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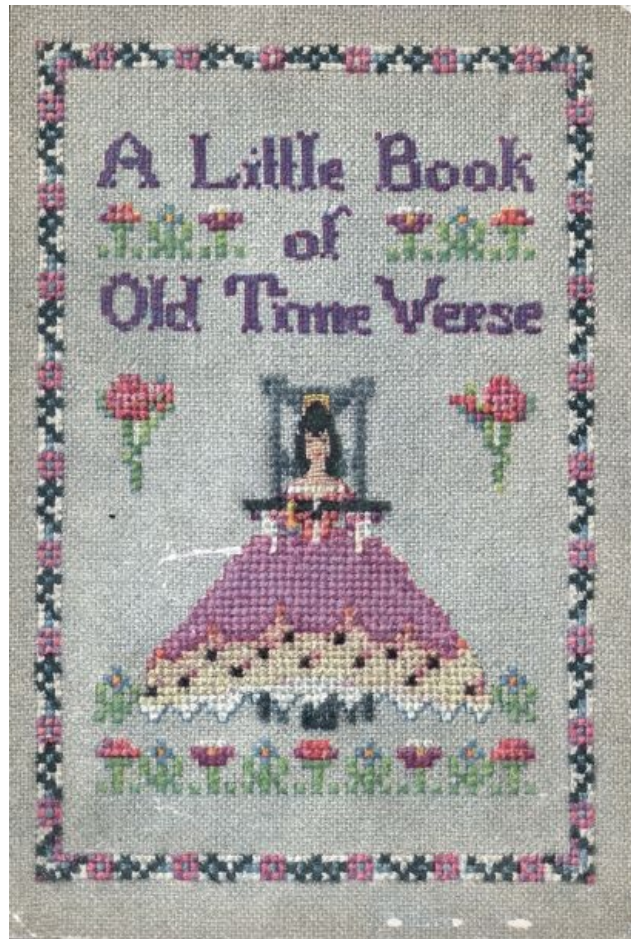
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A Little Book of Old Time Verse

Gathered by

Gladys Sidney Crouch

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To My Father

That the verses in this little book will bring back sweet memories of the long ago to every reader, as they do to me, is the earnest wish of the humble gatherer of these old-fashioned flowers. *G. S. C.*

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Woman's faith, and woman's trust—

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play

A LITTLE BOOK OF OLD TIME VERSE

Love's Wantonness

Love guides the roses of thy lips,

And flies about them like a bee;
If I approach he forward skips,
And if I kiss he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,
And sleeps within their pretty shrine,
And if I look the boy will lower,
And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.
—*Thomas Lodge*

Song

Send home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
Which, O! too long have dwelt on thee:
But if from you they've learnt such ill,
To sweetly smile,
And then beguile,
Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again.
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it has been taught by thine
To forfeit both
Its word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.
—*John Donne, D.D.*

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Or man or woman know it.
Love was not meant for people in their wits,
And they that fondly show it
Betray the straw, and features in their brain,
And shall have Bedlam for their pain:
If simple love be such a curse,
To marry is to make it ten times worse.
—*Francis Beaumont*

A Fragment

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

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

Truce in Love Entreated

No more, blind god! for see, my heart

Is made thy quiver, there remains
No void place, for another dart;
And, alas! that conquest gains
Small praise, that only brings away
A tame and unresisting prey.

Behold a nobler foe, all arm'd,
Defies thy weak artillery,
That hath thy bow and quiver charm'd;
A rebel beauty, conquering thee:
If thou dar'st equal combat try,
Wound her, for 'tis for her I die.
—*Thomas Carew*

Jenny Kissed 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.
—*Leigh Hunt*

A Ditty

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me, keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him, his thought and senses guides;
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his, because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.
—*Sir Phillip Sidney*

To Electra

I dare not ask a kiss;
I dare not beg a smile;
Lest having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be,
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissed thee.
—*Robert Herrick*

To Phyllis, the Fair Shepherdess

My Phyllis hath the morning sun
At first to look upon her:
And Phyllis hath morn-waking birds

Her rising still to honour.
 My Phyllis hath prime feathered flowers
 That smile when she treads on them:
 And Phyllis hath a gallant flock
 That leaps since she doth own them.
 But Phyllis hath too hard a heart,
 Alas, that she should have it!
 It yields no mercy to desert
 Nor peace to those that crave it.
 Sweet Sun, when thou look'st on,
 Pray her regard my moan!
 Sweet birds, when you sing to her.
 To yield some pity woo her!
 Sweet flowers, that she treads on,
 Tell her, her beauty dreads one;
 And if in life her love she'll not agree me.
 Pray her before I die, she will come see me.
— *Sir Edward Dyer*

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

Come live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
 Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies:
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we'll pull;
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs:
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
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 The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May morning.
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Come live with me and be my love.

