

POEMS  
BY  
WILLIAM  
ALLINGHAM



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Donald Ogden Stewart

1<sup>st</sup> edition

LEABHARLANN DHÚN NA NGALL



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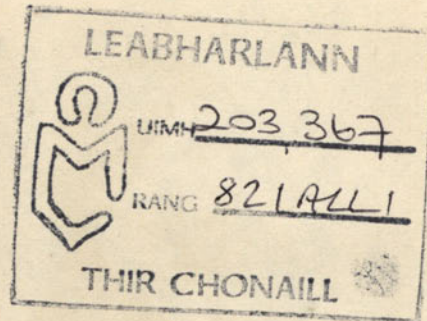
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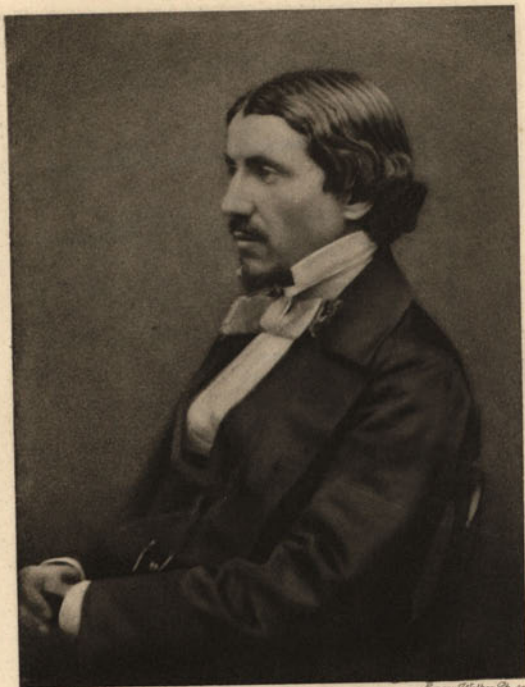


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*Emery Walker Ph. Sc.*

*William Allingham  
from an early photograph*

POEMS

BY

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

HELEN ALLINGHAM

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED  
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1914

LEABHARLANN  
William Allingham  
LEANN DHÚN na nGALL  
DONEGAL STUDIES



*William Allingham*  
*from an early photograph*

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*THESE little Songs,  
Found here and there,  
Floating in air  
By forest and lea,  
Or hill-side heather,  
In houses and throngs,  
Or down by the sea—  
Have come together,  
How, I can't tell:  
But I know full well  
No witty goose-wing  
On an inkstand begot 'em;  
Remember each place  
And moment of grace,  
In summer or spring,  
Winter or autumn,  
By sun, moon, stars,  
Or a coal in the bars,*

## DAY AND NIGHT SONGS

*In market or church,  
 Graveyard or dance,  
 When they came without search,  
 Were found as by chance.  
 A word, a line,  
 You may say are mine ;  
 But the best in the songs,  
 Whatever it be,  
 To you, and to me,  
 And to no one belongs.*

## THE WESTERN WIND

THE Western Wind blows free and far  
 Under the lonely Evening Star  
 Across an ocean vague and vast,  
 And sweeps that Island Bay at last ;  
 Blows over cliff there, over sand,  
 Over mountain-guarded land,  
 Rocky pastures, moors and lakes,  
 Rushing River that forsakes  
 His inland calm to find the tide ;  
 Homes where Men in turn abide ;  
 And blows into my heart with thrills,  
     Remembered thrills of love and joy.

I see thee, Star, above the hills  
     And waves, as tho' again a Boy,  
 And yet through mist of tears. O shine  
 In other hearts, as once in mine,  
 And thou, Atlantic Wind, blow free  
 For others now, as once for me !

## ADIEU TO BELASHANNY

## I

ADIEU to Belashanny!<sup>1</sup> where I was bred  
 and born ;  
 Go where I may, I'll think of you, as sure as  
 night and morn.  
 The kindly spot, the friendly town, where  
 every one is known,  
 And not a face in all the place but partly  
 seems my own ;  
 There's not a house or window, there's not  
 a field or hill,  
 But, east or west, in foreign lands, I'll re-  
 collect them still.  
 I leave my warm heart with you, tho' my  
 back I'm forced to turn—  
 Adieu to Belashanny, and the winding banks  
 of Erne !

<sup>1</sup> The vernacular, and more correct, form of the  
 name.

## II

No more 'on pleasant evenings we'll saunter  
 down the Mall,  
 When the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon  
 to the fall.  
 The boat comes straining on her net, and  
 heavily she creeps,  
 Cast off, cast off—she feels the oars, and to  
 her berth she sweeps ;  
 Now fore and aft keep hauling, and gather-  
 ing up the clew,  
 Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among  
 the crew.  
 Then they may sit, with pipes a-lit, and  
 many a joke and 'yarn' ;—  
 Adieu to Belashanny, and the winding banks  
 of Erne !

## III

The music of the waterfall, the mirror of the  
 tide,  
 When all the green-hill'd harbour is full from  
 side to side,

From Portnasun to Bulliebawns, and round  
 the Abbey Bay,  
 From rocky Inis Saimer to Coolnargit sand-  
 hills gray ;  
 While far upon the southern line, to guard it  
 like a wall,  
 The Leitrim mountains clothed in blue gaze  
 calmly over all,  
 And watch the ship sail up or down, the red  
 flag at her stern ;—  
 Adieu to these, adieu to all the winding  
 banks of Erne !

## IV

Farewell to you, Kildoney lads, and them  
 that pull an oar,  
 A lug-sail set, or haul a net, from the Point  
 to Mullaghmore ;  
 From Killybegs to bold Slieve-League, that  
 ocean-mountain steep,  
 Six hundred yards in air aloft, six hundred  
 in the deep,  
 From Dooran to the Fairy Bridge, and round  
 by Tullen strand,  
 Level and long, and white with waves, where  
 gull and curlew stand ;

Head out to sea when on your lee the  
 breakers you discern !—  
 Adieu to all the billowy coast, and winding  
 banks of Erne !

## v

Farewell, Coolmore,—Bundoran ! and your  
 summer crowds that run  
 From inland homes to see with joy th'  
 Atlantic-setting sun ;  
 To breathe the buoyant salted air, and sport  
 among the waves ;  
 To gather shells on sandy beach, and tempt  
 the gloomy caves ;  
 To watch the flowing, ebbing tide, the boats,  
 the crabs, the fish ;  
 Young men and maids to meet and smile,  
 and form a tender wish ;  
 The sick and old in search of health, for all  
 things have their turn—  
 And I must quit my native shore, and the  
 winding banks of Erne !

## VI

Farewell to every white cascade from the  
 Harbour to Belleek,  
 And every pool where fins may rest, and  
 ivy-shaded creek ;  
 The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where  
 ash and holly grow,  
 The one split yew-tree gazing on the curving  
 flood below ;  
 The Lough, that winds through islands  
 under Turaw mountain green ;  
 And Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with  
 tranquil bays between ;  
 And Breesie Hill, and many a pond among  
 the heath and fern,—  
 For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding  
 banks of Erne !

## VII

The thrush will call through Camlin groves  
 the live-long summer day ;  
 The waters run by mossy cliff, and banks  
 with wild flowers gay ;  
 The girls will bring their work and sing  
 beneath a twisted thorn,  
 Or stray with sweethearts down the path  
 among the growing corn ;

Along the river-side they go, where I have  
 often been,  
 O, never shall I see again the days that I  
 have seen !  
 A thousand chances are to one I never may  
 return,—  
 Adieu to Belashanny, and the winding banks  
 of Erne !

## VIII

Adieu to evening dances, when merry neigh-  
 bours meet,  
 And the fiddle says to boys and girls, 'Get  
 up and shake your feet !'  
 To 'shanachus'<sup>1</sup> and wise old talk of Erin's  
 days gone by—  
 Who trench'd the rath on such a hill, and  
 where the bones may lie  
 Of saint, or king, or warrior chief ; with tales  
 of fairy power,  
 And tender ditties sweetly sung to pass the  
 twilight hour.  
 The mournful song of exile is now for me to  
 learn—  
 Adieu, my dear companions on the winding  
 banks of Erne !

<sup>1</sup> 'Shanachus,' old stories,—histories, genealogies.



## IX

Now measure from the Commons down to  
 each end of the Purt,  
 Round the Abbey, Moy, and Knather,—I  
 wish no one any hurt ;  
 The Main Street, Back Street, College Lane,  
 the Mall, and Portnasun,  
 If any foes of mine are there, I pardon every  
 one.  
 I hope that man and womankind will do the  
 same by me ;  
 For my heart is sore and heavy at voyaging  
 the sea.  
 My loving friends I'll bear in mind, and often  
 fondly turn  
 To think of Belashanny, and the winding  
 banks of Erne.

## X

If ever I'm a money'd man, I mean, please  
 God, to cast  
 My golden anchor in the place where youth-  
 ful years were pass'd ;

Though heads that now are black and brown  
 must meanwhile gather gray,  
 New faces rise by every hearth, and old ones  
 drop away—  
 Yet dearer still that Irish hill than all the  
 world beside ;  
 It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam,  
 through lands and waters wide.  
 And if the Lord allows me, I surely will  
 return  
 To my native Belashanny, and the winding  
 banks of Erne.

## THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER

## I

O'ER western tides the fair Spring day  
 Sent back a smile as it withdrew,  
 And all the harbour, glittering gay,  
     Return'd a blithe adieu ;  
 Great clouds above the hills and sea  
 Kept brilliant watch, and air was free  
 For last lark, first-born star, to greet,—  
 When, for the crowning vernal sweet,  
 Among the slopes and crags I meet  
     The Pilot's pretty Daughter.

