



Francis Turner
PALGRAVE

The
Golden
Treasury



The **Golden** *Treasury*

Selected and arranged by
Francis Turner Palgrave

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This One



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The Golden Treasury

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TO ALFRED TENNYSON

POET LAUREATE

This book in its progress has recalled often to my memory a man with whose friendship we were once honoured, to whom no region of English Literature was unfamiliar, and who, whilst rich in all the noble gifts of Nature, was most eminently distinguished by the noblest and the rarest,—just judgement and high-hearted patriotism. It would have been hence a peculiar pleasure and pride to dedicate what I have endeavoured to make a true national Anthology of three centuries to Henry Hallam. But he is beyond the reach of any human tokens of love and reverence; and I desire therefore to place before it a name united with his by associations which, whilst Poetry retains her hold on the minds of Englishmen, are not likely to be forgotten.

Your encouragement, given while traversing the wild scenery of Treryn Dinas, led me to begin the work; and it has been completed under your advice and assistance. For the favour now asked I have thus a second reason: and to this I may add, the homage which is your right as Poet, and the gratitude due to a Friend, whose regard I rate at no common value.

Permit me then to inscribe to yourself a book which, I hope, may be found by many a lifelong fountain of innocent and exalted pleasure; a source of animation to friends when they meet; and able to sweeten solitude itself with best society,—with the companionship of the wise and the good, with the beauty which the eye cannot see, and the music only heard in silence. If this Collection proves a storehouse of delight to Labour and to Poverty,—if it teaches those indifferent to the Poets to love them, and those who love them to love them more, the aim and the desire entertained in framing it will be fully accomplished.

F. T. P

May 1861

PREFACE

This little Collection differs, it is believed, from others in the attempt made to include in it all the best original Lyrical pieces and Songs in our language, by writers not living,—and none beside the best. Many familiar verses will hence be met with; many also which should be familiar:—the Editor will regard as his fittest readers those who love Poetry so well that he can offer them nothing not already known and valued.

The Editor is acquainted with no strict and exhaustive definition of Lyrical Poetry; but he has found the task of Practical decision increase in clearness and in facility as he advanced with the work, whilst keeping in view a few simple principles. Lyrical has been here held essentially to imply that each Poem shall turn on some single thought, feeling, or situation. In accordance with this, narrative, descriptive, and didactic poems—unless accompanied by rapidity of movement, brevity, and the colouring of human passion—have been excluded. Humorous poetry, except in the very unfrequent instances where a truly poetical tone pervades the whole, with what is strictly personal, occasional, and religious, has been considered foreign to the idea of the book. Blank verse and the ten-syllable couplet, with all pieces markedly dramatic, have been rejected as alien from what is commonly understood by Song, and rarely conforming to Lyrical conditions in treatment. But it is not anticipated, nor is it possible, that all readers shall think the line accurately drawn. Some poems, as *Gray's Elegy*, the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, Wordsworth's *Ruth* or Campbell's *Lord Ullin*, or descriptive selection: whilst with reference especially to Ballads and Sonnets, the Editor can only state that he has taken his utmost pains to decide without caprice or partiality.

This also is all he can plead in regard to a point even more liable to question;—what degree of merit should give rank among the Best. That a Poem shall be worthy of the writer's genius,—that it shall reach a perfection commensurate with its aim,—that we should require finish in proportion to brevity,—that passion, colour, and originality cannot atone for serious imperfections in clearness, unity, or truth,—that a few good lines do not make a good poem,—that popular estimate is serviceable as a guidepost more than as a compass,—above all, that excellence should be looked for rather in the Whole than in the Parts,—such and other such canons have been always steadily regarded. He may however add that the pieces chosen, and a far large number rejected have been carefully and repeatedly considered; and that he has been aided throughout by two friends of independent and exercised judgement, besides the distinguished person addressed in the Dedication. It is hoped that by this procedure the volume has been freed from

that one-sidedness which must beset individual decisions:—but for the final choice the Editor is alone responsible.

It would obviously have been invidious to apply the standard aimed at in this Collection to the Living. Nor, even in the cases where this might be done without offence, does it appear wise to attempt to anticipate the verdict of the Future on our contemporaries. Should the book last, poems by Tennyson, Bryant, Clare, Lowell, and others, will no doubt claim and obtain their place among the best. But the Editor trusts that this will be effected by other hands, and in days far distant.

Chalmers' vast collection, with the whole works of all accessible poets not contained in it, and the best Anthologies of different periods, have been twice systematically read through; and it is hence improbable that any omissions which may be regretted are due to oversight. The poems are printed entire, except in a very few instances (specified in the notes) where a stanza has been omitted. The omissions have been risked only when the piece could be thus brought to a closer lyrical unity: and, as essentially opposed to this unity, extracts, obviously such, are excluded. In regard to the text, the purpose of the book has appeared to justify the choice of the most poetical version, wherever more than one exists: and much labour has been given to present each poem, in disposition, spelling, and punctuation, to the greatest advantage.

For the permission under which the copyright pieces are inserted, thanks are due to the respective Proprietors, without whose liberal concurrence the scheme of the collection would have been defeated.

