

PALGRAVE'S

GOLDEN TREASURY

OF SONGS AND LYRICS

Book Second

BELL



English

Set Work { Pages 1 - 31 } Intermediate.
and 71 - 90.

F. A. N. Pessoa.

Durcantlyh Person.

February 1808.

Form VI.

S.

~~Amazigo~~

tio anglicis
videtur

em dor.

Pede a Deus misericórdia
Com suas mãos pugnadoras
Erguidas para o céu,
Que nunca
Se patem
Luzi

PALGRAVE'S GOLDEN TREASURY
OF SONGS AND LYRICS

BOOK SECOND

Mãe, como eu te falo
Que a patria é de todos nós,

Apenas o Patria
E' Patria e sei
E a liberdade a lei.



Em um sangue em
em brasas, onde que há em segredo,
Isso, onde vem
A república em
Que vive em
colunas
nomes
arabes

Palgrave's Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics

Book Second

Edited with Notes

By

W. Bell, M.A.

PRINCIPAL, GOVERNMENT COLLEGE, LAHORE

London

Macmillan and Co., Ltd.

New York : The Macmillan Company

1902

All rights reserved

Am. scholars
the notes defenses of movements
A grandeur in letters

Sulismo Sepul

2 puzendes
que a officinas de exeração pintadas

Sae-the antes
hommas de todos por me.

~~2~~
Mon 2 puzendes pe
a pessoas ~~com~~ antes por
de por que ~~vender~~ vender
As ~~estimar~~ ~~vender~~ ~~vender~~ ~~vender~~
Eu ~~vender~~ ~~vender~~ ~~vender~~ ~~vender~~
já ~~vender~~ ~~vender~~ ~~vender~~ ~~vender~~

First Edition, 1890.
Reprinted 1900, 1902.

GLASGOW : PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO.

PREFACE TO THE GOLDEN TREASURY.

THIS little Collection differs, it is believed, from others in the attempt made to include in it all the best original Lyrical pieces and Songs in our language (save a very few regretfully omitted on account of length), by writers not living,—and none beside the best. Many familiar verses will hence be met with; many also which should be familiar:—the Editor will regard as his fittest readers those who love Poetry so well that he can offer them nothing not already known and valued.

The Editor is acquainted with no strict and exhaustive definition of Lyrical Poetry; but he has found the task of practical decision increase in clearness and in facility as he advanced with the work, whilst keeping in view a few simple principles. Lyrical has been here held essentially to imply that each Poem shall turn on some single thought, feeling, or situation. In accordance with this, narrative, descriptive, and didactic poems,—unless accompanied by rapidity of movement, brevity, and the colouring of human passion,—have been excluded. Humorous poetry, except in the very unfrequent instances where a truly poetical tone pervades the whole, with what is strictly personal, occasional, and religious, has been considered foreign to the idea of the book. Blank verse and the ten-syllable couplet, with all pieces markedly

dramatic, have been rejected as alien from what is commonly understood by Song, and rarely conforming to Lyrical conditions in treatment. But it is not anticipated, nor is it possible, that all readers shall think the line accurately drawn. Some poems, as Gray's *Elegy*, the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, Wordsworth's *Ruth* or Campbell's *Lord Ullin*, might be claimed with perhaps equal justice for a narrative or descriptive selection: whilst with reference especially to *Ballads* and *Sonnets*, the Editor can only state that he has taken his utmost pains to decide without caprice or partiality.

This also is all he can plead in regard to a point even more liable to question;—what degree of merit should give rank among the Best. That a poem shall be worthy of the writer's genius,—that it shall reach a perfection commensurate with its aim,—that we should require finish in proportion to brevity,—that passion, colour, and originality cannot atone for serious imperfections in clearness, unity or truth,—that a few good lines do not make a good poem—that popular estimate is serviceable as a guidepost more than as a compass,—above all, that excellence should be looked for rather in the whole than in the parts,—such and other such canons have been always steadily regarded. He may however add that the pieces chosen, and a far larger number rejected, have been carefully and repeatedly considered; and that he has been aided throughout by two friends of independent and exercised judgment, besides the distinguished person¹ addressed in the Dedication. It is hoped that by this procedure the volume has been freed from that one-sidedness which must beset individual decisions;—but for the final choice the Editor is alone responsible.

¹ Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate.

Chalmers' vast collection, with the whole works of all accessible poets not contained in it, and the best Anthologies of different periods, have been twice systematically read through; and it is hence improbable that any omissions which may be regretted are due to oversight. The poems are printed entire, except in a very few instances where a stanza or passage has been omitted. These omissions have been risked only when the piece could be thus brought to a closer lyrical unity; and, as essentially opposed to this unity, extracts, obviously such, are excluded. In regard to the text, the purpose of the book has appeared to justify the choice of the most poetical version, wherever more than one exists; and much labour has been given to present each poem, in disposition, spelling, and punctuation, to the greatest advantage.