— *Christopher Marlowe*

Content

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content,
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown,
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent,
 The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown;
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
 Beggars enjoy, when princess oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
 The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
 The mean that 'grees with country music best,
 The sweet consort of mirth and modest fare,
 Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

— *Robert Greene*

My Jean

Though cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line,
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.
Though mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

—*Robert Burns*

Sweet Love, I will no more abuse thee,
Nor with my voice accuse thee;
But tune my notes unto thy praise,
And tell the world Love ne'er decays.
Sweet Love doth concord ever cherish:
What wanteth concord soon must perish.

—*Thomas Walker*

To Celia

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

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

—*Ben Jonson*

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

—*John Wilkys*

To His Mistress

Choose me your Valentine;
Next, let us marry;
Love to the death will pine
If we long tarry.

Promise and keep your vows.
Or vow ye never;
Love's doctrine disallows
Troth-breakers ever.

You have broke promise twice,
Dear, to undo me;
If you prove faithless thrice,
None then will woo ye.

—*Robert Herrick*

The Author's Resolution in a Sonnet

Shall I, wasting in despaire
Dye, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
Cause anothers Rosie are?
Be she fairer than the Day
Or the flowry Meads in May,
If she thinke not well of me,
What care I *how* faire she be?

Shall a woman's Vertues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well deservings knowne
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that Goodness blest
Which may merit name of best:
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

Cause her fortunes seem too high
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that bears a Noble mind,
If not outward helps she find,
Think that with them he wold do,
That without them dares her woe.
And unlesse that *Minde* I see
What care I how great she be?

Great, or Good, or Kind, or Faire,
I will ne're the more despaire:
If she love me (this believe)
I will Die ere she shall grieve,
If she slight me when I woe,
I can scorne and let her goe,
For if she be not for me
What care I for whom she be?

—*George Wither*

Song

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must die;
If ev'ry sweet and ev'ry grace
Must fly from that forsaken face:
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade.

Nor your fresh beauties ever fade;
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What still being gathered still must grow.
Thus, either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.
—*Thomas Carew*

Love Will Find the Way

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

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

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

Some think to lose him
By having him confin'd,
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close you wall him,
Do the best that you may;
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The Phoenix of the East;
The lioness, you may move her
To give o'er her prey;
But you will ne'er stop a lover—
He will find out his way.

—*Unknown*

To Daffodils

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the lasting day
Has run
But to the evensong
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

Phillida Flouts Me

Oh, what a plague is love!
I cannot bear it.
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it;
It so torments my mind,
That my heart faileth.
She wavers with the wind,
As a ship saileth;
Please her the best I may,
She looks another way;
Alack and well a-day!
Phillida flouts me.

I often heard her say
That she loved posies;
In the last month of May
I gave her roses,
Cowslips and gilly flow'rs
And the sweet lily,
I got to deck the bow'rs
Of my dear Philly;
She did them all disdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore, 'tis flat and plain
Phillida flouts me.

Which way, soe'er I go.
She still torments me;
And whatso'er I do,
Nothing contents me:
I fade, and pine away
With grief and sorrow;
I fall quite to decay,
Like any shadow;
Since 'twill no better be,
I'll bear it patiently;
Yet all the world may see
Phillida flouts me.

—Thomas Carew

Song to Flavia

'Tis not your beauty can engage
My wary heart:
The Sun, in all his pride and rage,
Has not that art;
And yet he shines as bright as you,
If brightness could our souls subdue.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,
Nor those you write,
Which can make Thyrsis' heart your prey;
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In some of our own sex we find.

No, Flavia! 'tis your love I fear;
Love's surest darts,
Those which so seldom fail him, are
Headed with hearts;
Their very shadows make us yield;
Dissemble well, and win the field.

—Edmund Waller

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

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

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move:
This cannot take her.
If for herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

—*Sir John Suckling*

Unless with my Amanda blest,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flower:

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the freshening fields appear:
Without my love there is no Spring.
—*James Thomson*

Once did my thoughts both ebb and flow,
As passion did them move,
Once did I hope, straight fear again,—
And then I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night,
And tell how many minutes move,
Once did I wishing waste the day,—
And then I was in love.