In the arrangement the most poetically-effective order has been attempted. The English mind has passed through phases of thought and cultivation so various and so opposed during these three centuries of Poetry, that a rapid passage between Old and New, like rapid alteration of the eye's focus in looking at the landscape, will always be wearisome and hurtful to the sense of Beauty. The poems have been therefore distributed into Books corresponding, I to the ninety years closing about 1616, II thence to 1700, III to 1800, IV to the half century just ended. Or, looking at the Poets who more or less give each portion its distinctive character, they might be called the Books of Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, and Wordsworth. The volume, in this respect, so far as the limitations of its range allow, accurately reflects the natural growth and evolution of our Poetry. A rigidly chronological sequence, however, rather fits a collection aiming at instruction than at pleasure, and the Wisdom which comes through Pleasure:—within each book the pieces have therefore been arranged in gradations of feeling or subject. The development of the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven has been here thought of as a model, and nothing placed without careful consideration. And it is hoped that the contents of this Anthology will thus be found to present a certain unity, 'as episodes', in the noble language of Shelley, 'to that great Poem which all poets, like the cooperating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world'.

As he closes his long survey, the Editor trusts he may add without egotism, that he has found the vague general verdict of popular Fame more just than those have thought, who, with too severe a criticism, would confine judgements on Poetry to 'the selected few of many generations'. Not many appear to have gained reputation without some gift or performance that, in due degree, deserved it: and if no verses by certain writers who show less strength than sweetness, or more thought than mastery in expression, are printed in this volume, it should not be imagined that they have been excluded without much hesitation and regret,—far less that they have been slighted. Throughout this vast and pathetic array of Singers now silent, few have been honoured with the name Poet, and have not possessed a skill in words, a sympathy with beauty, a tenderness of feeling, or seriousness in reflection, which render their works, although never perhaps attaining that loftier and finer excellence here required, better worth reading than much of what fills the scanty hours that most men spare for self-improvement, or for pleasure in any of its more elevated permanent forms.—And if this be true of even mediocre poetry, for how much more are we indebted to the best! Like the fabled fountain of the Azores, but with a more various power, for how much more are we indebted to the best! Like the fabled fountain of the Azores, but with a more various power, the magic of this Art can confer on each period of life its appropriate blessing: on early years Experience, on maturity Calm, on age, Youthfulness. Poetry gives treasures 'more golden than gold', leading us in higher and healthier ways than those of the world, and interpreting to us the lessons of Nature. But she speaks best for herself. Her true accents, if the plan has been executed with success, may be heard throughout the following pages:—wherever the Poets of England are honoured, wherever the dominant language of the world is spoken, it is hoped that they will find fit audience.

1861

The Golden Treasury

Book First

1

SPRING

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's
pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids
dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do
sing,

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we,
to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses
gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds
pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry
lay,

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-
witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss
our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning
sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do
greet,

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-
witta-woo!
Spring! the sweet Spring!

T NASH

2

SUMMONS TO LOVE

PHOEBUS, arise!
And paint the sable skies

With azure, white, and red:
Rouse Memnon's mother from her
Tithon's bed
That she may thy career with roses
spread:
The nightingales thy coming each where
sing:
Make an eternal spring!
Give life to this dark world which lieth
dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont
before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearly thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night
Which serves but to make dear thy
glorious light.

—This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wished day
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn
And fates my hopes betray),
Which, purely white, deserves
An everlasting diamond should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this
grove
My Love, to hear and recompense my
love.
Fair King, who all preserves,
But snow thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Penéus'
streams
Did once thy heart surprise.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise:
If that ye winds would hear

2 *The Golden Treasury*

A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play.
—The winds all silent are,
And Phoebus in his chair
Ensafroning sea and air
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming
wheels:
The fields with flowers are deck'd in
every hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their
blue;
Here is the pleasant place—
And nothing wanting is, save She, alas!

W DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

3

TIME AND LOVE

I

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand
defaced
The rich proud cost of out-worn buried
age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-
razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with
store;
When I have seen such interchange of
state,
Or state itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatē—
That Time will come and take my Love
away:
—This thought is as a death, which
cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to
lose.

W SHAKESPEARE

4

II

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor
boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a
plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a
flower?

O how shall summer's honey breath hold
out
Against the wreckful siege of battering
days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time
decays?

O fearful meditation! Where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest
lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift
foot back,
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O! none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine
bright.

W SHAKESPEARE

5

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

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

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

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,

Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and
sing

For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

C MARLOWE

6

A MADRIGAL

CRABBED Age and Youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Youth 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:
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.

W SHAKESPEARE

7

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 live 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.

W SHAKESPEARE

8

It was a lover and his lass
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino!
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Between the acres of the rye
These pretty country folks would lie:

This carol they began that hour,
How that life was but a flower:

And therefore take the present time
With a hey and a ho, and a hey-
nonino!
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

W SHAKESPEARE

9

PRESENT IN ABSENCE

ABSENCE, hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance, and length;
Do what thou canst for alteration:
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join, and Time
doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
He soon hath found
Affection's ground

Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To hearts that cannot vary
Absence is Presence, Time doth
tarry.

By absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain:
There I embrace and kiss her;
And so I both enjoy and miss
her.

ANON

10

ABSENCE

BEING your slave, what should I do but
tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend
Nor services to do, till you require:

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end
hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock
for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once
adieu:

Nor dare I question with my jealous
thought
Where you may be, or your affairs
suppose,
But like a sad slave, stay and think of
nought
Save, where you are, how happy you
make those;—

So true a fool is love, that in your will
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

W SHAKESPEARE

11

How like a winter hath my absence been
From Thee, the pleasure of the fleeting
year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark
days seen,

What old December's bareness
everywhere!

And yet this time removed was summer's
time:
The teeming autumn, big with rich
increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime
Like widow'd wombs after their lords'
decease:

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on
thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;

Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the
winter's near.

W SHAKESPEARE

12

A CONSOLATION

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's
eyes
I all alone bewep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my
bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends
possest,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's
scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost
despising,
Haply I think on Thee—and then my
state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at
heaven's gate;

For thy sweet love remember'd, such
wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state
with kings.

W SHAKESPEARE

13

THE UNCHANGEABLE

O NEVER say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to
qualify:

As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast
doth lie;

That is my home of love; if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time
exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.

Never believe, though in my nature
reign'd

All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good:

For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose: in it thou art my all.

W SHAKESPEARE

14

To me, fair Friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed
Such seems your beauty still. Three
winters cold

Have from the forests shook three
summers' pride;

Three beauteous springs to yellow
autumn turn'd

In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes
burn'd,

Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are
green.

Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace
perceived;

So your sweet hue, which methinks still
doth stand,

Hath motion, and mine eye may be
deceived:

For fear of which, hear this, thou age
unbred,—

Ere you were born, was beauty's summer
dead.

W SHAKESPEARE

15

DIAPHENIA

DIAPHENIA like the
daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the
lily,

Heigh ho, how I do love thee!

I do love thee as my lambs
Are belovéd of their dams;

How blest were I if thou would'st prove
me.

Diaphenia like the spreading
roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets
encloses,

Fair sweet, how I do love thee!

I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving
power;

For dead, thy breath to life might move
me.

Diaphenia like to all things
blesséd
When all thy praises are
expresséd,

Dear joy, how I do love thee!

As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:

Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

H CONSTABLE

16

ROSALINE

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame colour is her hair
Whether unfolded, or in twines:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
 Resembling heaven by every wink;
 The Gods do fear whenas they glow,
 And I do tremble when I think.

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
 That beautifies Aurora's face,
 Or like the silver crimson shroud
 That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace;
 Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Her lips are like two budded roses
 Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
 Within which bounds she balm encloses
 Apt to entice a deity:

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck is like a stately tower,
 Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
 To watch for glances every hour
 From her divine and sacred eyes:

Heigh ho, for Rosaline!

Her paps are centres of delight,
 Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
 Where Nature moulds the dew of light
 To feed perfection with the same:

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
 With marble white, with sapphire blue
 Her body everyway is fed,
 Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Nature herself her shape admires;
 The Gods are wounded in her sight;
 And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
 And at her eyes his brand does light:

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I
 bemoan

The absence of fair Rosaline,
 Since for a fair there's fairer none,
 Nor for her virtues so divine:

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline;

Heigh ho, my heart! would God that she
 were mine!

T LODGE

COLIN

BEAUTY sat bathing by a spring
 Where fairest shades did hide her;
 The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
 The cool streams ran beside her.

My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
 To see what was forbidden:

But better memory said, fie!

So vain desire was chidden:—

Hey nonny nonny O!

Hey nonny nonny!

Into a slumber then I fell,
 When fond imagination
 Seemed to see, but could not tell
 Her feature or her fashion.

But ev'n as babes in dreams do smile,
 And sometimes fall a-weeping,

So I awaked, as wise this while

As when I fell a-sleeping:—

Hey nonny nonny O!

Hey nonny nonny!

THE SHEPHERD TONIE

TO HIS LOVE

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more
 temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds
 of May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a
 date:

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven
 shines,

And often is his gold complexion dimm'd:
 And every fair from fair sometime
 declines,

By chance, or nature's changing course,
 untrimm'd.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou
 owest;

Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in
 his shade,

O IF thou knew'st how thou thyself dost
 harm,
 And dost prejudice thy bliss, and spoil
 my rest;
 Then thou would'st melt the ice out of
 thy breast

TO AURORA

22

SIR T WYAT

FORGET not yet the tried intent
 Of such a truth as I have meant;
 My great travail so gladly spent,
 Forget not yet!
 Forget not yet when first began
 The weary life ye know, since whan
 The suit, the service none tell can;
 Forget not yet!
 Forget not yet the great assays,
 The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
 The painful patience in delays,
 Forget not yet!
 Forget not! O, forget not this,
 How long ago hath been, and is
 The mind that never meant amiss—
 Forget not yet!
 Forget not then thine own approved
 The which so long hath thee so loved,
 Whose steadfast faith yet never moved—
 Forget not this!