In the arrangement, the most poetically-effective order has been attempted. The English mind has passed through phases of thought and cultivation so various and so opposed during these three centuries of Poetry, that a rapid passage between old and new, like rapid alteration of the eye's focus in looking at the landscape, will always be wearisome and hurtful to the sense of Beauty. The poems have been therefore distributed into Books corresponding, I. to the ninety years closing about 1616, II. thence to 1700, III. to 1800, IV. to the half century just ended.¹⁸⁵⁰ Or, looking at the Poets who more or less give each portion its distinctive character, they might be called the Books of Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, and Wordsworth. The volume, in this respect, so far as the limitations of its range allow, accurately reflects the natural growth and evolution of our Poetry. A rigidly

chronological sequence, however, rather fits a collection aiming at instruction than at pleasure, and the wisdom which comes through pleasure:—within each book the pieces have therefore been arranged in gradations of feeling or subject. And it is hoped that the contents of this Anthology will thus be found to present a certain unity as “episodes,” in the noble language of Shelley, “to that great Poem which all poets, like the co-operating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world.”

As he closes his long survey, the Editor trusts he may add without egotism, that he has found the vague general verdict of popular Fame more just than those have thought, who, with too severe a criticism, would confine judgments on Poetry to “the selected few of many generations.” Not many appear to have gained reputation without some gift or performance that, in due degree, deserved it: and if no verses by certain writers who show less strength than sweetness, or more thought than mastery of expression, are printed in this volume, it should not be imagined that they have been excluded without much hesitation and regret,—far less that they have been slighted. Throughout this vast and pathetic array of Singers now silent, few have been honoured with the name Poet, and have not possessed a skill in words, a sympathy with beauty, a tenderness of feeling, or seriousness in reflection, which render their works, although never perhaps attaining that loftier and finer excellence here required,—better worth reading than much of what fills the scanty hours that most men spare for self-improvement, or for pleasure in any of its more elevated and permanent forms.—And if this be true of

even mediocre poetry, for how much more are we indebted to the best! Like the fabled fountain of the Azores, but with a more various power, the magic of this Art can confer on each period of life its appropriate blessing: on early years Experience, on maturity Calm, on age Youthfulness. Poetry gives treasures "more golden than gold," leading us in higher and healthier ways than those of the world, and interpreting to us the lessons of Nature. But she speaks best for herself. Her true accents, if the plan has been executed with success, may be heard throughout the following pages:—wherever the Poets of England are honoured, wherever the dominant language of the world is spoken, it is hoped that they will find fit audience.

1861.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE TO THE GOLDEN TREASURY,	V
I. Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity, <i>J. Milton,</i>	1
II. Song for Saint Cecilia's Day, 1687, <i>J. Dryden,</i>	9
III. On the late Massacre in Piedmont, <i>J. Milton,</i>	11
IV. Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland, <i>A. Marvell,</i>	12
V. Lycidas, <i>J. Milton,</i>	16
VI. On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey, <i>F. Beaumont,</i>	22
VII. The Last Conqueror, <i>J. Shirley,</i>	22
VIII. Death the Leveller, <i>J. Shirley,</i>	23
IX. When the Assault was Intended to the City, <i>J. Milton,</i>	24
X. On his Blindness, <i>J. Milton,</i>	25
XI. Character of a Happy Life, <i>Sir H. Wotton,</i>	25
XII. The Noble Nature, <i>B. Jonson,</i>	26
XIII. The Gifts of God, <i>G. Herbert,</i>	27
XIV. The Retreat, <i>H. Vaughan,</i>	27
XV. To Mr. Lawrence, <i>J. Milton,</i>	29

XVI.	To Cyriack Skinner,	- -	<i>J. Milton,</i>	PAGE 29
XVII.	A Hymn in Praise of Neptune,		<i>T. Campion,</i>	30
XVIII.	Hymn to Diana,	- -	<i>B. Jonson,</i>	31
XIX.	Wishes for the Supposed Mis-			
	tress,	- - - -	<i>R. Crashaw,</i>	31
XX.	The Great Adventurer,	- -	<i>Anon.,</i>	34
XXI.	The Picture of little T. C. in a			
	Prospect of Flowers,	- -	<i>A. Marvell,</i>	35
XXII.	Child and Maiden,	- -	<i>Sir C. Sedley,</i>	36
XXIII.	Constancy,	- -	<i>J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester,</i>	37
XXIV.	Counsel to Girls,	- -	<i>R. Herrick,</i>	38
XXV.	To Lucasta, on Going to the			
	Wars,	- - - -	<i>Colonel Lovelace,</i>	39
XXVI.	Elizabeth of Bohemia,	- -	<i>Sir H. Wotton,</i>	39
XXVII.	To the Lady Margaret Ley,	- -	<i>J. Milton,</i>	40
XXVIII.	The True Beauty,	- -	<i>T. Carew,</i>	41
XXIX.	To Dianeme,	- -	<i>R. Herrick,</i>	41
XXX.	"Love in thy youth, fair Maid,			
	be wise,"	- - - -	<i>Anon.,</i>	42
XXXI.	To a Rose,	- -	<i>E. Waller,</i>	42
XXXII.	To Celia,	- -	<i>B. Jonson,</i>	43
XXXIII.	Cherry-Ripe,	- -	<i>Anon.,</i>	43
XXXIV.	Corinna's Maying,	- -	<i>R. Herrick,</i>	44
XXXV.	The Poetry of Dress, 1	- -	<i>R. Herrick,</i>	46
XXXVI.	„ „ 2	- -	<i>R. Herrick,</i>	47
XXXVII.	„ „ 3	- -	<i>Anon.,</i>	47
XXXVIII.	On a Girdle,	- -	<i>E. Waller,</i>	48

