

POETICAL SKETCHES

7

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phoebus fired my vocal rage ;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me,
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

SONG.

My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away ;
And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave :
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold ;
O why to him was't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold ?
His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb,
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding-sheet ;
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat :
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away !

SONG.

Love and harmony combine,
And around our souls entwine,
While thy branches mix with mine,
And our roots together join.

Joys upon our branches sit,
Chirping loud and singing sweet ;
Like gentle streams beneath our feet,
Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear,
I am clad in flowers fair ;
Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,
And the turtle buildeth there.

There she sits and feeds her young
Sweet I hear her mournful song ;
And thy lovely leaves among
There is Love ; I hear his tongue.

There his charming nest doth lay,
There he sleeps the night away ;
There he sports along the day,
And doth among our branches play.

SONG.

I LOVE the jocund dance,
The softly-breathing song,
Where innocent eyes do glance,
And where lisps the maiden's tongue.

I love the laughing vale,
I love the echoing hill,
Where mirth does never fail,
And the jolly swain laughs his fill.

I love the pleasant cot,
I love the innocent bower,
Where white and brown is our lot,
Or fruit in the mid-day hour.

I love the oaken seat
Beneath the oaken tree,
Where all the old villagers meet,
And laugh our sports to see.

I love our neighbours all,—
But, Kitty, I better love thee ;
And love them I ever shall,
But thou art all to me.

SONG.

MEMORY, hither come,
And tune your merry notes ;
And, while upon the wind
Your music floats,
I'll pore upon the stream
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream,
And hear the linnet's song,
And there I'll lie and dream
The day along :

And, when night comes, I'll go
To places fit for woe,
Walking along the darkened valley
With silent Melancholy.

MAD SONG.

The wild winds weep,
And the night is a-cold ;
Come hither, Sleep,
And my griefs enfold ! . . .
But lo ! the morning peeps
Over the eastern steeps,
And the rustling birds of dawn
The earth do scorn.

Lo ! to the vault
Of pavèd heaven,
With sorrow fraught,
My notes are driven ;
They strike the ear of Night,
Make weep the eyes of Day ;
They make mad the roaring winds,
And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud,
With howling woe
After night I do crowd
And with night will go ;
I turn my back to the east
From whence comforts have increased ;
For light doth seize my brain
With frantic pain.

SONG.

FRESH from the dewy hill, the merry Year
Smiles on my head, and mounts his flaming car :
Round my young brows the laurel wreathes a shade,
And rising glories beam around my head.

My feet are winged, while o'er the dewy lawn
I meet my maiden risen like the morn.
O bless those holy feet, like angel's feet ;
O bless those limbs, beaming with heavenly light !

Like as an angel glittering in the sky
In times of innocence and holy joy ;
The joyful shepherd stops his grateful song
To hear the music of an angel's tongue.

So, when she speaks, the voice of Heaven I hear ;
So, when we walk, nothing impure comes near ;
Each field seems Eden, and each calm retreat ;
Each village seems the haunt of holy feet.

But, that sweet village where my black-eyed maid
Closes her eyes in sleep beneath night's shade
Whene'er I enter, more than mortal fire
Burns in my soul, and does my song inspire.

SONG.

WHEN early morn walks forth in sober grey,
Then to my black-eyed maid I haste away.
When Evening sits beneath her dusky bower,
And gently sighs away the silent hour,
The village bell alarms, away I go,
And the vale darkens at my pensive woe.

To that sweet village where my black-eyed maid
Doth drop a tear beneath the silent shade
I turn my eyes ; and pensive as I go
Curse my black stars, and bless my pleasing woe.

Oft, when the Summer sleeps among the trees,
Whispering faint murmurs to the scanty breeze,
I walk the village round ; if at her side
A youth doth walk in stolen joy and pride,
I curse my stars in bitter grief and woe,
That made my love so high, and me so low.

O should she e'er prove false, his limbs I'd tear
And throw all pity on the burning air !
I'd curse bright fortune for my mixèd lot,
And then I'd die in peace, and be forgot.

TO THE MUSES.

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased ;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth ;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove ;
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry ;

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you !
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few !

AN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

GOLDEN Apollo, that through heaven wide
Scatter'st the rays of light, and truth his beams,
In lucent words my darkling verses dight,
And wash my earthy mind in thy clear streams,
That wisdom may descend in fairy dreams,
All while the jocund Hours in thy train
Scatter their fancies at thy poet's feet :
And, when thou yield'st to Night thy wide domain,
Let rays of truth enlight his sleeping brain.

For brutish Pan in vain might thee assay
With tinkling sounds to dash thy nervous verse,
Sound without sense ; yet in his rude affray
(For Ignorance is Folly's leasing nurse,
And love of Folly needs none other's curse)
Midas the praise hath gained of lengthened ears,
For which himself might deem him ne'er the worse
To sit in council with his modern peers,
And judge of tinkling rhymes and elegances terse.

And thou, Mercurius, that with wingèd bow
Dost mount aloft into the yielding sky,
And through heaven's halls thy airy flight dost throw,
Entering with holy feet to where on high

Jove weighs the counsel of futurity ;
Then, laden with eternal fate, dost go
Down, like a falling star, from autumn sky,
And o'er the surface of the silent deep dost fly :

If thou arrivest at the sandy shore
Where nought but envious hissing adders dwell,
Thy golden rod, thrown on the dusty floor,
Can charm to harmony with potent spell ;
Such is sweet eloquence, that does dispel
Envy and Hate, that thirst for human gore ;
And cause in sweet society to dwell
Vile savage minds that lurk in lonely cell.

O Mercury, assist my labouring sense
That round the circle of the world would fly,
As the wing'd eagle scorns the towery fence
Of Alpine hills round his high aëry,
And searches through the corners of the sky,
Sports in the clouds to hear the thunder's sound,
And see the wingèd lightnings as they fly ;
Then, bosomed in an amber cloud, around
Plumes his wide wings, and seeks Sol's palace high.

And thou, O warrior-maid invincible,
Armed with the terrors of almighty Jove,
Pallas, Minerva, maiden terrible,
Lov'st thou to walk the peaceful solemn grove,
In solemn gloom of branches interwove ?
Or bear'st thy ægis o'er the burning field,
Where like the sea the waves of battle move ?
Or have thy soft piteous eyes beheld
The weary wanderer through the desert rove ?
Or does the afflicted man thy heavenly bosom move ?