A SUPPLICATION

21

W SHAKESPEARE

But, alack, my hand is sworn
 N'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me
 That I am forsworn for thee:
 Thou for whom e'en love would swear
 Juno but an Ethiop were,
 And deny himself for love,
 Turning mortal for thy love.

Wyat 7

On a day, alack the day!
 Love, whose month is ever May,
 Spied a blossom passing fair
 Playing in the wanton air:
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, gan passage find;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
 Air, would I might triumph so!

LOVE'S PERJURIES

20

W SHAKESPEARE

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely
 knights;
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have
 express'd
 Ev'n such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all, you prefiguring;
 And for they look'd but with divining
 eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to
 sing:
 For we, which now behold these present
 days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues
 to praise.

TO HIS LOVE

19

W SHAKESPEARE

When in eternal lines to time thou
 growest;
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can
 see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to
 thee.

And thy relenting heart would kindly
warm.

O if thy pride did not our joys controul,
What world of loving wonders should'st
thou see!

For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,
Then in thy bosom I would pour my soul;
Then all my thoughts should in thy
visage shine,

And if that aught mischanced thou
should'st not moan
Nor bear the burthen of thy griefs alone;
No, I would have my share in what were;
thine:

And whilst we thus should make our
sortows one,
This happy harmony would make them
none.

W ALEXANDER, EARL OF STERLINE

23

TRUE LOVE

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:—
O not it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never
shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his
height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass
come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of
doom:—

W SHAKESPEARE

24

A DITTY

My true-love hath my heart, and I have
his,
By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true-love hath my heart,
and I have his.
His heart in me keeps him and me in
one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses
guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his
own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart,
and I have his.

SIR P SIDNEY

25

LOVE'S OMNIPRESENCE

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven
above,
Yet should the thoughts of me your
humble swain
Ascend to heaven, in honour of my Love.
Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Whereso'er you were, with you my love
should go.
Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the
skies,
My love should shine on you like to the
sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the
world were done.

J SYLVESTER

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet
birds sang.

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take
away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in
rest.

In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was
nourish'd by:

—This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy
love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave
ere long.

W SHAKESPEARE

29

REMEMBRANCE

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent
thought
I summon up remembrance of things
past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear
time's waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's
dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-
cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a
vanish'd sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before:

—But if the while I think on thee, dear
friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

W SHAKESPEARE

26 CARPE DIEM

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

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

W SHAKESPEARE

27

WINTER

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,

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

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's
saw,
And Martian's nose looks red and raw,
And roasted crabs hiss in the bowl—
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tuw-hoo!

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
Tuw-hoo! A merry note!
Tuw-hoo!

28

W SHAKESPEARE

THAT time of year thou may'st in me
behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do
hang
Upon those boughs which shake against
the cold,

REVOLUTIONS

30

Like as the waves make towards the
pebbled shore

So do our minutes hasten to their end;

Each changing place with that which
goes before,

In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,

Crawls to maturity, wherewith being

Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,

And Time that gave, doth now his gift

confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on
youth,

And delves the parallels in beauty's
brow;

Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,

And nothing stands but for his scythe to
mow:

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall
stand

Praising Thy worth, despite his cruel
hand.

W SHAKESPEARE

31

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my
possessing,

And like enough thou know'st thy
estimate:

The charter of thy worth gives thee
releasing;

My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy
granting?

And for that riches where is my
deserving?

The cause of this fair gift in me is
wanting,

And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then
not knowing,

Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, mistaking;

So thy great gift, upon misprision

growing,

Comes home again, on better judgement
making.

Thus have I had thee as a dream doth

flatter;

In sleep, a king; but waking, no such
matter.

W SHAKESPEARE

32

THE LIFE WITHOUT PASSION

They that have power to hurt and will
do none,

That do not do the thing they most do
show,

Who, moving others, are themselves as
stone,

Unmoved, cold, and to temptation
slow,—

They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from
expense;

They are the lords and owners of their
faces,

Others, but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer
sweet,

Though to itself it only live and die;

But if that flower with base infection
meet,

The basest weed outbraves his dignity:

For sweetest things turn sourest by their
deeds;

Lilies that fester smell far worse than
weeds.

W SHAKESPEARE

THE LOVERS APPEAL

33

AND wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame,
To save thee from the blame

—Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in
vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear
thee;
Ruthless beasts, 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.

R BARNEFIELD

35

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable
Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness
born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the
light:
With dark forgetting of my care return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill adventured
youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their
scorn,
Without the torment of the night's
untruth.

Cease, dreams, the images of day-
desires,
To model forth the passions of the
morrow;
Never let rising Sun approve you liars
To add more grief to aggravate my
sorrow:

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in
vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

S DANIEL

Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
That hath loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!
And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart
Neither for pain nor smart:
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

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,

Leand her breast against a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty

That to hear it was great pity.

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 griefts so lively shown

Made me think upon mine own.

THE NIGHTINGALE

34

SIR T WYAT

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

MADRIGAL

36

TAKE, O take those lips away

That so sweetly were forsworn,

And those eyes, the break of day,

Lights that do mislead the morn:

But my kisses bring again,

Bring again—

Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,

Seal'd in vain!