## II

Round her gentle, happy face,  
     Dimpled soft, and freshly fair,  
 Danced with careless ocean grace  
     Locks of auburn hair :

As lightly blew the veering wind,  
 They touched her cheeks, or waved behind,  
 Unbound, unbraided, and unloop'd ;  
 Or when to tie her shoe she stoop'd  
 Below her chin the half-curls droop'd,  
     And veil'd the Pilot's Daughter.

## III

Rising, she toss'd them gaily back,  
     With gesture infantine and brief,  
 To fall around as smooth a neck  
     As any wild-rose leaf.  
 Her Sunday frock of lilac shade  
 (That choicest tint) was neatly made,  
 And not too long to hide from view  
 The stout but noway clumsy shoe,  
 And stocking's trimly-fitting blue  
     That graced the Pilot's Daughter.

## IV

With look half timid and half droll,  
     And then with slightly downcast eyes,  
 And something of a blush that stole,  
     Or something from the skies  
 Deepening the warmth upon her cheek,  
 She turn'd when I began to speak ;  
 The firm young step a sculptor's choice ;

How clear the cadence of her voice!  
 Health bade her virgin soul rejoice,—  
 The Pilot's lovely Daughter!

## v

Were it my lot (the sudden wish)  
 To hand a pilot's oar and sail,  
 Or haul the dripping moonlight mesh  
     Spangled with herring-scale;  
 By dying stars, how sweet 'twould be,  
 And dawn upon the glimmering sea,  
 With weary, cheery pull to shore,  
 To gain my cottage-home once more,  
 And clasp, before I reach the door,  
     My love, the Pilot's Daughter!

## vi

This element beside my feet  
 Allures, a tepid wine of gold;  
 One touch, one taste, dispels the cheat,  
     'Tis salt and nipping cold:  
 A fisher's hut, the scene perforce  
 Of narrow thoughts and manners coarse,  
 Coarse as the curtains that beseem  
 (Festoons of net) the smoky beam,  
 Would never lodge my favourite dream,  
     Though fair my Pilot's Daughter.

## vii

To the large riches of the earth,  
 Endowing men in their despite,  
 The *Poor*, by privilege of birth,  
     Stand in the closest right.  
 Yet not alone the palm grows dull  
 With clayey delve and watery pull:  
 And this for me,—or hourly pain;  
 But could I sink and call it gain?  
 Unless a pilot true, 'twere vain  
     To wed a Pilot's Daughter.

## viii

Lift *her*, perhaps?—but ah! I said,  
 Much wiser leave such thoughts alone.  
 So may thy beauty, simple maid,  
     Be mine, yet all thy own;  
 Join'd in my free contented love  
 With companies of stars above,  
 Who from their throne of airy steep  
 Do kiss these ripples as they creep  
 Across the boundless darkening deep,—  
 Low voiceful wave! hush soon to sleep  
     The Pilot's gentle Daughter!

## KATE O' BELASHANNY

## I

SEEK up and down, both fair and brown,  
 We've purty lasses many, O ;  
 But brown or fair, one girl most rare,  
 The Flow'r o' Belashanny, O.  
 As straight is she as poplar-tree  
 (Tho' not as aisy shaken, O),  
 And walks so proud among the crowd,  
 For queen she might be taken, O.  
     From top to toe, where'er you go,  
     The loveliest girl of any, O,—  
 Ochone ! your mind I find unkind,  
 Sweet Kate o' Belashanny, O !

## II

One summer day the banks were gay,  
 The Erne in sunshine glancin' there,  
 The big cascade its music play'd  
 And set the salmon dancin' there.  
 Along the green my Joy was seen ;  
 Some goddess bright I thought her there ;  
 The fishes, too, swam close, to view  
 Her image in the water there.  
     From top to toe, where'er you go,  
     The loveliest girl of any, O,—  
 Ochone ! your mind I find unkind,  
 Sweet Kate o' Belashanny, O !

## III

My dear, give ear !—the river's near,  
 And if you think I'm shammin' now,  
 To end my grief I'll seek relief  
 Among the trout and salmon, now ;  
 For shrimps and sharks to make their marks,  
 And other watery vermin there ;  
 Unless a mermaid saves my life,—  
 My wife, and me her merman there.  
     From top to toe, where'er you go,  
     The loveliest girl of any, O,—  
 Mavrone ! your mind I find unkind,  
 Sweet Kate o' Belashanny, O !

## IV

'Tis all in vain that I complain ;  
 No use to coax or chide her there ;  
 As far away from me as Spain,  
 Although I stand beside her there.  
 O cruel Kate ! since that's my fate,  
 I'll look for love no more in you ;  
 The seagull's screech as soon would reach  
 Your heart, as me implorin' you.  
     Tho' fair you are, and rare you are,  
     The loveliest flow'r of any, O,—  
 Too proud and high,—good-bye,  
     say I,  
 To Kate o' Belashanny, O !

## KITTY O'HEA

## I

Now, Kitty O'Hea, darling jewel,  
 I wish you'd consider my case !  
 O, who could believe you're so cruel  
 To look in that beautiful face ?  
 Let roses be jealous,—no matter !  
 The sunshine's in love with your cheek ;  
 What singing-bird wouldn't I flatter  
 To say it's her voice when you speak ?  
     Kitty O'Hea, O'Hea,  
     Kitty, give ear to my song.  
     Kitty O'Hea, O'Hea,  
     Kitty, I'm courting you long.

## II

My thoughts I can never keep steady,  
 No more nor a man in a dream,  
 They caper like straws in an eddy,  
 In place of pursuing the stream.  
 Amusement or meat I don't care for,  
 I moan like a cow gone astray ;  
 Myself knows the why and the wherefore,—  
 I'm thinking of Kitty O'Hea.  
     Kitty O'Hea, O'Hea, etc.

## III

I never objected, in reason,  
 To bear with a slight or a scoff,  
 But snow isn't always in season,  
 And Lent isn't very far off.  
 Shrove-Tuesday's the time for to shake one,  
 And single I'll not pass the day,  
 Young, old, maid or widow, I'll take one,—  
 So mind yourself, Kitty O'Hea !  
     Kitty O'Hea, O'Hea,  
     Kitty, give heed to my song.  
     Kitty O'Hea, O'Hea,  
     Kitty, I'm courting too long !

## WINNY

HER blue eyes they beam and they twinkle,  
 Her lips, they make smiling more fair ;  
 On cheek and on brow there's no wrinkle,  
 But thousands of curls in her hair.

She's little,—you don't wish her taller ;  
 Just half through the teens is her age ;  
 And baby or lady to call her,  
 Were something to puzzle a sage.

Her walk is far better than dancing ;  
 She speaks as another might sing ;  
 And all by an innocent chancing,  
 Like lambkins and birds in the spring.

Unskill'd in the airs of the city,  
 She's perfect in natural grace ;  
 She's gentle, and truthful, and witty,  
 And ne'er spends a thought on her face.

Her face, with the fine glow that's in it,  
 As fresh as an apple-tree bloom—  
 And O! when she comes, in a minute,  
 Like sunbeams she brightens the room.

As taking in mind as in feature,  
 How many will sigh for her sake!  
 —I wonder, the sweet little creature,  
 What sort of a wife she would make.

## A DREAM

I HEARD the dogs howl in the moonlight  
 night;  
 I went to the window to see the sight;  
 All the Dead that ever I knew  
 Going one by one and two by two.

On they pass'd, and on they pass'd;  
 Townsfellows all, from first to last;  
 Born in the moonlight of the lane,  
 Quench'd in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolmates, marching as when we play'd,  
 At soldiers once—but now more staid;  
 Those were the strangest sight to me  
 Who were drown'd, I knew, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk; bent and weak  
 too;  
 Some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to;  
 Some but a day in their churchyard bed;  
 Some that I had not known were dead.

A long, long crowd—where each seem'd  
 lonely,  
 Yet of them all there was one, one only,  
 Raised a head or look'd my way:  
 She linger'd a moment,—she might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face!  
 Ah! Mother dear! might I only place  
 My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,  
 While thy hand on my tearful cheek were  
 prest!

On, on, a moving bridge they made  
 Across the moon-stream, from shade to shade,  
 Young and old, women and men;  
 Many long-forgot, but remember'd then.

And first there came a bitter laughter;  
 A sound of tears the moment after;  
 And then a music so lofty and gay,  
 That every morning, day by day,  
 I strive to recall it if I may.

### ABBEY ASAROE

I

GRAY, gray is Abbey Asaroe, by Belashanny  
 town,  
 It has neither door nor window, the walls  
 are broken down;  
 The carven-stones lie scatter'd in briar and  
 nettle-bed;  
 The only feet are those that come at burial  
 of the dead.  
 A little rocky rivulet runs murmuring to the  
 tide,  
 Singing a song of ancient days, in sorrow,  
 not in pride;  
 The boortree and the lightsome ash across  
 the portal grow,  
 And heaven itself is now the roof of Abbey  
 Asaroe.



## II

It looks beyond the harbour-stream to  
 Gulban mountain blue ;  
 It hears the voice of Erna's fall,—Atlantic  
 breakers too ;  
 High ships go sailing past it ; the sturdy  
 clank of oars  
 Brings in the salmon-boat to haul a net  
 upon the shores ;  
 And this way to his home-creek, when the  
 summer day is done,  
 Slow sculls the weary fisherman across the  
 setting sun ;  
 While green with corn is Sheegus Hill, his  
 cottage white below ;  
 But gray at every season is Abbey Asaroe.

## III

There stood one day a poor old man above  
 its broken bridge ;  
 He heard no running rivulet, he saw no  
 mountain-ridge ;  
 He turn'd his back on Sheegus Hill, and  
 view'd with misty sight  
 The Abbey walls, the burial-ground with  
 crosses ghostly white ;

Under a weary weight of years he bow'd  
 upon his staff,  
 Perusing in the present time the former's  
 epitaph ;  
 For, gray and wasted like the walls, a figure  
 full of woe,  
 This man was of the blood of them who  
 founded Asaroe.