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

WHEN silver snow decks Susan's clothes,
And jewel hangs at th' shepherd's nose,
The blushing bank is all my care,
With hearth so red, and walls so fair.
"Heap the sea-coal, come, heap it higher ;
The oaken log lay on the fire."
The well-washed stools, a circling row,
With lad and lass, how fair the show !
The merry can of nut-brown ale,
The laughing jest, the love-sick tale,—
Till, tired of chat, the game begins.
The lasses prick the lads with pins.
Roger from Dolly twitched the stool ;
She, falling, kissed the ground, poor fool !
She blushed so red, with sidelong glance
At hobnail Dick, who grieved the chance.
But now for Blind-man's Buff they call ;
Of each incumbrance clear the hall.

Jenny her silken 'kerchief folds,
And blear-eyed Will the black lot holds.
Now laughing stops, with " Silence, hush ! "
And Peggy Pout gives Sam a push.
The Blind-man's arms, extended wide,
Sam slips between :—" Oh woe betide
Thee, clumsy Will ! "—But tittering Kate
Is penned up in the corner strait !
And now Will's eyes beheld the play ;
He thought his face was t'other way.
" Now, Kitty, now ! what chance has thou ?
Roger so near thee trips, I vow ! "

She catches him—then Roger ties
His own head up—but not his eyes ;
For through the slender cloth he sees,
And runs at Sam, who slips with ease
His clumsy hold ; and, dodging round,
Sukey is tumbled on the ground.—

“ See what it is to play unfair !
Where cheating is, there's mischief there.”
But Roger still pursues the chase,—
“ He sees ! he sees ! ” cries softly Grace ;
“ O Roger, thou, unskilled in art,
Must, surer bound, go through thy part ! ”

Now Kitty, pert, repeats the rhymes,
And Roger turns him round three times.
Then pauses ere he starts. But Dick
Was mischief-bent upon a trick :
Down on his hands and knees he lay
Directly in the Blind-man's way,
Then cries out “ Hem ! ”—Hodge heard, and ran
With hoodwinked chance—sure of his man ;
But down he came.—Alas, how frail
Our best of hopes, how soon they fail !
With crimson drops he stains the ground ;
Confusion startles all around.
Poor piteous Dick supports his head,
And fain would cure the hurt he made.
But Kitty hasted with a key,
And down his back they straight convey
The cold relief ; the blood is stayed,
And Hodge again holds up his head.

Such are the fortunes of the game ;
And those who play should stop the same

By wholesome laws, such as—All those
 Who on the blinded man impose
 Stand in his stead ; as, long ago
 When men were first a nation grown,
 Lawless they lived, till wantonness
 And liberty began to increase,
 And one man lay in another's way ;
 Then laws were made to keep fair play.

KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

PERSONS.

KING EDWARD.	SIR THOMAS DAGWORTH.
THE BLACK PRINCE.	SIR WALTER MANNY.
QUEEN PHILIPPA.	LORD AUDLEY.
DUKE OF CLARENCE.	LORD PERCY.
SIR JOHN CHANDOS.	BISHOP.
WILLIAM, <i>Dagworth's man.</i>	
PETER BLUNT, <i>a common soldier.</i>	

SCENE, *The Coast of France.*

KING EDWARD *and Nobles before it. The Army.*

KING.

O THOU to whose fury the nations are
 But as dust ! maintain thy servant's right.
 Without thine aid, the twisted mail, and spear,
 And forgèd helm, and shield of seven times beaten
 brass,
 Are idle trophies of the vanquisher.
 When confusion rages, when the field is in a flame,
 When the cries of blood tear horror from heaven,
 And yelling Death runs up and down the ranks,

Let Liberty, the chartered right of Englishmen,
Won by our fathers in many a glorious field,
Enerve my soldiers ; let Liberty
Blaze in each countenance, and fire the battle.
The enemy fight in chains, invisible chains, but heavy ;
Their minds are fettered ; then how can they be free ?
While, like the mounting flame,
We spring to battle o'er the floods of death !
And these fair youths, the flower of England,
Vent'ring their lives in my most righteous cause,
Oh sheathe their hearts with triple steel, that they
May emulate their fathers' virtues !
And thou, my son, be strong ; thou fightest for a
crown

That death can never ravish from thy brow,
A crown of glory ; but from thy very dust
Shall beam a radiance, to fire the breasts
Of youth unborn ! Our names are written equal
In Fame's wide-trophied hall ; 'tis ours to gild
The letters, and to make them shine with gold
That never tarnishes : whether Third Edward,
Or the Prince of Wales, or Montacute, or Mortimer,
Or ev'n the least by birth, shall gain the brightest
fame,

Is in His hand to whom all men are equal.
The world of men are like the numerous stars
That beam and twinkle in the depth of night,
Each clad in glory according to his sphere ;
But we, that wander from our native seats
And beam forth lustre on a darkling world,
Grow larger as we advance : and some perhaps,
The most obscure at home, that scarce were seen
To twinkle in their sphere, may so advance

That the astonished world, with upturned eyes,
Regardless of the moon, and those that once were
bright,

Stand only for to gaze upon their splendour.

[He here knights the Prince and other young Nobles.]

Now let us take a just revenge for those
Brave lords who fell beneath the bloody axe
At Paris. Thanks, noble Harcourt, for 'twas
By your advice we landed here in Brittany,
A country not yet sown with destruction,
And where the fiery whirlwind of swift war
Has not yet swept its desolating wing.—
Into three parties we divide by day,
And separate march, but join again at night :
Each knows his rank, and Heaven marshal all.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, *English Court.*

LIONEL, DUKE OF CLARENCE, QUEEN PHILIPPA,
Lords, Bishop, Etc.

CLARENCE.

My Lords, I have by the advice of her
Whom I am doubly bound to obey, my parent
And my sovereign, called you together.
My task is great, my burden heavier than
My unfledged years ;
Yet with your kind assistance, Lords, I hope
England shall dwell in peace : that, while my father
Toils in his wars, and turns his eyes on this
His native shore, and sees Commerce fly round
With his white wings, and sees his golden London
And her silver Thames, thronged with shining spires

And corded ships, her merchants buzzing round
Like summer bees, and all the golden cities
In his land overflowing with honey,
Glory may not be dimmed with clouds of care.
Say, Lords, should not our thoughts be first to commerce ?

