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**THE LAND OF SONG**

**Book III.**

*FOR UPPER GRAMMAR GRADES*

SELECTED BY

**KATHARINE H. SHUTE**

EDITED BY

# LARKIN DUNTON, LL.D.

HEAD MASTER OF THE BOSTON NORMAL SCHOOL



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*COMPILERS' PREFACE.*

[Pg 3]

The inestimable value of literature in supplying healthful recreation, in opening the mind to larger views of life, and in creating ideals that shall mold the spiritual nature, is conceded now by every one who has intelligently considered the problems of education. But the basis upon which literature shall be selected and arranged is still a matter of discussion.

Chronology, race-correspondence, correlation, and ethical training should all be recognized incidentally; but the main purpose of the teacher of literature is to send children on into life with a genuine love for good reading. To accomplish this, three things should be true of the reading offered: first, it should be *literature*; second, it should be literature of some scope, not merely some small phase of literature, such as the fables, or the poetry of one of the less eminent poets; and third, it should appeal to children's natural interests. Children's interests, varied as they seem, center in the marvelous and the preternatural; in the natural world; and in human life, especially child life and the romantic and heroic aspects of mature life. In the selections made for each grade, we have recognized these different interests.

To grade poetry perfectly for different ages is an impossibility; much of the greatest verse is for all ages—that is one reason why it *is* great. A child of five will lisp the numbers of Horatius with delight; and Scott's *Lullaby of an Infant Chief*, with its romantic color and its exquisite human tenderness, is dear to childhood, to manhood, and to old age. But the Land of Song is a great undiscovered country to the little child; by some road or other he must find his way into it; and these volumes simply attempt to point out a path through which he may be led into its happy fields.

[Pg 4]

Our earnest thanks are due to the following publishers for permission to use copyrighted poems: to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for poems by Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Aldrich, Bayard Taylor, James T. Fields, Phœbe Cary, Lucy Larcom, Celia Thaxter, and Sarah Orne Jewett; to D. Appleton & Co. for a large number of Bryant's poems: to Charles Scribner's Sons for two poems by Stevenson, from *Underwoods*, and *A Child's Garden of Verses*; to J. B. Lippincott & Co. for two poems by Thomas Buchanan Read; and to Henry T. Coates & Co. for a poem by Charles Fenno Hoffman.

The present volume is intended for the seventh, eighth, and ninth school years, or higher grammar grades. It is the third of three books prepared for use in the grades below the high school. As no collection of this size can supply as much poetry as may be used to advantage, and as many desirable poems by American writers have necessarily been omitted, we have noted at the end of this volume lists of poems which it would be well to add to the material given here, that our children may realize the scope and beauty of the poetry of their own land.

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## THE LAND OF SONG: BOOK III.

### *PART I.*



TITO CONTI

IRIS

## *The Land of Song: Book III.*

### PART ONE.

#### THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

##### A SELECTION.



Oh Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,  
 A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,  
 And wavy tresses gushing from the cap  
 With which the Roman master crowned his slave  
 When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,  
 Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailèd hand  
 Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,  
 Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred  
 With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs  
 Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched  
 His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;  
 They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.  
 Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,  
 And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,  
 Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,  
 The links are shivered, and the prison walls  
 Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,  
 As springs the flame above a burning pile,  
 And shoutest to the nations, who return  
 Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### SONNET ON CHILLON.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,  
 For there thy habitation is the heart—  
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind;  
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—  
 To fetters, and the damp vault's day less gloom,  
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,  
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.  
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,  
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,  
 Until his very steps have left a trace  
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,  
 By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!  
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON.

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**THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.**

[Pg 15]



'Tis the last rose of summer,  
 Left blooming alone;  
 All her lovely companions  
 Are faded and gone;  
 No flower of her kindred,  
 No rosebud is nigh,  
 To reflect back her blushes,  
 Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go, sleep thou with them;  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away!  
 When true hearts lie withered,  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 O, who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

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**THE SANDS OF DEE.**

[Pg 16]

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 Across the sands of Dee."  
 The western wind was wild and dank with foam,  
 And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,  
 And o'er and o'er the sand,  
 And round and round the sand,  
 As far as eye could see.  
 The rolling mist came down and hid the land:  
 And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,—  
 A tress of golden hair,  
 A drownèd maiden's hair,  
 Above the nets at sea?  
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
 Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
 The cruel crawling foam,  
 The cruel hungry foam,  
 To her grave beside the sea.

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,  
Across the sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

[Pg 17]



**JEAN INGELOW.**

## **THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.**

(1571.)

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,  
The ringers ran by two, by three;  
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;  
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.  
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!  
Play all your changes, all your swells,  
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

[Pg 18]

Men say it was a stolen tyde—  
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;  
But in myne ears doth still abide  
The message that the bells let fall:  
And there was naught of strange, beside  
The flights of mews and peewits pied  
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,  
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;  
The level sun, like ruddy ore,  
Lay sinking in the barren skies;  
And dark against day's golden death  
She moved where Lindis wandereth,  
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
Ere the early dews were falling,  
Farre away I heard her song.  
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;  
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,  
Floweth, floweth,  
From the meads where melick groweth  
Faintly came her milking song—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
"For the dews will soone be falling;  
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow;  
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;  
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;  
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow;  
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,  
From the clovers lift your head;  
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,  
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,  
Jetty, to the milking shed."

[Pg 19]

If it be long, ay, long ago,  
When I beginne to think how long,  
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,  
Swifte as an arrow, sharpe and strong;  
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,  
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),  
That ring the time of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,  
And not a shadow mote be seene,  
Save where full fyve miles away  
The steeple towered from out the greene;  
And lo! the great bell farre and wide  
Was heard in all the country side  
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are  
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,  
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,  
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;  
Till floating o'er the grassy sea  
Came downe that kyndly message free,  
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

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Then some looked uppe into the sky,  
And all along where Lindis flows  
To where the goodly vessels lie,  
And where the lordly steeple shows.  
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?  
What danger lowers by land or sea?  
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,  
Of pyrate galleys warping down;  
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,  
They have not spared to wake the towne:  
But while the west bin red to see,  
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,  
Why ring "The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne  
Came riding downe with might and main:  
He raised a shout as he drew on,  
Till all the welkin rang again,  
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"  
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,  
The rising tide comes on apace,  
And boats adrift in yonder towne  
Go sailing uppe the market-place."  
He shook as one that looks on death:  
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith,  
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

[Pg 21]

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds her way,  
With her two bairns I marked her long;  
And ere yon bells beganne to play  
Afar I heard her milking song."  
He looked across the grassy lea,  
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"  
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;  
For, lo! along the river's bed  
A mighty eygre reared his crest,  
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.  
It swept with thunderous noises loud;  
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,  
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed  
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;  
Then madly at the eygre's breast  
Flung uppe her weltering walls againe.

Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—  
Then beaten foam flew round about—  
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,  
The heart had hardly time to beat,  
Before a shallow seething wave  
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:  
The feet had hardly time to flee  
Before it brake against the knee,  
And all the world was in the sea.

[Pg 22]

Upon the rooffe we sate that night,  
The noise of bells went sweeping by;  
I marked the lofty beacon light  
Stream from the church tower, red and high—  
A lurid mark and dread to see;  
And awsome bells they were to mee,  
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

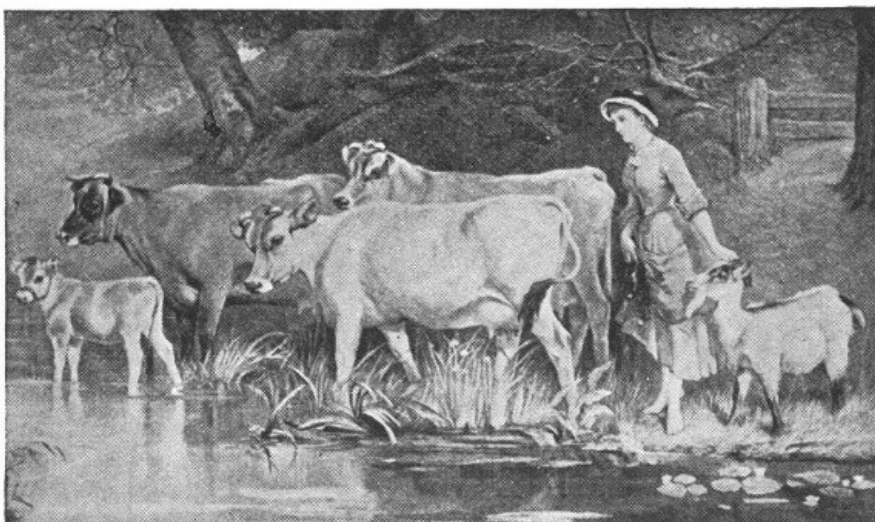
They rang the sailor lads to guide  
From rooffe to rooffe who fearless rowed;  
And I—my sonne was at my side,  
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;  
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,  
"O come in life, or come in death!  
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?  
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;  
The waters laid thee at his doore,  
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.  
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,  
The lifted sun shone on thy face,  
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks upon the grass,  
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;  
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!  
To manye more than myne and mee:  
But each will mourn his own (she saith);  
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

[Pg 23]

I shall never hear her more  
By the reedy Lindis shore,  
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
Ere the early dews be falling;  
I shall never hear her song,  
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along  
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,  
Goeth, floweth;  
From the meads where melick groweth,  
When the water winding down,  
Onward floweth to the town.



I shall never see her more  
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,  
    Shiver, quiver;  
Stand beside the sobbing river,  
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling  
To the sandy lonesome shore;  
I shall never hear her calling,  
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
    Mellow, mellow;  
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;  
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;  
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,  
    Hollow, hollow;  
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;  
    Lightfoot, Whitefoot,  
From your clovers lift the head;  
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,  
Jetty, to the milking shed."

[Pg 24]

JEAN INGELOW.

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### ROSABELLE.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!  
    No haughty feat of arms I tell;  
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,  
    That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!  
    And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!  
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,  
    Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;  
    To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;  
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,  
    Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

[Pg 25]

"Last night the gifted Seer did view  
    A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;  
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;  
    Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir  
    To-night at Roslin leads the ball,  
But that my ladye-mother there  
    Sits lonely in her castle hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,  
    And Lindesay at the ring rides well,  
But that my sire the wine will chide,  
    If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night,  
    A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;  
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,  
    And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castle rock,  
    It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;  
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,  
    And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,  
    Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,  
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,  
    Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,  
    Deep sacristy and altar's pale;  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
    And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

[Pg 26]

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,



Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—  
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold  
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;  
Each one the holy vault doth hold—  
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,  
With candle, with book, and with knell;  
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



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### TO A SKYLARK.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?  
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

[Pg 27]

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain  
—'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:  
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege, to sing  
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine;  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;  
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;  
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

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### CUMNOR HALL.

The dews of summer night did fall;  
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,  
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,  
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies,  
The sounds of busy life were still,  
Save an unhappy lady's sighs  
That issued from that lonely pile.

[Pg 28]

"Leicester!" she cried, "is this thy love  
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,  
To leave me in this lonely grove,  
Immured in shameful privity?"

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed  
Thy once-belovèd bride to see;



But, be she alive, or be she dead,  
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received  
When happy in my father's hall;  
No faithless husband then me grieved,  
No chilling fears did me appall.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,  
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;  
And like the bird that haunts the thorn  
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,  
Among court ladies all despised,  
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,  
Where, scornful Earl! it well was prized?

"But, Leicester, or I much am wrong,  
Or, 'tis not beauty lures thy vows;  
Rather, ambition's gilded crown  
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why,—again I plead,  
The injured surely may repine,—  
Why didst thou wed a country maid,  
When some fair princess might be thine?

[Pg 29]

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,  
And oh! then leave them to decay?  
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,  
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?

"The village maidens of the plain  
Salute me lowly as they go;  
Envious they mark my silken train,  
Nor think a countess can have woe.

"How far less blest am I than them!  
Daily to pine and waste with care!  
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem  
Divided, feels the chilling air.

"My spirits flag—my hopes decay—  
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear:  
And many a boding seems to say,  
Countess, prepare, thy end is near!"

Thus sore and sad that Lady grieved  
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear;  
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,  
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,  
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,  
Full many a piercing scream was heard,  
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring;  
An ærial voice was heard to call,  
And thrice the raven flapped its wing  
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

[Pg 30]

The mastiff howled at village door,  
The oaks were shattered on the green;  
Woe was the hour—for never more  
That hapless countess e'er was seen!

And in that manor now no more  
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;  
For ever since that dreary hour  
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,  
Avoid the ancient mossgrown wall;  
Nor ever lead the merry dance  
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveler oft hath sighed  
And pensive wept the countess' fall,  
As wand'ring onwards they've espied  
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

WILLIAM F. MICKLE.

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## THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:  
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;  
It is enthronèd in the heart of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.

[Pg 31]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

*The "Merchant of Venice."*

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## HORATIUS.

[Pg 45]

### A SELECTION.



But the Consul's brow was sad,  
And the Consul's speech was low,  
And darkly looked he at the wall,  
And darkly at the foe.  
"Their van will be upon us  
Before the bridge goes down;  
And if they once may win the bridge,  
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,  
The Captain of the Gate:  
"To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late.  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temples of his Gods;

[Pg 32]

"And for the tender mother  
Who dandled him to rest,  
And for the wife who nurses  
His baby at her breast,  
And for the holy maidens  
Who feed the eternal flame,  
To save them from false Sextus  
That wrought the deed of shame?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed ye may;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play.  
In yon straight path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three.  
Now who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;

A Ramnian proud was he:  
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee."  
And out spake strong Herminius;  
Of Titian blood was he:  
"I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,  
"As thou sayest, so let it be."  
And straight against that great array  
Forth went the dauntless Three.  
For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
Spared neither land nor gold,  
Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,  
In the brave days of old.

[Pg 33]

Then none was for a party;  
Then all were for the state;  
Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great:  
Then lands were fairly portioned;  
Then spoils were fairly sold:  
The Romans were like brothers  
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman  
More hateful than a foe,  
And the Tribunes beard the high,  
And the Fathers grind the low,  
As we wax hot in faction,  
In battle we wax cold:  
Wherefore men fight not as they fought  
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening  
Their harness on their backs,  
The Consul was the foremost man  
To take in hand an ax:  
And Fathers mixed with Commons  
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
And smote upon the planks above,  
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
Right glorious to behold,  
Came flashing back the noontday light,  
Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
Of a broad sea of gold.  
Four hundred trumpets sounded  
A peal of warlike glee,  
As that great host, with measured tread,  
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,  
Where stood the dauntless Three.

[Pg 34]

The Three stood calm and silent,  
And looked upon the foes,  
And a great shout of laughter  
From all the vanguard rose;  
And forth three chiefs came spurring  
Before that deep array;  
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,  
And lifted high their shields, and flew  
To win the narrow way;

Aunus from green Tifernum,  
Lord of the Hill of Vines;  
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves  
Sicken in Ilva's mines;  
And Picus, long to Clusium  
Vassal in peace and war,  
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers  
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,  
The fortress of Nequinum towers  
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus  
Into the stream beneath:  
Herminius struck at Seius,  
And clove him to the teeth:  
At Picus Brave Horatius  
Darted one fiery thrust;  
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms  
Clashed in the bloody dust.

[Pg 35]

Then Ocnus of Falerii  
Rushed on the Roman Three;  
And Lausulus of Urgo,  
The rover of the sea;  
And Aruns of Volsinium,  
Who slew the great wild boar,  
The great wild boar that had his den  
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,  
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,  
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns:  
Lartius laid Ocnus low:  
Right to the heart of Lausulus  
Horatius sent a blow.  
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!  
No more, aghast and pale,  
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark  
The track of thy destroying bark.  
No more Campania's hinds shall fly  
To woods and caverns when they spy  
Thy thrice accursèd sail."

But now no sound of laughter  
Was heard among the foes,  
A wild and wrathful clamor  
From all the vanguard rose.  
Six spears' lengths from the entrance  
Halted that deep array,  
And for a space no man came forth  
To win the narrow way.

[Pg 36]

But hark! the cry is "Astur";  
And lo! the ranks divide;  
And the great Lord of Luna  
Comes with his stately stride.  
Upon his ample shoulders  
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,  
And in his hand he shakes the brand  
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans  
A smile serene and high;  
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,  
And scorn was in his eye.  
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter  
Stands savagely at bay:  
But will ye dare to follow,  
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword  
With both hands to the height,  
He rushed against Horatius,  
And smote with all his might.  
With shield and blade Horatius  
Right deftly turned the blow.  
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;  
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh;  
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry  
To see the red blood flow.

[Pg 37]

He reeled, and on Herminius  
He leaned one breathing-space;  
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,  
Sprang right at Astur's face.  
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet  
So fierce a thrust he sped,

The good sword stood a hand-breadth out  
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna  
Fell at that deadly stroke,  
As falls on Mount Alvernus  
A thunder-smitten oak.  
Far o'er the crashing forest  
The giant arms lie spread;  
And the pale augurs, muttering low,  
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius  
Right firmly pressed his heel,  
And thrice and four times tugged amain,  
Ere he wrenched out the steel.  
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,  
Fair guests, that waits you here!  
What noble Lucumo comes next  
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge  
A sullen murmur ran,  
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,  
Along that glittering van.  
There lacked not men of prowess,  
Nor men of lordly race;  
For all Etruria's noblest  
Were round the fatal place.

[Pg 38]

But all Etruria's noblest  
Felt their hearts sink to see  
On the earth the bloody corpses,  
In the path the dauntless Three.  
And from the ghastly entrance  
Where those bold Romans stood,  
All shrank, like boys who unaware,  
Ranging the woods to start a hare,  
Come to the mouth of the dark lair  
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear  
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost  
To lead such dire attack:  
But those behind cried, "Forward!"  
And those before cried, "Back!"  
And backward now and forward  
Wavers the deep array;  
And on the tossing sea of steel,  
To and fro the standards reel;  
And the victorious trumpet-peal  
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment  
Stood out before the crowd;  
Well known was he to all the Three,  
And they gave him greeting loud.  
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!  
Now welcome to thy home!  
Why dost thou stay, and turn away,  
Here lies the road to Rome."

[Pg 39]

Thrice looked he at the city;  
Thrice looked he at the dead;  
And thrice came on in fury,  
And thrice turned back in dread;  
And, white with fear and hatred,  
Scowled at the narrow way  
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,  
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile ax and lever  
Have manfully been plied;  
And now the bridge hangs tottering  
Above the boiling tide.  
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"

Loud cried the Fathers all,  
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!  
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;  
Herminius darted back:  
And, as they passed, beneath their feet  
They felt the timbers crack.  
But when they turned their faces,  
And on the farther shore  
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
They would have crossed once more.