CONTENTS.

xiii

	PAGE
XXXIX. A Mystical Ecstasy, . . . <i>F. Quarles,</i>	48
XL. To Anthea who may command him any thing, . . . <i>R. Herrick,</i>	49
XLI. "Lovenot me for comely grace," <i>Anon.,</i>	50
XLII. "Not Celia, that I juster am," <i>Sir C. Sedley,</i>	50
XLIII. To Althea from Prison, . . . <i>Colonel Lovelace,</i>	51
XLIV. To Lucasta, on Going Beyond the Seas, . . . <i>Colonel Lovelace,</i>	52
XLV. Encouragements to a Lover, . . . <i>Sir J. Suckling,</i>	53
XLVI. A Supplication, . . . <i>A. Cowley,</i>	53
XLVII. The Manly Heart, . . . <i>G. Wither,</i>	54
XLVIII. Melancholy, . . . <i>J. Fletcher,</i>	56
XLIX. The Forsaken Bride, . . . <i>Anon.,</i>	57
L. "Upon my lap my sovereign sits," . . . <i>Anon.,</i>	58
LI. Fair Helen, . . . <i>Anon.,</i>	59
LII. The Twa Corbies, . . . <i>Anon.,</i>	60
LIII. On the Death of Mr. William Hervey, . . . <i>A. Cowley,</i>	61
LIV. Friends in Paradise, . . . <i>H. Vaughan,</i>	63
LV. To Blossoms, . . . <i>R. Herrick,</i>	64
LVI. To Daffodils, . . . <i>R. Herrick,</i>	65
LVII. The Girl Describes Her Fawn, <i>A. Marvell,</i>	66
LVIII. Thoughts in a Garden, . . . <i>A. Marvell,</i>	67
LIX. Fortunati Nimium, . . . <i>T. Campion,</i>	69
LX. L'Allegro, . . . <i>J. Milton,</i>	71
LXI. Il Penseroso, . . . <i>J. Milton,</i>	75

	PAGE
LXII. Song of the Emigrants in Ber-	
muda, <i>A. Marvell,</i>	80
LXIII. At a Solemn Music, <i>J. Milton,</i>	82
LXIV. Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam, <i>W. Habington,</i>	83
LXV. Hymn to Darkness, <i>J. Norris of Bemerton,</i>	84
LXVI. A Vision, <i>H. Vaughan,</i>	85
LXVII. Alexander's Feast, or, The	
Power of Music, <i>J. Dryden,</i>	86
NOTES,	91
INDEX OF WRITERS, WITH DATES OF BIRTH AND DEATH, .	298
INDEX OF FIRST LINES,	299
INDEX TO THE NOTES,	301

NOTE.

THE Notes on Milton's *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and *Sonnets* have already appeared in this series of English Classics for schools. They are now re-issued along with similar Notes by the same editor on the remaining portion of the Second Book of *The Golden Treasury*.

2

NOTE

The Notes on Milton's *Lyonesse*, *Allegory*, *V. Penetration*, and *Excess* have already appeared in this series of English Classics for schools. They are now re-issued along with similar Notes by the same editor on the following portions of the *Lyonesse* Book of the *Lyonesse* *Lyonesse*.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY.

BOOK SECOND.

I.

LXXXV.

ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

Occasion (1-14)
THIS is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

Introduction (1-28)
5

manners
That glorious Form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity, 10
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein 15
Afford a present to the Infant-God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,

Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far, upon the eastern road,
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet; 25
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild
 While the heaven-born Child 30
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize:
 It was no season then for her 35
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
 And on her naked shame, 40
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease, 45
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;

She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing; 50
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around:
 The idle spear and shield were high uphung; 55
 The hookéd chariot stood
 Unstain'd with hostile blood;
 The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng;
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovrán Lord was by. 60

But peaceful was the night
 Wherein the Prince of Light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began:
 The winds, with wonder whist,
 Smoothly the waters kist 65
 Whispering new joys to the mild Océán—
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charméd wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
 Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze, 70
 Bending one way their precious influence;
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow 75
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame, 80
 As his inferior flame
 The new-enlighten'd world no more should need;
 He saw a greater Sun appear
 Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear. ←

*False
Alexandrine*

The shepherds on the lawn 85
 Or ere the point of dawn
 Sate simply chatting in a rustic row;
 Full little thought they than
 That the mighty Pan *cataleptic*
 Was kindly come to live with them below;
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep. ←

90
*False
Alexandrine*

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet
 As never was by mortal finger strook— 95
 Divinely-warbled voice
 Answering the stringéd noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound 101
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat the aery region thrilling,
 Now was almost won *cataleptic*
 To think her part was done, 105
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light 110

That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd ;
 The helméd Cherubim
 And sworded Seraphim
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire 115
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made
 But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
 While the Creator great 120
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres ! 125
 Once bless our human ears,
 If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time ;
 And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow : 130
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony. *wear word stressed.*