Once, by my carving true love's knot,
The weeping trees did prove
That wounds and tears were both our lot,—
And then I was in love.

Once did I breathe another's breath,
And in my mistress move,
Once was I not mine own at all,—
And then I was in love.

Once wore I bracelets made of hair,
And collars did approve,
Once wore my clothes made out of wax,—
And then I was in love.

Once did I sonnet to my saint,
My soul in numbers move,
Once did I tell a thousand lies,—
And then I was in love.

Once in my ear did dangling hang
A little turtle-dove,
Once, in a word, I was a fool,—
And then I was in love.

—*Robert Jones*

To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

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

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may go marry:
For having lost but once your prime
You may forever tarry.

—*Robert Herrick*

My Kate

She was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best made of sunshine and snow
Drop to shade, melt to naught in the long-trodden ways,
While she's still remember'd on warm and cold days—
My Kate.

Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace;
You turn'd from the fairest to gaze on her face:
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth—
My Kate.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You look'd at her silence and fancied she spoke:
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,
Tho' the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone—
My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion: she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant or wise: I infer
Twas her thinking of others, made you think of her—
My Kate.

She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as thro' the whole town
The children were gladder that pull'd at her gown—
My Kate.

None knelt at her feet confess'd lovers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used,—that was all:
If you praised her as charming, some ask'd what you meant.
But the charm of her presence was felt when she went—
My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them, and did them all good;
It always was so with her—see what you have!
She has made the grass greener even here with her grave—
My Kate.

My dear one!—When thou wast alive with the rest,

I held thee the sweetest and loved thee the best:
And now thou art dead, shall I not take thy part
As thy smiles used to do for thyself, my sweet Heart—
My Kate?

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

There is no friend like an old friend
Who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome,
No homage like his praise.
Fame is the scentless sunflower,
With gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose
With sweets in every fold.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

Grief

I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless;
That only men incredulous of despair,
Half taught in anguish, through the midnight air
Beat upward to God's throne in loud excess
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness
In soul as countries lieth silent-bare
Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man, express
Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death—
Most like a monumental statue set
In everlasting watch and moveless woe
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
Touch it; the marble eyelids are not wet:
If it could weep, it could arise and go.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

Love

Totus est Inermis Idem...

No show of bolts and bars
Can keep the foeman out,
Or 'scape his secret mine
Who enter'd with the doubt
That drew the line.
No warder at the gate
Can let the friendly in;
But, like the sun, o'er all
He will the castle win,
And shine along the wall.

Implacable is Love—
Foes may be bought or teased
From their hostile intent,
But he goes unappeased
Who is on kindness bent.

—*Henry David Thoreau*

Trust Thou Thy Love

Trust thou thy Love: if she be proud, is she not sweet?

Trust thou thy Love: if she be mute, is she not pure?
Lay thou thy soul full in her hands, low at her feet;
Fail, Sun and Breath!—yet, for thy peace, She shall endure.
—*John Ruskin*

Spiritual Love

What care I tho' beauty fading
Die ere Time can turn his glass?
What tho' locks the Graces braiding
Perish like the summer grass?
Tho' thy charms should all decay,
Think not my affections may!

For thy charms—tho' bright as morning—
Captured not my idle heart;
Love so grounded ends in scorning,
Lacks the barb to hold the dart.
My devotion more secure
Woos thy spirit high and pure.
—*William Caldwell Roscoe*

Woman

She can be as wise as we
And wiser when she wishes;
She can knit with cunning wit,
And dress the homely dishes,
She can flourish staff or pen,
And deal a wound that lingers;
She can talk the talk of men,
And touch with thrilling fingers.
—*George Meredith*

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 stee'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 adored queen!

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!

— *William Stanley Roscoe*

I pr'y thee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain,
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts you sever?

But love is such a mystery
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell love, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she hath mine.

— *Sir John Suckling*

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage,

If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

—*Richard Lovelace*

Appelles' Song

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses,—Cupid paid;
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and teams of sparrows:
Loses them, too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin:
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise;
O Love, has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

—*John Lyly*

To Althea, from Prison

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

—*Richard Lovelace*

On the Life of Man

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like the wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid tonight
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies,
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

—*Henry King*

Of A' the Airs the Wind Can Blaw

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:

There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.
—*Robert Burns*

O Mistress Mine, Where Are You Roaming?

