

THE BOWER BOOK
OF
SIMPLE POEMS
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



Frontispiece

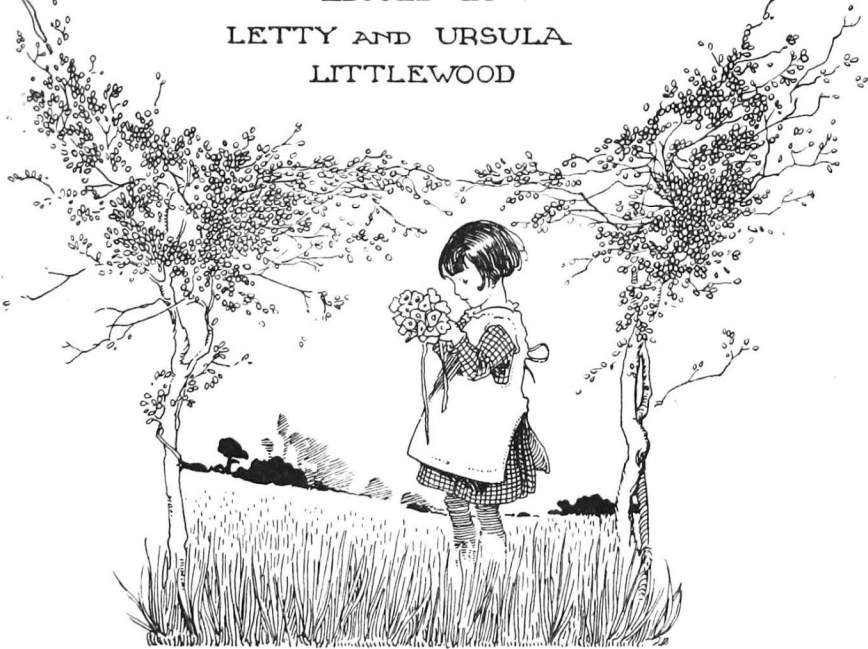
(see page 240).

'A noun's the name of anything,
As book or garden, hoop or swing.'

THE BOWER BOOK
OF
SIMPLE POEMS
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



EDITED BY
LETTY AND URSULA
LITTLEWOOD



ILLUSTRATIONS BY HONOR C APPLETON

DANIEL O'CONNOR
90 GREAT RUSSELL STREET
W.C. 1

Printed in Great Britain by
NEILL & CO., LTD., EDINBURGH.

Preface

*T*HIS is called "The Bower Book" because we have picked out the poems in a bower that was made in the garden by our brother Frank, who helped with the "Nursery Rhyme Book" ten years ago. We have chosen just the poems that pleased us, and have not worried whether anyone else thinks differently. We beg to thank Dr Greville Macdonald, and all those owners of copyright who have so kindly given us permission to use the poems that belong to them; and we have put in some by our father, just because he is our father.

LETTY LITTLEWOOD.

URSULA LITTLEWOOD.

London, 15th July 1922.

CONTENTS

FLOWER POEMS

	PAGE		PAGE
Under Leaves so Green	3	By the Lake . . .	23
Whither ? . . .	4	To Violets . . .	25
To Blossoms . . .	5	The Morning Glory .	26
The Celandine . . .	6	Buttercups and Daisies	29
To Daffodils . . .	8	The Rose	31
The Ride of the Flowers	9		

HOME POEMS

Joy	35	Early Rising . . .	50
Sweet and Low . . .	36	The First Tooth . .	52
Lullaby	37	I Love Little Pussy .	54
Baby Bell	38	The Chatterbox . .	55
Good-night and Good- morning	40	A Wish	57
My Mother	42	The Old Arm-Chair .	58
My Father	45	I Remember	60
The Kitten	47	Baby	62
The Fly	49	The Doll's House . .	65

OUT-AND-ABOUT POEMS

	PAGE		PAGE
Pippa's Song . . .	69	Thou Winter Wind ! .	106
Nurse's Song . . .	70	The Tiger . . .	108
The Months . . .	71	The Skylark . . .	110
Spring . . .	73	The Cow . . .	112
The Almanack . . .	75	The Bee . . .	113
A Child's Song . . .	78	To a Butterfly . . .	114
The Star . . .	80	The Fairies . . .	116
Home Thoughts . . .	81	Over Hill, Over Dale .	119
A Laughing Song . . .	83	The Fairies' Song . . .	120
Colours . . .	85	How the Water Comes	
The Lamb . . .	86	Down at Lodore . . .	121
The Meeting of the		Hunting Song . . .	123
Waters . . .	87	The Echoing Green . . .	125
The Sea . . .	88	To a Butterfly . . .	127
Youth and Age . . .	90	Ariel's Song . . .	128
The Brook . . .	91	To a Bee . . .	129
Under the Greenwood		The Village Blacksmith	131
Tree . . .	94	The Nightingale . . .	134
To the Cuckoo . . .	95	Horns of Elfland . . .	136
All Among the Barley	97	Child of Nature . . .	137
The Piper . . .	99	Yellow Sands . . .	139
March . . .	101	Bird Language . . .	140
I've been Roaming . . .	102	Pack, Clouds, Away !	141
To the North - East		Seven Years Old . . .	142
Wind . . .	103	The World . . .	144

CONTENTS

ix

STORY POEMS

	PAGE		PAGE
The Pied Piper of		We are Seven . . .	182
Hamelin . . .	149	The Bailiff's Daughter	185
Lochinvar . . .	164	Maud . . .	188
The Maid with Two		The Spider and the	
Lovers . . .	168	Fly . . .	190
Sir Faintheart . . .	172	The May Queen . . .	194

POEMS OF BEING GOOD

A Day . . .	199	Let Dogs Delight . . .	215
Be Good, Sweet Maid!	200	The Turtle-Dove's Nest	217
Life . . .	201	The Sluggard . . .	219
Shepherd's Song . . .	202	Little Things . . .	221
A Prayer . . .	203	Harriet and the	
Goodenough and Too-		Matches . . .	223
good . . .	204	The Story of Augustus	226
Charms and Knots . . .	205	Who is Silvia? . . .	228
Abou Ben Adhem . . .	206	Rub and Rust . . .	229
Aspirations . . .	208	The Giver . . .	230
Try Again . . .	210	Now the Day is Over . . .	232
Sympathy . . .	212	Farewell . . .	234
My Little Brother . . .	214		

ODD POEMS

	PAGE		PAGE
The Year	237	The Looking-Glass	250
The Boy and the Parrot	238	The Jumblies	254
Grammar	240	A Book	258
The Music Lesson	242	The Vowels	260
The Letter " H "	243	A B C	261
The Twins	245	The Mad Dog	263
Puns	247	The Breeches	265

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

‘ A noun’s the name of anything, As book or garden, hoop or swing ’ . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Vignette Title-page	
‘ All among the gardens ’	<i>To face page</i> 4
‘ See the kitten on the wall ’	„ 47
‘ A mansion in itself complete ’	„ 64
‘ Emblem of happiness, Blest is thy dwelling-place— ’	„ 110
‘ They stole little Bridget For seven years long ’	„ 116
‘ Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world ’	„ 144
‘ I love you well, my little brother ’	„ 214
‘ Parrot, if I had your wings ’	„ 238
‘ Some love me too fondly, Some slight me too much ’	„ 268

Flower Poems

Under Leaves so Green

MERRY, merry Sparrow !
Under leaves so green
A happy Blossom
Sees you, swift as arrow,
Seek your cradle narrow,
Near my bosom.

Pretty, pretty Robin !
Under leaves so green
A happy Blossom
Hears you sobbing, sobbing,
Pretty, pretty robin,
Near my bosom.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Whither ?

“ DAINTY little maiden, whither will you
wander—

Whither from this pretty house, this city-
house of ours ? ”

“ All among the meadows, the clover and the
clematis,

Daisies and king-cups, and honeysuckle
flowers ! ”

“ Dainty little maiden, whither will you
wander—

Whither from this pretty home, this home
where mother dwells ? ”

“ All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,
Roses and lilies, and Canterbury bells ! ”

LORD TENNYSON.



'All among the Gardens.'

To Blossoms

F AIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave :
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK.

The Celandine

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies :
Let them live upon their praises ;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory ;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story :
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star :
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout !
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower ;—I'll make a stir
Like a great astronomer.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about its nest,

THE CELANDINE

7

Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal ;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood !
Travel with the multitude ;
Never heed them : I aver
That they all are wanton wooers.
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home :
Spring is coming—Thou art come !

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth :
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing !
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



To Daffodils

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

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain ;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

The Ride of the Flowers

HAVE you heard how the flowers once
rode in a band
A long, long way through Lullaby Land
To the Court of the Queen of the Lilies?
They started forth at the fall of night
When the moon was low and the wind was
light,
And only the star that shines for lovers
Looked into the garden our tale discovers.
A cottage garden it was, where tall
Round-faced sunflowers peered over the wall.
It was oh, so small, and oh, so neat!—
With trim little paths for two little feet,
With primroses and daisies dight,
And peeping choirs of pansies bright.
There were stocks and phlox and holly-
hocks
In snug little borders edged with box,
And the air was sweet as sweet could be
With lavender, thyme, and rosemary—

But just when the story begins—my word !
Such a hullabaloo had never been heard ;
For Ivy and Briony up the wall
Came climbing hard as their hands could
haul.

Truants both, they were back that day
From the great Glass Palace far away,
Whose glistening dome, in the morning
gleam,

Shone like a fairy's dream.

And, wonderful news, so it befell,

Ivy and Briony had to tell,

For there they had heard of a great decree
That the Queen of the Lilies betrothed
should be,

Or ever the very next moon was new,
To the gallantest flower that came to woo.

Moreover, they told how all around
Had suitors rare been sought and found.

Nay, even now the flowers were coming—
There was never such marching, and trooping,
and drumming,

For far and near, as had long been planned,
They were marshalling all to ride in a band

THE RIDE OF THE FLOWERS 11

The long, long way through Lullaby Land
To the Court of the Queen of the Lilies.