For if such holy song
 Enwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ; 135
 And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;
 And Heil itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day. 140

Yea, Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,

*False
 Alexandrine*

Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
 Mercy will sit between,
 Throned in celestial sheen, 145
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
 And Heaven, as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

But wisest Fate says No ;
 This must not yet be so ; 150
 The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss ;
 So both Himself and us to glorify :
 Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep 155
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
 As on Mount Sinai rang
 While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake ;
 The aged Earth aghast 160
 With terrour of that blast
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
 When, at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss 165
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins ; for from this happy day
 The old Dragon under ground
 In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurpéd sway ; 170
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb ;
 No voice or hideous hum

*False
 Alexander*

False Alexander

Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving: 175

Apollo from his shrine

Can no more divine, *cataleptic*

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving:

No nightly trance or breathéd spell

Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell. 180

The lonely mountains o'er

And the resounding shore

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;

From haunted spring and dale

Edged with poplar pale *Cataleptic* 185

The parting Genius is with sighing sent;

With flower-inwoven tresses torn

The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth

And on the holy hearth 190

The Lars and Lemurés moan with midnight plaint;

In urns, and altars round

A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;

And the chill marble seems to sweat, 195

While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim

Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;

And moonéd Ashtaroth 200

Heaven's queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;

The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,

In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled, 205.

Hath left in shadows dread

Had Milton been a greater artist in the use of the Alexandrine, he would have thrown the words "in vain", to give them greater prominence & emphasis, into the last foot before the inevitable caesura.

His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ; 210
The brutish gods of Nile as fast
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove, or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud : 215
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest ;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoléd sorcerers bear his worshipt ark. 220

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand ;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide, 225
Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnéd crew

So, when the sun in bed
Curtain'd with cloudy red 230
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each letter'd ghost slips to his several grave ;
And the yellow-skirted fays 235
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;

Time is, our tedious song should here have ending :
 Heaven's youngest-teeméd star 240
 Hath fixed her polish'd car,
 Her sleeping Lord with hand-maid lamp attending :
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.
J. Milton.

II.

LXXXVI.

SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began : *fabric of the universe*
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay *cp. P. Lost*
 And could not heave her head, *raise* 5
 The tuneful voice was heard from high
 " Arise, ye more than dead !"
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey, 10
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began :
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran, *range*
 The diapason closing full in Man. 15

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound, 20

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor 25
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum 30
Cries 'Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!'

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers, 35
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion 40
For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love, 45
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
 And trees unrooted left their place
 Sequacious of the lyre: 50
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
 When to her Organ vocal breath was given
 An Angel heard, and straight appear'd—
 Mistaking Earth for heaven!

Grand Chorus.

As from the power of sacred lays 55
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blest above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour, 60
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

J. Dryden.

III.

LXXXVII.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord! thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold; *marvellous harmony*
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old *- Pain.*
 When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones
 Forget not: In thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow 10
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant, that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who, having learnt thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

J. Milton.

IV.

LXXXVIII.

HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN
 FROM IRELAND.

THE forward youth that would appear,
 Must now forsake his Muses dear,
 Nor in the shadows sing
 His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust, 5
 And oil the unused armour's rust,
 Removing from the wall
 The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
 In the inglorious arts of peace, 10
 But through adventurous war
 Urgéd his active star:

And like the three-fork'd lightning, first
 Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
 Did thorough his own side 15
 His fiery way divide:

For 'tis all one to courage high,
 The emulous, or enemy;

And with such, to enclose
Is more than to oppose. 20

Then burning through the air he went
And palaces and temples rent;
And Caesar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame 25
The face of angry heaven's flame;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the Man is due

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservéd and austere, 30
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot)

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the Kingdoms old 35
Into another mould.

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient Rights in vain—
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak. 40

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war 45
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope 50
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case,

That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn :
While round the arméd bands 55
Did clap their bloody hands :

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try ; 60

Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

—This was that memorable hour 65
Which first assured the forcéd power :
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ; 70
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate !

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed :
So much one man can do 75
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest

How good he is, how just
And fit for highest trust ;

80

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republic's hand—
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey !

He to the Commons' feet presents
A Kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame, to make it theirs :

85

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the Public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

90

She, having kill'd, no more does search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

95

—What may not then our Isle presume
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year ?

100

As Caesar he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all States not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-colour'd mind,
But from this valour, sad
Shrink underneath the plaid—

105

Happy, if in the tufted brake
 The English hunter him mistake, 110
 Nor lay his hounds in near
 The Caledonian deer.

But Thou, the War's and Fortune's son,
 March indefatigably on ;
 And for the last effect 115
 Still keep the sword erect :

Besides the force it has to fright
 The spirits of the shady night,
 The same arts that did gain
 A power, must it maintain. 120
A. Marvell.

V.

LXXXIX.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637 ; and, by occasion, foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due ;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well 15
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:

So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destined urn, 20
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared 25
 Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dew of night,
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright 30
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Tempered to the oaten flute;
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long; 35
 And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone and never must return!
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, 40
 And all their echoes, mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose, 45
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,

When first the white-thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep 50
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?

For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizzard stream. 55

Ay me ! I fondly dream
"Had ye been there," . . . for what could that have done ?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament, 60
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade, 65
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?

Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears, 75
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears :

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies, 80
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,

Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood, 85
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.

But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea,
That came in Neptune's plea. 90

He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows off from each beakèd promontory.

They knew not of his story; 95

And sage Hippotadès their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed:
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panopè with all her sisters played.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark, 100
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.

"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,

The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain 110
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).

He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:—

+ "How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold! 115

Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least 120
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !

What reck's it them? What need they? They are
sped ;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125

But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;

Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.

But that two-handed engine at the door 130
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus ; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams ; return Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues. 135

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers, 140
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet, 145

The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears, 150

To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies. ×
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled ; 155
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth :
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth. x
Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more, 165
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 170
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey :
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :

And now the sun had stretched out all the hills, 190
 And now was dropt into the western bay.
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

J. Milton.

VI. *J. 9.*

XC.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MORTALITY, behold and fear
 What a change of flesh is here !
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within these heaps of stones ;
 Here they lie, had realms and lands, 5
 Who now want strength to stir their hands,
 Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
 They preach, 'In greatness is no trust.'
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest royallest seed 10
 That the earth did e'er suck in
 Since the first man died for sin
 Here the bones of birth have cried
 'Though gods they were, as men they died !'
 Here are sands, ignoble things, 15
 Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings :
 Here's a world of pomp and state
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

F. Beaumont.

VII. *W*

XCI.

THE LAST CONQUEROR.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
 Proclaim how wide your empires are ;

Though you bind-in every shore
 And your triumphs reach as far
 As night or day, 5
 Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey
 And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
 Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

 Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
 Each able to undo mankind, 10
 Death's servile emissaries are;
 Nor to these alone confined,
 He hath at will
 More quaint and subtle ways to kill;
 A smile or kiss, as he will use the art, 15
 Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.
 — J. Shirley.

VIII.

XCII.

DEATH THE LEVELLER.

THE glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against fate;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings:
 Sceptre and Crown 5
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

 Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill: 10
 But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They tame but one another still:
Early or late
 They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath 15
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds : 20
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

J. Shirley.

IX.

XCIH.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE
CITY.

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee ; for he knows the charms 5
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower

Went to the ground : and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

J. Milton.

X.

XCIV.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide,—
 Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
 I fondly ask:—But Patience, to prevent

5

That murmur, soon replies; God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts: who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state

10

Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

J. Milton.

XI.

XCV

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

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

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

5

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Nor vice ; who never understood 10
 How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed, 15
 Nor ruin make accusers great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
 With a well-chosen book or friend ; 20

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

Sir H. Wotton.

XII.

XCVI.

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :

A lily of a day 5
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauty's see ;
 And in short measures life may perfect be. 10

B. Jonson.

XIII.

XCVII.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

(THE PULLEY)

WHEN God at first made Man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by ;
 Let us (said he) pour on him all we can :
 Let the world's riches, which disperséd lie,
Contract into a span.

5

So strength first made a way ;
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure :
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay.

10

For if I should (said he)
 Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature
 So both should losers be.

15

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness :
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast.

20

G. Herbert.

✓ XIV.

XCVIII.

THE RETREAT.

HAPPY those early days, when I
Shined in my Angel-infancy !

Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught 5
But a white, celestial thought ;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space
Could see a glimpse of His bright face ; 10
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity ;
Before I taught my tongue to wound 15
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness. 20

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track !
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train ;
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees 25
That shady City of palm trees !
But ah ! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way :—
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move ; 30
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

H. Vaughan.

✓ XV.

XCIX.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won

cp. Horace.

From the hard season gaining? Time will run 5
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise 10
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice

Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

J. Milton.

✓ XVI.

c.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

CYRIACK, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench,

To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench 5
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intend, and what the French.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way ; 10
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,

And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

J. Milton.

XVII. *Excerpt*

CI.

A HYMN IN PRAISE OF NEPTUNE.

OF Neptune's empire let us sing,
At whose command the waves obey ;
To whom the rivers tribute pay,
Down the high mountains sliding ;
To whom the scaly nation yields 5
Homage for the crystal fields

Wherein they dwell ;
And every sea-god pays a gem
Yearly out of his watery cell,
To deck great Neptune's diadem. 10

The Tritons dancing in a ring,
Before his palace gates do make
The water with their echoes quake,
Like the great thunder sounding :
The sea-nymphs chaunt their accents shrill, 15
And the Syrens taught to kill

With their sweet voice,
Make every echoing rock reply,
Unto their gentle murmuring noise,
The praise of Neptune's empery. 20

T. Campion.

XVIII.

CII.

HYMN TO DIANA.

QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair,

Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair

State in wonted manner keep ;

Hesperus entreats thy light,

Goddess excellently bright.

5

Earth, let not thy envious shade

Dare itself to interpose ;

Cynthia's shining orb was made

Heaven to clear when day did close :

Bless us then with wishéd sight,

Goddess excellently bright.

10

Lay thy bow of pearl apart

And thy crystal-shining quiver ;

Give unto the flying hart

Space to breathe, how short soever :

Thou that mak'st a day of night,

Goddess excellently bright !

