale, the present Deity ;
 Or only hear His voice
 Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.



Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd,
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—

Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwelling lies,
And lights their inner homes;
For them Thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment too is Thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

W. C. BRYANT.

TO A SKYLARK.

UP with me, up with me, into the clouds!
For thy song, lark, is strong,
Up with me, up with me, into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,

Lift me, guide me, till I find
The spot which seems so to thy mind !

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary ;
Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine ;
Lift me, guide me, high and high,
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning :
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken lark ! thou wouldst be loath
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river,
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both !

Alas ! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind ;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures when life's day is done.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



ENGLISH CHURCHES.

HOW beautiful they stand,
Those ancient altars of our native land !
Amid the pasture-fields and dark, green woods,
Amid the mountains' cloudy solitudes,
By rivers broad that rush into the sea,
By little brooks that, with a lapsing sound,
Like playful children, run by copse and lea !
Each in its little plot of holy ground,
How beautiful they stand,
Those old gray churches of our native land !

Our lives are all turmoil ;
Our souls are in a weary strife and toil,

Grasping and straining—tasking nerve and brain,
Both day and night, for gain !
We have grown worldly—have made gold our god,
Have turned our hearts away from lowly things;
We seek not now the wild flower on the sod ;
We seek not snowy-folded angels' wings



Amid the summer skies—
For visions come not to polluted eyes !

Yet, blessed quiet fanes !
Still piety, still poetry remains,
And shall remain, whilst ever on the air
One chapel-bell calls high and low to prayer—
Whilst ever green and sunny churchyards keep
The dust of our beloved, and tears are shed
From founts which in the human heart lie deep !
Something in these aspiring days we need
To keep our spirits lowly,
To set within our hearts sweet thoughts and holy !

And 'tis for this they stand,
The old gray churches of our native land !
And even in the gold-corrupted mart
In the great city's heart,
They stand ! and chantry dim, and organ-sound,
And stated services of prayer and praise,
Like to the righteous ten which were not found
For the polluted city, shall upraise,
Meek faith and love sincere—
Better in time of need than shield and spear !

L. E. LONDON.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN these flowery meads would be :
These crystal streams should solace me ;
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love :

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty : please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers ;
Here, hear my kenna sing a song :
There, see a blackbird feed her young,



Or a laverock build her nest :
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love.
Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice ;

Or, with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook ;
There sit by him, and eat my meat ;
There see the sun both rise and set ;
There bid good-morning to next day ;
There meditate my time away ;
 And angle on ; and beg to have
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

IZAACK WALTON.

THE ARCTIC LOVER.

GONE is the long, long winter night ;
 Look, my belovèd one !
How glorious, through his depths of light,
 Rolls the majestic sun !
The willows, waked from winter's death,
Give out a fragrance like thy breath—
 The summer is begun !

Ay, 'tis the long bright summer day :
 Hark to that mighty crash !
The loosened ice-ridge breaks away—
 The smitten waters flash.
Seaward the glittering mountain rides,
While, down its green translucent sides,
 The foamy torrents dash.

See, love, my boat is moored for thee,
 By ocean's weedy floor—
The petrel does not skim the sea
 More swiftly than my oar.



We'll go, where, on the rocky isles,
Her eggs the screaming sea-fowl piles
Beside the pebbly shore

Or, bide thou where the poppy blows,
With wind-flowers frail and fair,
While I, upon his isle of snows,
Seek and defy the bear.
Fierce though he be, and huge of frame,
This arm his savage strength shall tame,
And drag him from his lair.

When crimson sky and flamy cloud
Bespeak the summer o'er,
And the dead valleys wear a shroud
Of snows that melt no more,
I'll build of ice thy winter home,
With glistening walls and glassy dome,
And spread with skins the floor.

The white fox by thy couch shall play;
And, from the frozen skies,
The meteors of a mimic day
Shall flash upon thine eyes.
And I—for such thy vow—meanwhile
Shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,
Till that long midnight flies.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
I wandered by its side.

My spaniel, prettiest of the race,
 And high in pedigree
 (Two nymphs adorned with every grace
 That spaniel found for me),



Now wantoned, lost in flags and reeds,
 Now starting into sight,
 Pursued the swallow o'er the meads,
 With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed
 Her lilies newly blown ;
 Their beauties I intent surveyed,
 And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far, I sought
To steer it close to land :
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixed considerate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But, with a chirrup clear and strong
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed long
The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I returned ;
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discerned,
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropped
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropped
The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, " The world," I cried,
" Shall hear of this thy deed :
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed :

" But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all."



THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

IS this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
 And their shadows at play on the bright-green vale,
 And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
 And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
 There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
 There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun how he smiles
 On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
 On the leaping waters and gay young isles ;
 Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

W. C. BRYANT.

FOLDING THE FLOCKS.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
 Fold your flocks up ; for the air
 'Gins to thicken, and the sun
 Already his great course hath run.
 See the dew-drops, how they kiss
 Every little flower that is :
 Hanging on their velvet heads,
 Like a string of crystal beads.
 See the heavy clouds low falling,
 And bright Hesperus down calling
 The dead night from under ground ;
 At whose rising, mists unsound,
 Damps and vapors, fly apace,
 And hover o'er the smiling face

Of these pastures ; where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom.
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his lovèd flock ;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away ;
Or the crafty, thievish fox,
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourself from these,
Be not too secure in ease ;
So shall you good shepherds prove,
And deserve your master's love.
Now, good-night ! may sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids. So farewell :
Thus I end my evening knell.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

THE END

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Wood Side
Sea Side