
Printed by A. A. ZWEESSAARDT, Amsterdam.

G E M S

OF

ENGLISH POETRY.

BY

JOSEPH STONES,

Teacher of Languages.



's HERTOGENBOSCH — G. MOSMANS,

MARKT A 14.

1876.

WILLIAM FORESTER.

JOSEPH STONES.

A BIRD OF THE YEAR.

The object of the present little volume is to provide young persons with a selection of such poems, as may prove both instructing and interesting, and, at the same time, entirely harmless in a moral or religious point of view.

The compiler ventures to hope, that this collection will be found to possess the last peculiar feature, and that at least in this respect the title of the book may be verified in its contents.

*He moreover proposes to publish in a short time,
as a sequel to these »Gems» similar gleanings from
the best prose-writers.*

I. THOU ART, O GOD! THE LIFE AND LIGHT.

Thou art, o God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Trough golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes; —
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

3 Feb 1889

TH. MOORE.

2. ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
 In the mines of knowledge —
 Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
 Win from school and college;
 Delve we there for richer gems
 Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward will we press
 Through the path of duty;
 Virtue is true happiness,
 Excellence true beauty:
 Minds are of supernal birth,
 Let us make a heaven of earth.

Close and closer then we knit
 Hearts and hands together,
 Where our fire-side comforts sit
 In the wildest weather:
 Oh! they wander wide, who roam,
 For the joys of life, from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love
 Draw our souls in union,
 To our Father's house above
 To the saints' communion;
 Thither every hope ascend,
 There may all our labours end.

MONTGOMERY.

3. THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

An angel with a radiant face
 Above a cradle bent to look,
 Seemed his own image there to trace
 As in the waters of a brook.

»Dear child! who me resemblest so,»
 It whispered, »come, O come with me!
 Happy together let us go,
 The earth unworthy is of thee!

»Here none ²to perfect bliss ¹attain;
 The soul in pleasure suffering lies;
 Joy hath an undertone of pain,
 And even the happiest hours their sighs.

»Fear doth at every portal knock;
 Never a day serene and pure
 From the o'ershadowing tempest's shock
 Has made the morrow's dawn secure.

»What, then, shall sorrows and shall fears
 Come to disturb so pure a brow?
 And with the bitterness of tears
 Those eyes of azure troubled grow?

»Ah no! into the fields of space,
 Away shalt thou escape with me;
 And Providence will grant thee grace
 Of all the days that were to be.

»Let no one in thy dwelling cower
 In sombre vestments draped and veiled;
 But let them welcome thy last hour,
 As thy first moments once they hailed.

»Without a cloud be there each brow;
 There let the grave no shadow cast;
 When one is pure as thou art now,
 The fairest day is still the last."

And waving wide his wings of white,
 The angel, at these words, had sped
 Towards the eternal realms of light! —
 Poor mother! see, thy son is dead.

LONGFELLOW.
 (From the French).

4. THE BETTER LAND.

»I hear thee speak of the better land,
 Thou callest its children a happy band;
 Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?" —
 »Not there, not there, my child!"

»Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
 Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things!" —
 »Not there, not there, my child!"

»Is it far away in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold? —
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand? —
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?" —
 »Not there, not there, my child!"

»Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair —
 Sorrow and death may not enter there;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb, —
 It is there, it is there, my child!"

MRS. HEMANS.

5. CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
 God, grant me grace my prayers to say!
 O God, preserve my mother dear
 In health and strength for many a year,
 And oh! preserve my father too,
 And may I pay him reverence due;
 And may I my best thoughts employ
 To be my parents' hope and joy!

My sisters and my brothers both
 From evil guard, and save from sloth,
 And may we always love each other,
 Our friends, our father, and our mother!
 And still, o Lord, to me impart
 A contrite, pure and grateful heart,
 That after my last sleep I may
 Awake to thy eternal day.

COLERIDGE.

6. ON TIME.

Time's a hand's-breadth; 'tis a tale;
 'Tis a vessel under sail;
 'Tis an eagle in its way,
 Darting down upon its prey;
 'Tis an arrow in its flight,
 Mocking the pursuing sight;
 'Tis a short-lived fading flower;
 'Tis a rainbow on a shower;
 'Tis a momentary ray,
 Smiling in a winter's day;
 'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
 'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
 'Tis the closing watch of night,
 Dying at the rising light;
 'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;
 Be prepared, O man, to die.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

7. THE COMMON LOT.

Once in the flight of ages past,
 There lived a man; — and who was he?
 — Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
 That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth;
 The land in which he died, unknown:
 His name has perished from the earth,
 This truth survives alone: —

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
 Alternate triumphed in his breast;
 His bliss and woe, — a smile, — a tear!
 — Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
 The changing spirits' rise and fall;
 We know that these were felt by him,
 For these are felt by all.

He suffered, — but his pangs are o'er;
 Enjoyed, — but his delights are fled;
 Had friends, — his friends are now no more;
 And foes, — his foes are dead.

He loved, — but whom he loved, the grave
 Has lost in its unconscious womb:
 O they were kind! but nought could save
 Their kindness from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
 Encountered all that troubles thee;
 He was — whatever thou hast been;
 He was — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
 Erewhile his portion, life and light,
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
 That once their shades and glory threw,
 Have left in yonder silent sky
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
 Their ruin since the world began,
 Of him afford no other trace
 Than this — THERE LIVED A MAN!

MONTGOMERY.

8. CONTENTMENT.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcernedly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night: study and ease
 Together mixed: sweet recreation
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

POPE.

9. TO A BOY WITH A WATCH.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth!
 To rove through Erudition's bowers,
 And cull the golden fruits of Truth,
 And gather Fancy's brilliant flowers?

And is it not more sweet than this,
 To feel thy parents' heart approving,
 And pay them back in sums of bliss
 The dear, the endless debt of loving?

It must be so to thee, my youth;
 With this idea toil is lighter;
 This sweetens all the fruits of Truth,
 And makes the flowers of Fancy brighter!

The little gift we send thee, boy,
 May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,
 If indolence or siren joy
 Should ever tempt thy soul to wander;

'Twill tell thee that the wingèd day
 Can ne'er be chained by man's endeavour;
 That life and time shall fade away,
 While heaven and virtue bloom for ever!

TH. MOORE.

10. THE STREET OF BY-AND-BY.

Oh! shun the spot, my youthful friends;
 I urge you to beware!
 Beguiling is the pleasant way,
 And softly breathes the air.
 Yet none have ever passed to scenes
 Ennobling, great and high,
 Who once began to linger in
 The street of by-and-by.

How varied are the images
 Arising to my sight,
 Of those who wished to shun the wrong,
 Who loved and praised the right!
 Yet from the silken bonds of sloth
 They vainly strove to fly,
 Which held them gently prisoned in
 The street of by-and-by.

Then shun the spot, my youthful friends;
 Work on while yet you may;
 Let not old age o'ertake you as
 You slothfully delay,
 Lest you should gaze around you, and
 Discover, with a sigh,
 You've reached the house of »Never" trough
 The street of by-and-by.

ANONYMOUS.

II. „I CAN" AND „I CAN'T."

As on through life's journey we go day by day,
 There are two whom we meet each turn of the way,
 To help or to hinder, to bless or to ban,
 And the names of these two are »I can't" and »I can."

»I can't" is a dwarf, a poor pale, puny imp!
 His eyes are half blind and his walk is a limp;
 He stumbles and falls, or lies writhing with fear,
 Though danger is distant and succour is near.

»I can" is a giant; unbending he stands;
 There is strength in his arm and skill in his hands;
 He asks for no favours: he wants but a share
 Where labour is honest and wages are fair.

»I can't" is a coward half fainting with fright;
 At the first thought of peril he sinks out of sight;
 Slinks and hides till the noise of the battle is past,
 Or sells his best friends and turns traitor at last.

»I can" is a hero, the first in the field:
 Though others may falter, he never will yield;
 He makes the long marches, he strikes the last blow,
 His charge is the whirlwind that scatters the foe.

How grandly and nobly he stands to his trust
 When roused at the call of a cause that is just!
 He weds his young will to the valour of youth,
 And writes on his banner the watchword of Truth!

Then up and be doing! the day is not long;
 Throw fear to the winds; be patient and strong!
 Stand fast in your place, act your part like a man,
 And, when duty calls, answer promptly, »I can!"

ANONYMOUS.

12. TREASURES.

Friendship is a precious treasure —

Use it well!

Joy 't will give you without measure;

Slight it not, and never blindly

Treat it coldly or unkindly —

Use it well!

Honour is a priceless jewel —

Use it well!

It is never cold and cruel;

It is warm, and kind, and cheering,

Noble, steadfast, and endearing —

Use it well!

Truth's a treasure great and glorious —

Use it well!

It will make your work victorious;

Better far its riches olden

Than the wealth that's merely golden —

Use it well!

Courage is a mighty treasure —
 Use it well!
 It will give you strength and pleasure;
 It will drive away all sadness
 By the conquering power of gladness —
 Use it well!

Hope's a gem with light undying —
 Use it well!
 While the hours are swiftly flying,
 Let its talismanic beauty
 Lead you on through paths of duty —
 Use it well!

Moments are life's richest treasures —
 Use them well!
 They will bring eternal pleasures,
 If we never treat them lightly,
 But improve them very rightly —
 Use them well!

ANONYMOUS.

13. ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
 One by one the moments fall;
 Some are coming, some are going;
 Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
 Let thy whole strength go to each,
 Let no future dreams elate thee,
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven),
 Joys are sent thee here below;
 Take them readily when given,
 Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
 Do not fear an armèd band;
 One will fade as others greet thee;
 Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
 See how small each moment's pain;
 God will help thee for to-morrow:
 So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
 Has its task to do or bear;
 Luminous the crown, and holy,
 When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
 Or for passing hours despond;
 Nor the daily toil forgetting,
 Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, (God's token),
 Reaching Heaven; but one by one
 Take them, lest the chain be broken
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

14. A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 »Life is but an empty dream!"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 »Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act — act in the living present!
 Heart within and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

15. REMEMBRANCE.

Man has a weary pilgrimage
 As through the world he wends;
 On every stage from youth to age
 Still discontent attends;
 With heaviness he casts his eye
 Upon the road before,
 And still remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.
 To school the little exile goes,
 Torn from his mother's arms, —
 What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
 When novelty has lost its charms?

Youth comes; the toils and cares of life
 Torment the restless mind;
 Where shall the tired and harassed heart
 Its consolation find?
 Then is not youth as fancy tells
 Life's summer prime of joy?
 Ah no! for hopes too long delayed
 And feelings blasted or betrayed,
 The fabled bliss destroy,
 And he remembers with a sigh
 The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,
 And other thoughts come on;
 But with the baseless hopes of youth
 Its generous warmth is gone;
 Cold calculating cares succeed,
 The timid thought, the wary deed,
 The dull realities of truth;
 Back on the past he turns his eye,
 Remembering with an envious sigh
 The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
 Of this our mortal pilgrimage
 With feeble step and slow;
 New ills that latter stage await

And old experience learns too late
 That all is vanity below.
 Life's vain delusions are gone by,
 Its idle hopes are o'er,
 Yet age remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.

SOUTHEY.

16. 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 wo and pain
 Are promises of happier years.

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

And thou, who, o'er thy friends low bier,
 Sheddest the bitter drop 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 broken heart,
 And spurned of men, he goes to die.

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

CULLEN BRYANT.

17. IF THOU HAST LOST A FRIEND.

If thou hast lost a friend,
 By hard or hasty word,
 Go, — call him to thy heart again;
 Let pride no more be heard.
 Remind him of those happy days,
 Too beautiful to last;
 Ask, if a word should cancel years
 Of truth and friendship past?
 Oh! if thou'st lost a friend,
 By hard or hasty word,
 Go, — call him to thy heart again;
 Let pride no more be heard.

Oh! tell him, from thy thought
 The light of joy hath fled;
 That, in thy sad and silent breast,
 Thy lonely heart seems dead;
 That mount and vale, — each path ye trod,
 By morn or evening dim, —
 Reproach you with their frowning gaze,
 And ask your soul for him.
 Then, if thou'st lost a friend,
 By hard or hasty word,
 Go, — call him to thy heart again;
 Let pride no more be heard.

SWAIN.

18. THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
 The few locks that are left you are grey;
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
 I remembered that youth would fly fast,
 And abused not my health and vigour at first,
 That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the yong man cried,
 And pleasures with youth pass away,
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
 I remembered that youth could not last;
 I thought of the future, whatever I did,
 That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
 And life must be hastening away;
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death!
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied,
 Let the cause thy attention engage;
 In the days of my youth I remembered my God!
 And he hath not forgotten my age.

SOUTHEY.

19. SUN, MOON, AND STARS, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Fairest of all the lights above,
 Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
 And with unwearied swiftness move,
 To form the circles of our years;

Praise the Creator of the skies,
 That dressed thine orb in golden rays:
 Or may the sun forget to rise,
 If he forget his Maker's praise.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
 Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
 Whose gentle beams, and borrowed light,
 Are softer rivals of the noon;

Arise, and to that Sovereign Power
 Waxing and waning honours pay,
 Who bid thee rule the dusky hour,
 And half supply the absent day.

17. IF THOU HAST LOST A FRIEND.

If thou hast lost a friend,
 By hard or hasty word,
 Go, — call him to thy heart again;
 Let pride no more be heard.
 Remind him of those happy days,
 Too beautiful to last;
 Ask, if a word should cancel years
 Of truth and friendship past?
 Oh! if thou'st lost a friend,
 By hard or hasty word,
 Go, — call him to thy heart again;
 Let pride no more be heard.

Oh! tell him, from thy thought
 The light of joy hath fled;
 That, in thy sad and silent breast,
 Thy lonely heart seems dead;
 That mount and vale, — each path ye trod,
 By morn or evening dim, —
 Reproach you with their frowning gaze,
 And ask your soul for him.
 Then, if thou'st lost a friend,
 By hard or hasty word,
 Go, — call him to thy heart again;
 Let pride no more be heard.

SWAIN.

18. THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
 The few locks that are left you are grey;
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
 I remembered that youth would fly fast,
 And abused not my health and vigour at first,
 That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the yong man cried,
 And pleasures with youth pass away,
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
 I remembered that youth could not last;
 I thought of the future, whatever I did,
 That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
 And life must be hastening away;
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death!
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied,
 Let the cause thy attention engage;
 In the days of my youth I remembered my God!
 And he hath not forgotten my age.

SOUTHEY.

19. SUN, MOON, AND STARS, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Fairest of all the lights above,
 Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
 And with unwearied swiftmess move,
 To form the circles of our years;

Praise the Creator of the skies,
 That dressed thine orb in golden rays:
 Or may the sun forget to rise,
 If he forget his Maker's praise.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
 Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
 Whose gentle beams, and borrowed light,
 Are softer rivals of the noon;

Arise, and to that Sovereign Power
 Waxing and waning honours pay,
 Who bid thee rule the dusky hour,
 And half supply the absent day.

Ye twinkling stars, who gild the skies
 When darkness has its curtains drawn,
 Who keep your watch, with wakeful eyes,
 When business, cares, and day are gone:

Proclaim the glories of your Lord.
 Dispersed thro' all the heavenly street,
 Whose boundless treasures can afford
 So rich a pavement for his feet.

Thou Heaven of heavens, supremely bright,
 Fair palace of the court divine,
 Where, with inimitable light,
 The Godhead condescends to shine.

Praise thou thy great Inhabitant,
 Who scatters lovely beams of grace
 On every angel, every saint,
 Nor veils the lustre of his face.

O God of glory, God of love,
 Thou art the Sun that makes our days:
 With all thy shining works above,
 Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

J. WATTS.

20. HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

Ave Maria! maiden mild!
 Listen to a maiden's prayer!
 Thou canst hear though from the wild,
 Thou canst save amid despair.
 Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
 Though banished, outcast and reviled. —
 Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
 Mother! hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem with down of eider piled,

If thy protection hover there.

The murky cavern's heavy air

Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;

Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;

Mother! list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled!

Foul demons of the earth and air,

From this their wonted haunt exiled,

Shall flee before thy presence fair.

We bow us to our lot of care,

Beneath thy guidance reconciled;

Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,

And for a father hear a child!

Ave Maria!

W. SCOTT.

21. THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God save our gracious Queen,

Long live our noble Queen,

God save the Queen!

Send her victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us,

God save the Queen!

O Lord, our God, arise,

Scatter her enemies,

And make them fall!

Confound their politics,

Frustrate their knavish tricks,

On her our hopes we fix,

God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On her be pleased to pour,
 Long may she reign;
 May she defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 To sing with heart-applause:
 God save the Queen!

Oh! grant her long to see
 Friendship and amity
 Always increase!
 May she her scepter sway,
 All loyal souls obey,
 Join heart and voice: Huzza!
 God save the Queen!

ANONYMOUS.

22. RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land
 And guardian angels sung the strain:
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
 Britons never shall be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turn, to tyrants fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
 Britons never shall be slaves!

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
 As the loud blast, that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
 Britons never shall be slaves!

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 But work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
 Britons never shall be slaves!

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles, thine!
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
 Britons never shall be slaves!

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
 Britons never shall be slaves!

THOMSON.

23. THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
 The home of the brave and the free,
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
 The world offers homage to thee!
 Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
 When Liberty's form stands in view,
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble
 When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

When War spread its wide desolation,
 And threatened our land to deform,
 The Ark then of Freedom's foundation,
 Columbia, rode safe through the storm.
 With her garland of victory o'er her,
 Which so boldly bore her proud crew,
 With her flag proudly floating before her,
 The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither,
 And fill you it up to the brim:
 May the vine that bore it ne'er wither
 Nor the star of our glory grow dim.
 May the bonds that unite us ne'er sever,
 May we stick to our colors so true:
 The Army and Navy for ever!
 Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!

ANONYMOUS.

24. HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces
 Through which we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble,
 There's no place like home.
 A charm from the skies
 Seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world,
 Is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Chorus.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home
 Be it ever so humble,
 There's no place like home.

An exile from home
 Splendor dazzles in vain;
 O give me my lowly
 Thatched cottage again,
 The birds singing gayly
 That come at my call;
 O give me sweet peace
 Of mind, dearer than all.

Chorus.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Be it ever so humble,
 There's no place like home.

ANONYMOUS.

25. YANKEE DOODLE.

A Yankee boy is trim and tall
 And never over fat, Sir,
 At dance and frolic, hop and ball,
 As nimble as a rat, Sir.
 Yankee doodle, guard your coast,
 Yankee doodle dandy,
 Fear not then nor threat nor boast,
 Yankee doodle dandy.

He's always out on training day,
 Commencement or Election;
 At truck and trade he knows the way
 Of thriving to perfection.
 Yankee doodle, etc.

His door is always open found,
 His cider of the best, Sir,
 His board with pumpkin pie is crowned,
 And welcome every guest, Sir.
 Yankee doodle, etc.

Though rough and little is his farm,
 That little is his own, Sir,
 His hand is strong, his heart is warm,
 'Tis truth's and honor's throne, Sir.
 Yankee doodle, etc.

His country is his pride and boast,
 He'll ever prove true blue, Sir,
 When called upon to give his toast,
 'Tis » Yankee doodle doo' Sir.
 Yankee doodle, etc.

SHECKBURG.

26. HAIL COLUMBIA.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
 Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone,
 Enjoyed the peace your valour won.
 Let independance be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm — united — let us be,
 Rallying round our Liberty;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
 Defend your rights, defend your shore;
 Let no rude foe with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies
 Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
 While offering peace sincere and just,
 In Heaven we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm — united — let us be
 Rallying round our Liberty;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

HOPKINSON.

27. EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of »Erin go bragh!"

»Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger;
 »The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not to me.
 Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of »Erin go bragh!"

»Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit the sea-beaten shore;
 But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
 Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace — where no perils can chase me?
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
 They die to defend me, or live to deplore!

»Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
 Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
 And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
 Oh my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
 Tears, like the raindrop, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

»Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
 Land of my forefathers! »Erin go bragh!"
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion, —
 »Erin mavournin — Erin go bragh!"

CAMPBELL.

28. MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe —
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe —
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

BURNS.

29. THE SEA.

The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;
 It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
 I am where I would ever be;
 With the blue above, and the blue below,
 And silence wheresoe'er I go;
 If a storm should come and awake the deep,
 What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh! how I love, to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,
 Or whistles aloft its tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
 But I loved the great sea more and more,
 And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
 And a mother she was and is to me;
 For I was born on the open Sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born;
 And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild
 As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,
 But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
 And death, whenever it comes to me,
 Shall come on the wild unbounded Sea.