W SHAKESPEARE

37

LOVE'S FAREWELL

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss

and part,—

Nay I have done, you get no more of me;

And I am glad, yea, glad with all my

heart,

That thus so cleanly I myself can free;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,

And when we meet at any time again,

Be it not seen in either of our brows

That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of love's latest

breath,

When his pulse failing, passion

speechless lies,

When faith is kneeling by his bed of

death,

And innocence is closing up his eyes,

—Now if thou would'st, when all have

given him over,

From death to life thou might'st him yet

recover!

M DRAYTON

38

TO HIS LUTE

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst

grow

With thy green mother in some shady

grove,

When immelodious winds but made thee

move,

And birds their ramage did on thee

bestow.

Since that dear Voice which did thy

sounds approve,

Which went in such harmonious strains

to flow,

Is left from Earth to tune those spheres

above,

What art thou but a harpinger of woe?

Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no

more,

But orphans wailings to the fainting ear;

Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws

forth a tear;

For which be silent as in woods before:

Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,

Like widow'd turtle still her loss

complain.

W DRUMMOND

39

BLIND LOVE

O! Me! what eyes hath love put in my

head

Which have no correspondence with true

sight:

Or if they have, where is my judgement

fled

That censures falsely what they see

aright?

If that be fair whereon my false eyes

doe,

What means the world to say it is not

so?

If it be not, then love doth well denote

Love's eye is not so true as all men's: No,

How can it? O how can love's eye be true,

That is so vex'd with watching and with

tears?

No marvel then though I mistake my

view:

The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

Of cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st
me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults
should find!

ANON

Verè 13

A RENUNCIATION

41

If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle
still,
I would not marvel that they make men
I bond
By service long to purchase their goodwill;
But when I see how frail those creatures
are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.
To mark the choice they make, and how
they change,
How oft from Phœbus they do flee to
Pan;
Unsettled still, like haggards wild they
range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to
man;
Who would not scorn and shake them
from the fist,
And let them fly, fair fools, which way
they list?

Yet for disport we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can
please,
And train them to our lure with subtle
oath,
Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we
ease;
And then we say when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, O what a fool was I!

E VERÈ, EARL OF OXFORD

42

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:

THE UNFAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

40

W SHAKESPEARE

While that the sun with his beams hot
Scorch'd the fruits in vale and
mountain,
Philon the shepherd, late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain,
In shadow of a green oak-tree
Upon his pipe this song play'd he:
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu Love;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.
So long as I was in your sight
I was your heart, your soul, and treasure;
And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd
Burning in flames beyond all measure:
—Three days endured your love to
me,

And it was lost in other three!
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu Love;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.
Another Shepherd you did see
To whom your heart was soon enchained;
Full soon your love was leapt from me,
Soon came a third, your love to win,
And we were out and he was in.
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu Love;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure you have made me passing glad
That you your mind so soon removed,
Before that I the leisure had
To choose you for my best beloved:
For all your love was past and done
Two days before it was begun:—
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love,

W SHAKESPEARE

Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—
Ding, dong, bell.

A SEA DIRGE

46

W SHAKESPEARE

Fear no more the frown of the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.
Fear no more the lightning-flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

FIDELLE

45

W SHAKESPEARE

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall
be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true love never find my grave,
To weep there.

COME away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

DIRGE OF LOVE

44

W DRUMMOND

My thoughts hold mortal strife;
I do detest my life,
And with lamenting cries
Peace to my soul to bring
Of call that prince which here doth
monarchize:
—But he, grim grinning King,
Who callit's scorn, and doth the blest
surprise,
Late having deck'd with beauty's rose his
tomb,
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not
come.

MADRIGAL

43

W SHAKESPEARE

Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
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.

W SHAKESPEARE

Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love?

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH

49

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world, that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms
 to dwell;

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be
 forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you
 woe.

O if, I say, you look upon this verse
 When I perhaps compounded am with
 clay,

Do not so much as my poor name
 rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay;
 Lest the wise world should look into your
 moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

W SHAKESPEARE

MADRIGAL

50

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head?
 How begot, how nourish'd?

Reply, reply.
 It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed; and Fancy
 dies

In the cradle where it lies:
 Let us all ring Fancy's knell;
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell,
 —Ding, dong, bell.

W SHAKESPEARE

47

A LAND DIRGE

Call for the robin redbreast and the

wren,
 Since o'er shady groves they hover
 And with leaves and flowers do cover
 The friendless bodies of unburt men.
 Call unto his funeral dole

To rear him hillocks that shall keep
 him warm
 And (when gay tombs are robb'd)
 sustain no harm;
 But keep the wolf far thence, that's
 foe to men,
 For with his nails he'll dig them up
 again.

J WEBSTER

48

POST MORTEM

If thou survive my well-contented day
 When that churl Death my bones with
 dust shall cover,
 And shalt by fortune once more re-
 survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased
 lover;

Compare them with the bettering of time,
 And though they be outstripp'd by every
 pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their
 rhyme
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 O then vouchsafe me but this loving
 thought—
 Had my friend's muse grown with this
 growing age,
 A dearer birth than this his love had
 brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage:
 But since he died, and poets better prove,

CUPID AND CAMPASPE

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

J LYLIE

52

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;

Sweet air blow soft, mount larks 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 both 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,
State, 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!