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in Lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter:
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty
Youth's a stuff will not endure.
—*Shakespeare*

Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair,
Then thrice three times tie up this true love's knot,
And murmur soft, "She will or she will not."

Go, burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
These screech owls' feathers and this prickling briar,
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave,
That all my fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you Fairies! dance with me a round!
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound!
In vain are all the charms I can devise:
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.
—*Thomas Campion*

Come, O come, my life's delight!
Let me not in languor pine!
Love loves no delay; thy sight
The more enjoyed, the more divine!
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee!

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss;
Beauty guards thy looks, the rose
In them pure and eternal is:
Come, then, and make thy flight
As swift to me as heavenly light!
—*Thomas Campion*

The Darkling Thrush

I leant upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.

The tangled vine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seem'd to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seem'd fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, quant, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume.
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carollings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

—*Thomas Hardy*

To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of your chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

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

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more!

—*Richard Lovelace*

A Japanese Love Song

The young moon is white,
But the willows are blue:
Your small lips are red,
But the great clouds are gray:
The waves are so many
That whisper to you;
But my love is only
One flight of spray.

The bright drops are many,
The dark wave is one:
The dark wave subsides,
And the bright sea remains!
And wherever, O singing

Maid, you may run,
You are one with the world
For all your pains.

Tho' the great skies are dark,
And your small feet are white,
Tho' your wide eyes are blue
And the closed poppies red,
Tho' the kisses are many,
That colour the night,
They are linked like pearls
On one golden thread.

Were the gray clouds not made
For the red of your mouth;
The ages for flight
Of the butterfly years;
The sweet of the peach
For the pale lips of drouth,
The sunlight of smiles
For the shadow of tears?

Love, Love is the thread
That has pierced them with bliss!
All their hues are but notes
In one world-wide tune:
Lips, willows and waves,
We are one as we kiss,
And your face and the flowers
Faint away in the moon.

—*Alfred Noyes*

Wishes

Go, little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

Evanescence

I saw, I saw the lovely child
I watch'd her by the way,
I learnt her gestures sweet and wild
Her loving eyes and gay.

Her name?—I heard not, nay, nor care;
Enough it was for me
To find her innocently fair
And delicately free.

O cease and go ere dreams be done,
Nor trace the angel's birth,
Nor find the Paradisal one
A blossom of the earth!

Thus is it with our subtlest joys,—
How quick the soul's alarm!
How lightly deed or word destroys
That evanescent charm!

It comes unbidden, comes unbought,
Unfetter'd flees away;
His swiftest and his sweetest thought
Can never poet say.

Romance

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me,
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.
—Robert Louis Stevenson

Her hair the net of golden wire,
Wherein my heart, led by my wandering eyes,
So fast entangled is that in no wise
It can, nor will, again retire;
But rather will in that sweet bondage die
Than break one hair to gain her liberty.
—Thomas Bateson

Celia's Homecoming

Maidens kilt your skirts and go
Down the stormy garden-ways.
Pluck the last sweet pinks that blow,
Gather roses, gather bays,
Since our Celia comes to-day,
That has been so long away.

Crowd her chamber with your sweets—
Not a flower but grows for her!
Make her bed with linen sheets
That have lain in lavender:
Light a fire before she come,
Lest she find us chill at home.

Ah, what joy when Celia stands
By the leaping blaze at last,
Stooping low to warm her hands
All benumbed with the blast,
While we hide her cloak away,
To assure us she shall stay!

Cyder bring and cowslip wine,
Fruits and flavours from the East,
Pears and pippins too, and fine
Saffron loaves to make a feast;
China dishes, silver cups,
For the board where Celia sups!

Then, when all the feasting's done,
She shall draw us round the blaze,
Laugh, and tell us every one
Of her far triumphant days—
Celia, out of doors a star,
By the hearth a holier Lar!

