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P O E M S

Chosen by Boys and Girls

ARRANGED BY FOWLER WRIGHT

AND CROMPTON RHODES

BOOK III

BASIL BLACKWELL
OXFORD

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. . . ~~Again~~, the dream is true :
Again, to each, the well-worn path is new.

Printed in Great Britain

PREFACE

THE poems in these little books of verse have been chosen, not by a man or a woman, but by ten thousand boys and girls. This needs some explanation. They are the result of an appeal in *Poetry* for the assistance of those teachers who love poetry, and who have conveyed their love of poetry to their boys and girls. The appeal at once received the cordial sympathy and support of the entire educational press, and the response was a large number of essays containing lists of poems which were received from teachers in every type of school, public and private, urban and rural, primary and secondary. The poems in each list were those which had appealed most to scholars, which had given them the deepest joy, the highest delight. With singular generosity these lovers of poetry placed at the disposal of the editors the wisdom and experience of years, often with hundreds of children, in many schools. Ten thousand is, indeed, too low a figure to cover the number of collaborators, and to those teachers who contributed these most valuable essays the warm thanks of the publishers and the editors are tendered.

Apart from the arranging of the poems into books and negotiating copyrights, the editors' work has been, and been only, the ensuring that the poems chosen are those which, under the guidance of lovers of poetry, have carried their beauty into the hearts of the boys and girls—the real collaborators of these books.

S. F. W.

R. C. R.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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BEAUTY

JOHN KEATS

ATHING of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing
From 'Endymion.'

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

(SEPT. 3, 1802)

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !

The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
THE REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

THE REAPER

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listen'd, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES
LEISURE

WHAT is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

FRANCIS THOMPSON
TO A SNOWFLAKE

WHAT heart could have thought you?—
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal !)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost ?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapour?—
' God was my shaper.
Passing surmisal,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapour,
To lust of His mind :—
Thou couldst not have thought me !
So purely, so palely,
Tiny, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost.'

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

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

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

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

'The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

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

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

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy’s race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me !

WILLIAM H. DAVIES
DAYS THAT HAVE BEEN

CAN I forget the sweet days that have been,
When poetry first began to warm my blood ;
When from the hills of Gwent I saw the earth
Burned into two by Severn's silver flood

When I would go alone at night to see
The moonlight, like a big white butterfly,
Dreaming on that old castle near Caerleon,
While at its side the Usk went softly by :

When I would stare at lovely clouds in Heaven,
Or watch them when reported by deep streams ;
When feeling pressed like thunder, but would not
Break into that grand music of my dreams?

Can I forget the sweet days that have been,
The villages so green I have been in ;
Llantarnam, Magor, Malpas, and Llanwern,
Liswery, old Caerleon, and Alteryu ?

Can I forget the banks of Malpas Brook,
Or Ebbw's voice in such a wild delight,
As on he dashed with pebbles in his throat,
Gurgling towards the sea with all his might ?

Ah, when I see a leafy village now
I sigh and ask it for Llantarnam's green ;
I ask each river where is Ebbw's voice—
In memory of the sweet days that have been.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE?
KUBLA KHAN

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree:
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this Earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,

K'UBLA KHAN

And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with *music loud and long*,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight ;

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

TO A SKYLARK

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flow'd.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from
the view :

TO A SKYLARK

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warin winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want,

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of
pain ?

TO A SKYLARK

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

TO A SKYLARK

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now !

GEORGE BORROW

LIFE is sweet, brother . . .
There's day and night, brother, both sweet
things ;
Sun, moon, and stars, all sweet things ;
There's likewise a wind on the heath.

From 'Lavengro.'

JOHN KEATS

THOU wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown :
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades :
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ?

(From the *Ode to a Nightingale*.)

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
TO THE NIGHT

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night !
Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear—
 Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey
 Star-inwrought !
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
 Kiss her until she be wearied out :
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long-sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sigh'd for thee ;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 ' Wouldst thou me ?'
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmur'd like a noontide bee,

TO THE NIGHT

‘Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?’—And I replied,
 ‘No, not thee!’
Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY TO THE MOON

ART thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth—
And ever-changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

WINDS AND SEASONS

ROBERT BROWNING

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn ;
Morning's at seven ;
The hill-side's dew-pearled ;
The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn :
God's in his heaven--
All's right with the world !