## IV

From Derry to Bundrowas Tower, Tirconnell  
 broad was theirs ;  
 Spearmen and plunder, bards and wine, and  
 holy abbot's prayers ;  
 With chanting always in the house which  
 they had builded high  
 To God and to Saint Bernard,—where at  
 last they came to die.  
 At worst, no workhouse grave for him ! the  
 ruins of his race  
 Shall rest among the ruin'd stones of this  
 their saintly place.  
 The fond old man was weeping ; and  
 tremulous and slow  
 Along the rough and crooked lane he crept  
 from Asaroe.

## THE GIRL'S LAMENTATION

WITH grief and mourning I sit to spin ;  
 My Love passed by, and he didn't come in ;  
 He passes by me, both day and night,  
 And carries off my poor heart's delight.

There is a tavern in yonder town,  
 My Love goes there and he spends a crown,  
 He takes a strange girl upon his knee,  
 And never more gives a thought to me.

Says he, 'We'll wed without loss of time,  
 And sure our love's but a little crime ;'—  
 My apron-string now it's wearing short,  
 And my Love he seeks other girls to court.

O with him I'd go if I had my will,  
 I'd follow him barefoot o'er rock and hill ;  
 I'd never once speak of all my grief  
 If he'd give me a smile for my heart's relief.

In our wee garden the rose unfolds,  
 With bachelor's-buttons and marigolds ;  
 I'll tie no posies for dance or fair,  
 A willow-twigg is for me to wear.

For a maid again I can never be,  
 Till the red rose blooms on the willow tree.  
 Of such a trouble I've heard them tell,  
 And now I know what it means full well.

As through the long lonesome night I lie,  
 I'd give the world if I might but cry ;  
 But I mus'n't moan there or raise my voice,  
 And the tears run down without any noise.

And what, O what will my mother say ?  
 She'll wish her daughter was in the clay.  
 My father will curse me to my face ;  
 The neighbours will know of my black  
 disgrace.

My sister's buried three years, come Lent ;  
 But sure we made far too much lament.  
 Beside her grave they still say a prayer—  
 I wish to God t'was myself was there !

The Candlemas crosses hang near my bed ;<sup>1</sup>  
 To look at them puts me much in dread,  
 They mark the good time that's gone and  
     past :  
 It's like this year's one will prove the last.

The oldest cross it's a dusty brown,  
 But the winter winds didn't shake it down ;  
 The newest cross keeps the colour bright ;  
 When the straw was reaping my heart was  
     light.

The reapers rose with the blink of morn,  
 And gaily stook'd up the yellow corn,  
 To call them home to the field I'd run,  
 Through the blowing breeze and the summer  
     sun.

When the straw was weaving my heart was  
     glad,  
 For neither sin nor shame I had,  
 In the barn where oat-chaff was flying round,  
 And the thumping flails made a pleasant  
     sound.

<sup>1</sup> Little crosses woven of straw. A new cross is added each year, and the old ones are left till they fall to pieces.

Now summer or winter to me it's one ;  
 But oh ! for a day like the time that's gone.  
 I'd little care was it storm or shine,  
 If I had but peace in this heart of mine.

Oh ! light and false is a young man's kiss,  
 And a foolish girl gives her soul for this.  
 Oh ! light and short is the young man's  
     blame,  
 And a helpless girl has the grief and shame.

To the river-bank once I thought to go,  
 And cast myself in the stream below ;  
 I thought 'twould carry us far out to sea,  
 Where they'd never find my poor babe and  
     me.

Sweet Lord, forgive me that wicked mind !  
 You know I used to be well-inclined.  
 Oh, take compassion upon my state,  
 Because my trouble is so very great.

My head turns round with the spinning-wheel,  
 And a heavy cloud on my eyes I feel.  
 But the worst of all is at my heart's core ;  
 For my innocent days will come back no  
     more.

## THE RUINED CHAPEL

By the shore, a plot of ground  
 Clips a ruin'd chapel round,  
 Buttress'd with a grassy mound ;  
     Where Day and Night and Day go by,  
 And bring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas,  
 Shaking of the guardian trees,  
 Piping of the salted breeze ;  
     Day and Night and Day go by  
 To the endless tune of these.

Or when, as winds and waters keep  
 A hush more dead than any sleep,  
 Still morns to stiller evenings creep,  
     And Day and Night and Day go by ;  
 Here the silence is most deep.

The empty ruins, lapsed again  
 Into Nature's wide domain,  
 Sow themselves with seed and grain  
     As Day and Night and Day go by ;  
 And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funeral tears were shed ;  
 Now the graves are also dead ;  
 And suckers from the ash-tree spread,  
     While Day and Night and Day go by ;  
 And stars move calmly overhead.

## UNDER THE GRASS

WHERE those green mounds o'erlook the  
 mingling Erne  
 And salt Atlantic, clay that walk'd as Man  
 A thousand years ago, some Vik-ing stern,  
 May rest, or nameless Chieftain of a Clan ;  
 And when my dusty remnant shall return  
 To the great passive World, and nothing can  
 With eye, or lip, or finger, any more,  
 O lay it there too, by the river shore.

The silver salmon shooting up the fall,  
 Itself at once the arrow and the bow ;  
 The shadow of the old quay's weedy wall  
 Cast on the shining turbulence below ;  
 The water-voice which ever seems to call  
 Far off out of my childhood's long-ago ;  
 The gentle washing of the harbour wave ;  
 Be these the sights and sounds around my  
 grave.

Soothed also with thy friendly beck, my  
 town,  
 And near the square gray tower within  
 whose shade  
 Was many of my kin's last lying-down ;  
 Whilst, by the broad heavens changefully  
 array'd,  
 Empurpling mountains its horizon crown ;  
 And westward 'tween low hummocks is  
 display'd,  
 In lightsome hours, the level pale blue sea,  
 With sails upon it creeping silently :

Or, other time, beyond that tawny sand,  
 An ocean glooming underneath the shroud  
 Drawn thick athwart it by tempestuous hand ;  
 When like a mighty fire the bar roars  
 loud,  
 As though the whole sea came to whelm the  
 land—  
 The gull flies white against the stormy  
 cloud,  
 And in the weather-gleam the breakers  
 mark  
 A ghastly line upon the waters dark.

A green unfading quilt above be spread,  
 And freely round let all the breezes blow ;  
 May children play beside the breathless bed,  
 Holiday lasses by the cliff-edge go ;  
 And manly games upon the sward be sped,  
 And cheerful boats beneath the headland  
 row ;  
 And be the thought, if any rise, of me,  
 What happy soul might wish that thought  
 to be.

## ON A FORENOON OF SPRING

I'm glad I am alive, to see and feel  
 The full deliciousness of this bright day  
 That's like a heart with nothing to conceal ;  
 The young leaves scarcely trembling ; the  
 blue-gray  
 Rimming the cloudless ether far away ;  
 Brairds,<sup>1</sup> hedges, shadows ; mountains that  
 reveal  
 Soft sapphire ; this great floor of polish'd  
 steel  
 Spread out amidst the landmarks of the  
 bay.

<sup>1</sup> 'Braird' means, in the North of Ireland, the first growth of young green corn of any sort. *Brord* (Ang.-Sax.), 'the first blade or spire of grass or corn.'—BOSWORTH.

I stoop in sunshine to our circling net  
From the black gunwale ; tend these milky  
kine  
Up their rough path ; sit by yon cottage  
door  
Plying the diligent thread ; take wings  
and soar—  
Thou small Sky-Poet ! never lyric yet  
From human mouth was such pure joy  
as thine.

## 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 gray  
 He's nigh lost his wits.  
 With a bridge of white mist  
 Columkill 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 !



## THE FAIRY KING

THE Fairy King was old.  
 He met the Witch of the wold.  
 'Ah ha, King!' quoth she,  
 'Now thou art old like me.'  
 'Nay, Witch!' quoth he,  
 'I am not old like thee.'

The King took off his crown,  
 It almost bent him down;  
 His age was too great  
 To carry such a weight.  
 'Give it me!' she said,  
 And clapt it on her head.

Crown sank to ground;  
 The Witch no more was found.  
 Then sweet spring-songs were sung,  
 The Fairy King grew young,  
 His crown was made of flowers,  
 He lived in woods and bowers.

## THE BAN-SHEE

A BALLAD OF ANCIENT ERIN

I

'HEARD'ST thou over the Fortress wild geese  
 flying and crying?  
 Was it a gray wolf's howl? wind in the forest  
 sighing?  
 Wail from the sea as of wreck? Hast heard  
 it, Comrade?'—'Not so.  
 Here, all still as the grave, above, around,  
 and below.

'The Warriors lie in battalion, spear and  
 shield beside them,  
 Tranquil, whatever lot in the coming fray  
 shall betide them.

See, where he rests, the Glory of Erin, our  
Kingly Youth!  
Closed his lion's eyes, and in sleep a smile  
on his mouth.'

'The cry, the dreadful cry! I know it—  
louder and nearer,  
Circling our Dūn—the *Ban-shee*!—my heart  
is frozen to hear her!  
Saw you not in the darkness a spectral  
glimmer of white  
Flitting away?—I saw it!—evil her message  
to-night.

'Constant, but never welcome, she, to the  
line of our Chief;  
Bodeful, baleful, fateful, voice of terror and  
grief.  
Dimly burneth the lamp—hush! again that  
horrible cry!—  
If a thousand lives could save thee, Tierna,  
thou shouldest not die.'

## II

'Now! what whisper ye, Clansmen? I  
wake. Be your words of me?  
Wherefore gaze on each other? I too have  
heard the Ban-shee.  
Death is her message: but ye, be silent.  
Death comes to no man  
Sweet as to him who in fighting crushes his  
country's foeman.

'Streak of dawn in the sky—morning of  
battle. The Stranger  
Camps on our salt-sea strand below, and  
recks not his danger.  
Victory!—that was my dream; one that  
shall fill men's ears  
In story and song of harp after a thousand  
years.