Love in the Valley

Under yonder beech-tree single on the green-sward,
Couch'd with her arms behind her golden head,
Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly,
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.
Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath her,
Press her parting lips as her waist I gather slow,
Waking in amazement she could not but embrace me:
Then would she hold me and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow,
Swift as the swallow along the river's light
Circling the surface to meet his mirror'd winglets,
Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her flight.
Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the pine-tops,
Wayward as the swallow overhead at set of sun,
She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won!
—*George Meredith*

Lucifer in Starlight

On a starr'd night Prince Lucifer uprose.
Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend
Above the rolling ball in cloud part screen'd,
Where sinners hugg'd their sceptre of repose.
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
And now upon his western wing he lean'd,
Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careen'd,
Now the black planet shadow'd Arctic snows.
Soaring through wider zones that prick'd his scars
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
He reach'd a middle height, and at the stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he look'd, and sank
Around the ancient track march'd, rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law.
—*George Meredith*

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.
—*Walter Savage Landor*

To Anthea

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

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,

A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou shalt find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And it shalt do so for thee.

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

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

—*Robert Herrick*

The Fair Circassian

Forty Viziers saw I go
Up to the Seraglio,
Burning, each and every man,
For the fair Circassian.

Ere the morn had disappear'd,
Every Vizier wore a beard;
Ere the afternoon was born
Every Vizier came back shorn.

'Let the man that woos to win
Woo with an unhairy chin:'
Thus she said, and as she bid
Each devoted Vizier did.

From the beards a cord she made,
Loop'd it to the balustrade,
Glided down and went away
To her own Circassia.

When the Sultan heard, wax'd he
Somewhat wroth, and presently
In the noose themselves did lend
Every Vizier did suspend.

Sages all, this rhyme who read,
Of your beards take prudent heed,
And beware the wily plans
Of the fair Circassians.

—*Richard Garnett*

The Constant Lover

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays

Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

—*John Suckling*

Farewell

It is buried and done with,
The love that we knew:
Those cobwebs we spun with
Are beaded with dew.

I loved thee; I leave thee:
To love thee was pain:
I dare not believe thee
To love thee again.

Like spectres unshriven
Are the years that I lost;
To thee they were given
Without count of cost.

I cannot revive them
By penance or prayer;
Hell's tempest must drive them
Thro' turbulent air.

Farewell, and forget me;
For I, too, am free
From the shame that beset me,
The sorrow of thee.

—*John Addington Symonds*

Song

How blest has my time been, what days have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessie my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless and roving a pain.

Through walks, grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
Around us our girls and boys frolic and play,
How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessie and me.

To try her sweet temper sometimes am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs of the green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and smiles.

What though on her cheek the rose loses its hue,
Her ease and good humour bloom all the year through,
Time still, as he flies, brings increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam,
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

—*Edward Moore*

On a Fan that Belonged to the Marquise de Pompadour

Chicken-skin, delicate, white,
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
Loves in a riot of light,
Roses and vaporous blue;
Hark to the dainty frou-frou!
Picture above if you can,
Eyes that could melt as the dew—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

See how they rise at the sight,
Thronging the OEil de Boeuf through,
Courtiers as butterflies bright,
Beauties that Fragonard drew,
Talon-rouge, falbala, queue,
Cardinal, Duke,—to a man,
Eager to sigh or to sue,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

Ah! but things more than polite
Hung on this toy, voyez vous!
Matters of state and of might,
Things that great ministers do;
Things that, maybe, overthrew
Those in whose brains they began;
Here was the sign and the cue,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

Envoy.

Where are the secrets it knew?
Weavings of plot and of plan?
—But where is the Pompadour, too?
This was the Pompadour's Fan!

—Austin Dobson

A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.
—Christina Georgina Rossetti

"Love in thy Youth, Fair Maid"

Love in thy youth, fair maid, be wise,
Old Time will make thee colder,
And though each morning new arise
Yet we each day grow older.

Thou as heaven art fair and young,
Thine eyes like twin stars shining:
But ere another day be sprung,
All these will be declining;
Then winter comes with all his fears,
And all thy sweets shall borrow;
Too late then wilt thou shower thy tears,
And I, too late, shall sorrow.
— *Walter Porter*

Days

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and faggots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will—
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watch'd the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turn'd and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.
— *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

A Hymn to Love

I will confess
With cheerfulness,
Love is a thing so likes me,
That let her lay
On me all day
I'll kiss the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I
Now blubb'ring, cry,
It (ah!) too late repents me,
That I did fall
To love at all,
Since love so much contents me.

No, no, I'll be
In fetters free:
While others they sit wringing
Their hands for pain,
I'll entertain
The wounds of love with singing.
— *Robert Herrick*

Adieu L'Amour

Here end my chains, and thralldom cease,
If not in joy, I'll live at least in peace;
Since for the pleasures of an hour,
We must endure an age of pain;
I'll be this abject thing no more,
Love, give me back my heart again.