[Pg 40]

But with a crash like thunder  
Fell every loosened beam,  
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
Lay right athwart the stream;  
And a long shout of triumph  
Rose from the walls of Rome,  
As to the highest turret-tops  
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken  
When first he feels the rein,  
The furious river struggled hard,  
And tossed his tawny mane,  
And burst the curb, and bounded,  
Rejoicing to be free;  
And whirling down, in fierce career,  
Battlement, and plank, and pier,  
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
But constant still in mind;  
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
And the broad flood behind.  
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,  
With a smile on his pale face.  
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,  
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning  
Those craven ranks to see;  
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,  
To Sextus naught spake he;  
But he saw on Palatinus  
The white porch of his home;  
And he spake to the noble river  
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

[Pg 41]

"Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!  
To whom the Romans pray,  
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
Take thou in charge this day."  
So he spake, and speaking sheathed  
The good sword by his side,  
And with his harness on his back,  
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow  
Was heard from either bank;  
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,  
With parted lips and straining eyes,  
Stood gazing where he sank;  
And when above the surges  
They saw his crest appear,  
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
And even the ranks of Tuscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,  
Swollen high by months of rain:  
And fast his blood was flowing  
And he was sore in pain,  
And heavy with his armor,  
And spent with changing blows:

And oft they thought him sinking,  
But still again he rose.

[Pg 42]

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
In such an evil case,  
Struggle through such a raging flood  
Safe to the landing-place:  
But his limbs were borne up bravely  
By the brave heart within;  
And our good father Tiber  
Bore bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;  
"Will not the villain drown?  
But for this stay, ere close of day  
We should have sacked the town!"  
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,  
"And bring him safe to shore;  
For such a gallant feat of arms  
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;  
Now on dry earth he stands;  
Now round him throng the Fathers  
To press his gory hands;  
And now, with shouts and clapping,  
And noise of weeping loud,  
He enters through the River-Gate,  
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,  
That was of public right,  
As much as two strong oxen  
Could plow from morn till night;  
And they made a molten image,  
And set it up on high,  
And there it stands unto this day  
To witness if I lie.

[Pg 43]

It stands in the Comitium,  
Plain for all folk to see;  
Horatius in his harness,  
Halting upon one knee:  
And underneath is written,  
In letters all of gold,  
How valiantly he kept the bridge,  
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring  
Unto the men of Rome,  
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them  
To charge the Volscian home;  
And wives still pray to Juno  
For boys with hearts as bold  
As his who kept the bridge so well  
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,  
When the cold north winds blow,  
And the long howling of the wolves  
Is heard amidst the snow;  
When round the lonely cottage  
Roars loud the tempest's din,  
And the good logs of Algidus  
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit;  
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
And the kid turns on the spit;  
When young and old in circle  
Around the firebrands close;  
When the girls are weaving baskets,  
And the lads are shaping bows;

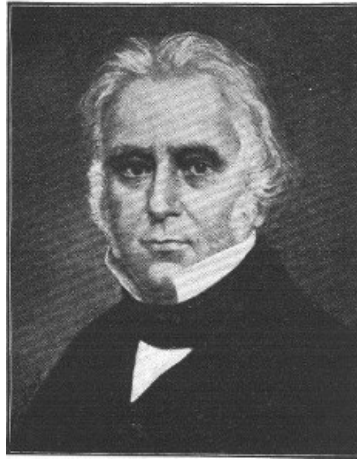
[Pg 44]

When the goodman mends his armor,



And trims his helmet's plume;  
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
Goes flashing through the loom;  
With weeping and with laughter  
Still is the story told,  
How well Horatius kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.



THOMAS BABINGTON  
MACAULAY.

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**SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH.**

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light,  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.



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**ON HIS BLINDNESS.**

When I consider how my light is spent,  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest He, returning, chide,—

"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"  
I fondly ask:—But Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need  
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best  
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state  
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—  
They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON.

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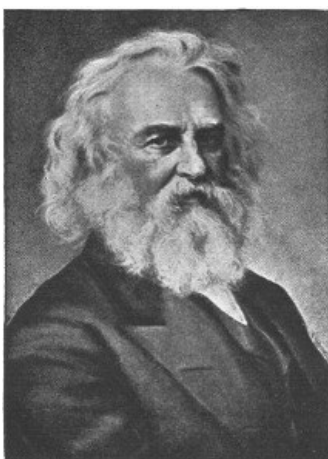
## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

### A SELECTION.

All is finished! and at length  
Has come the bridal day  
Of beauty and of strength.  
To-day the vessel shall be launched!  
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,  
And o'er the bay,  
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,  
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

. . . . .  
On the deck another bride  
Is standing by her lover's side.  
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,  
Like the shadows cast by clouds,  
Broken by many a sunny fleck,  
Fall around them on the deck.

[Pg 47]



**HENRY WADSWORTH  
LONGFELLOW.**

Then the Master,  
With a gesture of command,  
Waved his hand;  
And at the word,  
Loud and sudden there was heard,  
All around them and below,  
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
And see! she stirs!  
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

[Pg 48]

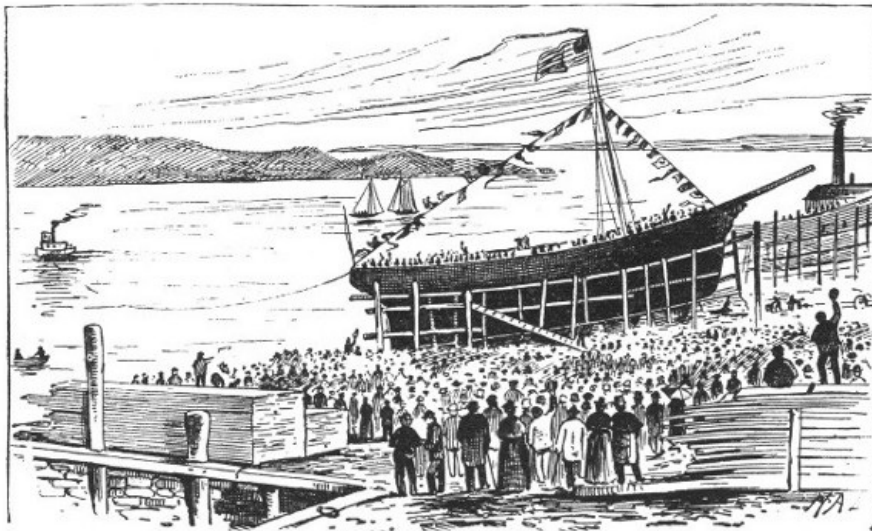
. . . . .  
Sail forth into the sea of life,  
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
And safe from all adversity  
Upon the bosom of that sea  
Thy comings and thy goings be!

For gentleness and love and trust  
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;  
And in the wreck of noble lives  
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale!  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

[Pg 49]

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



### OF OLD SAT FREEDOM.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,  
The thunders breaking at her feet:  
Above her shook the starry lights:  
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,  
Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,  
But fragments of her mighty voice  
Came rolling on the wind.

[Pg 50]

Then stept she down thro' town and field  
To mingle with the human race,  
And part by part to men revealed  
The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,  
From her isle-altar gazing down,  
Who, godlike, grasps the triple forks,  
And kinglike, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.  
The wisdom of a thousand years

Is in them. May perpetual youth  
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,  
Make bright our days and light our dreams,  
Turning to scorn with lips divine  
The falsehood of extremes!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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### LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west.  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,  
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,  
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;  
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

[Pg 51]

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all:  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),  
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;  
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—  
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,  
And the bridemaids whispered, "'Twere better by far  
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

[Pg 52]

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!  
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:  
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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### BANNOCKBURN.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;

Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
See the front o' battle lour:  
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—  
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn and flee!

[Pg 53]

Wha for Scotland's king and law,  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
By our sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!—  
Let us do or die!

ROBERT BURNS.

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### BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,  
"Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;  
So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me,  
Come follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;  
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;  
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,  
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee!"

[Pg 54]

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,  
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;  
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,  
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonnie Dundee!

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was crammed,  
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;  
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,  
As they watched for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,  
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;  
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,  
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,  
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;  
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three  
For the love of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee."

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes:  
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!  
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,  
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,  
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;  
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,  
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

"There's brass on the target of barked bull hide;  
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;  
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,  
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

[Pg 55]

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,  
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;  
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,  
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!"

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,  
The kettledrums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,  
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee  
Died away the wild war notes of Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, and fill up my can,  
Come saddle the horses and call up the men,  
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,  
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



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## THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN.

[Pg 56]

A good sword and a trusty hand!  
A merry heart and true!  
King James's men shall understand  
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?  
And shall Trelawny die?  
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men  
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,  
A merry wight was he:  
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,  
We'll set Trelawny free!

"We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,  
The Severn is no stay,  
With one and all, and hand in hand,  
And who shall bid us nay?

"And when we come to London Wall,  
A pleasant sight to view,  
Come forth! come forth! ye cowards all,  
Here's men as good as you.

"Trelawny he's in keep and hold,  
Trelawny he may die;  
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold  
Will know the reason why!"

ROBERT S. HAWKER.

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,  
 The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,—  
 Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;  
 And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust  
 Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,  
 Ordained that no man living, from that day,  
 Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.  
 All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer.—He, proud to show  
 How far for love a grateful soul could go,  
 And facing death for very scorn and grief,  
 For his great heart wanted a great relief,  
 Stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the square  
 Where once had stood a happy home, and there  
 Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar  
 On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried: the man  
 Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began  
 To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he;  
 "From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;  
 From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;  
 Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;  
 Restored me, loved me, put me on a par  
 With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this  
 The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,  
 Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate  
 Might smile upon another half as great.  
 He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;  
 The caliph's judgment shall be master still.

[Pg 58]

"Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,  
 The richest in the Tartar's diadem,  
 And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."  
 "Gifts!" cried the friend. He took: and holding it  
 High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,  
 Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar."

LEIGH HUNT.

**LORD OF HIMSELF.**

How happy is he born or taught  
 Who serveth not another's will;  
 Whose armor is his honest thought,  
 And simple truth his highest skill:

Whose passions not his masters are;  
 Whose soul is still prepared for death—  
 Not tied unto the world with care  
 Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

Who hath his ear from rumors freed;  
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
 Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who envies none whom chance doth raise,  
 Or vice; who never understood  
 How deepest wounds are given with praise,  
 Nor rules of state but rules of good;

[Pg 59]

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

This man is free from servile bands  
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall:

Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

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### THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits  
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!  
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,  
If any man obtain that which he merits,  
Or any merit that which he obtains.

For shame, dear friend; renounce this canting strain.  
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?  
Place, titles, salary, a gilded chain—  
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?  
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends.  
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
The good great man? three treasures—love and light,  
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;  
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—  
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

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### DEATH THE LEVELER.

[Pg 60]

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

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield;  
They tame but one another still:  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

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

JAMES SHIRLEY.

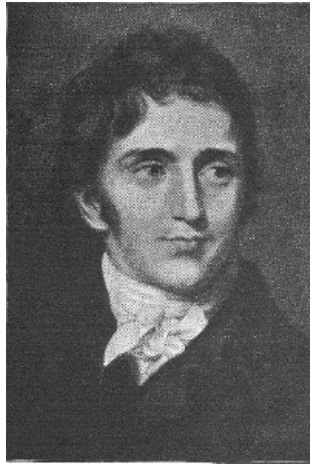
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### OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT.

[Pg 61]

I met a traveler from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.





THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

## WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

## WIZARD.

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day  
 When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!  
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.  
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;  
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!  
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,

And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.  
 But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,  
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?  
 'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,  
 Like a love-lighted watch fire, all night at the gate.  
 A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;  
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
 Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!  
 Oh weep, but thy tears cannot number the dead:  
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,  
 Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

[Pg 62]

## LOCHIEL.

[Pg 63]

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer;  
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight  
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

## WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?  
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!  
 Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,  
 From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?  
 Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode  
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;  
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!  
 Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.  
 Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast  
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?  
 'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.  
 Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,  
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,  
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;  
 Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!  
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

[Pg 64]

### LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan,  
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!  
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!  
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!  
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;  
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,  
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

### WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;  
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;  
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.  
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.  
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,  
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!  
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:  
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!  
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors:  
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.  
But where is the ironbound prisoner? Where?  
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banished, forlorn,  
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?  
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;  
The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier;  
His death bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel  
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!  
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
Accursed be the fagots, that blaze at his feet,  
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,  
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

[Pg 65]

### LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:  
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,  
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.  
Tho' my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,  
Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,  
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!  
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Look proudly to Heaven from the deathbed of fame.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

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[Pg 66]



*"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky"*

### THE SNOWSTORM.

[Pg 67]

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
 Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
 Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air  
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,  
 And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.  
 The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet  
 Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
 Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed  
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.  
 Out of an unseen quarry evermore  
 Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer  
 Curves his white bastions with projected roof  
 Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.  
 Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work  
 So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he  
 For number or proportion. Mockingly,  
 On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;  
 A swanlike form invests the hidden thorn:  
 Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,  
 Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate  
 A tapering turret overtops the work.  
 And when his hours are numbered, and the world  
 Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,  
 Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art  
 To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,  
 Built in an age, the mad wind's night work,  
 The frolic architecture of the snow.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

### THE AWAKENING OF SPRING.

[Pg 68]



Now fades the last long streak of snow,  
 Now bourgeons every maze of quick  
 About the flowering squares, and thick  
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
 And drowned in yonder living blue  
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
 And milkier every milky sail

On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives  
In yonder greening gleam, and fly  
The happy birds, that change their sky  
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast  
Spring wakens too; and my regret  
Becomes an April violet,  
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

From "In Memoriam."

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### HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

[Pg 69]



Oh, 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 hole 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 blossomed 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.

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### TWILIGHT CALM.

[Pg 70]

O Pleasant eventide!  
Clouds on the western side  
Grow gray and grayer, hiding the warm sun:  
The bees and birds, their happy labors done,  
Seek their close nests and bide.

Screened in the leafy wood  
The stockdoves sit and brood:  
The very squirrel leaps from bough to bough  
But lazily; pauses; and settles now  
Where once he stored his food.

One by one the flowers close,  
Lily and dewy rose  
Shutting their tender petals from the moon:  
The grasshoppers are still; but not so soon  
Are still the noisy crows.

The dormouse squats and eats  
Choice little dainty bits  
Beneath the spreading roots of a broad lime;  
Nibbling his fill he stops from time to time  
And listens where he sits.

From far the lowings come  
Of cattle driven home:  
From farther still the wind brings fitfully  
The vast continual murmur of the sea,  
Now loud, now almost dumb.

The gnats whirl in the air,  
The evening gnats; and there  
The owl opes broad his eyes and wings to sail

[Pg 71]

For prey; the bat wakes; and the shell-less snail  
Comes forth, clammy and bare.

Hark! that's the nightingale.  
Telling the selfsame tale  
Her song told when this ancient earth was young:  
So echoes answered when her song was sung  
In the first wooded vale.

We call it love and pain,  
The passion of her strain;  
And yet we little understand or know:  
Why should it not be rather joy that so  
Throbs in each throbbing vein?

In separate herds the deer  
Lie; here the bucks, and here  
The does, and by its mother sleeps the fawn:  
Through all the hours of night until the dawn  
They sleep, forgetting fear.

The hare sleeps where it lies,  
With wary half-closed eyes:  
The cock has ceased to crow, the hen to cluck:  
Only the fox is out, some heedless duck  
Or chicken to surprise.

Remote, each single star  
Comes out, till there they are  
All shining brightly: how the dews fall damp!  
While close at hand the glowworm lights her lamp  
Or twinkles from afar.

But evening now is done  
As much as if the sun  
Day-giving had arisen in the east:  
For night has come; and the great calm has ceased,  
The quiet sands have run.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

[Pg 72]



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### ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away:  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,  
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings:

[Pg 73]

Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:—  
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,  
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee;  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour:  
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?  
—I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:—  
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY F. LYTE.

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### SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES."

The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hillside's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world.

ROBERT BROWNING.

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### MAN AND NATURE.

[Pg 74]

A sad man on a summer day  
Did look upon the earth and say—  
"Purple cloud, the hilltop binding,  
Folded hills, the valleys wind in,  
Valleys, with fresh streams among you,  
Streams, with bosky trees along you,  
Trees, with many birds and blossoms,  
Birds, with music-trembling bosoms,  
Blossoms, dropping dews that wreath you  
To your fellow flowers beneath you,  
Flowers, that constellate on earth,  
Earth, that shakest to the mirth  
Of the merry Titan ocean,  
All his shining hair in motion!  
Why am I thus the only one  
Who can be dark beneath the sun?"

But when the summer day was past,  
He looked to heaven and smiled at last,  
Self-answered so—

"Because, O cloud,  
Pressing with thy crumpled shroud  
Heavily on mountain top,—  
Hills, that almost seem to drop,  
Stricken with a misty death,  
To the valleys underneath,—  
Valleys, sighing with the torrent,—  
Waters, streaked with branches horrent,—  
Branchless trees, that shake your head  
Wildly o'er your blossoms spread  
Where the common flowers are found,—  
Flowers, with foreheads to the ground,—  
Ground, that shrieketh while the sea  
With his iron smiteth thee—

[Pg 75]

I am, besides, the only one  
Who can be bright *without* the sun."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



### MORNING.

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,  
With night we banish sorrow,  
Sweet air blow soft, mount lark aloft  
To give my Love good morrow.  
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,  
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;  
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,  
To give my Love good morrow;  
To give my Love good morrow  
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

[Pg 76]

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,  
Sing birds in every furrow,  
And from each hill, let music shrill,  
Give my fair Love good morrow:  
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,  
Stare, linnet, and cock sparrow!  
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves  
Sing my fair Love good morrow.  
To give my Love good morrow  
Sing birds in every furrow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

## THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

### PART I.

On either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
And thro' the field the road runs by  
To many-towered Camelot;  
And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below,  
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver  
Thro' the wave that runs forever  
By the island in the river  
Flowing down to Camelot.  
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
Overlook a space of flowers,  
And the silent isle imbowers  
The Lady of Shalott.

[Pg 77]

By the margin, willow-veiled,  
Slide the heavy barges trailed

By slow horses; and unhailed  
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed,  
    Skimming down to Camelot:  
But who hath seen her wave her hand?  
Or at the casement seen her stand?  
Or is she known in all the land,  
    The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,  
Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
From the river winding clearly,  
    Down to towered Camelot:  
And by the moon the reaper weary,  
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy  
    Lady of Shalott."