'Give me my helmet and sword. Whale-  
tusk, gold-wrought, I clutch thee!  
Blade, Flesh-Biter, fail me not this time!  
Yea, when I touch thee,

Shivers of joy run through me. Sing aloud  
as I swing thee!  
Glut of enemies' blood, meseemeth, to-day  
shall bring thee.

'Sound the horn! Behold, the Sun is  
beginning to rise.  
Whoso seeth him set, ours is the victor's prize,  
When the foam along the sand shall no  
longer be white but red—  
Spoils and a mighty feast for the Living, a  
carn for the Dead.'

## THE LEPRACAUN

OR

## FAIRY SHOEMAKER

LITTLE Cowboy, what have you heard,  
Up on the lonely rath's<sup>1</sup> green mound?  
Only the plaintive yellow bird<sup>2</sup>  
Sighing in sultry fields around,  
Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee!—  
Only the grasshopper and the bee?—  
'Tip-tap, rip-rap,  
Tick-a-tack-too!  
Scarlet leather, sewn together,  
This will make a shoe.  
Left, right, pull it tight;  
Summer days are warm;

<sup>1</sup> 'Rath,' ancient earthen fort.

<sup>2</sup> 'Yellow bird,' the yellow-bunting, or *yorlin*.

Underground in winter,  
 Laughing at the storm !'  
 Lay your ear close to the hill.  
 Do you not catch the tiny clamour,  
 Busy click of an elfin hammer,  
 Voice of the Lepracaun singing shrill  
 As he merrily plies his trade ?  
 He's a span  
 And a quarter in height.  
 Get him in sight, hold him tight,  
 And you're a made  
 Man !

## II

You watch your cattle the summer day,  
 Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay ;  
 How would you like to roll in your carriage,  
 Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage ?  
 Seize the Shoemaker—then you may !  
 ' Big boots a-hunting,  
 Sandals in the hall,  
 White for a wedding-feast,  
 Pink for a ball.  
 This way, that way,  
 So we make a shoe ;

Getting rich every stitch,  
 Tick-tack-too !'  
 Nine-and-ninety treasure-crocks  
 This keen miser-fairy hath,  
 Hid in mountains, woods, and rocks,  
 Ruin and round-tow'r, cave and rath,  
 And where the cormorants build ;  
 From times of old  
 Guarded by him ;  
 Each of them fill'd  
 Full to the brim  
 With gold !

## III

I caught him at work one day, myself,  
 In the castle-ditch, where foxglove grows,—  
 A wrinkled, wizen'd, and bearded Elf,  
 Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,  
 Silver buckles to his hose,  
 Leather apron—shoe in his lap—  
 ' Rip-rap, tip-tap,  
 Tack-tack-too !  
 (A grasshopper on my cap !  
 Away the moth flew !)

Buskins for a fairy prince,  
 Brogues for his son,—  
 Pay me well, pay me well,  
 When the job is done !'  
 The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt.  
 I stared at him ; he stared at me ;  
 'Servant, Sir !' 'Humph !' says he,  
 And pull'd a snuff-box out.  
 He took a long pinch, look'd better pleased,  
 The queer little Lepracaun ;  
 Offer'd the box with a whimsical grace,—  
 Pouf ! he flung the dust in my face,  
 And, while I sneezed,  
 Was gone !

## THE MILKMAID

O WHERE are you going so early ? he said ;  
 Good luck go with you, my pretty maid ;  
 To tell you my mind I'm half afraid,  
 But I wish I were your sweetheart.  
 When the morning sun is shining low,  
 And the cocks in every farmyard crow,  
 I'll carry your pail  
 O'er hill and dale,  
 And I'll go with you a-milking.

I'm going a-milking, sir, says she,  
 Through the dew, and across the lea ;  
 You ne'er would even yourself to me,  
 Or take me for your sweetheart.  
 When the morning sun, etc.

Now give me your milking-stool awhile,  
 To carry it down to yonder stile ;  
 I'm wishing every step a mile,  
     And myself your only sweetheart,  
     When the morning sun, etc.

Oh, here's the stile in-under the tree,  
 And there's the path in the grass for me,  
 And I thank you kindly, sir, says she,  
     And wish you a better sweetheart.  
     When the morning sun, etc.

Now give me your milking-pail, says he,  
 And while we're going across the lea,  
 Pray reckon your master's cows to me,  
     Although I'm not your sweetheart.  
     When the morning sun, etc.

Two of them red, and two of them white,  
 Two of them yellow and silky bright,  
 She told him her master's cows aright,  
     Though he was not her sweetheart.  
     When the morning sun, etc.

She sat and milk'd in the morning sun,  
 And when her milking was over and done,  
 She found him waiting, all as one  
     As if he were her sweetheart.  
     When the morning sun, etc.

He freely offer'd his heart and hand ;  
 Now she has a farm at her command,  
 And cows of her own to graze the land ;  
 Success to all true sweethearts !  
     When the morning sun is shining low,  
     And the cocks in every farmyard crow,  
     I'll carry your pail  
     O'er hill and dale,  
     And I'll go with you a-milking.

## AMONG THE HEATHER

ONE evening walking out, I o'ertook a modest  
*colleen,*

When the wind was blowing cool, and the  
harvest leaves were falling.

'Is our road, by chance, the same? Might  
we travel on together?'

'O, I keep the mountain side' (she replied),  
'among the heather.'

'Your mountain air is sweet when the days  
are long and sunny,

When the grass grows round the rocks, and  
the whin-bloom<sup>1</sup> smells like honey;

But the winter's coming fast, with its foggy,  
snowy weather,

And you'll find it bleak and chill on your  
hill, among the heather.'

<sup>1</sup> 'Whin,' furze.

She praised her mountain home: and I'll  
praise it too, with reason,

For where Molly is, there's sunshine and  
flow'rs at every season.

Be the moorland black or white, does it  
signify a feather,

Now I know the way by heart, every part,  
among the heather?

The sun goes down in haste, and the night  
falls thick and stormy;

Yet I'd travel twenty miles to the welcome  
that's before me;

Singing hi for Eskydun, in the teeth of wind  
and weather!

Love'll warm me as I go through the snow,  
among the heather.

## LOVELY MARY DONNELLY

Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, my joy, my only  
best!  
If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see  
the rest;  
Be what it may the time o' day, the place be  
where it will,  
Sweet looks o' Mary Donnelly, they bloom  
before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing  
on a rock,  
How clear they are, how dark they are! they  
give me many a shock;  
Red rowans warm in sunshine and wetted  
with a show'r,  
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has  
me in its pow'r.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eye-  
brows lifted up,  
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth  
like a china cup,  
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty  
and so fine;  
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gather'd  
in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night ex-  
ceeded all before,  
No pretty girl for miles about was missing  
from the floor;  
But Mary kept the belt o' love, and O but  
she was gay!  
She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took  
my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps  
were so complete  
The music nearly kill'd itself to listen to her  
feet;  
The fiddler moan'd his blindness, he heard  
her so much praised,  
But bless'd his luck to not be deaf when  
once her voice she raised.



And evermore I'm whistling or liling what  
 you sung,  
 Your smile is always in my heart, your name  
 beside my tongue ;  
 But you've as many sweethearts as you'd  
 count on both your hands,  
 And for myself there's not a thumb or little  
 finger stands.

'Tis you're the flower o' womankind in  
 country or in town ;  
 The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast  
 down.  
 If some great lord should come this way, and  
 see your beauty bright,  
 And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but  
 right.

O might we live together in a lofty palace  
 hall,  
 Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet  
 curtains fall !  
 O might we live together in a cottage mean  
 and small,  
 With sods o' grass the only roof, and mud  
 the only wall !

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my  
 distress,  
 It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll  
 never wish it less.  
 The proudest place would fit your face, and  
 I am poor and low ;  
 But blessings be about you, dear, wherever  
 you may go !

## SNOWDROP

(IN TIME OF WAR)

FAIR Maid of February—drop of snow  
 Enchanted to a flow'r, and therewithin  
 A dream of April's green—who without sin  
 Conceived wast, but how no man may  
 know ;  
 I would thou mightest, being of heavenly  
 kin,  
 Pray for us all (thy lips are pure, altho'  
 The soil be soak'd with tears and blood),  
 to win  
 Some ruth for human folly, guilt and woe.

A flitting phantasy and fond conceit !  
 Yet mark this little white-green bell, three-  
 cleft,  
 Nor say of miracles the Earth's bereft.  
 Lo, for our comfort, here is one complete :  
 And after this the whole new spring-time  
 left,  
 And all the roses that make summer sweet.

## DAFFODIL

GOLD tassel upon March's bugle-horn,  
 Whose blithe reveille blows from hill to  
 hill  
 And every valley rings—O Daffodil !  
 What promise for the season newly born ?  
 Shal I wave on wave of flow'rs, full tide of  
 corn,  
 O'erflow the world, then fruited Autumn  
 fill  
 Hedgerow and garth ? Shall tempest,  
 blight, or chill  
 Turn all felicity to scathe and scorn ?

Tantarrara ! the joyous Book of Spring  
 Lies open, writ in blossoms ; not a bird  
 Of evil augury is seen or heard :  
 Come now, like Pan's old crew we'll dance  
 and sing,  
 Or Oberon's ; for hill and valley ring  
 To March's bugle-horn,—Earth's blood is  
 stirr'd.

## WILD ROSE

SOME innocent girlish Kisses by a charm  
 Changed to a flight of small pink Butter-  
 flies,  
 To waver under June's delicious skies  
 Across gold-sprinkled meads—the merry  
 swarm  
 A smiling powerful word did next transform  
 To little Roses mesh'd in green, allies  
 Of earth and air, and everything we prize  
 For mirthful, gentle, delicate, and warm.