15

B. Jonson.

XIX.

CIII.

WISHES FOR THE SUPPOSED MISTRESS.

WHO'E'ER she be,

That not impossible She

That shall command my heart and me ;

Where'er she lie,

Lock'd up from mortal eye

In shady leaves of destiny :

5

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps tread our earth;

Till that divine 10
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

—Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd, my absent kisses. 15

I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie:

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can, 20
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest:

A face made up 25
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

Sydnaean showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers. 30

Whate'er delight
Can make day's forehead bright
Or give down to the wings of night.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers; 35
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow :

Days, that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night. 40

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, 'Welcome, friend.' 45

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes ; and I wish——no more.

—Now, if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows ; 50

Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see :
I seek no further, it is She.

'Tis She, and here 55
Lo ! I unclothe and clear
My wishes' cloudy character.

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses. 60

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye ;
Be ye my fictions :—but her story.

R. Crashaw.

XX.

CIV.

THE GREAT ADVENTURER.

OVER the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves ;
Under floods that are deepest, 5
Which Neptune obey ;
Over rocks that are steepest
Love will find out the way.

When there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie ; 10
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly ;
Where the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay ;
If love come, he will enter 15
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might ;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight ; 20
But if she whom love doth honour
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him 25
By having him confined ;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind ;

But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
 Do the best that you may, 30
 Blind love, if so ye call him,
 Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist ;
 Or you may inveigle 35
 The phoenix of the east ;
 The lioness, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey ;
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover :
 He will find out his way. 40

Anon.

XXI.

CV.

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

SEE with what simplicity
 This nymph begins her golden days !
 In the green grass she loves to lie,
 And there with her fair aspect tames
 The wilder flowers, and gives them names ; 5
 But only with the roses plays,
 And then does tell
 What colours best become them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause
 This darling of the Gods was born ? 10
 Yet this is she whose chaster laws
 The wanton Love shall one day fear,
 And, under her command severe,
 See his bow broke, and ensigns torn.

Happy who can 15
 Appease this virtuous enemy of man !

O then let me in time compound
 And parley with those conquering eyes,
 Ere they have tried their force to wound ;
 Ere with their glancing wheels they drive 20
 In triumph over hearts that strive,
 And them that yield but more despise :
 Let me be laid,
 Where I may see the glories from some shade.

Mean time, whilst every verdant thing 25
 Itself does at thy beauty charm,
 Reform the errors of the Spring ;
 Make that the tulips may have share
 Of sweetness, seeing they are fair,
 And roses of their thorns disarm ; 30
 But most procure
 That violets may a longer age endure.

But O young beauty of the woods,
 Whom Nature courts with fruits and flowers,
 Gather the flowers, but spare the buds ; 35
 Lest FLORA, angry at thy crime
 To kill her infants in their prime,
 Should quickly make th' example yours ;
 And ere we see—
 Nip in the blossom—all our hopes and thee. 40
 A. Marvell.

CHILD AND MAIDEN.

AH, Chloris ! could I now but sit
 As unconcern'd as when
 Your infant beauty could beget
 No happiness or pain !

CHILD AND MAIDEN.

37

When I the dawn used to admire, 5
 And praised the coming day,
 I little thought the rising fire
 Would take my rest away.

good

Your charms in harmless childhood lay 10
 Like metals in a mine ;
 Age from no face takes more away
 Than youth conceal'd in thine.
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest,
 So love as unperceived did fly, 15
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart : 20
 Each gloried in their wanton part ;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art—
 To make a beauty, she.

Sir C. Sedley.

XXIII.

CVII.

CONSTANCY.

I CANNOT change, as others do,
 Though you unjustly scorn,
 Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
 For you alone was born ;
 No, Phyllis, no, your heart to move 5
 A surer way I'll try,—
 And to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still live on, and die.

When, kill'd with grief, Amintas lies,
 And you to mind shall call 10
 The sighs that now unpitied rise,
 The tears that vainly fall,
 That welcome hour that ends his smart
 Will then begin your pain,
 For such a faithful tender heart 15
 Can never break in vain.

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

XXIV.

COUNSEL TO GIRLS.

CVIII.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying :
 And this same flower that smiles to-day
 Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun, 5
 The higher he's a getting
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer ; 10
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;
 And while you may, go marry :
 For having lost but once your prime, 15
 You may for every tarry.

R. Herrick.

XXV

Admirable.

CIX

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase, 5
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ; 10
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

Colonel Lovelace.

XXVI.

CX.

ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you, when the Moon shall rise ? 5

You curious chanters of the wood
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents ; what's your praise
When Philomel her voice doth raise ? 10

You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known
 Like the proud virgins of the year
 As if the spring were all your own,—
 What are you, when the Rose is blown? 15

So when my Mistress shall be seen
 In form and beauty of her mind,
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
 Tell me, if she were not design'd
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind? 20

Sir H. Wotton.

XXVII. *Exalt*

CXI.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
 Of England's Council and her Treasury,
 Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,

Till the sad breaking of that parliament 5
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chaeronea, fatal to liberty,
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent;—

Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you, 10
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;

So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

J. Milton.

XXVIII.

CXII.

THE TRUE BEAUTY.

