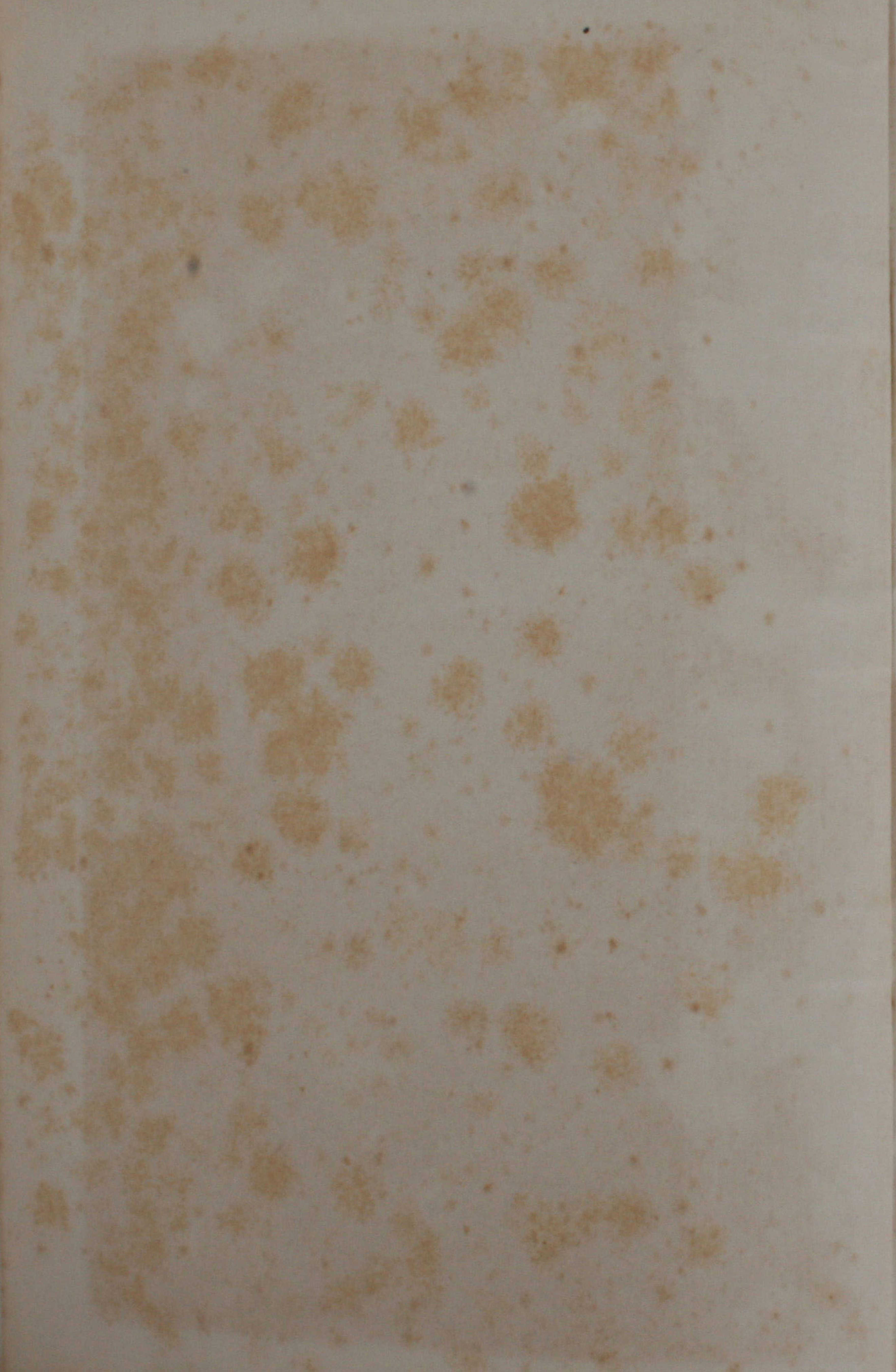


THE OXFORD BOOK
OF
VICTORIAN VERSE

LF



The
Oxford Book
Of Victorian Verse

Henry Frowde

Publisher to the University of Oxford
London, Edinburgh, New York, Toronto
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The
Oxford Book
Of Victorian Verse

Chosen by
Arthur Quiller-Couch

Oxford
At the Clarendon Press

1912

TO

MY FUTURE FRIENDS AND PUPILS

AT

C A M B R I D G E

THIS PROPITIATORY WREATH

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

LECTURE NOTES

CARL B. KIDGEE

1952

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PREFACE

TWELVE years ago, when editing *The Oxford Book of English Verse*—to which the public has been kind beyond expectation—I was forced by exigencies of space to cut out many modern lyrics. The Delegates of the University Press now give me opportunity to make amends to conscience by repairing these omissions, and to include a number of beautiful poems written since 1900.

Within new limits I have followed my old rule of

Mr. A. C. Fifield has kindly given leave for the poems
by Mr. William H. Davies.

poems have deserved better than fate allowed. Yet the most of them (I think) will be found on examination to miss being first-rate—

Nec vero hae sine sorte datae, sine iudice, sedes.
At all events they must await another rescuer. The reader will allow me to pursue my old rule to the end; and when he re-greets in this volume many a poem that

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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Within new limits I have followed my old rule of choosing what seems to me the best, and for that sole reason. It had been possible—indeed easy—to rule out all lyrics printed in the earlier selection and yet make a portly, presentable volume of Victorian Verse; and some advisers have urged on me that the anthologist does his best service in recapturing fugitive, half-forgotten poems—frail things that by one chance or another cheated of their day have passed down to Limbo. I dare say he does; and admit that in these hundred years innumerable poems have deserved better than fate allowed. Yet the most of them (I think) will be found on examination to miss being first-rate—

Nec vero hae sine sorte datae, sine iudice, sedes.

At all events they must await another rescuer. The reader will allow me to pursue my old rule to the end; and when he re-greets in this volume many a poem that

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adorned the former one, he will understand that by excluding these I should have condemned myself to anthologizing the second-rate and clearing the ground for an *Oxford Book of the Worst Poetry*—which, by the way, might be a not unentertaining work.

Of the difficulties that waylay a Victorian anthologist two are obvious. Where is he to begin?—Where to end? The first has proved less formidable than it looked, and the second scarcely formidable at all. Though Wordsworth happened to be the first Laureate of Queen Victoria's reign, no one will argue that he belongs to it. His valediction to the older bards, his glorious contemporaries, in his lines 'On the Death of James Hogg' (written late in 1835), contained his own *Nunc dimittis*—

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!
Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earliest raised, remain to hear
A timid voice that asks in whispers—
'Who next will drop and disappear?'

Just there, with the breaking of that voice, comes the interval; but with Landor left to launch us on a wave from the true deeps, which do not fail—'Tanagra! think not I forget...' For the close: as we reckon Drummond of Hawthornden, Herrick, even Shirley, among the Elizabethans, and choose to forget how much of Shakespeare's best or of Ben Jonson's is later than Elizabeth, so I have

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thought it no insult to include any English poet, born in our time, under the great name 'Victorian'; a title the present misprision of which will no less surely go its way as a flippancy of fashion than it will be succeeded by fresh illustration of the habit, constant in fallen Man, of belittling his contemporaries in particular and the age next before his own in the gross. For my part, after many months spent in close study of Victorian verse—re-reading old favourites and eagerly making acquaintance with much that was new to me—I rise from the task in reverence and wonder not only at the mass (not easily sized) of poetry written with ardour in these less-than-a-hundred years, but at the amount of it which is excellent, and the height of some of that excellence; in some exultation too, as I step aside and—drawing difficult breath!—gaze after the stream of young runners with their torches.

All this is not to deny or extenuate the real difficulty of my task, which is less of a difficulty than an impossibility: since he who attempts on his contemporaries such assaying as these pages imply, attempts what no man can do. Yes, the business is not only laborious—as the late Mr. Palgrave confessed that his second *Golden Treasury* had cost him thrice the labour of his first, the most famous anthology in our language: it cannot be done. Yet it is so well worth doing!

To find out what you cannot do,
And then to go and do it;
There lies the golden rule—

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and there (if the reader will forgive the levity) lies a great part of the fun. My one doubt is that the attempt ought not to have taken for shield in this second book the name of a University which has ever with such lovely rightness chosen to await and teach perfection, ignoring clamours of the moment and the market. Yet, and though the judgements in this book be superseded, the pains spent on them may help to clear the ground and advance by so much the business of criticism, if not of poetry : and to that extent may be subsidiary to the great service Oxford is ever performing.

I must tender my thanks to all (a portentous list) who have helped me in various ways, and especially with permission to use copyright poems : to the Poet Laureate Mr. Alfred Austin, Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, Mr. Percy Addleshaw, Mr. Douglas Ainslie, the Hon. Maurice Baring, Miss Barlow, Mr. George Barlow, the Dean of Norwich (H. C. Beeching), Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. A. C. Benson, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, Mr. Gordon Bottomley, Mr. F. W. Bourdillon, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Rupert Brooke ; to the Marquess of Crewe for a poem by the late Lord Houghton and one of his own ; to the Rev. A. S. Cripps, Mr. Francis Coutts, Mrs. Frances Cornford, Mr. Bliss Carman, Mr. Walter Crane, Lord Alfred Douglas, Professor Dowden, Mme Duclaux, Mr. William H. Davies, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. John Drinkwater, Miss M. Betham Edwards, 'Michael Field', Mr. J. E. Flecker,

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Miss Alice Furlong, Mr. Norman Gale, Mr. W. W. Gibson, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Charles Granville, Mr. Thomas Hardy O.M., Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Miss Emily Hickey, Mr. George Hookham (for a poem hitherto unpublished), Mr. Laurence Housman, Mr. W. D. Howells, 'Hugh Haliburton' (Mr. James Logie Robertson), Mr. James Joyce, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, Mr. S. R. Lysaght; to the Hon. Emily Lawless, Mrs. Meynell (and again to her and to Mr. Wilfrid Meynell for the free selection made from the poems of Francis Thompson); to Sir Theophile Marzials, Miss Annie Matheson, Mr. John Masefield, Mr. Walter De La Mare, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Harold Monro, Mr. T. Sturge Moore, Mr. Neil Munro, Mr. Ernest Myers (for himself and for his late brother, F. W. H. Myers); to Mr. Henry Newbolt (for his own poems published by Mr. John Murray, and, with Mr. Elkin Mathews, for several by the late Miss Mary Coleridge), Mr. Alfred Noyes, Miss Moira O'Neill, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. John Payne, Mr. J. S. Phillimore, Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, Mr. Ezra Pound, Sir James Rennell Rodd, Canon Rawnsley, Mr. Ernest Radford, Mr. Ernest Rhys, Mr. T. W. Rolleston, Mr. G. W. Russell ('A. E.'), the Lady Margaret Sackville, Mr. George Santayana, Mrs. Clement Shorter (Dora Sigerson Shorter), Miss Elinor Sweetman, Mr. Douglas Sladen, Mr. Arthur Symons, Mrs. Rachel