BRYAN WILLIAM PROCTER.

30. YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Mariners of England!
 That guard our native seas;
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To meet another foe!
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave! —
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave:
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak,
 She quells the floods below, —
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy tempests blow;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow

To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

31. THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

» Oh! call my brother back to me!
 I cannot play alone;
 The summer comes with flower and bee —
 Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright,
 Across the sunbeam's track;
 I care not now to chase its flight —
 Oh! call my brother back!

The flowers run wild — the flowers we sowed
 Around our garden tree;
 Our vine is drooping with its load —
 Oh! call him back to me!"

» He would not hear thy voice, fair child,
 He may not come to thee;
 The face that once like Spring-time smiled,
 On earth no more thou'lt see!

» A rose's brief bright life of joy,
 Such unto him was given:
 Go — thou must play alone, my boy!
 Thy brother is in heaven!"

» And has he left his birds and flowers;
 And must I call in vain?
 And through the long, long summer hours,
 Will he not come again?

» And by the brook and in the glade,
 Are all our wanderings o'er?
 Oh! while my brother with me played,
 Would I had loved him more!"

Mrs. HEMANS.

32. FATHER IS COMING.

The clock is on the stroke of six,
 The father's work is done;
 Sweep up the hearth, and mend the fire,
 And put the kettle on!
 The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
 'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
 He's stronger than the storm;
 He does not feel the cold, not he,
 His heart, it is so warm.
 For father's heart is stout and true
 As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship, light: —
 Would all men were the same,
 So ready to be pleased, so kind,
 So very slow to blame!
 — Folks need not be unkind, austere,
 For love has readier will than fear!

— Nay, do not close the shutters, child,
 For far along the lane
 The little window looks, and he
 Can see it shining plain;
 I've heard him say he loves to mark
 The cheerful fire-light through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes!
 His wishes are so few —
 Would they were more! That every hour
 Some wish of his I knew!
 I 'm sure it makes a happy day
 When I can please him any way.

— I know he 's coming by this sign
 That baby's almost wild;
 See, how he laughs, and crows, and stares,
 Heaven bless the merry child!
 He's father's self in face and limb,
 And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! Hark! I hear his footsteps now —
 He's through the garden-gate.
 Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
 And do not let him wait!
 Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy hands,
 For father on the threshold stands!

MARY HOWITT.

33. THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

One night came on a hurricane,
 The sea was mountains rolling,
 When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
 And said to Billy Bowling:
 »A strong norwester's blowing, Bill;
 Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
 Lord help'em, how I pities all
 Unhappy folks on shore now!

»Foolhardy chaps who live in towns,
 What dangers they are all in,
 And now lie quaking in their beds,
 For fear the roof should fall in:
 Poor creatures, how they envies us,
 And wishes (I've a notion),
 For our good luck, in such a storm,
 The be upon the ocean.

»And as for them who're out all day,
 On business from their houses,
 And late at night are coming home
 To cheer their babes and spouses;
 While you and I, Bill, on the deck
 Are comfortably lying;
 My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
 About their heads are flying!

»And often have we seamen heard
 How men are killed and undone,
 By overturns of carriages,
 And thieves, and fires, in London.

We know what risks all landsmen run,
 From noblemen to tailors;
 Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
 That you and I are sailors.

DIBDIN.

**34. LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON THE
 APPROACH OF SPRING.**

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
 On every blooming tree,
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
 Out o'er the grassy lea:
 Now Phoebus cheers the cristal streams,
 And glads the azure skies;
 But nought can glad the wearied wight
 That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
 Aloft on dewy wing;
 The merle, in his noontide bower,
 Makes woodland echoes ring;
 The mavis mild, wi' many a note,
 Sings drowsy day to rest:
 In love and freedom they rejoice,
 Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank
 The primrose down the brae;
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
 And milk-white is the slae:
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets amang;
 But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
 Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
 Where happy I ha'e been;
 Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
 As blithe lay down at e'en:
 And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
 And mony a traitor there:
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
 And never-ending care.

But, as for thee, thou false woman,
 My sister and my fae,
 Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
 That through thy soul shall gae:
 The weeping blood in woman's breast
 Was never known to thee;
 Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
 Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine;
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign
 That ne'er wad blink on mine!
 God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
 Or turn their hearts to thee:
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend
 Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer suns
 Nae mair light up the morn!
 Nae mair to me, the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn!
 And in the narrow house o' death
 Let winter round me rave;
 And the next flowers that deck the spring
 Bloom on my peaceful grave!

BURNS.

35. HUNTING SONG.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 On the mountain dawns the day,
 All the jolly chase is here,
 With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear!
 Hounds are in there couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
 Merrily, merrily mingle they,
 »Waken, lords and ladies gay.»

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 The mist has left the mountain grey,
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:

And foresters have busy been
 To track the buck in thicket green;
 Now we come to chant our lay,
 »Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay!
 To the green-wood haste away;
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot and tall of size;
 We can show the marks he made,
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
 You shall see him brought to bay,
 »Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chant the lay,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!
 Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee
 Run a course as well as we;
 Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
 Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk:
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.

W. SCOTT.

36. WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot;
 There, woodman let it stand,
 Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea,
 And wouldst thou hack it down?
 Woodman forbear thy stroke!
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;
 Oh, spare that aged oak,
 Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
 I sought its grateful shade;
 In all her gushing joy
 Here too my sisters played.
 My mother kissed me here;
 My father pressed my hand —
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild-bird sing
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

MORRIS.

37. 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last Rose of Summer
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rose-bud 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 thy 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,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

T. MOORE.

38. TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

River! that in silence windest
 Through the meadows bright and free,
 Till at length thy rest thou findest
 In the bosom of the sea.
 For long years of mingled feeling,
 Half in rest, and half in strife,
 I have seen thy waters stealing
 Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
 Many a lesson, deep and long;
 Thou hast been a generous giver:
 I can give thee but a song.
 Oft in sadness and in illness,
 I have watched thy current glide,
 Till the beauty of its stillness
 Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
 When I saw thy waters gleam,
 I have felt my heart beat lighter,
 And leap onward with thy stream.
 Not for this alone I love thee,
 Nor because thy waves of blue
 From celestial seas above thee
 Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
 And thy waters disappear,
 Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
 And have made thy margin dear.
 More than this; — thy name reminds me
 Of three friends, all true and tried;
 And that name, like magic, binds me
 Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!
 How like quivering flames they start,
 When I fan the living embers
 On the hearthstone of my heart!
 'Tis for this, thou Silent River!
 That my spirit leans to thee;
 Thou hast been a generous giver,
 Take this idle song from me.

LONGFELLOW.

39. MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

My father was a farmer
 Upon the Carrick border,
 And carefully he bred me
 In decency and order.
 He bade me act a manly part,
 Though I had ne'er a farthing,
 For without an honest, manly heart,
 No man was worth regarding.

Then out into the world
 My course I did determine;
 Though to be rich was not my wish,
 Yet to be great was charming.
 My talents they were not the worst,
 Nor yet my education;
 Resolved was I at least to try
 To mend my situation.

In many a way, and vain essay,
 I courted Fortune's favour;
 Some cause unseen still stept between,
 To frustrate each endeavour;
 Sometimes by foes I was o'erpowered;
 Sometimes by friends forsaken;
 And when my hope was at the top,
 I still was worst mistaken.

Then sore harassed, and tired at last,
 With Fortune's vain delusion,
 I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
 And came to this conclusion:
 The past was bad, and the future hid;
 It's good or ill untrièd;
 But the present hour was in my power,
 And so I would enjoy it.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
 Nor person to befriend me;
 So I must toil, and sweat, and broil,
 And labour to sustain me.
 To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
 My father bred me early;
 For one, he said, to labour bred,
 Was a match for fortune fairly.

Thus all obscure, unknown and poor,
 'h Trough life I'm doomed to wander,
 Till down my weary bones I lay,
 In everlasting slumber.
 No view nor care, but shun whate'er
 Might breed me pain or sorrow;
 I live to-day as well 's I may,
 Regardless of to-morrow.

But cheerful still, I am as well
 As a monarch in his palace,
 Though Fortune's frown still hunts me down
 With all her wonted malice;

I make indeed my daily bread,
 But ne'er can make it farther;
 But, as daily bread is all I need,
 I do not much regard her.

When sometimes by my labour
 I earn a little money,
 Some unforeseen ~~misfortune~~ *fortune*
 Comes generally upon me;
 Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
 Or my good-natured folly:
 But come what will, I've sworn it still
 I'll ne'er be melancholy.

All you who follow wealth and power
 With unremitting ardour,
 The more in this you look for bliss,
 You leave your view the farther.
 Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
 Or nations to adore you,
 A cheerful honest-hearted clown
 I will prefer before you.

BURNS.

40. HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat, at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,
 And furious every charger neighed
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven,
 Then rushed the steed, to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath your feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL

41. GOOD NIGHT.

Day is past!
 Stars have set their watch at last,
 Founts that thro' the deep woods flow,
 Make sweet sounds unheard till now,
 Flowers have shut with fading light;
 Good Night!

Go to rest,
 Sleep sit dove-like on thy breast;
 If within that secret cell
 One dark form of memory dwell,
 Be it mantled from thy sight;
 Good Night!

Joy be thine!
 Kind looks o'er thy slumbers shine;
 Go, and in the spirit land
 Meet thy home's long parted band;
 Be their eyes all love and light;
 Good Night!

Peace to all!
 Dreams of Heaven on mourners fall,
 Exile! o'er thy couch may gleams
 Pass from thine own mountain streams,
 Bard! away to worlds more bright;
 Good Night!

Mrs. HEMANS.

42. SUNSHINE.

I love the sunshine everywhere —
 In wood, and field, and glen;
 I love it in the busy haunts
 Of town-imprisoned men.

I love it when it streameth in
 The humble cottage door,
 And casts the chequered casement shade
 Upon the red-brick floor.

I love it where the children lie
 Deep in the clovery grass,
 To watch among the twining roots
 The gold-green beetles pass.

I love it on the breezy sea,
 To glance on sail and oar,
 While the great waves, like molten glass,
 Come leaping to the shore.

I love it on the mountain-tops,
 Where lies the thawless snow,
 And half a kingdom, bathed in light,
 Lies stretching out below.

And when it shines in forest-glades,
 Hidden, and green, and cool,
 Through mossy boughs and veined leaves
 How is it beautiful!

How beautiful on little streams,
 When sun and shade at play,
 Make silvery meshes, while the brook
 Goes singing on its way.

How beautiful. where dragon-flies
 Are wondrous to behold,
 With rainbow wings of gauzy pearl,
 And bodies blue and gold!

How beautiful on harvest slopes,
 To see the sunshine lie;
 Or on the paler reaped fields,
 Where yellow shocks stand high!

O, yes! I love the sunshine!
 Like kindness or like mirth,
 Upon a human countenance,
 Is sunshine on the earth!

Upon the earth, upon the sea;
 And through the crystal air,
 On piled-up cloud: the gracious sun
 Is glorious everywhere!

MARY HOWIT.

43. A CONTENTED MIND.

I weigh not fortune's frown or smile;
 I joy not much in earthly joys;
 I seek not state, I seek not style;
 I am not fond of fancy's toys;
 I rest so pleased with what I have
 I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack;
 I tremble not at noise of war;
 I wound not at the news of wrack;
 I shrink not at a blazing-star;
 I fear not loss, I hope not gain,
 I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased,
 I see some Tantals starved in store;
 I see gold's dropsy seldom eased;
 I see e'en Midas gape for more:
 I neither want, nor yet abound —
 Enough's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship, where I hate;
 I fawn not on the great in show,
 I prize, I praise a mean estate —
 Neither too lofty nor too low:
 This, this is all my choice, my cheer —
 A mind content, a conscience clear.

SYLVESTER.

44. THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the Sluggard, I hear him complain,
 »You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again!»
 As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
 Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

»A little more sleep and a little more slumber;»
 Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number,
 And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
 Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I passed by his garden, and saw the wild briar,
 The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
 The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags,
 And his money stil wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I paid him a visit still hoping to find
 He had taken better care for improving his mind;
 He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking;
 But he scarce says his prayers, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, »Here's a lesson for me:
 That man's but a picture of what I might be,
 But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
 Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."

J. WATTS.

45. ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

(on the island of Juan Fernandez.)

I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute,
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain,
 My form with indifference see,
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man,
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word!
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore,
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 Oh tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there,
 But alas! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair,
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought!
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.

46. THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
 And *that* cannot stop their tears.
 The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
 The young birds are chirping in the nest;
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
 The young flowers are blowing toward the west;
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 They are weeping bitterly!
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
 In the country of the free.

For oh, say the children, we are weary,
 And we cannot run or leap;
 If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
 To drop down in them and sleep.
 Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping —
 We fall upon our faces trying to go;
 And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
 The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
 For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
 Through the coal-dark underground. —
 Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
 In the factories, round and round.

For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning —
 Their wind comes in our faces —
 Till our hearts turn — our heads, with pulses burning,
 And the walls turn in their places —
 Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling —
 Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall —
 Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling —
 All are turning, all the day, and we with all!
 And, all day, the iron wheels are droning;
 And sometimes we could pray,
 »O ye wheels" — breaking out in a mad moaning —
 »Stop! be silent for to-day!"

Ay! be silent! let them hear each other breathing
 For a moment, mouth to mouth —
 Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
 Of their tender human youth!
 Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
 Is not all the life God fashions or reveals —
 Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
 That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!
 Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
 As if Fate in each were stark;
 And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
 Spin on blindly in the dark.

MRS. BROWNING.

H. W. R. 111

47. VERSES TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST.

(who visits the window of my prison every day.)

Welcome, pretty little stranger!
 Welcome to my lone retreat!
 Here, secure from every danger,
 Hop about, and chirp, and eat,
 Robin! how I envy thee,
 Happy child of Liberty.

Now, though tyrant Winter, howling,
 Shakes the world with tempests round,
 Heaven above with vapours scowling,
 Frost imprisons all the ground, —
 Robin! what are these to thee?
 Thou art blest with liberty.

Though yon fair majestic river
 Mourns in solid icy chains,
 Though yon flocks and cattle shiver
 On the desolated plains; —
 Robin! thou art gay and free,
 Happy in thy liberty.

Hunger never shall distress thee,
 While my cakes one crumb afford;
 Colds nor cramps shall e'er oppress thee;
 Come and share my humble board.
 Robin! come and live with me,
 Live — yet still at liberty.

Soon shall Spring in smiles and blushes,
 Steal upon the blooming year;
 Then, amid the enamoured bushes,
 Thy sweet song shall warble clear;
 Then shall I too, joined with thee,
 Swell the Hymn of Liberty.

Should some rough unfeeling Dobbin,
 In this iron-hearted age,
 Seize thee on thy nest, my Robin!
 And confine thee in a cage,
 Then, poor prisoner! think of me,
 Think — and sigh for liberty.

MONTGOMERY.

48. TO A BEE.

Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy Bee!
 As abroad I took my early way,
 Before the cow from her resting-place
 Had risen up and left her trace
 On the meadow, with dew so grey,
 Saw I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy Bee!
 After the fall of the cistus flower,
 When the primrose of evening was ready to burst,
 I heard thee last, as I saw thee first;
 In the silence of the evening hour,
 Heard I thee, thou busy, busy Bee!

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy Bee!
 Late and early at employ;
 Still on thy golden stores intent,
 Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent,
 What thy winter will never enjoy;
 Wise lesson for me, thou busy, busy Bee!

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy Bee!
 What is the end of thy toil.
 When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
 And all thy work for the year is done,
 Thy master comes for the spoil;
 Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy Bee!

SOUTHEY.

49. TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
 Thou messenger of spring!
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood,
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the Spring.

LOGAN.

50. THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy insect! what can be
 In happiness compared to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine!
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill!
 'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature's self thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink, and dance and sing,
 Happier than the happiest king!
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants belong to thee;
 All that summer-hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice.
 Man for thee dost sow and plow:
 Farmer he, and landlord thou!
 Innocently dost thou enjoy,
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,

Prophet of the ripened year!
 Thee Phoebus loves, and does inspire;
 Phoebus is himself thy sire.
 To thee of all things upon earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect! happy thou,
 Dost neither age nor winter know;
 But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
 (Voluptuous and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal!)
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retirest to endless rest.

COWLEY.

 51. JERUSALEM.

Fallen is thy throne, O Israel!
 Silence is o'er thy plains;
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
 Thy children weep in chains.
 Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Etham's barren shore?
 That fire from heaven which led thee,
 Now lights thy path no more.

Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem; —
 Once, she was all thy own;
 Her love thy fairest heritage,
 Her power thy glory's throne,
 Till evil came, and blighted
 Thy long-loved olive-tree; —
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 For other gods than Thee!

Then sunk the star of Solyma; —
 Then passed her glory's day,
 Like heath, that in the wilderness
 The wild wind whirls away.

Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod,
 And sunk those guilty towers,
 Where Baal reigned as God!

»Go,» said the Lord, »ye conquerors!
 Steep in her blood your swords,
 And raze to earth her battlements,
 For they are not the Lord's!
 Till Zion's mournful daughter
 O'er kindred bones shall tread,
 And Hinnon's vale of slaughter
 Shall hide but half her dead!"

TH. MOORE.

52. VERSES ON MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Behold where Gallia's captive Queen,
 With steady eye and look serene,
 In life's last awful — awful scene,
 Slow leaves her sad captivity.

Hark! the shrill horn that rends the sky
 Bespeaks thy ready murder nigh,
 The long parade of death I spy,
 And leave my lone captivity.

Farewell! ye mansions of despair,
 Scenes of my sad sequestered care,
 The balm of bleeding war is near,
 Adieu, my lone captivity.

To purer mansions in the sky,
 Fair Hope directs my grief-worn eye,
 Where sorrow's child no more shall sigh
 Amid her lone captivity.

Adieu, ye babes whose infant bloom
 Beneath oppression's lawless doom,
 Pines in the solitary gloom
 Of undeserved captivity.

O Power benign that rulest on high,
 Cast down, cast down a pitying eye;
 Shed consolation from the sky,
 To soothe their sad captivity.

Now virtue's sure reward to prove,
 I seek empyreal realms above,
 To meet my long-departed love;
 Adieu my lone captivity.

CAMPBELL.

53. EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device:
 Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
 Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue:
 Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
 Above the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan:
 Excelsior!

»Try not the pass!» the old man said;
 »Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!»
 And loud that clarion voice replied:
 Excelsior!

Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod,
 And sunk those guilty towers,
 Where Baal reigned as God!

»Go,» said the Lord, »ye conquerors!
 Steep in her blood your swords,
 And raze to earth her battlements,
 For they are not the Lord's!
 Till Zion's mournful daughter
 O'er kindred bones shall tread,
 And Hinnon's vale of slaughter
 Shall hide but half her dead!"

TH. MOORE.

52. VERSES ON MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Behold where Gallia's captive Queen,
 With steady eye and look serene,
 In life's last awful — awful scene,
 Slow leaves her sad captivity.

Hark! the shrill horn that rends the sky
 Bespeaks thy ready murder nigh,
 The long parade of death I spy,
 And leave my lone captivity.

Farewell! ye mansions of despair,
 Scenes of my sad sequestered care,
 The balm of bleeding war is near,
 Adieu, my lone captivity.

To purer mansions in the sky,
 Fair Hope directs my grief-worn eye,
 Where sorrow's child no more shall sigh
 Amid her lone captivity.

Adieu, ye babes whose infant bloom
 Beneath oppression's lawless doom,
 Pines in the solitary gloom
 Of undeserved captivity.

O Power benign that rulest on high,
 Cast down, cast down a pitying eye;
 Shed consolation from the sky,
 To soothe their sad captivity.

Now virtue's sure reward to prove,
 I seek empyreal realms above,
 To meet my long-departed love;
 Adieu my lone captivity.

CAMPBELL.

53. EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device:
 Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
 Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue:
 Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
 Above the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan:
 Excelsior!

»Try not the pass!» the old man said;
 »Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!»
 And loud that clarion voice replied:
 Excelsior!

»O stay," the maiden said, »and rest
 Thy weary head and panting breast!"
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 But still he answered, with a sigh:
 Excelsior!

»Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
 Beware the awful avalanche!"
 This was the peasant's last Good-night;
 A voice replied, far up the height:
 Excelsior.

At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air:
 Excelsior!

A traveller by the faithful hound,
 Half-buried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hands of ice
 That banner with the strange device:
 Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell, like a falling star:
 Excelsior!

LONGFELLOW.

54. THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given:
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
 There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even;
 And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;
 There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven;
 And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
 Serve but to light the troubled way;
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!

TH. MOORE.

55. THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
 Surveyed the worlds beneath the sky,
 From this small speck of earth were sent
 Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
 For every thing alive complained
 That he the hardest life sustained.

Jove calls his eagle. At the word
 Before him stands the royal bird.
 The bird, obedient, from Heaven's height,
 Downward directs his rapid flight;
 Then cited every living thing
 To hear the mandates of his king.

» Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
 These murmurs which offend the skies?
 Why this disorder? Say the cause;
 For just are Jove's eternal laws.
 Let each his discontent reveal:
 To you, sour dog, I first appeal."

» Hard is my lot (the hound replies),
 On what fleet nerves the greyhound flies;
 While I, with weary step, and slow,
 O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go.
 The morning sees my chase begun,
 Nor ends it till the setting sun."

» When (says the Greyhound), I pursue,
 My game is lost, or caught in view;
 Beyond my sight the prey's secure;
 The hound is slow, but always sure;
 And, had I his sagacious scent,
 Jove ne'er had heard my discontent."

The lion craved the fox's art;
 The fox the lion's force and heart.
 The cock implored the pigeon's flight,
 Whose wings were rapid, strong and light;
 The pigeon strength of wings despised,
 And the cock's matchless valour prized:
 The fishes wished to graze the plain;
 The beasts, to skim beneath the main:
 Thus, envious of another's state,
 Each blamed the partial hand of Fate.

The bird of Heaven then cried aloud:
 » Jove bids disperse the murmuring crowd;
 The God rejects your idle prayers,
 Would ye, rebellious mutineers!
 Entirely change your name and nature,
 And be the very envied creature?
 What, silent all, and none consent!
 Be happy, then, and learn content:
 Nor imitate the restless mind,
 And proud ambition, of mankind."

GAY.

56. THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

The wind was high, the window shakes,
 With sudden start the Miser wakes;
 Along the silent room he stalks,
 Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
 Each lock and every bolt he tries,
 In every creek and corner pries;
 Then opes the chest with treasure stored,
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
 But now with sudden qualms possess'd,
 He wrings his hands, he beats his breast.
 By conscience stung, he wildly stares,
 And thus his guilty soul declares:

» Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
 This heart had known sweet peace of mind:
 But virtue's sold. Good gods! what price
 Can recompense the pangs of vice!
 O bane of good! seducing cheat!
 Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
 Gold banished honour from the mind,
 And only left the name behind;
 Gold sowed the world with every ill;
 Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill;
 'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
 In treachery's more pernicious arts.
 Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
 Virtue resides on earth no more!" —
 He spoke and sighed. — In angry mood,
 Plutus, his god, before him stood.
 The Miser, trembling, locked his chest;
 The vision frowned, and thus address:

» Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
 Each sordid rascal's daily cant?
 Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind?
 The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
 Because my blessings are abused,
 Must I be censured, cursed, accused?

E'en virtue's self by knaves is made
 A cloak to carry on the trade;
 And power (when lodged in their possession)
 Grows tyranny and rank oppression.
 Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
 Gold is the canker of the breast;
 'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
 And every shocking vice beside:
 But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
 It blesses, like the dews of Heaven;
 Like Heaven, it hears the orphans' cries
 And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
 Their crimes on gold shall Misers lay,
 Who pawned their sordid souls for pay?
 Let bravos, then, when blood is spilt,
 Upbraid the passive sword with guilt."

GAY.

57. THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

Upon a time a neighing steed,
 Who grazed among a numerous breed,
 With mutiny had fired the train,
 And spread dissension through the plain.
 On matters that concerned the state
 The council met in grand debate.
 A colt, whose eye-balls flamed with ire,
 Elate with strength and youthful fire,
 In haste stept forth before the rest,
 And thus the listening throng address:

» Good gods! how abject is our race,
 Condemned to slavery and disgrace!
 Shall we our servitude retain,
 Because our sires have borne the chain?
 'Tis conquest to assert your right;
 Consider, friends, your strength and might.
 How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
 The pride of man is our reproach.

Were we designed for daily toil,
 To drag the plough-share through the soil?
 To sweat in harness through the road,
 To groan beneath the carrier's load?
 How feeble are the two-legged kind!
 What force is in our nerves combined!
 Shall then our nobler jaws submit
 To foam and champ the galling bit?
 Shall haughty man my back bestride?
 Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
 Forbid it, Heavens! Reject the rein;
 Your shame, your infamy, disdain.
 Let him the lion first control,
 And still the famished tiger's growl.
 Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
 And make him tremble at our name."

A general nod approved the cause,
 And all the circle neighed applause.
 When, lo! with grave and solemn pace
 A steed advanced before the race,
 With age and long experience wise;
 Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
 And, to the murmers of the train,
 Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:

» When I had health and strength like you,
 The toils of servitude I knew;
 Now grateful man rewards my pains,
 And gives me all these wide domains.
 At will, I crop the year's increase;
 My latter life is rest and peace.
 I grant, to man we lend our pains
 And aid him to correct the plains:
 But doth not he divide the care,
 Through all the labours of the year?
 How many thousand structures rise
 To fence us from inclement skies!
 For us he bears the sultry day,
 And stores up all our winter's hay.

He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain:
 We share the toil, and share the grain.
 Since every creature was decreed
 To aid each other's mutual need,
 Appease your discontented mind,
 And act the part by Heaven assigned."

The tumult ceased. The colt submitted;
 And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

GAY.

58. THE CITY AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

Once on a time (so runs the fable)
 A country-mouse, right hospitable,
 Received a town-mouse at his board,
 Just as a farmer might a lord.
 A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
 Yet loved his friend, and had a soul.
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion, » *côte que coûte*."
 He brought him bacon (nothing lean);
 Pudding that might have pleased a dean;
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wished it Stilton for his sake;
 Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
 He ate himself the rind and paring.
 Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But showed his breeding and his wit;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cried, » I vow you're mighty neat.
 But, leave, my friend, this savage scene!
 For God's sake come, and live with men:
 Consider, mice, like men, must die,
 Both small and great, both you and I:
 Then spend your life in joy and sport
 (This doctrine, friend, I learned at court)."
 The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.

Away they came, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn:
 ('Twas on the night of a debate,
 When all their lordships had sat late).

Behold the place, where if a poet
 Shined in description, he might show it:
 Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
 And tips with silver all the walls;
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors:
 But let it (in a word) be said,
 The moon was up, and men a-bed,
 The napkins white, the carpet red;
 The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
 And down the mice sat, » tête-à-tête".

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law.
 » Que ça est bon! ah goûtez ça!
 That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
 Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
 Was ever such a happy swain?
 He stuffs, and swills, and stuffs again.
 » I'm quite ashamed — 'tis mighty rude
 To eat so much — but all's so good.
 I have a thousand thanks to give —
 My lord alone knows how to live."
 No sooner said, but from the hall
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all.
 » A rat, a rat! clap to the door" —
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
 O for the heart of Homer's mice,
 Or gods to save them in a trice!
 » An't please your honour," quoth the peasant:
 » This same dessert is not so pleasant:
 Give me again my hollow tree,
 A crust of bread, and liberty!"

59. THE CHAMELEON.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post;
 Yet round the world the blade has been,
 To see whatever could be seen.
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times perter than before;
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travelled fool your mouth will stop:
 » Sir, if my judgment you'll allow —
 I've seen — and sure I ought to know." —
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talked of this, and then of that;
 Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the chameleon's form and nature.
 » A stranger animal," cries one,
 » Sure never lived beneath the sun:
 A lizard's body lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
 Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
 And what a length of tail behind!
 How slow its pace! and then its hue —
 Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

» Hold there," the other quick replies;
 » 'Tis green — I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warmed it in the sunny ray,
 Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed,
 And saw it eat the air for food."

» I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm it blue;
 At leisure I the beast surveyed
 Extended in the cooling shade."

» 'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."

» Green!" cries the other in a fury:
 » Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
 » 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
 » For if they always serve you thus,
 You'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose.
 From words they almost came to blows:
 When luckily came by a third;
 To him the question they referred:
 And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.

» Sirs," cries the umpire, » cease your pother;
 The creature's neither one nor th'other.

I caught the animal last night,
 And viewed it o'er by candle-light:
 I marked it well; 't was black as jet —
 You stare — but, sirs, I've got it yet,
 And can produce it." — » Pray, sir, do;
 I'll lay my life the thing is blue."

» And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
 The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."

» Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"
 Replies the man, » I'll turn him out:
 And when before your eyes I've set him,
 If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said; and full before their sight
 Produced the beast, and lo! — 'twas white.
 Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise —

» My children," the Chameleon cries —
 Then first the creature found a tongue —
 » You all are right, and all are wrong:
 When next you talk of what you view,
 Think others see as well as you:
 Nor wonder if you find that none
 Prefers your eyesight to his own."

MERRICK.

60. NOSE *versus* EYES.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning,
 While Chief Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
 So famed for his talent in nicely discerning. —

» In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
 And your Lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
 That Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
 Which amounts to possession, time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court —
 » Your Lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
 As wide as the ridge of the nose is; in short,
 Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle. —

Again, would your Lordship a moment suppose,
 ('Tis a case that *has* happened and may do again),
 That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
 Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
 With a reasoning the court will not ever condemn,
 That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them." —

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
 But what were his arguments few people know,
 For the court did not think they were equally wise. —

So his Lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
 Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but* —
 That, » whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
 By day-light or candle-light — Eyes should be shut!"

61. THE RAZOR-SELLER.

A fellow in a market-town,
 Most musical, cried razors up and down,
 And offered twelve for eighteen-pence;
 Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
 And for the money quite a heap,
 As every man would buy with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard, —
 Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad black beard,
 That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
 With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid;
 And proudly to himself in whispers said,
 » This rascal stole the razors, I suppose:

» No matter if the fellow *be* a knave;
 Provided that the razors do but shave,
 It certainly will be a monstrous prize.”
 So home the clown with his good fortune went,
 Smiling in heart and soul content,
 And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
 Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
 Just like a hedger cutting furze;
 ’Twas a vile razor! Then the rest he tried, —
 All were impostors — »Ah!” Hodge sighed,
 »I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse.”

In vain, to chase his beard and bring the graces,
 He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamped the floor;
 Brought blood and danced, reviled and made wry faces
 And blamed each razor’s body o’er and o’er.
 His muzzle, formed of opposition stuff,
 Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff,
 So kept it — laughing at the steel and suds:
 Hodge in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,
 On the vile cheat that sold the goods.
 »Razors! — a vile imposing dog! —
 Not fit to scrape a hog!” —

Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and begun —

»P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives:

You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my monstrous whiskers here a scrubbing

With razors just like oyster-knives.

Sirrah! I tell you you're a knave,
To cry up razors that won't shave."

»Friend," quoth the razor man, »I'm not a knave:

As for the razors you have bought,

Upon my word I never thought
That they would shave."

»Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with wondering eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;

»What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries:

»Made!" quoth the fellow with a smile, — »to sell."

WOLCOT.

62. THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Caspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Caspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
» 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
» Who fell in the great victory."

» I find them in the garden, for
 There's many here about;
 And often, when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out;
 For many thousand men," said he,
 » Were slain in that great victory.

» Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin he cries;
 While little Wilhelmine looks up,
 With wonder-waiting eyes;
 » Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they killed each other for."

» It was the English," Caspar cried,
 » Who put the French to rout;
 But what they killed each other for,
 I could not well make out;
 But every body said," quoth he,
 » That 'twas a famous victory.

» My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly,
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

» With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide;
 And many a nursing mother then,
 And tender baby died;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

» They say it was a shocking sight,
 After the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

- » Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
 And our good prince Eugene."
 » Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 » Nay — nay — my little girl," quoth he,
 » It was a famous victory."
- » And every body praised the Duke,
 Who this great fight did win."
 » But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 « Why, that I cannot tell, said he,
 » But 'twas a famous victory."

— SOUTHEY.

63. THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce — for the night-cloud had lowered
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
 'Twas Autumn, — and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us — rest, thou art weary and worn;
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay,
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

CAMPBELL.

64. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars in the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broken in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

BYRON.

65. VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

The king was on his throne,
 The satraps thronged the hall;
 A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that high festival.
 A thousand cups of gold,
 In Judah deemed divine —
 Jehovah's vessels hold
 The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
 The fingers of a hand
 Came forth against the wall,
 And wrote as if on sand:
 The fingers of a man; —
 A solitary hand
 Along the letters ran,
 And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
 And bade no more rejoice;
 All bloodless waxed his look
 And tremulous his voice.
 » Let the men of lore appear,
 The wisest of the earth,
 And expound the words of fear,
 Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,
 But here they have no skill:
 And the unknown letters stood
 Untold and awful still.
 And Babel's men of age
 Are wise and deep in lore;
 But now they were not sage,
 They saw — but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
 A stranger and a youth,

He heard the king's command,
 He saw that writing's truth.
 The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view;
 He read it on that night, —
 The morrow proved it true.

» Belshazzar's grave is made,
 His kingdom passed away,
 He, in the balance weighed,
 Is light and worthless clay.
 The shroud, his robe of state,
 His canopy, the stone;
 The Mede is at his gate,
 The Persian on his throne!"

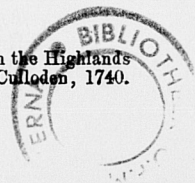
BYRON

66. THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND. 1)

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
 Thy sons, for valour long renowned,
 Lie slaughtered on thy native ground;
 Thy hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door;
 In smoking ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
 His all become the prey of war;
 Bethinks him of his babe and wife,
 Then smites his breast, and curses life.
 Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
 Thy helpless virgins shriek in vain;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

1) A mourn-song written on the barbarities committed in the Highlands by order of the Duke of Cumberland, after the battle of Culloden, 1740.



What boots it, then, in every clime,
 Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
 Still shone with undiminished blaze?
 Thy towering spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bending to the yoke.
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
 No more shall cheer the happy day:
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night:
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of wo,
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh! baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,
 Accursed to ages yet unborn!
 The sons against their father stood,
 The parent shed his children's blood.
 Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
 The victor's soul was not appeased:
 The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doomed to death,
 Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
 She views the shades of night descend:
 And stretched beneath the inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
 And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
 Resentment of my country's fate
 Within my filial breast shall flow:

And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathising verse shall flow:
 » Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
 Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn."

SMOLLETT.

67. THE ORPHAN BOY.

Stay, Lady, stay for mercy's sake,
 And hear a helpless orphan's tale!
 Ah! sure my looks must pity wake —
 'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale!
 Yet I was once a mother's pride,
 And my brave father's hope and joy;
 But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
 And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I,
 When news of Nelson's victory came,
 Along the crowded streets to fly,
 And see the lighted windows flame!
 To force me home my mother sought;
 She could not bear to see my joy,
 For with my father's life 'twas bought,
 And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud!
 My mother, shuddering, closed her ears:
 » Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd,
 My mother answered with her tears.
 » Why are you crying thus", said I,
 » While others laugh and shout with joy?"
 She kissed me, and with such a sigh
 She called me her poor orphan boy.

» What is an orphan boy?" I cried,
 As in her face I looked and smiled;
 My mother through her tears replied:
 » You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!"

And now they've tolled my mother's knell,
 And I'm no more a parent's joy;
 O Lady — I have learned too well
 What 'tis to be an orphan boy.

O! where I by your bounty fed —
 Nay, gentle Lady, do not chide;
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
 Lady, you weep! Ha! — this to me?
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
 Look down, dear darents! look and see
 Your happy, happy orphan boy.

Mrs. OPIE.

68. THE WANDERING BOY.

When the winter wind whistles along the wild moor,
 And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door;
 When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye,
 Oh! how hard is the lot of the wandering boy.

The winter is cold, and I have no vest,
 And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;
 No father, no mother, no kindred have I —
 Oh! I am a parentless wandering boy.

Yet I once had a home, and I once had a sire,
 A mother who granted each infant desire;
 Our cottage it stood in a wood-embowered vale,
 Where the ring-dove would warble its sorrowful tale.

But my father and mother were summoned away,
 And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;
 I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,
 And now I'm a poor little wandering boy.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,
 And no one will list to my innocent tale;
 I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,
 And death shall befriend the poor wandering boy.

KIRKE WHITE.

69. THE PALMER.

Oh! open the door, some pity to show,
 Keen blows the northern wind;
 The glen is white with the drifted snow,
 And the path is hard to find.

No outlaw seeks your castle gate,
 From chasing the King's deer,
 Though even an outlaw's wretched state
 Might claim compassion here.

A weary palmer, worn and weak,
 I wander for my sin!
 Oh! open for our Lady's sake;
 A pilgrim's blessing win!

I'll give you pardons from the Pope,
 And reliques from o'er the sea,
 Or if for these you will not ope,
 Yet open for charity.

The hare is crouching in her form,
 The hart beside the hind;
 An aged man, amid the storm,
 No shelter can I find.

You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar,
 Dark, deep and strong is he,
 And I must ford the Ettrick o'er,
 Unless you pity me.

The iron gate is bolted hard,
 At which I knock in vain;
 The owner's heart is closer barred,
 Who hears me thus complain.

Farewell! Farewell! and Mary grant,
 When old and frail you be,
 You never may the shelter want
 That's now denied to me.

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,
 And heard him plead in vain;
 But oft amid December's storm,
 He'll hear that voice again:

For lo! when through the vapours dank
 Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
 A corpse amid the alders rank,
 The palmer weltered there.

W. SCOTT.

70. FROM INDIA.

» Oh! come you from the Indies, and soldier can you tell
 Aught of the gallant 90th, and who are safe and well?
 O soldier, say my son is safe — for nothing else I care,
 And you shall have a mother's thanks — shall have a
 widow's prayer."

» Oh! I've come from the Indies — I've just come from
 the war;
 And well I know the 90th, and gallant lads they are;
 From colonel down to rank and file, I know my com-
 rades well,
 And news I've brought for you, mother, your Robert
 bade me tell."

» And do you know my Robert, now? Oh, tell me, tell
 me true!
 O soldier, tell me word for word all that he said to you!
 His very words — my own boy's words — Oh, tell me
 every one!
 You little know how dear to his old mother is my son."

» Through Havelock's fights and marches the 90th were
 there;
 In all the gallant 90th did, your Robert did his share;
 Twice he went into Lucknow, untouched by steel or ball,
 And you may bless your God, old dame, that brought
 him safe through all."

» O thanks unto the living God that heard his mother's
 prayer,
 The widow's cry that rose on high her only son to spare!
 Oh, blessed be God, that turned from him the sword and
 shot away!
 And what to his old mother did my darling bid you say?"

» Mother, he saved his colonel's life, and bravely it was
 done;
 In the despatch they told it all, and named and praised
 your son;
 A medal and a pension's his; good luck to him I say,
 And he has not a comrade but will wish him well to-day."

» Now, soldier, blessings on your tongue; O husband,
 that you knew
 How well our boy pays me this day for all that I've
 gone trough,
 All I have done and borne for him the long years since
 you're dead!
 But, soldier, tell me how he looked, and all my Robert
 said."

» He's bronzed, and tanned, and bearded, and you'd hardly
 know him, dame,
 We've made your boy into a man, butt still his heart's
 the same;
 For often, dame, his talk's of you, and always to one
 tune,
 But there! his ship in nearly home, and he'll be with
 you soon."

» Oh! is he really coming home, and shall I really see
 My boy again, my own boy, home? and when, when
 will it be?

Did you say soon?" — » Well, he is home; keep cool,
 old dame, he's here."

» O Robert, my own blessed boy!" — » O mother —
 mother dear!"

Return! alas! my Arab steed, what shall thy master do?
 When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanished from
 his view?

I'll sit me down by this green well, will pause and sadly
 think,

'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck, when last I saw
 him drink.

When last I saw him drink! away! my fevered dream
 is o'er,
 I could not live a day and know, that we should meet
 no more!

They tempted me, my beautiful, for hunger's power is
 strong,

They tempted me, my beautiful, but I have loved too
 long!

Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou
 wert sold?

'Tis false! 'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back
 their gold!

Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the dis-
 tant plains.

Away! who overtakes us now, shall claim thee for his
 pains!

Mrs. NORTON.

H. Klei

72. THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

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.
 Unpractised 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 claim allowed;
 The broken soldier, kindly bid 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.
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies;
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
 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 whispered praise.

At church with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place:
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal each honest rustic ran:
 Even children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express;
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest.
 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.

GOLDSMITH.

73. THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze, unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
 The village master taught his little school.
 A man severe he was, and stern to view;
 I knew him well, and every truant knew.
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a yoke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault:
 The village all declared how much he knew;
 'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And even the story ran that he could gauge.
 In arguing too the parson owned his skill,
 For even though vanquished he could argue still;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound,
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame. 'The very spot'
 Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

GOLDSMITH.

74. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;

And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

LONGFELLOW.

75. JOHN BARLEYCORN.

There were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high;
And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head weel armed wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,
 When he grew wan and pale;
 His bending joints and drooping head
 Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,
 He faded into age;
 And then his enemies began
 To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
 And cut him by the knee!
 They tied him fast upon a cart
 Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
 And cudgelled him full sore;
 They hung him up before the storm,
 And turned him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
 With water to the brim;
 They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
 There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
 To work him father woe:
 And still, as signs of life appeared,
 They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
 The marrow of his bones;
 But a miller used him worst of all —
 He crushed him 'tween two stones.

And they ha'e ta'en his very heart's blood,
 And drank it round and round;
 And still the more and more they drank,
 Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
 Of noble enterprise ;
 For if you do but taste his blood,
 'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
 'Twill heighten all his joy :
 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
 Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
 Each man a glass in hand ;
 And may his great posterity
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

BURNS.

76. THE KING AND THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

Henry, our royal king, would ride a-hunting
 To the green forest so pleasant and fair ;
 To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping,
 Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repair.
 Hawk and hound were unbound, and all tings prepared,
 For the game was afoot, so forth they all fared.

All a long summer's day rode the king pleasantly,
 With all his princes and nobles each one ;
 As they chased the fat deer, rang the shouts far and near,
 Thus it merrily went until set of the sun.
 Then at last riding fast, the king had lost quite
 All his lords in the wood, and 'twas late in the night.

Wearily roaming alone up and down,
 With a rude miller the king met at last,
 And asked him the way unto Nottingham town ;
 » Sir'', quoth the miller, » I mean not to jest,
 Yet I think, and I think, the truth for to say,
 You do not lightly ride out of your way."

» Why, what dost thou think of me," quoth our king
merrily,

» Passing thy judgment upon me so brief?"
» Good faith!" said the miller, » I mean not to flatter thee;
I guess thee to be but some gentleman thief.
Stand thee back, in the dark; light not adown,
Lest I presently crack for thee thy knave's crown."

» Thou abusest me much," quoth the king, » saying thus;
I am soothly a gentleman: lodging I lack."

» Thou hast not," quoth the miller, » one groat in thy
purse;

All thy inheritance hangs on thy back."
» I have gold to discharge all that I call,
If it be forty pence, I will pay all."

» If thou beest a true man," then quoth the miller,
» I swear by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night;"
» Here's my hand," quoth the king; » that was I ever;"
» Nay, soft," quoth the miller, » thou mayst be a sprite.
Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake;
With none, save with honest men hands will I take."

Thus saying, he led the king toward his homestead,
Wherein they were seething of puddings and souse:
The miller first entered, him followed the king;

Never came he in so smoky a house.
» Now," quoth he, » let me see what person you are:"
Quoth our king, » Look thy fill, and do not thou spare."

» I like well thy face, it hath in it some grace, —
With Richard my son this night thou shalt lie."
Quoth his wife, » By my troth, it is a fair youth;
Yet, husband, 'tis best to deal warily.
Art thou no runaway? prithee, youth, tell;
Show me thy passport and all shall be well."

Then our king presently, making low courtesy,
With his hat in his hand, thus meekly did say: —
» I have no passport, nor ever was servitor,
A poor courtier am I, ridden out of my way:

And for your kindness here offered to me,
I will requite you in every degree."

Then to the miller his wife whispered softly,
Saying, » It seemeth this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
To turn him out, certainly, were a great sin."
» Yea," quoth he, » you may see he hath in him some
grace,
When he doth speak to his betters in place."

» Well," the dame thus began, » ye're welcome, young man;
And though 'tis I say it, well lodged shalt be;
Thy bed shall be made, and fresh straw on it laid,
And good brown hempen sheets likewise," quoth she.
» Aye," quoth the good man, » and when that is done,
Thou shalt e'en have the honour to sleep with our son."

Their simplicity made the king laugh most heartily,
Till the tears trickled fast adown from his eyes.
Then to their supper were they set orderly,
With hot black puddings and good apple-pies;
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a brown bowl,
Which about the board did merrily trowl.

» Here," quoth the miller, » good fellow, I drink to thee,
And to all good fellows, wherever they be."
Quoth our king, » I do pledge thee, and thank thee right
heartily

For my good welcome in every degree:
And here, in like manner, I drink to thy son."
» Do then," quoth Richard, » and quick let it come."

» Wife," said the miller, » now fetch me forth lightfoot,
And of his sweetness a little we'll taste."
A fair venison pasty she brought out full hasty,
» Eat," quoth the miller, » but, sir, make no waste:"
» Here's dainty lightfoot, in faith!" said the king, —
» I never before ate so dainty a thing."

Quoth Richard, » I wis no dainty it is,
 For truly we eat of it every day."
 Said our king, » In what place may be bought like to
 this?"

» We never do *buy* it, — not we, by my fay
 We catch it in Sherwood, and fetch it home here,
 Now and then we make bold with King Henry's good
 deer."

» Then 'tis venison, I think," said our sovereign king.
 » Each fool," quoth Richard, » full well may know that:
 And never are we without two or three,
 Very well fleshed and excellent fat.
 But, prithee, say nothing wherever thou go;
 We would not for twopence the king should it know."

Quoth the king, » Do not fear; the king never shall hear
 Any more on 't from me than he knoweth e'en now."
 Then a good flagon-full did they brew of lamb's-wool,
 And then to their beds they betook them, I trow.
 The nobles, next morning, went all up and down
 For to seek out the king in every town.

At last at the miller's cot soon they espied him out,
 As he was mounting upon his fair steed;
 To whom presently they fell down on their knee,
 Wich made the miller's heart woefully bleed.
 Shaking and quaking before him he stood,
 Thinking he should have been hanged by the rood.

The king, perceiving him fearfully grieving,
 Drew forth his sword, but nothing he said;
 The miller down falls, crying out before all,
 Thinking the king would have cut off his head.
 But he his kind courtesy for to requite,
 Gave him great living, and dubbed him a knight.

PERCY.

77. THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
 The ship was still as she could be,
 Her sails from heaven received no motion,
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
 The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
 So little they rose, so little they fell,
 They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
 Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
 On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
 And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
 The mariners heard the warning bell;
 And then they knew the perilous Rock,
 And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
 All things were joyful on that day;
 The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
 And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
 A darker speck on the ocean green;
 Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
 And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
 It made him whistle, it made him sing;
 His heart was mirthful to excess,
 But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
 Quoth he, » My men, put out the boat,
 And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
 And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is iowered, the boatmen row,
 And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
 Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
 And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,
 The bubbles rose and burst around;
 Quoth Sir Ralph, » The next who comes to the Rock
 Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
 He scoured the seas for many a day;
 And now grown rich with plundered store,
 He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
 They cannot see the sun on high;
 The wind hath blown a gale all day,
 At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
 So dark it is they see no land.
 Quoth Sir Ralph, » It will be lighter soon,
 For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

» Canst hear," said one, » the breakers roar?
 For methinks we should be near the shore."
 » Now where we are I cannot tell,
 But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
 Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock, —
 » O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
 He curst himself in his despair;
 The waves rush in on every side,
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
 One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
 A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
 The devil below was ringing his knell.

SOUTHEY.

78. THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

When spring, to woods and wastes around,
 Brought bloom and joy again,
 The murdered traveller's bones were found,
 Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
 Her tassels in the sky;
 And many a vernal blossom sprung,
 And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
 His hanging nest o'erhead,
 And fearless, near the fatal spot,
 Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
 And gentle eyes, for him,
 With watching many an anxious day,
 Where sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
 The fearful death he met,
 When shouting o'er the desert snow,
 Unarmed, and hard beset; —

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
 The northern dawn was red,
 The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
 To banquet on the dead; —

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
 They dressed the hasty bier,
 And marked his grave with nameless stones,
 Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
 Within his distant home;
 And dreamed, and started as they slept,
 For joy that he was come.

Long, long they looked—but never spied
 His welcome step again,
 Nor knew the fearful death he died
 Far down that narrow glen.

CULLEN BRYANT.

79. THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER.

It was a hundred years ago,
 When, by the woodland ways,
 The traveller saw the wild deer drink,
 Or crop the birchen sprays.

Beneath a hill, whose rocky side
 O'erbrowed a grassy mead,
 And fenced a cottage from the wind,
 A deer was wont to feed.

She only came when on the cliffs
 The evening moonlight lay,
 And no man knew the secret haunts
 In which she walked by day.

White were her feet, her forehead showed
 A spot of silvery white,
 That seemed to glimmer like a star
 In autumn's hazy night.

And here, when sang the whippowil,
 She cropped the sprouting leaves,
 And here her rustling steps were heard
 On still October eves.

But when the broad midsummer moon
 Rose o'er that grassy lawn,
 Beside the silver-footed deer
 There grazed a spotted fawn.

The cottage dame forbade her son
 To aim the rifle here;
 » It were a sin," she said, » to harm
 Or fright that friendly deer.

» This spot has been my pleasant home
 Ten peaceful years and more;
 And ever, when the moonlight shines
 She feeds before our door.

» The red men say that here she walked
 A thousand moons ago;
 They never raise the war-whoop here,
 And never twang the bow.

» I love to watch her as she feeds,
 And think that all is well
 While such a gentle creature haunts
 The place in which we dwell."

The youth obeyed, and sought for game
 In forests far away,
 Where, deep in silence and in moss,
 The ancient woodland lay.

But once, in autumn's golden time,
 He ranged the wild in vain,

Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,
And wandered home again.

The crescent moon and crimson eve
Shone with a mingling light;
The deer, upon the grassy mead,
Was feeding full in sight.

He raised the rifle to his eye,
And from the cliffs around
A sudden echo, shrill and sharp,
Gave back its deadly sound.

Away into the neighbouring wood
The startled creature flew,
And crimson drops at morning lay
Amid the glimmering dew.

Next evening shone the waxing moon
As sweetly as before;
The deer upon the grassy mead
Was seen again no more.

But ere that crescent moon was old,
By night the red men came,
And burnt the cottage to the ground,
And slew the youth and dame.

Now woods have overgrown the mead,
And hid the cliffs from sight;
There shrieks the hovering hawk at noon,
And prowls the fox at night.

CULLEN BRYANT.

80. THE VILLAGE OF SCHEVELING.

A Dutch legend of 1530.

Still onward, onward, dark and wide,
Engulphs the land the furious tide.

CROLY.

A startling sound by night was heard
From the wild Scheveling coast;
Like vultures on their clamorous flight,
Or the trampling of a hest.

It broke the sleepers' heavy rest,
With harsh and threatening cry;
Storm was upon the lonely sea! —
Storm on the midnight sky!

The slumberers started up from sleep,
Like spectres from their graves;
Then burst a hundred voices forth —
The waves! — the waves! — the waves!

The strong-built dykes lay overthrown;
And on their deadly way,
Like lions, came the mighty seas,
Impatient for their prey!

Like lions came the mighty seas —
O vision of despair! —
'Mid ruins of their falling homes,
The blackness of the air.

Fathers beheld the hastening doom,
With stern, delirious eye;
Wildly they looked around for help —
No help, alas! was nigh.

Mothers stood trembling with their babes,
 Uttering complaints — in vain —
 No arm — but the Almighty arm —
 Might stem that dreadful main!

Jesu! it was a fearful hour!
 The elemental strife,
 Howling above the shrieks of death —
 The struggling groans for life!

No mercy, no relapse, no hope,
 That night — the tempest-tost
 Saw their paternal homes engulfed —
 Lost! — oh, for ever lost!

Again the blessed morning light
 In the far heavens shone;
 But where the pleasant village stood
 Swept the dark floods alone!

CH. SWAIN.

81. NO!

No sun — no moon!
 No morn — no noon —
 No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day —
 No sky — no earthly view —
 No distance looking blue —
 No road — no street — no "t'other side the way" —
 No end to any row —
 No indications where the crescents go —
 No top to any steeple —
 No recognitions of familiar people —
 No courtesies for showing 'em —
 No knowing 'em! —
 No travelling at all — no locomotion —
 No inkling of the way — no notion —

»No go" — by land or ocean —
 No mail — no post —
 No news from any foreign coast —
 No park — no ring — no afternoon gentility —
 No company — no nobility —
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member —
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
 November!

HOOD.

82. KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
 Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
 And he ruled England with main and with might,
 For he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
 Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
 How for his house-keeping, and high renown,
 They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
 The abbot kept in his house every day;
 And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
 In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

»How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
 Thou keepest a far better house than me,
 And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
 I fear thou workest treason against my crown."

»My liege," quo' the abbot, »I would it were known,
 I never spend nothing, but what is my own;
 And I trust, your grace will do me no dear,
 For spending of my own true-gotten gear."

»Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
 And now for the same thou needest must die;
 For except thou canst answer me questions three
 Thy head shall be smitten from thy body.

And first," quo' the king, »when I'm in this stead,
 With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
 Among all my liege-men so noble of birth
 Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

Secondly, tell me, without any doubt
 How soon I may ride the whole world about;
 And at the third question thou must not shrink,
 But tell me here truly what I do think."

»O, these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
 Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
 But if you will give me but three weeks space,
 I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace."

»Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
 And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
 For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
 Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
 And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
 But never a doctor there was so wise,
 That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
 And he met his shepherd a going to fold:
 »How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
 What news do you bring us from good king John?"

»Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give;
 That I have but three days more to live:
 For if I do not answer him questions three,
 My head will be smitten from my body.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
 With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
 Among all his liege-men so noble of birth
 To within one penny of what he is worth.

The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
 How soon he may ride this whole world about:
 And the third question I must not shrink
 But tell him there truly what he does think."

»Now cheer up, sir abbot, did you never hear yet
 That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?
 Lend me horses, and serving-men, and your apparel,
 And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

Nay frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
 I am like your lordship, as ever may be;
 And if you will but lend me your gown,
 There is none shall know us in fair London town."

»Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
 With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;
 With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope
 Fit to appear fore our father the pope."

»Now welcome, sir abbot," the king he did say,
 »'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day;
 For an if thou canst answer my questions three,
 Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

And first when thou seest me here in this stead,
 With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
 Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
 Tell me to one penny, what I am worth."

»For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
 Among the false Jews, as I have been told:
 And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
 For I think, thou art one penny worser than he."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
 »I did not think I had been worth so little!
 — Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
 How soon I may ride this world about.”

»You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
 Until the next morning he riseth again;
 And then your grace need not make any doubt,
 But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.”

»The king he laughed and swore by St. John
 I did not think, it could be done so soon!
 — Now from the third question thou must not shrink
 But tell me truly what I do think.”

»Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry:
 You think, I'm the abbot of Canterbury;
 But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
 That am come to beg pardon for him and for me.”

The king he swore with joy on his face,
 »I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!”
 »Now nay, my liege be not in such speed,
 For alack I can neither write, nor read.”

»Four nobles a week, then I will give thee,
 For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;
 And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
 Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.”

PERCY.

83. JOHN GILPIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A trainband captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
 » Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

To morrow is our wedding day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
 All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,
 Myself, and children three,
 Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
 On horseback after we."

He soon replied, — » I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear,
 Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linendraper bold,
 As all the world doth know,
 And my good friend the calender
 Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, — » That's well said,
 And for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnished with our own,
 Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
 O'erjoyed was he to find,
 That, though on pleasure she was bent,
 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
 But yet was not allowed
 To drive up to the door, lest all
 Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
 Where they did all get in;
 Six precious souls, and all agog
 To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
 Were never folk so glad,
 The stones did rattle underneath,
 As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
 Seized fast the flowing mane,
 And up he got, in haste to ride,
 But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
 His journey to begin,
 When, turning round his head, he saw
 Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time
 Although it grieved him sore,
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
 Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
 Were suited to their mind,
 When Betty screaming came down stairs, —
 » The wine is left behind!"

» Good lack!" quoth he, » Yet bring it me,
 My leathern belt likewise,
 In which I bear my trusty sword
 When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
 Had two stone bottles found,
 To hold the liquor that she loved,
 And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
 Through which the belt he drew,
 And hung a bottle on each side,
 To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
 Equipped from top to toe,
 His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
 He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
 Upon his nimble steed,
 Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
 With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
 Beneath his well-shod feet,
 The snorting beast began to trot,
 Which galled him in his seat.

So » Fair and softly," John he cried,
 But John he cried in vain;
 That trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasped the mane with both his hands,
 And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay,
 Till, loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
 Up flew the windows all;
 And every soul cried out, » Well done!"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
 His fame soon spread around;
 » He carries weight!" » He rides a race!"
 » 'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view,
 How in a trice the turnpike men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle braced;
 For all might see the bottles' necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington,
 These gambols he did play,
 Until he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about,
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
 From balcony espied
 Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

» Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here's the house!"
 They all at once did cry;
 » The dinner waits, and we are tired:" —
 Said Gilpin — » So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there;
 For why? his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong;
 So did he fly — which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till, at his friend the calender's
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
 His neighbour in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him: —

» What news? What news? your tidings tell;
 Tell me you must and shall —
 Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And loved a timely joke;
 And thus unto the calender,
 In merry guise, he spoke:

» I came because your horse would come;
 And, if I well forebode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here, —
 They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Returned him not a single word,
 But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
 A wig that flowed behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
 Thus showed his ready wit:
 » My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs upon your face;
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case."

Said John, — » It is my wedding day,
 And all the world would stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
 » I am in haste to dine;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 Yon shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast,
 For which he paid full dear;
 For while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And galloped off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
 He lost them sooner than at first,
 For why? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away,
 She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
 That drove them to the Bell,
 » This shall be yours, when you bring back
 My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back amain;
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop
 By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more,
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went postboy at his heels,
 The postboy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With postboy scampering in the rear,
 They raised the hue and cry: —

» Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!"
 Not one of them was mute;
 And all and each that passed that way
 Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
 Flew open in short space;
 The toll-men thinking as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
 For he got first to town;
 Nor stopped till where he had got up
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing long live the King,
 And Gilpin, long live he;
 And when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see!

COWPER.

84. THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,
 Have romped enough, my little boy!
 Jane hangs her head upon my breast,
 And you shall bring your stool and rest;
 This corner is your own.

There! take your seat, and let me see
 That you can listen quietly;
 And, as I promised, I will tell
 That strange adventure which befell
 A poor blind Highland boy.

A Highland boy! — Why call him so?
 Because, my Darlings, ye must know,
 In land where many a mountain towers,
 Far higher hills than these of ours!
 He from his birth had lived.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight;
 The sun, the day, the stars, the night;
 Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
 Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
 Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
 Nor had a melancholy mind;
 For God took pity on the boy,
 And was his friend; and gave him joy
 Of which we nothing know.

His mother, too, no doubt above
 Her other children him did love:
 For, was she here, or was she there,
 She thought of him with constant care,
 And more than mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when clad
 In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
 And bonnet with a feather gay,
 To kirk he on the Sabbath-day
 Went hand in hand with her.

A dog, too, had he; not for need,
 But one to play with and to feed,
 Which would have led him, if bereft
 Of company or friends, and left
 Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow,
 And thus from house to house would go,
 And all were pleased to hear and see;
 For none made sweeter melody
 Than did the poor blind boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream;
 Both when he heard the eagles scream,
 And when he heard the torrents roar,
 And heard the water beat the shore
 Near which their cottage stood.

Beside a lake their cottage stood,
 Not small like ours, a peaceful flood;
 But one of mighty size, and strange;
 That, rough or smooth, is full of change,
 And stirring in its bed.

For to this lake by night and day,
 The great sea water finds its way
 Through long, long windings of the hills;
 And drinks up all the pretty rills,
 And rivers large and strong.

Then hurries back the road it came —
 Returns, on errand still the same;
 This did it when the earth was new;
 And this for evermore will do,
 As long as earth shall last.

And with the coming of the tide,
 Come boats and ships that safely ride,
 Between the woods and lofty rocks;
 And to the shepherds with their flocks
 Bring tales of distant lands.

And of those tales, whate'er they were,
 The blind boy always had his share;
 Whether of mighty towns or vales
 With warmer suns and softer gales,
 Or wonders of the deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirred,
 When from the water-side he heard
 The shouting, and the jolly cheers,
 The bustle of the mariners
 In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail?
 For he must never handle sail;
 Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float
 In sailor's ship, or fisher's boat
 Upon the rocking waves.