See, Rosie! sure thy sister-flow'r it is  
 (*Rosa Sylvestris* one hath named thee  
 well);  
 Methinks I could imagine gloomy Dis  
 Whirling you, with a wildrose wreath, to—  
 dwell  
 In Hades. Only one thing sweet as this,  
 One thing—come closer—nay, I'll never  
 tell!

## HONEYSUCKLE

FIRST a cloud of fragrance. Then one sees  
 Coronets of ivory, coral, and gold,  
 Full of luscious treasure for the bees,  
 In their hedgerow-wreathage manifold  
 Clustering, or outswinging at their ease,  
 Watching in the hayfield those who hold  
 Scythe and rake, or overpeering bold  
 Dusty wayfarers 'twixt roadside trees.

Honeysuckle-scented Summer Night!  
 Leaves above and dewy woods around,  
 Save the purring nightjar not a sound,  
 Save the tender glowing stars no light,—  
 Thou hast hid thy lovers out of sight,  
 Bower'd, or wandering through enchanted  
 ground.

## WAYSIDE FLOWERS

PLUCK not the wayside flower,  
It is the traveller's dower ;  
A thousand passers-by  
Its beauties may espy,  
May win a touch of blessing  
From Nature's mild caressing.  
The sad of heart perceives  
A violet under leaves  
Like some fresh-budding hope ;  
The primrose on the slope  
A spot of sunshine dwells,  
And cheerful message tells  
Of kind renewing power ;  
The nodding bluebell's dye  
Is drawn from happy sky.  
Then spare the wayside flower !  
It is the traveller's dower.

FOUR ducks on a pond,  
A grass-bank beyond,  
A blue sky of spring,  
White clouds on the wing ;  
What a little thing  
To remember for years—  
To remember with tears !

## THE LOVER AND BIRDS

WITHIN a budding grove,  
 In April's ear sang every bird his best.  
 But not a song to pleasure my unrest,  
 Or touch the tears unwept of bitter  
 love.

Some spake, methought, with pity, some as if  
 in jest.

To every word

Of every bird

I listen'd, and replied as it behove.

Scream'd Chaffinch, 'Sweet, sweet,  
 sweet!

Pretty lovey, come and meet me here!'   
 'Chaffinch,' quoth I, 'be dumb awhile,  
 in fear

Thy darling prove no better than a  
 cheat,

And never come, or fly when wintry days  
 appear.'

Yet from a twig

With voice so big,

The little fowl his utterance did repeat.

Then I, 'The man forlorn

Hears Earth send up a foolish noise  
 aloft.'

'And what'll *he* do? what'll *he* do?'  
 scoff'd

The Blackbird, standing in an ancient  
 thorn,

Then spread his sooty wings and flitted to  
 the croft

With cackling laugh:

Whom I, being half

Enraged, call'd after, giving back his  
 scorn.

Worse mock'd the Thrush, 'Die! die!

Oh, could he do it? could he do it?

Nay!

Be quick! be quick! Here, here, here!'

(went his lay)

‘Take heed! take heed!’ then, ‘Why?  
 why? why? why? why?  
 See—ee now! see—ee now!’ (he drawl’d).  
 ‘Back! back! back! R-r-r-run away!’  
 O Thrush, be still!  
 Or, at thy will,  
 See some less sad interpreter than I.

‘Air, air! blue air and white!  
 Whither I flee, whither, O whither, O  
 whither I flee!’  
 (Thus the Lark hurried, mounting from  
 the lea)  
 ‘Hills, countries, many waters glittering  
 bright,  
 Whither I see, whither I see! deeper, deeper,  
 deeper, whither I see, see, see!’  
 ‘Gay Lark,’ I said,  
 ‘The song that’s bred  
 In happy nest may well to heaven make  
 flight.’

‘There’s something, something sad,  
 I half remember’—piped a broken  
 strain.

Well sung, sweet Robin! Robin sung  
 again,  
 ‘Spring’s opening cheerily, cheerily! be  
 we glad!’  
 Which moved, I wist not why, me melancholy  
 mad,  
 Till now, grown meek,  
 With wetted cheek,  
 Most comforting and gentle thoughts I  
 had.

## A HOLIDAY

OUT of the city, far away  
     With Spring to-day!  
 Where copses tufted with primrose  
     Give me repose,  
 Wood-sorrel and wild violet  
     Soothe my soul's fret,  
 The pure delicious vernal air  
     Blows away care,  
 The birds' reiterated songs  
     Heal fancied wrongs.

Down the rejoicing brook my grief  
     Drifts like a leaf,  
 And on its gently murmuring flow  
     Doth glide and go;  
 The bud-besprinkled boughs and hedges,  
     The sprouting sedges

Waving beside the water's brink,  
     Come like cool drink  
 To fever'd lips, like fresh soft mead  
     To kine that feed.

Much happier than the kine, I bed  
     My dreaming head  
 In grass; I see far mountains blue,  
     Like heaven in view,  
 Green world and sunny sky above  
     Alive with love;  
 All, all, however came they there,  
     Divinely fair.

Is this the better oracle,  
     Or what streets tell?  
 O base confusion, falsehood, strife,  
     Man puts in life!  
 Sink, thou Life-Measurer!—I can say  
     'I've lived a day;'

And memory holds it now in keeping,  
     Awake or sleeping.

## THE LITTLE DELL

DOLEFUL was the land,  
 Dull on every side,  
 Neither soft nor grand,  
 Barren, bleak, and wide ;  
 Nothing look'd with love ;  
 All was dingy brown ;  
 The very skies above  
 Seem'd to sulk and frown.

Plodding sick and sad,  
 Weary day on day ;  
 Searching, never glad,  
 Many a miry way ;  
 Poor existence lagg'd  
 In this barren place ;  
 While the seasons dragg'd  
 Slowly o'er its face.

Spring, to sky and ground,  
 Came before I guess'd :  
 Then one day I found  
 A valley, like a nest !  
 Guarded with a spell  
 Sure it must have been,  
 This little fairy dell  
 Which I had never seen.

Open to the blue,  
 Green banks hemm'd it round ;  
 A rillet wander'd through  
 With a tinkling sound ;  
 Briars among the rocks  
 Tangled arbours made ;  
 Primroses in flocks  
 Grew beneath their shade.

Merry birds a few,  
 Creatures wildly tame,  
 Perch'd and sung and flew ;  
 Timid field-mice came ;  
 Beetles in the moss  
 Journey'd here and there ;  
 Butterflies across  
 Danced through sunlit air.



There I often redd,  
 Sung alone, or dream'd ;  
 Blossoms overhead,  
 Where the west wind stream'd ;  
 Small horizon-line,  
 Smoothly lifted up,  
 Held this world of mine  
 In a grassy cup.

The barren land to-day  
 Hears my last adieu :  
 Not an hour I stay ;  
 Earth is wide and new.  
 Yet, farewell, farewell !  
 May the sun and show'rs  
 Bless that Little Dell  
 Of safe and tranquil hours !

## IN A SPRING GROVE

HERE the white-ray'd anemone is born,  
 Wood-sorrel, and the varnish'd buttercup ;  
 And primrose in its purpled green swathed  
 up,  
 Pallid and sweet round every budding thorn,  
 Gray ash, and beech with rusty leaves out-  
 worn.

Here, too, the darting linnet has her nest  
 In the blue-lustred holly, never shorn,  
 Whose partner cheers her little brooding  
 breast,  
 Piping from some near bough. O simple  
 song !

O cistern deep of that harmonious rillet,  
 And these fair juicy stems that climb and  
 throng

The vernal world, and unexhausted seas  
 Of flowing life, and soul that asks to fill it,  
 Each and all these,—and more, and more  
 than these !

## A SEED

SEE how a Seed, which Autumn flung down,  
 And through the Winter neglected lay,  
 Uncoils two little green leaves and two  
     brown,

With tiny root taking hold on the clay.  
 As, lifting and strengthening day by day,  
 It pushes red branchlets, sprouts new leaves,  
 And cell after cell the Power in it weaves  
 Out of the storehouse of soil and clime,  
 To fashion a Tree in due course of time ;  
 Tree with rough bark and boughs' expansion,  
 Where the Crow can build his mansion,  
 Or a Man, in some new May,  
 Lie under whispering leaves and say,  
 'Are the ills of one's life so very bad  
 When a Green Tree makes me deliciously  
     glad ?'

As I do now. But where shall I be  
 When this little Seed is a tall green Tree ?

## THE FIELDS IN MAY

WHAT can better please,  
 When your mind is well at ease,  
 Than a walk among the green fields in May ?  
 To see the verdure new,  
 And to hear the loud cuckoo,  
 While sunshine makes the whole world gay :

When the butterfly so brightly  
 On his journey dances lightly,  
 And the bee goes by with business-like hum ;  
 When the fragrant breeze and soft  
 Stirs the shining clouds aloft,  
 And the children's hair, as laughingly they  
     come :

When the grass is full of flowers,  
 And the hedge is full of bowers,

And the finch and the linnet piping clear,  
 Where the branches throw their  
 shadows  
 On a footway through the meadows,  
 With a brook among the cresses winding  
 near.

Any pair of lovers walking  
 On this footway in sweet talking,  
 Sweeter silence, often linger and delay,  
 For the path, not very wide,  
 Brings them closer, side by side,  
 Moving gently through the happy fields of  
 May :

Till they rest themselves awhile  
 At the elm-o'ershaded stile,  
 When stars begin to tremble in the blue,  
 Just to hear a nightingale,  
 Near our village in the vale,  
 To his sweetheart singing carols fond and  
 true :

Evening wind, and brooklet's flow,  
 Softly whisper as they go,  
 Every star throbs with tenderness above ;

Tender lips are sure to meet,  
 Heart to heart must warmly beat,  
 When the earth is full and heaven is full of  
 love.

Oh, I would the song I sing  
 Might to me a sweetheart bring,  
 For companion through the green fields of  
 May !  
 She should nestle in my heart,  
 And we never more should part,  
 While the summers and the winters roll'd  
 away.