ROBERT BRIDGES

SPRING goeth all in white
Crowned with milk-white may :
In *fleecy flocks of light*
O'er heaven the white clouds stray :
White butterflies in the air ;
White daisies prank the ground :
The cherry and hoary pear
Scatter their snow around.

THOMAS NASH

SPRING

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant
king ;

Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring ! the sweet Spring !

JOHN KEATS
ODE TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
run ;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease ;
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy
cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy
hook
Spare the next swath and all its twin'd flowers ;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozyings, hours by hours.

ODE TO AUTUMN

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they
Think not of them—thou hast thy music too,
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-cricket sing, and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
WINTER

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tuwhoo !
Tuwhit ! tuwhoo ! A merry note !
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw ;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl—
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tuwhoo !
Tuwhit ! tuwhoo ! A merry note !
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
ODE TO THE WEST WIND

(1)

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's
being,

Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and Preserver; hear, oh, hear!

(2)

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's com-
motion,

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Ot some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst : oh, hear !

(3)

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

(4)

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

(5)

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

CHARLES KINGSLEY
ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

WELCOME, wild North-easter!
Shame it is to see

Odes to every zephyr ;

Ne'er a verse to thee.

Welcome, black North-easter !

O'er the German foam ;

O'er the Danish moorlands,

From thy frozen home.

Tired we are of summer,

Tired of gaudy glare,

Showers soft and steaming,

Hot and breathless air.

Tired of listless dreaming,

Through the lazy day :

Jovial wind of winter,

Turn us out to play !

Sweep the golden reed-beds ;

Crisp the lazy dyke ;

Hunger into madness

Every plunging pike.

Fill the lake with wild-fowl ;

Fill the marsh with snipe ;

While on dreary moorlands

Lonely curlew pipe.

Through the black fir-forest

Thunder harsh and dry,

Shattering down the snowflakes

Off the curdled sky.

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

Hark ! The brave North-easter !
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow,
Who can over-ride you ?
Let the horses go !
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast ;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go ! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester ?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true loves
Out of all the seas :
But the black North-easter,
Through the snow-storm hurled,

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come ; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew ;
Blow, thou wind of God !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their Mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under ;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits ;
In a cavern under is fettered the Thunder
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the Genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream under mountain or stream
The spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

THE CLOUD

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead :
As on the jag of a mountain crag
While an earthquake rocks and swings
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the Moon
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The Stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the Moon and these.

THE CLOUD

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the Stars reel and swim,
When the Whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof ;
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the Powers of the air are chained to my
chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ;
The Sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex
gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
tomb,
I arise, and unbuild it again.

WANDERING AND HOMING

GERALD GOULD

WANDER-THIRST

BEYOND the East the sunrise, beyond the West
the sea,
And East and West the wander-thirst that will not
let me be;
It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say
good-bye;
For the seas call and the stars call, and oh! the call
of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the
blue hills are,
But a man can have the Sun for friend, and for his
guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice
is heard,
For the river calls and the road calls, and oh! the
call of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and
day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships
sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you
why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the Sun and
the white road and the sky!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
But hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

BLISS CARMAN
THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

NOW the joys of the road are chiefly these :
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees ;
A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too ;
A shadowy highway cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down.
From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp ;
The outward eye, the quiet will
And the striding heart from hill to hill ;
The tempter apple over the fence ;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince ;
The palish asters along the wood,—
A lyric touch of the solitude.
An open hand, and easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through,
Another to sleep with, and a third,
To wake me up at the voice of a bird ;
A scrap of gossip at the ferry ;
A comrade neither glum nor merry,
Who never defers and never demands,
But smiling takes the world in his hands,
Seeing it good as when God first saw
And gave it the weight of his will for law.
And O the joy that is never won
But follows, and follows, the journeying sun.

BLISS CARMAN
A SON OF THE SEA

I WAS^{*}born for deep sea-faring,
I was bred to put to sea ;
Stories of my father's daring
Filled me at my mother's knee.

I was sired among the surges,
I was cubbed beside the foam
All my heart is in its verges,
And the sea-wind is my home.

All my boyhood, from far vernal
Bourns of being, came to me
Dream-like, plangent, and eternal
Memories of the plunging sea.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON
THE SICK STOCKRIDER

HOLD hard, Ned! Lift me d'own once more,
and lay me in the shade.