His mother often thought, and said,
 What sin would be upon her head
 If she should suffer this. »My son,
 Whate'er you do, leave this undone;
 The danger is so great."

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side,
 Still sounding with the sounding tide,
 And heard the billows leap and dance,
 Without a shadow of mischance,
 Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me well,
 Ye soon shall know how this befell)
 He in a vessel of his own,
 On the swift flood is hurrying down
 Towards the mighty sea.

In such a vessel never more
 May human creature leave the shore!
 If this or that way he should stir,
 Woe to the poor blind mariner!
 For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him? — Ye have seen
 The Indian's bow, his arrows keen,
 Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright;
 Gifts which, for wonder of delight,
 Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those seafaring men
 Spread round that haven in the glen;
 Each hut, perchance, might have its own,
 And to the boy they all were known;
 He knew and prized them all.

The rarest was a turtle shell
 Which he, poor child, had studied well,
 A shell of ample size, and light
 As the pearly car of Amphitrite,
 That sportive dolphins drew.

And, as a coracle that braves
 On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,
 This shell upon the deep would swim,
 And gaily lift its fearless brim
 Above the tossing surge.

And this the little blind boy knew:
 And he a story strange, yet true,
 Had heard, how in a shell like this
 An English boy, oh, thought of bliss!
 Had stoutly launched from shore;

Launched from the margin of a bay
 Among the Indian isles, where lay
 His father's ship, and had sailed far,
 To join that gallant ship of war,
 In his delightful shell.

Our Highland boy oft visited
 The house which held this prize, and, led
 By choice or chance, did thither come
 One day when no one was at home,
 And found the door unbarred.

While there he sate, alone and blind,
 That story flashed upon his mind; —
 A bold thought roused him, and he took
 The shell from out its secret nook,
 And bore it on his head.

He launched his vessel — and in pride
 Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,
 Stepped into it — his thoughts all free
 As the light breezes that with glee
 Sang through the adventurer's hair.

A while he stood upon his feet,
 He left the motion — took his seat;
 Still better pleased as more and more
 The tide retreated from the shore,
 And sucked and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of heaven!
 How rapidly the child is driven!
 The fourth part of a mile I ween
 He thus had gone, ere he was seen
 By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, oh, me,
 What shrieking and what misery!
 For many saw; among the rest
 His mother, she who loved him best,
 She saw her poor blind boy.

But for the child, the sightless boy,
 It is the triumph of his joy!
 The bravest traveller in balloon,
 Mounting as if to reach the moon,
 Was never half so blessed.

And let him, let him go his way,
 Alone, and innocent, and gay!
 For, if good angels love to wait
 On the forlorn unfortunate,
 This child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,
 Which from the crowd on shore was sent,
 The cries which broke from old and young
 In Gaelic, or the English tongue,
 Are stifled — all is still.

And quickly with a silent crew
 A boat is ready to pursue,
 And from the shore their course they take,
 And swiftly down the running lake
 They follow the blind boy.

But soon they move with softer pace;
 So have ye seen the fowler chase
 On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast
 A youngling of the wild-duck's nest
 With deftly-lifted oar.

Or as the wily sailors crept
 To seize (while on the deep it slept)
 The hapless creature which did dwell
 Erewhile within the dancing shell,
 They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made
 They follow, more and more afraid,
 More cautious as they draw more near;
 But in his darkness he can hear,
 And guesses their intent.

»Lei-gha — Lei-gha" — then did he cry,
 »Lei-gha — Lei-gha" — most eagerly;
 Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,
 And what he meant was, »Keep away,
 And leave me to myself!"

Alas! and when he felt their hands —
 You've often heard of magic wands,
 That with a motion overthrow
 A palace of the proudest show,
 Or melt it into air.

So all his dreams, that inward light
 With which his soul had shone so bright,
 All vanished; — 'twas a heartfelt cross
 To him, a heavy, bitter loss,
 As he had ever known.

But hark! a gratulating voice
 With which the very hills rejoice:
 'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly
 Had watched the event and now can see
 That he is safe at last.

And then, when he was brought to land,
 Full sure they were a happy band,
 Which gathering round did on the banks
 Of that great water give God thanks,
 And welcomed the poor child.

And in the general joy of heart
 The blind boy's little dog took part;
 He leapt about, and oft did kiss
 His master's hands in sign of bliss,
 With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his mother dear,
 She who had fainted with her fear,
 Rejoiced when waking she espies
 The child; when she can trust her eyes;
 And touches the blind boy.

She led him home, and wept amain,
 When he was in the house again:
 Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes;
 She could not blame him, or chastise:
 She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved
 The perilous deep, the boy was saved:
 And, though his fancies had been wild,
 Yet he was pleased and reconciled
 To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland dell
 Still do they keep the turtle shell;
 And long the story will repeat
 Of the blind boy's adventurous feat,
 And how he was preserved.

WORDSWORTH.

85. THE FRENCH MARINER.

A ballad.

An old French mariner am I,
 Whom time hath rendered poor and grey;
 Hear, conquering Britons, ere I die
 What anguish prompts me thus to say.

I've rode o'er many a dreadful wave,
 I've seen the reeking blood descend,
 I've heard the last groans of the brave;
 The shipmate dear, the steady friend.

'Twas when De Grasse the battle joined,
 And struck on April's fatal morn:
 I left three smiling boys behind,
 And saw my country's lily torn.

There, as I braved the storms of fate,
 Dead in my arms my brother fell;
 Here sits forlorn his widowed mate,
 Who weeps whene'er the tale I tell.

Thy reign, sweet Peace, was o'er too soon;
 War, piecemeal, robs me of my joy:
 For, on the blood-stained first of June,
 Death took my eldest favorite boy.

The other two enraged arose,
 »Our country claims ours lives,' they said;
 With them I lost my soul's repose,
 That fatal hour my last hope fled.

With Bruey's the proud Nile they sought;
 Where one in lingering wounds expired;
 While yet the other bravely fought,
 The Orient's magazine was fired.

And must I mourn my country's shame?
 And envious curse the conquering foe?
 No more I feel that thirst of fame; —
 All I can feel is private woe.

E'en all the joy that victory brings
 (Her bellowing guns, and flaming pride),
 Cold, momentary comfort flings
 Around where weeping friends reside.

Whose blighted bud no sun shall cheer,
 Whose lamp of life no longer shine:
 Some parent, brother, child, most dear,
 Who ventured, and who died like mine.

Proud-crested fiend, the world's worst foe,
 Ambition! canst thou boast one deed,
 Whence no unsightly horrors flow,
 Nor private peace is seen to bleed?

Ah! why do these old eyes remain
 To see succeeding mornings rise!
 My wife is dead, my children slain,
 And poverty is all my prize.

Yet shall not poor enfeebled age
 Breathe forth revenge; — but rather say,
 O God, who seest the battle's rage,
 Take from men's hearts that rage away.

From the vindictive tongue of strife,
 Bid hatred and false glory flee;
 That babes may meet advancing life,
 Nor feel the woes that light on me.

BLOOMFIELD.

86. THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

Oh! yonder is the well-known spot,
 My dear, my long-lost native home!
 Oh! welcome is yon little cot,
 Where I shall rest no more to roam!
 Oh! I have travelled far and wide,
 O'er many a distant foreign land;
 Each place, each province I have tried,
 And sung and danced my saraband;
 But all their charms could not prevail
 To steal my heart from yonder vale.

Of distant climes the false report
 Allured me from my native land,
 It bade me rove — my sole support
 My cymbals and my saraband.
 The woody dell, the hanging rock,
 The chamois skipping o'er the heights;
 The plain adorned with many a flock,
 And, oh! a thousand more delights,
 That grace yon dear beloved retreat,
 Have backward won my weary feet.

Now safe returned, with wandering tired,
 No more my little home I'll leave!
 And many a tale of what I've seen
 Shall while away the winter's eve.
 Oh! I have wandered far and wide,
 O'er many a distant foreign land,
 Each place, each province I have tried,
 And sung and danced my saraband;
 But all their charms could not prevail
 To steal my heart from yonder vale.

KIRKE WHITE.

87. LORD WILLIAM AND EDMUND.

No eye beheld when William plunged
 Young Edmund in the stream:
 No human ear but William's heard
 Young Edmund's drowning scream.

»I bade thee with a father's love
 My orphan Edmund guard —
 Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge?
 Now take thy due reward.”

He started up, each limb convulsed
 With agonising fear —
 He only heard the storm of night —
 'Twas music to his ear!

When lo! the voice of loud alarm
 His inmost soul appals —
 »What, ho! Lord William, rise in haste!
 The water saps thy walls!”

He rose in haste — beneath the walls
 He saw the flood appear;
 It hemmed him round — 'twas midnight now —
 No humain aid was near.

He heard the shout of joy! for now
 A boat approached the wall,
 And eager to the welcome aid
 They crowd for safety all.

»My boat is small, the boatman cried,
 'Twill bear but one away;
 Come in, Lord William, and do ye
 In God's protection stay.”

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
 Went light along the stream;
 Sudden Lord William heard a cry,
 Like Edmund's dying scream!

The boatman paused — »Methought I heard
 A child's distressful cry!"
 »'Twas but the howling winds of night,"
 Lord William made reply.

»Haste — haste — ply swift and strong the oar,
 Haste — haste across the stream!"
 Again Lord William heard a cry
 Like Edmund's dying scream!

»I heard a child's distressful scream,"
 The boatman cried again.

»Nay, hasten on, — the night is dark —
 And we should search in vain."

»O God! Lord William, dost thou know
 How dreadful 'tis to die?
 And canst thou, without pity, hear
 A child's expiring cry?

»How horrible it is to sink
 Beneath the chilly stream:
 To stretch the powerless arms in vain!
 In vain for help to scream!"

The shriek again was heard: it came
 More deep, more piercing loud.
 That instant, o'er the flood, the moon
 Shone through a broken cloud;

And near them they beheld a child;
 Upon a crag he stood,
 A little crag, and all around
 Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
 Approached his resting place,
 The moonbeam shone upon the child,
 And showed how pale his face.

»Now reach thy hand," the boatman cried,
 »Lord William, reach and safe!"
 The child stretched forth his little hands,
 To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shrieked; — the hand he touched
 Was cold, and damp, and dead!
 He felt young Edmund in his arms,
 A heavier weight than lead!

»Help! help! for mercy, help!" he cried,
 »The waters round me flow."
 »No — William — to an infant's cries
 No mercy didst thou show."

The boat sunk down — the murderer sunk
 Beneath the avenging stream;
 He rose — he screamed — no human ear
 Heard William's drowning scream.

SOUTHEY.

88. THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

Othere, the old sea-captain,
 Who dwelt in Helgoland,
 To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
 Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
 Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
 Like a boy's his eye appeared;
 His hair was yellow as hay,
 But threads of a silvery grey
 Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
 His cheek had the colour of oak;
 With a kind of laugh in his speech,
 Like the sea-tide on a beach,
 As unto the king he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
 Had a book upon his knees,
 And wrote down the wondrous tale
 Of him who was first to sail
 Into the Arctic seas.

»So far I live to the northward,
 No man lives north of me;
 To the east are wild mountain-chains,
 And beyond them meres and plains,
 To the westward all is sea.

»So far I live to the northward,
 From the harbour of Skeringes-hale,
 If you only sailed by day,
 With a fair wind all the way,
 More than a month would you sail.

»I own six hundred reindeer,
 With sheep and swine beside;
 I have tribute from the Finns,
 Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
 And ropes of walrus-hide.

»I ploughed the land with horses,
 But my heart was ill at ease,
 For the old seafaring men
 Came to me now and then,
 With their sagas of the seas; —

»Of Iceland and of Greenland,
 And the stormy Hebrides,
 And the undiscovered deep; —
 I could not eat nor sleep
 For thinking of those seas.

»To the northward stretched the desert,
 How far I fain would know;
 So at last I sallied forth,
 And three days sailed due north,
 As far as the whale-ships go.

»To the west of me was the ocean,
 To the right the desolate shore,
 But I did not slacken sail
 For the walrus or the whale
 Till after three days more.

The days grew longer and longer,
 Till they became as one,
 And southward through the haze
 I saw the sullen blaze
 Of the red midnight sun.

»And then uprose before me,
 Upon the water's edge,
 The huge and haggard shape
 Of that unknown North Cape,
 Whose form is like a wedge.

»The sea was rough and stormy,
 The tempest howled and wailed,
 And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
 Haunted that dreary coast,
 But onward still I sailed.

»Four days I steered to eastward,
 Four days without a night:
 Round in a fiery ring
 Went the great sun, O King,
 With red and lurid light."

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
 Ceased writing for a while,
 And raised his eyes from his book,
 With a strange and puzzled look,
 And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
 He neither paused nor stirred,
 Till the King listened, and then
 Once more took up his pen,
 And wrote down every word.

»And now the land," said Othere,
 »Bent southward suddenly,
 And I followed the curving shore,
 And ever southward bore
 Into a nameless sea.

»And there we hunted the walrus,
 The narwhale, and the seal;
 Ha! 'twas a noble game!
 And like the lightning's flame
 Flew our harpoons of steel.

»There were six of us all together,
 Norsemen of Helgoland;
 In two days and no more
 We killed of them threescore,
 And dragged them to the strand!"

Here Alfred, the Truth-Teller
 Suddenly closed his book,
 And lifted his blue eyes,
 With doubt and strange surmise
 Depicted in their look.

And Othere, the old sea-captain
 Stared at him wild and weird,
 Then smiled, till his shining teeth
 Gleamed white from underneath
 His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
 In witness of the truth,
 Raising his noble head,
 He stretched his brown hand, and said,
 »Behold this walrus-tooth!"

LONGFELLOW.

89. THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

In ancient times a castle stood, full stately in its pride,
 Its splendour blazed through all the land, e'en to the
 azure tide;
 'Twas girt with sunny gardens, where bloomed all
 fragrant flowers,
 And fountains played refreshingly, and fell in rainbow
 showers.

There sat a haughty monarch, whom conquered millions
 hail,
 He sat upon his lofty throne, so gloomy and so pale;
 For rage inflames his hollow glance, his thoughts on
 treason pore
 And what he speaks, is chastisement, and what he wri-
 tes, is gore.

Once journeyed to this castle high, a gentle minstrel pair.
 The one had golden wavy locks, the other hoary hair;
 The old man rode a comely steed, and held his harp in
 hand,
 Beside him walked his youthful mate with buoyant air
 and bland.

The old man spake unto the youth: »Now then, my
 son, to day,
 Prepare to wake thy richest notes, recall our noblest lay,
 Ply all our powers united of pleasure, ay, and pain!
 To move the monarch's stony heart we must not strive
 in vain."'

Already in the presence-hall the tunefull pair are seen;
 The king is seated on his throne, beside him sits the
 queen;
 He glares in awful splendour, like the lurid northern
 light,
 She beams in tender softness like the full moon to the
 sight.

Then struck the hoary minstrel his harp so wondrous well,
That ever richer on their ears its strains enchanting fell;
And poured the youth his mellow voice with soul sub-
duing fire,
His father's bass swelled in between, as from angelic quire.

They sing of Love and laughing Spring, of blissful golden days,
Religion, honor, freedom, worth, and truth's celestial rays;
They sing of all that's sweet and fair to move a mortal heart,
They sing of all that's great and good high virtue to impart.

The circling crowd of courtiers indulge no mockery now,
The dauntless warriors of the king before the Godhead bow,
The Queen, by highest extasy, of joy and woe possessed,
Flings to the minstrels for a boon, the rose that decks her breast.

»Ye have my people base beguiled — what! conjure too
my wife?"
The king cries starting wildly up, his looks with fury rife;
Then pierces with his flashing steel the youthful singer's heart,
Whence 'stead of golden melodies, red vital torrents start.

As scattered by some tempest's wrath, the courtiers all
are fled,
The hapless youth hath groaned his last, his sire bemoans
him dead,
Enshrouds him in his mantle wide and sets him on his steed,
Secures him in the saddle fast, and from the hall doth speed.

But
The
Aga
The

» W

Aga

No

Unt

» W
Bel
Th

An

» W

In

O!
Be

Th

Th

Bu

A

But see! before the lofty gates stops short the minstrel
gray,
Then takes his cherished harp in hand whose price no
gold can pay,
Against a pillar shivers it in fragments on the ground,
Then lifts his voice whose awful tones through hall and
bower resound.

»Woe! woe! thou castle proud and strong! may never
joyous lay
Again be heard in thy saloons, nor harp's harmonious
play:
No! sighs and groans alone resound, and shrieks of slaves
in dread,
Until the demon of revenge to dust thy ruins tread!

»Woe! woe! ye fragrant gardens! the nursing sun's delight,
Behold the body of my boy, shun not the pitious sight!
That so ye may be blighted o'er, your every fountain
dried,
And in the future times extend, a barren desert wide.”

»Woe! woe! thou ruthless murderer! thou curse of min-
strel race!
In vain be all thy bloody toil to win the conqueror's
place,
O! be thy name forgotten quite, by utter darkness veiled,
Be like the last groan passing forth in empty air exhaled!”

The old man, he hath uttered it, and heaven hath heard
his cry,
The proud halls, they are desolate, the towers in ruins
lie,
But one tall column stands to tell of vanished pomp and
might,
And even that already rent, may topple over night.

Around instead of gardens fair, wild barren wastes expand,
 No tree extends its pleasant shade, no spring bursts
 through the sand,
 No hero-lay, no history, the monarch's name rehearse,
 Forgotten, in oblivion sunk; — such is the Minstrel's
 Curse!

R. RABY.
 (*From the German.*)

90. THE VILLAGE OF GRAND-PRÉ, THE HOME OF EVANGELINE.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of
 Minas,
 Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
 Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to
 the eastward,
 Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without
 number.
 Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with
 labour incessant,
 Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the
 floodgates
 Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er
 the meadows.
 West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards
 and cornfields,
 Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away
 to the northward
 Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the
 mountains
 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty
 Atlantic
 Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station
 descended.
 There, in the midst of its farm, reposed the Acadian
 village.
 Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and
 of chestnut,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of
the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormar windows; and
gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-way.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly
the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the
chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps, and in
kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the
golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within
doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and
the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest; and
the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to
bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons
and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate wel-
come.
Then came the labourers home from the field, and sere-
nely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the
belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the
village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense as-
cending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and
contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian far-
mers, —
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they
free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice
of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their
 windows;
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of
 the owners;
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in
 abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and near the Basin of
 Minas,
 Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-
 Pré,
 Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his
 household,
 Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the
 village.
 Stalwart and stately in form was the man of seventy
 winters;
 Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with
 snowflakes;
 White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as
 brown as the oak-leaves.
 Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen sum-
 mers.
 Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the
 thorn by the way-side,
 Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown
 shade of her tresses!
 Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in
 the meadows.
 When in the harvest-heat she bore to the reapers at
 noontide
 Flavons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the
 maiden.
 Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell
 from its turret
 Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with
 his hyssop
 Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon
 them,
 Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of
 beads and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and
 the ear-rings,
 Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an
 heir-loom,
 Handed down from mother to child, through long gene-
 rations.
 But a celestial brightness — more ethereal beauty —
 Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
 confession,
 Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction
 upon her.
 When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of
 exquisite music.
 Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the
 farmer
 Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea, and a
 shady
 Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing
 around it.
 Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and
 a footpath
 Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the
 meadow.
 Under the sycamore tree were hives overhung by a pent-
 house,
 Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the
 road-side,
 Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of
 Mary.
 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well
 with its moss-grown
 Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for
 the horses.
 Shielding the house from storms, on the north were the
 barns and the farm-yard.
 There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique
 ploughs and the harrows;
 There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his
 feathered seraglio,
 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with
 the selfsame

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
 Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village.

In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a
 staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-
 loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and inno-
 cent inmates

Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant
 breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mu-
 tation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of
 Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his
 household.

LONGFELLOW.

91. CHILDE HAROLD'S ADIEU TO ENGLAND.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue;
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea
 We follow in his flight;
 Farewell awhile to him and thee
 My native land — Good Night!

A few short hours, and he will rise
 To give the morrow birth;
 And I shall hail the main and skies,
 But not my mother earth;
 Deserted is my own good hall,
 Its hearth is desolate.
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall.
 My dog howls at the gate.

»Come hither, hither, my little page!
 Why dost thou weep and wail?
 Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
 Or tremble at the gale?
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye:
 Our ship is swift and strong:
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
 More merrily along."

»»Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high
 I fear not wave nor wind,
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
 Am sorrowful in mind;
 For I have from my father gone,
 A mother whom I love,
 And have no friend, save these alone,
 But thee — and One above.