## THE WAYSIDE WELL

GREET thee kindly, Wayside Well,  
 In thy hedge of roses!  
 Whither drawn by soothing spell,  
 Weary foot reposes.

With a welcome fresh and green  
 Wave thy border grasses,  
 By the dusty traveller seen,  
 Sighing as he passes.

Cup of no Circean bliss,  
 Charity of summer,  
 Making happy with a kiss  
 Every meanest comer!

Morning, too, and eventide,  
 Without stint or measure,  
 Cottage households near and wide  
 Share thy liquid treasure.

## THE WAYSIDE WELL

Fair the greeting face ascends,  
 Like a naiad's daughter,  
 To the peasant lass that bends  
 To thy trembling water.

When a lad has brought her pail  
 Down the twilight meadow,  
 Tender falls the whisper'd tale,  
 Soft the double shadow.

Clear as childhood's is thy look,  
 Nature seems to pet thee,  
 Fierce July that drains the brook  
 Hath no power to fret thee.

Shelter'd cool and free from smirch  
 In thy cavelet shady,  
 O'er thee in a silver birch  
 Stoops a forest lady.

Mirror to the Star of Eve,  
 Maiden shy and slender,  
 Matron Moon thy depths receive,  
 Globed in mellow splendour.

Bounteous Spring ! for ever own  
 Undisturb'd thy station ;  
 Not to thirsty lips alone  
 Serving mild donation.

Never come the newt or frog,  
 Pebble thrown in malice,  
 Mud or wither'd leaves, to clog  
 Or defile thy chalice.

Heaven be still within thy ken,  
 Through the veil thou wearest,—  
 Glimpsing clearest, as with men,  
 When the boughs are barest.

### BY THE MORNING SEA

THE wind shakes up the sleepy clouds  
 To kiss the ruddied Morn,  
 And from their awful misty shrouds  
 The Mountains are new-born :  
 The Sea lies fresh with open eyes ;  
 Night-fears and moaning dreams  
 Brooding like clouds on nether skies,  
 Have sunk below, and beams  
 Dance on the floor like golden flies,  
 Or strike with joyful gleams  
 Some white-wing'd ship, a wandering star  
 Of Ocean, piloting afar.

In brakes, in woods, in cottage eaves,  
 The early birds are rife,  
 Quick voices thrill the sprinkled leaves  
 In ecstasy of life ;

With silent gratitude of flow'rs  
 The morning's breath is sweet,  
 And cool with dew, that freshly show'rs  
 Round wild things' hasty feet ;  
 But heavenly guests of tranquil hours  
 To inner skies retreat,  
 From human thoughts of lower birth  
 That stir upon the waking earth.

Across a thousand leagues of land  
 The mighty Sun looks free,  
 And in their fringe of rock and sand  
 A thousand leagues of sea.  
 Lo ! I, in this majestic room,  
 Real as the mighty Sun,  
 Inherit this day and its doom  
 Eternally begun.  
 A world of men the rays illumine,  
 God's men, and I am one.  
 But life that is not pure and bold  
 Doth tarnish every morning's gold.

## WINDLASS SONG

HEAVE at the windlass !—Heave O, cheerly,  
 men !

Heave all at once, with a will !  
 The tide quickly making,  
 Our cordage a-creaking,  
 The water has put on a frill,  
 Heave O !

Fare you well, sweethearts !—Heave O,  
 cheerly, men !

Fare you well, frolic and sport !  
 The good ship all ready,  
 Each dog-vane is steady,  
 The wind blowing dead out of port,  
 Heave O !

Once in blue water—Heave O, cheerly, men !  
 Blow it from north or from south ;

She'll stand to it tightly,  
 And curtsy politely,  
 And carry a bone in her mouth,  
                                   Heave O!

Short cruise or long cruise—Heave O,  
                                   cheerly, men!

Jolly Jack Tar thinks it one.  
       No latitude dreads he  
       Of White, Black, or Red Sea,  
 Great Icebergs, or tropical sun,  
                                   Heave O!

One other turn, and Heave O, cheerly, men!  
 Heave, and good-bye to the shore!

      Our money, how went it?  
       We shared it and spent it;  
 Next year we'll come back with some  
       more,  
                                   Heave O!

### THE WITCH-BRIDE

A FAIR witch crept to a young man's side,  
 And he kiss'd her and took her for his bride.

But a Shape came in at the dead of night,  
 And fill'd the room with snowy light.

And he saw how in his arms there lay  
 A thing more frightful than mouth may say.

And he rose in haste, and follow'd the Shape  
 Till morning crown'd an eastern cape.

And he girded himself, and follow'd still  
 When sunset sainted the western hill.

But, mocking and thwarting, clung to his  
                                   side,  
 Weary day!—the foul Witch-Bride.

## VENUS OF THE NEEDLE

O MARYANNE, you pretty girl,  
 Intent on silky labour,  
 Of semstresses the pink and pearl,  
 Excuse a peeping neighbour!

Those eyes, for ever drooping, give  
 The long brown lashes rarely;  
 But violets in the shadows live,—  
 For once unveil them fairly.

Hast thou not lent that flounce enough  
 Of looks so long and earnest?  
 Lo, here's more 'penetrable stuff,'  
 To which thou never turnest.

Ye graceful fingers, deftly sped!  
 How slender, and how nimble!  
 O might I wind their skeins of thread,  
 Or but pick up their thimble!

How blest the youth whom love shall bring,  
 And happy stars embolden,  
 To change the dome into a ring,  
 The silver into golden!

Who'll steal some morning to her side  
 To take her finger's measure,  
 While Maryanne pretends to chide,  
 And blushes deep with pleasure.

Who'll watch her sew her wedding-gown,  
 Well conscious that it *is* hers;  
 Who'll glean a tress, without a frown,  
 With those so ready scissors.

Who'll taste those ripenings of the south,  
 The fragrant and delicious—  
 Don't put the pins into your mouth,  
 O Maryanne, my precious!

I almost wish it were my trust  
 To teach how shocking that is;  
 I wish I had not, as I must,  
 To quit this tempting lattice.



Sure aim takes Cupid, fluttering foe,  
Across a street so narrow ;  
A silken thread to string his bow,  
A needle for his arrow !

## ACROSS THE SEA

I WALK'D in the lonesome evening,  
And who so sad as I,  
When I saw the young men and maidens  
Merrily passing by.  
To thee, my Love, to thee—  
So fain would I come to thee !  
While the ripples fold upon sands of gold,  
And I look across the sea.

I stretch out my hands ; who will clasp  
them ?  
I call,—thou repliest no word :  
Oh, why should heart-longing be weaker  
Than the waving wings of a bird !  
To thee, my Love, to thee—  
So fain would I come to thee !  
For the tide's at rest from east to west,  
And I look across the sea.

There's joy in the hopeful morning,  
There's peace in the parting day,  
There's sorrow with every lover  
Whose true-love is far away.  
To thee, my Love, to thee—  
So fain would I come to thee!  
And the water's bright in a still moonlight,  
As I look across the sea.

## EVEY

BUD and leaflet, opening slowly,  
Woo'd with tears by winds of Spring  
Now, of June persuaded wholly,  
Perfumes, flow'rs, and shadows bring.

Evey, in the linden alley,  
All alone I met to-day,  
Tripping to the sunny valley  
Spread across with new-mown hay.

Brown her soft curls, sunbeam-sainted,  
Golden in the wavering flush ;  
Darker brown her eyes are, painted  
Eye and fringe with one soft brush.

Through the leaves a careless comer,  
Never nymph of fount or tree  
Could have press'd the floor of summer  
With a lighter foot than she.

Can this broad hat, fasten'd under  
 With a bright blue ribbon's flow,  
 Change my pet so much, I wonder,  
 Of a month or two ago?

Half too changed to speak I thought her,  
 Till the pictured silence broke,  
 Sweet and clear as dropping water,  
 Into words she sung or spoke.

Few her words; yet, like a sister,  
 Trustfully she look'd and smiled;  
 'Twas but in my soul I kiss'd her,  
 As I used to kiss the child.

Shadows, which are not of sadness,  
 Touch her eyes, and brow above.  
 As pale wild roses dream of redness,  
 Dreams her innocent heart of love.

### IN A GARDEN

BETWIXT our apple-boughs, how clear  
 The violet western hills appear,  
 As calmly ends another day  
 Of Earth's long history,—from the ray  
 She with slow majestic motion  
 Wheeling continent and ocean  
 Into her own dim shade, wherethrough  
 The Outer Heavens come into view,  
 Deep beyond deep.

In thought conceive

This rolling Globe whereon we live  
 (For in the mind, and there alone  
 A picture of the world is shown),  
 How huge it is, how full of things,  
 As round the royal SUN it swings,  
 In one of many subject rings—  
 Carrying our Cottage with the rest,  
 Its rose-lawn and its martin's nest.

But, number every grain of sand  
 Wherever salt wave touches land ;  
 Number in single drops the sea ;  
 Number the leaves on every tree ;  
 Number Earth's living creatures, all  
 That run, that fly, that swim, that crawl ;  
 Of sands, drops, leaves, and lives, the count  
 Add up into one vast amount ;  
 And then, for every separate one  
 Of all those, let a flaming SUN  
 Whirl in the boundless skies, with each  
 Its massy planets, to outreach  
 All sight, all thought : for all we see,  
 Encircled with Infinity,  
 Is but an island.

Look aloft,  
 The stars are gathering. Cool and soft  
 The twilight in our garden-croft  
 Purples the crimson-folded rose,  
 (O tell me how so sweet it grows)  
 Makes gleam like stars the cluster'd white ;  
 And Beauty too is infinite.