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Annand Taylor, Dr. Todhunter, Mr. Herbert Trench, Mr. Edward William Thompson, Mr. Wilfrid Thorley, Mr. William Watson, Mrs. Woods, Mr. Samuel Waddington, Dr. T. H. Warren, and Mr. W. B. Yeats; to Mrs. Allingham, to Mrs. Coventry Patmore, Mrs. Eugene Lee-Hamilton, Mrs. Cosmo Monkhouse; to Mr. Marriott Watson for the poems of Rosamund Marriott Watson; to the Lady Betty Balfour (for the late Earl of Lytton's), the Lady Victoria Buxton (for the Hon. Roden Noel's), Lady Leighton-Warren (for Lord de Tabley's), to Lord Rosslyn, to Miss Alexander, daughter of the late Archbishop of Armagh; to Mr. Stephen De Vere for those of Mr. Aubrey De Vere; to Miss Boyd of Penkill Castle for William Bell Scott's famous ballad; to Miss Harriett Jay for Robert Buchanan's poems, and to Mr. O. Locker-Lampson, M.P., for two by the late Frederick Locker-Lampson; to the families or executors of the late A. G. Butler, Lady Currie, Sir Lewis Morris, Sir Alfred Lyall (Lady Miller; Messrs. George Routledge & Sons consenting), George Meredith, Dr. George MacDonald, John Davidson, William Philpot, Walter C. Smith, George du Maurier, Oliver Madox Brown, Philip Bourke Marston, W. E. Henley, Robert Louis Stevenson, F. T. Palgrave, Father Hopkins, Henry Cust, Andrew Lang, E. C. Lefroy, William Sharp, John Addington Symonds (Mr. Horatio Brown), Amy Levy (Miss Clementina Black), Mathilde Blind (Mrs. Mond), H. D. Lowry, John M. Synge.

Last and by no means least in this section come the

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names of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton and Mr. S. C. Cockerell, who have most handsomely given me *carte blanche* in dealing with Swinburne and Morris. These favours have been inestimable, and Mr. Watts-Dunton has added to his kindness by suffering me to anthologize his own poems.

My obligations to various publishers are almost too many to be recounted. I must thank Messrs. George Allen & Sons for the extracts from Ruskin and the author of *Ionica*; Messrs. George Bell & Sons for those from Thomas Ashe; Messrs. Blackwood & Sons for a poem by George Eliot, and for confirming permissions given by Mr. Neil Munro and Miss Moira O'Neill; Mr. Bertram Dobell for James Thomson, and Mr. David Nutt for W. E. Henley; Messrs. Chapman & Hall for much help, and specially for a poem by Herman Merivale. Messrs. Chatto & Windus have shown me unwearied kindness: they are the publishers of the poems by Swinburne, O'Shaughnessy, MacDonald, Bret Harte, the bulk of those by Stevenson, and others included in this volume. Messrs. Constable & Co. have confirmed the kindness of George Meredith's executors. To Messrs. Ellis & Elvey I owe the extracts from D. G. Rossetti; to Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. those from Sir Edwin Arnold and Sir Lewis Morris; to Mr. John Murray for confirming Lord Crewe's permission; to the Walter Scott Publishing Company those from Joseph Skipsey. Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have allowed me to include Jean Ingelow and Andrew Lang; and Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s

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favours would alone make a long list. It includes the late Lord Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar' (leave confirmed by the present Lord Tennyson), and poems by Aubrey De Vere, T. E. Brown, Christina Rossetti. Other poems by Miss Rossetti are inserted by leave of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Messrs. Macmillan again are publishers of poems by Rudyard Kipling, Ernest Dowson, Richard Garnett, and S. R. Lysaght. For the bulk of Mr. Kipling's poems my obligation is to Messrs. Methuen & Co., as for a lyric by Oscar Wilde, Stevenson's Alcaics, and much friendly help given. Messrs. James MacLehose & Sons grant me a poem by the late Dr. Smith; Messrs. George Routledge & Sons two by the late Lady Currie; Mr. Fisher Unwin has allowed me to use copyright poems by the late Richard Middleton, Mathilde Blind, Amy Levy, and has other claims on my gratitude. Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have allowed me to print Browning's Epilogue from *Asolando*. To Messrs. Maunsel & Co., Dublin, I owe leave to include poems by John M. Synge and James Stephens; to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. leave to include poems by Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Bret Harte, T. B. Aldrich, and Julia Ward Howe; and some kind permissions have been given by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

My especial helpers among publishers of recent verse have been Mr. Elkin Mathews and Mr. John Lane; who—at first in conjunction, of late years separately—have done so much to keep alive the fire of poetry in England. The list of younger poets whose work bears

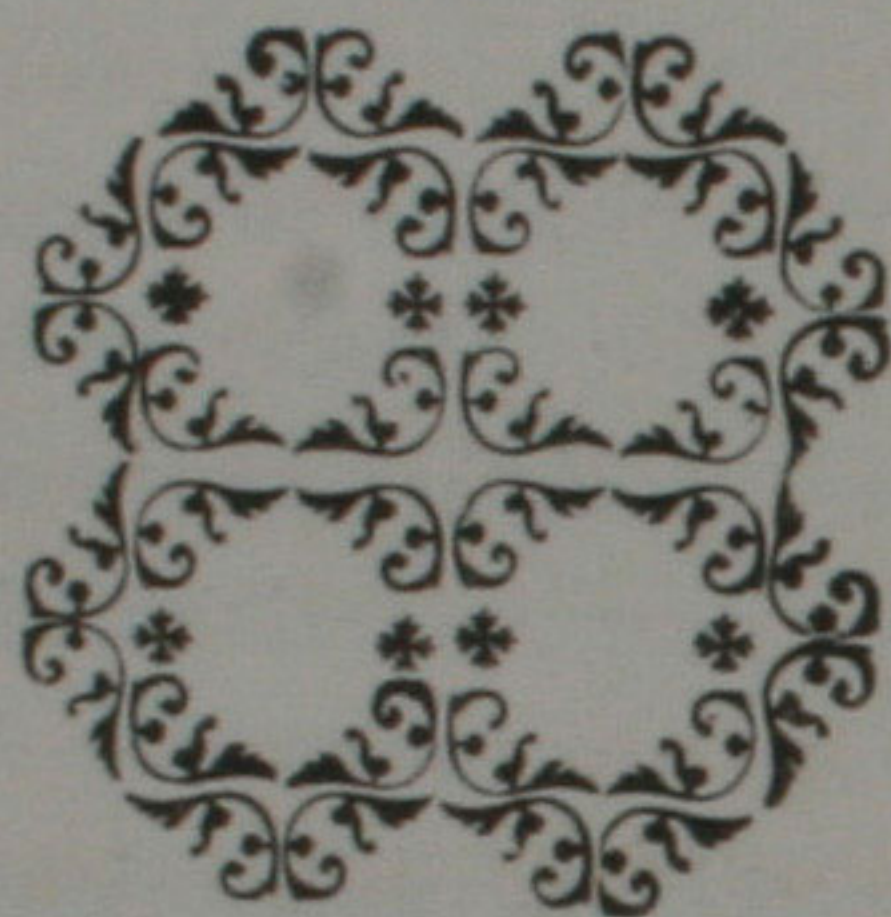
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the imprint of one or another of these two would unduly swell this already plethoric preface. (They include such gifts as the poems of W. B. Rands, Lionel Johnson, Mary Coleridge, and Lascelles Abercrombie.) All readers of this book are their debtors and I am their most obliged one.

I must beg forgiveness of any one whose rights I have overlooked, and of a few whom, with the best will in the world and after repeated efforts, I have been unable to trace.

It has been a great pleasure to discuss this book in the making with friends; notably with Mr. Kenneth Grahame, Mr. George Hookham, and two whom I cannot name because of their near connexion with the Clarendon Press. But there are two others who have a peculiar share in any favour this not unlaborious task may earn among lovers of poetry—Mr. Bertram Dobell, veteran and prince of booksellers, and Sir Walter Raleigh, Professor of English Literature in the University whose name this book carries—once mine, and now to be exchanged (so fearfully, because of his example) for that other which once was his.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.



WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

1. *Corinna, from Athens, to Tanagra* ¹⁷⁷⁵⁻¹⁸⁶⁴

TANAGRA! think not I forget
Thy beautifully-storey'd streets;
Be sure my memory bathes yet
In clear Thermodon, and yet greets
The blythe and liberal shepherd boy,
Whose sunny bosom swells with joy
When we accept his matted rushes
Upheaved with sylvan fruit; away he bounds, and blushes.

I promise to bring back with me
What thou with transport wilt receive,
The only proper gift for thee,
Of which no mortal shall bereave
In later times thy mouldering walls,
Until the last old turret falls;
A crown, a crown from Athens won,
A crown no god can wear, beside Latona's son.

There may be cities who refuse
To their own child the honours due,
And look ungently on the Muse;
But ever shall those cities rue
The dry, unyielding, niggard breast,
Offering no nourishment, no rest,
To that young head which soon shall rise
Disdainfully, in might and glory, to the skies.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Sweetly where cavern'd Dirce flows
Do white-arm'd maidens chaunt my lay,
Flapping the while with laurel-rose
The honey-gathering tribes away ;
And sweetly, sweetly, Attick tongues
Lisp your Corinna's early songs ;
To her with feet more graceful come
The verses that have dwelt in kindred breasts at home.

O let thy children lean aslant
Against the tender mother's knee,
And gaze into her face, and want
To know what magic there can be
In words that urge some eyes to dance,
While others as in holy trance
Look up to heaven ; be such my praise !
Why linger ? I must haste, or lose the Delphick bays.

2.

The Yacht

THE vessel that rests here at last
Had once stout ribs and topping mast,
And, whate'er wind there might prevail,
Was ready for a row or sail.
It now lies idle on its side,
Forgetful o'er the stream to glide.
And yet there have been days of yore,
When pretty maids their posies bore
To crown its prow, its deck to trim,
And freighted a whole world of whim.
A thousand stories it could tell,—
But it loves secrecy too well.—
Come closer, my sweet girl, pray do !
There may be still one left for you.

3.

Ianthe

I ANTHE ! you are call'd to cross the sea !
 A path forbidden *me* !
 Remember, while the Sun his blessing sheds
 Upon the mountain-heads,
 How often we have watch'd him laying down
 His brow, and dropt our own
 Against each other's, and how faint and short
 And sliding the support !
 What will succeed it now ? Mine is unblest,
 Ianthe ! nor will rest
 But on the very thought that swells with pain.
 O bid me hope again !
 O give me back what Earth, what (without you)
 Not Heaven itself can do—
 One of the golden days that we have past ;
 And let it be my last !
 Or else the gift would be, however sweet,
 Fragile and incomplete.