»»My father blessed me fervently,
 Yet did not much complain!
 But sorely will my mother sigh
 Till I come back again." —
 »Enough, enough, my little lad!
 Such tears become thine eye;
 If I thy guileless bosom had,
 Mine own would not be dry.

»Come hither, hither, my stanch yeoman,
 Why dost thou look so pale?
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman,
 Or shiver at the gale?"
 »»Deemest thou I tremble for my life?
 Sir Childe, I'm not so weak,
 But thinking on an absent wife
 Will blanch a faithful cheek.

»»My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
 Along the bordering lake,
 And when they on their father call,
 What answer shall she make?" —

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their
 windows;
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of
 the owners;
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in
 abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and near the Basin of
 Minas,
 Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-
 Pré,
 Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his
 household,
 Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the
 village.
 Stalwart and stately in form was the man of seventy
 winters;
 Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with
 snowflakes;
 White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as
 brown as the oak-leaves.
 Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen sum-
 mers.
 Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the
 thorn by the way-side,
 Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown
 shade of her tresses!
 Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in
 the meadows.
 When in the harvest-heat she bore to the reapers at
 noontide
 Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the
 maiden.
 Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell
 from its turret
 Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with
 his hyssop
 Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon
 them,
 Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of
 beads and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and
 the ear-rings,
 Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an
 heir-loom,
 Handed down from mother to child, through long gene-
 rations.

But a celestial brightness — more ethereal beauty —
 Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
 confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction
 upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of
 exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the
 farmer

Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea, and a
 shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing
 around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and
 a footpath

Led trough an orchard wide, and disappeared in the
 meadow.

Under the sycamore tree were hives overhung by a pent-
 house,

Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the
 road-side,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of
 Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well
 with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for
 the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north were the
 barns and the farm-yard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique
 ploughs and the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his
 feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, whith
 the selfsame

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village.

In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a
staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-
loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and inno-
cent inmates

Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant
breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mu-
tation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of
Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his
household.

LONGFELLOW.

91. CHILDE HAROLD'S ADIEU TO ENGLAND.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee
My native land — Good Night!

A few short hours, and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth;
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate.
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall.
My dog howls at the gate.

»Come hither, hither, my little page!
 Why dost thou weep and wail?
 Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
 Or tremble at the gale?
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye:
 Our ship is swift and strong:
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
 More merrily along."

»»Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high
 I fear not wave nor wind,
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
 Am sorrowful in mind;
 For I have from my father gone,
 A mother whom I love,
 And have no friend, save these alone,
 But thee — and One above.

»»My father blessed me fervently,
 Yet did not much complain!
 But sorely will my mother sigh
 Till I come back again." —
 »Enough, enough, my little lad!
 Such tears become thine eye;
 If I thy guileless bosom had,
 Mine own would not be dry.

»Come hither, hither, my stanch yeoman,
 Why dost thou look so pale?
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman,
 Or shiver at the gale?"
 »»Deemest thou I tremble for my life?
 Sir Childe, I'm not so weak,
 But thinking on an absent wife
 Will blanch a faithful cheek.

»»My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
 Along the bordering lake,
 And when they on their father call,
 What answer shall she make?" —

»Enough, enough, my yeoman good.
 Thy grief let none gainsay,
 But I, who am of lighter mood,
 Will laugh to flee away.

»And now I'm in the world alone,
 Upon the wide, wide sea;
 But why should I for others groan,
 When none will sigh for me?
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
 Till fed by stranger hands;
 But long ere I come back again,
 He'd tear me where he stands.

»With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
 Athwart the foaming brine,
 Nor care what land thou bearest me to,
 So not again to mine.
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
 And when you fail my sight,
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
 My native land — Good Night!"

BYRON.

92. THE SHIPWRECK.

"Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
 Over the waste of waters; like a veil
 Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
 Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
 Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
 And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
 And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
 Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencocps, spars,
 And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
 That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
 For yet they strove, altho' of no great use:

There was no light in heaven but a few stars;
 The boats put off, o'ercrowded with their crews;
 She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
 And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell; —
 Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave; —
 Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave;
 And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
 And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

BYRON.

93 APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
 Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths, — thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth: — there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of Lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free
 And many a tyrant since: their shores obey
 The stranger, slave or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
 The image of Eternity — the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

BYRON.

94. THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

(A waterfall near Keswick in Cumberland.)

How does the water come down at Lodore?

Here it comes sparkling,
 And there it lies darkling;
 Here smoking and frothing,
 Its tumult and wrath in,
 It hastens along, conflicting, strong,
 Now striking and raging,
 As if a war waging
 Its caverns and rocks among:

Rising and leaping,
 Sinking and creeping,
 Swelling and flinging,
 Showering and springing,
 Eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking,
 Twining and twisting,
 Around and around,
 Collecting, disjecting,
 With endless rebound;
 Smiting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in;
 Confounding, astounding,
 Dizzing and deafening the ear with its sound.

Reeding and speeding,
 And shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting,
 And threading and spreading,
 And whizzing and hissing,
 And dripping and skipping,
 And whitening and brightening,
 And quivering and shivering,
 And hitting and splitting,
 And shining and twining,
 And rattling and battling,
 And shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring,

And waving and raving,
 And tossing and crossing,
 And flowing and growing,
 And running and stunning,
 And hurrying and skurrying,
 And glittering and frittering,
 And gathering and feathering,
 And dinning and spinning,
 And foaming and roaming,
 And dropping and hopping,
 And working and jerking,
 And heaving and cleaving,
 And thundering and floundering;

And falling and crawling and sprawling,
 And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling
 And sounding and bounding and rounding
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
 Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
 And clattering and battering and shattering;

And gleaming and steaming and streaming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
 Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling.
 And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,
 And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar —
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

SOUTHEY.

95. ARNOLD WINKELRIED.

»Make way for liberty!" he cried; —
 Made way for liberty and died!
 In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
 A living wall, a human wood! —
 A wall, where every conscious stone
 Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
 A rampart all assaults to bear,
 Till time to dust their frames should wear;
 A wood, like that enchanted grove
 In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
 Where every silent tree possessed
 A spirit prisoned in its breast,
 Which the first stroke of coming strife
 Would startle into hideous life;
 So dense, so still the Austrians stood,
 A living wall, a human wood!
 Impregnable their front appears,
 All horrent with projected spears,
 Whose polished points before them shine,
 From flank to flank one brilliant line,
 Bright as the breakers' splendours run
 Allong the billows, to the sun.
 Opposed to these a hovering band
 Contended for their native land;
 Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
 From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
 And forged their fetters into swords,
 On equal terms to fight their lords;
 And what insurgent rage had gained,
 In many a mortal fray maintained:
 Marshalled, once more, at Freedom's call,
 They came to conquer or to fall, —
 Where he who conquered, he who fell,
 Was deemed a dead or living Tell! —
 Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
 So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
 That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
 Heroes in own likeness grew,
 And warriors sprang from every sod

Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
 Hung on the passing of a breath:
 The fire of conflict burned within, —
 The battle trembled to begin;
 Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
 Point for attack was nowhere found;
 Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
 The unbroken line of lances blazed;
 The line 'twere suicide to meet,
 And perish at their tyrants' feet:
 How could they rest within their graves,
 And leave their homes, the homes of slaves?
 Would they not feel their children tread
 With clanging chains above their head?
 It must not be: — this day, this hour,
 Annihilates the oppressor's power.
 All Switzerland is in the field; —
 She will not fly, — she can not yield, —
 She must not fall: her better fate
 Here gives her an immortal date.
 Few were the numbers she could boast
 But every freeman was a host,
 And felt as though himself were he
 On whose sole arm hung victory.
 It did depend on one indeed;
 Behold him, — Arnold Winkelried!
 There sounds not to the trump of fame
 The echo of a nobler name.
 Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
 In rumination deep and long,
 Till you might see, with sudden grace,
 The very thought come o'er his face,
 And by the motion of his form
 Anticipate the bursting storm;
 And by the uplifting of his brow
 Tell where the bolt would strike and how.
 But 'twas no sooner thought than done,
 The field was in a moment won: —
 » Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
 Then ran with arms extended wide,

T
 V
 C
 O
 E
 T
 F
 E
 And
 C
 S
 W
 T
 W
 T
 A
 T
 Wh

As if his dearest friend to clasp; —
 Ten spears he swept within his grasp; —
 »Make way for Liberty!" he cried:
 Their keen points met from side to side; —
 He bowed amongst them like a tree,
 And thus made way for Liberty.
 Swift to the breach his comrades fly:
 »Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
 And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
 As rushed the spears through Arnold's hearts;
 While, instantaneous as his fall,
 Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all: —
 An earthquake could not overthrow
 A city with a surer blow.
 Thus Switzerland again was free; —
 Thus Death made way for Liberty!

MONTGOMERY.

 96. NAPOLEON.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
 Whose spirit antithetically mixt
 One moment of the mightiest, and again
 On little objects with like firmness fixt;
 Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;
 For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st
 Even now to reassume the imperial mien,
 And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the Scene!

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!
 She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
 Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
 That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
 Who wooed thee once, thy vassal, and became
 The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
 A god unto thyself; nor less the same
 To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
 Who deemed thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

Oh, more or less than man — in high or low,
 Battling with nations, flying from the field;
 Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
 More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield:
 An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
 But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
 However deeply in men's spirits skilled,
 Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
 Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

Yet well thy soul hath brooked the turning tide
 With that untaught innate philosophy,
 Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
 Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
 When the whole host of hatred stood fast by
 To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
 With a sedate and all-enduring eye;
 When fortune fled her spoiled and favourite child,
 He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled.

Sager than in thy fortunes: for in them
 Ambition steeled thee on too far to show
 That just habitual scorn, which could condemn
 Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel, not so
 To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
 And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
 Till they were turned into thine overthrow:
 'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose;
 So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose.

BYRON.

97. SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O thou that, with surpassing glory crowned,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
 Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,

But with no friendly voice; and add thy name,
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.
 Ah, wherefore! He deserved no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?
 How due! — yet all his good proved ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
 I 'sdained subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome, still paying, still to owe:
 Forgetful what from him I still received;
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharged: what burden then?
 O, had his powerful destiny ordained
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy, no unbounded hope had raised
 Ambition. Yet why not? — some other power
 As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
 Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations armed.
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
 Thou hadst: whom hadst thou, then, or what, to accuse,
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accursed; since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay cursed be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep

Still threatening to devour me opens wide;
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
 O, then at last relent: is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
 None left but by submission; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than so submit, boasting I could subdue
 The Omnipotent. Ah me! they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery: such joy ambition finds.
 But say, I could repent and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state; how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feigned submission swore: ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconciliation grow,
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep;
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall; so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace;
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
 Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
 Mankind, created, and for him this world. —
 So farewell hope; and with hope farewell fear;
 Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
 Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
 Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
 As man ere long, and this new world shall know.

MILTON.

98. ADAM'S MORNING HYMN.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crownest the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
 And ye five other wandering fires that move
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness called up light.

Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye mists, and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paints your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author, rise;
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.

Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness, if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.

99. CREATION. 1)

..... The Son
On his great expedition now appeared,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crowned
Of majesty divine; sapience and love
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were poured
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wiuged
From the armoury of God; where stand of old
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged
Against a solemn day, harnessed at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit lived,
Attendant on their lord: heaven opened wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word

1) *Related to Adam by Raphael.*

And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.
 On heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore
 They viewed the vast immeasurable abyss
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom turned by furious winds
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
 Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

»Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou deep, peace,»
 Said then the omnific Word, »your discord end!»

Nor staid; but, on the wings of Cherubim
 Uplifted, in Paternal glory rode
 Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
 For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
 Followed in bright procession, to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.
 Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
 He took the golden compasses, prepared
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
 This universe, and all created things.
 One foot he centered, and the other turned
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,
 And said, »Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
 This be thy just circumference, O world!»

Thus God the heaven created, thus the earth,
 Matter unformed and void: darkness profound
 Covered the abyss; but on the watery calm
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
 And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,
 Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged
 The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
 Adverse to life; then founded, then conglobed
 Like things to like; the rest to several place
 Disparted, and between spun out the air:
 And earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.
 »Let there be light,» said God; and forthwith light
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
 Sprung from the deep; and from her native east
 To journey through the airy gloom began,
 Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
 Was not: she in a cloudy tabernacle
 Sojourned the while. God saw the light was good;

Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
 None was; but from the earth a dewy mist
 Went up, and watered all the ground, and each
 Plant of the field; which ere it was in the earth
 God made, and every herb, before it grew
 On the green stem: God saw that it was good:
 So even and morn recorded the third day.

Again the Almighty spake, »Let there be lights
 High in the expanse of heaven, to divide
 The day from night; and let them be for signs,
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years;
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain
 Their office in the firmament of heaven
 To give light on the earth;” and it was so.
 And God made two great lights, great for their use
 To man, the greater to have rule by day,
 The less by night, altern; and made the stars,
 And set them in the firmament of heaven
 To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
 And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
 Surveying his great work, that it was good;
 For of celestial bodies first the sun
 A mighty sphere he framed, unlightsome first,
 Though of ethereal mould: then formed the moon
 Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
 And sowed with stars the heaven, thick as a field.
 Of light by far the greater part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed
 In the sun’s orb, made porous to receive
 And drink the liquid light; firm to retain
 Her gathered beams, great palace now of light.
 Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
 And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
 By tincture or reflection they augment
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight
 So far remote, with diminution seen.
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
 Regent of day, and all the horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run

His longitude through heaven's high road; the grey
 Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danced,
 Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon,
 But opposite in levelled west was set
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
 From him; for other light she needed none
 In that aspect; and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines
 Revolved on heaven's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars; that then appeared
 Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorned
 With their bright luminaries that set and rose,
 Glad evening and glad morn crowned the fourth day.

And God said, »Let the waters generate
 Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul;
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
 Displayed on the open firmament of heaven."
 And God created the great whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by their kinds;
 And every bird of wing after his kind,
 And saw that it was good, and blessed them, saying,
 »Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;
 And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth."
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
 Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
 Bank the mid-sea: part single, or with mate,
 Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through groves
 Of coral stray; or sporting with quick glance,
 Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold;
 Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment: or under rocks their food
 In jointed armour watch; on smooth the seal,
 And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk,
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
 Tempest the ocean; there Leviathan,
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep

Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now heaven in all her glory shone, and rolled
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
 First wheeled their course; earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovely smiled; air, water, earth,
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walked
 Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remained;
 There wanted yet the master-work, the end
 Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
 And brute as other creatures, but indued
 With sanctity of reason, might erect
 His stature, and upright with front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven;
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes,
 Directed in devotion, to adore
 And worship God supreme, who made him chief
 Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
 Eternal Father (for where is not he
 Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:

»Let us make now man in our image, man
 In our similitude, and let him rule
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground. »
 This said, he formed thee, Adam, thee, O man,
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
 The breath of life; in his own image he
 Created thee, in the image of God
 Express; and thou becamest a living soul.
 Male he created thee, but thy consort
 Female, for race; then blessed mankind, and said,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
 Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
 Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
 And every living thing that moves on the earth.
 Wherever thus created, for no place
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou knowest,

He brought thee into this delicious grove,
 This garden, planted with the trees of God,
 Delectable both to behold and taste;
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
 Gave thee: all sorts are here that all the earth yields,
 Variety without end; but of the tree,
 Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,
 Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest:
 Death is the penalty imposed; beware,
 And govern well thy appetite, lest sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant death.

Here finished he, and all that he had made
 Viewed, and behold all was entirely good;
 So even and morn accomplished the sixth day;
 Yet not till the Creator, from his work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up returned,
 Up to the heaven of heavens his high abode;
 Thence to behold this new created world,
 The addition of his empire, how it showed
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode
 Followed with acclamation, and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned
 Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
 Resounded, (thou rememberest, for thou heard'st,)
 The heavens and all the constellations rung,
 The planets in their station listening stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
 »Open, ye everlasting gates! they sung,
 Open, ye heavens! your living doors; let in
 The great Creator from his work returned
 Magnificent, his six days' work, a world;
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men,
 Delighted; and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his wingèd messengers
 On errands of supernal grace. » So sung
 The glorious train ascending: He through heaven,
 That opened wide her blazing portals, led
 To God's eternal house direct the way;
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,

And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
 Which nightly as a circling zone, thou seest
 Powdered with stars. And now on earth the seventh
 Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
 Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
 Of heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne
 Of Godhead, fixed for ever firm and sure,
 The Filial Power arrived, and sat him down
 With his great Father, for he also went
 Invisible, yet staid, (such privilege
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordained,
 Author and End of all things: and from work
 Now resting, blessed and hallowed the seventh day;
 As resting on that day from all his work,
 But not in silence holy kept; the harp
 Had work and rested not; the solemn pipe,
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
 Tempered soft tunings, intermixed with voice
 Choral or unison: of incense clouds,
 Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.
 Creation and the six days' acts they sung:
 »Great are they works, Jehovah! infinite
 Thy power! what thought can measure thee, or tongue
 Relate thee? Greater now in thy return
 Than from the giant angels: thee that day
 Thy thunders magnified; but to create
 Is greater than created to destroy.
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
 Thy empire? Easily the proud attempt
 Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain,
 Thou hast repelled; while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
 Witness this new-made world, another heaven
 From heaven-gate not far, founded in view

On the clear Hyaline, the glassy sea;
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
 Of destined habitation; but thou knowest
 Their seasons: among these the seat of men,
 Earth with her nether ocean circumfused,
 Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced,
 Created in his image there to dwell,
 And worship him; and in reward to rule
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
 And multiply a race of worshippers
 Holy and just: thrice happy, if they know
 Their happiness, and persevere upright! »
 So sung they, and the empyrean rung
 With hallelujahs: Thus was Sabbath kept.—

MILTON.

 100. GRONGAR HILL.

Silent Nymph, with curious eye,
 Who, the purple evening, lie
 On the mountain's lonely van,
 Beyond the noise of busy man,
 Painting fair the form of things,
 While the yellow linnet sings;
 Or the tuneful nightingale
 Charms the forest with her tale;
 Come, with all thy various hues,
 Come, and aid thy sister Muse:
 Now while Phoebus riding high
 Gives lustre to the land and sky!
 Grongar Hill invites my song,
 Draw the landscape bright and strong;
 Grongar, in whose mossy cells
 Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,
 For the modest Muses made,

So oft I have, the evening still,
 At the fountain of a rill,
 Sate upon a flowery bed,
 With my hand beneath my head:
 While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
 Over mead, and over wood,
 From house to house, from hill to hill,
 Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequered sides I wind,
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,
 And groves and grottos where I lay,
 And vistas shooting beams of day:
 Wide and wider spreads the vale,
 As circles on a smooth canal;
 The mountains round, unhappy fate!
 Sooner or later, of all height,
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,
 And lessen as the others rise;
 Still the prospect wider spreads,
 Adds a thousand woods and meads,
 Still it widens, widens still,
 And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow;
 What a landscape lies below?
 No clouds, no vapours intervene,
 But the gay, the open scene
 Does the face of nature show,
 In all the hues of heaven's bow.
 And, swelling to embrace the light,
 Spreads around beneath the sight.
 Old castles on the cliffs arise,
 Proudly towering in the skies;
 Rushing from the woods, the spires
 Seem from hence ascending fires.
 Half his beams Apollo sheds
 On the yellow mountain-heads;
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
 And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumbered rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes:
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
 The yellow beech, the sable yew,
 The slender fir, that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs,
 And beyond, the purple grove,
 Where the Muses like to rove.
 Gaudy as the opening dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wandering eye.
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
 His sides are clothed with waving wood,
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps,
 So both a safety from the wind
 In mutual dependance find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
 'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
 And there the fox securely feeds,
 And there the poisonous adder breeds,
 Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds:
 While, ever and anon, there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow,
 Has seen the broken pile complete,
 Big with the vanity of state:
 But transient is the smile of fate!
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sunbeam in a winter's day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
 Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
 Sometimes swiftly, sometimes slow,

Wave succeeding wave they go
 A various journey to the deep,
 Like human life to endless sleep!
 Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
 To instruct our wandering thought;
 Thus she dresses green and gay,
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
 When will the landscape tire the view!
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow;
 The woody vallies warm and low;
 The windy summit, wild and high,
 Roughly rushing on the sky;
 The pleasant seat, and ruined tower,
 The naked rock, the shady bower;
 The town and village, dome and farm,
 Each give each a double charm,
 As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See, on the mountain's southern side,
 Where the prospect opens wide,
 Where the evening gilds the tide,
 How close and small the hedges lie!
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
 A step, methinks, may pass the stream;
 So little distant dangers seem;
 So we mistake the future's face,
 Eyed through hope's deluding glass;
 As yon summits soft and fair,
 Clad in colours of the air,
 Which to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear;
 Still we tread the same coarse way,
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
 And never covet what I see!
 Content me with an humble shade,
 My passions tamed, my wishes laid;

For while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish quiet from the soul;
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air;
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
 As on the mountain turf I lie;
 While the wanton Zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings;
 While the waters murmur deep;
 While the shepherd charms his sheep:
 While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with music fill the sky,
 Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
 Search for peace with all your skill;
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor;
 In vain ye search, she is not there;
 In vain ye search the domes of care!
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain heads,
 Along with Pleasure, close allied,
 Ever by each other's side:
 And often, by the murmuring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

DYER.