What wonder, then, at the wild dismay
In that cottage-garden, so sprucely gay,
For the poor little flowers had never known
Of this news that over the world was
blown.

They hurried and scurried, this way and that :
“ What d’you think of your chances ? ”

“ How’s my cravat ? ”

And stiff old Lupin, time and again,
Called “ Order ! order ! gentlemen ! ”

While dandy Larkspur was sure that he
The Queen of the Lilies’ love would be,
Not one of them doubted about his fate—
They only feared that they might be late.

So there and then they made haste to go
While the wind was light and the moon was low.
All helter-skelter they joined the throng,
From the gardens all along,

Where tulips pert, and monkshood sly,
And gaudy marigolds galloped by.
Say which was the fairest no one durst,

But there's never a doubt as to which was
the first ;
For, glowing with pride, from the tip of his
nose
To the point of his spurs, was a little Blush-
Rose,
Who daintily rode at the head of the band
That long, long way through Lullaby Land
To the Court of the Queen of the Lilies.

Now let us suppose the day has come,
With twitter of flute and flutter of drum,
And the flowers are met in a bright array,
At the great Glass Palace far away.
See, the Queen of the Lilies is throned on high,
While Orange Blossom, her page, stands by ;
And the flowers are ranged on every side,
Each hoping to win this beautiful bride
For his own dear self—a wonderful sight
Were those rival splendours, left and right.
There were orchids dressed in all manner of
tastes,
With speckled breeches and wasp-like waists,
With gorgeous plume, and pouch, and frill ;

THE RIDE OF THE FLOWERS 13

And pale camellias, prouder still.
Here drooping, passionate fuchsias sighed,
There cyclamens, all heavy-eyed,
While languorous odours filled the air,
From clustered wax-flowers everywhere.

One by one,
With delicate step they passed the throne,
But the Queen of the Lilies cared for none.
She looked them up, and she looked them down,
With here a smile, and there a frown,
But amongst them all there was none that
stirred
A thought of her heart that was worth a
word.

How weary she grew ! She almost dozed
As the pageant passed, with her eyes half-
closed—

Till, all of a sudden, a terrible pother
Was raised at the door by someone or
other—

A hustling, and shouting, and pushing about
Of a clamouring crowd who would not keep
out—

And undismayed, midst a regular din,
The cottage flowers came marching in,
Such a draggled troop—all dusty and torn—
No wonder the rest laughed loud in their
scorn !

But the cottage-flowers gave no ear
To tauntings there and titterings here.
They struggled through till they reached the
throne,
Where the Queen of the Lilies sat alone,
And there claimed speech. She bent her
head.

“ Silence ! They shall be heard,” she
said.

Then simple and straight they told their tale
Of wanderings over hill and dale.

How far they had been they hardly knew,
Or even how long. Nay, only a few
Of those who had started were there that day,
One by one they had fallen away.

Some lagged behind, and most of the rest
Gave up quite early all hope of the quest.
But one was lost, so at least they said,
Who for most of the way had ridden ahead.

THE RIDE OF THE FLOWERS 15

'Twas the little Blush-Rose. He had pranced
along,

In his hand a lance, in his heart a song ;

And so proudly he rode that he quite
forgot

To think if the others were near him or not.
They kept him in sight as long as they could,
Right on till they came to a dingley wood.

Then they saw him no more. Now, all this
while

The Queen of the Lilies, with never a smile,
Though all were chafing at what they
heard,

Leaned forth as she listened to every word.
So when they had done, she was dumb for a
space,

While a nervous hush fell over the place.

Then into her eyes came a wondrous light,
And a faint flush stole to her brow so
white,

And haughtily back her head she throws.

“ Go find,” quoth she, “ the little Blush-Rose.

You tell me true, so I understand,

It was he who rode at the head of the band

This long, long way through Lullaby Land
To the Court of the Queen of the Lilies.”

There was consternation, you may have
guessed,

When the flowers all heard the Queen's behest ;
The fuchsias sneered and the orchids
pouted—

Never before had they been so flouted ;
But they knew the Queen would have her way,
There was nothing for it but just to obey.

One by one,
Slowly they filed out past the throne,
Till the Queen of the Lilies was left all alone
With Orange Blossom, her page. And
there

Long, long she sat with pensive air.
The hours dragged by, the day grew dim,
She spoke not a word, she moved not a limb.
But Orange Blossom, as for him,
He soon grew mightily tired of waiting,
And all the while was fussing and prating.
At last the Queen of the Lilies stirred—
She moved to the door without a word.

THE RIDE OF THE FLOWERS 17

“ Mistress! What now? ” asked the plump
little elf.

“ I am going,” the Queen replied, “ my-
self.”

“ Going ! ” cried Orange Blossom, amazed,
For, sure enough, he thought her crazed.

“ What should you, who have never been
outside

This palace, do in the world so wide ?

Dear lady, permit me to assure you,
It’s a terrible place. What on earth can allure
you ?

Is it hail, or frost, or the night wind’s
breath,

Or hunger, or thirst, or certain death ? ”

But all his talk was of no avail,
The Queen but closer drew her veil.

Quoth she, “ Whatever the wind that
blows,

I go to seek for the little Blush-Rose.”

So out she fared in the waning day—

A sudden gust blew her veil away.

Still she went on ; but the page, alack !

At the first cold blast ran shuddering back.

Trembling he stood, like a lamb new-shorn,
In that great Glass Palace all forlorn,
 Whence the flowers had sped—but whither
 Heaven knows !—
 All scattered in search of the little Blush-
 Rose,
Who so daintily rode at the head of the band
That long, long way through Lullaby Land
 To the Court of the Queen of the Lilies.

Now, if you would know where the little Blush-
 Rose
Was all this time, you must hurry your toes,
 And come with me far over the green
 To the dingley wood where he last was
 seen ;
For there, all under a chestnut tree,
Weary and dusty and torn lay he.
 'Twas long ago that he lost his way,
 He had wandered aimless many a day ;
But never, never, try hard as he would,
Could he find a way out from the dingley wood.
Here, then, he had fallen, too weak to rise,
Hopeless, and hoarse with fruitless cries.

THE RIDE OF THE FLOWERS 19

His heart was sadder than tongue can tell,
And his tears like dew on the soft grass
 fell,
And he sighed so deep in his great despair
That he breathed all his sweetness out into the
 air.

Then at last he laid him down to die,
And Fern and Moss, who dwelt hard by,
Fashioned a dainty coverlet
For his cheek so worn, and wan, and wet.
But see—the leaves in the distance stir !
Who comes ? A frail, fair wanderer.

 The birds are hardly hushed o'erhead,
 So gentle her look, so soft her tread.
And now through the boughs her form is seen.
Why, sure it is the Lily-Queen !
She too is faint, and near to death—
By the tree she leans, with labouring breath,
 And, swooning, falls. Yet she still knows
 naught
 Of the little Blush-Rose, so near, so
 sought.

And many a day and many a night
They each lay so, in piteous plight ;

Till, after a while, when the twigs grew
bare,
Magical, out of the empty air,
Floating through to the ground below,
There fell the snow.

It pillowed them soft from head to feet,
It wrapped them round, like a winding-
sheet,
And it clothed in white the woodland, too,
While over their heads the wild winds blew.
So thus they lay, unknowingly,
Under the boughs of the self-same tree—
The fairest flower that ever was seen,
The tender, slender Lily-Queen,
And he whose sorrows this rough rhyme shows,
This sprightly knight, this little Blush-Rose,
Who so daintily rode at the head of the band
The long, long way through Lullaby Land
To the Court of the Queen of the Lilies.

But there dawned a day, the winter past,
When Snowdrop came, with her eyes down
cast.

She spied the sad ones sleeping there,

THE RIDE OF THE FLOWERS 21

And she thought, "Why, these are a
royal pair!"

So she called, in a voice all sweetly shrill,
For her golden lover, Daffodil,
Who blew a note on his horn so clear
The wood-flowers crowded up to hear,
The violets stole from far-off dells,
Wild hyacinths with trembling bells,
And they danced around, in a blossoming
ring,

Singing the song of Spring.

Then the Lily and Rose awoke once more,
Lovelier far than they were before,
With a purer white and a tenderer red,
And a richer green on their robes o'er-
spread.

And they stood in the sunlight, hand in hand,
The King and Queen of Lullaby Land.

Now where that is there is none can say,
Though some there be who have passed that
way,

Journeying forth, by day or night,
In quest of the kingdom of Heart's
Delight,

Whose walls of gleaming gossamer stand
Quite close to the borders of Lullaby Land.

But aught beyond I may not tell,

 Though this I know—and know full well—
That two round eyes in sleep must close
Or ever they'll see the little Blush-Rose,
As he daintily rode at the head of the band
That long, long way through Lullaby Land
 To the Court of the Queen of the Lilies.

S. R. LITTLEWOOD.

By the Lake

I WANDERED lonely as a Cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden Daffodils,
Beside the Lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :—
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company !
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the Daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

To Violets

WELCOME, Maids of Honour,
You do bring
In the Spring ;
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair ;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies,
And so graced
To be placed
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By and by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

ROBERT HERRICK.

The Morning Glory

(From the Japanese)

'T WAS a little flower
Famed in rhyme and story,
Blooming but an hour,
Called the Morning Glory.

By it, for more years
Than the records knew,
Never touched with shears,
Grew a sombre Yew.

Came a Maiden, fair
As the heaven above her—
Plucked the blossom there,
For her soldier lover.

“Flow'ret,” thought the Maid,
“Thou shalt greet him soon!”
In her bosom laid,
It was dead ere noon.

THE MORNING GLORY

27

Came the Soldier near—
 Brave he was and true.
Cut himself a spear
 From the stubborn Yew.

Prone upon his knee,
 Faint and bruised and gory,
Fighting—what cared he
 For the Morning Glory ?

Came a Poet then—
 Stranger he to gladness ;
All things from his pen
 Took their tinge of sadness.