4.

Her Name

WELL I remember how you smiled
 To see me write your name upon
 The soft sea-sand . . . ' O, what a child !
You think you're writing upon stone !'

I have since written what no tide
 Shall ever wash away ; what men
 Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
 And find Ianthe's name again.

5. *The Gifts Return'd*

'YOU must give back,' her mother said,
 To a poor sobbing little maid,
 'All the young man has given you,
 Hard as it now may seem to do.'

'Tis done already, mother dear!
 Said the sweet girl, 'So, never fear.'

Mother. Are you quite certain? Come, recount
 (There was not much) the whole amount.

Girl. The locket: the kid gloves.

Mother. Go on.

Girl. Of the kid gloves I found but one.

Mother. Never mind that. What else? Proceed.
 You gave back all his trash?

Girl. Indeed.

Mother. And was there nothing you would save?

Girl. Everything I could give I gave.

Mother. To the last tittle?

Girl. Even to that.

Mother. Freely?

Girl. My heart went *pit-a-pat*

At giving up . . . ah me! ah me!

I cry so I can hardly see . . .

All the fond looks and words that past,

And all the kisses, to the last.

6. *The Maid's Lament*

I LOVED him not; and yet now he is gone,
 I feel I am alone.

I check'd him while he spoke; yet, could he speak,
 Alas! I would not check.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

For reasons not to love him once I sought,
 And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him ; I now would give
 My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
 'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death.
 I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me ; but mine returns,
 And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
 And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years
 Wept he as bitter tears.
'Merciful God !' such was his latest prayer,
 'These may she never share !'
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
 Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
 His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, who'er you be,
 And, O, pray too for me !

7.

The Dragon-fly

LIFE (priest and poet say) is but a dream ;
I wish no happier one than to be laid
 Beneath a cool syringa's scented shade,
Or wavy willow, by the running stream,
 Brimful of moral, where the dragon-fly,
 Wanders as careless and content as I.
Thanks for this fancy, insect king,
Of purple crest and filmy wing,

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Who with indifference givest up
The water-lily's golden cup,
To come again and overlook
What I am writing in my book.
Believe me, most who read the line
Will read with hornier eyes than thine ;
And yet their souls shall live for ever,
And thine drop dead into the river !
God pardon them, O insect king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing !

8. *To Miss Arundell*

NATURE ! thou may'st fume and fret,
There's but one white violet :
Scatter o'er the vernal ground
Faint resemblances around,
Nature ! I will tell thee yet
There's but one white violet.

9. *Rose Aylmer*

AH, what avails the sceptred race !
Ah, what the form divine !
What every virtue, every grace !
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

10. *On a Child*

CHILD of a day, thou knowest not
The tears that overflow thine urn,
The gushing eyes that read thy lot,
Nor, if thou knewest, couldst return!
And why the wish! the pure and blest
Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep.
O peaceful night! O envied rest!
Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

11. *To his Verse*

AWAY my verse! and never fear,
As men before such beauty do:
On you she will not look severe,
She will not turn her eyes from you.
Some happier graces could I lend
That in her memory you should live,
Some little blemishes might blend,
For it would please her to forgive.

12. *The Kiss*

THE maid I love ne'er thought of me
Amid the scenes of gaiety;
But when her heart or mine sank low,
Ah, then it was no longer so!
From the slant palm she rais'd her head,
And kiss'd the cheek whence youth had fled.
Angels! some future day for this,
Give her as sweet and pure a kiss.

13. *The Wall-flower*

THE place where soon I think to lie,
In its old creviced nook hard-by
Rears many a weed :
If parties bring you there, will you
Drop sily in a grain or two
Of wall-flower seed ?

I shall not see it, and (too sure !)
I shall not ever hear that your
Light step was there ;
But the rich odour some fine day
Will, what I cannot do, repay
That little care.

14. *On the Death of Southey*

NOT the last struggles of the Sun,
Precipitated from his golden throne,
Hold darkling mortals in sublime suspense ;
But the calm exod of a man
Nearer, tho' far above, who ran
The race we run, when Heaven recalls him hence.

15. *On his Own Death*

DEATH stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear :
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

16. *His Epitaph*

LO! where the four mimosas blend their shade,
In calm repose at last is Landor laid ;
For ere he slept he saw them planted here
By her his soul had ever held most dear,
And he had lived enough when he had dried her tear.

17. *Finis*

ISTROVE with none, for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art :
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life ;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

SAMUEL ROGERS

1763-1855

18. *A Wish*

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

EBENEZER ELLIOT

1781-1849

19.

Plaint

DARK, deep, and cold the current flows
Unto the sea where no wind blows,
Seeking the land which no one knows.

O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes
The mingled wail of friends and foes,
Borne to the land which no one knows.

Why shrieks for help yon wretch, who goes
With millions, from a world of woes,
Unto the land which no one knows ?

Though myriads go with him who goes,
Alone he goes where no wind blows,
Unto the land which no one knows.

For all must go where no wind blows,
And none can go for him who goes ;
None, none return whence no one knows.

Yet why should he who shrieking goes
With millions, from a world of woes,
Reunion seek with it or those ?

Alone with God, where no wind blows,
And Death, his shadow—doom'd, he goes :
That God is there the shadow shows.

O shoreless Deep, where no wind blows !
And thou, O Land which no one knows !
That God is All, His shadow shows.

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE

1782-1841

20. *To Spring: On the Banks of the Cam*

O THOU that from the green vales of the West
Com'st in thy tender robes with bashful feet,
And to the gathering clouds
Liftest thy soft blue eye :

I woo thee, Spring!—tho' thy dishevell'd hair
In misty ringlets sweep thy snowy breast,
And thy young lips deplore
Stern Boreas' ruthless rage :

While morn is steep'd in dews, and the dank show'r
Drops from the green boughs of the budding trees ;
And the thrush tunes his song
Warbling with unripe throat :

Thro' the deep wood where spreads the sylvan oak
I follow thee, and see thy hands unfold
The love-sick primrose pale
And moist-eyed violet :

While in the central grove, at thy soft voice,
The Dryads start forth from their wintry cells,
And from their oozy waves
The Naiads lift their heads

In sedgy bonnets trimm'd with rushy leaves
And water-blossoms from the forest stream,
To pay their vows to thee,
Their thrice adorèd queen !

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE

The stripling shepherd wand'ring thro' the wood
Startles the linnet from her downy nest,
Or wreathes his crook with flowers,
The sweetest of the fields.

From the grey branches of the ivied ash
The stock-dove pours her vernal elegy,
While further down the vale
Echoes the cuckoo's note.

Beneath this trellis'd arbour's antique roof,
When the wild laurel rustles in the breeze,
By Cam's slow murmuring stream
I waste the live-long day ;

And bid thee, Spring, rule fair the infant year,
Till my loved Maid in russet stole approach :
O yield her to my arms,
Her red lips breathing love !

So shall the sweet May drink thy falling tears,
And on thy blue eyes pour a beam of joy ;
And float thy azure locks
Upon the western wind.

So shall the nightingale rejoice thy woods,
And Hesper early light his dewy star ;
And oft at eventide
Beneath the rising moon,

May lovers' whispers soothe thy list'ning ear,
And as they steal the soft impassion'd kiss,
Confess thy genial reign,
O love-inspiring Spring !

21.

The Nun

IF you become a nun, dear,
 A friar I will be ;
 In any cell you run, dear,
 Pray look behind for me.
 The roses all turn pale, too ;
 The doves all take the veil, too ;
 The blind will see the show.
 What ! you become a nun, my dear ?
 I'll not believe it, no !

If you become a nun, dear,
 The bishop Love will be ;
 The Cupids every one, dear,
 Will chant '*We trust in thee*'.
 The incense will go sighing,
 The candles fall a-dying,
 The water turn to wine ;
 What ! you go take the vows, my dear ?
 You may—but they'll be mine !

22.

Jenny kiss'd Me

JENNY kiss'd me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
 Time, you thief, who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in !
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
 Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,
 Say I'm growing old, but add,
 Jenny kiss'd me.

Abou Ben Adhem

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold :—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 ‘What writest thou?’—The vision rais’d its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answer’d, ‘The names of those who love the Lord.’
 ‘And is mine one?’ said Abou. ‘Nay, not so,’
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still; and said, ‘I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow men.’
 The angel wrote, and vanish’d. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And show’d the names whom love of God had blest,
 And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

JOHN KENYON

Champagne Rosée

1784-1856

LILY on liquid roses floating—
 So floats yon foam o’er pink champagne :
 Fain would I join such pleasant boating,
 And prove that ruby main,
 And float away on wine!
 Those seas are dangerous (greybeards swear)
 Whose sea-beach is the goblet’s brim ;
 And true it is they drown Old Care—
 But what care we for him,
 So we but float on wine?

JOHN KENYON

And true it is they cross in pain
Who sober cross the Stygian ferry :
But only make our Styx champagne,
And we shall cross right merry,
Floating away on wine !

Old Charon's self shall make him mellow,
Then gaily row his boat from shore ;
While we and every jovial fellow,
Hear unconcern'd the oar
That dips itself in wine !

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

1787-1874

25.

Hermione

THOU hast beauty bright and fair,
Manner noble, aspect free,
Eyes that are untouch'd by care ;
What then do we ask from thee ?
Hermione, Hermione !

Thou hast reason quick and strong,
Wit that envious men admire,
And a voice, itself a song !
What then can we still desire ?
Hermione, Hermione !

Something thou dost want, O queen !
(As the gold doth ask alloy,)
Tears—amidst thy laughter seen,
Pity—mingling with thy joy.
This is all we ask, from thee,
Hermione, Hermione !

26.

For a Fountain

REST! This little Fountain runs
 Thus for aye :—It never stays
 For the look of summer suns,
 Nor the cold of winter days.
 Whosoe'er shall wander near,
 When the Syrian heat is worst,
 Let him hither come, nor fear
 Lest he may not slake his thirst :
 He will find this little river
 Running still, as bright as ever.
 Let him drink, and onward hie,
 Bearing but in thought, that I,
 EROTAS, bade the Naiad fall,
 And thank the great god Pan for all!

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM

1788-1845

27.

Last Lines

AS I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye ;
 There came a noble Knyghte,
 With his hauberke shynyng brighte,
 And his gallant heart was lyghte,
 Free and gaye ;

As I laye a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree !

There seem'd a crimson plain,
 Where a gallant Knyghte lay slayne,

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM

And a steed with broken rein
Ran free,
As I laye a-thynkyng, most pitiful to see !
As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe ;
A lovely Mayde came bye,
And a gentil youth was nyghe,
And he breathèd many a syghe
And a vowe ;
As I laye a-thynkyng, her hearte was gladsome now.
As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne,
No more a youth was there,
But a Maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sad despaire,
'That I was borne !'
As I laye a-thynkyng, she perishèd forlorne.
As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar ;
There came a lovely Childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled
On his sire ;
As I laye a-thynkyng, a Cherub mote admire.
But I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier ;
That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the Swan
Doth appear,
As I laye a-thynkyng—O ! bitter flow'd the tear !