101. SLEEP.

(Henry IV's soliloquy.)

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! O gentle Sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids 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 sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch,
 A watch-case to 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 clamours, in the slippery shrouds,
 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 the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy liest the head that wears a crown.

SHAKESPEARE.

102. CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH TO CROMWELL.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me
 Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And, — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, — say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey, — that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all, the depths and shoals of honour, —
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;

By th
 The
 Love
 Corru
 Still
 To s
 Let
 Thy
 Thou
 And
 Ther
 To t
 And
 I da
 Had
 I se
 Hav

Is
 Th
 I h
 Ar
 To
 A
 Pr
 I
 As
 TH
 A
 M
 O
 A
 W
 It
 T

ber: By that sin fell the Angels: how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, o Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
 And, — Pr'ythee, lead me in:
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 'tis the kings: my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served the king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

SHAKESPEARE.

103. MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY.

Is this a dagger which I see before me
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.—
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest — I see thee still;
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. — There's no such thing:
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er one half the world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost. — Thou sound and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk; for fear
 The very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. — Whilst I threat, he lives —
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell.
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

SHAKESPEARE.

104. LIFE AND DEATH.

(Hamlet's soliloquy.)

To be, or not to be, that is the question: —
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them? — To die, — to sleep, —
 No more; — and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, — 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die; — to sleep; —
 To sleep! perchance to dream; — ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, — puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn away,
 And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

105. HENRY V TO HIS SOLDIERS.

What's he that wishes for more men from England?
 My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin,
 If we are marked to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 God's will! I pray thee wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous of gold;
 Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
 It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
 But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
 God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
 For the best hopes I have. Don't wish one more:
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
 We would not die in that man's company,
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is called the feast of Crispian:
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
 He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, »To-morrow is Saint Crispian:»
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
 Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember, with advantages,
 The feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
 This story shall the good man teach his son:
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother; be he e'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition.
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
 That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

SHAKESPEARE.

106. KING RICHARD III.
ACT I. SCENE IV.

BRAKENBURY.

Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

CLARENCE.

O, I have passed a miserable night,
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,

'Though 't were to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

BRAB.

What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

CLAR.

Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O heaven! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottoms of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

BRAB.

Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

CLAR.

Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

BRAK.

Awaked you not with this sore agony?

CLAR.

No, no, my dream was lengthened after life,
 O! then began the tempest to my soul!
 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
 Who cried aloud — What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
 And so he vanished: Then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud, —
 Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjured Clarence, —
 That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury; — —
 Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environed me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise,
 I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

BRAK.

No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

CLAR.

O, Brakenbury, I have done these things, —
 That now give evidence against my soul, —
 For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me! —
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone: —
 O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children! —
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

BRAK.

I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest! —
 (*Clarence reposes himself on a chair.*)

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
 Princes have but their titles for their troubles,
 An outward honour for an inward toil;
 And, for unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares:
 So that between their titles, and low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

SHAKESPEARE.

107. TO THE RHINE.

In the Borean regions stormy
 There's silence: -- battling hail and rain
 Are hushed. The calm Rhine rolls before me,
 Unfettered from its winter chain.
 Its streams their ancient channels water,
 And thousand joyous peasants bring
 The flowery offerings of the spring
 To thee, Mount Gothard's princely daughter!
 Monarch of streams, from Alpine brow,
 Who rushing, welmest with inundations,
 Or, sovereign-like, divid'st the nations,
 Lawgiver all-imperial, thou!

I have had days, like thine, unclouded --
 Days passed upon thy pleasant shore;
 My heart sprung up in joy unshrouded,
 Alas! it springs to joy no more.
 My fields of green, my humble dwelling,
 Which love made beautiful and bright,
 To me -- to her -- my soul's delight,
 Seemed monarchs' palaces excelling,
 When in our little happy bower
 Or 'neath the starry vault at even,
 We walked in love, and talked of Heaven,
 And poured forth praises for our dower!

But now — I could my hairs well number,
 But not the tears my eyes which wet:
 The Rhine will to their cradle-slumber
 Roll back its waves, ere I forget —
 Forget the blow that twice hath riven
 The crown of glory from my head.
 God! I have trusted — duty-led.
 'Gainst all rebellious thoughts have striven,
 And strive — and call Thee Father, — still
 Say all Thy will is wisest, kindest —
 Yet — twice — the burthen that Thou bindest
 Is heavy — I obey Thy will!

At Katwyk, where the silenced billow
 Thee welcomes, Rhine, to her own breast,
 There, with the damp sand for her pillow,
 I laid my treasure in its rest.
 My tears shall with thy waters blend them,
 Receive those briny tears from me,
 And when exhaled from the vast sea,
 To her own grave in dewdrops send them —
 A heavenly fall of love for her.
 Old Rhine! thy waves 'gainst sorrow steel them.
 O no! man's miseries — thou canst feel them —
 Then be my grief's interpreter.

And greet the babe, wick earth's green bosom
 Had but received, when she who bore
 That lovely undeveloped blossom
 Was struck by death — the bud — the flower.
 I forced my daughter's tomb — her mother
 Bade me — and laid the slumbering child
 Upon that bosom undefiled.
 Where, where could I have found another
 So dear, so pure? 'Twas wrong to mourn,
 When those so loving slept delighted.
 Should I divide what God united?
 I laid them in a common urn.

There are who call this earth a palace
 Of Eden, who on roses go —

I would not drink again life's chalice,
 Nor tread again its paths of woe.
 I joy at day's decline — the morrow
 Is welcome. In its fearful flight
 I count and count with calm delight
 My five-and-thirty years of sorrow
 Accomplished. Like this river, years
 Roll. Press, ye tombstones, my departed
 Lightly, and o'er the broken-hearted
 Fling your cold shield, and veil his tears.

BOWRING.

108. HYMN ON A REVIEW OF THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, almighty Father, these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year;
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales,
 Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
 Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
 Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
 Deepfelt, in these appear! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combined;

Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
 And all so forming an harmonious whole;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
 That ever busy wheels the silent spheres;
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
 Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
 And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join: and, ardent, raise
 One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
 Oh! talk of Him in solitary glooms,
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
 The impetuous song, and say, from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonder in thyself,
 Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him; whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests bend: ye harvests wave, to Him;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.

Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On nature write, with every beam, his praise.
 The thunder rolls: — be hushed the prostrate world
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise: for the Great Shepherd reigns;
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all, awake! a boundless song
 Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once, the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
 And, as each mingled flame increases, each
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove;
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
 For me—when I forget the darling theme—
 Whether the blossom blows; the summerray
 Russets the plain; inspiring autumn gleams;
 Or winter rises in the blackening east;
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more.
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
 Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;

And where He vital breathes, there must be joy,
 When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
 Where universal love smiles not around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns:
 From seeming evil still educing good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. — But I lose
 Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
 Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise!

THOMSON.

109. A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

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

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

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

The trumpet's loud clangour
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double, double, double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries, hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.—
 But oh! what art can teach
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.
 Orpheus could lead the savage race:
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre:
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appeared
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

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

DRYDEN.

110. MESSIAH.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus, and the Eonian maids,
 Delight no more. — O thou my voice inspire,
 Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies;
 The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
 The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
 Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
 See spiey clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies!

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains! and ye valleys rise!
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay!
 Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way!
 The SAVIOUR comes! by ancient bards foretold:
 Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,

And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
 'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear.
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
 From every face he wipes off every tear.
 In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promised Father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the proud faulchion in a ploughshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren deserts, with surprise,
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
 To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed;
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk, and speckled snake;
 Pleased, the green lustre of their scales survey,
 And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temples bend!
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
 And heaped with products of Sabeian springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn.
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts: the LIGHT HIMSELF shall shine
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

POPE.

III. ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman 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 mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

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 the lowly bed.

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 a field!
 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, through 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 Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

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.

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

Yet even 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 the 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 o'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;
 Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonoured 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.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that bubbles 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 favourite 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 through the church-yard 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 further 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.

GRAY.

112. CASA WAPPY.

(Casa Wappy was the self-conferred pet name of an infant, son of the poet, snatched away after a very brief illness.)

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
 Our fond, dear boy —
 The realms where sorrow dare not come,
 Where life is joy?
 Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
 Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
 Even by its bliss we mete our death,
 Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
 As closed thine eye;
 Tears of our anguish may not tell
 When thou didst die;
 Words may not paint our grief for thee,
 Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
 Of our unfathomed agony,
 Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight
 To bless us given;
 Beauty embodied to our sight,
 A type of heaven:
 So dear to us thou wert, thou art
 Even less thine own self than a part
 Of mine and of thy mother's heart,
 Casa Wappy!

Thy bright brief day knew no decline,
 'Twas cloudless joy;
 Sunrise and night alone were thine,
 Beloved boy!
 This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,
 That found thee prostrate in decay,
 And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
 Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
 Earth's undefiled;
 Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
 Our dear, sweet child!
 Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
 Yet had we hoped that Time should see
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
 Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
 Thou meet'st my sight;
 There dost thou glide before me still —
 A form of light!
 I feel thy breath upon my cheek —
 I see thee smile, I hear thee speak —
 Till oh! my heart is like to break,
 Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
 With glance of stealth;
 The hair thrown back from thy full brow
 In buoyant health:
 I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
 Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright,
 Thy clasping arms so round and white,
 Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
 Thy bat, thy bow,
 Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball;
 But where art thou?
 A corner holds thine empty chair,
 Thy playthings idly scattered there,
 But speak to us of our despair,
 Casa Wappy!

Even tho the last thy every word —
 To glad, to grieve —
 Was sweet and sweetest song of bird
 On summer's eve;
 In outward beauty undecayed,

Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
 And like the rainbow thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee when blind blank night
The chamber fills;
 We pine for thee when morn's first light
Reddens the hills:
 The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
 All, to the wallflower and wild pea,
 Are changed — we saw the world through thee.
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
 It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth:
 We miss thy small step on the stair;
 We miss thee at thine evening-prayer!
 All day we miss thee, everywhere,
Casa Wappy!

Snow muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring bloom,
 Down to the appointed house below,
The silent tomb.
 But now the green leaves of the tree,
 The cuckoo and the »busy bee,"
 Return — but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be (while flowers
Revive again)
 Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
 Oh! can it be, that o'er the grave
 The grass renewed, should yearly wave,
 Yet God forget our child to save? —
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be: for were it so
 Thus man could die,
 Life were a mockery, Thought were woe,
 And Truth a lie;
 Heaven were a coinage of the brain,
 Religion frenzy, Virtue vain,
 And all our hopes to meet again,
 Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
 With beam of love,
 A star, death's uncongenial wild
 Smiling above;
 Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
 The skyward path, the seraph's road,
 That led thee back from man to God,
 Casa Wappy!

Yet 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
 Fond, fairest boy,
 That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
 With him in joy:
 There past are death and all its woes,
 There beauty's stream for ever flows,
 And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
 Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then — for a while, farewell —
 Pride of my heart!
 It cannot be that long we dwell
 Thus torn apart:
 Time's shadows like the shuttle flee:
 And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
 Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
 Casa Wappy!

MOIR.

113. THE NEWSPAPER.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
 Not such his evening, who, with shining face,
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeezed,
 And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
 Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage.
 Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
 Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,
 Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
 This folio of four pages, happy work!
 Which not even critics criticise, that holds
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break: —
 What is it but a map of busy life,
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
 Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,
 That tempts ambition. On the summit, see
 The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
 He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
 Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
 And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
 And wins them but to lose them in his turn.
 Here rills of oily eloquence, in soft
 Meanders lubricate the course they take;
 The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
 To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
 Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
 However trivial all that he conceives.
 Sweet bashfulness! it claims, at least, this praise:
 The dearth of information and good sense,
 That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
 Cataracts of declamation thunder here,

There forests of no meaning spread the page,
 In which all comprehension wanders lost;
 While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
 With merry descants on a nation's woes.
 The rest appears a wilderness of strange
 But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
 And lilies for the brows of faded age;
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald—
 Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets;
 Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
 Sermons and city feasts, and favourite airs:
 Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits,
 And Katerfelto, (1) with his hair on end
 At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
 To peep at such a world; to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That liberates and exempts me from them all,
 It turns submitted to my view, turns round,
 With al its generations; I behold
 The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
 Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me —
 Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
 And avarice, that make man a wolf to man,
 Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
 By which he speaks the language of his heart —
 And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
 He travels and expatiates; as the bee
 From flower to flower, so he from land to land;
 The manners, customs, policy of all,
 Pay contribution to the store he gleans;

(1) Katerfelto was a quack who advertised his own performances and those of his black cat; heading his advertisements with „Wonders! wonders! wonders!“

He sucks intelligence in every clime,
 And spreads the honey of his deep research
 At his return—a rich repast for me.
 He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
 Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
 Discover countries, with a kindred heart,
 Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
 While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

COWPER.

114. BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

On sunny slope and beechen swell,
 The shadowed light of evening fell;
 And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
 With soft and silent lapse came down
 The glory, that the wood receives,
 At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
 Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
 Around a far uplifted cone,
 In the warm blush of evening shone;
 An image of the silver lakes,
 By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
 Where the soft breath of evening stirred
 The tall, gray forest; and a band
 Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
 Came winding down beside the wave,
 To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
 He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
 And thirty snows had not yet shed
 Their glory on the warrior's head:
 But, as the summer fruit decays,
 So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
 Covered the warrior, and within
 Its heavy folds the weapons, made
 For the hard toils of war, were laid;
 The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
 And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
 Chanted the death-dirge of the slain;
 Behind, the long procession came
 Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
 With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
 Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
 Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
 With darting eye, and nostril spread,
 And heavy and impatient tread,
 He came; and oft that eye so proud
 Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed
 Beside the grave his battle steed;
 And swift an arrow cleaved its way
 To his stern heart! One piercing neigh
 Arose,—and, on the dead man's plain,
 The rider grasps his steed again.

LONGFELLOW.

115. THE LAST DAY.

At the destined hour,
 By the loud trumpet summoned to the charge,
 See, all the formidable sons of fire,
 Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
 Their various engines; all at once disgorge
 Their blazing magazines; and take by storm
 This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period! when each mountain-height
 Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
 Their melted mass, as rivers once they poured;
 Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives
 Her ploughshare o'er creation; while aloft
 More than astonishment, if more can be:
 Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
 Than e'er was thought by man: far other stars;
 Stars animate, that govern these of fire;
 Far other sun: — a sun, O how unlike
 The babe at Bethlem! How unlike the man
 That groaned on Calvary! — Yet He it is;
 That man of sorrows. O how changed! what pomp!
 In grandeur terrible, all heaven descends:
 A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
 As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
 The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
 And now, all dross removed, heaven's own pure day,
 Full on the confines of our ether, flames:
 While, (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
 Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
 And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
 Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

At midnight, when mankind is wrapped in peace,
 And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams,
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more:
 The day is broke, which never more shall close:
 Above, around, beneath, amazement all:
 Terror and glory joined in their extremes:
 Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire:
 All nature struggling in the pang of death:
 Dost thou not hear her? dost thou not deplore
 Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
 Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone
 On which we stood! Lorenzo! while thou mayst,
 Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
 Where? how? from whence? vain hope! it is too late!
 Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
 When consternation turns the good man pale?

Great day! for which all other days were made;
 For which earth rose from chaos; man from earth;

And an eternity, the date of gods,
 Descended on poor earth-created man.
 Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
 At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
 Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
 And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
 Already is begun the grand assize,
 In us, in all: deputed conscience scales
 The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;
 Forestalls; and, by forestalling, proves it sure.
 Why on himself should man void judgment pass?
 Is idle nature laughing at her sons?
 Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,
 And God above assert that God in man?
 Thrice happy they, that enter now the court
 Heaven opens in their bosoms: but how rare!
 Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
 What hero, like the man who stands himself?
 Who dares to meet his naked heart alone,
 Who hears intrepid the full charge it brings,
 Resolved to silence future murmurs there?
 The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
 Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
 Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
 I think of nothing else; I see; I feel it,
 All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round.
 I see the Judge enthroned; the flaming guard;
 The volume opened; opened every heart;
 A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought.
 No patron: intercessor none; now past
 The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour.
 For guilt no plea, to pain, no pause: no bound;
 Inexorable, all; and all extreme,
 Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
 From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
 And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarred.
 Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
 His baleful eyes! he curses whom he dreads;
 And deems it the first moment of his fall.

 YOUNG.

116. ON THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

O sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
 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 banner fly,
 REVENGE OR DEATH! — the watchword and reply;
 Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm! —

In vain—alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
 From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew
 O! 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 wo!
 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 away —
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
 Hark! as the smouldering 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!

CAMPBELL.

117. KING HENRY VI. PART FIRST.

ACT IV. SCENE V

(The English camp near Bordeaux. Talbot's interview with John his son.)

TALBOT.

O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
 To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
 That Talbot's name may be in thee revived,
 When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
 Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
 But, — O malignant and ill-boding stars! —
 Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
 A terrible and unavoidable danger:
 Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
 And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
 By sudden flight: come dally not, begone.

JOHN.

Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
 And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
 Dishonour not her honourable name,
 To make a bastard and a slave of me:
 The world will say — He is not Talbot's blood,
 That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

TAL.

Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

JOHN.

He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

TAL.

If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

JOHN.

Then, let me stay, and, father, do you fly:
 Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
 Upon my death the French can little boast;
 In yours they will, in yours all hopes are lost,
 Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;

But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
 You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
 But if I bow, they'll say — It was for fear.
 There is no hope that ever I will stay,
 If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
 Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
 Rather than life preserved with infamy.

TAL.

Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

JOHN.

Ay, rather then I'll shame my mother's womb.

TAL.

Upon my blessing I command thee go.

JOHN.

To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

TAL.

Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

JOHN.

No part of him, but will be shame in me.

TAL.

Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

JOHN.

Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

TAL.

Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

JOHN.

You cannot witness for me, being slain.
 If death be so apparent, then both fly.

TAL.

And leave my followers here to fight and die;
 My age was never tainted with such shame.

JOHN.

And shall my youth be guilty with such blame?
 No more can I be severed from your side,
 Than can yourself yourself in twain divide;
 Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
 For live I will not, if my father die.

TAL.

Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
 Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
 Come, side by side together live and die:
 And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

SCENE VI.

(A field of battle. Alarum; excursions, wherein Talbot's son
 is hemmed about, and Talbot rescues him.)

TAL.

Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
 The regent has with Talbot broke his word,
 And left us to the rage of France his sword.
 Where is John Talbot? — pause and take thy breath;
 I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

JOHN.

O twice my father! twice am I thy Son!
 The life thou gavest me first, was lost and done,
 Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
 To my determined time thou gavest new date.

TAL.

When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
 It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire
 Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
 Quickened with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,
 Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
 And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.

· · · · ·

 Speak, thy father's care;
 Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?
 Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
 Now thou art sealed the son of chivalry?
 Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
 The help of one stands me in little stead.
 O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
 If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age;
 By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,
 Tis but the shortening of my life one day;

In thee our mother dies, our household's name,
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay:
 All these are saved, if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN.

The sword of Orleans has not made me smart,
 These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart;
 On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 (To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
 Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!
 And like me to the peasant boys of France;
 To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,
 An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

TAL.

Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
 Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
 And commendable proved, let's die in pride.

SCENE VII.

(Another part of the field of battle. Alarm. Excursions.
 Enter Talbot wounded, supported by a servant.)

TAL.

Where is my other life? — mine own is gone; —
 O, where's young Talbot, where is valiant John? —
 Triumphant death, smeared with captivity,
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee;
 When he perceived me shrink, and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandished over me,
 And, like a hungry lion, did commence
 Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
 But when my angry guardiant stood alone,
 Tendering my ruin, and assailed of none,
 Dizzy-eyed fury, and great rage of heart,
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clustering battle of the French:

And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
 His overmounting spirit; and there died
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.
 (*Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot.*)

SERVANT.

O my dear Lord! lo, where your son is borne!

TAL.