## PART II.

There she weaves by night and day  
A magic web with colors gay.  
She has heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay  
    To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be,  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

[Pg 78]

And moving thro' a mirror clear  
That hangs before her all the year,  
Shadows of the world appear.  
There she sees the highway near  
    Winding down to Camelot;  
There the river eddy whirls,  
And there the surly village churls,  
And the red cloaks of market-girls,  
    Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad,  
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,  
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,  
    Goes by to towered Camelot;  
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue  
The knights come riding two and two;  
She hath no loyal knight and true,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights,  
For often thro' the silent nights  
A funeral, with plumes and lights,  
    And music, went to Camelot:  
Or when the moon was overhead,  
Came two young lovers lately wed;  
"I am half sick of shadows," said  
    The Lady of Shalott.

[Pg 79]

## PART III.

A bowshot from her bower eaves,  
He rode between the barley sheaves,  
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,  
And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
    Of bold Sir Lancelot.  
A red-cross knight for ever kneeled  
To a lady in his shield,  
That sparkled on the yellow field,  
    Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,  
Like to some branch of stars we see  
Hung in the golden Galaxy.



The bridle bells rang merrily  
As he rode down to Camelot:  
And from his blazoned baldric slung  
A mighty silver bugle hung,  
And as he rode his armor rung,  
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather  
Thick-jeweled shone the saddle leather,  
The helmet and the helmet feather  
Burned like one burning flame together,  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
As often thro' the purple night,  
Below the starry clusters bright,  
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;  
On burnished hooves his war horse trode;  
From underneath his helmet flowed  
His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
From the bank and from the river  
He flashed into the crystal mirror,  
"Tirra, lirra," by the river  
Sang Sir Lancelot.

[Pg 80]

She left the web, she left the loom,  
She made three paces thro' the room,  
She saw the water lily bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the plume,  
She looked down to Camelot.  
Out flew the web and floated wide;  
The mirror cracked from side to side;  
"The curse is come upon me," cried  
The Lady of Shalott.

#### PART IV.

In the stormy east wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods were waning,  
The broad stream in his banks complaining,  
Heavily the low sky raining  
Over towered Camelot;  
Down she came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat,  
And round about the prow she wrote  
*The Lady of Shalott.*

And down the river's dim expanse—  
Like some bold seër in a trance,  
Seeing all his own mischance—  
With a glassy countenance  
Did she look to Camelot.  
And at the closing of the day  
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;  
The broad stream bore her far away,  
The Lady of Shalott.

[Pg 81]

Lying, robed in snowy white  
That loosely flew to left and right—  
The leaves upon her falling light—  
Thro' the noises of the night  
She floated down to Camelot:  
And as the boat head wound along  
The willowy hills and fields among,  
They heard her singing her last song,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
And her eyes were darkened wholly,  
Turned to towered Camelot;  
For ere she reached upon the tide

The first house by the water-side,  
Singing in her song she died,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
By garden wall and gallery,  
A gleaming shape she floated by,  
Dead-pale between the houses high,  
Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,  
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,  
And round the prow they read her name,  
*The Lady of Shalott.*

[Pg 82]

Who is this? and what is here?  
And in the lighted palace near  
Died the sound of royal cheer;  
And they crossed themselves for fear,  
All the knights at Camelot:  
But Lancelot mused a little space;  
He said, "She has a lovely face;  
God in his mercy lend her grace,  
The Lady of Shalott."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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### ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.



Little Ellie sits alone  
'Mid the beeches of the meadow,  
By a stream-side on the grass;  
And the trees are showering down  
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,  
On her shining hair and face.

[Pg 83]

She has thrown her bonnet by;  
And her feet she has been dipping  
In the shallow water's flow.  
Now she holds them nakedly  
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,  
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,  
And the smile she softly uses,  
Fills the silence like a speech;  
While she thinks what shall be done,—  
And the sweetest pleasure chooses  
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile  
Chooses, "I will have a lover,  
Riding on a steed of steeds!  
He shall love me without guile;  
And to *him* I will discover  
That swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,

And the lover shall be noble,  
With an eye that takes the breath;  
And the lute he plays upon,  
Shall strike ladies into trouble,  
As his sword strikes men to death!

"And the steed it shall be shod  
All in silver, housed in azure,  
And the mane shall swim the wind;  
And the hoofs, along the sod,  
Shall flash onward and keep measure,  
Till the shepherds look behind.

[Pg 84]

"But my lover will not prize  
All the glory that he rides in,  
When he gazes in my face;  
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes  
Build the shrine my soul abides in;  
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

"Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,  
With the red-roan steed anear him,  
Which shall seem to understand—  
Till I answer, 'Rise, and go!'  
For the world must love and fear him  
Whom I gift with heart and hand.

"Then he will arise so pale,  
I shall feel my own lips tremble  
With a *yes* I must not say—  
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'  
I will utter and dissemble—  
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

"Then he'll ride among the hills  
To the wide world past the river,  
There to put away all wrong,  
To make straight distorted wills,  
And to empty the broad quiver  
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page  
Swim the stream and climb the mountain,  
And kneel down beside my feet—  
'Lo! my master sends this gage,  
Lady, for thy pity's counting!  
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

[Pg 85]

"And the first time I will send  
A white rosebud for a guerdon,  
And the second time a glove;  
But the third time—I may bend  
From my pride, and answer—'Pardon,  
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run—  
Then my lover will ride faster,  
Till he kneeleth at my knee:  
'I am a duke's eldest son!  
Thousand serfs do call me master,  
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*'

"He will kiss me on the mouth  
Then; and lead me as a lover,  
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;  
And, when soul-tied by one troth,  
Unto *him* I will discover  
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile  
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,  
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe—  
And went homeward, round a mile,  
Just to see, as she did daily,  
What more eggs were with the *two*.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse  
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,  
Where the osier pathway leads,  
Past the boughs she stoops, and stops.  
Lo, the wild swan had deserted—  
And a rat had gnawed the reeds!

[Pg 86]

Ellie went home sad and slow.  
If she found the lover ever,  
With his red-roan steed of steeds,  
Sooth, I know not! but I know  
She could never show him—never,  
That swan's nest among the reeds.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### TELLING THE BEES.



Here is the place; right over the hill  
Runs the path I took;  
You can see the gap in the old wall still,  
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,  
And the poplars tall;  
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle yard,  
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;  
And down by the brink  
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,  
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,  
Heavy and slow;  
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,  
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

[Pg 87]

There's the same sweet clover smell in the breeze;  
And the June sun warm  
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,  
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care  
From my Sunday coat  
I brushed off the burs, and smoothed my hair,  
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—  
To love, a year;  
Down through the beeches I looked at last  
On the little red gate and the well sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain  
Of light through the leaves,  
The sundown's blaze on her windowpane,  
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—  
The house and the trees,  
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—  
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,  
Forward and back,  
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,  
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun  
Had the chill of snow;  
For I knew she was telling the bees of one  
Gone on the journey we all must go!

[Pg 88]

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps  
For the dead to-day:  
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps

The fret and the pain of his age away."  
But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,  
With his cane to his chin,  
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still  
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since  
In my ears sounds on:—  
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!  
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

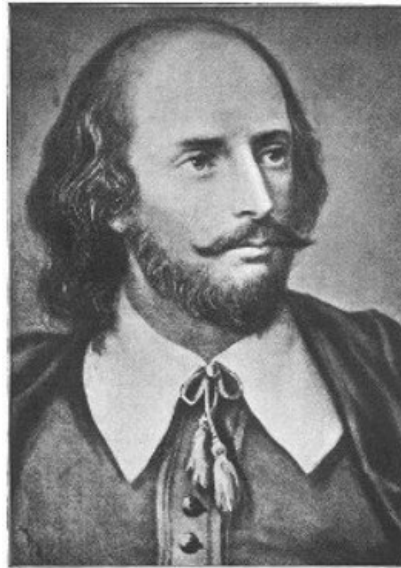
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## THE LAND OF SONG: Book III.

[Pg 89]

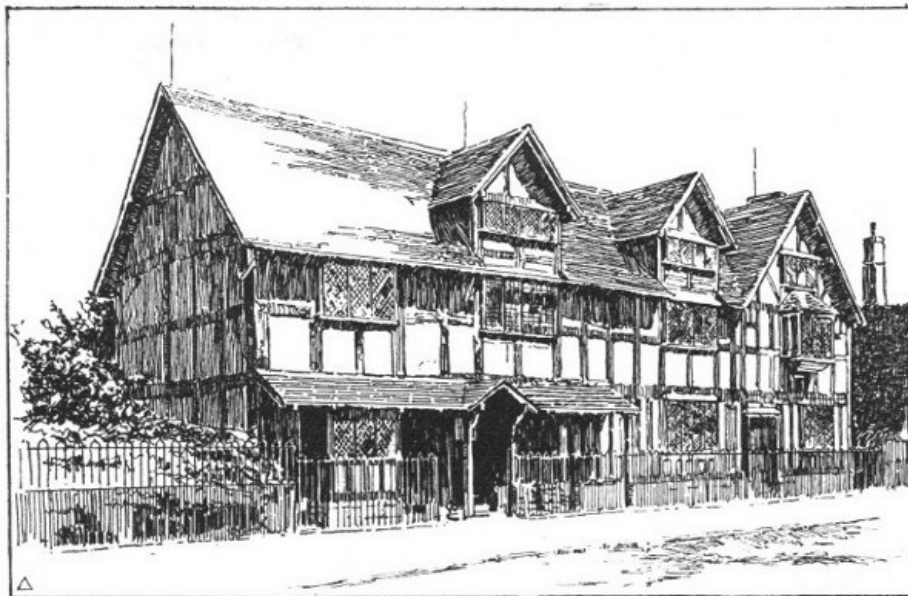
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### PART II.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

[Pg 90]



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.

[Pg 91]

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### PART TWO.

#### THE MAN THAT HATH NO MUSIC IN HIMSELF.

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From "*The Merchant of Venice*."

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### ADVERSITY.

[Pg 92]

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life exempt from public haunt  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From "*As You Like It*."

---

### TO THE DAISY.



In youth from rock to rock I went,  
From hill to hill in discontent  
Of pleasure high and turbulent,  
Most pleased when most uneasy.  
But now my own delights I make,—  
My thirst at every rill can slake,  
And gladly Nature's love partake,  
Of thee, sweet daisy!

Thee winter in the garland wears  
That thinly decks his few gray hairs;  
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs  
That she may sun thee;  
Whole summer fields are thine by right:  
And autumn, melancholy wight!  
Doth in thy crimson head delight  
When rains are on thee.

[Pg 93]

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,  
Thou greet'st the traveler in the lane;  
Pleased at his greeting thee again;  
    Yet nothing daunted,  
Nor grieved if thou be set at naught:  
And oft alone in nooks remote  
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,  
    When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews  
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;  
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews  
    Her head impearling.  
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,  
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;  
Thou art indeed by many a claim  
    The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,  
Or, some bright day of April sky,  
Imprisoned by hot sunshine, lie  
    Near the green holly,  
And wearily at length should fare;  
He needs but look about, and there  
Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare  
    His melancholy.

[Pg 94]

A hundred times, by rock or bower,  
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,  
Have I derived from thy sweet power  
    Some apprehension;  
Some steady love; some brief delight;  
Some memory that had taken flight;

Some chime of fancy wrong or right;  
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,  
And one chance look to thee should turn,  
I drink out of an humbler urn  
    A lowlier pleasure;  
The homely sympathy that heeds  
The common life, our nature breeds;  
A wisdom fitted to the needs  
    Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,  
When thou art up, alert and gay,  
Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play  
    With kindred gladness:  
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest  
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest  
Hath often eased my pensive breast  
    Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,  
All seasons through, another debt,  
Which I, wherever thou art met,  
    To thee am owing;  
An instinct call it, a blind sense;  
A happy, genial influence,  
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,  
    Nor whither going.

Child of the Year! that round dost run  
Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun  
As ready to salute the sun  
    As lark or leveret,  
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;  
Nor be less dear to future men  
Than in old time;—thou not in vain  
    Art Nature's favorite.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[Pg 95]

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## TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOW IN APRIL, 1786.

### A SELECTION.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,  
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;  
For I maun crush among the stoure  
    Thy slender stem:  
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
    Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
The bonnie lark, companion meet!  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,  
    Wi' spreckled breast,  
When upward springing, blythe, to greet  
    The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth;  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
    Amid the storm,  
Scarce reared above the parent earth  
    Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;  
But thou, beneath the random bield  
    O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
    Unseen, alane.

[Pg 96]

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
    In humble guise;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
    And low thou lies!

ROBERT BURNS.

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### COUNTY GUY.

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,  
    The sun has left the lea,  
The orange flower perfumes the bower,  
    The breeze is on the sea.  
The lark, his lay who trilled all day,  
    Sits hushed his partner nigh;  
Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour—  
    But where is County Guy?

[Pg 97]

The village maid steals through the shade,  
    Her shepherd's suit to hear;  
To beauty shy, by lattice high,  
    Sings highborn Cavalier.  
The star of Love, all stars above,  
    Now reigns o'er earth and sky;  
And high and low the influence know—  
    But where is County Guy?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



### EVENING.

The sun upon the lake is low,  
    The wild birds hush their song;  
The hills have evening's deepest glow,  
    Yet Leonard tarries long.  
Now all whom varied toil and care  
    From home and love divide,  
In the calm sunset may repair  
    Each to the loved one's side.

[Pg 98]

The noble dame on turret high,  
    Who waits her gallant knight,  
Looks to the western beam to spy  
    The flash of armor bright.  
The village maid, with hand on brow  
    The level ray to shade,  
Upon the footpath watches now  
    For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,  
    By day they swam apart;  
And to the thicket wanders slow



The hind beside the hart.  
The wood lark at his partner's side  
Twitters his closing song—  
All meet whom day and care divide,—  
But Leonard tarries long!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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### THE BEGGAR MAID.

Her arms across her breast she laid;  
She was more fair than words can say:  
Barefooted came the beggar maid  
Before the king Cophetua.  
In robe and crown the king stept down,  
To meet and greet her on her way;  
"It is no wonder," said the lords,  
"She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,  
She in her poor attire was seen:  
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,  
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.  
So sweet a face, such angel grace,  
In all that land had never been:  
Cophetua sware a royal oath:  
"This beggar maid shall be my queen!"

[Pg 99]

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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### SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON.

[Pg 100]



DIANA.

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,  
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
 Seated in thy silver chair,  
 State in wonted manner keep:  
 Hesperus entreats thy light,  
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
 Dare itself to interpose;  
 Cynthia's shining orb was made  
 Heaven to clear, when day did close:  
 Bless us then with wishèd sight,  
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart  
 And thy crystal shining quiver;  
 Give unto the flying hart  
 Space to breathe, how short soever:  
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
 Goddess, excellently bright.

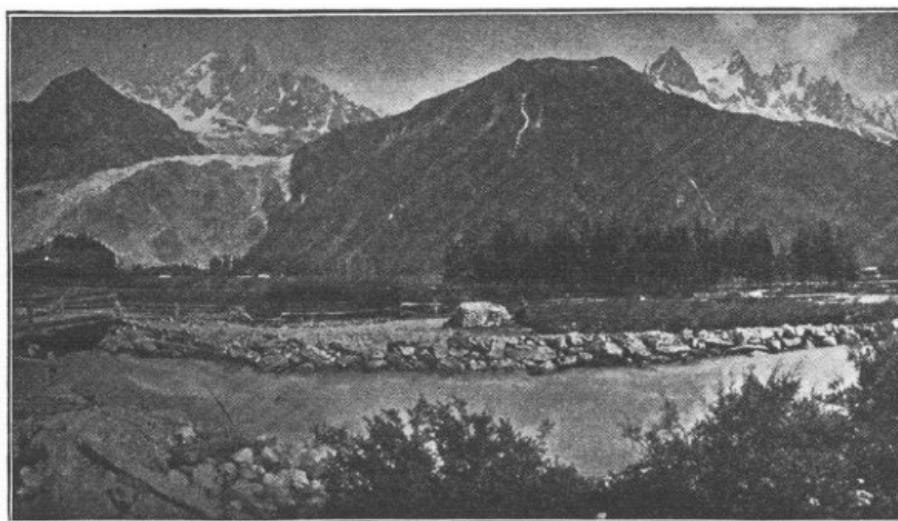
BEN JONSON.

**HELVELLYN.**

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,  
 Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide,  
 All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,  
 And starting around me the echoes replied.  
 On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,  
 And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,  
 One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,  
 When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

[Pg 102]

Dark green was the spot, 'mid the brown mountain heather,  
 Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,  
 Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,  
 Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.  
 Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,  
 For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,  
 The much-loved remains of her master defended,  
 And chased the hill fox and the raven away.



How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?  
 When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?  
 How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,  
 Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?  
 And, O, was it meet, that,—no requiem read o'er him,  
 No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,  
 And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him—  
 Unhonored the pilgrim from life should depart?

[Pg 103]

When a prince to the fate of a peasant has yielded,  
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;  
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,  
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;  
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming,  
In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming,  
Far adown the long isle sacred music is streaming,  
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,  
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;  
When, 'wildered, he drops from some rock huge in stature,  
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam;  
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,  
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,  
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,  
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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### THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?  
Where may the grave of that good man be?—  
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,  
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!  
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,  
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,  
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,  
Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.  
The knight's bones are dust,  
And his good sword rust;—  
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

[Pg 104]

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

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### A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!  
Let us glide adown thy stream  
Gently,—as we sometimes glide  
Through a quiet dream!  
Humble voyagers are we,  
Husband, wife, and children three,—  
(One is lost,—an angel, fled  
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!  
We've not proud nor soaring wings,  
Our ambition, our content,  
Lies in simple things.  
Humble voyagers are we,  
O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,  
Seeking only some calm clime;—  
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (*Barry Cornwall*).

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### GLENARA.

O heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,  
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?  
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;  
And her sire, and the people, are called to her bier.

[Pg 105]

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;  
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud:  
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;  
They marched all in silence,—they looked on the ground.

In silence they reached over mountain and moor,  
To a heath, where the oak tree grew lonely and hoar:  
"Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn:

Why speak ye no word?"—said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,  
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?"  
So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,  
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger displayed.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"  
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud:  
"And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,  
When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was seen;  
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,  
'Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn:

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,  
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief:  
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
And the desert revealed where his lady was found;  
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne—  
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

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### THE SEVEN SISTERS; OR, THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

[Pg 106]

Seven daughters had Lord Archibald,  
All children of one mother:  
You could not say in one short day  
What love they bore each other.  
A garland, of seven lilies wrought!  
Seven sisters that together dwell;  
But he, bold knight as ever fought,  
Their father, took of them no thought,  
He loved the wars so well.  
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,  
And from the shores of Erin,  
Across the wave, a rover brave  
To Binnorie is steering:  
Right onward to the Scottish strand  
The gallant ship is borne;  
The warriors leap upon the land,  
And hark! the leader of the band  
Hath blown his bugle horn.  
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie!