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM

As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking,
O merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her breast
With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
While, soaring to the skies,
'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,
As to her nest ;

As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest :—
' Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,'—
'Twas so she seem'd to saye,
' HERE IS REST !'

SIR AUBREY DE VERE

28. *The Right Use of Prayer*

1788-1846

THEREFORE, when thou wouldst pray, or dost thine
alms,
Blow not a trump before thee. Hypocrites
Do thus vaingloriously : the common streets
Boast of their largess, echoing their psalms.
On such the laud of men like unctuous balms
Falls with sweet savour. Impious Counterfeits !
Prating of Heaven, for earth their bosom beats :
Grasping at weeds they lose immortal palms.

God needs not iteration nor vain cries ;
That Man communion with his God might share
Below, Christ gave the ordinance of prayer.
Vague ambages and witless ecstasies
Avail not. Ere a voice to prayer be given
The heart should rise on wings of love to Heaven.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

1790-1867

29. *On his Friend, Joseph Rodman Drake*

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

JOHN KEBLE

1792-1866

30.

Balaam

OFOR a sculptor's hand,
That thou might'st take thy stand,
Thy wild hair floating on the eastern breeze,
Thy tranc'd yet open gaze
Fix'd on the desert haze,
As one who deep in heaven some airy pageant sees!

In outline dim and vast
Their fearful shadows cast
The giant forms of empires on their way
To ruin: one by one
They tower and they are gone,
Yet in the Prophet's soul the dreams of avarice stay.

No sun or star so bright
In all the world of light
That they should draw to Heaven his downward eye!
He hears th' Almighty's word,
He sees the angel's sword,
Yet low upon the earth his heart and treasure lie.

JOHN KEBLE

Lo! from yon argent field,
To him and us reveal'd,
One gentle Star glides down, on earth to dwell.
Chain'd as they are below
Our eyes may see it glow,
And as it mounts again, may track its brightness well.

To him it glared afar,
A token of wild war,
The banner of his Lord's victorious wrath :
But close to us it gleams,
Its soothing lustre streams
Around our home's green walls, and on our church-way
path.

We in the tents abide
Which he at distance eyed,
Like goodly cedars by the waters spread,
While seven red altar-fires
Rose up in wavy spires,
Where on the mount he watch'd his sorceries dark and
dread.

He watch'd till morning's ray
On lake and meadow lay,
And willow-shaded streams, that silent sweep
Around the banner'd lines,
Where by their several signs
The desert-wearied tribes in sight of Canaan sleep.

He watch'd till knowledge came
Upon his soul like flame,
Not of those magic fires at random caught :
But true prophetic light
Flash'd o'er him, high and bright,
Flash'd once, and died away, and left his darken'd thought.

JOHN KEBLE

And can he choose but fear,
Who feels his God so near,
That when he fain would curse, his powerless tongue
In blessing only moves?—
Alas! the world he loves
Too close around his heart her tangling veil hath flung.

Sceptre and Star divine,
Who in Thine inmost shrine
Hast made us worshippers, O claim Thine own!
More than Thy seers we know—
O teach our love to grow
Up to Thy heavenly light, and reap what Thou hast sown.

31.

November

RED o'er the forest peers the setting sun;
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crown'd the eastern copse; and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,
And Echo bids good-night from every glade;
Yet wait awhile and see the calm leaves float
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide
And yet no second spring have they in store;
But where they fall, forgotten to abide
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,
The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

JOHN KEBLE

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,
In all the world of busy life around
No thought of them—in all the bounteous sky
No drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again :
Yet he complains, while these un murmuring part
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

JOHN CLARE

1793-1864

32. *Graves of Infants*

INFANTS' gravemounds are steps of angels, where
Earth's brightest gems of innocence repose.
God is their parent, so they need no tear ;
He takes them to his bosom from earth's woes—
A bud their lifetime and a flower their close.
Their spirits are the Iris of the skies,
Needing no prayer ; a sunset's happy close.
Gone are the bright rays of their soft blue eyes ;
Flow'rs weep in dew-drops o'er them, and the gale gently
sighs.

Their lives were nothing but a sunny shower,
Melting on flowers as tears melt from the eye.
Each death
Was toll'd on flowers as summer gales went by :
They bow'd and trembled, yet they heaved no sigh ;
And the sun smiled to show the end was well.
Infants have naught to weep for ere they die,
All prayers are needless, beads they need not tell ;
White flowers their mourners are, Nature their passing
bell.

Song

LOVE lives beyond the tomb
 And earth, which fades like dew:
 I love the fond,
 The faithful, and the true.

Love lives in sleep:
 'Tis happiness of healthy dreams;
 Eve's dews may weep,
 But love delightful seems.

'Tis seen in flowers,
 And in the morning's pearly dew;
 In earth's green bowers,
 And in the heaven's eternal blue.

'Tis heard in Spring;
 When light and sunbeams, warm and kind,
 On angel's wing
 Bring love and music to the mind.

And where 's the voice
 So young, so beautiful, and sweet,
 As Nature's choice
 Where Spring and lovers meet?

Love lives beyond the tomb
 And earth, which fades like dew:
 I love the fond,
 The faithful, and the true.

JOHN CLARE

34. *Written in Northampton County Asylum*

I AM! yet what I am who cares, or knows?
My friends forsake me like a memory lost.
I am the self-consumer of my woes;
They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,
Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost,
And yet I am—I live—though I am toss'd
Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dream,
Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,
But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem
And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best
Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest.
I long for scenes where man has never trod—
For scenes where woman never smiled or wept—
There to abide with my Creator, God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie,—
The grass below; above, the vaulted sky.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

35.

Lines

1794-1854

WHEN youthful faith hath fled,
Of loving take thy leave;
Be constant to the dead—
The dead cannot deceive.
Sweet modest flowers of Spring,
How fleet your balmy day!
And Man's brief life can bring
No secondary May:

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

No earthly burst again
Of gladness out of gloom,
Fond hope and vision vain,
Ungrateful to the tomb.

But 'tis an old belief
That on some solemn shore
Beyond the sphere of grief
Dear friends shall meet once more :

Beyond the sphere of Time
And Sin and Fate's control,
Serene in endless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
That hope I'll not forgo—
Eternal be the sleep
Unless to waken so !

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

36.

The Forest Maid

1794-1878

O FAIREST of the rural maids !
Thy birth was in the forest shades ;
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks ;
Thy step is as the wind that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen ;
Their lashes are the herds that look
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths by foot unpress'd
Are not more sinless than thy breast ;
The holy peace that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes is there.

37.

Thanatopsis

TO him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart ;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, pour'd round all,
Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there :
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest : and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the grey-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

IT is not Beauty I demand,
 A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
 Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
 Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
 Your lips that seem on roses fed,
 Your breasts where Cupid tumbling lies,
 Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed.

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks,
 Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
 A breath that softer music speaks
 Than summer winds a-wooing flowers :

These are but gauds : nay, what are lips ?
 Coral beneath the ocean stream,
 Whose brink when your adventurer sips
 Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks but ensigns oft
 That wave hot youth to fields of blood ?
 Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
 Do Greece or Ilium any good ?

Eyes can with baleful ardour burn ;
 Poison can breath that erst perfumed ;
 There 's many a white hand holds an urn
 With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows—there 's naught within ;
 They are but empty cells for pride ;
 He who the Siren's hair would win
 Is mostly strangled in the tide.

GEORGE DARLEY

Give me, instead of beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I could trust,
Yet never link'd with error find.

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burthen'd honey-fly
That hides his murmurs in the rose.

My earthly comforter ! whose love
So indefeasible might be,
That, when my spirit won above,
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

39.

The Phoenix

O BLEST unfabled Incense Tree,
That burns in glorious Araby,
With red scent chaliceing the air,
Till earth-life grow Elysian there !

Half buried to her flaming breast
In this bright tree, she makes her nest,
Hundred-sunn'd Phoenix ! when she must
Crumble at length to hoary dust !

Her gorgeous death-bed ! her rich pyre
Burnt up with aromatic fire !
Her urn, sight high from spoiler men !
Her birthplace when self-born again !

The mountainless green wilds among,
Here ends she her unechoing song !
With amber tears and odorous sighs
Mourn'd by the desert where she dies !

GEORGE DARLEY

Laid like the young fawn mossily
In sun-green vales of Araby,
I woke hard by the Phoenix tree
That with shadeless boughs flamed over me,
And upward call'd for a dumb cry
With moonbroad orbs of wonder I
Beheld the immortal Bird on high
Glassing the great sun in her eye.
Stedfast she gazed upon his fire,
—Still her destroyer and her sire!—
As if to his her soul of flame
Had flown already whence it came;
Like those that sit and glare so still,
Intense with their death struggle, till
We touch, and curdle at their chill!—
But breathing yet while she doth burn,
The deathless Daughter of the sun!
Slowly to crimson embers turn
The beauties of the brightsome one.
O'er the broad nest her silver wings
Shook down their wasteful glitterings;
Her brinded neck high-arch'd in air
Like a small rainbow faded there;
But brighter glow'd her plummy crown
Mouldering to golden ashes down;
With fume of sweet woods, to the skies,
Pure as a Saint's adoring sighs,
Warm as a prayer in Paradise,
Her life-breath rose in sacrifice!
The while with shrill triumphant tone
Sounding aloud, aloft, alone,
Ceaseless her joyful deathwail she
Sang to departing Araby!

O, fast

GEORGE DARLEY

O, fast her amber blood doth flow
From the heart-wounded Incense Tree,
Fast as earth's deep-embosom'd woe
In silent rivulets to the sea!

Beauty may weep her fair first-born,
Perchance in as resplendent tears,
Such golden dewdrops bow the corn
When the stern sickleman appears:

But O! such perfume to a bower
Never allured sweet-seeking bee,
As to sip fast that nectarous shower
A thirstier minstrel drew in me!

40.

Love's Likeness

O MARK yon Rose-tree! When the West
Breathes on her with too warm a zest,
She turns her cheek away;
Yet if one moment he refrain,
She turns her cheek to him again,
And woos him still to stay!

Is she not like a maiden coy
Press'd by some amorous-breathing boy?
Tho' coy, she courts him too,
Winding away her slender form,
She will not have him woo so warm,
And yet will have him woo!

GEORGE DARLEY

41.

The Lyre

i

WHEREFORE, unlaurell'd Boy,
Whom the contemptuous Muse will not inspire,
With a sad kind of joy
Still sing'st thou to thy solitary lyre ?

The melancholy winds
Pour through unnumber'd reeds their idle woes,
And every Naiad finds
A stream to weep her sorrow as it flows.