T HEYWOOD

53

PROTHALAMION

Calm was the day, and through the
trembling air

Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly
play—
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glisten
fair;

When I (whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitless
stay

In princes' court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away,
Like empty shadows, did afflict my
brain),

Walk'd forth to ease my pain
Along the shore of silver-streaming
Thames;

Whose ruddy bank, the which his river
hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meads adorn'd with dainty
gems

Fit to deck maidens' bowers,
And crown their paramours

Against the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
my song.

There in a meadow by the river's side
A flock of nymphs I chanced to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks all loose
untied

As each had been a bride;
And each one had a little wicker basket
Made of fine twigs, entrail'd curiously,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill
their flasket,

And with fine fingers cropt full
feateously
The tender stalks on high.
Of every sort which in that meadow grew
They gather'd some; the violet, pallid
blue,

The little daisy that at evening closes,
The virgin lily and the primrose true;
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegrooms' poses
Against the bridal day, which was not
long:

Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
my song.

Against the bridal day, which was not
long:

Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
my song.

Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
my song.

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my song.

Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
my song.

Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
my song.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
 Come softly swimming down along the
 lee;
 Two fairer birds I yet did never see:
 The snow which doth the top of Pindus
 strow
 Did never whiter show,
 Nor love himself, when he a swan would
 be
 For love of Leda, whiter did appear:
 Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing
 near;
 So purely white they were
 That even the gentle stream, the which
 them bare,
 Seem'd foul to them, and bade his billows
 spare
 To wet their silken feathers, lest they
 might
 Soil their fair plumes with water not so
 fair,
 And mar their beauties bright
 That shone as Heaven's light
 Against their bridal day, which was not
 long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
 my song.
 Nor love himself, when he a swan would
 be
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 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing
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 spare
 To wet their silken feathers, lest they
 might
 Soil their fair plumes with water not so
 fair,
 And mar their beauties bright
 That shone as Heaven's light
 Against their bridal day, which was not
 long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
 my song.
 Then forth they all out of their baskets
 drew
 Great store of flowers, the honour of the
 field,
 That to the sense did fragrant odours
 yield,
 All which upon those goodly birds they
 threw
 And all the waves did strew,
 That like old Peneus' waters they did
 seem
 When down along by pleasant Tempes
 shore
 Scatter'd with flowers, through Thessaly
 they stream,
 That they appear, through Ilies's
 plentifulous store,
 Like a bride's chamber-floor.
 Two of those nymphs meanwhile two
 garlands bound
 Of freshest flowers which in that mead
 they found,
 The which presenting all in trim array,
 Their snowy foreheads therewithal they
 crown'd;
 Whilst one did sing this lay
 Prepared against that day,
 Against their bridal day, which was not
 long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
 my song.
 Ye gentle birds! the world's fair
 ornament,
 And Heaven's glory, whom this happy
 hour
 Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful
 bower,
 Joy may you have, and gentle hearts
 content
 Of your love's complement;
 And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
 Come softly swimming down along the
 lee;
 Two fairer birds I yet did never see:
 The snow which doth the top of Pindus
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 Did never whiter show,
 Nor love himself, when he a swan would
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 And mar their beauties bright
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 long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
 my song.
 Ye gentle birds! the world's fair
 ornament,
 And Heaven's glory, whom this happy
 hour
 Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful
 bower,
 Joy may you have, and gentle hearts
 content
 Of your love's complement;
 And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,

With her heart-quelling son upon you
 smile,
 Whose smile, they say, hath virtue to
 remove
 All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty
 guile
 For ever to assail.
 Let endless peace your steadfast hearts
 accord,
 And blessed plenty wait upon your
 board;
 And let your bed with pleasures chaste
 abound,
 That fruitful issue may to you afford
 Which may your joys confound,
 And make your joys redound
 Upon your bridal day, which is not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
 my song;

So ended she; and all the rest around
 To her redoubled that her undersong,
 Which said their bridal day should not
 be long:
 And gentle Echo from the neighbour
 ground
 Their accents did resound.
 So forth those joyous birds did pass along
 Adown the lee that to them murmur'd
 low,
 As he would speak but that he lack'd a
 tongue,
 Yet did by signs his glad affection show,
 Making his stream run slow.
 And all the fowl which in his flood did
 dwell
 Can flock about these twain, that did
 excel
 The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
 The lesser stars. So they, enranged well,
 Did on those two attend,
 And their best service lend
 Against their wedding day, which was
 not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
 my song.