Beside a grotto of their own,  
With boughs above them closing,  
The seven are laid, and in the shade  
They lie like fawns reposing.  
But now upstarting with affright  
At noise of man and steed,  
Away they fly, to left, to right—  
Of your fair household, father knight,  
Methinks you take small heed!  
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie!

[Pg 107]

Away the seven fair Campbells fly;  
And, over hill and hollow,  
With menace proud, and insult loud,  
The youthful rovers follow.  
Cried they, "Your father loves to roam:  
Enough for him to find  
The empty house when he comes home;  
For us your yellow ringlets comb,

For us be fair and kind!"  
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie!

Some close behind, some side by side,  
Like clouds in stormy weather,  
They run and cry, "Nay, let us die,  
And let us die together."  
A lake was near; the shore was steep;  
There foot had never been;  
They ran, and with a desperate leap  
Together plunged into the deep,  
Nor ever more were seen.  
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie!

The stream that flows out of the lake,  
As through the glen it rambles,  
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,  
For those seven lovely Campbells.  
Seven little islands, green and bare,  
Have risen from out the deep:  
The fishers say those sisters fair  
By fairies are all buried there,  
And there together sleep.  
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie!

[Pg 108]

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

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### THE BIRKENHEAD.

Amid the loud ebriety of War,  
With shouts of "la République" and "la Gloire,"  
The Vengeur's crew, 'twas said, with flying flag  
And broadside blazing level with the wave  
Went down erect, defiant, to their grave  
Beneath the sea.—'Twas but a Frenchman's brag,  
Yet Europe rang with it for many a year.  
Now we recount no fable; Europe, hear!  
And when they tell thee "England is a fen  
Corrupt, a kingdom tottering to decay,  
Her nerveless burghers lying an easy prey  
For the first comer," tell how the other day  
A crew of half a thousand Englishmen  
Went down into the deep in Simon's Bay!  
Not with the cheer of battle in the throat,  
Or cannon-glare and din to stir their blood,  
But, roused from dreams of home to find their boat  
Fast sinking, mustered on the deck they stood,  
Biding God's pleasure and their chief's command.  
Calm was the sea, but not less calm that band  
Close ranged upon the poop, with bated breath,  
But flinching not though eye to eye with Death! Heroes!  
Who were those Heroes? Veterans steeled  
To face the King of Terrors mid the scaith  
Of many a hurricane and trenchèd field?  
Far other: weavers from the stocking frame;  
Boys from the plow; cornets with beardless chin,  
But steeped in honor and in discipline!

[Pg 109]

Weep, Britain, for the Cape whose ill-starred name,  
Long since divorced from Hope suggests but shame,  
Disaster, and thy Captains held at bay  
By naked hordes; but as thou weapest, thank  
Heaven for those undegenerate sons who sank  
Aboard the Birkenhead in Simon's Bay!

SIR HENRY YULE.

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### BEFORE SEDAN.

Here in this leafy place  
Quiet he lies,



Cold, with his sightless face  
Turned to the skies;  
'Tis but another dead;  
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—  
Kings must have slaves;  
Kings climb to eminence  
Over men's graves;  
So this man's eyes are dim;—  
Throw the earth over him.

[Pg 110]

What was the white you touched  
There at his side?

Paper his hand had clutched  
Tight ere he died;—  
Message or wish, may be;—  
Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us  
Here could have smiled!—  
Only the tremulous  
Words of a child;—  
Prattle, that has for stops  
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,  
Morning and night,  
His—her dead father's—kiss,  
Tries to be bright,  
Good to mamma, and sweet;  
That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead  
Slumbered the pain!  
Ah, if the hearts that bled  
Slept with the slain!  
If the grief died;—but no;—  
Death will not have it so.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

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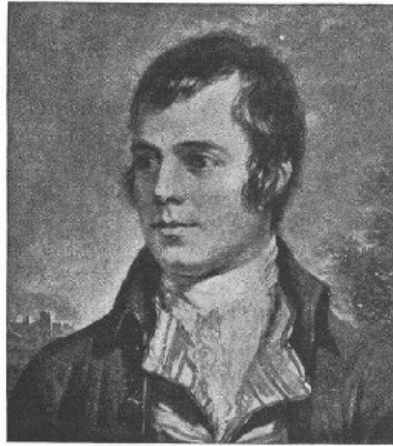
### THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

[Pg 111]

Oft in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me  
Fond Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me:  
The smiles, the tears  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken;

The eyes that shone,  
Now dimmed and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken!  
Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The friends so linked together  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather,  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed!  
Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

**ROBERT BURNS.****AULD LANG SYNE.**

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to min'?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days o' lang syne?  
     For auld lang syne, my dear,  
     For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,  
 And pu't the gowans fine;  
 But we've wandered mony a weary foot,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
     For auld lang syne, my dear,  
     For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne!

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,  
 Frae mornin' sun till dine:  
 But seas between us braid hae roared,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
     For auld lang syne, my dear,  
     For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne!

[Pg 113]

ROBERT BURNS.

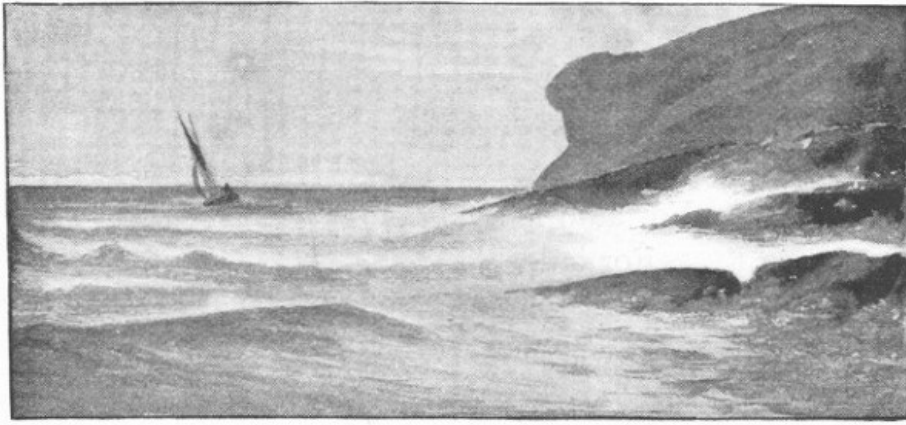
**JOHN ANDERSON.**

John Andersson, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was brent;  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither;  
 And mony a canty day, John,  
 We've had wi' are anither:  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go;  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

[Pg 114]

ROBERT BURNS.



### **WHERE LIES THE LAND TO WHICH THE SHIP WOULD GO?**

Where lies the land to which the ship would go;  
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
And where the land she travels from? Away,  
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,  
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;  
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below  
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild northwesterners rave,  
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!  
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast  
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

[Pg 115]

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?  
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
And where the land she travels from? Away,  
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

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### **THE POET AND THE BIRD.**

Said a people to a poet—"Go out from among us straightway!  
While we are thinking earthly things, thou singest of divine.  
There's a little fair brown nightingale, who, sitting in the gateway,  
Makes fitter music to our ear, than any song of thine!"

The poet went out weeping—the nightingale ceased chanting,  
"Now, wherefore, O thou nightingale, is all thy sweetness done?"—  
—"I cannot sing my earthly things, the heavenly poet wanting,  
Whose highest harmony includes the lowest under the sun."

The poet went out weeping,—and died abroad, bereft there.  
The bird flew to his grave and died amid a thousand wails.  
And, when I last came by the place, I swear the music left there  
Was only of the poet's song, and not the nightingale's.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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[Pg 116]





**MATTHEW ARNOLD.**

**THE NECKAN.**

In summer, on the headlands,  
The Baltic Sea along,  
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,  
And sings his plaintive song.

Green rolls beneath the headlands,  
Green rolls the Baltic Sea;  
And there, below the Neckan's feet,  
His wife and children be.

[Pg 117]

He sings not of the ocean,  
Its shells and roses pale;  
Of earth, of earth the Neckan sings,  
He hath no other tale.

He sits upon the headlands,  
And sings a mournful stave  
Of all he saw and felt on earth,  
Far from the kind sea wave.

Sings how, a knight, he wandered  
By castle, field, and town—  
But earthly knights have harder hearts  
Than the sea children own.

Sings of his earthly bridal—  
Priests, knights, and ladies gay.  
"—And who art thou," the priest began,  
"Sir Knight, who wedd'st to-day?"—

"—I am no knight," he answered;  
"From the sea waves I come."—  
The knights drew sword, the ladies screamed,  
The surpliced priest stood dumb.

He sings how from the chapel  
He vanished with his bride,  
And bore her down to the sea halls,  
Beneath the salt sea tide.

He sings how she sits weeping  
'Mid shells that round her lie.  
"—False Neckan shares my bed," she weeps;  
"No Christian mate have I."—

[Pg 118]

He sings how through the billows  
He rose to earth again,  
And sought a priest to sign the cross,  
That Neckan Heaven might gain.

He sings how, on an evening,  
Beneath the birch trees cool,  
He sate and played his harp of gold,  
Beside the river pool.

Beside the pool sate Neckan—  
Tears filled his mild blue eye.  
On his white mule, across the bridge,  
A cassocked priest rode by.

"—Why sitt'st thou there, O Neckan,  
And play'st thy harp of gold?  
Sooner shall this my staff bear leaves,  
Than thou shalt Heaven behold."—

But, lo, the staff, it budded!  
It greened, it branched, it waved.  
"—O ruth of God," the priest cried out,  
"This lost sea creature saved!"

The cassocked priest rode onwards,  
And vanished with his mule;  
But Neckan in the twilight gray  
Wept by the river pool.

He wept: "The earth hath kindness,  
The sea, the starry poles;  
Earth, sea, and sky, and God above—  
But, ah, not human souls!"

In summer, on the headlands,  
The Baltic Sea along,  
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,  
And sings this plaintive song.

[Pg 119]

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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### THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT.



The stream was smooth as glass; we said, "Arise and let's  
away:"  
The Siren sang beside the boat that in the rushes lay;  
And spread the sail, and strong the oar; we gayly took our  
way.  
When shall the sandy bar be crossed? when shall we find the  
bay?

The broadening flood swells slowly out o'er cattle-dotted  
plains,  
The stream is strong and turbulent, and dark with heavy  
rains;  
The laborer looks up to see our shallop speed away.  
When shall the sandy bar be crossed? when shall we find the  
bay?

Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds; the sun, superbly large,  
Slow as an oak to woodman's stroke sinks flaming at their marge.  
The waves are bright with mirrored light as jacinths on our way.  
When shall the sandy bar be crossed? when shall we find the bay?

[Pg 120]

The moon is high up in the sky, and now no more we see  
The spreading river's either bank, and surging distantly  
There booms a sudden thunder as of breakers far away.  
Now shall the sandy bar be crossed, now shall we find the bay!

The seagull shrieks high overhead, and dimly to our sight  
The moonlit crests of foaming waves gleam towering through the night.  
We'll steal upon the mermaid soon, and start her from her lay,  
When once the sandy bar is crossed, and we are in the bay.

What rises white and awful as a shroud-enfolded ghost?  
What roar of rampant tumult bursts in clangor on the coast?  
Pull back! pull back! The raging flood sweeps every oar away.  
O stream, is this thy bar of sand? O boat, is this the bay?

RICHARD GARNETT.

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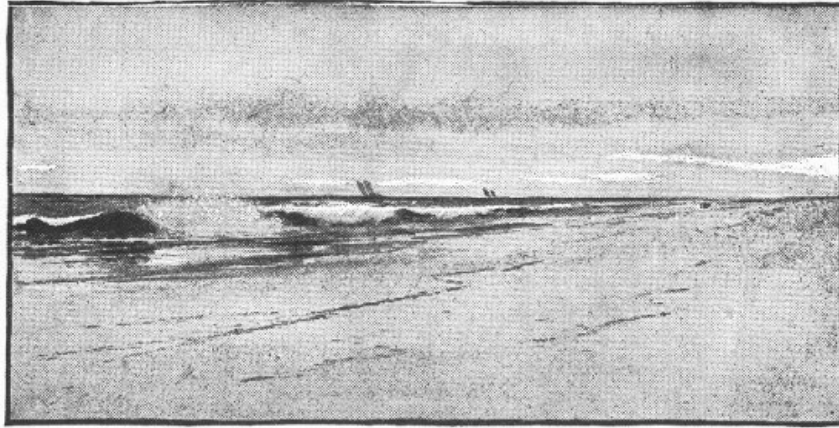
### ON THE SEA.

It keeps eternal whisperings around

Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell  
 Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell  
 Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.  
 Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,  
 That scarcely will the very smallest shell  
 Be moved for days from where it sometime fell,  
 When last the winds of heaven were unbound.  
 O ye! who have your eyeballs vexed and tired,  
 Feast them upon the wideness of the sea;  
 O ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,  
 Or fed too much with cloying melody,—  
 Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood  
 Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired!

[Pg 121]

JOHN KEATS.



## THE WHITE SHIP.

HENRY I. OF ENGLAND.—25th NOVEMBER, 1120.

By none but me can the tale be told,  
 The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.  
*(Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.)*

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,  
 Yet the tale can be told by none but me.  
*(The sea hath no King but God alone.)*

[Pg 122]

King Henry held it as life's whole gain  
 That after his death his son should reign.

'Twas so in my youth I heard men say,  
 And my old age calls it back to-day.

King Henry of England's realm was he,  
 And Henry Duke of Normandy.

The times had changed when on either coast  
 "Clerkly Harry" was all his boast.

Of ruthless strokes full many a one  
 He had struck to crown himself and his son;  
 And his elder brother's eyes were gone.

And when to the chase his court would crowd,  
 The poor flung plowshares on his road,  
 And shrieked: "Our cry is from King to God!"

But all the chiefs of the English land  
 Had knelt and kissed the Prince's hand.

And next with his son he sailed to France  
 To claim the Norman allegiance:

And every baron in Normandy  
 Had taken the oath of fealty.

'Twas sworn and sealed, and the day had come  
When the King and the Prince might journey home:

For Christmas cheer is to home hearts dear,  
And Christmas now was drawing near.

[Pg 123]

Stout Fitz-Stephen came to the King,—  
A pilot famous in seafaring;

And he held to the King, in all men's sight,  
A mark of gold for his tribute's right.

"Liege Lord! my father guided the ship  
From whose boat your father's foot did slip  
When he caught the English soil in his grip,

"And cried: 'By this clasp I claim command  
O'er every rood of English land!"

"He was borne to the realm you rule o'er now  
In that ship with the archer carved at her prow:

"And thither I'll bear, an' it be my due,  
Your father's son and his grandson too.

"The famed White Ship is mine in the bay;  
From Harfleur's harbor she sails to-day,

"With masts fair-pennoned as Norman spears  
And with fifty well-tried mariners."

Quoth the King: "My ships are chosen each one,  
But I'll not say nay to Stephen's son.

"My son and daughter and fellowship  
Shall cross the water in the White Ship."

The King set sail with the eve's south wind,  
And soon he left that coast behind.

The Prince and all his, a princely show,  
Remained in the good White Ship to go.

[Pg 124]

With noble knights and with ladies fair,  
With courtiers and sailors gathered there,  
Three hundred living souls we were:

And I Berold was the meanest hind  
In all that train to the Prince assigned.

The Prince was a lawless, shameless youth;  
From his father's loins he sprang without ruth:

Eighteen years till then he had seen,  
And the devil's dues in him were eighteen.

And now he cried: "Bring wine from below;  
Let the sailors revel ere yet they row:

"Our speed shall o'ertake my father's flight  
Though we sail from the harbor at midnight."

The rowers made good cheer without check;  
The lords and ladies obeyed his beck;  
The night was light, and they danced on the deck.

But at midnight's stroke they cleared the bay,  
And the White Ship furrowed the water way.

The sails were set, and the oars kept tune  
To the double flight of the ship and the moon:

Swifter and swifter the White Ship sped  
Till she flew as the spirit flies from the dead:

As white as a lily glimmered she  
Like a ship's fair ghost upon the sea.

And the Prince cried, "Friends, 'tis the hour to sing!"

Is a song bird's course so swift on the wing?"

And under the winter stars' still throng,  
From brown throats, white throats, merry and strong,  
The knights and the ladies raised a song.

A song,—nay, a shriek that rent the sky,  
That leaped o'er the deep!—the grievous cry  
Of three hundred living that now must die.

An instant shriek that sprang to the shock  
As the ship's keel felt the sunken rock.

'Tis said that afar—a shrill strange sigh—  
The King's ships heard it and knew not why.

Pale Fitz-Stephen stood by the helm  
'Mid all those folk that the waves must whelm.

A great King's heir for the waves to whelm,  
And the helpless pilot pale at the helm!

The ship was eager and sucked athirst,  
By the stealthy stab of the sharp reef pierced:

And like the moil round a sinking cup,  
The waters against her crowded up.

A moment the pilot's senses spin,—  
The next he snatched the Prince 'mid the din,  
Cut the boat loose, and the youth leaped in.

A few friends leaped with him, standing near.  
"Row! the sea's smooth and the night is clear!"

"What! none to be saved but these and I?"  
"Row, row as you'd live! All here must die!"

Out of the churn of the choking ship,  
Which the gulf grapples and the waves strip,  
They struck with the strained oars' flash and dip.



J. M. W. TURNER.

### THE SHIPWRECK.

'Twas then o'er the splitting bulwarks' brim  
The Prince's sister screamed to him.

He gazed aloft, still rowing apace,  
And through the whirled surf he knew her face.

To the toppling decks clave one and all  
As a fly cleaves to a chamber wall.

I, Berold, was clinging anear;

I prayed for myself and quaked with fear,  
But I saw his eyes as he looked at her.

He knew her face and he heard her cry,  
And he said, "Put back! she must not die!"

And back with the current's force they reel  
Like a leaf that's drawn to a water wheel.

'Neath the ship's travail they scarce might float,  
But; he rose and stood in the rocking boat.

Low the poor ship leaned on the tide:  
O'er the naked keel as she best might slide,  
The sister toiled to the brother's side.

He reached an oar to her from below,  
And stiffened his arms to clutch her so.

But now from the ship some spied the boat,  
And "Saved!" was the cry from many a throat.

And down to the boat they leaped and fell:  
It turned as a bucket turns in a well,  
And nothing was there but the surge and swell.

The Prince that was and the King to come,  
There in an instant gone to his doom,  
Despite of all England's bended knee  
And maugre the Norman fealty!

[Pg 128]

He was a Prince of lust and pride;  
He showed no grace till the hour he died.

When he should be King, he oft would vow,  
He'd yoke the peasant to his own plow.  
O'er him the ships score their furrows now.