My Lord Bishop, you would recommend us agriculture ?

BISHOP.

Sweet Prince, the arts of peace are great,
And no less glorious than those of war,
Perhaps more glorious, in the philosophic mind.
When I sit at my home, a private man,
My thoughts are on my gardens and my fields,
How to employ the hand that lacketh bread.
If Industry is in my diocese,
Religion will flourish ; each man's heart
Is cultivated and will bring forth fruit :
This is my private duty and my pleasure.
But, as I sit in council with my prince,
My thoughts take in the general good of the whole,
And England is the land favoured by Commerce ;
For Commerce, though the child of Agriculture,
Fosters his parent, who else must sweat and toil,
And gain but scanty fare. Then, my dear Lord,
Be England's trade our care ; and we, as tradesmen
Looking to the gain of this our native land.

CLARENCE.

O my good Lord, true wisdom drops like honey
From your tongue, as from a worshipped oak !
Forgive, my Lords, my talkative youth, that speaks

Not merely what my narrow observation has
Pick'd up, but what I have concluded from your
lessons.

Now, by the Queen's advice, I ask your leave
To dine to-morrow with the Mayor of London ;
If I obtain your leave, I have another boon
To ask, which is, the favour of your company.
I fear Lord Percy will not give me leave.

PERCY.

Dear Sir, a prince should always keep his state,
And grant his favours with a sparing hand,
Or they are never rightly valuèd.
These are my thoughts : yet it were best to go :
But keep a proper dignity, for now
You represent the sacred person of
Your father ; 'tis with princes as 'tis with the sun ;
If not sometimes o'erclouded, we grow weary
Of his officious glory.

CLARENCE.

Then you will give me leave to shine sometimes,
My Lord ?

LORD (*aside*).

Thou hast a gallant spirit, which I fear
Will be imposed on by the closer sort.

CLARENCE.

Well, I'll endeavour to take
Lord Percy's advice ; I have been used so much
To dignity that I'm sick on't.

QUEEN PHILIPPA.

Fie, fie, Lord Clarence ! you proceed not to business,
But speak of your own pleasures.
I hope their lordships will excuse your giddiness.

CLARENCE.

My Lords, the French have fitted out many
Small ships of war that, like to ravening wolves,
Infest our English seas, devouring all
Our burdened vessels, spoiling our naval flocks.
The merchants do complain, and beg our aid.

PERCY.

The merchants are rich enough ;
Can they not help themselves ?

BISHOP.

They can, and may ; but how to gain their will
Requires our countenance and help.

PERCY.

When that they find they must, my Lord, they will :
Let them but suffer awhile, and you shall see
They will bestir themselves.

BISHOP.

Lord Percy cannot mean that we should suffer
This disgrace. If so, we are not sovereigns
Of the sea ; our right that Heaven gave
To England, when at the birth of Nature
She was seated in the deep ; the Ocean ceased
His mighty roar, and, fawning, played around
Her snowy feet, and owned his awful Queen.

Lord Percy, if the heart is sick, the head
Must be aggrieved ; if but one member suffer,
The heart doth fail. You say, my Lord, the mer-
chants

Can, if they will, defend themselves against
These rovers : this is a noble scheme,
Worthy the brave Lord Percy, and as worthy
His generous aid to put it into practice.

PERCY.

Lord Bishop, what was rash in me is wise
In you ; I dare not own the plan. 'Tis not
Mine. Yet will I, if you please,
Quickly to the Lord Mayor, and work him onward
To this most glorious voyage ; on which cast
I'll set my whole estate,
But we will bring these Gallic rovers under.

QUEEN PHILIPPA.

Thanks, brave Lord Percy ; you have the thanks
Of England's Queen, and will, ere long, of England.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *At Cressy.*

SIR THOMAS DAGWORTH *and* LORD AUDLEY
meeting.

AUDLEY.

Good-morrow, brave Sir Thomas ; the bright morn
Smiles on our army, and the gallant sun
Springs from the hills like a young hero

Into the battle, shaking his golden locks
Exultingly : this is a promising day.

DAGWORTH.

Why, my Lord Audley, I don't know.
Give me your hand, and now I'll tell you what
I think you do not know. Edward's afraid of Philip.

AUDLEY.

Ha, ha ! Sir Thomas ! you but joke ;
Did you e'er see him fear ? At Blanchetaque,
When almost singly he drove six thousand
French from the ford, did he fear then ?

DAGWORTH.

Yes, fear. That made him fight so.

AUDLEY.

By the same reason I might say 'tis fear
That makes you fight.

DAGWORTH.

Mayhap you may. Look upon Edward's face,
No one can say he fears ; but, when he turns
His back, then I will say it to his face ;
He is afraid : he makes us all afraid.
I cannot bear the enemy at my back.
Now here we are at Cressy ; where to-morrow,
To-morrow we shall know. I say, Lord Audley,
That Edward runs away from Philip.

AUDLEY.

Perhaps you think the Prince too is afraid ?

DAGWORTH.

No ; God forbid ! I am sure he is not.
He is a young lion. Oh I have seen him fight
And give command, and lightning has flashed
From his eyes across the field : I have seen him
Shake hands with Death, and strike a bargain for
The enemy ; he has danced in the field
Of battle, like the youth at morris-play.
I'm sure he's not afraid, nor Warwick, nor none,
None of us but me, and I am very much afraid.

AUDLEY.

Are you afraid, too, Sir Thomas ?
I believe that as much as I believe
The King's afraid ; but what are you afraid of ?

DAGWORTH.

Of having my back laid open ; we turn
Our backs to the fire, till we shall burn our skirts.

AUDLEY.

And this, Sir Thomas, you call fear ? Your fear
Is of a different kind, then, from the King's ;
He fears to turn his face, and you to turn your back.
I do not think, Sir Thomas, you know what fear is.

Enter SIR JOHN CHANDOS.

CHANDOS.

Good-morrow, Generals ; I give you joy :
Welcome to the fields of Cressy. Here we stop,
And wait for Philip.

DAGWORTH.

I hope so.

AUDLEY.

There, Sir Thomas ; do you call that fear ?

DAGWORTH.