He would write an ode
 On the Morning Glory—
How the emblem showed
 Life, so transitory !

“ Oh ! that we might strive—”
 So he sighed with tears—
“ Like the Yew to thrive
 For a thousand years ! ”

THE BOWER BOOK

Came at last a Sage.
Worn he was, and weary,
Poor, and bent with age,
But his glance was cheery.

“ Happy flower ! ” quoth he,
“ Happy as the lark !
Dearer thou to me
Than the Yew so dark !

“ When did its dry splinters
Thrill for girl or boy ?
Are its myriad winters
Worth one hour of joy ?

“ There’s no end but Duty,
Be it short or long,
Be it use or beauty,
Or to be frail or strong.

“ All from life must part,
Young, maybe, or hoary.
Give me then the heart
Of the Morning Glory ! ”

S. R. LITTLEWOOD.

Buttercups and Daisies

BUTTERCUPS and daisies,
Oh, the pretty flowers ;
Coming ere the spring time,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up here and there.

Ere the snowdrop peepeth,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold,—
Somewhere on the sunny bank
Buttercups are bright ;
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door.

Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold ;
Fearing not, and caring not,
Though they be a-cold !

What to them is winter !
What are stormy showers !
Buttercups and daisies
Are these human flowers !
He who gave them hardships
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength
And patient hearts to bear.

MARY HOWITT.

The Rose

THE rose had been washed, just washed
in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed,
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all
wet,
And it seemed, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
I snapped it—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile,
And the tear that is wiped with a little address
May be followed perhaps by a smile.

WILLIAM COWPER.



Home Poems

Joy

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

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

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Sweet and Low

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the Western sea ;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the Western sea !
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me ;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Father will come to his babe in the nest.
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon ;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep.

LORD TENNYSON.

Lullaby

O HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a
knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright ;
The woods and the glens, from the towers
which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;
Their bows would be bended, their blades
would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O hush thee, my babie, the time soon will
come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet
and drum ;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while
you may,
For strife comes with manhood, as waking
with day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Baby Bell

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours ?
The gates of heaven were left ajar :
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even,
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers ;
And all the air grew strangely sweet !
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May.
The swallows built beneath the eaves ;

BABY BELL

39

Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
The robins went, the livelong day ;
The lily swung its noiseless bell ;
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell !
O, earth was full of singing birds
And opening springtide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours !

T. B. ALDRICH.

Good-night and Good-morning

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see ;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, “ Dear work, good-night ! good-night ! ”

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying “ Caw ! caw ! ” on their way to bed ;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
“ Little black things, good-night ! good-night ! ”

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep’s bleat ! bleat ! came over the road—
All seeming to say with a quiet delight,
“ Good little girl, good-night ! good-night ! ”

She did not say to the sun “ Good-night ! ”
Though she saw him there like a ball of light ;

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING 41

For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violet curtseyed and went to bed ;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said on her knees her favourite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day—
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
“ Good - morning ! good -
morning ! our work
is begun ! ”

LORD HOUGHTON.



My Mother

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses pressed ?
My mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sang sweet lullaby,
And rocked me that I should not cry ?
My mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed ?
My mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die ?
My mother.

MY MOTHER

43

Who dressed my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me how to speak and play,
And minded all I had to say ?

My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well ?

My mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way ?

My mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me ?

My mother.

Ah ! no, the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,

My mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
My healthy arms shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pain away,
My mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
Would look with sorrow in His eyes,
If I should ever dare despise
My mother.

ANN TAYLOR.

My Father

WHO took me from my mother's arms,
And, smiling at her soft alarms,
Showed me the world, and nature's charms ?
My father.

Who made me feel and understand
The wonders of the sea and land,
And mark through all the Maker's hand ?
My father.

Who climbed with me the mountain height,
And watched my look of dread delight,
While rose the glorious orb of light ?
My father.

Who from each flower and verdant stalk
Gathered a subject for our talk,
To fill the long, delightful walk ?
My father.

Not on a poor worm would he tread,
Nor strike the little insect dead ;
Who taught at once my heart and head ?
My father.

Who taught my early mind to know
The God from whom all blessings flow,
Creator of all things below ?
My father.

ANN TAYLOR.



' See the kitten on the wall.'

The Kitten

SEE the kitten on the wall
Sporting with the leaves that fall—
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder-tree !
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, lowly : one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending—
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.

—But the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts !
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow ;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop, and there are none.

What intensesness of desire
In her turned-up eye of fire !
With a tiger-leap, half-way,
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again :
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer ;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.

Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands, with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd ?
Far too happy to be proud ;
Over-wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Fly

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I ;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up ;
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are thine and mine,
Hastening quick to their decline ;
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to fourscore ;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

W. OLDYS.

Early Rising

GET up, little sister : the morning is
bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the
light ;
The buds are all opening : the dew's on the
flower :
If you shake but a branch, see ! there falls
quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look under the
trees
How the young lambs are skipping about as
they please ;
And by all those rings on the water, I know
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing
To get honey from every flower of the Spring ;
For the bee never idles, but labours all day,
And thinks, wise little insect, work better
than play.

The lark's singing gaily ; it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay Spring is
begun ;
For Spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould be
wrong
If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.
Get up ; for when all things are merry and
glad,
Good children should never be lazy and sad ;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, and may work like
the bee.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.



The First Tooth

SISTER

THROUGH the house what busy
joy,

Just because the infant boy
Has a tiny tooth to show.
I have got a double row,
All as white, and all as small ;
Yet no one cares for mine at all.
He can say but half a word,
Yet that single sound's preferred
To all the words that I can say
In the longest summer day.
He cannot walk ; yet if he put
With mimic motion out his foot
As if he thought he were advancing,
It's more prized than my best dancing.



BROTHER

Sister, I know you jesting are ;
Yet O ! of jealousy beware.

If the smallest seed should be
In your mind of jealousy,
It will spring, and it will shoot,
Till it bear the baneful fruit.
I remember you, my dear,
Young as is this infant here.
There was not a tooth of those
Your pretty even ivory rows
But as anxiously was watched,
Till it burst its shell new-hatched,
As if it a Phoenix were,
Or some other wonder rare.
So when you began to walk—
So when you began to talk—
As now, the same encomiums past.
'Tis not fitting this should last
Longer than our infant days ;
A child is fed with milk and praise.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

I Love Little Pussy

I LOVE little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,
Or drive her away,
But pussy and I
Very gently will play.

She will sit by my side,
And I'll give her her food,
And she'll like me because
I am gentle and good.



The Chatterbox

FROM morning till night it was Lucy's
delight
To chatter and talk without stopping ;
There was not a day but she rattled away,
Like water for ever a-dropping !

No matter at all if the subject were small
Or not worth the trouble of saying,
'Twas equal to her, she would talking prefer
To working, or reading, or playing.

You'll think now, perhaps, that there would
have been gaps
If she had not been wonderfully clever ;
That her sense was so great, and so witty her
pate,
It would be forthcoming for ever.

But that's quite absurd, for, have you not
heard
That much tongue and few brains are con-
nected ;

That they are supposed to think least who
talk most,
And their wisdom is always suspected ?

While Lucy was young, had she bridled her
tongue
With a little good sense and exertion,
Who knows but she might now have been our
delight,
Instead of our jest and aversion ?

JANE TAYLOR.

A Wish

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;
A beehive'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.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

The Old Arm-Chair

I LOVE it—I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair !
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize—
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it
with sighs ;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start ;
Would you learn the spell ?—A mother sat
there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear ;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide
With truth for my creed, and God for my
Guide ;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR 59

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes were dim and her locks were
grey,
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,
My idol was shattered—my earth-star fled ;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past ! 'tis past ! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow ;
'Twas there she nursed me—'twas there she
died,
And memory flows with lava tide !
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding tears run down my cheek ;
But I love it—I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

I Remember

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn :
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day ;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday :
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing.

I REMEMBER

61

My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now ;
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :
It was a childish ignorance :
But now, 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

Baby

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and
spin?
Some of the starry twinkles left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and
high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white
rose?
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss ?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.



Where did you get this pearly ear ?
God spoke, and it came to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands ?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling
things ?

From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you ?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear ?
God thought about you, and so I'm here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



'A mansion in itself complete.'

The Doll's House

DEAR Agatha, I give you joy,
And much admire your pretty toy ;
A mansion in itself complete,
And fitted to give guests a treat ;
With couch and table, chest and chair,
The bed or supper to prepare ;
We almost wish to change ourselves
To fairy forms of tripping elves,
To press the velvet couch and eat
From tiny cups the sugared meat.
I much suspect that many a sprite
Inhabits it at dead of night ;
That, as they dance, the listening ear
The pat of fairy feet might hear ;
That just as you have said your prayers,
They hurry-scurry down the stairs ;
And you'll do well to try to find
Some little thing they've left behind.

MRS BARBAULD.

Out-and-About Poems

Pippa's Song

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 BROWNING.

Nurse's Song

WHEN the voices of children are heard
on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

“ Then come home, my children, the sun is
gone down,
And the dews of night arise ;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the skies.”

“ No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep ;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep.”

“ Well, well, go and play till the light fades
away,
And then go home to bed.”
The little ones leaped, and shouted, and
laughed,
And all the hills echoèd.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

The Months

JANUARY brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn :
Then the harvest home is borne.

THE BOWER BOOK

Warm September brings the fruit ;
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant ;
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
When the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

SARA COLERIDGE.



Spring

SOUND the flute !
Now 'tis mute ;
Birds delight,
Day and night ;
Nightingale
In the dale,
Lark in sky—
Merrily,

Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little boy,
Full of joy ;
Little girl,
Sweet and small ;
Cock does crow,
So do you ;
Merry voice,
Infant noise ;

Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little lamb,
Here I am ;
Come and lick
My white neck ;
Let me pull
Your soft wool ;
Let me kiss
Your soft face ;

Merrily, merrily we welcome in the year.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

The Almanack

ROBINS in the tree-tops,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things are growing
Ev'rywhere you pass.
Sudden little breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew.
Pine tree and willow tree,
Fringed elm and larch—
Don't you think that May-time's
Pleasanter than March ?