God only knows where his soul did wake,  
But I saw him die for his sister's sake.

By none but me can the tale be told,  
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.  
(*Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.*)

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,  
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.  
(*The sea hath no King but God alone.*)

And now the end came o'er the water's womb  
Like the last great day that's yet to come.

With prayers in vain and curses in vain,  
The White Ship sundered on the midmain:

And what were men and what was a ship,  
Were toys and splinters in the sea's grip.

I, Berold, was down in the sea;  
And passing strange though the thing may be,  
Of dreams then known I remember me.

Blithe is the shout on Harfleur's strand  
When morning lights the sails to land:

[Pg 129]

And blithe is Honfleur's echoing gloam  
When mothers call the children home:

And high do the bells of Rouen beat  
When the Body of Christ goes down the street.

These things and the like were heard and shown  
In a moment's trance 'neath the sea alone;

And when I rose, 'twas the sea did seem,  
And not these things, to be all in a dream.

The ship was gone and the crowd was gone,

And the deep shuddered and the moon shone:

And in a straight grasp my arms did span  
The mainyard rent from the mast where it ran;  
And on it with me was another man.

Where lands were none 'neath the dim sea sky,  
We told our names, that man and I.

"O I am Godefroy de l'Aigle hight,  
And son I am to a belted knight."

"And I am Berold the butcher's son  
Who slays the beasts in Rouen town."

Then cried we upon God's name, as we  
Did drift on the bitter winter sea.

But lo! a third man o'er the wave,  
And we said, "Thank God! us three may He save!"

He clutched to the yard with panting stare,  
And we looked and knew Fitz-Stephen there.

[Pg 130]

He clung, and "What of the Prince?" quoth he.  
"Lost, lost!" we cried. He cried, "Woe on me!"  
And loosed his hold and sank through the sea.

And soul with soul again in that space  
We two were together face to face:

And each knew each, as the moments sped,  
Less for one living than for one dead:

And every still star overhead  
Seemed an eye that knew we were but dead.

And the hours passed; till the noble's son  
Sighed, "God be thy help! my strength's foredone!"

"O farewell, friend, for I can no more!"  
"Christ take thee!" I moaned; and his life was o'er.

Three hundred souls were all lost but one,  
And I drifted over the sea alone.

At last the morning rose on the sea  
Like an angel's wing that beat towards me.

Sore numbed I was in my sheepskin coat;  
Half dead I hung, and might nothing note,  
Till I woke sun-warmed in a fisher boat.

The sun was high o'er the eastern brim  
As I praised God and gave thanks to Him.

That day I told my tale to a priest,  
Who charged me, till the shrift was released,  
That I should keep it in mine own breast.

[Pg 131]

And with the priest I thence did fare  
To King Henry's court at Winchester.

We spoke with the King's high chamberlain,  
And he wept and mourned again and again,  
As if his own son had been slain:

And round us ever there crowded fast  
Great men with faces all aghast:

And who so bold that might tell the thing  
Which now they knew to their lord the King?  
Much woe I learnt in their communing.

The King had watched with a heart sore stirred  
For two whole days, and this was the third:

And still to all his court would he say,

"What keeps my son so long away?"

And they said: "The ports lie far and wide  
That skirt the swell of the English tide;

"And England's cliffs are not more white  
Than her women are, and scarce so light  
Her skies as their eyes are blue and bright;

"And in some port that he reached from France  
The Prince has lingered for his pleasance."

But once the King asked: "What distant cry  
Was that we heard 'twixt the sea and sky?"

And one said: "With suchlike shouts, pardie!  
Do the fishers fling their nets at sea."

[Pg 132]

And one: "Who knows not the shrieking quest  
When the seamew misses its young from the nest?"

'Twas thus till now they had soothed his dread,  
Albeit they knew not what they said:

But who should speak to-day of the thing  
That all knew there except the King?

Then pondering much they found a way,  
And met round the King's high seat that day:

And the King sat with a heart sore stirred,  
And seldom he spoke and seldom heard.

'Twas then through the hall the King was 'ware  
Of a little boy with golden hair,

As bright as the golden poppy is  
That the beach breeds for the surf to kiss:

Yet pale his cheek as the thorn in spring,  
And his garb black like the raven's wing.

Nothing was heard but his foot through the hall,  
For now the lords were silent all.

And the King wondered, and said, "Alack!  
Who sends me a fair boy dressed in black?"

"Why, sweet heart, do you pace through the hall  
As though my court were a funeral?"

Then lowly knelt the child at the dais,  
And looked up weeping in the King's face.

[Pg 133]

"O wherefore black, O King, ye may say,  
For white is the hue of death to-day.

"Your son and all his fellowship  
Lie low in the sea with the White Ship."

King Henry fell as a man struck dead;  
And speechless still he stared from his bed  
When to him next day my rede I read.

There's many an hour must needs beguile  
A King's high heart that he should smile,—

Full many a lordly hour, full fain  
Of his realm's rule and pride of his reign:—  
But this King never smiled again.

By none but me can the tale be told,  
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.  
(*Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.*)

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,  
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.  
(*The sea hath no King but God alone.*)



**SAFE HOME.**

Safe home, safe home in port!  
 Rent cordage, shattered deck,  
 Tom sails, provisions short,  
 And only not a wreck:  
 But, oh, the joy upon the shore,  
 To tell our voyage,—perils o'er!

[Pg 134]

The prize, the prize secure!  
 The athlete nearly fell;  
 Bare all he *could* endure,  
 And bare not always well:  
 But he may smile at troubles gone,  
 Who sets the victor-garland on!

No more the foe can harm;  
 No more of leaguered camp,  
 And cry of night alarm,  
 And need of ready lamp:  
 And yet how nearly he had failed,—  
 How nearly had that foe prevailed!

The exile is at home!  
 O nights and days of tears,  
 O longings not to roam,  
 O sins, and doubts, and fears:  
 What matter now this bitter fray?  
 The King has wiped those tears away.

ST. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, A.D. 870 (translated by J. M. Neale).

**THE LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.**

Gpd moves in a mysterious way,  
 His wonders to perform;  
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing skill,  
 He treasures up His bright designs,  
 And works His sovereign will.

[Pg 135]

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
 The clouds ye so much dread  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust Him for His grace;  
 Behind a frowning Providence  
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour;  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err  
 And scan His work in vain;  
 God is His own interpreter,  
 And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

**THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.**

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
 Lead Thou me on!  
 The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on!  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on.  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on!  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

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## IVRY.

### A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!  
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!  
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,  
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of France!  
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,  
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.  
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,  
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,  
We saw the army of the league drawn out in long array;  
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,  
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.  
There rose the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;  
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:  
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,  
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;  
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,  
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,  
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest,  
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;  
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.  
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,  
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"  
"And if my standard bearer fall, as fall full well he may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,  
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,  
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.  
The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.  
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance!  
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,  
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;  
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.  
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.  
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;  
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.  
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,  
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to man.

[Pg 136]

[Pg 137]

[Pg 138]

But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:  
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."  
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,  
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day,  
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.  
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;  
And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white.  
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,  
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.  
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know  
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His church such woe.  
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,  
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

[Pg 139]

Ho! maidens of Vienna; Ho! matrons of Lucerne;  
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.  
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,  
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-men's souls.  
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;  
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.  
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,  
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.  
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;  
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

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### O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.

[Pg 140]

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past;  
Our hope for years to come;  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home!

ISAAC WATTS.

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### HERVÉ RIEL.

[Pg 141]

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,  
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!  
And the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,  
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,  
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,  
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;  
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;

Close on him fled, great and small,  
Twenty-two good ships in all;  
And they signaled to the place,  
"Help the winners of a race!  
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,  
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;  
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:  
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,  
Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty guns  
Think to make the river mouth by the single narrow way,  
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,  
And with flow at full beside?  
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.  
Reach the mooring? Rather say,  
While rock stands or water runs,  
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

[Pg 142]

Then was called a council straight.  
Brief and bitter the debate:  
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow  
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,  
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?  
Better run the ships aground!"  
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)  
Not a minute more to wait!  
"Let the Captains all and each  
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!  
France must undergo her fate.

Give the word!" But no such word  
Was ever spoke or heard;  
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these  
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?  
No such man of mark, and meet  
With his betters to compete!  
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,  
A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

[Pg 143]



**HERVÉ RIEL AND THE ADMIRAL.**

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:  
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?  
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell  
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell  
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?  
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?  
Morn and eve, night and day,  
Have I piloted your bay,  
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

"Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!  
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!  
 Only let me lead the line,  
 Have the biggest ship to steer,  
 Get this *Formidable* clear,  
 Make the others follow mine,  
 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,  
 Right to Solidor past Grève,  
 And there lay them safe and sound;  
 And if one ship misbehave,  
 —Keel so much as grate the ground,  
 Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.  
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!  
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.  
 "Captains, give the sailor place!  
 He is Admiral, in brief."  
 Still the north wind, by God's grace!  
 See the noble fellow's face,  
 As the big ship with a bound,  
 Clears the entry like a hound,  
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide seas profound!  
 See, safe thro' shoal and rock,  
 How they follow in a flock,  
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,  
 Not a spar that comes to grief!  
 The peril, see, is past,  
 All are harbored to the last,  
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate  
 Up the English come, too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:  
 They see the green trees wave  
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève.  
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.  
 "Just our rapture to enhance,  
 Let the English rake the bay,  
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance,  
 As they cannonade away!  
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"  
 How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!  
 Out burst all with one accord,  
 "This is Paradise for Hell!  
 Let France, let France's King  
 Thank the man that did the thing!"  
 What a shout, and all one word,  
 "Hervé Riel!"  
 As he stepped in front once more,  
 Not a symptom of surprise  
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,  
 Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,  
 I must speak out at the end,  
 Though I find the speaking hard.  
 Praise is deeper than the lips:  
 You have saved the King his ships,  
 You must name your own reward.  
 'Faith our sun was near eclipse!  
 Demand whate'er you will,  
 France remains your debtor still.  
 Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
 As the honest heart laughed through  
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:  
 "Since I needs must say my say,  
 Since on board the duty's done,  
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—  
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may—  
 Since the others go ashore—  
 Come! A good whole holiday!  
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"

That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:

Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;

Not a head in white and black

On a single fishing smack,

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.

Go to Paris: rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank!

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

[Pg 147]

ROBERT BROWNING.

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### RUGBY CHAPEL.

But thou wouldst not *alone*

Be saved, my father! *alone*

Conquer and come to thy goal,

Leaving the rest in the wild.

We were weary, and we

Fearful, and we in our march

Fain to drop down and die.

Still thou turnedst, and still

Beckonedst the trembler, and still

Gavest the weary thy hand.

If, in the paths of the world,

Stones might have wounded thy feet,

Toil or dejection have tried

Thy spirit, of that we saw

Nothing—to us thou wast still

Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!

Therefore to thee it was given

Many to save with thyself;

And, at the end of thy day,

O faithful shepherd! to come,

Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

[Pg 148]

And through thee I believe

In the noble and great who are gone;

Pure souls honored and blest

By former ages....

. . . . .

Servants of God!—or sons

Shall I not call you? because

Not as servants ye knew

Your Father's innermost mind,

His, who unwillingly sees

One of His little ones lost—

Yours is the praise, if mankind

Hath not as yet in its march

Fainted, and fallen, and died!

. . . . .

Then, in such hour of need

Of your fainting, dispirited race,

Ye, like angels, appear,

Radiant with ardor divine.

Beacons of hope, ye appear!

Languor is not in your heart,

Weakness is not in your word,

Weariness not on your brow.

Ye alight in our van! at your voice,

Panic, despair, flee away.

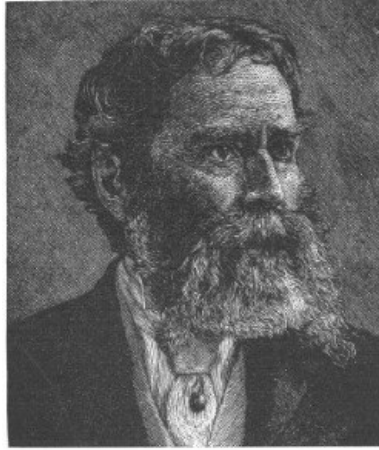
Ye move through the ranks, recall

The stragglers, refresh the outworn,

Praise, reinspire the brave.  
Order, courage, return;  
Eyes rekindling, and prayers,  
Follow your steps as ye go.  
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,  
Strengthen the wavering line,  
Stablish, continue our march,  
On, to the bound of the waste,  
On, to the City of God.

[Pg 149]

MATTHEW ARNOLD.



**JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.**

**WENDELL PHILLIPS.**

He stood upon the world's broad threshold; wide  
The din of battle and of slaughter rose;  
He saw God stand upon the weaker side,  
That sank in seeming loss before its foes;  
Many there were who made great haste and sold  
Unto the cunning enemy their swords,  
He scorned their gifts of fame, and power, and gold,  
And, underneath their soft and flowery words,  
Heard the cold serpent hiss; therefore he went  
And humbly joined him to the weaker part,  
Fanatic named, and fool, yet well content  
So he could be the nearer to God's heart,  
And feel its solemn pulses sending blood  
Through all the widespread veins of endless good.

[Pg 150]

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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**THE PATRIOT.**

**AN OLD STORY.**

It was roses, roses, all the way,  
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad;  
The house roofs seemed to heave and sway,  
The church spires flamed, such flags they had  
A year ago on this very day.

The air broke into a mist with bells,  
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.  
Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—  
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"  
They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun  
To give it my loving friends to keep!  
Naught man could do, have I left undone:  
And you see my harvest, what I reap  
This very day, now a year is run.

[Pg 151]

There's nobody on the house tops now—  
Just a palsied few at the windows set;

For the best of the sight is, all allow,  
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,  
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,  
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;  
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,  
For they fling, whoever has a mind,  
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!  
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.  
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe  
Me?"—God might question; now instead,  
'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

ROBERT BROWNING.

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### "BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

Oh, deem not they are blest alone  
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep:  
The Power who pities man, has shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears;  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night;  
And grief may bide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.

[Pg 152]

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier  
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,  
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere  
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
Though life its common gifts deny,—  
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart  
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day  
And numbered every secret tear,  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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### THE DEATHBED.

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

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

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

[Pg 153]

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

THOMAS HOOD.



## THE SLEEP.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."—PSALM CXXVII. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace, surpassing this—  
"He giveth His beloved, sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,  
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,  
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,  
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—  
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?  
A little faith all undisproved,  
A little dust to overweep,  
And bitter memories to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake.  
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

[Pg 154]

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber when  
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God strikes a silence through you all,  
And giveth His beloved, sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill;  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men sow and reap.  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man  
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;  
But angels say, and through the word  
I think their happy smile is *heard*—  
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the mummers leap,  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on His love repose,  
Who giveth His beloved, sleep.

[Pg 155]

And, friends, dear friends,—when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall;  
'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



**ELIZABETH BARRETT  
BROWNING.**

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**SLEEP.**

[Pg 156]

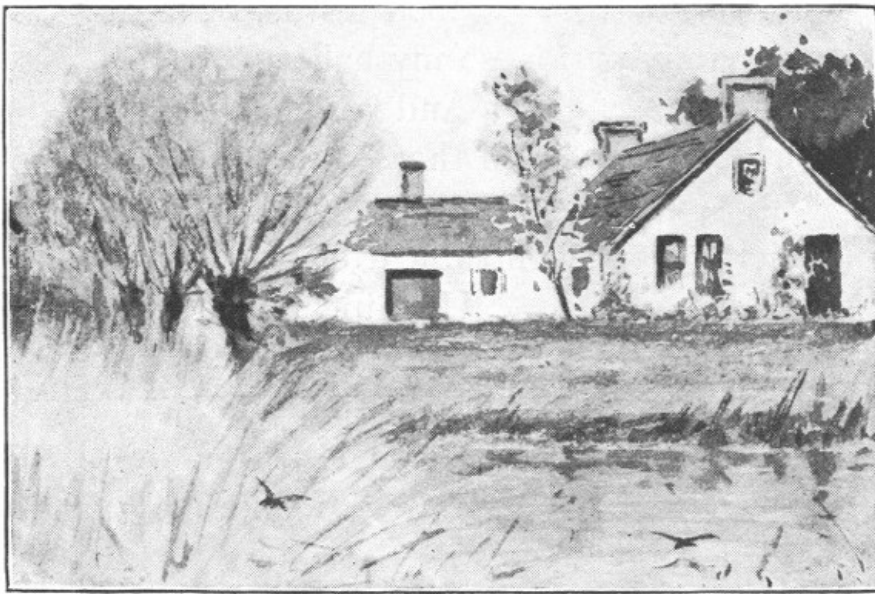
How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee  
And hushed with buzzing night flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch  
A watch case or a common 'larum bell?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them  
With deafening clamor in the slippery clouds,  
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
To the wet sea boy in an hour so rude,  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

*From "King Henry IV."*

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[Pg 157]



### A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell  
Wherein to dwell;  
A little house, whose humble roof  
Is weather proof;  
Under the spars of which I lie  
Both soft, and dry;  
Where Thou my chamber for to ward  
Hast set a guard  
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep  
Me, while I sleep.  
Low is my porch, as is my fate,  
Both void of state;  
And yet the threshold of my door  
Is worn by the poor,  
Who thither come, and freely get  
Good words, or meat:  
Like as my parlor, so my hall  
And kitchen's small:  
A little buttery, and therein  
A little bin,  
Which keeps my little loaf of bread  
Unchipt, unflead:  
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier  
Make me a fire,  
Close by whose living coal I sit,  
And glow like it.  
Lord, I confess too, when I dine  
The pulse is Thine,  
And all those other bits, that be  
There placed by Thee;  
The worts, the purslain, and the mess  
Of water cress,  
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent;  
And my content  
Makes those, and my beloved beet,  
To be more sweet.  
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth  
With guiltless mirth;  
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,  
Spiced to the brink.  
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand  
That soils my land;  
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,  
Twice ten for one:  
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay  
Her egg each day:  
Besides my healthful ewes to bear  
Me twins each year:  
The while the conduits of my kine

[Pg 158]

[Pg 159]

Run cream (for wine.)  
All these, and better, Thou dost send  
Me, to this end,  
That I should render, for my part,  
A thankful heart;  
Which, fired with incense, I resign,  
As wholly Thine;  
But the acceptance,—that must be,  
My Christ, by Thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.

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### HYMN OF TRUST.

O Love Divine, that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
On Thee we cast each earthborn care,  
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love Divine, forever dear,  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near!

[Pg 160]

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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### DORA.