Despair tormented first my breast,
Now falsehood, a more cruel guest;
O! for the peace of human kind,
Make women longer true, or sooner kind;
With justice, or with mercy reign,

O Love! or give me back my heart again.
—George Granville (*Lord Lansdowne*)

My Little Pretty One

My little pretty one!
My softly winning one!
Oh! thou'rt a merry one!
And playful as can be.
With a beck thou com'st anon;
In a trice, too, thou are gone,
And I must sigh alone,
But sighs are lost upon thee.

Art thou my smiling one,
Art thou my pouting one,
Art thou my teasing one,
A goddess, elf, or grace?
With a frown thou wound'st my heart,
With a smile thou heal'st the smart;
Why play the tyrant's part
With such an innocent face?
—*Old Song*

Song

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

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

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.
—*Edmund Waller*

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 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?

—*Sir Henry Taylor*

Song

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing, shakes his dewy wings,
He takes your window for the east,
And to implore your light, he sings;
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

—*William D'Avenant*

Rain on the Down

Night, and the down by the sea,
And the veil of rain on the down;
And she came through the mist and the rain to me
From the safe warm lights of the town.

The rain shone in her hair,
And her face gleam'd in the rain;
And only the night and the rain were there
As she came to me out of the rain.

—*Arthur Symons*

Down by the Sally Gardens

Down by the sally gardens my love and I did meet;
She pass'd the sally gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bade me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

—*William Butler Yeats*

Song

She's somewhere in the sunlight strong,
Her tears are in the falling rain,
She calls me in the wind's soft song,
And with the flowers she comes again.

Yon bird is but her messenger,
The moon is but her silver car.
Yea! sun and moon are sent by her,
And every wistful waiting star.
—Richard Le Gallienne

Song

When Delia on the plain appears
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?
—George Lyttleton

Advice Against Travel

Traverse not the globe for lore! The sternest
But the surest teacher is the heart;
Studying that and that alone, thou learnest
Best and soonest whence and what thou art.

Moor, Chinese, Egyptian, Russian, Roman,
Tread one common down-hill path of doom;
Everywhere the names are man and woman,
Everywhere the old sad sins find room.

Evil angels tempt us in all places.
What but sands or snows hath earth to give?
Dream not, friend, of deserts and oases;
But look inwards, and begin to live!
—James Clarence Mangan

Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
Only remember me; you understand.

It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while

And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.
—*Christina Georgina Rossetti*

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep;
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep;
So, the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.
—*George Gordon (Lord Byron)*

A Valentine

What shall I send my love today
When all the woods attune to love,
And I would show the lark and dove
That I can love as well as they? ...

I'll send a kiss, for that would be
The quickest sent, the lightest borne;
And well I know to-morrow morn
She'll send it back again to me.

Go, happy winds! ah, do not stay
Enamour'd of my lady's cheek,
But hasten home, and I'll bespeak
Your services another day!
—*Matilda Betham Edwards*

To His Mistress, Objecting to His Neither Toying nor Talking

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your curls, and kiss the time away.
You blame me, too, because I can't devise
Some sport, to please those babies in your eyes;
By Love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love when I the least express it.
Small griefs find tongues; full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound.
Deep waters noiseless are; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depths below.
So, when Love speechless is, she doth express
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such,
Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.
—*Robert Herrick*

When You Are Old

When you are old and gray and full of sleep
And, nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead,
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

—*William Butler Yeats*

Song

False though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge:
For still the charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met,
They could not always last;
And though the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.

—*William Congreve*

Song

I lately vow'd, but 'twas in haste,
That I no more would court
The joys that seem when they are past
As dull as they are short.

I oft to hate my mistress swear,
But soon my weakness find;
I make my oaths when she's severe,
But break them when she's kind.

—*John Oldmixon*

My Loves

Name the leaves on all the trees,
Name the waves on all the seas,
Name the notes of all the groves,
Thus thou namest all my loves.

I do love the young, the old,
Maiden modest, virgin bold;
Tiny beauties and the tall—
Earth has room enough for all!

Which is better—who can say?—
Mary grave or Lucy gay?
She who half her charms conceals,

She who flashes while she feels?

Why should I my love confine?
Why should fair be mine or thine?
If I praise a tulip, why
Should I pass the primrose by?

Paris was a pedant fool
Meting beauty by the rule:
Pallas? Juno? Venus?—he
Should have chosen all the three!