Her sighs unto the air
The Wood-maid's native oak doth broadly tell,
And Echo's fond despair
Intelligible rocks re-syllable.

Wherefore then should not I,
Albeit no haughty Muse my heart inspire,
Fated of grief to die,
Impart it to my solitary lyre ?

42.

ii

LISTEN to the Lyre !
Listen to the knelling of its sweet-toned ditty !
Shrilly now as Pain resounds the various wire,
Now as soft as Pity !
Soft as Pity !

Will the Dreamer know,
Who upon the melancholy harp loves weeping—
Dreamer, it is I that tell the tale of woe,
Still while thou art sleeping,
Thou art sleeping ?

GEORGE DARLEY

Thrilling up the strings,
Down again to murmur of my own deep sorrow !
Raving o'er its bosom while the night-wind sings,
Silent all the morrow !
All the morrow !

The deceitful breeze
Sighing here to imitate my song doth glory,
Weetless of my woes ; it cannot tell thee these.
Listen to my story !
To my story !

I was once the flower,
The all-belovèd lily of this sweet, sweet valley ;
Every wooing Zephyr came to this green bower
Fain and fond to dally !
Fond to dally !

I could love but one ;
He had loved me ever, but the flood's green daughters
With their siren music drew the sweet youth down,
Down beneath the waters,
'Neath the waters !

In the roaring wave
Like a silly maiden did I plunge down after,
Where amid the billows I was shown my grave
With a hideous laughter !
Hideous laughter !

I was call'd above,
But I found no happiness in lone, lone Heaven ;
So because I would not, could not, cease to love,
Earthward I was driven,
I was driven !

GEORGE DARLEY

Like a wingèd dream
Here amid the bowers of my youth I hover,
Wailing o'er my sorrows to the deep, chill stream
Where I lost my lover,
Lost my lover !

In his oozy bed
Coffinless he slumbers, with the wild flood rolling :
Mermen are his ringers and his dirge is dread,
Still for ever tolling !
Ever tolling !

Hearken to the knell !
Hear it through the booming of the loud-voiced billows !
Hear it how it dingles like a clear death-bell,
Underneath the willows,
'Neath the willows !

In the desert hours,
Lyrist of thy visions, all my woes repeating,
With my tears for jewels do I fill the flowers,
While the stars are fleeting,
Stars are fleeting !

Thou wilt doubt the tale,
Wilt not still believe my woes.—Thy harp bear token !
See, its very bosom-strings with this deep wail,
All, like mine, are broken !
Mine are broken !

43. *On the Death of a Recluse*

'MID roaring brooks and dark moss-vales,
Where speechless Thought abides,
Still her sweet spirit dwells,
That knew no world besides.

Her form the woodland still retains—
Wound but a creeping flower,
Her very life-blood stains
Thee, in a falling shower.

Touch but the stream, drink but the air,
Her cheek, her breath is known ;
Ravish that red rose there,
And she is all thine own.

44.

Song

SWEET in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers,
Lull'd by the faint breezes sighing through her hair ;
Sleeps she and hears not the melancholy numbers
Breathed to my sad lute 'mid the lonely air.

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming
To wind round the willow banks that lure him from
above :
O that in tears, from my rocky prison streaming,
I too could glide to the bower of my love !

GEORGE DARLEY

Ah ! where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound
her,
Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round
her,
To her lost mate's call in the forests far away.

Come then, my bird ! For the peace thou ever bearest,
Still Heaven's messenger of comfort to me—
Come—this fond bosom, O faithfullest and fairest,
Bleeds with its death-wound, its wound of love for thee!

THOMAS CARLYLE

1795-1881

45. *The Sower's Song*

NOW hands to seedsheet, boys !
We step and we cast ; old Time 's on wing,
And would ye partake of Harvest's joys,
The corn must be sown in Spring.
*Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed ;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.*

Old Earth is a pleasure to see
In sunshiny cloak of red and green ;
The furrow lies fresh ; this Year will be
As Years that are past have been.
*Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed ;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.*

THOMAS CARLYLE

Old Mother, receive this corn,
The son of Six Thousand golden sires :
All these on thy kindly breast were born ;
One more thy poor child requires.

*Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed ;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.*

Now steady and sure again,
And measure of stroke and step we keep ;
Thus up and thus down we cast our grain :
Sow well, and you gladly reap.

*Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed ;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.*

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

1796-1849

46.

Song

SHE is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be ;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me ;
O, then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light !

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye :
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

47. *To a Lofty Beauty, from her Poor
Kinsman*

F AIR maid, had I not heard thy baby cries,
Nor seen thy girlish, sweet vicissitude,
Thy mazy motions, striving to elude,
Yet wooing still a parent's watchful eyes,
Thy humours, many as the opal's dyes,
And lovely all;—methinks thy scornful mood,
And bearing high of stately womanhood,—
Thy brow, where Beauty sits to tyrannize
O'er humble love, had made me sadly fear thee;
For never sure was seen a royal bride,
Whose gentleness gave grace to so much pride—
My very thoughts would tremble to be near thee:
But when I see thee at thy father's side,
Old times unqueen thee, and old loves endear thee.

48. *May, 1840*

A LOVELY morn, so still, so very still,
It hardly seems a growing day of Spring,
Though all the odorous buds are blossoming,
And the small matin birds were glad and shrill
Some hours ago; but now the woodland rill
Murmurs along, the only vocal thing,
Save when the wee wren flits with stealthy wing,
And cons by fits and bits her evening trill.
Lovers might sit on such a morn as this
An hour together, looking at the sky,
Nor dare to break the silence with a kiss,
Long listening for the signal of a sigh;
And the sweet Nun, diffused in voiceless prayer,
Feel her own soul through all the brooding air.

Ode to the Moon

I

MOTHER of light ! how fairly dost thou go
 Over those hoary crests, divinely led !—
 Art thou that huntress of the silver bow
 Fabled of old ? Or rather dost thou tread
 Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,
 Like the wild Chamois from her Alpine snow,
 Where hunter never climb'd,—secure from dread ?
 How many antique fancies have I read
 Of that mild presence ! and how many wrought !
 Wondrous and bright,
 Upon the silver light,
 Chasing fair figures with the artist, Thought !

II

What art thou like ? Sometimes I see thee ride
 A far-bound galley on its perilous way,
 Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray ;—
 Sometimes behold thee glide,
 Cluster'd by all thy family of stars,
 Like a lone widow, through the welkin wide,
 Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars ;—
 Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,
 Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,
 Till in some Latmian cave I see thee creep,
 To catch the young Endymion asleep,—
 Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch !

THOMAS HOOD

III

Oh, thou art beautiful, howe'er it be!
Huntress, or Dian, or whatever nam'd;
And he the veriest Pagan, that first fram'd
A silver idol, and ne'er worshipp'd thee!
It is too late, or thou should'st have my knee;
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,
And not divine the crescent on thy brows!—
Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild Moon,
 Behind those chestnut boughs,
Casting their dappled shadows at my feet;
I will be grateful for that simple boon,
In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

IV

In nights far gone,—aye, far away and dead,—
Before Care-fretted with a lidless eye,—
I was thy wooer on my little bed,
Letting the early hours of rest go by,
To see thee flood the heaven with milky light,
And feed thy snow-white swans, before I slept;
For thou wert then purveyor of my dreams,—
Thou wert the fairies' armourer, that kept
Their burnish'd helms, and crowns, and corslets bright,
 Their spears, and glittering mails;
And ever thou didst spill in winding streams
Sparkles and midnight gleams,
For fishes to new gloss their argent scales!

V

Why sighs?—why creeping tears?—why clasped hands?—
Is it to count the boy's expended dow'r?

THOMAS HOOD

That fairies since have broke their gifted wands?
That young Delight, like any o'erblown flow'r,
Gave, one by one, its sweet leaves to the ground?—
Why then, fair Moon, for all thou mark'st no hour,
Thou art a sadder dial to old Time

 Than ever I have found
On sunny garden-plot, or moss-grown tow'r,
Motto'd with stern and melancholy rhyme.

VI

Why should I grieve for this?—O I must yearn,
Whilst Time, conspirator with Memory,
Keeps his cold ashes in an ancient urn,
Richly emboss'd with childhood's revelry,
With leaves and cluster'd fruits, and flowers eterne,—
(Eternal to the world, though not to me),
Ay there will those brave sports and blossoms be,
The deathless wreath, and undecay'd festoon,

 When I am hears'd within,—
Less than the pallid primrose to the Moon,
That now she watches through a vapour thin.

VII

So let it be! Before I liv'd to sigh,
Thou wert in Avon, and a thousand rills,
Beautiful Orb! and so, whene'er I lie
Trodden, thou wilt be gazing from thy hills.
Blest be thy loving light, where'er it spills,
And blessèd thy fair face, O Mother mild!
Still shine, the soul of rivers as they run,
Still lend thy lonely lamp to lovers fond,
And blend their plighted shadows into one:—
Still smile at even on the bedded child,
And close his eyelids with thy silver wand!

Fair Ines

O SAW ye not fair Ines ?
 She 's gone into the West,
 To dazzle when the sun is down,
 And rob the world of rest :
 She took our daylight with her,
 The smiles that we love best,
 With morning blushes on her cheek,
 And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
 Before the fall of night,
 For fear the Moon should shine alone,
 And stars unrivall'd bright ;
 And blessèd will the lover be
 That walks beneath their light,
 And breathes the love against thy cheek
 I dare not even write !

Would I had been, fair Ines,
 That gallant cavalier,
 Who rode so gaily by thy side,
 And whisper'd thee so near !
 Were there no bonny dames at home,
 Or no true lovers here,
 That he should cross the seas to win
 The dearest of the dear ?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
 Descend along the shore,
 With bands of noble gentlemen,
 And banners waved before ;
 And gentle youth and maidens gay,
 And snowy plumes they wore :
 It would have been a beauteous dream,—
 If it had been no more !

THOMAS HOOD

Alas, alas ! fair Ines !
She went away with song,
With Music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng ;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines !
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before,—
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore !
The smile that bless'd one lover's heart
Has broken many more !

51.

Time of Roses

IT was not in the Winter
Our loving lot was cast ;
It was the time of roses—
We pluck'd them as we pass'd !

That churlish season never frown'd
On early lovers yet :
O no—the world was newly crown'd
With flowers when first we met !

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
But still you held me fast ;
It was the time of roses—
We pluck'd them as we pass'd !

THOMAS HOOD

52.

The Death-bed

WE watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

53.

Ruth

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd ;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

THOMAS HOOD

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim ;
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks :—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean :
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

54

The Bridge of Sighs

ONE more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements ;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

THOMAS HOOD

Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful :
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !
O, it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

THOMAS HOOD

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver ;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river :
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man !
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can !

THOMAS HOOD

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them ;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour !

55. *The Song of the Shirt*

WITH fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A Woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the ‘ Song of the Shirt ! ’
 ‘ Work ! work ! work !
 While the cock is crowing aloof !
 And work—work—work,
 Till the stars shine through the roof !
 It’s O ! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work !
 ‘ Work—work—work
 Till the brain begins to swim ;
 Work—work—work
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream !
 ‘ O, Men with Sisters dear !
 O, Men ! with Mothers and Wives !
 It is not linen you’re wearing out,
 But human creatures’ lives !
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

THOMAS HOOD

' But why do I talk of Death ?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep ;
O God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

· Work—work—work !
My labour never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shatter'd roof,—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there !

' Work—work—work !
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime !
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

' Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

THOMAS HOOD

'O, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet!—

With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour

To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

'O, but for one short hour!

A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed

My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!

'Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Work, work, work,

Like the Engine that works by Steam!
A mere machine of iron and wood
That toils for Mammon's sake—
Without a brain to ponder and craze
Or a heart to feel—and break!'

—With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,

A Woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—

Stitch! stitch! stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!—

She sang this 'Song of the Shirt!'

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY,
LORD MACAULAY

1800-1859

56. *A Jacobite's Epitaph*

TO my true king I offer'd free from stain
Courage and faith ; vain faith, and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
For him I languish'd in a foreign clime,
Grey-hair'd with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
Beheld each night my home in fever'd sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep ;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I ask'd, an early grave.
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR

1800-1886

57 *Elena's Song*

QUOTH tongue of neither maid nor wife
To heart of neither wife nor maid—
Lead we not here a jolly life
Betwixt the shine and shade ?

Quoth

SIR HENRY TAYLOR

Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife
To tongue of neither wife nor maid—
Thou wagg'st, but I am worn with strife,
And feel like flowers that fade.

58.

Song

THE bee to the heather,
The lark to the sky,
The roe to the greenwood,
And whither shall I ?

O, Alice ! Ah, Alice !
So sweet to the bee
Are the moorland and heather
By Cannock and Leigh !

O, Alice ! Ah, Alice !
O'er Teddesley Park
The sunny sky scatters
The notes of the lark !

O, Alice ! Ah, Alice !
In Beaudesert glade
The roes toss their antlers
For joy of the shade !—

But Alice, dear Alice !
Glade, moorland, nor sky
Without you can content me—
And whither shall I ?

59.

*Women Singing**Thorbiorga sings :*

BY Wellesbourne and Charlcote ford,
 At break of day, I saw a sword.
 Wessex warriors, rank by rank,
 Rose on Avon's hither bank ;
 Mercia's men in fair array
 Look'd at them from Marraway ;
 Close and closer ranged they soon,
 And the battle join'd at noon.

By Wellesbourne and Charlcote Lea
 I heard a sound as of the sea :
 Thirty thousand rushing men,
 Twenty thousand met by ten ;
 Rang the shield and brake the shaft,
 Tosty yell'd, Harcather laugh'd ;
 Thoro' Avon's waters red
 Chased by ten the twenty fled.

By Charlcote ford and Wellesbourne
 I saw the moon's pale face forlorn.
 River flow'd and rushes sigh'd,
 Wounded warriors groan'd and died ;
 Ella took his early rest,
 The raven stood on his white breast ;
 Hoarsely in the dead man's ear
 Raven whisper'd, ' Friend, good cheer !
 Ere the winter pinch the crow
 He that slew thee shall lie low.'

SIR HENRY TAYLOR

Heida sings :

Love ye wisely, love ye well ;
Challenge then the gates of Hell !
Love and Truth can ride it out,
Come bridal song or battle shout.

CAROLINE CLIVE

1801-1873

60.

Conflict

AS one whose country is distraught with war,
Where each must guard his own with watchful hand,
Roams at the evening hour along the shore
And fain would seek beyond a calmer land ;

So I, perplex'd on life's tumultuous way,
Where evil pow'rs too oft my soul enslave,
Along thy ocean, Death, all pensive stray,
And think of shores thy pensive billows lave.

And glad were I to hear the boatman's cry,
Which to his shadowy bark my steps should call,
To woe and weakness heave my latest sigh,
And cease to combat where so oft I fall :

Or, happier, where some victory cheer'd my breast,
That hour to quit the anxious field would choose,
And seek th' eternal seal on virtue's rest,
Oft won, oft lost, and O ! too dear to lose !

WILLIAM BARNES

1801-1886

61.

Woodlands

O SPREAD agen your leaves an' flow'rs,
 Luonesome woodlands ! zunny woodlands !
 Here undernēath the dewy show'rs
 O' warm-âir'd spring-time, zunny woodlands !
 As when, in drong ar oben groun',
 Wi' happy buoyish heart I voun'
 The twitt'ren birds a-buildèn roun'
 Your high-bough'd hedges, zunny woodlands !

Ya gie'd me life, ya gie'd me jây,
 Luonesome woodlands ! zunny woodlands !
 Ya gie'd me health, as in my plây
 I rambled droo ye, zunny woodlands !
 Ya gie'd me freedom var to rove
 In âiry meäd ar shiady grove ;
 Ya gie'd me smilèn Fanny's love,
 The best ov al ò't, zunny woodlands !

My vust shill skylark whiver'd high,
 Luonesome woodlands ! zunny woodlands !
 To zing below your deep-blue sky
 An' white spring-clouds, O zunny woodlands !
 An' boughs o' trees that oonce stood here,
 Wer glossy green the happy year
 That gie'd me oon I lov'd so dear,
 An' now ha lost, O zunny woodlands !

drong] lane.

O let me rove agen unspied,
 Luonesome woodlands ! zunny woodlands !
 Along your green-bough'd hedges' zide,
 As then I rambled, zunny woodlands !
 An' where the missèn trees oonce stood,
 Ar tongues oonce rung among the wood,
 My memory shall miake em good,
 Though you've a-lost em, zunny woodlands !

62.

The Oak-Tree

THE girt woak tree that 's in the dell !
 Ther 's noo tree I da love so well ;
 Var in thik tree, when I wer young,
 I of'en climb'd an' of'en zwung,
 An' pick'd the green-rin'd yacors, shed
 In wrestlèn storm-winds vrom his head.
 An' down below 's the cloty brook
 Wher I did vish wi' line an' hook,
 An' beät, in plâysome dips an' zwims,
 The foamy stream wi' white-skin'n'd lims.
 An' there my mother nimbly shot
 Her knittèn-needles, as she zot
 At evemen down below the wide
 Woak's head, wi' fâther at her zide.
 An' I've a-plây'd wi' many a buoy,
 That 's now a man an' gone away ;
 Zoo I da like noo tree so well
 'S the girt woak tree that 's in the dell.

An' there, in liater years, I roved
 Wi' thik poor mâid I fondly lov'd,—
 The mâid too fiair to die so soon,—
 When evemen twilight, ar the moon,
 cloty] water-lilied.

WILLIAM BARNES

Drow'd light enough 'ithin the pliace
To show the smiles upon her fiace,
Wi' eyes so clear 's the glassy pool,
An' lips an' cheäks so soft as wool.
There han' in han', wi' bosoms warm,
Wi' love that burn'd but thought noo harm,
Below thik wide-bough'd tree we past
The happy hours that went too vast :
An' though she'll never be my wife,
She 's still my leäden star o' life.
She 's gone : an' she 've a-left to me
Her token o' the girt woak tree ;
 Zoo I da love noo tree so well
 'S the girt woak tree that 's in the dell.

An' O ! mid never ax nar hook
Be brote to spwile his stiately look ;
Nar ever roun' his white-rin'd zides
Mid cattle rub ther hiary hides ;
Nar pigs plow up his turf, but keep
His luonesome shiade var harmless sheep ;
An' let en grow, an' let en spread,
An' let en live when I be dead.
But O ! ef thā shou'd come an' vell
The girt woak tree that 's in the dell,
An' build his planks 'ithin the zide
O' zome girt ship to plow the tide,
Then, life ar death ! I'd goo to sea,
A-sâilèn wi' the girt woak tree :
An' I upon thā planks wou'd stand,
An' die a-fightèn var the land,—
The land so dear,—the land so free,—
The land that bore the girt woak tree ;
 Var I da love noo tree so well
 'S the girt woak tree that 's in the dell.

The Old House

THE girt wold house o' mossy stuone,
 Up there upon the knap aluone,
 Had oonce a bliazèn kitchèn vier,
 That cook'd var poor-vo'ke an' a squier.
 The very lāste ov all the riace
 That liv'd the squier o' the pliace,
 Died when my fāther wer a buoy,
 An' all his kin be gone awoy
 Var ever,—var 'e left noo son
 To tiake the house o' mossy stuone.
 An' zoo 'e got in other han's,
 An' gramfer took en wi' the lan's :
 An' there when he, poor man, wer dead,
 My fāther liv'd an' I wer bred.
 An' if I wer a squier, I
 Should like to spend my life an' die
 In thik wold house o' mossy stuone,
 Up there upon the knap aluone.
 Don't tell o' housen miade o' brick,
 Wi' rockèn walls nine inches thick,
 A-trigg'd together zide by zide
 In streets, wi' fronts a stroddle wide,
 Wi' yards a-sprinkled wi' a mop,
 Too little var a vrog to hop ;
 But let me live an' die where I
 Can zee the groun', an' trees, an' sky.
 The girt wold house o' mossy stuone
 Had wings var either shiade ar zun :
 Oone where the zun did glitter droo,
 When vust 'e struck the marnèn dew ;
 Oone fiaced the evemen sky, and oone
 Push'd out a puorch to zweaty noon :

WILLIAM BARNES

Zoo oone stood out to break the starm,
An' miade another lew an' warm.
There wer the copse wi' timber high,
Wher birds did build an' hiares did lie,
An' beds o' grēygles in the lew,
Did deck in Mây the groun' wi' blue.
An' there wer hills an' slopèn groun's,
That tha did ride down wi' the houn's ;
An' droo the meäd did creep the brook
Wi' bushy bank an' rushy nook,
Wher perch did lie in shiady holes
Below the aller trees, an' shoals
O' gudgeon darted by, to hide
Therzelves in hollers by the zide.
An' there wer windèn lianes so deep,
Wi' mossy banks so high an' steep ;
An' stuonèn steps, so smooth an' wide,
To stiles an' vootpāthes at the zide ;
An' there, so big 's a little groun',
The giarden wer a-wall'd all roun' ;
An' up upon the wall wer bars
A-shiaped all out in wheels an' stars,
Var vo'kes to wā'k, an' look out droo
Vrom trees o' green to hills o' blue.
An' there wer wā'ks o' piavement, brode
Enough to miake a carriage-road,
Wher liadies farmerly did use
To wā'k wi' hoops an' high-heel shoes,
When yander holler woak wer sound,
Avore the walls wer ivy-bound,
Avore the elems met above
The road between 'em, wher tha drove
Ther coach all up ar down the road
A-comèn huome ar gwâin abrode.

grēygles] bluebells.