With farmer Allan at the farm abode  
William and Dora. William was his son,  
And she his niece. He often looked at them,  
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."  
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,  
And yearned towards William; but the youth, because  
He had been always with her in the house,  
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day  
When Allan called his son, and said, "My son,  
I married late, but I would wish to see  
My grandchild on my knees before I die;  
And I have set my heart upon a match.  
Now therefore look to Dora: she is well  
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.  
She is my brother's daughter; he and I  
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died  
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred  
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;  
For I have wished this marriage, night and day,  
For many years." But William answered short:  
"I cannot marry Dora; by my life,  
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man  
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:  
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!  
But in my time a father's word was law,  
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;  
Consider, William: take a month to think,  
And let me have an answer to my wish;  
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,  
And never more darken my doors again."  
But William answered madly; bit his lips,  
And broke away. The more he looked at her  
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;  
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before  
The month was out he left his father's house

[Pg 161]

And hired himself to work within the fields;  
And half in love, half spite, he wooed and wed  
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan called  
His niece and said, "My girl, I love you well;  
But if you speak with him that was my son,  
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,  
My home is none of yours. My will is law."  
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,  
"It cannot be; my uncle's mind will change!"

And days went on, and there was born a boy  
To William; then distresses came on him;  
And day by day he passed his father's gate,  
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.  
But Dora stored what little she could save,  
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know  
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized  
On William, and in harvest time he died.

[Pg 162]

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat  
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought  
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:

"I have obeyed my uncle until now,  
And I have sinned, for it was all thro' me  
This evil came on William at the first.  
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,  
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,  
And for this orphan, I am come to you;  
You know there has not been for these five years  
So full a harvest; let me take the boy,  
And I will set him in my uncle's eye  
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad  
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,  
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way  
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound  
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.  
Far off the farmer came into the field  
And spied her not; for none of all his men  
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;  
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,  
But her heart failed her; and the reapers reaped,  
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took  
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;  
And made a little wreath of all the flowers  
That grew about, and tied it round his hat  
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.  
Then, when the farmer passed into the field,  
He spied her, and he left his men at work,  
And came and said: "Where were you yesterday?  
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"

[Pg 163]

So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,  
And answered softly, "This is William's child!"  
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not  
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again:  
"Do with me as you will, but take the child  
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"  
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick  
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.  
I must be taught my duty, and by you!  
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared  
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;  
But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud  
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell  
At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,  
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,  
More and more distant. She bowed down her head,  
Remembering the day when first she came,  
And all the things that had been. She bowed down  
And wept in secret; and the reapers reaped,  
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood  
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy  
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise

To God, that helped her in her widowhood.  
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;  
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:  
He says that he will never see me more."  
Then answered Mary, "This shall never be,  
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself;  
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,  
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight  
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,  
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;  
And I will beg of him to take thee back.  
But if he will not take thee back again,  
Then thou and I will live within one house,  
And work for William's child, until he grows  
Of age to help us."

[Pg 164]

So the women kissed  
Each other, and set out, and reached the farm.  
The door was off the latch; they peeped, and saw  
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,  
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,  
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,  
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretched out  
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung  
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.  
Then they came in; but when the boy beheld  
His mother, he cried out to come to her;  
And Allan set him down, and Mary said:

"O Father!—if you let me call you so—  
I never came a begging for myself,  
Or William, or this child; but now I come  
For Dora; take her back; she loves you well.  
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace  
With all men; for I asked him, and he said,  
He could not ever rue his marrying me—  
I had been a patient wife; but, Sir, he said  
That he was wrong to cross his father thus;  
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know  
The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then he turned  
His face and passed—unhappy that I am!  
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you  
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight  
His father's memory; and take Dora back,  
And let all this be as it was before."

[Pg 165]

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face  
By Mary. There was silence in the room;  
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—  
"I have been to blame—to blame. I have killed my son.  
I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son.  
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.  
Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about  
The old man's neck, and kissed him many times.  
And all the man was broken with remorse;  
And all his love came back a hundredfold;  
And for three hours he sobbed o'er William's child,  
Thinking of William.

So those four abode  
Within one house together; and as years  
Went forward, Mary took another mate;  
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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**CHARLES LAMB.**

**HESTER.**

When maidens such as Hester die,  
Their place ye may not well supply,  
Though ye among a thousand try,  
With vain endeavor.

[Pg 166]

A month or more hath she been dead,  
Yet cannot I by force be led  
To think upon the wormy bed  
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
A rising step, did indicate  
Of pride and joy no common rate,  
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,  
It was a joy to that allied,  
She did inherit.

[Pg 167]

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
Which doth the human feeling cool,  
But she was trained in Nature's school,  
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,  
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor! gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,  
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
A bliss that would not go away,  
A sweet forewarning?

CHARLES LAMB.

---

**BONNIE LESLEY.**

O saw ye bonnie Lesley  
As she ga'ed o'er the border?  
She's gane, like Alexander,  
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,  
And love but her for ever;  
For Nature made her what she is,  
And ne'er made sic anither!

[Pg 168]

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,  
Thy subjects we, before thee;  
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,  
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,  
Or aught that wad belang thee;  
He'd look into thy bonnie face,  
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee;  
Misfortune sha' na steer thee;  
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,  
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,  
Return to Caledonie;  
That we may brag, we hae a lass  
There's nane again sae bonnie.

ROBERT BURNS.

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### ANNIE LAURIE.

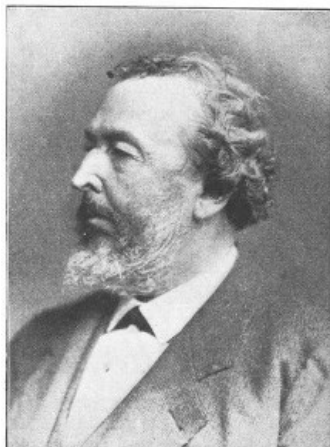
Maxwelton braes are bonnie  
Where early fa's the dew,  
And it's there that Annie Laurie  
Gie'd me her promise true,—  
Gie'd me her promise true,  
Which ne'er forgot will be;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,  
Her throat is like the swan,  
Her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on,—  
That e'er the sun shone on;  
And dark blue is her e'e;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
Like the winds in summer sighing,  
Her voice is low and sweet,—  
Her voice is low and sweet;  
And she's a' the world to me;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doune and dee.

[Pg 169]

WILLIAM DOUGLAS.



BAYARD TAYLOR.

### A SONG OF THE CAMP.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,



The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camp allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
Lay grim and threatening under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:  
"We storm the forts to-morrow;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

[Pg 170]

They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon,—  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;  
Forgot was Britain's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,  
Their battle eve confession.

[Pg 171]

Dear girl! her name he dared not speak;  
But as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.

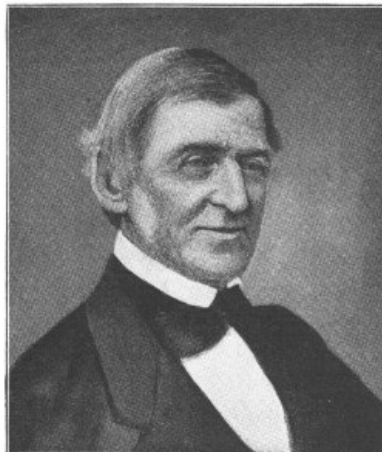
And once again a fire of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot and burst of shell,  
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a singer dumb and gory;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest  
Your truth and valor wearing;  
The bravest are the tenderest,—  
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

[Pg 172]



**RALPH WALDO EMERSON.**

**EACH AND ALL.**

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown  
Of thee from the hilltop looking down;  
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,  
Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm;  
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,  
Deems not that great Napoleon  
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,  
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;  
Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.  
All are needed by each one;  
Nothing is fair or good alone.

[Pg 173]

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,  
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;  
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;  
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,  
For I did not bring home the river and sky;  
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.  
The delicate shells lay on the shore;  
The bubbles of the latest wave  
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,  
And the bellowing of the savage sea  
Greeted their safe escape to me.  
I wiped away the weeds and foam,  
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;  
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things  
Had left their beauty on the shore  
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.  
The lover watched his graceful maid,  
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,  
Nor knew her beauty's best attire  
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.  
At last she came to his hermitage,  
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;—  
The gay enchantment was undone,  
A gentle wife, but fairy none.  
Then I said, "I covet truth;  
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;  
I leave it behind with the games of youth:"—  
As I spoke, beneath my feet  
The ground pine curled its pretty wreath,  
Running over the club moss burs;  
I inhaled the violet's breath;  
Around me stood the oaks and firs;  
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;  
Over me soared the eternal sky,  
Full of light and of deity;  
Again I saw, again I heard,  
The rolling river, the morning bird;  
Beauty through my senses stole;  
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

[Pg 174]

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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## THE RHODORA.

### ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.  
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
Made the black water with their beauty gay;  
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.  
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!  
I never thought to ask, I never knew:  
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose

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**THE LAND OF SONG: Book III.**

[Pg 175]

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***PART III.***



[Pg 176]

R. WESTALL

**CARDINAL WOLSEY RECEIVED AT THE ABBEY.**

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**PART THREE.**

[Pg 177]

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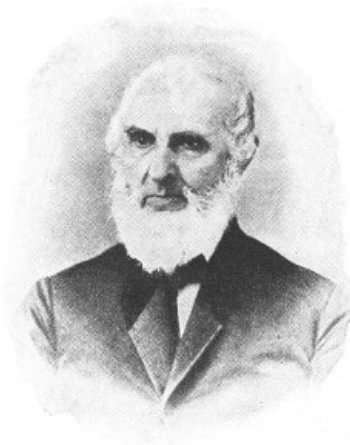
**THE DOWNFALL OF WOLSEY.**

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me and now has left me,  
Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:  
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

*From "Henry VIII."*

[Pg 178]



**JOHN GREENLEAF  
WHITTIER.**

**ICHABOD!**

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn  
Which once he wore!  
The glory from his gray hairs gone  
Forevermore!

Revile him not,—the Tempter hath  
A snare for all;  
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,  
Befit his fall!

O, dumb be passion's stormy rage,  
When he who might  
Have lighted up and led his age,  
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark  
A bright soul driven,  
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,  
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him  
Insult him now,  
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,  
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,  
From sea to lake,  
A long lament, as for the dead,  
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught  
Save power remains,—  
A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone: from those great eyes  
The soul has fled:  
When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame;  
Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
And hide the shame!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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**THE LOST LEADER.**

Just for a handful of silver he left us,  
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—  
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,  
Lost all the others she lets us devote;

[Pg 179]

[Pg 180]

They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,  
So much was theirs who so little allowed:  
How all our copper had gone for his service!  
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!  
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,  
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,  
Made him our pattern to live and to die!  
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,  
Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their graves!  
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,  
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;  
Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;  
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,  
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.  
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,  
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,  
One more devil's triumph, and sorrow for angels,  
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!  
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!  
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,  
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,  
Never glad, confident morning again!  
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,  
Menace our heart ere we master his own;  
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,  
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

[Pg 181]

ROBERT BROWNING.

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### THE FALL OF POLAND.

O sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,  
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,  
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars  
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,  
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;  
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,  
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man.

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,  
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—  
O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!—  
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?  
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,  
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!  
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,  
And swear for her to live—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed  
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;  
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;  
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply;  
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm.

[Pg 182]

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!  
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:—  
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,  
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe.  
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,  
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;—  
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell.

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,  
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—  
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;  
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,  
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay.

Hark, as the smoldering piles with thunder fall,  
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!  
Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,  
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,  
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?  
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,  
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;  
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car  
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?  
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host  
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast;  
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,  
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!  
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!  
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,  
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!  
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,  
And make her arm puissant as your own!  
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return  
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn!

Yes, thy proud lords, unpitied land, shall see  
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free.  
A little while, along thy saddening plains,  
The starless night of desolation reigns;  
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,  
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven.  
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,  
Her name, her nature, withered from the world.

[Pg 183]

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

*From "The Pleasures of Hope."*

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### THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
As if that soul were fled.  
So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er,  
And hearts that once beat high for praise  
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright,  
The harp of Tara swells:  
The chord alone, that breaks at night,  
Its tale of ruin tells.  
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
The only throb she gives,  
Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
To show that still she lives.

[Pg 184]

THOMAS MOORE.

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### ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

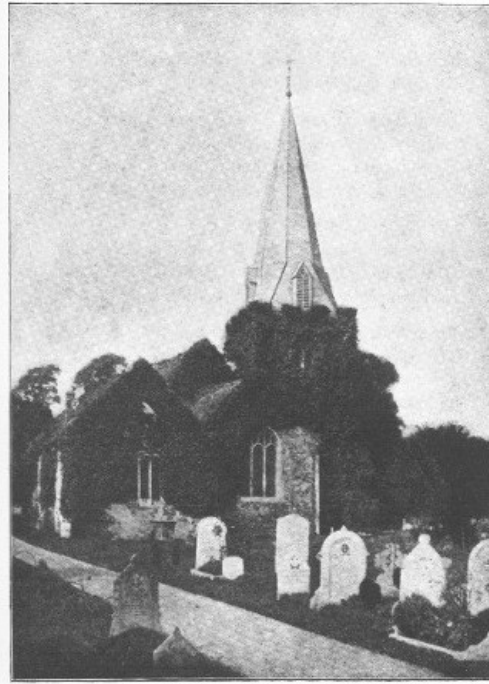
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

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**STOKE POGIS CHURCH.**  
**(*The Scene of Gray's Elegy.*)**

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

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For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault  
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

[Pg 187]

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense, kindled at the muse's flame.

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Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
If 'chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:  
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

[Pg 189]

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;  
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;  
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,



Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

### THE EPITAPH.

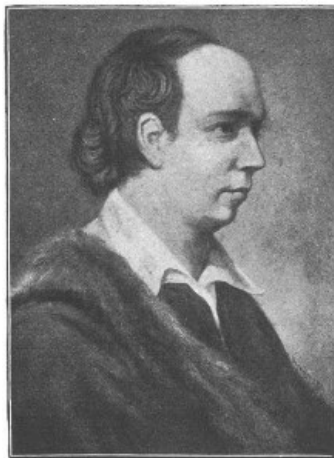
Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:  
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
He gave to misery all he had, a tear:  
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

[Pg 190]



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

### THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;  
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all:

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And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

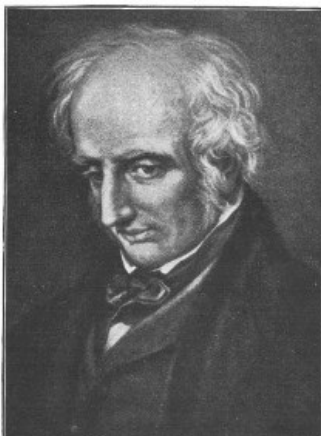
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,  
The reverend champion stood: at his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,  
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile:  
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,  
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd.  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:  
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

[Pg 192]

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

From "*The Deserted Village.*"



**WILLIAM  
WORDSWORTH.**

**LUCY.**

Three years she grew in sun and shower;  
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown:  
This child I to myself will take;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse: and with me  
The girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That, wild with glee, across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute, insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her; for her the willow bend;

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[Pg 194]

Nor shall she fail to see  
E'en in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mold the maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—the work was done—  
How soon my Lucy's race was run!  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;  
The memory of what has been,  
And nevermore will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

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### OH, FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS.

[Pg 195]



Oh, fairest of the rural maids!  
Thy birth was in the forest shades;  
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,  
Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,  
Were ever in the sylvan wild;  
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 herbs that look  
On their young figures in the brook.

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

[Pg 196]

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

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 charmèd ocean's pausing,  
The waves lie still and gleaming,  
And the lulled 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.

LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON.

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### FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

[Pg 197]

Thou stockdove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen;  
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den;  
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear—  
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

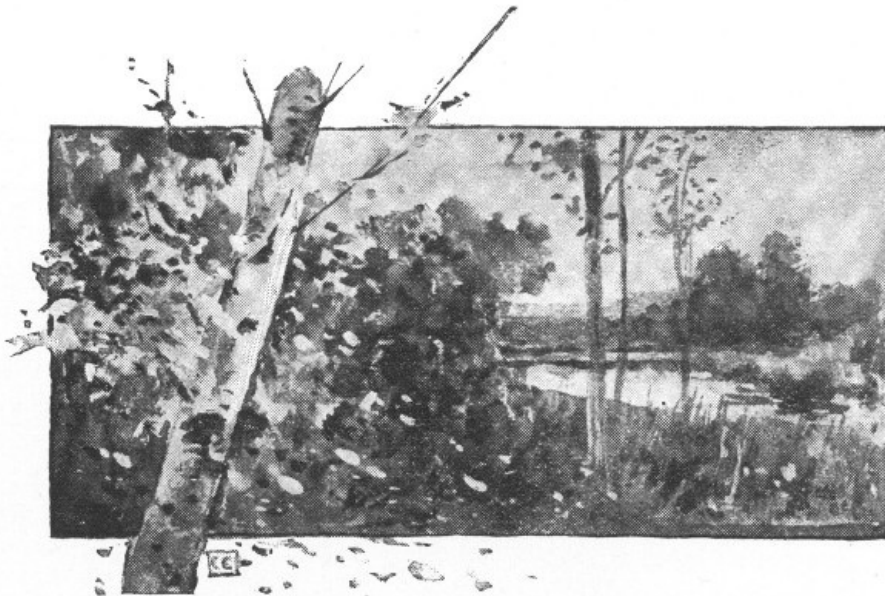
How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,  
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills;  
There daily I wander as noon rises high,  
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow.  
There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,  
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes  
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays.  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!

ROBERT BURNS.



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### TRIUMPH OF CHARIS.

[Pg 198]

See the chariot at hand here of Love,  
Wherein my lady rideth!  
Each that draws is a swan, or a dove,  
And well the car, Love guideth.  
As she goes, all hearts do duty  
Unto her beauty,  
And, enamored, do wish, so they might  
But enjoy such a sight,  
That they still were to run by her side  
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes! they do light  
All that Love's world compriseth;  
Do but look on her hair! it is bright  
As Love's star when it riseth!  
Do but mark—her forehead's smoother  
Than words that soothe her!  
And from her arched brows such a grace  
Sheds itself through the face,  
As alone there, triumphs to the life,  
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,  
Before rude hands have touched it?  
Have you marked but the fall of the snow,  
Before the soil hath smutched it?  
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?  
Or swan's down ever?  
Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?  
Or nard i' the fire?  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?  
Oh, so white! oh, so soft! oh, so sweet, is she!

[Pg 199]

BEN JONSON.

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### ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON DACH.