HE that loves a rosy cheek
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires ;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

5

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires :—
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

10

T. Carew.

XXIX.

CXIII.

TO DIANEME.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes
 Which starlike sparkle in their skies ;
 Nor be you proud, that you can see
 All hearts your captives ; yours yet free :
 Be you not proud of that rich hair
 Which wantons with the lovesick air ;
 Whenas that ruby which you wear,
 Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
 Will last to be a precious stone
 When all your world of beauty's gone.

5

10

R. Herrick.

XXX.

CXIV.

LOVE in thy youth, fair Maid, be wise ;
 Old Time will make thee colder,
 And though each morning new arise
 Yet we each day grow older.
 Thou as Heaven art fair and young, 5
 Thine eyes like twin stars shining ;
 But ere another day be sprung
 All these will be declining.
 Then winter comes with all his fears,
 And all thy sweets shall borrow ; 10
 Too late then wilt thou shower thy tears,---
 And I too late shall sorrow !

Anon.

XXXI.

CXV.

TO A ROSE.

Go, lovely Rose :
 Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be. 5

Tell her that's young
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died. 10

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired :
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired. 15

Then die ! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee :
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair ! 20
E. Waller.

XXXII.

CXVI.

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise 5
 Doth ask a drink divine :
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee 10
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not wither'd be ;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe
 And sent'st it back to me ;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, 15
 Not of itself but thee !

B. Jonson.

XXXIII.

CXVII.

CHERRY-RIPE.

THERE is a garden in her face
 Where roses and white lilies blow ;
 A heavenly paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow ;

There cherries grow that none may buy, 5
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow: 10
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill 15
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
—Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry!
Anon.

XXXIV.

Exquisite!

CXVIII.

CORINNA'S MAYING.

GET up, get up for shame! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see 5
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest,
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said, 10
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,—
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch-in May.

Rise ; and put on your foliage, and be seen 15
 To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and green,
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For jewels for your gown, or hair :
 Fear not ; the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you : 20
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
 Against you come, some orient pearls unwept :
 Come, and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :
 And Titan on the eastern hill 25
 Retires himself, or else stands still
 Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying
 Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark
 How each field turns a street ; each street a park 30
 Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough
 Or branch : Each porch, each door, ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove ; 35
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street,
 And open fields, and we not see't ?
 Come, we'll abroad : and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May : 40
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come 45
 Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
 Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream,
 Before that we have left to dream :

And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth : 50

Many a green-gown has been given ;

Many a kiss, both odd and even :

Many a glance too has been sent

From out the eye, Love's firmament :

Many a jest told of the keys betraying 55

This night, and locks pick'd :—Yet we're not a Maying.

—Come, let us go, while we are in our prime ;

And take the harmless folly of the time !

We shall grow old apace, and die

Before we know our liberty. 60

Our life is short and our days run

As fast away as does the sun :—

And as a vapour, or a drop of rain

Once lost, can ne'er be found again :

So when or you or I are made 65

A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;

All love, all liking, all delight

Lies drown'd with us in endless night.

Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,

Come, my Corinna ! come, let's go a Maying. 70

R. Herrick.

XXXV.

THE POETRY OF DRESS.

CXIX.

I.

A SWEET disorder in the dress

Kindles in clothes a wantonness :—

A lawn about the shoulders thrown

Into a fine distraction,—

An erring lace, which here and there

Enthrals the crimson stomacher,— 5

A cuff neglectful, and thereby
 Ribbands to flow confusedly,—
 A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat,—
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
 I see a wild civility,—
 Do more bewitch me, than when art
 Is too precise in every part.

10

R. Herrick.

XXXVI.

CXX.

2.

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes
 Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
 That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
 That brave vibration each way free ;
 O how that glittering taketh me !

5

R. Herrick.

XXXVII.

CXXI.

3.

MY Love in her attire doth shew her wit,
 It doth so well become her :
 For every season she hath dressings fit,
 For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
 No beauty she doth miss
 When all her robes are on :
 But Beauty's self she is
 When all her robes are gone.

5

Anon.

XXXVIII.

CXXII.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
 Shall now my joyful temples bind :
 No monarch but would give his crown
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere, 5
 The pale which held that lovely deer :
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
 Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair : 10
 Give me but what this ribband bound,
 Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

E. Waller.

XXXIX.

CXXIII.

A MYSTICAL ECSTASY.

E'EN like two little bank-dividing brooks,
 That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
 And having ranged and search'd a thousand nooks,
 Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
 Where in a greater current they conjoin : 5
 So I my Best-Belovéd's am : so He is mine.

E'en so we met ; and after long pursuit,
 E'en so we join'd ; we both became entire ;
 No need for either to renew a suit,
 For I was flax and he was flames of fire : 10
 Our firm-united souls did more than twine ;
 So I my Best-Belovéd's am ; so he is mine.

If all those glittering Monarchs that command
 The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
 Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land, 15
 I would not change my fortunes for them all :
 Their wealth is but a counter to my coin :
 The world's but theirs ; but my Belovéd's mine.

F. Quarles.

XL.

CXXIV.

TO ANTHERA WHO MAY COMMAND HIM
 ANY THING.