Thou antic death! which laugh'st us here to scorn,
 Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bounds of perpetuity,
 Two Talbots, wingèd through the lither sky,
 In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality. —
 O thou, whose wounds became hard-favoured death
 Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath;
 Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no:
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe. —
 Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say
 Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
 Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
 Soldiers! adieu! I have what I would have,
 Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
 (*Talbot dies.*)

SHAKESPEARE.

118. KING JOHN. ACT IV. SC. I.

HUBERT DE BURGH AND PRINCE ARTHUR.

Northampton. A room in the castle.
Enter HUBERT and TWO ATTENDANTS.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
 Within the arras: when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
 Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
 Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Ar. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Ar. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be. — You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Ar. Mercy on me!

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me.

He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, it's not; and I would to Heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*aside.*]

Ar. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur [*showing a paper.*] How now,
foolish rheum! [*aside.*]

Turning spiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears. —
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Ar. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Ar. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Ar. Have you the heart! When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again:

And with my hand at midnight held your head;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
 Saying, »What lack you?» and, »Where lies your grief?»
 Or, »What good love may I perform for you?»
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
 And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
 If Heaven be pleased that you will use me ill,
 Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes? —
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out,

Ar. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench his fiery indignation,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence;
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
 An if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believed him; no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [stamps.]

Reenter ATTENDANTS, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Ar. Oh! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Ar. Alas, what need you be so boisterous rough?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
 Nay, hear me Hubert! drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily.
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him

1 Att. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[exeunt attendants.]

Ar. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Ar. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Ar. O heaven! — that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Ar. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes.
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue.
So I may keep mine eyes. Oh! spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Ar. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes. See else yourself:
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Ar. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,

Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live: I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.
Yet am I sworn; and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Ar. Oh! now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these doggèd spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Ar. O Heaven! — I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*exennt.*]

SHAKESPEARE.

119. JULIUS CAESAR. ACT. III. SC. 2.

(ANTONY'S SPEECH OVER CAESAR'S BODY.)

The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends. —
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers. —
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be renderèd
Of Caesar's death.

1. *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2. *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them renderèd.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS
goes into the Rostrum.*]

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer, — Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all freemen? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others with CAESAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1. *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2. *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3. *Cit.* Let him be Caesar.

4. *Cit.* Caesar's better parts

Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

1. *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and
clamours.

Bru. My countrymen, —

2. *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1. *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

1. *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3. *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him: — Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4. *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3. *Cit.* He says for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4. *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1. *Cit.* This Caesar was a tyrant.

3. *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are blessed, that Rome is rid of him.

2. *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans, —

Cl. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, 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 Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Caesar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men;)

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable 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 honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

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;

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1. *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2. *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

3. *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4. *Cit.* Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1. *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2. *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4. *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Caesar 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 honourable men:
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Caesar,
 I found it in his closet; 't is 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 Caesar'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.

4. *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Caesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
 It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs:
 For if you should, Oh, what would come of it!

4. *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
 You shall read us the will, Caesar's will!

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
 I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
 I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
 Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar: I do fear it.

4. *Cit.* They were traitors: — Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2. *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: the will! read the

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will? (will!)
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
 And let me show you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3. *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4. *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1. *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2. *Cit.* Room for Antony; — most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Caesar 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 Caesar followed it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:

Judge, O you Gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,

Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

Oh! 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 Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1. *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2. *Cit.* O noble Caesar!

3. *Cit.* O woeful day!

4. *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1. *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2. *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge; about, — seek, — burn, — fire, — kill, — slay! — let not a traitor live.
 [*They are rushing out.*]

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1. *Cit.* Peace there: — Hear the noble Antony.

2. *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable;
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable;
 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 all, 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 Caesar'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 Caesar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1. *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3. *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

Ant. Why friends, you go to do you know not what:
 Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not: — I must tell you then: —
 You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true; the will; — let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,
 To every several man, seventy five drachmas.

2. *Cit.* Most noble Caesar! — We'll revenge his death.

3. *Cit.* O royal Caesar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar: when comes such another?

1. *Cit.* Never, never: — Come away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2. *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3. *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4. *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot:
Take thou what course thou wilt! —

SHAKESPEARE.

120. MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Venice. A Court of Justice.

ENTER THE DUKE; THE MAGNIFICOES; ANTONIO, BASSANIO,
GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALONIO, AND OTHERS.

DUKE.

What, is Antonio here?

ANT.

Ready, so please your grace.

DUKE.

I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

ANT.

I have heard,
 Your grace hath taken great pains to qualify
 His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
 And that no lawful means can carry me
 Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
 My patience to his fury, and am armed
 To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
 The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE.

Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SALAN.

He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

DUKE.

Make room, and let him stand before our face. —
 Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
 To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
 Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
 And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
 Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
 Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
 But, touched with human gentleness and love,
 Forgive a moiety of the principal;
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late so huddled on his back,
 Enow to press a royal merchant down,
 And pluck commiseration of his state
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
 To offices of tender courtesy.
 — We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

THY.

I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
 Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that:
 But, say, it is my humour: is it answered?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
 Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
 Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
 As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
 More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing,
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
 A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

BASS

This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHY.

I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

BASS.

Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHY.

Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASS.

Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHY.

What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANT.

I pray you, think you question with the Jew.
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
 You may as well do anything most hard,

As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart.—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

BASS.

For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHY.

If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them: I would have my bond.

DUKE.

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

SHY.

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

DUKE.

Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learnèd doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

SALAR.

My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

DUKE.

Bring us the letters: call the messenger.

ENTER NERISSA,

dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

DUKE.

Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NER.

From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
(Presents a letter.)

BASS.

Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHY.

To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

GRA.

Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHY.

No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

DUKE.

This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learnèd doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

NER.

He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

DUKE.

With all my heart:—some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to his place.

Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

(Clerk reads.) >Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant: we turned o'er

many books together: he is furnished with my opinion which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

DUKE.

You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

ENTER PORTIA,

dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

POR.

I did, my lord.

DUKE.

You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

POR.

I am informed thoroughly of the cause.—
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE.

Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

POR.

Is your name Shylock?

SHY.

Shylock is my name.

POR.

Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not?

(To Antonio.)

ANT.

Ay, so he says.

POR.

Do you confess the bond?

ANT.

I do.

POR.

Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHY.

On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

POR.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
 His sceptre 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 sceptred sway,
 It is enthronèd in the hearts 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. I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHY.

My deeds upon my head! I crave the law;
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

POR.

Is he not able to discharge the money?

BASS.

Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
 Yea; twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth: and, I beseech you,
 Wrest once the law to your authority:
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

POR.

It must not be. There is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree establishèd:
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
 And many an error, by the same example,
 Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

SHY.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
 O, wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

POR.

I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHY.

Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

POR.

Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee:

SHY.

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
 No, not for Venice.

POR.

Why, this bond is forfeit,
 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
 Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful;
 Take thrice thy money: bid me tear the bond.

SHY.

When it is paid according to the tenour.—
 It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
 You know the law; your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

ANT.

Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

POR.

Why then, thus it is:—
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

SHY.

O, noble judge! O, excellent young man!

POR.

For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHY.

'Tis very true. O, wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

POR.

Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

SHY.

Ay, his breast;
So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.

POR.

It is so. Are there balances here to weigh
The flesh?

SHY.

I have them ready.

POR.

Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHY.

Is it so nominated in the bond?

POR.

It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

SHY.

I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.

POR.

You, merchant, have you anything to say?

ANT.

But little: I am armed, and well prepared.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you,
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say, how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

BASS.

Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

SHY.

We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

POR.

A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHY.

Most rightful judge!—

POR.

And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it and the court awards it.

SHY.

Most learnèd judge!—A sentence! come, prepare!

POR.

Tarry a little: there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh:
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

GRA.

O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learnèd judge!

SHY.

Is that the law?

POR.

Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

GRA.

O learnèd judge! Mark, Jew:—a learnèd judge!

SHY.

I take this offer then: pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

BASS.

Here is the money.

POR.

Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste:—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

GRA.

O Jew! an upright judge, a learnèd judge!

POR.

Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
 Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
 But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more,
 Or less, than a just pound,—be it so much
 As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
 Or the division of the twentieth part
 Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
 But in the estimation of a hair,
 Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

GRA.

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
 Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

POR.

Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

SHY.

Give me my principal, and let me go.

BASS.

I have it ready for thee: here it is.

POR.

He has refused it in the open court:
 He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

GRA.

A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!—
 I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHY.

Shall I not have barely my principal?

POR.

Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
 To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

SHY.

Why, then the devil give him good of it!
 I'll stay no longer question.

POR.

Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.
 It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
 If it be proved against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts,
 He seek the life of any citizen,
 The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive
 Shall seize one half his goods: the other half
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
 For it appears by manifest proceeding,
 That indirectly, and directly too,
 Thou hast contrived against the very life
 Of the defendant, and thou hast incurred
 The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

GRA.

Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself;
 And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
 Therefore, thou must be hanged at the state's charge.

DUKE.

That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
 I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it;
 For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's:
 The other half comes to the general state,
 Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

POR.

Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

SHY.

Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
 You take my house, when you do take the prop
 That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
 When you do take the means whereby I live.

POR.

What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRA.

A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!

ANT.

So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
 To quit this fine for one half of his goods;

I am content, so he will let me have
 The other half in use, to render it,
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman
 That married long ago his daughter:
 Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
 He presently become a Christian;
 The other, that he do record a gift,
 Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,
 Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

DUKE.

He shall do this, or else I do recant
 The pardon, that I late pronouncèd here.

POR.

Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

SHY.

I am content.

POR.

Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHY.

I pray you, give me leave to go from hence.
 I am not well. Send the deed after me,
 And I will sign it.

DUKE.

Get thee gone, but do it.

SHAKESPEARE.

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.
11.
12.
13.
14.
15.
16.
17.
18.
19.
20.
21.
22.
23.
24.
25.
26.
27.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
1. Thou art, o God! the life and light, <i>Th. Moore</i>	5.
2. Aspirations of youth, <i>Montgomery</i>	5.
3. The Angel and the child, <i>Longfellow</i>	6.
4. The better land, <i>Mrs. Hemans</i>	8.
5. Child's evening prayer, <i>Coleridge</i>	9.
6. On time, <i>Francis Quarles</i>	9.
7. The common lot, <i>Montgomery</i>	10.
8. Contentment, <i>Pope</i>	11.
9. To a boy with a watch, <i>Th. Moore</i>	12.
10. The street of by-and-by, <i>Anonymous</i>	12.
11. "I can" and "I can't," <i>Anonymous</i>	13.
12. Treasures, <i>Anonymous</i>	14.
13. One by one, <i>Adelaide Procter</i>	15.
14. A psalm of life, <i>Longfellow</i>	16.
15. Remembrance, <i>Southey</i>	18.
16. Blessed are they that mourn, <i>Cullen Bryant</i>	19.
17. If thou hast lost a friend, <i>Swain</i>	20.
18. The old man's comforts, <i>Southey</i>	20.
19. Sun, moon, and stars, praise ye the Lord, <i>J. Watts</i>	21.
20. Hymn to the Virgin, <i>W. Scott</i>	22.
21. The national anthem, <i>Anonymous</i>	23.
22. Rule Britannia, <i>Thomson</i>	24.
23. The Red, White, and Blue, <i>Anonymous</i>	25.
24. Home, sweet home, <i>Anonymous</i>	26.
25. Yankee doodle, <i>Sheckburg</i>	27.
26. Hail Columbia, <i>Hopkinson</i>	28.
27. Exile of Erin, <i>Campbell</i>	29.

	Page.
28. My heart's in the Highlands, <i>Burns</i>	30.
29. The Sea, <i>Bryan William Procter</i>	31.
30. Ye mariners of England, <i>Campbell</i>	32.
31. The Child's first grief, <i>Mrs. Hemans</i>	33.
32. Father is coming, <i>Mary Howitt</i>	34.
33. The sailor's consolation, <i>Dibdin</i>	35.
34. Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots, on the approach of spring, <i>Burns</i>	36.
35. Hunting song, <i>W. Scott</i>	37.
36. Woodman, spare that tree, <i>Morris</i>	38.
37. 'Tis the last rose of summer, <i>Th. Moore</i>	39.
38. To the river Charles, <i>Longfellow</i>	40.
39. My father was a farmer, <i>Burns</i>	41.
40. Hohenlinden, <i>Campbell</i>	43.
41. Good night, <i>Mrs. Hemans</i>	44.
42. Sunshine, <i>Mary Howitt</i>	45.
43. A contented mind, <i>Sylvester</i>	46.
44. The sluggard, <i>J. Watts</i>	47.
45. Alexander Selkirk, <i>Cowper</i>	48.
46. The cry of the children, <i>Mrs. Browning</i>	50.
47. Verses to a robin red-breast, <i>Montgomery</i>	51.
48. To a bee, <i>Southey</i>	52.
49. To the cuckoo, <i>Logan</i>	53.
50. The grasshopper, <i>Cowley</i>	54.
51. Jerusalem, <i>Th. Moore</i>	55.
52. Verses on Marie Antoinette, <i>Campbell</i>	56.
53. Excelsior, <i>Longfellow</i>	57.
54. This world is all a fleeting show, <i>Th. Moore</i>	58.
55. The eagle and the assembly of animals, <i>Gay</i>	59.
56. The miser and Plutus, <i>Gay</i>	61.
57. The counsil of horses, <i>Gay</i>	62.
58. The city and country mouse, <i>Pope</i>	64.
59. The chameleon, <i>Merrick</i>	66.
60. Nose <i>versus</i> Eyes, <i>Cowper</i>	68.
61. The razor-seller, <i>Wolcot</i>	69.

	Page.
62. The battle of Blenheim, <i>Southey</i>	70.
63. The soldier's dream, <i>Campbell</i>	72.
64. The destruction of Sennacherib, <i>Byron</i>	73.
65. Vision of Belshazzar, <i>Byron</i>	74.
66. The tears of Scotland, <i>Smollett</i>	75.
67. The orphan boy, <i>Mrs. Opie</i>	77.
68. The wandering boy, <i>Kirke White</i>	78.
69. The palmer, <i>W. Scott</i>	79.
70. From India, <i>Bennett</i>	80.
71. An Arab's address to his steed, <i>Mrs. Norton</i>	82.
72. The country clergyman, <i>Goldsmith</i>	83.
73. The village schoolmaster, <i>Goldsmith</i>	85.
74. The village blacksmith, <i>Longfellow</i>	86.
75. John Barleycorn, <i>Burns</i>	88.
76. The king and the miller of Mansfield, <i>Percy</i>	89.
77. The Inchcape Rock, <i>Southey</i>	93.
78. The murdered traveller, <i>Cullen Bryant</i>	95.
79. The white-footed deer, " "	96.
80. The village of Scheveling, <i>Swain</i>	99.
81. No! <i>Hood</i>	100.
82. King John and the abbot of Canterbury, <i>Percy</i>	101.
83. John Gilpin, <i>Cowper</i>	104.
84. The blind Highland boy, <i>Wordsworth</i>	112.
85. The French mariner, <i>Bloomfield</i>	120.
86. The Savoyard's return, <i>Kirke White</i>	122.
87. Lord William and Edmund, <i>Southey</i>	123.
88. The discoverer of the Northcape, <i>Longfellow</i>	125.
89. The minstrel's curse, <i>R. Raby</i>	129.
90. The village of Grand-pré, the home of Evangeline, <i>Longfellow</i>	132.
91. Childe Harold's adieu to England, <i>Byron</i>	136.
92. The shipwreck, "	138.
93. Apostrophe to the Ocean, "	139.
94. The cataract of Lodore, <i>Southey</i>	141.
95. Arnold Winkelried, <i>Montgomery</i>	143.

	Page.
96. Napoleon, <i>Byron</i>	145.
97. Satan's address to the sun, <i>Milton</i>	146.
98. Adam's morning hymn, "	149.
99. Creation, "	150.
100. Grongar hill, <i>Dyer</i>	161.
101. Sleep, <i>Shakespeare</i>	165.
102. Cardinal Wolsey's speech to Cromwell, <i>Shakespeare</i>	166.
103. Macbeth's Soliloquy, "	167.
104. Life and death, "	168.
105. Henry V to his Soldiers, "	169.
106. King Richard III, "	170.
107. To the Rhine, <i>Bowring</i>	173.
108. Hymn on a review of the seasons, <i>Thomson</i>	175.
109. A song for St. Cecilia's day, <i>Dryden</i>	178.
110. Messiah, <i>Pope</i>	180.
111. Elegy written in a country church-yard, <i>Gray</i>	182.
112. Casa Wappy, <i>Moir</i>	187.
113. The newspaper, <i>Cowper</i>	191.
114. Burial of the minnisink, <i>Longfellow</i>	193.
115. The last day, <i>Young</i>	194.
116. On the downfall of Poland, <i>Campbell</i>	197.
117. King Henry VI, <i>Shakespeare</i>	199.
118. King John, "	203.
119. Julius Caesar, "	207.
120. Merchant of Venice, "	214.

CORRIGENDA AND ADDENDA.

- Page 5. line 11 for *trough* read *through*.
- „ 13. „ 15 „ „ „ „
- „ 19. „ 19 „ *friends* „ *friend's*.
- „ 21. „ 1 „ *yong* „ *young*.
- „ 22. „ 9 „ *supremely* „ *supremely*.
- „ 27. *Yankee* (probably a corrupt pronunciation of the word *English* or *Anglais* by the native Indians of America) is the popular name for the citizens of New-England, but applied among foreigners, to all the inhabitants of the United States indiscriminately. *Training day* = exercitiedag. *Com-mencement* = promotiedag. *Election* = verkiezingsdag. *True blue* = honest and loyal.
- „ 29. *Erin go bragh* = Ireland for ever.
- „ 30. *Erin mavournin* = Ireland my darling.
- „ 33. line 29 for *trough* read *through*.
- „ 34. „ 25 „ „ „ *through*.
- „ 35. „ 24 „ *the be* „ *to be*.
- „ 36. *Brae* (Scotch as well as the rest of the words explained here) = declivity. *Slae* = *sloe*, *slee*, *sleepruim*, *sleedoorn*. *Amung* = Among. *Maun* = must. *Strang* = strong. *Fu'* = full, very. *Blithe* = blythe, pleasant, gay, Dutch: blijde. *Mony* = many. *Gae* = go. *Draps* = drops. *Frae* = from. *Wad* = would. *Fae* = foe. *Nae mair* = no more.

- „ 38. line 17 for *huutsman* read *huntsman*.
 „ 42. „ 26 „ *trough* „ *through*.
 „ 43. „ 7 „ *missortures* „ *misfortune*.
 „ 46. „ 13 „ *your* „ *their*.
 „ 48. Alexander Selkirk, a native of Largo in Scotland, by his application, and his knowledge of navigation, obtained the command of a ship, and made several voyages to the South seas. In one of these, 1705, while in the ship of Captain Pradling, he had a quarrel with him, and in consequence of it was cruelly sent on shore, on the desert island of Juan de Fernandez, with only a fowling-piece, gunpowder and shot, and very few necessaries. In this desolate situation he continued three years, comfortably subsisting on the goats, with which the island abounded, and the various sorts of fish, which he caught around the shore, till the accidental arrival of captain Wood Rogers, in 1709, removed him from his solitary abode. This singular adventure forms the basis of Robinson Crusoe, a romance embellished by the pen of the celebrated De Foe.
 „ 60. line 2 for *greyhond* read *greyhound*.
 „ 68. *Versus* (a term of law) against, tegen, in proces met.
 „ 73. line 9 for *in* read *on*.
 „ 75. „ 28 „ *hist* „ *his*.

- „ 78. „ 11 „ *darents* „ *parents.*
 „ 81. „ 16 „ *in nearly* „ *is nearly.*
 „ 85. „ 17 „ *yoke* „ *joke.*
 „ 88. „ 22 „ *father* „ *farther.*
 „ 89. „ 19 „ *tings* „ *things.*
 „ 90. „ 17 „ *kwow* „ *know.*
 „ 95. „ 22 „ *where* „ *were.*
 „ 100. *Crescent*= halve maan, Fr. Croissant. *Crescent* is also a range of buildings in the form of a crescent; halvemaa- of boogvor-
 mige straat. The *ring* is a peculiar place of Hyde-Park, London, where fashionable people meet in the afternoon.
 „ 110. line 17 for *had* read *kat.*
 „ 111. „ 26 „ *back* „ *back.*
 „ 147. „ 22 „ *indebfed* „ *indebted.*
 „ 166. „ 7 „ *to* „ *or.*
 „ 166. „ 21 „ *liest* „ *lies.*
 „ 171. „ 27 „ *bottoms* „ *bottom.*
 „ 188. „ 5 (*from beneath*) for *tho* read *to.*