Apples in the orchard,
Mellowing one by one,
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun.
Roses faint with sweetness,
Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place.

THE BOWER BOOK

Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day—
Don't you think that Summer's
Pleasanter than May ?

Roger in the corn-patch
Whistling Negro songs ;
Pussy by the hearth-side
Romping with the tongs ;
Chestnuts in the ashes
Burning through the rind,
Red leaf and gold leaf
Rustling down the wind.
Mother " doing " peaches
All the afternoon—
Don't you think that Autumn's
Pleasanter than June ?

Little fairy snowflakes
Dancing in the flue ;
Old Mr Santa Claus,
What is keeping you ?
Twilight and firelight
Shadows come and go,

Merry chime of sleigh-bells
Tinkling through the snow.
Mother's knitting stockings,
Pussy's got the ball—
Don't you think that Winter's
Pleasanter than all ?

T. B. ALDRICH.

A Child's Song

" I see the moon and the moon sees me.
God bless the moon and God bless me."

LADY MOON, Lady Moon, where are you
roving ?

"Over the sea."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you
loving ?

" All that love me."

Are you not tired with rolling and never
Resting to sleep ?

Why look so pale and so sad, as for ever
Wishing to weep ?

" Ask me not this, little child ! if you love me :
You are too bold ;

I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you
roving ?

"Over the sea."



Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you
loving?

“All that love me.”

LORD HOUGHTON.

The Star

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light ;
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep
And often through my curtain peep ;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Guides the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

JANE TAYLOR.

Home Thoughts

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

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the
swallows !
Hark, where my 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.

A Laughing Song

THE earth is always laughing, you may
hear it from the sea,
You may see it in the twinkle of the poplar
tree ;
However dull to other folks the day may seem
to be,
It's only laughing everywhere to Ursula and
me.

In the chirping of the sparrows from the hedge-
row as we pass,
In the tiny little chorus of the grigs among the
grass,
In the whirring of the dragon-fly, the buzzing
of the bee,
The earth is only laughing with a
He ! he ! he !

Then out in the broad meadow, where we
children shout and run,
And the doggies are a-barking in their wonder
at the sun,

In spring-time when each little lamb is greeting
its mamma,
The earth is only laughing with a
Ha ! ha ! ha !

And even in the storm-time, when the sky is
black with hail,
Or when red clouds rush onward in the fury of
the gale,
And the thunder booms in answer to the roar-
ing stream below,
The earth is only laughing with a
Ho ! ho ! ho !

A thousand thousand voices make every season
glad,
All nature's merry-making—Oh, who can dare
be sad ?
There's a laughing song the whole green earth
is singing to the sky ;
And we are in the secret, are Ursula and I.

L. LITTLEWOOD.

Colours

I CANNOT tell what you say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what you say ;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, rosy rocks,
I cannot tell what you say ;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, brown streams,
I cannot tell what you say ;
But I know that in you too a spirit doth live,
And a word doth speak this day.

“ Oh, green is the colour of faith and truth,
And rose the colour of love and youth,
And brown of the fruitful clay.
Sweet earth is faithful, and fruitful, and young,
And her bridal day shall come ere long,
And you shall know what the rocks and the
streams
And the whispering woodlands say.”

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The Lamb

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

Little lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ?

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

Little lamb, God bless thee !
Little lamb, God bless thee !

WILLIAM BLAKE.

The Meeting of the Waters

THERE is not in the wide world a valley
so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet ;
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must
depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from
my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the
scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite still.
'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom,
were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment
more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature
improve
When we see them reflected from looks that
we love.

THOMAS MOORE.

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 ? 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 his 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 he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea !

BRYAN W. PROCTER.

Youth and Age

C'RABBED age and youth
Cannot live together :
Youth is full of pleasaunce,
Age is full of care :
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather ;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short ;
Youth is nimble, age is lame :
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold :
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee !
O my love, my love is young !
Age, I do defy thee ;
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

The Passionate Pilgrim.

The Brook

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

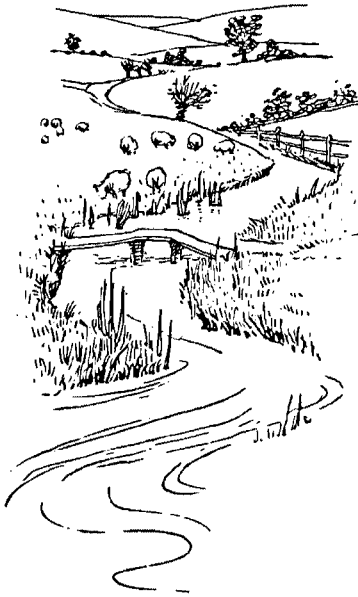
Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling.



And here and there a foamy
 flake
 Upon me, as I travel
 With many a silvery water-
 break
 Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along,
 and flow
 To join the brimming
 river,
 For men may come and men
 may go,
 But I go on for ever.

THE BROOK

93

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

LORD TENNYSON.

Under the Greenwood Tree

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

To the Cuckoo

O BLITHE new-comer, I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice ;
O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear !
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near !

I hear thee babbling to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers ;
And unto me thou bring'st a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to ; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial fairy place,
That is fit home for thee !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

All Among the Barley

COME out, 'tis now September, the hunter's
moon's begun,
And through the wheaten stubble is heard
the frequent gun.
The leaves are paling yellow, or kindling into
red,
And the ripe and golden barley is hanging
down its head.
All among the barley, who would not be
blithe,
When the free and happy barley is smiling on
the scythe ?

The Spring she is a young maid who does not
know her mind ;
The Summer is a tyrant, of most unrighteous
kind ;
The Autumn is an old friend who loves us all
he can,
And brings the golden barley to glad the heart
of man.

All among the barley, who would not be blithe,
When the free and happy barley is dancing on
the scythe ?

The wheat is like the rich man, the sleek and
well-to-do,
The oats are like a pack of girls, laughing and
dancing too,
The rye is like the miser that's sulky, lean, and
small,
But the free and bearded barley is monarch of
them all.
All among the barley, who would not be blithe,
When the free and happy barley is laughing on
the scythe ?

ELIZABETH STERLING.

The Piper

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

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

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

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

THE BOWER BOOK

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

WILLIAM BLAKE

March

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one !

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The ploughboy is whooping—
anon—anon :
There's joy in the mountains ;
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I've been Roaming

I'VE been roaming ! I've been roaming
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And like a queen I'm coming
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming ! I've been roaming
O'er red rose and lily fair,
And like a sylph I'm coming
With their blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming ! I've been roaming
Where the honeysuckle creeps,
And like a bee I'm coming
With its kisses on my lips.

I've been roaming ! I've been roaming
Over hill and over plain,
And like a bird I'm coming
To my bower back again !

GEORGE DARLEY.

To the North-East Wind

WELCOME, wild North-easter !
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr,
Ne'er a verse to thee.
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
Turns us out to play !
Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
Crisp the lazy dyke ;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wildfowl ;
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.



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 ?

TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND 105

'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 snowstorm hurled,
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 !

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Thou Winter Wind!

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green
holly !

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly :

Then heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

THOU WINTER WIND 107

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green
holly!

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly:

Then heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Tiger

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

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

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

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

THE TIGER

109

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see ?
Did He who made the Lamb make thee ?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night :
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

The Skylark

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

 Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud ;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

 O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away.



' Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place.'

THE SKYLARK

111

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

JAMES HOGG.

The Cow

THANK you, pretty cow, that
made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank ;
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet
grows,
Where the bubbling water
flows,
Where the grass is fresh and
fine,
Pretty cow, go there and
dine.

JANE TAYLOR.



The Bee

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flow'r !

How skilfully she builds her cell !
How neat she spreads the wax !
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

ISAAC WATTS.

To a Butterfly

BUTTERFLY, butterfly, brilliant and
bright,
How very often I envy your flight !
I think I should like through the whole summer
day,
Like you, pretty insect, to flutter and play.

Butterfly, butterfly, onward you fly,
Now skimming so lowly, now rising so high,
First on the jessamine, then on the rose,
Then you will visit the pinks, I suppose ?

Now you are resting, pray let me come
near :
I will not hurt you, nor touch you, don't
fear ;
For mamma says my hand is too heavy by
far
To touch such little creatures as butterflies
are.

TO A BUTTERFLY

115

Now you are off again. Butterfly, stay ;
Don't fly away from me, butterfly, pray :



Just let me look at your beautiful wings :
Oh ! it does not mind me, but upward it
springs.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

The Fairies

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men ;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather !

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam ;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits ;
He is now so old and grey,
He's nigh lost his wits.



‘They stole little Bridget,
For seven years long.’

With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses ;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long ;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,

They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men ;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather !

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Over Hill, Over Dale

OVER hill, over dale,
Through bush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
In their gold coats spots you see—
These be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Fairies' Song

YOU spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong ;
Come not near our fairy queen :

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here :
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence ;
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.
Hence, away ; now all is well :
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

How the Water Comes 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 and 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.

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 up-
roar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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 their 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 trace the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay,
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood 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 fray'd ;
You shall see him brought to bay.
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Echoing Green

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

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

THE BOWER BOOK

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

WILLIAM BLAKE.

To a Butterfly

I 'VE watched you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower ;
And, little butterfly, indeed,
I know not if you sleep or feed.

How motionless !—not frozen seas
More motionless ; and then,
What joy awaits you when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again !

This plot of orchard ground is ours,
My trees they are, my sister's flowers ;
Here rest your wings when they are weary,
Here lodge as in a sanctuary !

Come to us often, fear no wrong,
Sit near us on the bough !
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young ;
Sweet childish days that were as long
As twenty days are now.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Ariel's Song

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily :
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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-tree blossom 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 keeping and hoarding is spent,
What thy winter will never enjoy.