—*John Stuart Blackie*

Cupid Mistaken

Venus whipt Cupid t'other day,
For having lost his bow and quiver;
For he had given them both away
To Stella, queen of Isis river.

"Mamma! you wrong me while you strike,"
Cried weeping Cupid, "for I vow,
Stella and you are so alike,
I thought that I had lent them you."

—*William Somerville*

Song

Hard is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
Oh! when her footsteps next are seen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh, tell her what she cannot blame,
Though fear my tongue must ever bind;
Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul, refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.

—*William Somerville*

Faith

Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,

Had bless'd one's life with true believing.

O, in this mocking world too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

—*Frances Anne Kemble*

Memories

A beautiful and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air,
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,
Shadow'd by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair;
A seeming child in everything,
Save thoughtful brow and ripening charms,
As Nature wears the smile of Spring
When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its graceful bower,
Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,
And stainless in its holy white,
Unfolding like a morning flower:
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
With every breath of feeling woke,
And, even when the tongue was mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke.
—*John Greenleaf Whittier*

The Forest Maid

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.

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.
—*William Cullen Bryant*

All's Well

The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even

The eye looks farthest into heaven
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew!
—*John Greenleaf Whittier*

A Violinist

The lark above our heads doth know
A heaven we see not here below;
She sees it, and for joy she sings;
Then falls with ineffectual wings.

Ah, soaring soul! faint not nor tire!
Each heaven attain'd reveals a higher,
Thy thought is of thy failure; we
List raptured, and thank God for thee.
—*Francis William Bourdillon*

To Helen

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are holy land!

—*Edgar Allan Poe*

The Truth of Woman

Woman's faith, and woman's trust—
Write the characters in dust;
Stamp them on the running stream,
Print them on the moon's pale beam,
And each evanescent letter
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
And more permanent, I ween,
Than the thing those letters mean.

I have strain'd the spider's thread
'Gainst the promise of a maid;
I have weigh'd a grain of sand
'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;
I hold my true love of the token,
How her faith proved light and her word was broken:
Again her word and truth she plight,
And I believed them again ere night.

—*Sir Walter Scott*

Ageanax

Dear voyager, a lucky star be thine,
To Mytilene sailing over sea,
Or foul or fair the constellations shine,
Or east or west the wind-blown billows flee.
May halcyon-birds that hover o'er the brine
Diffuse abroad their own tranquillity,
Till ocean stretches stilly as the wine
In this deep cup which now we drain to thee.

From lip to lip the merry circle through
We pass the tankard and repeat thy name;
And having pledged thee once, we pledge anew,
Lest in thy friends' neglect thou suffer shame.
God-speed to ship, good health to pious crew,
Peace by the way, and port of noble fame!
—*Edward Cracroft Lefroy*

Names

I asked my fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece:
Lalage, Neaera, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,
Arethusa or Lucrece.

"Ah!" returned my gentle fair,
"Beloved, what are names but air?
Choose whatever suits the line;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me Thine!"
—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

A Summer Day in Old Sicily

Gods, what a sun! I think the world's aglow
This garment irks me. Phoebus, it is hot!
'Twere sad if Glycera should find me shot
By flame-tipp'd arrows from the Archer's bow.
Perchance he envies me,—the villain! O
For one tree's shadow or a cliff-side grot!
Where shall I shelter that he slay me not?
In what cool air or element?—I know.

The sea shall save me from the sweltering land:
Far out I'll wade, till creeping up and up,
The cold green water quenches every limb.
Then to the jealous god with lifted hand
I'll pour libation from a rosy cup,
And leap, and dive, and see the tunnies swim.
—*Edward Cracroft Lefroy*

On a Nightingale in April

The yellow moon is a dancing phantom
Down secret ways of the flowing shade;
And the waveless stream has a murmuring whisper
Where the alders wade.
Not a breath, not a sigh, save the slow stream's whisper:

Only the moon is a dancing blade
That leads a host of the Crescent warriors
To a phantom raid.

Out of the lands of Faerie a summons,
A long strange cry that thrills thro' the glade:—
The grey-green glooms of the elm are stirring,
Newly afraid.

Last heard, white music, under the olives
Where once Theocritus sang and play'd—
Thy Thracian song is the old new wonder—
O moon-white maid!