Old man, you've had your work cut out to
guide

Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I
swayed,
All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ride.

The dawn at Moorabinda was a mist-rack, dull and
dense,

The sunrise was a sullen sluggish lamp;
I was dozing in the gateway at Arbuthnot's bound'ry
fence,

I was dreaming on the Limestone cattle camp.

We crossed the creek at Carricksford and sharply
through the haze,

And suddenly the sun shot flaming forth:
'To southward lay 'Katâwa,' with the sandpeaks all
ablaze,

And the flushed fields of Glen Lomond lay to
north.

* * * * *

Eight years ago—or was it nine?—last March.

'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the
gleaming grass,

To wander as we've wandered many a mile,

THE SICK STOCKRIDER

And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the
white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.

'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied
the station roofs

To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard.
With a running fire of stockwhips and a fiery run of
hoofs;

Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard!

Aye! we had a glorious gallop after 'Starlight' and
his gang,

When they bolted from Sylvester's on the flat;
How the sun-dried reed-beds crackled, how the flint-
strewn ranges rang,

To the strokes of 'Mountaineer' and 'Acro-
bat!'

Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across
the heath,

Close beside them through the tea-tree scrub
we dashed;

And the golden-tinted fern leaves, how they rustled
underneath!

And the honeysuckle osiers, how they crashed!

We led the hunt throughout, Ned, on the chestnut
and the grey,

And the troopers were three hundred yards
behind,

THE SICK STOCKRIDER

While we emptied our six-shooters on the bush
rangers at bay,
In the creek with stunted box-tree for a blind!

There you grappled with the leader, man to man and
horse to horse,
And you rolled together when the chestnut
reared;
He blazed away and missed you in that shallow water-
course—
A narrow shave — his powder missed your
beard!

In these hours when life is ebbing, how those days
when life was young
Come back to us; how clearly I recall,
Even the yarns Jack Hall invented, and the songs
Jem Roper sung,
And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Hall?

Aye! nearly all our comrades of the old colonial
school,
Our ancient boon companions, Ned, are gone;
Hard liver for the most part, somewhat reckless as
a rule,
It seems that you and I are left alone.

I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my
share of toil,
And life is short—the longest life a span,

THE SICK STOCKRIDER

I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or for the wine that maketh glad the heart of
man.

For good undone and gifts misspent, and resolutions
vain,

'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—
I should live the same life over, if I had to live
again;

And the chances are I go where most men go.

Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle-
blossoms wave,

With never stone or rail to fence my bed;
Should the sturdy station children pull the bush
flowers on my grave,

I may chance to hear them romping overhead.

SAMUEL ROGERS

A WISH

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

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet-gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

ROBERT BROWNING
HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

I

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

II

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

ROBERT BROWNING
HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-
West died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into
Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar
lay;
In the dimmest North-East distance, dawned Gibraltar
grand and grey;
'Here and here did England help me: how can I
help England?'—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to
praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

CHIVALRY

JULIA WARD HOWE

AMERICA: 'BATTLE HYMN OF
THE REPUBLIC'

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of His terrible
swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of
steel—
'As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My
grace shall deal';
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
His heel,
Since God is marching on!

‘BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC’

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgment seat;

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the
sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me;

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
man free

While God is marching on!

ROBERT BROWNING

HERVE RIEL

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred
ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the
blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of
sharks pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the
Rance,

With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in
full chase;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Dampfreville;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all;

And they signalled to the place

'Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—
or, quicker still

Here's the English can, and will!

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt
on board;

'Why, what hope or chance have ships like these
to pass?' laughed they:

'Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
scarred and scored,

HERVÉ RIEL

Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty
guns

Think to make the river-mouth by the single
narrow way,

Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty
tons,

And with flow at full beside?

Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,

While rock stands or water runs,

Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.

Brief and bitter the debate:

'Here's the English at our heels; would you have
them take in tow

All that's left us of the *Fleur*, linked together stern
and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?

Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech).

Not a minute more to wait!

'Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on
the beach!

France must undergo her fate.