Annie of Tharaw, my true love of old,  
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again  
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,  
Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,  
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain  
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm tree standeth so straight and so tall,  
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,  
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone  
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,—

Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows,  
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

[Pg 200]

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,  
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,  
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,  
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife;  
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love;  
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;  
I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,  
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell;  
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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### **SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.**

She was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;  
A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

[Pg 201]

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveler between life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of angelic light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

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### **NIGHT AND DEATH.**

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came;  
And lo! creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,  
While fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?  
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?—  
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

[Pg 202]

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

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### **IMMORTALITY.**

Forever with the Lord!  
Amen! so let it be!  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
And immortality!

Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul! how near,  
At times, to Faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear.

Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above!

Yet clouds will intervene,  
And all my prospect flies;  
Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,  
The winds and waters cease;  
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart  
Expands the bow of peace!

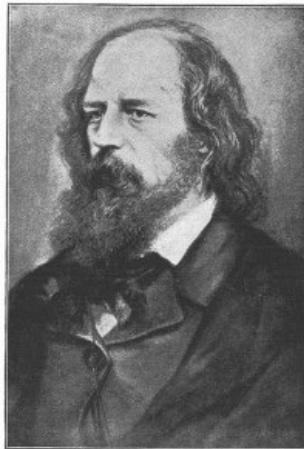
Beneath its glowing arch,  
Along the hallowed ground,  
I see cherubic armies march,  
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of Heaven  
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel, that He,  
Remembered or forgot,  
The Lord, is never far from me,  
Though I perceive Him not.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

[Pg 204]



**ALFRED TENNYSON.**

### **THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.**

When Lazarus left his charnel cave,  
And home to Mary's house returned,  
Was this demanded—if he yearned  
To hear her weeping by his grave?

"Where wert thou, brother, those four days?"  
There lives no record of reply,  
Which telling what it is to die  
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbors met,  
The streets were filled with joyful sound,  
A solemn gladness even crowned  
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!  
The rest remaineth unrevealed;  
He told it not; or something sealed

[Pg 205]

The lips of that Evangelist.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,  
Nor other thought her mind admits  
But, he was dead, and there he sits,  
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede  
All other, when her ardent gaze  
Roves from the living brother's face,  
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears  
Borne down by gladness so complete,  
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet  
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure;  
What souls possess themselves so pure,  
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

ALFRED TENNYSON.

*From "In Memoriam."*

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### FAITH.

[Pg 206]

I have seen  
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;  
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
Listened intently; and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard  
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed  
Mysterious union with its native sea.  
Even such a shell the universe itself  
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,  
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart  
Authentic tidings of invisible things;  
Of ebb and flow, and everduring power;  
And central peace, subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation. Here you stand,  
Adore, and worship, when you know it not;  
Pious beyond the intention of your thought;  
Devout above the meaning of your will.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

*From "The Excursion."*

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### MY DOVES.

My little doves have left a nest  
Upon an Indian tree,  
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest  
Or motion from the sea;  
For, ever there, the sea winds go  
With sunlit paces to and fro.

[Pg 207]

The tropic flowers looked up to it,  
The tropic stars looked down,  
And there my little doves did sit  
With feathers softly brown,  
And glittering eyes that showed their right  
To gentle Nature's deep delight.

And God them taught, at every close  
Of murmuring waves beyond,  
And green leaves round to interpose  
Their choral voices fond,  
Interpreting that love must be  
The meaning of the earth and sea.



Fit ministers! Of living loves,  
Theirs hath the calmest fashion,  
Their living voice the likest moves  
To lifeless intonation,  
The lovely monotone of spring  
And winds, and such insensate things.

My little doves were ta'en away  
From that glad nest of theirs,  
Across an ocean rolling gray,  
And tempest-clouded airs.  
My little doves,—who lately knew  
The sky and wave by warmth and blue!

And now, within the city prison,  
In mist and chillness pent,  
With' sudden upward look they listen  
For sounds of past content—  
For lapse of water, swell of breeze,  
Or nut fruit falling from the trees.

[Pg 208]

The stir without the glow of passion,  
The triumph of the mart,  
The gold and silver as they clash on  
Man's cold metallic heart—  
The roar of wheels, the cry for bread,—  
These only sounds are heard instead.

Yet still, as on my human hand  
Their fearless heads they lean,  
And almost seem to understand  
What human musings mean,  
(Their eyes, with such a plaintive shine,  
Are fastened upwardly to mine!)

Soft falls their chant as on the nest  
Beneath the sunny zone;  
For love that stirred it in their breast  
Has not aweary grown,  
And 'neath the city's shade can keep  
The well of music clear and deep.

And love that keeps the music, fills  
With pastoral memories:  
All echoing from out the hills,  
All droppings from the skies,  
All flowings from the wave and wind,  
Remembered in their chant, I find.

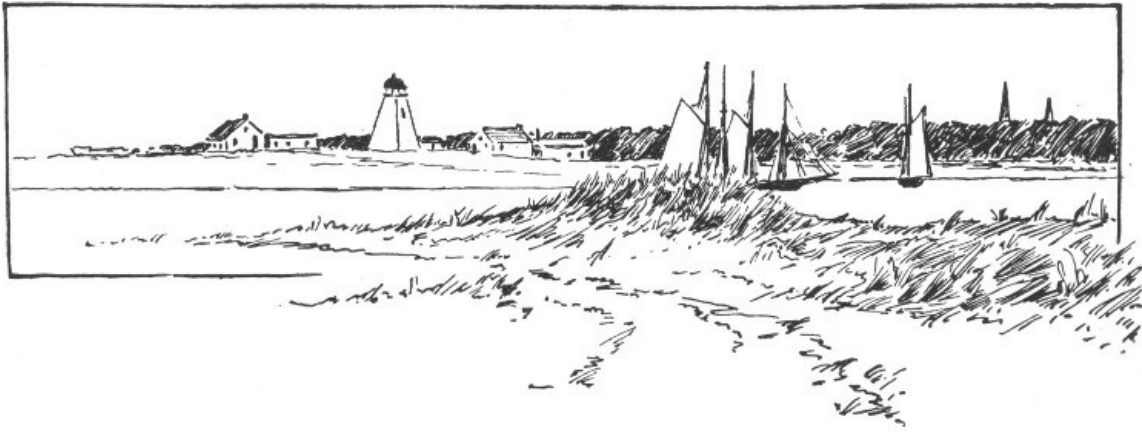
So teach ye me the wisest part,  
My little doves! to move  
Along the city ways with heart  
Assured by holy love,  
And vocal with such songs as own  
A fountain to the world unknown.

[Pg 209]

'Twas hard to sing by Babel's stream—  
More hard, in Babel's street!  
But if the soulless creatures deem  
Their music not unmeet  
For sunless walls—let *us* begin,  
Who wear immortal wings within!

To me, fair memories belong  
Of scenes that used to bless,  
For no regret, but present song,  
And lasting thankfulness,  
And very soon to break away,  
Like types, in purer things than they.

I will have hopes that cannot fade,  
For flowers the valley yields!  
I will have humble thoughts instead  
Of silent, dewy fields!  
My spirit and my God shall be  
My seaward hill, my boundless sea.



### QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay  
 With canvas drooping, side by side,  
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
 Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
 And all the darkling hours they plied,  
 Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas  
 By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so,—but why the tale reveal  
 Of those whom, year by year unchanged,  
 Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
 And onward each rejoicing steered;  
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,  
 Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,  
 Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,  
 Through winds and tides one compass guides,—  
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze, and O great seas,  
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
 On your wide plain they join again,  
 Together lead them home at last!

One port, methought, alike they sought,  
 One purpose hold where'er they fare,—  
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,  
 At last, at last, unite them there!

[Pg 211]

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

### HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

The sad and solemn night  
 Hath yet her multitude of cheerful fires;  
 The glorious host of light  
 Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires;  
 All through her silent watches, gliding slow,  
 Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star  
 To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they:  
 Through the blue fields afar,  
 Unseen, they follow in his flaming way:  
 Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,  
 Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,  
Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them set.  
Alone, in thy cold skies,  
Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station yet,  
Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,  
Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

[Pg 212]

There, at morn's rosy birth,  
Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air,  
And eve, that round the earth  
Chases the day, beholds thee watching there;  
There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls  
The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,  
The deeds of darkness and of light are done;  
High towards the starlit sky  
Towns blaze, the smoke of battle blots the sun,  
The night storm on a thousand hills is loud  
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze  
The half-wrecked mariner, his compass lost,  
Fixes his steady gaze,  
And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast;  
And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,  
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,  
Sages and hermits of the solemn wood,  
Did in thy beams behold  
A beauteous type of that unchanging good,  
That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray  
The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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## EVENING.

[Pg 213]

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad:  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament  
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,  
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

JOHN MILTON.

*From "Paradise Lost."*

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## QUIET WORK.

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,  
One lesson which in every wind is blown,  
One lesson of two duties kept at one  
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—  
Of toil unsevered from tranquillity;  
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows  
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,  
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.  
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,  
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,  
Still do thy quiet ministers move on,  
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;  
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,  
Laborers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.



**SAMUEL TAYLOR  
COLERIDGE.**

**HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.**

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star  
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause  
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!  
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently! Around thee and above,  
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,  
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,  
As with a wedge! But when I look again,  
It is thy own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
Thy habitation from eternity!  
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,  
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
Didst vanish from my thoughts: entranced in prayer  
I worshiped the Invisible alone.

[Pg 215]

Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,  
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,  
Thou the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,  
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:  
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,  
Into the mighty vision passing,—there,  
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise  
Thou owest,—not alone these swelling tears,  
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,  
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!  
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!  
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,  
And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink;  
Companion of the morning star at dawn,  
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
Coherald! O, wake, and utter praise!  
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

[Pg 216]

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad,  
Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
Forever shattered and the same forever?  
Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?  
And who commanded—and the silence came—  
"Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?"

Ye ice falls! ye that from the mountain's brow,  
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain,  
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!  
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven  
 Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun  
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers  
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?  
 "God!" let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
 Answer; and let the ice plains echo, "God!"  
 "God!" sing, ye meadow streams with gladsome voice!  
 Ye pine groves, with your soft and soullike sounds!  
 And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, "God!"

Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost!  
 Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest!  
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!  
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements!  
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

[Pg 217]

Thou, too, hoar mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks!  
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene  
 Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast,  
 Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou  
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low  
 In adoration, upward from thy base  
 Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,  
 To rise before me,—rise, O, ever rise,  
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!  
 Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,  
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,  
 Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,  
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
 Earth, with her thousand voices praises God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



**MONT BLANC. (Vale of Chamouni.)**

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**ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.**

[Pg 218]

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,  
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
 Round many western islands have I been  
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

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## ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,  
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
Unequal laws unto a savage race,  
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.  
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink  
Life to the lees: all times have I enjoyed  
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those  
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when  
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;  
For always roaming with a hungry heart  
Much have I seen and known; cities of men  
And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
Myself not least, but honored of them all;  
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.  
I am a part of all that I have met;  
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'  
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when I move.

[Pg 219]

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!  
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life  
Were all too little, and of one to me  
Little remains: but every hour is saved  
From that eternal silence, something more,  
A bringer of new things; and vile it were  
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,  
And this gray spirit yearning in desire  
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,  
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle—  
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill  
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild  
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees  
Subdue them to the useful and the good.  
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere  
Of common duties, decent not to fail  
In offices of tenderness, and pay  
Meet adoration to my household gods,  
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:  
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,  
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me—  
That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;  
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;  
Death closes all: but something ere the end,  
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.  
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:  
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep  
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die.

[Pg 220]

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
Tho' much is taken, much abides: and tho'  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

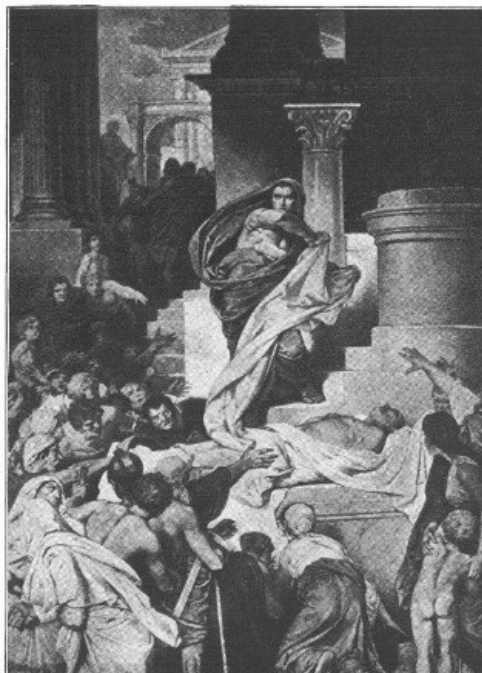
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### ANTONY'S EULOGY ON CÆSAR.

[Pg 221]

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;  
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:  
If it were so, it were a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—  
For Brutus is an honorable man;  
So are they all, all honorable men—  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honorable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.

[Pg 222]



**DEATH OF CÆSAR.**

You all did love him once, not without cause:  
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?  
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me:

[Pg 223]

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

. . . . .

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters, if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honorable men:  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honorable men.  
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:  
Let but the commons hear this testament—  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

. . . . .

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;  
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:  
Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;  
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

[Pg 224]

. . . . .

Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?  
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:  
I fear I wrong the honorable men  
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

. . . . .

You will compel me, then, to read the will?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

. . . . .

Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

. . . . .

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle: I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,  
That day he overcame the Nervii:  
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:  
See what a rent the envious Casca made:  
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed;  
And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!  
This was the most unkindest cut of all:  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,

[Pg 225]



Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

. . . . .

Stay, countrymen.

. . . . .

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
They that have done this deed are honorable:  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:  
I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But, as you know me, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him:  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know:  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

[Pg 226]

. . . . .

Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

. . . . .

Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:  
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?  
Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:  
You have forgot the will I told you of.

. . . . .

Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy five drachmas.

. . . . .

Hear me with patience.

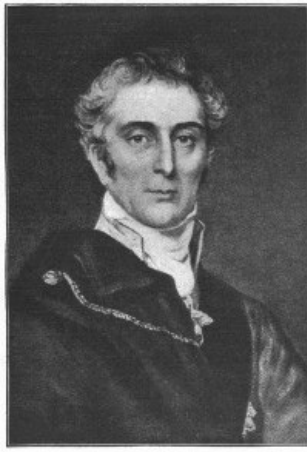
. . . . .

Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

*From "Julius Cæsar."*

[Pg 227]



**DUKE OF  
WELLINGTON.**

**ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.**

**A SELECTION.**

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars  
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,  
Followed by the brave of other lands,  
He, on whom from both her open hands  
Lavish Honor showered all her stars,  
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.  
Yea, let all good things await  
Him who cares not to be great,  
But as he saves or serves the state.  
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory:  
He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self, before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples, which outred  
All voluptuous garden roses.  
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory:  
He, that ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won  
His path upward, and prevailed,  
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table lands  
To which our God himself is moon and sun,  
Such was he: his work is done,  
But while the races of mankind endure,  
Let his great example stand  
Colossal, seen of every land,  
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;  
Till in all lands and thro' all human story  
The path of duty be the way to glory:  
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame  
For many and many an age proclaim  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
And when the long-illuminated cities flame,  
Their ever loyal iron leader's fame,  
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,  
Eternal honor to his name.

[Pg 228]

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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[Pg 229]



**JOHN MILTON.**

**LONDON, 1802.**

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:  
England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters! altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

---

**THE CAVALIER.**

[Pg 230]

While the dawn on the mountain was misty and gray,  
My true love has mounted his steed, and away  
Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er down,—  
Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights for the crown!

He has doffed the silk doublet the breastplate to bear,  
He has placed the steel cap o'er his long-flowing hair,  
From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hangs down,—  
Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights for the crown!

For the rights of fair England that broadsword he draws;  
Her King is his leader, her church is his cause;  
His watchword is honor, his pay is renown,—  
God strike with the gallant that strikes for the crown!

They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all  
The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall;  
But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town,  
That the spears of the North have encircled the crown.

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes;  
There's Erin's high Ormond, and Scotland's Montrose!  
Would you match the base Skippon, and Massey, and Brown  
With the Barons of England, that fight for the crown?

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier!  
Be his banner unconquered, resistless his spear,  
Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may drown,  
In a pledge to fair England, her church, and her crown.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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**THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE.**

[Pg 231]

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,  
I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray;  
And as he was singing the tears down came,  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars;  
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;  
We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's to blame,  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

My seven brow sons for Jamie drew sword,  
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd.  
It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame—  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burthen that bows me down,  
Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;  
But till my last moments my words are the same—  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

ROBERT BURNS.

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### BOOT AND SADDLE.

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!  
Rescue my castle before the hot day  
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray,  
(Chorus) *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;  
Many's the friend there will listen and pray  
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—  
(Chorus) '*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*'"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,  
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:  
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,  
(Chorus) '*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*'"

[Pg 232]

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,  
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!  
I've better counselors; what counsel they?  
(Chorus) '*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*'"

ROBERT BROWNING.

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### A JACOBITE IN EXILE.

The weary day rins down and dies,  
The weary night wears through:  
And never an hour is fair wi' flower  
And never a flower wi' dew.

I would the day were night for me,  
I would the night were day:  
For then would I stand in my ain fair land,  
As now in dreams I may.

O lordly flow the Loire and Seine,  
And loud the dark Durance:  
But bonnier shine the braes of Tyne  
Than a' the fields of France;  
And the waves of Till that speak sae still  
Gleam goodlier where they glance.

O weel were they that fell fighting  
On dark Drumossie's day:  
They keep their hame ayont the faem  
And we die far away.

[Pg 233]

O sound they sleep, and saft, and deep,  
But night and day wake we;  
And ever between the sea banks green  
Sounds loud the sundering sea.

And ill we sleep, sae sair we weep,  
But sweet and fast sleep they;  
And the mool that haps them roun' and laps them  
Is e'en their country's clay;  
But the land we tread that are not dead  
Is strange as night by day.

Strange as night in a strange man's sight,  
Though fair as dawn it be:  
For what is here that a stranger's cheer  
Should yet wax blithe to see?

The hills stand steep, the dells lie deep,  
The fields are green and gold;  
The hill streams sing, and the hillsides ring,  
As ours at home of old.

But hills and flowers are nane of ours,  
And ours are over sea:  
And the kind strange land whereon we stand,  
It wotsna what were we  
Or ever we came, wi' scathe and shame,  
To try what end might be.

Scathe and shame, and a waefu' name,  
And a weary time and strange,  
Have they that seeing a weird for dreeing  
Can die, and cannot change.

[Pg 234]

Shame and scorn may we thole that mourn,  
Though sair be they to dree:  
But ill may we bide the thoughts we hide,  
Mair keen than wind and sea.

Ill may we thole the night's watches,  
And ill the weary day:  
And the dreams that keep the gates of sleep,  
A waefu' gift gie they;  
For the songs they sing us, the sights they bring us,  
The morn blows all away.