I don't know ; perhaps he takes it by fits.
Why, noble Chandos, look you here—
One rotten sheep spoils the whole flock ;
And if the bell-wether is tainted, I wish
The Prince may not catch the distemper too.

CHANDOS.

Distemper, Sir Thomas ! What distemper ?
I have not heard.

DAGWORTH.

Why, Chandos, you are a wise man,
I know you understand me ; a distemper
The King caught here in France of running away.

AUDLEY.

Sir Thomas, you say you have caught it too.

DAGWORTH.

And so will the whole army ; 'tis very catching,
For, when the coward runs, the brave man totters.
Perhaps the air of the country is the cause.
I feel it coming upon me, so I strive against it ;
You yet are whole ; but, after a few more
Retreats, we all shall know how to retreat
Better than fight.—To be plain, I think retreating
Too often takes away a soldier's courage.

CHANDOS.

Here comes the King himself : tell him your thoughts
Plainly, Sir Thomas.

DAGWORTH.

I've told him before, but his disorder
Has made him deaf.

Enter KING EDWARD *and* BLACK PRINCE.

KING.

Good-morrow, Generals ; when English courage fails
Down goes our right to France.
But we are conquerors everywhere ; nothing
Can stand our soldiers ; each man is worthy
Of a triumph. Such an army of heroes
Ne'er shouted to the heavens, nor shook the field.
Edward, my son, thou art
Most happy, having such command : the man
Were base who were not fired to deeds
Above heroic, having such examples.

PRINCE.

Sire, with respect and deference I look
Upon such noble souls, and wish myself
Worthy the high command that Heaven and you
Have given me. When I have seen the field glow,
And in each countenance the soul of war
Curbed by the manliest reason, I have been winged
With certain victory ; and 'tis my boast,
And shall be still my glory, I was inspired
By these brave troops.

DAGWORTH.

Your Grace had better make
Them all Generals.

KING.

Sir Thomas Dagworth, you must have your joke,
And shall, while you can fight as you did at
The Ford.

DAGWORTH.

I have a small petition to your Majesty.

KING.

What can Sir Thomas Dagworth ask that Edward
Can refuse ?

DAGWORTH.

I hope your Majesty cannot refuse so great
A trifle ; I've gilt your cause with my best blood,
And would again, were I not forbid
By him whom I am bound to obey : my hands
Are tied up, my courage shrunk and withered,
My sinews slackened, and my voice scarce heard ;
Therefore I beg I may return to England.

KING.

I know not what you could have asked, Sir Thomas,
That I would not have sooner parted with
Than such a soldier as you have been, and such a
friend :

Nay, I will know the most remote particulars
Of this your strange petition ; that, if I can,
I still may keep you here.

DAGWORTH.

Here on the fields of Cressy we are settled
Till Philip springs the timorous covey again.
The wolf is hunted down by causeless fear ;

The lion flees, and fear usurps his heart,
Startled, astonished at the clamorous cock ;
The eagle, that doth gaze upon the sun,
Fears the small fire that plays about the fen.
If, at this moment of their idle fear,
The dog doth seize the wolf, the forester the lion,
The negro in the crevice of the rock
Doth seize the soaring eagle ; undone by flight,
They tame submit ; such the effect flight has
On noble souls. Now hear its opposite ;
The timorous stag starts from the thicket wild,
The fearful crane springs from the splashy fen,
The shining snake glides o'er the bending grass,
The stag turns head, and bays the crying hounds ;
The crane o'ertaken fighteth with the hawk ;
The snake doth turn, and bite the padding foot.
And if your Majesty's afraid of Philip,
You are more like a lion than a crane ;
Therefore I beg I may return to England.

KING.

Sir Thomas, now I understand your mirth,
Which often plays with wisdom for its pastime,
And brings good counsel from the breast of laughter.
I hope you'll stay and see us fight this battle,
And reap rich harvest in the fields of Cressy ;
Then go to England, tell them how we fight,
And set all hearts on fire to be with us.
Philip is plumed, and thinks we flee from him,
Else he would never dare to attack us. Now,
Now the quarry's set ! and Death doth sport
In the bright sunshine of this fatal day.

DAGWORTH.

Now my heart dances, and I am as light
As the young bridegroom going to be married.
Now must I to my soldiers, get them ready,
Furbish our armours bright, new-plume our helms ;
And we will sing like the young housewives busied
In the dairy. Now my feet are wing'd, but not
For flight, an please your grace.

KING.

If all my soldiers are as pleased as you,
'Twill be a gallant thing to fight or die ;
Then I can never be afraid of Philip.

DAGWORTH.

A raw-boned fellow t'other day passed by me ;
I told him to put off his hungry looks—
He answered me, " I hunger for another battle."
I saw a little Welshman with a fiery face.
I told him he looked like a candle half
Burned out : he answered, he was " pig enough
To light another pattle." Last night, beneath
The moon I walked abroad, when all had pitched
Their tents, and all were still ;
I heard a blooming youth singing a song
He had composed, and at each pause he wiped
His dropping eyes. The ditty was, " If he
Returned victorious, he should wed a maiden
Fairer than snow, and rich as midsummer."
Another wept, and wished health to his father.
I chid them both, but gave them noble hopes.
These are the minds that glory in the battle,
And leap and dance to hear the trumpet sound.

KING.

Sir Thomas Dagworth, be thou near our person ;
Thy heart is richer than the vales of France ;
I will not part with such a man as thee.
If Philip came armed in the ribs of death,
And shook his mortal dart against my head,
Thou'dst laugh his fury into nerveless shame !
Go now, for thou art suited to the work,
Throughout the camp ; inflame the timorous,
Blow up the sluggish into ardour, and
Confirm the strong with strength, the weak inspire,
And wing their brows with hope and expectation ;
Then to our tent return, and meet to council.

[Exit DAGWORTH.]

CHANDOS.

That man's a hero in his closet, and more
A hero to the servants of his house
Than to the gaping world ; he carries windows
In that enlargèd breast of his, that all
May see what's done within.

PRINCE.

He is a genuine Englishman, my Chandos,
And hath the spirit of Liberty within him.
Forgive my prejudice, Sir John ; I think
My Englishmen the bravest people on
The face of the earth.

CHANDOS.