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

A heart as soft, a heart as kind, 5
 A heart as sound and free
 As in the whole world thou canst find,
 That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
 To honour thy decree : 10
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
 While I have eyes to see :
 And having none, yet I will keep 15
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
 Under that cypress tree :
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en Death, to die for thee. 20

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

R. Herrick.

XLI.

CXXV

Excellent

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

5

Anon.

XLII.

CXXVI.

Not, Celia, that I juster am
 Or better than the rest ;
 For I would change each hour, like them,
 Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
 By every thought I have ;
 Thy face I only care to see,
 Thy heart I only crave.

5

All that in woman is adored
 In thy dear self I find—
 For the whole sex can but afford
 The handsome and the kind.

10

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

51

Why then should I seek further store,
And still make love anew?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

15

Sir C. Sedley.

XLIII.

Man ellons

CXXVII.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

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

5

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

10

15

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

20

Stone walls do not a prison make, 25
Nor iron bars a cage ;

Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage :

If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free, 30

Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

Colonel Lovelace.

XLIV.

CXXVIII.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING BEYOND THE SEAS.

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee ;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone ;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave 5
Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue-god's rage ; 10
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls, 15
All time and space controls :
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as Angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
 Our after-fate, 20
 And are alive i' the skies,
 If thus our lips and eyes
 Can speak like spirits unconfined
 In Heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.
Colonel Lovelace.

XLV.

CXXIX.

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO A LOVER.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prythee, why so pale?
 Will, if looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prythee, why so pale? 5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prythee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prythee, why so mute? 10

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her:
 The D—l take her! 15

Sir J. Suckling.

nice + plain

XLVI.

CXXX.

A SUPPLICATION.

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre!
 And tell thy silent master's humble tale
 In sounds that may prevail;
 Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:

Though so exalted she 5
 And I so lowly be
 Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark! how the strings awake:
 And, though the moving hand approach not near,
 Themselves with awful fear 10
 A kind of numerous trembling make.
 Now all thy forces try;
 Now all thy charms apply;
 Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure 15
 Is useless here, since thou art only found
 To cure, but not to wound,
 And she to wound, but not to cure.
 Too weak too wilt thou prove
 My passion to remove; 20
 Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to Love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
 For thou canst never tell my humble tale
 In sounds that will prevail,
 Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire; 25
 All thy vain mirth lay by,
 Bid thy strings silent lie,
 Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master die.
A. Cowley.

XLVII.

CXXXI.

THE MANLY HEART.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or my cheeks make pale with care
 'Cause another's rosy are?

Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads in May—
If she be not so to me
What care I how fair she be?

5

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

10

15

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of Best;
If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

20

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that bears a noble mind
If not outward helps she find,
Thinks what with them he would do
Who without them dares her woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

25

30

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;

35

If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn and let her go ;
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be ? 40
G. Wither.

XLVIII. ?

CXXXII.

MELANCHOLY.

HENCE, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly :
 There's nought in this life sweet
 If man were wise to see't, 5
 But only melancholy,
 O sweetest Melancholy !
 Welcome, folded arms, and fixéd eyes,
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,
 A look that's fasten'd to the ground, 10
 A tongue chain'd up without a sound !
 Fountain heads and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves !
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed save bats and owls ! 15
 A midnight bell, a parting groan !
 These are the sounds we feed upon ;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.
J. Fletcher.

XLIX.

Excellent

CXXXIII.

THE FORSAKEN BRIDE.

O waly waly up the bank,
 And waly waly down the brae,
 And waly waly yon burn-side
 Where I and my Love wont to gae!
 I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree;
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
 Sae my true Love did lichtly me.

5

O waly waly, but love be bonny
 A little time while it is new;
 But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld
 And fades awa' like morning dew.
 O wherefore should I busk my head?
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
 For my true Love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never loe me mair.

10

15

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed;
 The sheets shall ne'er be prest by me:
 St. Anton's well sall be my drink,
 Since my true Love has forsaken me.
 Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
 For of my life I am wearie.

20

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by Glasgow town
 We were a comely sight to see;

25

30

My Love was clad in black velvét,
And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win ;
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd 35
And pinn'd it with a siller pin.
And, O ! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me ! 40
Anon.

L.

CXXXIV.

UPON my lap my sovereign sits
And sucks upon my breast ;
Meantime his love maintains my life
And gives my sense her rest.
Sing lullaby, my little boy, 5
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

When thou hast taken thy repast,
Repose, my babe, on me ;
So may thy mother and thy nurse
Thy cradle also be. 10
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

I grieve that duty doth not work
All that my wishing would,
Because I would not be to thee 15
But in the best I should.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

Yet as I am, and as I may,
 I must and will be thine,
 Though all too little for thy self
 Vouchsafing to be mine.

20

Sing lullaby, my little boy,
 Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

Anon.

LL.

CXXXV.

FAIR HELEN.

I WISH I were where Helen lies;
 Night and day on me she cries;
 O that I were where Helen lies
 On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought, 5
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
 And died to succour me!

O think na but my heart was sair
 When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair: 10
 I laid her down wi' meikle care
 On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 None but my foe to be my guide, 15
 On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
 I hackéd him in pieces sma',
 I hackéd him in pieces sma',
 For her sake that died for me. 20