Wise lesson this 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 thy work for the year is done,

Thy master comes for the spoil ;

Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy bee !

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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 ;

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH 133

Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its 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 !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The Nightingale

AS it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring,
Everything did banish moan,
Save the Nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast against a thorn,
And there sung the dolefullest ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;
Tereu, tereu, by and by :
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs so lively shewn
Made me think upon mine own.
—Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain :

THE NIGHTINGALE

135

Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee ;
King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead.
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee
None alive will pity me.

The Passionate Pilgrim.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

Horns of Elfland

THE splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
dying.

LORD TENNYSON.

Child of Nature

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 healing 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.”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Yellow Sands

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Curt'sied when you have, and kiss'd—
The wild waves whist.
Foot it featly here and there ;
And sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark !
Bough, wowgh.
The watch dogs bark :
Bough, wowgh.
Hark, hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Bird Language

DO you ask what the birds say? The
sparrow and the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, "I love, and I
love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so
strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud
song,
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny
warm weather,
And singing and loving—all come back to-
gether.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and
love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky
above,
That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings
he,
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Pack, Clouds, Away!

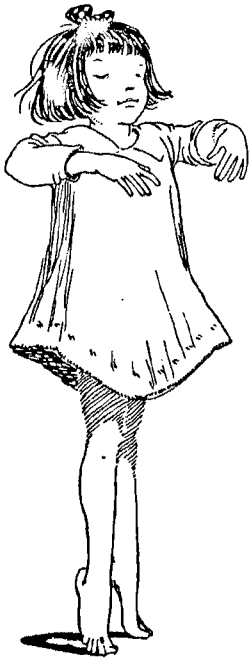
PACK, clouds, away! and welcome, day!
With night we banish sorrow:
Sweet air, blow soft! mount, lark, aloft!
To give my Love good-morrow;
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow.
Bird, prune thy wing! nightingale sing!
To give my Love good-morrow,
To give my Love good-morrow,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

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

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Seven Years Old

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and
clover,
There's no rain left in heaven :
I've said my " seven times " over and over ;
Seven times one are seven.



I am old, so old, I can write a
letter ;
My birthday lessons are done ;
The lambs play always, they
know no better ;
They are only one times one.

O moon ! in the night I have seen
you sailing ;
And shining so round and low ;
You were bright ! ah, bright !
but your light is failing—
You are nothing now but a
bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong
in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?—
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold !
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold !

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest with the young ones
in it ;
I will not steal them away !
I am old ! you may trust me, linnnet, linnnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

The World

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you
 curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the
 tree,
It walks on the water and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth ! how far you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers
 that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of
 miles ?

Ah ! you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all ;



'Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world.'

And yet when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
“ You are more than the Earth, though you
are such a dot :
You can love and think, and the Earth
cannot ! ”

W. B. RANDB.

Story Poems

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick
By famous Hanover city ;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side :
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own
ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall come flocking :
“ ’Tis clear,” cried they, “ our Mayor’s a
noddy ;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can’t or won’t determine
What’s best to rid us of our vermin !
You hope, because you’re old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a
racking
To find the remedy we’re lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we’ll send you packing ! ”
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence :
“ For a guilder I’d my ermine gown sell ;
I wish I were a mile hence !
It’s easy to bid one rack one’s brain—
I’m sure my poor head aches again
I’ve scratched it so, and all in vain ;

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN 151

Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap ! ”
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
“ Bless us,” cried the Mayor, “ what’s that ? ”

(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat ;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)

“ Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat ! ”
“ Come in ! ”—the Mayor cried, looking
bigger :
And in did come the strangest figure.

His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red ;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,

But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin !
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one : “ It’s as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom’s tone,
Had walked this way from his painted
tombstone.”

He advanced to the council-table :
And, “ Please your honours,” said he, “ I’m
able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper.”
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque ;
And at the scarf’s end hung a pipe ;

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN 153

And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

“ Yet,” said he, “ poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats ;
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders ? ”
“ One ? fifty thousand ! ”—was the ex-
clamation

Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty
 rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came
 tumbling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny
 rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
 Wherein all plunged and perished !
Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN 155

Which was, " At the first shrill notes of the
pipe,

I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe ;
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing of corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks ;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, ' Oh, rats ! rejoice !
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
So munch on, crunch on, take your nun-
cheon
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !'
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, ' Come, bore me !'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing bells till they rocked the steeple.

“Go,” cried the Mayor, “and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!”—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a “First, if you please, my thousand
guilders!”

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar’s biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
“Beside,” quoth the Mayor, with a knowing
wink,
“Our business was done at the river’s
brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what’s dead can’t come to life, I
think.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN 157

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to
 drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty ;
A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty ! ”

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
“ No trifling ! I can't wait, beside !
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad, and accepted the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver !
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion.”

“ How ? ” cried the Mayor, “ d'ye think I'll
 brook
Being worse treated than a cook ?

Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst ! ”

Once more he stept into the street ;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling, that seemed like a
bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and
hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes
clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues
chattering,



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN 159

And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is
scattering,
Out came the children running,
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and
laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council
stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,

And after him the children pressed ;
Great was the joy in every breast.

“ He never can cross that mighty top !
He’s forced to let the piping drop
And we shall see our children stop ! ”

When lo ! as they reached the mountain-
side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
And the Piper advanced and the children
followed,

And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all ? No ! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way ;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—

“ It’s dull in our town since my playmates
left ;

I can’t forget that I’m bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me ;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN 161

Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new ;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks
 here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings ;
And horses were born with eagle's wings ;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more ! ”

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

 There came into many a burgher's pate
 A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
 Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in !
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and
 South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children all behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
" And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six " :
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's street—
Where anyone playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn,
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN 163

How their children were stolen away ;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned
Long-time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers ;
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or
from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Lochinvar

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

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

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers,
and all.

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
sword

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a
word),

“ Oh ! come ye in peace here, or come ye in
war,

Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord
Lochinvar ? ”

“ I long wooed your daughter, my suit you
denied :

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its
tide,

And now I am come, with this lost love of
mine

To lead but one measure, drink one cup of
wine ;

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by
far,

That would gladly be bride to the young
Lochinvar.”

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

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

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

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

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Maid with Two Lovers

(From the Japanese)

THERE was a maid in Yedo—
A maid of high degree—
No lily of the meadow
Was lovelier than she.

So soft and pure her bosom,
So fresh her cheeks aglow—
They seemed like plum-tree blossom,
That flutters o'er the snow.

Full many suitors she could boast :
She let the others bide—
But between two from out the host
She never could decide.

They both were young and noble,
Each swung a flashing blade,
Both vowed the selfsame trouble
Of passion for the maid.

THE MAID WITH TWO LOVERS 169

Verses they each would send her,
Well turned and copied fair,
So dainty and so tender—
She wavered 'twixt the pair.

“ Gems in the frost that linger
Through just one starlit night,
Upon my lady's finger
Would shine for ever bright ! ”

Thus one would phrase his fancy,
In hope her hand to kiss.
The other—for a glance, he
Would rhyme her, too, like this :

“ In sunny noontide hours,
I'd cull from off the sea,
If all the foam were flowers,
A posy, sweet, for thee ! ”

Long time the maid was dreaming
Which heart she should rejoice.
At last she fell a-scheming
To help her in her choice.

She took them to the river,
And there she saw a bird—
Its song was “ Trilla-lilla,”
The sweetest ever heard.

“ Whoever shoots the bird,” she said,
“ From him I’ll never part.”
The one—he shot it through the head,
The other—through the heart.

Then by the stream a minute
She stayed and, with a sign,
Cried, plunging headlong in it,
“ Who saves me shall be mine ! ”

The lovers dived to win her,
They stemmed the torrent’s flow,
They seized her both together,
And neither would let go.

Down, down they sank—the maiden
And lovers all as one.
A single hearse was laden
With the three at set of sun.

THE MAID WITH TWO LOVERS 171

So, maidens fair, both high and low—

You who are left behind—

Take heed and never be too slow

In making up your mind !

S. R. LITTLEWOOD.

Sir Faintheart

UPON a silver morning I'd have you hear
this lay—
The legend of Sir Faintheart and Princess
Faraway—
How down he came a-riding from the moun-
tains high in snow,
And through the vale, and by the lake where
the yellow lilies grow.

Now Sir Faintheart was a lordly knight, the
hero of my song,
So grave his glance, so sure his lance, so
straight his limbs and strong.
Yet would he stand, whose own bright sword
could make whole armies fly,
All trembling and obeisant before a lady's eye.

Full bitter was Sir Faintheart's lot, as man and
maid agree.

In vain the merry thrushes sang to him from
the tree.

Hard by there rode his little page—a pretty
boy, they say—

But Sir Faintheart he was deep in love with
Princess Faraway.

Just once—and that was long ago—he'd seen
that lady fair

Lean o'er her castle's battlements to take the
morning air.

Far off Sir Faintheart spied her, whom to see
was straight to love—

And fearfully he rode beneath, and dared not
look above.

Yet even so, her loveliness was mirrored in his
mind,

Her cheek, her brow, the golden tress that
wanton'd with the wind ;

There lingered in his fancy, too, the cap that
she had worn,

With tassels like the poppy-flowers that cluster
in the corn.

So from that day Sir Faintheart rode forth on
pilgrimage,
This boy he met the morrow morn, and took
him for his page—
And oh ! a bonnie page was he, with heart so
staunch and true,
His eyes they were like harebells bedabbled
with the dew.

But it serves not here to tell of all befell them
by the way,
The maidens rescued, and the foes Sir Faint-
heart's arm did slay.
“ Perchance the Princess—she will hear ! ”
the knight sometimes had said,
And roguishly the page would laugh, with lips
of rosy red.

Thus many deeds they wrought, and many a
mile they rode amain,
Ere they reached the high-tower'd castle of
the Princess once again—
But even at the gate upon Sir Faintheart came
dismay,

For very love he feared to greet the Princess
Faraway.