Courage, my Lord, proceeds from self-dependence ;
Teach man to think he's a free agent,
Give but a slave his liberty, he'll shake

Off sloth, and build himself a hut, and hedge
 A spot of ground ; this he'll defend ; 'tis his
 By right of nature. Thus set in action,
 He will still move onward to plan conveniences,
 Till glory fires his breast to enlarge his castle ;
 While the poor slave drudges all day, in hope
 To rest at night.

KING.

O Liberty, how glorious art thou !
 I see thee hovering o'er my army, with
 Thy wide-stretched plumes ; I see thee
 Lead them on to battle ;
 'I see thee blow thy golden trumpet while
 Thy sons shout the strong shout of victory !
 O noble Chandos, think thyself a gardener,
 My son a vine, which I commit unto
 Thy care. Prune all extravagant shoots, and guide
 The ambitious tendrils in the paths of wisdom ;
 Water him with thy advice, and Heaven
 Rain freshening dew upon his branches ! And,
 O Edward, my dear son ! learn to think lowly of
 Thyself, as we may all each prefer other—
 Tis the best policy, and 'tis our duty.

[Exit KING EDWARD.]

PRINCE.

And may our duty, Chandos, be our pleasure—
 Now we are alone, Sir John, I will unburden
 And breathe my hopes into the burning air,
 Where thousand Deaths are posting up and down,
 Commissioned to this fatal field of Cressy.

Methinks I see them arm my gallant soldiers,
And gird the sword upon each thigh, and fit
Each shining helm, and string each stubborn bow,
And dance to the neighing of our steeds.
Methinks the shout begins, the battle burns :
Methinks I see them perch on English crests,
And roar the wild flame of fierce war upon
The throngèd enemy ! In truth, I am too full ;
It is my sin to love the noise of war.
Chandos, thou seest my weakness ; strong Nature
Will bend or break us : my blood, like a springtide,
Does rise so high to overflow all bounds
Of moderation ; while Reason, in her
Frail bark, can see no shore or bound for vast
Ambition. Come, take the helm, my Chandos,
That my full-blown sails overset me not
In the wild tempest. Condemn my 'ventrous youth
That plays with danger, as the innocent child,
Unthinking, plays upon the viper's den :
I am a coward in my reason, Chandos.

CHANDOS.

You are a man, my prince, and a brave man,
If I can judge of actions ; but your heat
Is the effect of youth, and want of use :
Use makes the armèd field and noisy war
Pass over as a summer cloud, unregarded,
Or but expected as a thing of course.
Age is contemplative ; each rolling year
Brings forth fruit to the mind's treasure-house :—
While vacant youth doth crave and seek about
Within itself, and findeth discontent,
Then, tired of thought, impatient takes the wing,

Seizes the fruits of time, attacks experience,
 Roams round vast Nature's forest, where no bounds
 Are set, the swiftest may have room, the strongest
 Find prey ; till, tired at length, sated and tired
 With the changing sameness, old variety,
 We sit us down, and view our former joys
 With distaste and dislike.

PRINCE.

Then if we must tug for experience,
 Let us not fear to beat round Nature's wilds,
 And rouse the strongest prey : then if we fall,
 We fall with glory. I know the wolf
 Is dangerous to fight, not good for food,
 Nor is the hide a comely vestment ; so
 We have our battle for our pains. I know
 That youth has need of age to point fit prey,
 And oft the stander-by shall steal the fruit
 Of th' other's labour. This is philosophy ;
 These are the tricks of the world ; but the pure soul
 Shall mount on native wings, disdaining
 Little sport, and cut a path into the heaven of glory,
 Leaving a track of light for men to wonder at.
 I'm glad my father does not hear me talk ;
 You can find friendly excuses for me, Chandos.
 But do you not think, Sir John, that, if it please
 Th' Almighty to stretch out my span of life,
 I shall with pleasure view a glorious action
 Which my youth mastered ?

CHANDOS.

Considerate age, my Lord, views motives,
 And not acts ; when neither warbling voice
 Nor trilling pipe is heard, nor pleasure sits

With trembling age, the voice of Conscience then,
Sweeter than music in a summer's eve,
Shall warble round the snowy head, and keep
Sweet symphony to feathered angels, sitting
As guardians round your chair ; then shall the pulse
Beat slow, and taste and touch, and sight, and sound,
and smell,
That sing and dance round Reason's fine-wrought
throne,
Shall flee away, and leave them all forlorn ;
Yet not forlorn if Conscience is his friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *in* SIR THOMAS DAGWORTH'S *Tent.*

DAGWORTH, *and* WILLIAM *his man.*

DAGWORTH.

Bring hither my armour, William.
Ambition is the growth of every clime.

WILLIAM.

Does it grow in England, sir ?

DAGWORTH.

Ay, it grows most in lands most cultivated.

WILLIAM.

Then it grows most in France ; the vines here
Are finer than any we have in England.

DAGWORTH.

Ay, but the oaks are not.

WILLIAM.

What is the tree you mentioned ? I don't think
I ever saw it.

DAGWORTH.

Ambition!

WILLIAM.

Is it a little creeping root that grows in ditches ?

DAGWORTH.

Thou dost not understand me, William.
It is a root that grows in every breast ;
Ambition is the desire or passion that one man
Has to get before another, in any pursuit after glory;
But I don't think you have any of it.

WILLIAM.

Yes, I have ; I have a great ambition to know every-
thing, sir.

DAGWORTH.

But, when our first ideas are wrong, what follows
must all be wrong, of course : 'tis best to know a
little, and to know that little aright.

WILLIAM.

Then, sir, I should be glad to know if it was not
ambition that brought over our King to France to
fight for his right.

DAGWORTH.

Though the knowledge of that will not profit thee
much, yet I will tell you that it was ambition.

WILLIAM.

Then, if ambition is a sin, we are all guilty in coming with him, and in fighting for him.

DAGWORTH.

Now, William, thou dost thrust the question home ; but I must tell you that, guilt being an act of the mind, none are guilty but those whose minds are prompted by that same ambition.

WILLIAM.

Now, I always thought that a man might be guilty of doing wrong without knowing it was wrong.

DAGWORTH.

Thou art a natural philosopher, and knowest truth by instinct ; while reason runs aground, as we have run our argument. Only remember, William, all have it in their power to know the motives of their own actions, and 'tis a sin to act without some reason.