## AT A WINDOW

To ——

SEARCH the round Earth, and Heavens afar,  
 Man is the highest thing you find :  
 Yet all the powers of all mankind  
 Drawn to a point, could never make  
 One scented little Jasmin-Star  
 Of these that by our window shake  
 As stirs the fitful evening wind,  
 Showing, in purple depth between  
 The frontage, Sirius glancing keen.

Look back into the twilight room,  
 And see amid the tender gloom  
 Our favourite Picture glimmering rich,  
 Our dear Greek Goddess in her niche,  
 Our fifty priceless Books a-row,  
 And Music where she mildly waits  
 To open with a touch Heaven's gates.

Say hath not Art, man's proper power,  
 Its world of miracles to show?  
 The boundless world of star and flower,  
 All that exists, above, below,  
 Is chaos, blind and deaf and dumb,  
 Until within the Soul it come  
 (That essence of its gross), perceive  
 Itself at last, and instant weave  
 A Universe of Beauty, wrought  
 Of interflow, within, without,—  
 Soul's joy: which in its own fine ways  
 Art expresses and conveys.

How Nature hides her music-tones!  
 More deeply than her precious stones.  
 How we have found and set them! Nay,  
 To-night, Love, do not sing or play,  
 But improvise—*A Starry Night,*  
*And Beauty too is infinite:*  
 Its source the Loving Soul, a Face  
 Like yours its choicest dwelling-place.

### THE QUEEN OF THE FOREST

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful Queen of the Forest,  
 How art thou hidden so wondrous deep?  
 Bird never sung there, fay never morriced,  
 All the trees are asleep.  
 Nigh the drizzling waterfall  
 Plumèd ferns wave and wither;  
 Voices from the woodlands call,  
 'Hither, O hither!'  
 Calling all the summer day,  
 Through the woodlands, far away.

Who by the rivulet loiters and lingers,  
 Tranced by a mirror, a murmur, a freak;  
 Thrown where the grass's cool fine fingers  
 Play with his dreamful cheek?  
 Cautious creatures gliding by,  
 Mystic sounds fill his pleasure,  
 Tangled roof inlaid with sky,  
 Flowers, heaps of treasure:

Wandering slowly all the day,  
Through the woodlands, far away.

Late last night, betwixt moonlight and  
morning,  
Came She, unthought of, and stood by his  
bed :

A kiss for love, and a kiss for warning,  
A kiss for trouble and dread.  
Now her flitting fading gleam  
Haunts the woodlands wide and lonely;  
Now, a half-remember'd dream  
For his comrade only,  
He shall stray the livelong day  
Through the forest, far away.

Dare not the hiding Enchantress to follow !  
Hearken the yew, he hath secrets of hers.  
The gray owl stirs in an oaktree's hollow,  
The wind in the gloomy firs.  
Down among those dells of green,  
Glimpses, whispers, run to wile thee ;  
Waking eyes have nowhere seen  
Her that would beguile thee—  
Draw thee on, till death of day,  
Through the dusk woods, far away.

## AN EVENING

A SUNSET's mounded cloud ;  
A diamond evening-star ;  
Sad blue hills afar ;  
Love in his shroud.

Scarcely a tear to shed ;  
Hardly a word to say ;  
The end of a summer day ;  
Sweet Love dead.

## AFTER SUNSET

THE vast and solemn company of clouds  
 Around the Sun's death, lit, incarnadined,  
 Cool into ashy wan ; as Night enshrouds  
 The level pasture, creeping up behind  
 Through voiceless vales, o'er lawn and  
     purpled hill  
 And hasèd mead, her mystery to fulfil.  
     Cows low from far-off farms ; the loitering  
     wind  
 Sighs in the hedge, you hear it if you  
     will,—  
     Tho' all the wood, alive atop with wings  
 Lifting and sinking through the leafy nooks,  
 Seethes with the clamour of a thousand  
     rooks.  
 Now every sound at length is hush'd away.  
 These few are sacred moments. One more  
     Day  
     Drops in the shadowy gulf of bygone  
     things.

## IN THE DUSK

WELCOME, friendly stars, one by one, two by  
     two !  
 Voices of the waterfall toning in the air ;  
 And the wavy landscape-outlines blurr'd with  
     falling dew,  
 As my rapture is with sadness, because I  
     may not share,  
 And double it by sharing it with *thee*.  
 —Cloudy fire dies away on the sea.

Calm shadowy Earth ! she lies musing like a  
     saint ;  
 Wearing for a halo the pure circlet of the  
     moon ;  
 From the mountain breathes the night-wind,  
     steadily, tho' faint ;  
 As I am breathing softly, 'Ah ! might  
     some heav'nly boon  
 Bestow thee, my Belov'd One, to my side !'  
 —Like a full, happy heart flows the tide.

## ON THE TWILIGHT POND

A SHADY fringe the fir-trees make,  
 Where sunset light hath been ;  
 The liquid thrills to one gold flake,  
 And Hesperus is seen ;  
 Our boat and we, not half awake,  
 Go drifting down the pond,  
 While slowly calls the rail, 'Crake-crake,'  
 From meadow-flats beyond.

This happy, circling, bounded view  
 Embraces us with home ;  
 To far worlds, kindling in the blue,  
 Our upward thoughts may roam ;  
 Whence, with the veil of scented dew  
 That makes the earth so sweet,  
 A touch of astral brightness too,  
 A peace—which is complete.

## UNKNOWN BELOV'D ONE

O UNKNOWN Belov'd One! to the perfect  
 season  
 Branches in the lawn make drooping  
 bow'rs ;  
 Vase and plot burn scarlet, gold, and azure ;  
 Honeysuckles wind the tall gray turret,  
 And pale passion-flow'rs.  
 Come thou, come thou to my lonely  
 thought,  
 O Unknown Belov'd One.

Now, at evening twilight, dusky dew down-  
 wavers,  
 Soft stars crown the grove-encircled  
 hill ;  
 Breathe the new-mown meadows, broad  
 and misty ;



Through the heavy grass the rail is talking ;  
 All beside is still.  
 Trace with me the wandering avenue,  
 Thou Unknown Belov'd One.

In the mystic realm, and in the time of visions,  
 I thy lover have no need to woo ;  
 There I hold thy hand in mine, thou  
 dearest,  
 And thy soul in mine, and feel its throbbing,  
 Tender, deep, and true ;  
 Then my tears are love, and thine are love,  
 Thou Unknown Belov'd One.

Is thy voice a wavelet on the listening dark-  
 ness ?  
 Are thine eyes unfolding from their  
 veil ?  
 Wilt thou come before the signs of winter—  
 Days that shred the bough with trembling  
 fingers,  
 Nights that weep and wail ?  
 Art thou Love indeed, or art thou Death,  
 O Unknown Belov'd One ?

## SERENADE

OH, hearing sleep, and sleeping hear,  
 The while we dare to call thee dear,  
 So may thy dreams be good, altho'  
 The loving power thou dost not know.  
 As music parts the silence,—lo !  
 Through heaven the stars begin to peep,  
 To comfort us that darkling pine  
 Because those fairer lights of thine  
 Have set into the Sea of Sleep.  
 Yet closèd still thine eyelids keep ;  
 And may our voices through the sphere  
 Of Dreamland all as softly rise  
 As through these shadowy rural dells,  
 Where bashful Echo somewhere dwells,  
 And touch thy spirit to as soft replies.  
 May peace from gentle guardian skies,  
 Till watches of the dark are worn,

Surround thy bed, and joyous morn  
Makes all the chamber rosy bright!  
Good-night!—From far-off fields is borne  
The drowsy Echo's faint 'Good-night,'—  
Good-night! Good-night!

## THE VALLEY STREAM

STREAM flowing swiftly, what music is thine!  
The breezy rock-pass, and the storm-wooing  
pine,

Have taught thee their murmurs,  
Their wild mountain-murmurs,  
Subdued in thy liquid response to a sound  
Which aids the repose of this pastoral ground,  
Where mingles our valley an awe with the  
love

It smiles to the sheltering bastions above:  
Thy cloud-haunted birthplace,  
O Stream, flowing swiftly!

Encircle our meadows with bounty and grace,  
Then move on thy journey with tranquil  
pace,  
To find the great waters,  
The great ocean-waters,

## ÆOLIAN HARP

WHAT saith the river to the rushes gray,  
 Rushes sadly bending,  
 River slowly wending?

Who can tell the whisper'd things they say?  
 Youth, and prime, and life, and time,  
 For ever, ever fled away!

Drop your wither'd garlands in the stream,  
 Low autumnal branches,  
 Round the skiff that launches  
 Wavering downward through the lands of  
 dream.  
 Ever, ever fled away!  
 This the burden, this the theme.

What saith the river to the rushes gray,  
 Rushes sadly bending,  
 River slowly wending?

It is near the closing of the day.  
 Near the night. Life and light  
 For ever, ever fled away!

Draw him tideward down; but not in haste.  
 Mouldering daylight lingers;  
 Night with her cold fingers  
 Sprinkles moonbeams on the dim sea-waste.  
 Ever, ever fled away!  
 Vainly cherish'd! vainly chased!

What saith the river to the rushes gray,  
 Rushes sadly bending,  
 River slowly wending?  
 Where in darkest glooms his bed we lay,  
 Up the cave moans the wave,  
 For ever, ever, ever fled away!

The trees are Indian Princes,  
 But soon they'll turn to Ghosts ;  
 The scanty pears and apples  
 Hang russet on the bough,  
 It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,  
 'Twill soon be winter now.  
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
 O Robin dear !  
 And welaway ! my Robin,  
 For pinching times are near.

The fireside for the Cricket,  
 The wheatstack for the Mouse,  
 When trembling night-winds whistle  
 And moan all round the house ;  
 The frosty ways like iron,  
 The branches plumed with snow,—  
 Alas ! in Winter, dead and dark,  
 Where can poor Robin go ?  
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
 O Robin dear !  
 And a crumb of bread for Robin,  
 His little heart to cheer.