“ Courage, good master ! ” quoth the page.

“ ’Tis better soon than late,
Even if she flout thee ”—and he blew his horn
without the gate.

Thereto came soon the seneschal—a bent old
man and grey.

“ Lives here the Princess,” asked the page,
“ the Princess Faraway ? ”

“ Nay, lived ! ” the old man answered. “ Alas,
there’s none hath seen

Our Princess Faraway since last the summer
leaves were green.

Some witchcraft took her in the night, nor ever
a trace we found,

And late there came the Paynim host, and
sieged the castle round.

“ With subtle craft they spanned the moat,
and scaled the castle wall,

E'en now they hold their impious rites within
the vaulted hall,
Profaning holy Christmas feast, as these old
eyes have seen,
While sits with jewelled broidure in their midst
the Paynim Queen."

Thus, trembling all in fear, the old man spake,
and at his word
The page grew pale on either cheek, Sir Faint-
heart clutched his sword.
"But maybe," said the seneschal, "since ye
seem gentle bred,
These heathen dogs may courteous prove, and
spare ye board and bed."

So they came where sat the Paynim Queen,
amidst her chivalry,
And she looked upon Sir Faintheart, and found
him fair to see.
Softly she glanced, and bade them kindly
welcome there and gay ;
But Sir Faintheart he was dour for thought of
Princess Faraway.

Long stayed the turbanned revellers, their
orgies due to keep.
They strewed their couches on the floor, and
heavy was their sleep ;
But Sir Faintheart and his page the while in
anxious vigil lay
Devising each a several plan against the break
of day.

Now to the cursèd Moslem, as good travellers
wont to tell,
There is no hatefuller sound than this—the
Christians' holy bell.
Such frenzy in their souls it wakes, lost spirits
seem to start,
And at the note dire torments rise within each
dastard heart.

Ere yet the tardy dawn was near, the page all
noiseless rose,
Soft by the sleeping forms he steps, and to the
chantry goes,
Groping to find the rough old rope that from
the belfry hung—

Full many a day had sped since last that
chantry bell was rung.

With all his little strength the page pulled at
that rope so worn—
It chanced upon the very hour when our dear
Lord was born—
Straightway a miracle was wrought, for—
hark!—the plain ding-dong
Was answered over all the land as it were
angels' song.

Gay peals rang out across the wold, in the
frosty night so clear,
From snow-hid fields and ice-bound streams
and hedgerows far and near.
The stars made melody, and trees, all spangled
with the rime,
And distant mountain-tops gave back sweet
echoes in a chime.

Fierce was the Paynims' panic when they
heard the holy sound.

Some beat their breasts in anguish sore, some
called on old Mahound—
Shrewdly the Paynim Queen sped forth, with
henchmen two or three,
Mounted her fleetest horse and rode, full
gallop, to the sea.

Even the knight had wondered, knowing not
what magic power
Had brought this marvellous thing to pass
upon that hallowed hour,
Till a throng of coward caitiffs, who had to the
chantry fled,
Dragged forth the page into their midst, and
would have slain him dead.

Oh, then uprose Sir Faintheart, and he drove
them from the hall—
Their emirs and their viziers and knights and
lords and all.
They ran before his good broadsword or ever
the blood could flow,
And fell without the postern gate all headlong
in the snow.

Right on Sir Faintheart chased the rout, as
they had been but thralls ;

But, see ! the page has stayed behind within
the castle walls.

He hies him to the lady's bower, dons quickly
cap and dress.

Who is it waits the knight's return ? Who
but his own Princess !

For she it was who played the boy so bravely
day by day,

His valour for to prove and charm his bashful-
ness away ;

And if there any be who ask how it could so
befall

That he should never guess the truth—list,
and I'll tell you all.

For he was fancy's fool, and when he pictured
the Princess,

'Twas but the image of a brow, a cheek, a
golden tress ;

Nay, nought he'd clearly seen of her—as sure
as I was born—

SIR FAINTHEART 181

Naught but the tassels of her cap, like poppies
in the corn.

So happy after was the day, and happy was
the night,
And Sir Faintheart famed his gentle bride in
many a noble fight.
Wisely and well as King and Queen they
reigned there side by side,
And rich in years and reverence they each
grew old and died.

But on a silver morning oft, across the shining
snow,
An unseen bell rings faintly, like a dream of
long ago.
And the people of that country will be telling
to this day
The story of Sir Faintheart and his Princess
Faraway.

S. R. LITTLEWOOD.

We are Seven

I MET a little Cottage Girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
—Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ? ”
“ How many ? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell ; ”
She answered, “ Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“ Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea ;
Yet ye are seven ! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be ? ”

Then did the little maid reply,
“ Seven boys and girls are we :
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“ You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“ Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little maid replied,
“ Twelve steps or more from my mother’s
door,
And they are side by side.

“ My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit,
I sit and sing to them.”

“ How many are you, then,” said I,
“ If they two are in heaven ? ”
Quick was the little maid’s reply,
“ Oh, master ! we are seven.”

“ But they are dead ; those two are dead !
Their spirits are in heaven ! ”
’Twas throwing words away ; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, “ Nay, we are seven ! ”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Bailiff's Daughter

THERE was a youth, a well-beloved
youth,
And he was a squire's son,
He loved the bayliffe's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to faire London
An apprentice for to bind.

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bayliffe's daughter dear ;
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by.

She started up, with a colour so redd,
Catching hold of his bridle-reine ;
One penny, one penny, kind sir, she said,
Will ease me of much pain.

Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Pray tell me where you were born.
At Islington, kind sir, said she,
Where I have had many a scorn.

I prithee, sweet-heart, then tell to me,
O tell me, whether you know
The bayliffe's daughter of Islington.
She is dead, sir, long ago.

If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also ;
For I will unto some far country,
Where no man shall me know.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER 187

O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side ;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride.

O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefore ;
For now I have found mine own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more.

Old Ballad.

Maud

BIRDS in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

Where was Maud ? in our wood ;
And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

Birds in our wood sang
Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here,
In among the lilies.

I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately :
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

I to cry out on pride
Who have won her favour ;
O Maud were sure of Heaven
If lowliness could save her.

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

Birds in the high Hall-garden
Were crying and calling to her,
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud?
One is come to woo her.

Look, a horse at the door,
And little King Charles is snarling,
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
You are not her darling.

LORD TENNYSON.

The Spider and the Fly

“ **W**ILL you walk into my parlour ? ”
said the Spider to the Fly,

“ ’Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you
did spy ;

The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when
you are there.”

“ Oh, no, no,” said the little Fly ; “ to ask me
is in vain ;

For who goes up your winding stair can ne’er
come down again.”

“ I’m sure you must be weary, dear, with
soaring up so high ;

Will you rest upon my little bed ? ” said the
Spider to the Fly.

“ There are pretty curtains drawn around ;
the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I’ll snugly tuck
you in ! ”

“ Oh, no, no,” said the little Fly, “ for I’ve
often heard it said,

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY 191

They never, never wake again, who sleep upon
your bed ! ”

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly : “ Dear
friend, what can I do,
To prove the warm affection I’ve always felt
for you ?

I have within my pantry good store of all
that’s nice ;

I’m sure you’re very welcome—will you please
to take a slice ? ”

“ Oh, no, no,” said the little Fly, “ kind sir,
that cannot be,

I’ve heard what’s in your pantry, and I do not
wish to see ! ”

“ Sweet creature ! ” said the Spider, “ you’re
witty and you’re wise,

How handsome are your gauzy wings, how
brilliant are your eyes !

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour
shelf,

If you’ll step in one moment, dear, you shall
behold yourself.”

“I thank you, gentle sir,” she said, “for what
 you’re pleased to say,
And bidding you good-morning now, I’ll call
 another day.”

The Spider turned him round about, and went
 into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon
 come back again :
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the Fly.
Then he came out to his door again, and
 merrily did sing,
“Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the
 pearl and silver wing ;
Your robes are green and purple—there’s a
 crest upon your head ;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but
 mine are dull as lead ! ”

Alas, alas ! how very soon this silly little
 Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came
 slowly flitting by ;

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY 193

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near
and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green
and purple hue—
Thinking only of her crested head—poor fool-
ish thing—at last
Up jump'd the cunning Spider, and fiercely
held her fast.
He dragg'd her up his winding stair, into his
dismal den,
Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came
out again !

And now, dear little children, who may this
story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you
ne'er give heed :
Unto an evil counsellor close heart and ear and
eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider
and the Fly.

MARY HOWITT.

The May Queen

YOU must wake and call me early, call
me early, mother dear ;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the
glad New-year ;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest,
merriest day ;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but
none so bright as mine ;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and
Caroline ;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land
they say ;
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall
never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins
to break ;

THE MAY QUEEN 195

But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds
and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the
green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me
made the Queen ;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come
from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n
its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint
sweet cuckoo-flowers ;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire
in swamps and hollows grey,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon
the meadow-grass,

And the happy stars above them seem to
brighten as they pass ;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of
the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green
and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over
all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily
glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me
early, mother dear ;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the
glad New-year :
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest,
merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen o' the May.

LORD TENNYSON.

Poems of Being Good

A Day

SO here hath been dawning
Another blue day :
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born ;
Into Eternity
At night doth return.

Behold it aforetime
No eyes ever did :
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day :
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Be Good, Sweet Maid

MY fairest child, I have no song to give
you ;
No lark could pipe in skies so dull and grey ;
Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I'll leave you,
For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark who hails the dawn on breezy
down ;
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be
clever ;
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day
long ;
And so make Life, Death, and that vast
For Ever,
One grand sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Life

THERE on the nurse's lap, a new-born
child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee
smiled.
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee
weep.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Shepherd's Song

HE that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride ;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it, or much ;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage :
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

JOHN BUNYAN

A Prayer

GOD make my life a little Light,
Within the world to glow,
A tiny flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little Flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

God make my life a little Song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little Hymn
Of thankfulness and
praise,
And faith that never
waxeth dim
In all His wondrous
ways.