WILLIAM.

And whoever acts without reason may do a great deal of harm without knowing it.

DAGWORTH.

Thou art an endless moralist.

WILLIAM.

Now there's a story come into my head, that I will tell your honour, if you'll give me leave.

DAGWORTH.

No, William, save it till another time ; this is no time for story-telling. But here comes one who is as entertaining as a good story.

Enter PETER BLUNT.

PETER.

Yonder's a musician going to play before the King ; it's a new song about the French and English. And the Prince has made the minstrel a squire, and given him I don't know what, and I can't tell whether he don't mention us all one by one ; and he is to write another about all us that are to die, that we may be remembered in Old England, for all our blood and bones are in France ; and a great deal more that we shall all hear by and by. And I came to tell your honour, because you love to hear war-songs.

DAGWORTH.

And who is this minstrel, Peter, dost know ?

PETER.

Oh ay, I forgot to tell that ; he has got the same name as Sir John Chandos that the Prince is always with—the wise man that knows us all as well as your honour, only ain't so good-natured.

DAGWORTH.

I thank you, Peter, for your information, but not for your compliment, which is not true. There's as much difference between him and me as between glittering sand and fruitful mould ; or shining glass and a wrought diamond, set in rich gold, and fitted to the finger of an Emperor ; such is that worthy Chandos.

PETER.

I know your honour does not think anything of yourself, but everybody else does.

DAGWORTH.

Go, Peter, get you gone ; flattery is delicious, even
from the lips of a babbler. [Exit PETER.

WILLIAM.

I never flatter your honour.

DAGWORTH.

I don't know that.

WILLIAM.

Why you know, sir, when we were in England,
at the tournament at Windsor, and the Earl of War-
wick was tumbled over, you asked me if he did not
look well when he fell ; and I said no, he looked very
foolish ; and you was very angry with me for not
flattering you.

DAGWORTH.

You mean that I was angry with you for not flatter-
ing the Earl of Warwick. [Exeunt.

SCENE, SIR THOMAS DAGWORTH'S *Tent*.

SIR THOMAS DAGWORTH. *To him enter* SIR
WALTER MANNY.

SIR WALTER.

Sir Thomas Dagworth, I have been weeping
Over the men that are to die to-day.

DAGWORTH.

Why, brave Sir Walter, you or I may fall.

SIR WALTER.

I know this breathing flesh must lie and rot,
Covered with silence and forgetfulness.
Death wins in cities' smoke, and in still night,
When men sleep in their beds, walketh about.
How many in walled cities lie and groan,
Turning themselves upon their beds,
Talking with Death, answering his hard demands !
How many walk in darkness, terrors are round
The curtains of their beds, destruction is
Ready at the door ! How many sleep
In earth, covered with stones and deathly dust,
Resting in quietness whose spirits walk
Upon the clouds of heaven, to die no more !
Yet death is terrible, though borne on angels' wings.
How terrible then is the field of Death,
Where he doth rend the vault of heaven,
And shake the gates of hell !
O Dagworth, France is sick ! the very sky,
Though sunshine light it, seems to me as pale
As the pale fainting man on his death-bed,
Whose face is shown by light of sickly taper.
It makes me sad and sick at very heart ;
Thousands must fall to-day.

DAGWORTH.

Thousands of souls must leave this prison-house,
To be exalted to those heavenly fields
Where songs of triumph, palms of victory,
Where peace and joy and love and calm content,
Sit singing in the azure clouds, and strew
Flowers of heaven's growth over the banquet-table.

Bind ardent hope upon your feet like shoes,
Put on the robe of preparation !
The table is prepared in shining heaven,
The flowers of immortality are blown ;
Let those that fight fight in good steadfastness,
And those that fall shall rise in victory.

SIR WALTER.

I've often seen the burning field of war,
And often heard the dismal clang of arms ;
But never, till this fatal day of Cressy,
Has my soul fainted with these views of death.
I seem to be in one great charnel-house,
And seem to scent the rotten carcasses ;
I seem to hear the dismal yells of Death,
While the black gore drops from his horrid jaws :
Yet I not fear the monster in his pride—
But O ! the souls that are to die to-day !

DAGWORTH.

Stop, brave Sir Walter ; let me drop a tear,
Then let the clarion of war begin ;
I'll fight and weep, 'tis in my country's cause ;
I'll weep and shout for glorious liberty.
Grim war shall laugh and shout, decked in tears,
And blood shall flow like streams across the meadows,
That murmur down their pebbly channels, and
Spend their sweet lives to do their country service :
Then shall England's verdure shoot, her fields shall
smile,
Her ships shall sing across the foaming sea,
Her mariners shall use the flute and viol,

And rattling guns, and black and dreary war,
Shall be no more.

SIR WALTER.

Well, let the trumpet sound, and the drum beat ;
Let war stain the blue heavens with bloody banners ;
I'll draw my sword, nor ever sheathe it up
Till England blow the trump of victory,
Or I lay stretched upon the field of death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *In the Camp.*

*Several of the Warriors met at the King's Tent with a
Minstrel, who sings the following Song :*

O sons of Trojan Brutus clothed in war,
Whose voices are the thunder of the field,
Rolling dark clouds o'er France, muffling the sun
In sickly darkness like a dim eclipse,
Threatening as the red brow of storms, as fire
Burning up nations in your wrath and fury !

Your ancestors came from the fires of Troy
(Like lions roused by lightning from their dens,
Whose eyes do glare against the stormy fires),
Heated with war, filled with the blood of Greeks,
With helmets hewn, and shields covered with gore,
In navies black, broken with wind and tide :

They landed in firm array upon the rocks
Of Albion ; they kissed the rocky shore ;
" Be thou our mother and our nurse," they said ;

“ Our children’s mother, and thou shalt be our grave,
The sepulchre of ancient Troy, from whence
Shall rise cities, and thrones, and arms, and awful
powers.”

Our fathers swarm from the ships. Giant voices
Are heard from the hills, the enormous sons
Of Ocean run from rocks and caves ; wild men,
Naked and roaring like lions, hurling rocks,
And wielding knotty clubs, like oaks entangled
Thick as a forest, ready for the axe.

Our fathers move in firm array to battle ;
The savage monsters rush like roaring fire ;
Like as a forest roars with crackling flames,
When the red lightning, borne by furious storms,
Lights on some woody shore ; the parchèd heavens
Rain fire into the molten raging sea.