On Aikenshaw the sun blinks braw,  
The burn rins blithe and fain;  
There's naught wi' me I wadna gie  
To look thereon again.

On Keilder-side the wind blows wide:  
There sounds nae hunting horn  
That rings sae sweet as the winds that beat  
Round banks where Tyne is born.

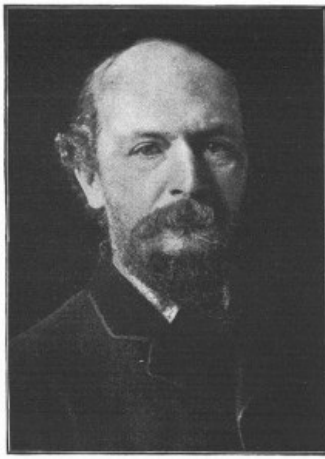
The Wansbeck sings with all her springs,  
The bents and braes give ear;  
But the wood that rings wi' the sang she sings  
I may not see nor hear;  
For far and far thae blithe burns are,  
And strange is a' thing near.

The light there lightens, the day there brightens,  
The loud wind there lives free:  
Nae light comes nigh me or wind blows by me  
That I wad hear or see.

[Pg 235]

But O gin I were there again,  
Afar ayont the faem,  
Cauld and dead in the sweet saft bed  
That haps my sires at hame!

We'll see nae mair the sea banks fair,  
And the sweet gray gleaming sky,  
And the lordly strand of Northumberland,  
And the goodly towers thereby;  
And none shall know but the winds that blow  
The graves wherein we lie.



**ALGERNON CHARLES  
SWINBURNE.**

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**A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH.**

[Pg 236]

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

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

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**THE THREE FISHERS.**

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,  
Out into the west as the sun went down;  
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,  
And the children stood watching them out of the town;  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

[Pg 237]

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,  
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;  
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,  
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.  
But men must work and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,  
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands  
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,  
For those who will never come home to the town;  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And the sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep  
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

[Pg 238]

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



**CHARLES KINGSLEY.**

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### **THE DESERTED HOUSE.**

Life and Thought have gone away  
Side by side,  
Leaving door and windows wide:  
Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night;  
In the windows is no light;  
And no murmur at the door,  
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,  
Or thro' the windows we shall see  
The nakedness and vacancy  
Of the dark, deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth  
Is here or merry-making sound.  
The house was builded of the earth,  
n>  
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for life and thought  
Here no longer dwell;  
But in a city glorious—  
A great and distant city—have bought  
A mansion incorruptible.  
Would they could have stayed with us!

[Pg 239]

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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### **THE LAST LEAF.**



I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."

[Pg 240]

The mossy marbles rest

On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
Long ago—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here;  
But the old three cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

[Pg 241]

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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### ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O that those lips had language! Life has passed  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,  
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"  
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!  
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,  
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.  
I will obey, not willingly alone,  
But gladly, as the precept were her own;  
And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?  
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;  
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.  
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,  
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!  
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,

[Pg 242]



Of't gave me promise of thy quick return.  
What ardently I wished, I long believed,  
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.  
By expectation every day beguiled,  
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.  
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
I learned at last submission to my lot,  
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,  
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;  
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,  
Drew me to school along the public way,  
Delighted with my bauble coach and wrapped  
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,  
'Tis now become a history little known,  
That once we called the pastoral house our own.  
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,  
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,  
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced  
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.  
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;  
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
The biscuit; or confectionery plum;  
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed  
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:  
All this, and more endearing still than all,  
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall.  
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,  
That humor interposed too often makes;  
All this still legible in memory's page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
Not scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,  
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,  
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
I pricked them into paper with a pin  
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,  
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile),  
Could those few pleasant days again appear,  
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?  
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight  
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might,—  
But no—what here we call our life is such,  
So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast  
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed),  
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,  
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,  
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show  
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;  
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,  
"Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar,"  
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.  
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
Always from port withheld, always distressed—  
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,  
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,  
And day by day some current's thwarting force  
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.  
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!  
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
The son of parents passed into the skies.

[Pg 243]

[Pg 244]

And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run  
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.  
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
I seemed to have lived my childhood o'er again;  
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,  
Without the sin of violating thine;  
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,  
And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—  
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

[Pg 245]

WILLIAM COWPER.

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### IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

In heavenly love abiding,  
No change my heart shall fear,  
And safe is such confiding,  
For nothing changes here.  
The storm may roar without me,  
My heart may low be laid;  
But God is round about me,  
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,  
No want shall turn me back;  
My Shepherd is beside me,  
And nothing can I lack.  
His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim,  
He knows the way He taketh,  
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,  
Which yet I have not seen;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
Where darkest clouds have been.  
My hope I cannot measure,  
My path to life is free;  
My Father has my treasure,  
And He will walk with me.

[Pg 246]

ANNA H. WARING.

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### ST. AGNES' EVE.

Deep on the convent roof the snows  
Are sparkling to the moon:  
My breath to heaven like vapor goes:  
May my soul follow soon!  
The shadows of the convent towers  
Slant down the snowy sward,  
Still creeping with the creeping hours  
That lead me to my Lord:  
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear  
As are the frosty skies,  
Or this first snowdrop of the year  
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,  
To yonder shining ground,  
As this pale taper's earthly spark,  
To yonder argent round;  
So shows my soul before the Lamb,  
My spirit before Thee,  
So in mine earthly house I am,  
To that I hope to be.  
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,  
Thro' all yon starlight keen,  
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,  
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;  
The flashes come and go;

[Pg 247]

All heaven bursts her starry floors,  
And strews her lights below,  
And deepens on and up! the gates  
Roll back, and far within  
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,  
To make me pure of sin.  
The sabbaths of eternity,  
One sabbath deep and wide—  
A light upon the shining sea—  
The Bridegroom with his bride!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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**ELAINE.**

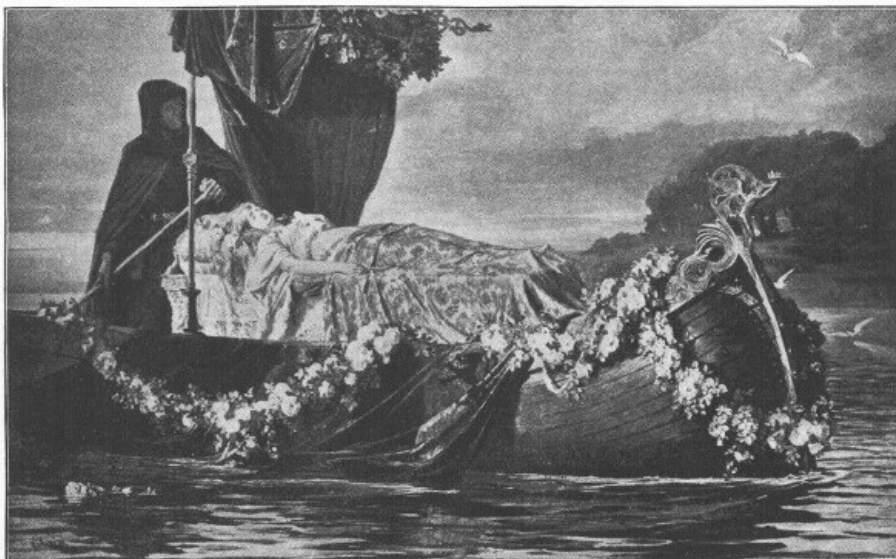
[Pg 248]

But ten slow mornings past, and on the eleventh  
Her father laid the letter in her hand,  
And closed the hand upon it, and she died.  
So that day there was dole in Astolat.

But when the next sun brake from underground,  
Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows  
Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier  
Past like a shadow thro' the field, that shone  
Full summer, to that stream whereon the barge,  
Palled all its length in blackest samite, lay.  
There sat the lifelong creature of the house,  
Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,  
Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face.  
So those two brethren from the chariot took  
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,  
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung  
The silken case with braided blazonings,  
And kissed her quiet brows, and saying to her  
"Sister, farewell for ever," and again  
"Farewell, sweet sister," parted all in tears.  
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead,  
Steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood—  
In her right hand the lily, in her left  
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—  
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold  
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white  
All but her face, and that clear-featured face  
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,  
But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

*From "Launcelot and Elaine," The Idyls of the King.*



**ELAINE.**

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**SIR GALAHAD.**

[Pg 249]

My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.  
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
The splintered spear shafts crack and fly,  
The horse and rider reel;  
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,  
And when the tide of combat stands  
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

[Pg 250]

How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
On whom their favors fall!  
For them I battle to the end,  
To save from shame and thrall;  
But all my heart is drawn above,  
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine;  
I never felt the kiss of love,  
Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
Me mightier transports move and thrill;  
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer  
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,  
A light before me swims,  
Between dark stems the forest glows,  
I hear a noise of hymns:  
Then by some secret shrine I ride;  
I hear a voice, but none are there;  
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,  
The tapers burning fair.  
Fair gleams the snowy altar cloth,  
The silver vessels sparkle clean,  
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,  
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain meres  
I find a magic bark,  
I leap on board: no helmsman steers;  
I float till all is dark.  
A gentle sound, an awful light!  
Three angels bear the holy Grail:  
With folded feet, in stoles of white,  
On sleeping wings they sail.  
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!  
My spirit beats her mortal bars,  
As down dark tides the glory slides,  
And starlike mingles with the stars.

[Pg 251]

When on my goodly charger borne  
Thro' dreaming towns I go,  
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,  
The streets are dumb with snow.  
The tempest crackles on the leads,  
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;  
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,  
And gilds the driving hail.  
I leave the plain, I climb the height;  
No branchy thicket shelter yields;  
But blessed forms in whistling storms  
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given  
Such hope, I know not fear;  
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
That often meet me here.  
I muse on joy that will not cease,  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odors haunt my dreams;  
And, stricken by an angel's hand,  
This mortal armor that I wear,

This weight and size, this heart and eyes,  
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

[Pg 252]

The clouds are broken in the sky,  
And thro' the mountain walls  
A rolling organ harmony  
Swells up, and shakes and falls.  
Then move the trees, the copses nod,  
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:  
"O just and faithful Knight of God!  
Ride on! the prize is near."  
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;  
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,  
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,  
Until I find the holy Grail.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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### TRUE KNIGHTHOOD.

But I was first of all the kings who drew  
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all  
The realms together under me, their Head,  
In that fair order of my Table Round,  
A glorious company, the flower of men,  
To serve as models for the mighty world,  
And be the fair beginning of a time.  
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear  
To reverence the King, as if he were  
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,  
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,  
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,  
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,  
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,  
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds,  
Until they won her; for indeed I knew  
Of no more subtle master under heaven  
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,  
Not only to keep down the base in man,  
But teach high thoughts, and amiable words  
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,  
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

[Pg 253]

ALFRED TENNYSON.

*From "Guinevere," The Idylls of the King.*

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### GROWING OLD.

Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was made;  
Our times are in His hand  
Who saith "A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

ROBERT BROWNING.

*From "Rabbi Ben Ezra."*

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### APPARITIONS.

Such a starved bank of moss  
Till, that May morn,  
Blue ran the flash across:  
Violets were born!  
  
Sky—what a scowl of cloud  
Till, near and far,  
Ray on ray split the shroud:  
Splendid, a star!

[Pg 254]

World—how it walled about  
Life with disgrace  
Till God's own smile came out:  
That was thy face!

ROBERT BROWNING.

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### MY LOVE.

Not as all other women are  
Is she that to my soul is dear;  
Her glorious fancies come from far,  
Beneath the silver evening star,  
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,  
Which lesser souls may never know;  
God giveth them to her alone,  
And sweet they are as any tone  
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

She is most fair, and thereunto  
Her life doth rightly harmonize;  
Feeling or thought that was not true  
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue  
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman: one in whom  
The springtime of her childish years  
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,  
Though knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights and many tears.

[Pg 255]

I love her with a love as still  
As a broad river's peaceful might,  
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,  
Seems wandering its own wayward will,  
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,  
Like quiet isles my duties lie;  
It flows around them and between,  
And makes them fresh and fair and green,  
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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### NORA'S VOW.

Hear what Highland Nora said,—  
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,  
Should all the race of nature die,  
And none be left but he and I.  
For all the gold, for all the gear,  
And all the lands both far and near,  
That ever valor lost or won,  
I would not wed the Earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,  
"Are lightly made, and lightly broke;  
The heather on the mountain's height  
Begins to bloom in purple light;  
The frost wind soon shall sweep away  
That luster deep from glen and brae;  
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,  
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."—

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast  
May barter for the eagle's nest;  
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,  
Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn;  
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,  
Before their foes may turn and fly;  
But I, were all these marvels done,

[Pg 256]

Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water lily's shade  
Her wonted nest the wild swan made;  
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,  
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;  
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,  
No Highland brogue has turned the heel:  
But Nora's heart is lost and won,  
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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### SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her  
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness.  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
To her let us garlands bring.

[Pg 257]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

*From "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."*



**SILVIA.**

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### THE OUTLAW.

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer queen.

And as I rode by Dalton Hall  
Beneath the turrets high,  
A maiden on the castle wall  
Was singing merrily,—

"O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
Than reign our English queen."

—"If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,  
To leave both tower and town,  
Thou first must guess what life lead we,  
That dwell by dale and down.

[Pg 258]

And if thou canst that riddle read,  
As read full well you may,  
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed  
As blithe as Queen of May."  
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
Than reign our English queen.

"I read you by your bugle horn  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read for you a ranger sworn,  
To keep the king's greenwood."  
—"A ranger, lady, winds his horn,  
And 'tis at peep of light;  
His blast is heard at merry morn,  
And mine at dead of night."  
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are gay;  
I would I were with Edmund there,  
To reign his Queen of May!

[Pg 259]

"With burnished brand and musketoen,  
So gallantly you come,  
I read you for a bold dragoon  
That lists the tuck of drum."  
—"I list no more the tuck of drum,  
No more the trumpet hear;  
But when the beetle sounds his hum,  
My comrades take the spear.  
And O! though Brignall banks be fair  
And Greta woods be gay,  
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,  
Would reign my Queen of May!

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,  
A nameless death I'll die!  
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead  
Were better mate than I!  
And when I'm with my comrades met  
Beneath the greenwood bough,  
What once we were we all forget,  
Nor think what we are now.  
Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer queen."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*From "Rokeby."*

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### OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

[Pg 260]

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,  
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
My plaidie to the angry airt,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:  
Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
Thy biield should be my bosom,  
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
The desert were a paradise,  
If thou wert there, if thou wert there:  
Or were I monarch o' the globe,  
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
The brightest jewel in my crown  
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

ROBERT BURNS.



## FORBEARANCE.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?  
Loved the wood rose, and left it on its stalk?  
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?  
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?  
And loved so well a high behavior,  
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,  
Nobility more nobly to repay?  
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

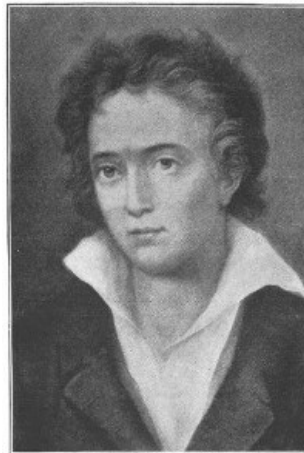
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## A CONSOLATION.

[Pg 261]

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes  
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee—and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remembered, such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



**PERCY BYSSHE  
SHELLEY.**

## TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.  
  
Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest;  
Like a cloud of fire  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.  
  
In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun  
O'er which clouds are brightening,  
Thou dost float and run,  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.  
  
The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight;

[Pg 262]

Like a star of heaven  
In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight:

[Pg 263]

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;  
What is most like thee?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its aërial hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

[Pg 264]

Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine:  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal  
Or triumphal chaunt  
Matched with thine, would be all  
But an empty vaunt—  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be:  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee:  
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

[Pg 265]

Waking or asleep

Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after  
And pine for what is not:  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride, and fear;  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow  
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

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## WATERLOO.

[Pg 266]

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.  
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Arm, arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
That sound, the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;  
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:  
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

[Pg 267]



C. STEUBEN.

### NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

[Pg 268]

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,  
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:  
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills  
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instills  
The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with Nature's tear drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

[Pg 269]

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,  
The morn the marshaling in arms,—the day  
Battle's magnificently stern array!  
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent

The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON.

From "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*."

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### CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

[Pg 270]

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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### RECESSIONAL.

#### A VICTORIAN ODE.

God of our fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The Captains and the Kings depart—  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

[Pg 271]

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard—  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! *Amen.*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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## *RECOMMENDED POEMS.*

As it has been impossible to include in this collection as many poems by American authors as we desired, we recommend the following, all of which are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with the exception of Bryant's poems, which are published by D. Appleton & Co:—

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY.

An Arab Welcome.  
A Turkish Legend.  
Baby Bell.  
Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book.  
In the Old Church Tower.  
On Lynn Terrace.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN.

A Forest Hymn.  
Thanatopsis.  
The Conqueror's Grave.

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO.

Boston.  
Days.  
Good-bye.  
Sea-shore.  
The Apology.  
The Titmouse.

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.

Bill and Joe.  
Boston Common.  
Contentment.  
Dorothy Q.  
Latter-Day Warnings.  
Sun and Shadow.  
The Boston Tea Party.  
The Boys.  
The Last Survivor.  
The Living Temple.  
The Old Cruiser.  
To a Caged Lion.  
Whittier's Seventieth Birthday.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH.

Killed at the Ford.  
King Robert of Sicily.  
Ser Federigo's Falcon.  
The Arsenal at Springfield.  
The Birds of Killingworth.  
The Leap of Roushan Beg.  
The North Cape.  
The Skeleton in Armor.  
The Three Kings.  
To the River Charles.  
To the River Rhone.  
Warden of the Cinque Ports.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL.

Ambrose.  
Commemoration Ode (Selections from).  
Irene.  
Mahmood, the Image-breaker.  
The Beggar.  
The Birch Tree.  
The Courtin'.  
The Dandelion.  
The Singing Leaves.  
The Vision of Sir Launfal.  
Under the Old Elm.  
Under the Willows.  
Yussouf.

SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND.

A Morning Thought.  
Opportunity.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF.  
Among the Hills.  
Amy Wentworth.  
Barclay of Ury.  
Benedicite.  
King Volmer and Elsie.  
Mary Garvin.  
Maud Muller.  
Skipper Ireson's Ride.  
Snow-Bound.  
The Eternal Goodness.  
The Gift of Tritemius.  
The Two Rabbis.

### Transcriber's Notes:

Inconsistent punctuation corrected without comment.  
Archaic spellings have been retained.

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