MATILDA BETHAM-
EDWARDS.



Goodenough and Toogood

GOODENOUGH and Toogood
Clever boys were reckoned.
Goodenough was always first,
Toogood only second.

Goodenough and Toogood
Each became a man.
Goodenough won wealth and fame,
Toogood "also ran."

Goodenough and Toogood
Came at last to die.
You'll seek in vain for Goodenough,
Where Toogood dwells on high.

S. R. LITTLEWOOD.

Charms and Knots

WHO reade a chapter when they rise,
Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold :
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aspersion throw a stone
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Finds himself there, and seeks to rise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

About Ben Adhem

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe
increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of
peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold :—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“ What writest thou ? ”—The vision raised its
head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “ The names of those who love the
Lord.”
“ And is mine one ? ” said Abou. “ Nay, not
so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still ; and said, “ I pray thee,
then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

ABOU BEN ADHEM 207

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next
night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed,
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

Aspirations

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 may we press
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty :
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

ASPIRATIONS

209

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside-comforts sit
In the wildest weather ;—
O, they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Try Again

'TIS a lesson you should heed,
Try, try, try again.
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.
Let your courage then appear,
And if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear ;
Try, try, try again.

Once or twice if you should fail,
Try, try, try again ;
For at last you may prevail,
Try, try, try again.
If you try, 'tis no disgrace,
Though you may not win the race ;
What should we do in that case ?
Try, try, try again.

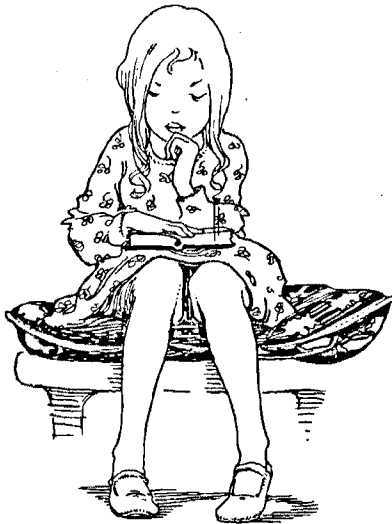
If you find a task is hard,
Try, try, try again.
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try, try again.

TRY AGAIN

211

Ought that other people do,
You at least may try to do.
Only keep this rule in view,
Try, try, try again.

W. E. HICKSON.



Sympathy

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM BLAKE.

My Little Brother

I LOVE you well, my little brother,
And you are fond of me ;
Let us be kind to one another,
As brothers ought to be.

You shall learn to play with me,
And learn to use my toys,
And then I think that we shall be
Two happy little boys.



' I love you well, my little brother.'

Let Dogs Delight

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild ;
Live like the Blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb,
And, as His stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man
And God His Father, too.

Now Lord of all, He reigns above,
And from His heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

ISAAC WATTS.



The Turtle-Dove's Nest

VERY high in the pine-tree
The little turtle-dove
Made a pretty little nursery,
To please her little love.
She was gentle, she was soft,
And her large dark eye
Often turned to her mate
Who was sitting close by.

“Coo,” said the turtle-dove ;
“Coo,” said she ;
“Oh, I love thee,” said the turtle-dove ;
“And I love *thee*.”

In the long shady branches
Of the dark pine-tree,
How happy were the doves
In their little nursery !

The young turtle-doves
Never quarrelled in the nest ;
For they dearly loved each other,
Though they loved their mother best.

“Coo,” said the little doves,
“Coo,” said she ;
And they played together kindly
In the dark pine-tree.

In this nursery of yours,
Little sister, little brother,
Like the turtle-dove's nest—
Do you love one another ?
Are you kind, are you gentle,
As children ought to be ?
Then the happiest of nests
Is your own nursery.

MRS HAWKSHAWE

The Sluggard

'TIS the voice of the sluggard ; I heard
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 saunt'ring, or trifling he
stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and
higher ;

The clothes that hang on him are turning to
rags ;

And his money still wastes till he starves or
he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
That he took better care for improving his
mind ;
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and
drinking ;
But he scarce reads his Bible, 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.

ISAAC WATTS.

Little Things

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

THE BOWER BOOK

Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

DR EBENEZER COBHAM BREWER.

Harriet and the Matches

IT almost makes me cry to tell
What foolish Harriet befell.
Mamma and Nurse went out one day
And left her all alone to play ;
Now, on the table close at hand
A box of matches chanced to stand ;
And kind Mamma and Nurse had told her
That, if she touched them, they should
scold her.

But Harriet said : “ Oh, what a pity !
For when they burn, it is so pretty ;
They crackle so, and spit, and flame ;
Mamma, too, often does the same.”

The pussy-cats heard this,
And they began to hiss,
And stretch their claws
And raise their paws ;
“ Me-ow,” they said, “ me-ow, me-o,
You’ll burn to death if you do so.”

But Harriet would not take advice ;
She lit a match—it was so nice !
It crackled so, it burned so clear.
Because Mamma could not see her,
She jumped for joy and ran about,
And was too pleased to put it out.

The pussy-cats saw this,
And said : “ Oh, naughty, naughty Miss ! ”
And stretched their claws
And raised their paws ;
“ ’Tis very, very wrong, you know,
Me-ow, me-o, me-ow, me-o,
You will be burnt if you do so.”

And then ! oh ! what a dreadful thing !
The fire has caught her apron-string !
Her apron burns, her arms, her hair !
She burns all over, everywhere !
Then how the pussy-cats did mew !
What else, poor pussies, could they do ?
They scream’d for help—’twas all in vain !
So then they said : “ We’ll scream again ;
Make haste, make haste ! me-ow, me-o,
She’ll burn to death ; we told her so.”

HARRIET AND THE MATCHES 225

So she was burnt, with all her clothes,
And arms and hands, and eyes and nose ;
Till she had nothing more to lose
Except her little scarlet shoes ;
And nothing else but these was found
Among her ashes on the ground.

And when the good cats sat beside
The smoking ashes, how they cried !
“ Me-ow, me-oo, me-ow, me-oo,
What will Mamma and Nursey do ? ”
Their tears ran down their cheeks so fast,
They made a little pond at last.

DR HEINRICH HOFFMANN.

The Story of Augustus

AUGUSTUS was a chubby lad ;
Fat ruddy cheeks Augustus had ;
And everybody saw with joy
The plump and hearty, healthy boy.
He ate and drank as he was told,
And never let his soup get cold.
But one day, one cold winter's day,
He scream'd out—" Take the soup away !
O take the nasty soup away !
I won't have any soup to-day ! "

How lank and lean Augustus grows !
Next day he scarcely fills his clothes.
Yet, though he feels so weak and ill,
The naughty fellow cries out still—
" Not any soup for me, I say :
O take the nasty soup away !
I won't have any soup to-day ! "

The third day comes ; oh ! what a sin !
To make himself so pale and thin.

THE STORY OF AUGUSTUS 227

Yet, when the soup is put on table,
He screams, as loud as he is able,
“ Not any soup for me, I say :
O take the nasty soup away !
I won't have any soup to-day ! ”

Look at him, now the fourth day's come !
He scarcely weighs a sugar-plum ;
He's like a little bit of thread ;
And on the fifth day he was—dead !

DR HEINRICH HOFFMANN.

Who is Silvia ?

WHO is Silvia ? What is she,
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness ;
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling.
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling ;
To her let us garlands bring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Rub and Rust

IDLER, why lie down to die ?
Better rub than rust.
Hark ! the lark sings in the sky—
“ Die when die thou must !
Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
Better rub than rust.”

In the grave there's sleep enough—
“ Better rub than rust.
Death, perhaps, is hunger-proof,
Die when die thou must ;
Men are moving, breezes blowing,
Better rub than rust.”

He who will not work shall want ;
Nought for nought is just.
Won't do *must* do, when he *can't*,—
“ Better rub than rust.
Bees are flying, sloth is dying,
Better rub than rust.”

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

The Giver

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures, great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings ;

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky ;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden—
He made them every one.

THE GIVER

231

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day ;—

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well !

MRS ALEXANDER.

Now the Day is Over

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep.
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER 233

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.

S. BARING-GOULD.

Farewell

LIFE, we have been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy
weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear :—
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not good-night,—but in some brighter
clime
Bid me good-morning.

MRS BARBAULD.

Odd Poems

The Year

THERE is a tree of praise and dower
That beareth much of fruit and flower ;
Twelve branches has it, spreading wide,
Where two-and-fifty nests abide,
In every nest the birds are seven :
Thankèd be the King of heaven.

The Boy and the Parrot

“PARROT, if I had your wings
I should do so many things :
The first thing I should like to do
If I had little wings like you,
I should fly to Uncle Bartle.
Don't you think 'twould make him startle
If he saw me when I came,
Flapping at the window frame ? ”
All this the wise old parrot heard.
The parrot was an ancient bird,
And paused and pondered every word.
First, therefore, he began to cough,
Then said, “ It is a great way off,
A great way off, my dear ; ” and then
He paused awhile—and coughed again :—
“ Master John, pray think a little,
What will you do for beds and victual ? ”
“ Oh ! parrot, Uncle John can tell—
But we should manage very well ;
At night we'd perch upon the trees,
And so fly forward by degrees.”



'Parrot, if I had your wings.'

THE BOY AND THE PARROT 239

“ Does Uncle John,” the parrot said,
“ Put nonsense in his nephew’s head ?
Instead of telling you such things,
And teaching you to wish for wings,
I think he might have taught you better ;
You might have learnt to write a letter :—
That is the thing that I should do
If I had little hands like you.”

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

Grammar

THREE little words you often see
Are articles—*a, an, and the.*

A noun's the name of anything,
As *book* or *garden, hoop* or *swing.*

Adjectives, the kind of noun,
As *great, small, pretty, white* or *brown.*

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand—
Her head, *his* face, *your* arm, *my* hand.