The smoking trees are strewn upon the shore,
Spoiled of their verdure. Oh how oft have they
Defied the storm that howlèd o’er their heads !
Our fathers, sweating, lean on their spears, and view
The mighty dead : giant bodies streaming blood,
Dread visages frowning in silent death.

Then Brutus spoke, inspired ; our fathers sit
Attentive on the melancholy shore :
Hear ye the voice of Brutus—“ The flowing waves
Of time come rolling o’er my breast”, he said ;
“ And my heart labours with futurity.
Our sons shall rule the empire of the sea.

" Their mighty wings shall stretch from East to West.
Their nest is in the sea, but they shall roam
Like eagles for the prey ; nor shall the young
Crave to be heard ; for plenty shall bring forth,
Cities shall sing, and vales in rich array
Shall laugh, whose fruitful laps bend down with ful-
ness.

" Our sons shall rise from thrones in joy,
Each one buckling on his armour ; Morning
Shall be prevented by their swords gleaming,
And Evening hear their song of victory :
Their towers shall be built upon the rocks,
Their daughters shall sing, surrounded with shining
spears.

" Liberty shall stand upon the cliffs of Albion,
Casting her blue eyes over the green ocean ;
Or tow'ring stand upon the roaring waves.
Stretching her mighty spear o'er distant lands ;
While with her eagle wings she covereth
Fair Albion's shore, and all her families."

SONGS OF INNOCENCE.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE.

INTRODUCTION.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me :

“ Pipe a song about a Lamb ! ”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“ Piper, pipe that song again ; ”
So I piped : he wept to hear.

“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer ! ”
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“ Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read.
So he vanished from my sight ;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

BLAKE'S POEMS

THE SHEPHERD.

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot !
From the morn to the evening he strays ;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply ;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

THE ECHOING GREEN.

The sun does arise,
And make happy the skies ;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring ;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound ;
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say,
" Such, such were the joys
When we all—girls and boys—
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green."

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry :
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green.

THE LAMB.

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

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

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O my soul is white !
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissèd me,
And, pointing to the East, began to say :

“ Look on the rising sun : there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away,
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

“ And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love ;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

“ For, when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
Saying, ‘ Come out from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.’ ”

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd me,
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee ;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

THE BLOSSOM.

Merry, merry sparrow !
Under leaves so green
A happy blossom
Sees you, swift as arrow,
Seek your cradle narrow,
Near my bosom.
Pretty, pretty robin !
Under leaves so green
A happy blossom
Hears you sobbing, sobbing,
Pretty, pretty robin,
Near my bosom.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

WHEN my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry " Weep ! weep ! weep ! weep ! "
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved ; so I said,
" Hush, Tom ! never mind it, for, when your head's
bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was asleep, he had such a sight !—
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins, and set them all free ;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind ;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want ; joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and
warm :

So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

[THE LITTLE BOY LOST.

“ Father, father, where are you going ?
O do not walk so fast !
Speak, father, speak to your little boy,
Or else I shall be lost.”

The night was dark, no father was there,
The child was wet with dew ;
The mire was deep, and the child did weep,
And away the vapour flew.

THE LITTLE BOY FOUND.

The little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wandering light,
Began to cry, but God, ever nigh,
Appeared like his father, in white.

He kissed the child, and by the hand led,
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, through the lonely dale,
Her little boy weeping sought.

LAUGHING SONG.

WHEN the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by ;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it ;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene ;
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing " Ha ha he ! "

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread :
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of " Ha ha he ! "

A CRADLE SONG.

SWEET dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head !
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams !

Sweet Sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown !
Sweet Sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child !

Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight !
Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thine eyes !
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child !
All creation slept and smiled.
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace ;
Sweet babe, once like thee
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me :

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small.
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee !

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,
Who became an infant small ;
Infant smiles are his own smiles ;
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

THE DIVINE IMAGE.

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God our Father dear ;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart ;
Pity, a human face ;
And Love, the human form divine :
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine :
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew.
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

HOLY THURSDAY.

'TWAS on a holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
The children walking two and two, in red, and blue, and
green :

Grey-headed beadles walked before, with wands as
white as snow,

Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames
waters flow.

O what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of Lon-
don town !

Seated in companies they sit, with radiance all their
own.

The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of
lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent
hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice
of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven
among :
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the
poor.
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your
door.

NIGHT.

THE sun descending in the West,
The evening star does shine ;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.

The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright ;
Unseen, they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest
Where birds are covered warm ;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm :
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey
They pitying stand and weep ;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But, if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold :
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold :
Saying : " Wrath by His meekness,
And, by His health, sickness,
Is driven away
From our immortal day.

" And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee, and weep.
For, washed in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold,
As I guard o'er the fold."

SPRING.

SOUND the flute !
Now it 's mute !
Birds delight,
Day and night,
Nightingale,
In the dale,
Lark in sky,—
Merrily,
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little boy,
Full of joy,
Little girl,
Sweet and small ;
Cock does crow,
So do you ;
Merry voice,
Infant noise ;
Merrily, merrily we welcome in the year.

Little lamb,
Here I am ;
Come and lick
My white neck ;
Let me pull
Your soft wool ;
Let me kiss
Your soft face ;
Merrily, merrily we welcome in the year.

NURSE'S SONG.

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.
“Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dew of night arise ;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the skies.”

“No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep ;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep.”
“Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.”
The little ones leaped, and shouted, and laughed,
And all the hills echoèd.

INFANT JOY.

“I have no name ;
I am but two days old.”
What shall I call thee ?
“I happy am,
Joy is my name.”
Sweet joy befall thee !

Pretty joy !
Sweet joy but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee :
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while ;
Sweet joy befall thee !

A DREAM.

ONCE a dream did weave a shade
O'er my angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, wildered and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke, I heard her say :

" O my children ! do they cry,
Do they hear their father sigh ?
Now they look abroad to see,
Now return and weep for me."

Pitying, I dropped a tear :
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied, " What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night ?

" I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round !
Follow now the beetle's hum ;
Little wanderer, hie thee home ! "

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too ?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief ?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share ?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled ?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear ?
No, no ! never can it be !
Never, never can it be !