WILLIAM BARNES

The zummer âir o' theos green hill
'V a-heav'd in buzzoms now all still,
An' all ther hopes an' all ther tears
Be unknown things ov other years.
But if, in heaven, souls be free
To come back here ; ar there can be
An ethly pliace to miake 'em come
To zee it vrom a better huome,—
Then what 's a-tuold us mid be right,
That still, at dead o' tongueless night,
Ther gauzy shiapes da come an' trud
The vootwoys o' ther flesh an' blood ;
An' while the trees da stan' that grow'd
Var thâe, ar walls ar steps tha know'd
Da bide in pliace, tha'll always come
To look upon ther ethly huome.
Zoo I wou'd always let aluone
The girt wold house o' mossy stuone :
I wou'den pull a wing o'n down,
To miake ther speechless shiades to frown ;
Var when our souls, zome other dae,
Be bodiless an' dumb lik' thâe,
How good to think that we mid vind
Zome thought vrom tha we left behind,
An' that zome love mid still unite
The hearts o' blood wi' souls o' light !
Zoo, if 'twer mine, I'd let aluone
The girt wold house o' mossy stuone.

The Turnstile

AH! sad wer we as we did peäce
 The wold church road, wi' downcast feäce,
 The while the bells, that mwoan'd so deep
 Above our child a-left asleep,
 Wer now a-zingèn all alive
 Wi' tother bells to meäke the vive.
 But at woone pleäce we come by,
 'Twer hard to keep woone's two eyes dry ;
 On Steän-cliff road, 'ithin the drong,
 Up where, as vo'k do pass along,
 The turnèn-stile, a-paintèd white,
 Do sheen by day an' show by night.
 Vor always there, as we did goo
 To church, thik stile did let us drough,
 Wi' spreadèn eärms that wheel'd to guide
 Us each in turn to tother zide.
 An' vu'st ov all the traïn he took
 My wife, wi' winsome gaït an' look ;
 An' then zent on my little maïd,
 A-skippen onward, over-jay'd
 To reach ageän the pleäce o' pride,
 Her comely mother's left han' zide.
 An' then, a-wheelèn roun', he took
 On me, 'ithin his third white nook.
 An' in the fourth, a-sheäkèn wild,
 He zent us on our giddy child.
 But eesterday he guided slow
 My downcast Jenny, vull o' woe,
 An' then my little maïd in black,
 A-walkèn softly on her track ;
 An' after he'd a-turned ageän,
 To let me goo along the leäne,
 He had noo little buoy to vill
 His last white eärms, an' they stood still.

65.

The Wife a-lost

SINCE I noo mwore do zee your feäce,
 Up steärs or down below,
 I'll zit me in the lwonesome pleäce,
 Where flat-bough'd beech do grow ;
 Below the beeches' bough, my love,
 Where you did never come,
 An' I don't look to meet ye now,
 As I do look at hwome.

Since you noo mwore be at my zide,
 In walks in zummer het,
 I'll goo alwone where mist do ride,
 Droo trees a-drippèn wet ;
 Below the räin-wet bough, my love,
 Where you did never come,
 An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
 As I do grieve at hwome.

Since now bezide my dinner-bwoard
 Your vaice do never sound,
 I'll eat the bit I can avword
 A-vield upon the ground ;
 Below the darksome bough, my love,
 Where you did never dine,
 An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
 As I at hwome do pine.

WILLIAM BARNES

Since I do miss your vaice an' feäce
In prayer at eventide,
I'll pray wi' woone sad vaice vor greäce
To goo where you do bide ;
Above the tree an' bough, my love,
Where you be gone avore,
An' be a-waitèn vor me now,
To come vor evermwore.

66. *Evening, and Maidens*

NOW the shiades o' the elems da stratch muore an
muore,
Vrom the low-zinkèn zun in the west o' the sky ;
An' the mâidens da stan out in clusters avore
The doors, var to chatty an' zee vo'ke goo by.

An' ther cuombs be a-zet in ther bunches o' hiair,
An' ther curdles da hang roun' ther necks lily-white,
An' ther cheäks tha be ruosy, ther shoulders be biare,
Ther looks tha be merry, ther lims tha be light.

An' the times have a-been—but tha cānt be noo muore—
When I, too, had my jây under evemen's dim sky,
When my Fanny did stan' out wi' others avore
Her door, var to chatty an' zee vo'ke goo by.

An' up there, in the green, is her own honey-zuck,
That her brother trâin'd up roun' her winder ; an' there
Is the ruose an' the jessamy, where she did pluck
A flow'r var her buzom ar bud var her hiair,

curdles] curls.

WILLIAM BARNES

An' zoo smile, happy mâidens ! var every fiace,
As the zummers da come an' the years da roll by,
Wull soon sadden, ar goo vur away vrom the pliace,
Ar else, lik' my Fanny, wull wither an' die.

But when you be a-lost vrom the parish, some muore
Wull come on in y'ur pliazen to bloom an' to die ;
An' zoo zummer wull always have mâidens avore
Ther doors, var to chatty an' zee vo'ke goo by.

Var dā'ters ha' marnen when mothers ha' night,
An' there 's beauty alive when the fairest is dead ;
As when oon sparklèn wiave da zink down vrom the light,
Another da come up an' catch it instead.

Zoo smile on, happy mâidens ! but I shall noo muore
Zee the mâid I da miss under evemen's dim sky ;
An' my heart is a-touch'd to zee you out avore
The doors, var to chatty and zee vo'ke goo by.

67.

The Head-stone

AS I wer readèn ov a stuone
In Grenley church-yard all aluone,
A little mâid runn'd up wi' pride
To zee me there, an' push'd a-zide
A bunch o' bennits that did hide
A vess her faether, as she zed,
Put up above her mother's head,
To tell how much 'e lov'd her.

vess] verse.

WILLIAM BARNES

The vess wer very good, but shart,
I stood an' larn'd en off by heart :—
' Mid God, dear Miary, gi'e me griace
To vind, lik' thee, a better pliace,
Wher I oonce muore mid zee thy fiace ;
An' bring thy childern up to know
His word, that thā mid come an' show
Thy soul how much I lov'd thee.'

' Wher 's faether, then,' I zed, ' my chile ? '
' Dead, too,' she ānswer'd wi' a smile ;
' An' I an' brother Jim da bide
At Betty White's, o' t'other zide
O' road.' ' Mid He, my chile,' I cried,
' That 's faether to the faetherless,
Become thy faether now, an' bless,
An' keep, an' leād, an' love thec.'

Though she've a-lost, I thought, so much,
Still He don't let the thoughts o't touch
Her litsome heart by day ar night ;
An' zoo, if we cood tiake it right,
Da show He'll miake his burdens light
To weaker souls, an' that his smile
Is sweet upon a harmless chile,
When thā be dead that lov'd it.

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN

1801-1890

68.

Rest

THEY are at rest.
We may not stir the heaven of their repose
By rude invoking voice, or prayer address
In waywardness to those
Who in the mountain grotts of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river as it murmurs by.

They hear it sweep
In distance down the dark and savage vale ;
But they at rocky bed or current deep
Shall never more grow pale.
They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream shall flow.

And soothing sounds
Blend with the neighb'ring waters as they glide ;
Posted along the haunted garden's bounds,
Angelic forms abide,
Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove,
The verses of that hymn which seraphs chant above.

69.

Chorus of the Elements

MAN is permitted much
To scan and learn
In Nature's frame ;
Till he wellnigh can tame
Brute mischiefs, and can touch
Invisible things, and turn
All warring ills to purposes of good.

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN

Thus, as a god below,
He can control
And harmonize what seems amiss to flow
As sever'd from the whole
And dimly understood.

But o'er the elements
One Hand alone,
One Hand hath sway.
What influence day by day
In straiter belt prevents
The impious Ocean thrown
Alternate o'er the ever-sounding shore ?
Or who hath eye to trace
How the Plague came ?
Fore-run the doublings of the Tempest's race ?
Or the Air's weight and flame
On a set scale explore ?

Thus God hath will'd
That Man, when fully skill'd,
Still gropes in twilight dim ;
Encompass'd all his hours
By fearfull'st powers
Inflexible to him :
That so he may discern
His feebleness,
And e'en for Earth's success
To Him in wisdom turn,
Who holds for us the keys of either home,
—Earth, and the world to come.

70.

The Vicar

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
 Had turn'd our parish topsy-turvy,
 When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
 And roads as little known as scurvy,
 The man who lost his way, between
 St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
 Was always shown across the green,
 And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath ;
 Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
 Led the lorn traveller up the path,
 Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle ;
 And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
 Upon the parlour steps collected,
 Wagg'd all their tails, and seem'd to say—
 'Our master knows you—you're expected.'

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
 Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow ;
 The lady laid her knitting down,
 Her husband clasp'd his ponderous Barrow ;
 Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
 Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
 He found a stable for his steed,
 And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reach'd his journey's end,
 And warm'd himself in Court or College,
 He had not gained an honest friend
 And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—
 If he departed as he came,
 With no new light on love or liquor,—
 Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
 And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

His talk was like a spring, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses :
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses ;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror ;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablish'd Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep ;
The Deist sigh'd with saving sorrow ;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dream'd of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermons never said or show'd
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome or from Athanasius :
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penn'd and plann'd them,
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble Lords—and nurses ;
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
And trifles for the *Morning Post*,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking ;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking ;
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnish'd cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage :
At his approach complaint grew mild ;
And when his hand unbarr'd the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Caesar, or of Venus ;
From him I learnt the rule of three,
Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and *Quae genus* :
I used to singe his powder'd wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig,
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change ! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climb'd, the beds I rifled :
The church is larger than before ;
You reach it by a carriage entry ;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

Sit in the Vicar's seat : you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid ?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
' *Hic jacet GVLIELMVS BROWN,*
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru.'

71.

Mater Desiderata

I CANNOT guess her face or form ;
But what to me is form or face ?
I do not ask the weary worm
To give me back each buried grace
Of glistening eyes or trailing tresses.
I only feel that she is here,
And that we meet, and that we part ;
And that I drink within mine ear,
And that I clasp around my heart
Her sweet still voice and soft caresses.

Not in the waking thought by day,
Nor in the sightless dream by night,
Do the mild tones and glances play
Of her who was my cradle's light !
But in some twilight of calm weather
She glides by fancy dimly wrought,
A glittering cloud, a darkling beam,
With all the quiet of a thought
And all the passion of a dream
Link'd in a golden spell together.

72.

The Mother

FULL oft beside some gorgeous fane
 The youngling heifer bleeds and dies ;
 Her life-blood issuing forth amain,
 While wreaths of incense climb the skies.

The mother wanders all around,
 Thro' shadowy grove and lightsome glade ;
 Her footmarks on the yielding ground
 Will prove what anxious quest she made.