Verbs tell something to be done—
To *read, count, laugh, sing, jump* or *run.*

How things are done the adverbs tell,
As *slowly, quickly, ill* or *well.*

Conjunctions join the words together,
As men *and* women, wind *or* weather.

The preposition stands before
A noun, as *in* or *through* a door.

The interjection shows surprise,
As *Oh!* how pretty! *Ah!* how wise!

The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

The Music Lesson

C LIMB the treble, space by space,
You will find it spelling *F A C E*.
Climb the treble, line by line,
Eddie's Great Bear Dancing Fine.

Climbing up the bass-line chantey,
George's Baby Dance For Auntie.
Up bass-spaces as you pass,
You will find *A Cow Eats Grass*.

L. LITTLEWOOD.

The Letter “H”

'TWAS whispered in heaven, 'twas mut-
tered in hell,
Our echo caught faintly the sound as it fell ;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to
rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence con-
fess'd ;
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven
asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the
thunder ;
'Twas allotted to man, with his earliest breath,
Attends him at birth, and awaits him in
death ;
Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and
health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his
wealth ;
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with
care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir ;

It begins every hope, every wish it must
bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarch
is crowned ;
Without it the soldier and seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from
home ;
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be
found,
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be
drowned,
'Twill soften the heart, but, though deaf be
the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear ;
Set in shade, let it rest like a delicate flower,
Ah ! breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

CATHERINE M. FANSHAW.

The Twins

IN form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached a fearful pitch ;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed ;
And thus, you see, by Fate's decree,
Or rather nurse's whim,
My brother John got christened me,
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness ever dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged,
When John turned out a fool.

I put this question, fruitlessly,
To every one I knew :
“ What would you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were you ? ”

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life,
For somehow, my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on,
And when I died, the neighbours came
And buried brother John.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

Puns

MY little dears, who learn to read, pray
early learn to shun
That very silly thing indeed which people call
a pun.

Read well the rules, and 'twill be found how
simple an offence
It is to make the selfsame sound afford a
double sense.

For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *aunt*
an *ant* may kill,
You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill* may pay
the *bill*.

Or if to France your bark you steer, at Dover,
it may be,
A peer appears upon the *pier*, who, *blind*, still
goes to sea.

Thus one might say when to a treat good
friends accept our greeting,
'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat, should eat
their *meat* when meeting.

Brawn on the *board*'s no *bore* indeed, although
from *boar* prepared,
Nor can the *fowl* on which we feed *foul* feeding
be declared.

Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however
vulgar they,
And actors still the harder *slave* the oftener
they *play*.

So poets can't the *baize* obtain unless their
tailors choose,
While grooms and coachmen not in vain each
evening seek the *mews*.

The *dyer* who by *dyeing* lives, a *dire* life main-
tains ;
The glazier, it is known, receives his profits
from his *panes*.

By gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true, when
Spring is in its prime,
But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you, if you are
tied for *time*.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

The Looking-Glass

(From the Japanese)

LONG ere these days, when luxuries
Are shared by king and clown,
There lived an honest cobbler
A-many miles from town.

He picked his dinner from the pot,
His bed was of the straw,
A homespun tunic all his dress,
Unbanned by fashion's law.

No mirror yet his homely face
Or figure had disclosed.
His hair was parted by the breeze,
He washed when so disposed.

Thus blithe he toiled from morn to eve,
Till, at a travelling fair,
He raffled for a looking-glass,
And won it then and there.

He brought the wonder home, and soon
 Took care his prize to scan,
 When straight appeared upon its front
 The features of a man !

“ What’s this ? ” cried he. The mirrored face
 Opened its mouth as well ;
 Though what—if anything—it said
 The cobbler scarce could tell.

“ ’Tis,” quoth the cobbler, “ passing strange !
 I’ll hide it from my wife.
 A thing like this—why, out of her
 ’Twould scare the very life ! ”

So said, so done ! But, now and then,
 While at his work he sat,
 He’d take the toy and talk to it,
 By way of social chat.

Now, his good helpmeet, as she watched,
 Would all astonished stand
 To see her spouse palavering
 With something in his hand.

She taxed him once, but still the glass
He kept beyond her reach.
“ ’Tis but a mirror-man,” said he,
“ That stirs me thus to speech.”

The wife said naught, but one hot noon,
When he was sleeping fast,
Searched for the mirror, high and low,
And found it at the last.

Slily she peeped ; then out she screamed :
“ Why, ’tis a lie he’s told !
This is a woman—not a man—
And ugly, too, and old ! ”

The cobbler, wakened by the noise,
Came running to the place,
And loud he swore that, as before,
A man’s was still the face.

Thenceforth to quarrel they began ;
They wrangled day and night ;
They each grew thin with arguing,
Till piteous was their plight.

THE LOOKING-GLASS 253

At last an abbess they sought out,
Of grave and wise repute,
And took the glass to her, that she
Might settle their dispute.

Long gazed the abbess at the glass,
Smoothing her brow the while,
And, as she gazed, her lips severe
Just wavered to a smile.

“ You are mistaken both,” she said.
“ This face is surely human,
But it is neither of a man,
Nor of an ugly woman.

“ But since you might fall out again
If this were on the shelf,
I’ll stop the cause of all your pain,
And keep the glass myself.

“ So, woman, trust your husband still,
Beware of needless strife ;
And you, good cobbler, never more
Have secrets from your wife ! ”

S. R. LITTLEWOOD.

The Jumblies

THEY went to sea in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they went to sea,
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
And when the sieve went round and round,
And everyone cried, " You'll all be drowned,"
They called aloud, " Our sieve ain't big,
But we don't care a button! we don't care a fig!
In a sieve we'll go to sea."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live,
Their heads are green, and their hands are
blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon by way of a sail
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.

And everyone said who saw them go,
“ Oh, won't they soon be upset, you know ?
For the sky is dark and the voyage is long,
And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast.”

The water it soon came in, it did,
The water it soon came in,
So to keep them dry they wrapped their
feet
In a pinky paper, all folded neat,
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery jar,
And each of them said, “ How wise we are !
Though the sky be dark and the voyage be
long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin.”

And all night long they sailed away,
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song,
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown.

“ Oh, Timballo ! How happy we are !
When we live in a sieve and a crockery jar,
And all night long in the moonlight pale
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown.”

They sailed to the Western sea, they did,
To a land all covered with trees,
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry tart,
And a hive of silvery bees.
And they bought a pig, and some green jack-
daws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop jaws,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese.

And in twenty years they all came back,
In twenty years or more,
And everyone said, “ How tall they've
grown !
For they've been to the lakes and the terrible
zone,
And the hills of Chankly Bore.”

THE JUMBLIES

257

And they drank their health and gave them a
feast

Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast,
And everyone said, " If we only live
We too will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of Chankly Bore."

EDWARD LEAR.

A Book

I'M a clean contradiction ; I'm new and
I'm old,
I'm often in tatters, and oft deck'd in gold :
Though I never could read, yet letter'd I'm
found ;
Though blind, I enlighten ; though loose, I am
bound—
I am always in black, and I'm always in
white ;
I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and
light.
In form too I differ—I'm thick and I'm
thin,
I've no flesh and no bones, yet I'm cover'd
with skin ;
I've more points than the compass, more stops
than the flute—
I sing 'without voice, without speaking con-
fute ;
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm
Dutch ;



' Some love me too fondly;
Some slight me too much.'

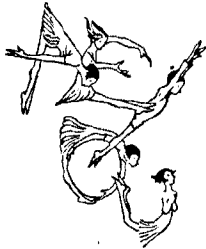
Some love me too fondly ; some slight me too
much ;
I often die soon, though I sometimes live
ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

HANNAH MORE.

The Vowels

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features ;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

JONATHAN SWIFT.



A B C

O H, thou alphabetic row,
Fun and freedom's early foe ;
Shall I e'er forget the primer,
Or the teacher, Mrs Trimmer—
Or the problem then so vast,
Whether Z was first or last ?
All Pandora had for me
Was emptied forth in A B C.

Curious letters—single—double,
Source of many a childish trouble,
How I strove with pouting pain
To get thee quarter'd on my brain !
But when the giant feat was done,
How noble was the field I'd won !
Wit, wisdom, rhyme—the key
To all their wealth but A B C.

Ye really ought to be exempt
From slighting taunt and cool contempt ;
But, drinking deep from learning's cup,
We scorn the hand that filled it up.

Be courteous, pedants—stay and thank
Your servants of the Roman rank,
For F.R.S. and LL.D.
Can only follow A B C.

ELIZA COOK.



The Mad Dog

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And cur of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends,
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied :
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The Breeches

JOY to Philip ! he this day
Has his long coats cast away,
And (the childish season gone)
Puts the manly breeches on.
Officer on gay parade,
Red-coat in his first cockade,
Bridegroom in his wedding trim,
Birthday beau surpassing him,
Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state,
Or the pride (yet free from sin),
Of my little Mannikin.
Never was there pride, or bliss,
Half so rational as his.
Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em,
Philip's limbs have got their freedom.
He can run, or he can ride,
And do twenty things beside,
Which his petticoats forbad :
Is he not a happy lad ?

Now he's under other banners,
He must leave his former manners ;
Bid adieu to female games,
And forget their very names :
Puss-in-corners, hide-and-seek,
Sports for girls and punies weak !
Baste-the-bear he now may play at,
Leap-frog, football, sport away at,
Show his strength and skill at cricket,
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket,
Run about in winter's snow
Till his cheeks and fingers glow.
Climb a tree, or scale a wall,
Without any fear to fall.
If he get a hurt or bruise,
To complain he must refuse,
Though the anguish and the smart
Go unto his little heart.
He must have his courage ready,
Keep his voice and visage steady,
Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,
That a tear may never come ;
And his grief must only speak
From the colour in his cheek.

THE BREECHES

267

This, and more, he must endure,
Hero he in miniature !
This, and more, must now be done,
Now the breeches are put on.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