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast,
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear ?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away ?
O no ! never can it be !
Never, never can it be !

He doth give His joy to all :
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by :
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

O He gives to us His joy,
That our grief He may destroy :
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

SONGS OF EXPERIENCE.

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INTRODUCTION.

HEAR the voice of the Bard,
Who present, past, and future, sees ;
Whose ears have heard
The Holy Word
That walked among the ancient trees ;

Calling the lapsèd soul,
And weeping in the evening dew ;
That might control
The starry pole,
And fallen, fallen light renew !

“ O Earth, O Earth, return !
Arise from out the dewy grass !
Night is worn,
And the morn
Rises from the slumbrous mass.

“ Turn away no more ;
Why wilt thou turn away ?
The starry floor.
The watery shore,
Is given thee till the break of day.”

EARTH'S ANSWER.

EARTH raised up her head
From the darkness dread and drear,
Her light fled,
Stony, dread,
And her locks covered with grey despair.

"Prisoned on watery shore,
Starry jealousy does keep my den
Cold and hoar ;
Weeping o'er,
I hear the father of the ancient men.

"Selfish father of men !
Cruel, jealous, selfish fear !
Can delight,
Chained in night,
The virgins of youth and morning bear ?

"Does spring hide its joy,
When buds and blossoms grow ?
Does the sower
Sow by night,
Or the ploughman in darkness plough ?

"Break this heavy chain,
That does freeze my bones around !
Selfish, vain,
Eternal bane,
That free love with bondage bound."

THE CLOD AND THE PEBBLE.

"LOVE seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despair."

So sung a little clod of clay,
Trodden with the cattle's feet,
But a pebble of the brook
Warbled out these metres meet :

"Love seeketh only Self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a hell in heaven's despite."

HOLY THURSDAY.

Is this a holy thing to see
In a rich and fruitful land,—
Babes reduced to misery,
Fed with cold and usurous hand ?

Is that trembling cry a song ?
Can it be a song of joy ?
And so many children poor ?
It is a land of poverty !

And their sun does never shine,
And their fields are bleak and bare,
And their ways are filled with thorns,
It is eternal winter there.

For where'er the sun does shine,
And where'er the rain does fall,
Babe can never hunger there,
Nor poverty the mind appal.

THE LITTLE GIRL LOST.

In futurity
I prophesy
That the earth from sleep
(Grave the sentence deep)

Shall arise, and seek
For her maker meek ;
And the desert wild
Become a garden mild.

In the southern clime,
Where the summer's prime
Never fades away,
Lovely Lyca lay.

Seven summers old
Lovely Lyca told.
She had wandered long,
Hearing wild birds' song.

" Sweet sleep, come to me,
Underneath this tree ;
Do father, mother weep ?
Where can Lyca sleep ?

" Lost in desert wild
Is your little child.
How can Lyca sleep
If her mother weep ?

" If her heart does ache,
Then let Lyca wake
If my mother sleep,
Lyca shall not weep.

" Frowning, frowning night,
O'er this desert bright
Let thy moon arise,
While I close my eyes.

Sleeping Lyca lay,
While the beasts of prey,
Come from caverns deep,
Viewed the maid asleep.

The kingly lion stood,
And the virgin viewed :
Then he gambolled round
O'er the hallowed ground.

Leopards, tigers, play
Round her as she lay ;
While the lion old
Bowed his mane of gold,

And her bosom lick,
And upon her neck,
From his eyes of flame,
Ruby tears there came ;

While the lioness
Loosed her slender dress.
And naked they conveyed
To caves the sleeping maid.

THE LITTLE GIRL FOUND.

ALL the night in woe
Lyca's parents go
Over valleys deep,
While the deserts weep.

Tired and woe-begone,
Hoarse with making moan,
Arm in arm, seven days
They traced the desert ways.

Seven nights they sleep
Among shadows deep,
And dream they see their child
Starved in desert wild.

Pale through pathless ways
The fancied image strays,
Famished, weeping, weak,
With hollow piteous shriek.

Rising from unrest,
The trembling woman pressed
With feet of weary woe ;
She could no further go,

In his arms he bore
Her, armed with sorrow sore ;
Till before their way
A couching lion lay.

Turning back was vain :
Soon his heavy mane
Bore them to the ground,
Then he stalked around,

Smelling to his prey ;
But their fears allay
When he licks their hands,
And silent by them stands.

They look upon his eyes,
Filled with deep surprise ;
And wondering behold
A spirit armed in gold.

On his head a crown,
On his shoulders down
Flowed his golden hair.
Gone was all their care.

"Follow me", he said ;
"Weep not for the maid ;
In my palace deep,
Lyca lies asleep."

Then they followèd
Where the vision led,
And saw their sleeping child
Among tigers wild.

To this day they dwell
In a lonely dell,
Nor fear the wolvish howl
Nor the lion's growl.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

A LITTLE black thing among the snow,
Crying "weep ! weep !" in notes of woe !
"Where are thy father and mother ? Say !" —
"They are both gone up to the church to pray.

" Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smiled among the winter's snow,
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

" And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and His priest and king,
Who make up a heaven of our misery."

NURSE'S SONG.

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the green,
And whisperings are in the dale,
The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,
My face turns green and pale.

Then come home my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise ;
Your spring and your day are wasted in play,
And your winter and night in disguise.

THE SICK ROSE.

O ROSE, thou art sick !
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy,
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

THE FLY.

LITTLE Fly,
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brushed away.

Am not I
A fly like thee ?
Or art not thou
A man like me ?

For I dance,
And drink, and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
And strength and breath,
And the want
Of thought is death ;

Then am I
A happy fly.
If I live,
Or if I die.

THE ANGEL.

I DREAMT a dream ! What can it mean ?
And that I was a maiden Queen
Guarded by an Angel mild :
Witless woe was ne'er beguiled !

And I wept both night and day,
And he wiped my tears away ;
And I wept both day and night,
And hid from him my heart's delight.

So he took his wings, and fled ;
Then the morn blushed rosy red.
I dried my tears, and armed my fears
With ten thousand shields and spears.

Soon my Angel came again ;
I was armed, he came in vain ;
For the time of youth was fled,
And grey hairs were on my head.

THE TIGER.

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
On what wings dare he aspire ?
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet ?

What the hammer ? what the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?