The stall where late her darling lay
 She visits oft with eager look ;
 In restless movements wastes the day,
 And fills with cries each neighb'ring nook.

She roams along the willowy copse,
 Where purest waters softly gleam ;
 But ne'er a leaf or blade she crops,
 Nor couches by the gliding stream.

No youthful kine, tho' fresh and fair,
 Her vainly searching eyes engage ;
 No pleasant fields relieve her care,
 No murmuring streams her grief assuage.

73.

Song

HE came unlook'd for, undesir'd,
 A sun-rise in the northern sky :
 More than the brightest dawn admir'd,
 To shine and then for ever fly.

SARA COLERIDGE

His love, conferr'd without a claim,
Perchance was like the fitful blaze,
Which lives to light a steadier flame,
And, while that strengthens, fast decays.

Glad fawn along the forest springing,
Gay birds that breeze-like stir the leaves,
Why hither haste, no message bringing
To solace one that deeply grieves ?

Thou star that dost the skies adorn
So brightly heralding the day,
Bring one more welcome than the morn,
Or still in night's dark prison stay.

GERALD GRIFFIN

1803-1840

74.

Eileen Aroon

WHEN like the early rose,
Eileen Aroon !
Beauty in childhood blows,
Eileen Aroon !
When, like a diadem,
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem ?—
Eileen Aroon !
Is it the laughing eye,
Eileen Aroon !
Is it the timid sigh,
Eileen Aroon !
Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the string'd harp's moan ?
O, it is truth alone,—
Eileen Aroon !

GERALD GRIFFIN

When like the rising day,
Eileen Aroon !

Love sends his early ray,
Eileen Aroon !

What makes his dawning glow,
Changeless through joy or woe ?
Only the constant know :—
Eileen Aroon !

I know a valley fair,
Eileen Aroon !

I knew a cottage there,
Eileen Aroon !

Far in that valley's shade
I knew a gentle maid,
Flower of a hazel glade,—
Eileen Aroon !

Who in the song so sweet ?
Eileen Aroon !

Who in the dance so fleet ?
Eileen Aroon !

Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,—
Eileen Aroon !

Were she no longer true,
Eileen Aroon !

What should her lover do ?
Eileen Aroon !

Fly with his broken chain
Far o'er the sounding main,
Never to love again,—
Eileen Aroon !

GERALD GRIFFIN

Youth most with time decay,
 Eileen Aroon !
Beauty must fade away,
 Eileen Aroon !
Castles are sack'd in war,
Chieftains are scatter'd far
Truth is a fixèd star,—
 Eileen Aroon.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

1803-1849

75.

Dark Rosaleen

O MY Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep !
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There 's wine from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green ;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Over hills, and thro' dales,
Have I roam'd for your sake ;
All yesterday I sail'd with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
I dash'd across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen !

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

My own Rosaleen !
O, there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lighten'd thro' my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen !

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro do I move.
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love !
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen ;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly, for your weal :
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

At home, in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My fond Rosaleen !
You'll think of me thro' daylight hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen !

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
O, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills !
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My fond Rosaleen !
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen !

O, the Erne shall run red,
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
The Judgement Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen !

76. *The Fair Hills of Eiré, O*

TAKE a blessing from my heart to the land of my
 birth,
 And the fair hills of Eiré, O!
 And to all that yet survive of Eibhear's tribe on earth,
 On the fair hills of Eiré, O!
 In that land so delightful the wild thrush's lay
 Seems to pour a lament forth for Eiré's decay.
 Alas, alas! why pine I a thousand miles away
 From the fair hills of Eiré, O!

The soil is rich and soft, the air is mild and bland,
 Of the fair hills of Eiré, O!
 Her barest rock is greener to me than this rude land;
 O the fair hills of Eiré, O!
 Her woods are tall and straight, grove rising over grove;
 Trees flourish in her glens below and on her heights above;
 Ah, in heart and in soul I shall ever, ever love
 The fair hills of Eiré, O!

A noble tribe, moreover, are the now hapless Gael,
 On the fair hills of Eiré, O!
 A tribe in battle's hour unused to shrink or fail
 On the fair hills of Eiré, O!
 For this is my lament in bitterness outpour'd
 To see them slain or scatter'd by the Saxon sword:
 O woe of woes to see a foreign spoiler horde
 On the fair hills of Eiré, O!

Broad and tall rise the *cruachs* in the golden morning glow
 On the fair hills of Eiré, O!
 O'er her smooth grass for ever sweet cream and honey flow,
 On the fair hills of Eiré, O!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

Oh, I long, I am pining, again to behold
The land that belongs to the brave Gael of old.
Far dearer to my heart than a gift of gems or gold
Are the fair hills of Eiré, O!

The dewdrops lie bright mid the grass and yellow corn
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!
The sweet-scented apples blush redly in the morn
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!
The water-cress and sorrel fill the vales below,
The streamlets are hush'd till the evening breezes blow,
While the waves of the Suir, noble river! ever flow
Neath the fair hills of Eiré, O!

A fruitful clime is Eiré's, through valley, meadow, plain,
And the fair hills of Eiré, O!
The very bread of life is in the yellow grain
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!
Far dearer unto me than the tones music yields
Is the lowing of the kine and the calves in her fields,
In the sunlight that shone long ago on the shields
Of the Gaels, on the fair hills of Eiré, O!

77. *The Karamanian Exile*

I SEE thee ever in my dreams,
Karaman!
Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
Karaman, O Karaman!
As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
As when the deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
Karaman!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

So thou loomest on my dreams,
Karaman !
On all my dreams, my homesick dreams,
Karaman, O Karaman !

The hot bright plains, the sun, the skies,
Karaman !
Seem death-black marble to mine eyes,
Karaman, O Karaman !
I turn from summer's blooms and dyes ;
Yet in my dreams thou dost arise
In welcome glory to mine eyes,
Karaman !
In thee my life of life yet lies,
Karaman !
Thou still art holy in mine eyes,
Karaman, O Karaman !

Ere my fighting years were come,
Karaman !
Troops were few in Erzerome,
Karaman, O Karaman !
Their fiercest came from Erzerome,
They came from Ukhbar's palace dome,
They dragg'd me forth from thee, my home,
Karaman !
Thee, my own, my mountain home,
Karaman !
In life and death, my spirit's home,
Karaman, O Karaman !

O none of all my sisters ten,
Karaman !
Loved like me my fellow-men,
Karaman, O Karaman !

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

I was mild as milk till then,
I was soft as silk till then ;
Now my breast is as a den,
Karaman !
Foul with blood and bones of men,
Karaman !
With blood and bones of slaughter'd men,
Karaman, O Karaman !

My boyhood's feelings newly born,
Karaman !
Wither'd like young flowers uptorn,
Karaman, O Karaman !
And in their stead sprang weed and thorn ;
What once I loved now moves my scorn ;
My burning eyes are dried to horn,
Karaman !
I hate the blessèd light of morn,
Karaman !
It maddens me, the face of morn,
Karaman, O Karaman !

The Spahi wears a tyrant's chains,
Karaman !
But bondage worse than this remains,
Karaman, O Karaman !
His heart is black with million stains :
Thereon, as on Kaf's blasted plains,
Shall nevermore fall dews and rains,
Karaman !
Save poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman !
Hell's poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman, O Karaman !

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

But life at worst must end ere long,
Karaman !

Azrael avengeth every wrong,
Karaman, O Karaman !

Of late my thoughts rove more among
Thy fields ; o'ershadowing fancies throug
My mind, and texts of bodeful song,
Karaman !

Azrael is terrible and strong,
Karaman !

His lightning sword smites all ere long,
Karaman, O Karaman !

There's care to-night in Ukhbar's halls,
Karaman !

There's hope, too, for his trodden thralls,
Karaman, O Karaman !

What lights flash red along yon walls ?

Hark ! hark ! the muster-trumpet calls !

I see the sheen of spears and shawls,

Karaman !

The foe ! the foe !—they scale the walls,

Karaman !

To-night Murid or Ukhbar falls,

Karaman, O Karaman !

78. *The Three Kbalandees*

THE WAIL

La' laba, il Allab !
L Here we meet, we three, at length,
 Amrah, Osman, Perizad :
 Shorn of all our grace and strength,
 Poor, and old, and very sad.
 We have lived, but live no more ;
 Life has lost its gloss for us,
 Since the days we spent of yore
 Boating down the Bosphorus !

La' laba, il Allab !
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
 Old time brought home no loss for us ;
 We felt full of health and heart
 Upon the foamy Bosphorus !

La' laba, il Allab !
 Days indeed ! A shepherd's tent
 Served us then for house and fold ;
 All to whom we gave or lent
 Paid us back a thousandfold.
 Troublous years, by myriads wail'd,
 Rarely had a cross for us,
 Never, when we gaily sail'd
 Singing down the Bosphorus.

La' laba, il Allab !
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
 There never came a cross for us,
 While we daily, gaily sail'd
 Adown the meadowy Bosphorus.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

La' laba, il Allah !

Blithe as birds we flew along,
Laugh'd and quaff'd and stared about ;
Wine and roses, mirth and song,
Were what most we cared about.
Fame we left for quacks to seek,
Gold was dust and dross for us,
While we lived from week to week
Boating down the Bosphorus.

La' laba, il Allah !

The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
And gold was dust and dross for us,
While we lived from week to week
Boating down the Bosphorus.

La' laba, il Allah !

Friends we were, and would have shared
Purses, had we twenty full.
If we spent, or if we spared,
Still our funds were plentiful.
Save the hours we pass'd apart,
Time brought home no loss for us ;
We felt full of hope and heart
While we clove the Bosphorus.

La' laba, il Allah !

The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
For life has lost its gloss for us
Since the days we spent of yore
Upon the pleasant Bosphorus !

La' laba, il Allah !

Ah ! for youth's delirious hours,
Man pays well in after-days,
When quenched hopes and palsied powers
Mock his love-and-laughter days.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

Thorns and thistles on our path
Took the place of moss for us,
Till false fortune's tempest-wrath
Drove us from the Bosphorus.

La' laba, il Allah !

The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
When thorns took place of moss for us,
Gone was all ! Our hearts were graves
Deep, deeper than the Bosphorus.

La' laba, il Allah !

Gone is all ! In one abyss
Lie health, youth, and merriment !
All we've learnt amounts to this :
Life's a sad experiment !
What it is we trebly feel
Pondering what it was for us,
When our shallop's bounding keel
Clove the joyous Bosphorus.

La' laba, il Allah !

The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
We wail for what life was for us,
When our shallop's bounding keel
Clove the joyous Bosphorus !

THE WARNING

La' laba, il Allah !

Pleasure tempts, yet man has none
Save himself t' accuse, if her
Temptings prove, when all is done,
Lures hung out by Lucifer.
Guard your fire in youth, O friends !
Manhood's is but phosphorus,
And bad luck attends and ends
Boatings down the Bosphorus !