—*William Sharp*

Home-Thoughts from Abroad

O, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

—*Robert Browning*

Few Happy Matches

Say, mighty Love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands
To soften all their cares.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

—*Dr. Isaac Watts*

A Song

Gentle love, this hour befriend me,
To my eyes resign thy dart;
Notes of melting music lend me,
To dissolve a frozen heart.

Chill as mountain snow her bosom,
Though I tender language use,
'Tis by cold indifference frozen,
To my arms, and to my Muse.

See! my dying eyes are pleading,
Where a breaking heart appears;
For thy pity interceding
With the eloquence of tears.

While the lamp of life is fading,
And beneath thy coldness dies,
Death my ebbing pulse invading,
Take my soul into thy eyes.

—*Aaron Hill*

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*

My Lady

I loved her for that she was beautiful;
And that to me she seem'd to be all Nature,
And all varieties of things in one:
Would set at night in clouds of tears, and rise
All light and laughter in the morning; fear
No petty customs nor appearances;
But think what others only dream'd about;
And say what others did but think; and do
What others did but say; and glory in
What others dared but do; so pure withal
In soul; in heart and act such conscious yet
Such perfect innocence, she made round her
A halo of delight. 'Twas these which won me;—
And that she never school'd within her breast
One thought or feeling, but gave holiday
To all; and that she made all even mine
In the communion of Love; and we
Grew like each other, for we loved each other;
She, mild and generous as the air in Spring;
And I, like Earth all budding out with love.

—*Philip James Bailey*

To a Discarded Toast

Celia, confess 'tis all in vain
To patch the ruins of thy face;
Nor of ill-natur'd time complain,
That robs it of each blooming grace.

If love no more shall bend his bow,
Nor point his arrows from thine eye,
If no lac'd fop, nor feathered beau,
Despairing at thy feet shall die.

Yet still, my charmer, wit like thine
Shall triumph over age and fate;
Thy setting beams with lustre shine,
And rival their meridian height.

Beauty, fair flower! soon fades away,
And transient are the joys of love;
But wit, and virtue ne'er decay,
Ador'd below, and bless'd above.

—*William Somerville*

The Bonnie Wee Thing

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this sould of mine.

—*Robert Burns*

Song from "The Princess"

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font;
The firefly wakens: waken thou with me.
Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

—*Alfred Tennyson*

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*

To a Lofty Beauty, from Her Poor Kinsman

Fair 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.
—*Hartley Coleridge*

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*

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!

—*Bryan Waller Proctor*

Delia

Fair the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
But, Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip.

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
O let me steal one liquid kiss!
For oh! my soul is parch'd with love.

—*Robert Burns*

Speaking and Kissing

The air which thy smooth voice doth break,
Into my soul like lightning flies;
My life retires while thou dost speak,
And thy soft breath its room supplies.

Lost in this pleasing ecstasy,
I join my trembling lips to thine,
And back receive that life from thee
Which I so gladly did resign.

Forbear, Platonic fools! t'inquire
What numbers do the soul compose;
No harmony can life inspire
But that which from these accents flows.

—*Thomas Stanley*

A Rondeau to Ethel

"In tea-cup times"! The style of dress
Would meet your beauty, I confess;
Belinda-like, the patch you'd wear;
I picture you the powdered hair,—
You'd make a charming Shepherdess!

And I—no doubt—could well express
Sir Plume's complete conceitedness,—
Could poise a clouded cane with care
"In tea-cup times"!

The parts would fit precisely—yes;
We should achieve a huge success!
You should disdain, and I despair,
With quite the true Augustan air;
But ... could I love you more, or less,—
"In tea-cup times"?

—*Austin Dobson*

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!

—*Leigh Hunt*

Under the Wattle

"Why should not Wattle do
For Mistletoe?
Ask'd one—they were but two—
Where wattles grow.

He was her lover, too,
Who urged her so—
"Why should not Wattle do
For Mistletoe?"

A rose-cheek rosier grew;
Rose-lips breathed low—
"Since it is here—and You—
I hardly know
Why Wattle should not do."

—*Douglas Brook Wheelton Sladen*

Eutopia

There is a garden where lilies
And roses are side by side;
And all day between them in silence
The silken butterflies glide.

I may not enter the garden,
Tho' I know the road thereto;
And morn by morn to the gateway
I see the children go.

They bring back light on their faces;
But they cannot bring back to me
What the lilies say to the roses,
Or the songs of the butterflies be.

—*Francis Turner Palgrave*



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FASHIONED FLOWERS ***

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