Give the word!' But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid
all these

HERVÉ RIEL

A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first,
second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for
the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.
And ‘What mockery or malice have we here?’ cries
Hervé Riel:
‘Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards,
fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every
swell
‘Twixt the offing here and Greve where the river
disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the
lying’s for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse
than fifty Hagues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe
me there’s a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,

HERVE RIEL

Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know
 well,
 Right to Solidor past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave,
 —Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!
 cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
‘Steer us in then, small and great!
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the Squadron!’
 cried its chief,
‘Captains give the sailor place!
 He is Admiral in brief.’
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face,
As the big ship with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide
 sea's profound!
 See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
 ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harboured to the last,

HERVE RIEL

And just as Hervé Riel hollas 'Anchor!'—sure as
fate
Up the English come, too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
'Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance,
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the
Rance!
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's
countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,
'This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!
What a shout, and all one word,
'Hervé Riel!
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, 'My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.

HERVÉ RIEL

Praise is deeper than the lips :
You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
'Faith our sun was near eclipse !
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's not
 Damfreville.'

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue :
'Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it
 but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
 Since the others go ashore—
Come ! a good whole holiday !
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the
 Belle Aurore !'
That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost :
Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,

HERVÉ RIEL

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

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

Go to Paris: rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank!

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

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the Squadron, honour France, love thy wife the
Belle Aurore!

WILLIAM MORRIS
SHAMEFUL DEATH

THERE were four of us about that bed ;
The mass-priest knelt at the side,
I and his mother stood at the head ;
Over his feet lay the bride ;
We were quite sure that he was dead,
Though his eyes were open wide.

He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day,
But in the morning twilight
His spirit pass'd away,
When neither sun nor moon was bright,
And the trees were merely grey.

He was not slain with the sword,
Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
Yet spoke he never a word
After he came in here ;
I cut away the cord
From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
For the recreants came behind,
In a place where the hornbeams grow,
A path right hard to find,
For the hornbeam boughs swing so,
That the twilight makes it blind.

SHAMEFUL DEATH

They lighted a great torch then,
When his arms were pinion'd fast,
Sir John the knight of the Fen,
Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,
With knights threescore and ten,
Hung brave Lord Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,
And my hair is all turn'd grey.
But I met Sir John of the Fen
Long ago on a summer day,
And am glad to think of the moment when
I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,
And my strength is mostly pass'd,
But long ago I and my men,
When the sky was overcast,
And the smoke roll'd over the reeds of the fen,
Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, knights all of you,
I pray you pray for Sir Hugh,
A good knight and a true,
And for Alice, his wife, pray too.

RUDYARD KIPLING
THE YOUNG QUEEN

HER hand was still on her sword hilt—the spur
was still on her heel—
She had not cast her harness of grey war-dinted steel :
High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful, bold
and browned,
Bright-eyed out of the battle, the Young Queen rode
to be crowned.

And she came to the Old Queen's presence, in the
Hall of Our Thousand Years—
In the Hall of the Five Free Nations that are peers
among their peers :
Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed the head,
Crying :—'Crown me, my Mother!' And the Old
Queen stood and said :

'How can I crown thee further? I know whose
standard flies
Where the clean surge takes the Leeuwin or the
notched Kaikomas rise,
Blood of our foes on thy bridle and speech of our
friends in thy mouth—
How can I crown thee further, O queen of the
Sovereign South?

'Let the Five Free Nations witness! But the
Young Queen answered swift :—
'It shall be crown of our crowning to hold our
crown for a gift.

THE YOUNG QUEEN

In the days when our folk were feeble, thy sword
made sure our lands,
Wherefore We come in power to beg our crown at
thy hands.'

And the Old Queen raised and kissed her, and the
jealous circlet pressed,
Roped with the pearls of the Northland, and red with
the gold of the West—
Lit with her land's own opals, lion-hearted, alive,
And the five-starred Cross above them, for sign of
the Nations Five.

So it was done in the Presence—in the Hall of our
Thousand Years—
In the face of the Five Free Nations that have no
peer but their peers ;
And the Young Queen out of the Southland kneeled
down at the Old Queen's knee
And asked for a Mother's blessing on the excellent
years to be.

And the Old Queen stooped in the stillness where
the jewelled head dropped low :
' Daughter no more but Sister, and doubly Daughter
so—
Mother of many princes—a child of the child I bore,
What good thing shall I wish thee that I have not
wished before ?

THE YOUNG QUEEN

' Shall I give thee delight in dominion—rash pride
of thy setting forth ?

Nay, we be women together—we know what that
lust is worth.

Peace on thy utmost borders and strength on a road
untrod ?

' These are dealt or diminished at the secret will
of God.