At length they all to merry London came,
 To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
 That to me gave this life's first native
 source,

Though from another place I take my
 name,
 An house of ancient fame:
 There when they came whereas those
 bricky towers
 The which on Thames' broad aged back
 do ride,
 Where now the studious lawyers have
 their bowers,
 There whilome wont the Templar-
 knights to bide,
 Till they decay'd through pride;
 Next whereunto there stands a stately
 place,
 Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
 Of that great lord, which therein wont
 to dwell,
 Whose want too well now feels my
 friendless case;
 But ah! here fits not well
 Old woes, but joys to tell
 Against the bridal day, which is not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
 my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
 Great England's glory and the world's
 wide wonder,
 Whose dreadful name late thro' all Spain
 did thunder,
 And Hercules' two pillars standing near
 Did make to quake and fear:
 Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry!
 That fillest England with thy triumphs
 fame
 Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
 And endless happiness of thine own
 name
 That promiseth the same;
 That through thy prowess and victorious
 arms
 Thy country may be freed from foreign
 harms,
 And great Eliza's glorious name may
 ring
 Through all the world, fill'd with thy
 wide alarms
 Which some brave Muse may sing
 To ages following,
 Upon the bridal day, which is not long:

Canst drink the waters of the crisped
spring?

O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in
thine own tears?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden
bears

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

T DEKKER

55

This life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air

By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere

And strive who can most motion it
bequeath.

And though it sometimes seem of its own
might

Like to an eye of gold to be fix'd there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,

That only is because it is so light.
—But in that pomp it doth not long

appear;
For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,

Because it erst was nought, it turns to
nought.

W DRUMMOND

SOUL AND BODY

56

Poor Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee

array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer

Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a

lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion

spend?

Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
my song.

From those high towers this noble lord
issuing

Like radiant Hesper, when his golden
hair

In th' ocean billows he hath bathed fair,
Descended to the river's open viewing

With a great train ensuing.
Above the train ensuing.

Above the rest were goodly to be seen
Two gentle knights of lovely face and

feature,
Beseeching well the bower of any queen,

With gifts of wit and ornaments of
nature,

Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of love they seem'd

in sight
Which deck the baldric of the Heavens

bright;
They two, forth pacing to the river's side,

Received those two fair brides, their
love's delight;

Which, at th' appointed tide,
Each one did make his bride

Against their bridal day, which is not
long:

Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end
my song.

E SPENSER

54

THE HAPPY HEART

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden
slumbers?

O Sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are
vexed

To add to golden numbers, golden
numbers?

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet
content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Bat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?

Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servants'
 loss,

And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of
 dross;

Within be fed, without be rich no more:—
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds
 on men,

And death once dead, there's no more
 dying then.

W SHAKESPEARE

57

LIFE

THE World's a bubble, and the Life of
 Man

Less than a span:
 In his conception wretched, from the
 womb

So to the tomb;
 Curs'd from his cradle, and brought up
 to years

With cares and fears.
 Who then to trail mortality shall trust,
 But him on water, or but writes in dust,
 Yet whist with sorrow here we live

oppress,
 What life is best?

Courts are but only superficial schools
 To dandle fools:
 The rural parts are turn'd into a den

Of savage men:
 And where's a city from foul vice so free,
 But may be term'd the worst of all the
 three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
 Or pains his head:
 Those that live single, take it for a curse,
 Or do things worse:

Some would have children: those that
 have them moan
 Or wish them gone:

What is it, then to have, or have no wife,
 But single thralldom, or a double strife?

Our own affections still at home to please
 Is a disease:

To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
 Peril and toil:
 Wars with their noise affright us; when
 they cease,

We are worse in peace;—
 What then remains, but that we still
 should cry

For being born, or, being born, to die?
 LORD BACON

58

THE LESSONS OF NATURE

Of this fair volume which we World do
 name

If we the sheets and leaves could turn
 with care,
 Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
 We clear might read the art and wisdom

rare:
 Find out His power which wildest powers
 doth tame,

His providence extending everywhere,
 His justice which proud rebels doth not
 spare,

In every page, no period of the same,
 But silly we, like foolish children, rest
 Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves

of gold,
 Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is
 best,

On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking
 hold;

Or if by chance we stay our minds on
 aught,

It is some picture on the margin
 wrought.

59

DOth then the world go thus, doth all
 thus move?
 Is this the justice which on Earth we
 find?

And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
III:—

—Tired with all these, from these would
I be gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my Love alone.

W SHAKESPEARE

61

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST

The last and greatest Herald of Heaven's
King

Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts
wild,

Among that savage brood the woods
forth bring,

Which he more harmless found than
man, and mild.

His food was locusts, and what there
doth spring,

With honey that from virgin hives
distill'd;

Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth
thing

Made him appear, long since from earth
exiled.

There burst he forth: All ye whose hopes
rely

On God, with me amidst these deserts
mourn,

Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!
—Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his
cry?

Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, Repent!

W DRUMMOND

Is this that firm decree which all doth

bind?

Are these your influences, Powers
above?

Those souls which vice's moody mists
doth blind,

Blind Fortune, blindly, most their friend
doth prove;

And they who thee, poor idol Virtue! love,
Ply like a feather toss'd by storm and
wind.

Ah! if a Providence doth sway this all

Why should best minds groan under
most distress?

Or why should pride humility make
thral!

And injures the innocent oppress?
Heavens! hinder, stop this fate; or grant

a time
When good may have, as well as bad,

their prime!

W DRUMMOND

60

THE WORLD'S WAY

Tired with all these, for restless death I
cry—

As, to behold desert a beggar born
And needy nothing trim'd in jollity,

And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully

mispaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,

And right perfection wrongfully
disgraced,

And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,

And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,

The Golden Treasury

Book Second

ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

62

This is the month, and this the happy
 morn
 wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal
 King
 Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did
 bring;
 For so the holy sages once did sing
 That He our deadly forfeit should
 release,
 And with His Father work us a perpetual
 peace.
 That glorious Form, that Light
 unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty
 Wherewith He went at Heaven's high
 council-table
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of
 mortal clay.
 Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred
 vein
 Afford a present to the Infant God?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn
 strain
 To welcome Him to this His new abode,
 Now while the heaven, by the sun's team
 untrod,

Hath look no print of the approaching
 light,
 And all the spangled host keep watch in
 squadrons bright?
 See how from far, upon the eastern road,
 The star-led wizards haste with odours
 sweet:
 O run, prevent them with thy humble
 ode
 And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to
 greet,
 And join thy voice unto the angle quire
 From out His secret altar touch'd with
 hallow'd fire.
The Hymn
 It was the winter wild
 While the heaven-born Child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger
 lies;
 Nature in awe to Him
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize:
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty
 paramour.
 Only with speeches fair
 She wooos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent
 snow;
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to
 throw;

Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul
deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crown'd with olive green, came
softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds
dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through
sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high
uphung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the arméd
throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord
was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean—
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the
charméd wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious
influence;
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them
thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and
bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted
speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more
should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning
axletree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn
Or ere the point of dawn
Sate simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep
Was all that did their silly thoughts so
busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook—
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringéd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each
heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region
thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last
fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in
happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light
That with long beams the shamefaced
night array'd;
The helméd Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings
display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's
new-born Heir.

24 *The Golden Treasury*

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made
But when of old the sons of morning
 sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set
And the well-balanced world on hinges
 hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy
 channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of heaven's deep organ
 blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic
 symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of
 gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly
 mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the
 peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories
 wearing,
Mercy will sit between
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds
 down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high
 palace hall.

But wisest Fate says No;
This must not yet be so;
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both Himself and us to glorify:

Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep
The wakeful trump of doom must
 thunder through the deep;

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang
While the red fire and smouldering
 clouds outbrake:
The aged Earth aghast
With terror of that blast
Shall from the surface to the centre
 shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall
 spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
The old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded
 tail.

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archéd roof in words
 deceiving:
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos
 leaving:
No nightly trance or breathéd spell
Inspries the pale-eyed priest from the
 prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore
A voice of weeping heard, and loud
 lament;
From haunted spring and dale
Edged with popular pale
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled
 thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth
And on the holy hearth
The Lars and Lemurés moan with
 midnight plaint;

In urns and altars round
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamens at their service
 quaint;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar Power forgoes his
 wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
 And moonéd Ashtaroth
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded
 Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue;
 In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis,
 haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove, or green,
 Trampling the unshower'd grass with
 lowings loud:
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest;
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his
 shroud;
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
 The sable stoled sorcerers bear his
 worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded infant's hand;
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky
 eyn;
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide,
 Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
 Can in His swaddling bands control the
 damnéd crew.

So, when the sun in bed
 Curtain'd with cloudy red

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several
 grave;
 And the yellow-skirted fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their
 moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest;
 Time is, our tedious song should here
 have ending:
 Heaven's youngest-teeméd star
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
 Her sleeping Lord with hand-maid lamp
 attending:
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harness'd angels sit in order
 serviceable.

J MILTON

63

SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S
 DAY, 1687

FROM Harmony, from heavenly
 Harmony
 This universal frame began;
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high
 Arise, ye more than dead!
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey.
 From harmony, from heavenly
 harmony
 This universal frame began:
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes
 it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and
 quell?
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a god they thought there
 could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot Music raise and
 quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries 'Hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!
 The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whisper'd by the
 warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion
 For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
 And trees uprooted left their place
 Sequacious of the lyre:
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder
 higher:
 When to her Organ vocal breath was
 given
 An Angel heard, and straight
 appear'd—
 Mistaking Earth for Heaven!

Grand Chorus

As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blest above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour

This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

J DRYDEN

64

**ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN
 PIEMONTE**

AVENGE, O Lord! Thy slaughter'd Saints,
 whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains
 cold;
 Even them who kept Thy truth so pure
 of old
 When all our fathers worshipt stocks and
 stones
 Forget not: In Thy book record their
 groans
 Who were Thy sheep, and in their
 ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that
 roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks.
 Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and
 ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth
 sway
 The triple tyrant: that from these may
 grow
 A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy
 way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

J MILTON

65

**HORATIAN ODE UPON
 CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM
 IRELAND**

THE forward youth that would appear,
 Must now forsake his Muses dear,
 Nor in the shadows sing
 His numbers languishing.

Palgrave's *The Golden Treasury* was first published in 1861. This volume contains the best of songs and lyrical poems in the English language. It is presented in four books, each corresponding to a particular age.

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