' I have swayed troublous councils—I am wise in
terrible things—

Father, and son, and grandson, I have known the
hearts of the Kings.

Shall I give thee my sleepless wisdom or the gift all
wisdom above ?

Ay, we be women together,—I give thee thy people's
love :

' Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant of prayers or
vows,

Eager in face of peril as thine for thy Mother's
house—

God requite thee, my sister, through the strenuous
years to be,

And make thy people to love thee as thou hast loved
me !'

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT
HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

‘**Y**E have robbed,’ said he, ‘ye have slaughtered
and made an end,
Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead :
What will ye more of your guest and sometime
friend?’
‘Blood for our blood,’ they said.

He laughed : ‘If one may settle the score for five,
I am ready ; but let the reckoning stand till day :
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive.’
‘You shall die at dawn,’ said they.

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,
He climb’d alone to the Eastward edge of the
trees ;
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope
He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills
The ravine where the Yassin river sullenly flows ;
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,
Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,
The wistaria trailing in at the window wide ;
He heard his father’s voice from the terrace below
Calling him down to ride.

HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

He saw the grey little church across the park,
The mounds* that hid the loved and honoured
dead ;
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,
The brasses black and red.

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet
wall,
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between
His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and timbered roof,
The long tables, and the faces merry and keen ;
The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,
The Dons on the daïs serene.

He watch'd the liner's stem ploughing the foam,
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her
screw ;
He heard her passengers' voices talking of home,
He saw the flag she flew.

And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,
And strode to his ruin'd camp below the
wood ;
He drank the breath of the morning cool and
sweet ;
His murderers round him stood.

HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,
The blood-red snow-peaks chilled to a dazzling
white;

He turn'd, and saw the golden circle at last,
Cut by the eastern height.

'O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee.'

A sword swept.

Over the pass the voices one by one
Faded, and the hill slept.

COLONEL LOVELACE
TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO
THE WARS

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

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

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

SIR WALTER SCOTT
GATHERING SONG OF DONALD
THE BLACK

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky ;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar ;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadwords and targes.

SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward, each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

WALT WHITMAN

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is
done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we
sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red!
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells:
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
shores crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will;

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

LORD MACAULAY
HORATIUS

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
' From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine.

HORATIUS

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand
The horse are thousands ten:
Before the gates of Sutrium,
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

Now from the rock Tarpeian
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.

HORATIUS

Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain ;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith uprose the Consul,
Uprose the Fathers all ;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate ;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly :
'The bridge must straight go down ;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town.'

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear :
'To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul :
'Lars Porsena is here.'
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

HORATIUS

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come ;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name ;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the housetops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

HORATIUS

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

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

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

' Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.

HORATIUS

In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ?

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

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

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

HORATIUS

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

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

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

HORATIUS

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

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

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

* * * *

HORATIUS

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

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

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

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.

HORATIUS

With shield and blade Horatius
Right-deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh;
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space :
Then like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

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

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.

HORATIUS

'And see,' he cried, 'the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?'

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

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

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack :
But those behind cried 'Forward !'
And those before cried 'Back !'

HORATIUS

And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array ;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel ;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

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

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

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.

HORATIUS

‘Come back, come back, Horatius!’

Loud cried the Fathers all.

‘Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!

Back, ere the ruin fall!’

Back darted Spurius Lartius;

Herminius darted back:

And, as they passed, beneath their feet

They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,

And on the farther shore

Saw brave Horatius stand alone,

They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder

Fell every loosened beam,

And, like a dam, the mighty wreck

Lay right athwart the stream:

And a long shout of triumph

Rose from the walls of Rome,

As to the highest turret-tops

Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken

When first he feels the rein,

The furious river struggled hard,

And tossed his tawny mane,

‘And burst the curb, and bounded,

Rejoicing to be free,

And whirling down, in fierce career,

Battlement, and plank, and pier,

Rushed headlong to the sea.

HORATIUS

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

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

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

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,

HORATIUS

With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But *fiercely* ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain
And fast his blood was flowing ;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows :
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

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

‘Curse on him!’ quoth false Sextus ;
‘Will not the villain drown?’
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town !’

HORATIUS

‘Heaven help him!’ quoth Lars Porsena,
‘And bring him safe to shore ;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.’

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

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

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

HORATIUS

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

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

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

THOMAS CAMPBELL
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 hill, 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.

HOHENLINDEN

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 their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