## WINTER

BARE twigs in April enhance our pleasure ;  
 We know the good time is yet to come ;  
 With leaves and flow'rs to fill Summer's  
 measure,  
 And countless songs ere the birds be dumb.

Bare twigs in Autumn are signs for sadness ;  
 We feel the good time is well-nigh past ;  
 The glow subdued, and the voice of gladness,  
 And frosty whispers in every blast.

For perfect garlands just now we waited ;  
 Already, garlands are turning sere ;  
 And Time, old traveller, like one belated,  
 Hurries on to fulfil the year.

Ah, Spring's defects, and October's losses !  
 Fair hope, sad memory !—but grieve not  
 thou :  
 In leafless dells, look, what emerald mosses ;  
 Nay, secret buds on the wintry bough.

To these Maids of Elfin-Mere ;  
Sued each night to make them stay,  
Sadden'd when they went away.

*Years ago, and years ago ;  
And the tall reeds sigh as the wind doth  
blow.*

Hands that shook with love and fear  
Dared put back the village clock,—  
Flew the spindle, turn'd the rock,  
Flow'd the song with subtle rounding,  
Till the false 'eleven' was sounding ;  
Then these Maids of Elfin-Mere  
Swiftly, softly left the room,  
Like three doves on snowy plume.

*Years ago, and years ago ;  
And the tall reeds sigh as the wind doth  
blow.*

One that night who wander'd near  
Heard lamentings by the shore,  
Saw at dawn three stains of gore  
In the waters fade and dwindle.  
Never more with song and spindle  
Saw we Maids of Elfin-Mere.

The Pastor's Son did pine and die ;  
Because true love should never lie.

*Years ago, and years ago ;  
And the tall reeds sigh as the wind doth  
blow.*

A thorny brake on the barren hill,  
Where the whistling blast blows chill.  
But under the snow, amid the dark,  
Sleeping waits the vernal spark.

I had neither garden nor park.  
On Bramble-Hill, by brake and stone,  
Many a season I wandered lone,  
With laughter, and pray'r, and singing, and  
moan ;

In gray mist and in golden light,  
Under the dawn, and the starry night.  
Not much to find, not much to see ;  
But the air was fresh, the path was free.

---

THE Children of the Land  
Are given into thy hand,  
O wish'd-for future King :  
Gently, boldly, take them ;  
All they are fit for, make them ;  
Teach them to work, pray, sing.

## DAWN

GREAT Morning in our sky once more.  
Enkindling land and wave,—  
To bring a day like all before,  
And find me still a slave ?  
No ! let me date my years anew ;  
This day is virgin white ;  
By Heaven, I will not re-indue  
The rags of overnight !  
I was a king by birth, and who  
Is rebel to my right ?  
None but myself, myself alone :  
Conquer myself, I take my throne.

---

THE highest, widest, noblest thought of thine  
Is the most true.  
And is it greater than the Truth Divine ?  
O drop of dew  
In which the glory of the sun doth shine !

---

SIN we have explain'd away ;  
Unluckily, the sinners stay.

I WILL not be a critic where I love.  
 Love must love or not love—  
 So long as he's my sweetheart I will love him.  
 What care I what the world call this or that?  
 Have I such reason, that it cannot err,  
 Like God's? I am a poor weak human soul,  
 And love or hate, I cannot tell you why—  
 Friends have I, real, or they seem so now,  
 And while I'm in that notion I am theirs  
 Through good and evil—  
 If friendship, love, are nothing, what's life  
 worth?  
 Some may endure to play at chilly chess  
 With men and women—I must hate and love!

## A SONG

WHAT is sharp as tiger's claws,  
 Gentler than a linnet's wing,  
 Sweeping as a mountain flood,  
 Fragile as a primrose-bud,  
 Gay as crescent moon in Spring,  
 Sweet as song when singers pause?  
 Mournfuller than Autumn skies  
 Where the shroud of Summer lies,  
 Mystic as the stars above,  
 Light as wind and deep as death,  
 Pure as breath  
 A maiden draws  
 Lull'd with music? This is Love.

Bleak and bitter, and utterly doleful  
 Spread to this woman her map of life :  
 Hour after hour she look'd in her soul, full  
 Of deep dismay and turbulent strife.

Face in hands, she knelt on the carpet ;  
 The cloud was loosen'd, the storm-rain fell.  
 Oh ! life has so much to wilder and warp it,  
 One poor heart's day what poet could tell ?

### LOVE'S GIFTS

#### I.

THIS dark-brown curl you send me, Dear,  
 Shall save its freshness of to-day  
 In gentle shrine, when year on year  
 Have turn'd its former fellows gray ;  
 So shall your image in my breast  
 With never-fading beauty rest.

#### II

What love hath once on love bestow'd,  
 Translated in its dew of youth  
 To some remote divine abode,  
 Withdraws from risk of time's untruth.  
 Keeping, we lose ; but what we give  
 Like to a piece of Heav'n doth live.



W. W.

(April 23rd, 1850)

ONE April found a Youth on Mona's shore,  
 With daily prospect of the Cumbrian Hills,  
 Cloud-wreath'd or sunlit, o'er the Irish Sea.  
 'A Prince dwells there,' he said, 'and I shall  
     walk  
 Through landscapes that confess him suzerain  
 Under the SOVEREIGN LORD of earth and  
     men,—  
 May see the Prince himself, may humbly  
     meet  
 His venerable eye, may hear his voice.'  
 And day by day new Spring upon the fields  
 And waves grew brighter.  
     One day brought this word—  
 'The wise old Poet of the mountain-land

Is gone away for ever. You may seek  
 But never shall you find him crooning song  
 Among the shadows of the folded hills,  
 By lonely tarn or dashing rivulet,  
 Down the green valley, up the windy fell,  
 In rock-built pass, or under whispering leaves,  
 Or floating on the broad translucent mere  
 Between two heavens. You will but find  
     his grave.

The poet-loving Youth went forth; and  
     clear  
 Stood the far coast across a glittering tide;  
 But how forlorn those faint-blue rocky tops!  
 How emptied of its joy the enchanted  
     ground!  
 He paced the strand, and raised his eyes  
     anew,  
 And saw as 'twere a halo round the peaks.  
 Something of Him abides there, and will  
     stay;  
 Those Mountains were in WORDSWORTH'S  
     soul; his soul  
 Is on those Mountains, now, and evermore.

M

## DANGER

I strove for wicked peace, but might not  
 win ;  
 The bonds would bite afresh, one moment  
 slack.  
 'Then burst them!' . . . . instantly I felt  
 begin  
 Damnation. Falling through a chasm of  
 black,  
 I swiftly sunk thousands of miles therein.  
 Soul grew incorporate with gross weight of  
 sin,  
 Death clung about my feet : let none dare  
 track  
 My journey. But a far Voice called me  
 back.

I breathe this world's infatuating air  
 And tremble as I walk. Most men are  
 bold,  
 Perchance through madness. O that I  
 could hold  
 One path, nor wander to the fen, nor dare  
 Between the precipice and wild beast's lair !  
 Penalties are establish'd from of old.

Centred in the heavens that lie  
Round Childhood's short eternity.

## v

Were they moments, were they years,  
Measured out the sliding spheres—  
The growing, changing, longing, dreaming,  
In Me, the centre of all the seeming,  
Till the hour, the hour of hours,  
When she called me from my flow'rs,  
When she kiss'd me on the lips,  
And reveal'd from long eclipse  
Fateful eyes of infinite blue  
Where the living soul shone through  
Like watching stars that lie soft and bright  
In the violet depths of the midsummer night,  
And ever still in measure sung,  
While a softer spirit-tongue,  
Thrilling, mystical, remote,  
Echo'd every falling note,  
With a ringing crystalline,  
A monotony divine?

## vi

Then a strong and joyous madness,  
Then a dark and heavy sadness,

Swept across my struggling brain ;—  
Deep the rapture, fierce the pain,  
Ere I found myself again !  
And the weak departing fever  
Took away from me for ever  
Much that memory can deplore,  
Much, besides, that grieves me more,  
Because my mind in vain is tost  
To recollect what I have lost.

## vii

But now, to keep me from despair,  
Gifts she brought, of mirrors rare,  
Reflecting sea and earth and air ;  
Mingling with these in magic scope  
Phantoms of Memory and of Hope ;  
Catching her ample robe of blue,  
And lighting the sapphire through and  
through  
With inner blazes that came and went  
Like angels flushing the firmament ;  
Showing a blossom at her feet  
Orbed into a sphere complete,  
Full of beauty and life and power—  
The careless birth of a sunny hour ;

Painting one face in colour'd flame,  
 With the universe for frame.  
 Spiritual-strange did forms appear,  
 And the stars and the depths of heaven drew  
     near,  
 And blended mystic lights and songs  
 With glance and voice of earthly throngs.

## VIII

What was that which lurk'd behind  
 To draw a fresh cloud on my mind?  
 For I was tempted to despise  
 And look upon all with unholy eyes.  
 My mother's pure look and royal clothing  
 Fill'd me with weariness and loathing;  
 In gentle words I began to hear  
 Pining, and discontent, and fear;  
 In louder tones a continual uttering  
 Of hate, and rage, and rebellious muttering;  
 I saw an omnipotent darkness lurk  
 To swallow all light, all life, all work;  
 All growing, changing, feeling, dreaming;  
 And Me, the centre of all the seeming,  
 Lying encrusted with painful fate,  
 A leper at the palace-gate.

## IX

But again she stoop'd,—I feel it now,  
 That heavenly kiss on my scalded brow.  
 There were awful thunders rolling round me;  
 Harshes tears of bands that bound me;  
 Stretchings of cramped, retorted limbs;  
 Agony of life, as when it brims  
 On the wrung-out brain of a rescued man,—  
 And I was saved from the crushing ban.

## X

Now I am master in my house;  
 Granted power to bind and loose;  
 In noble heirdom set at one  
 With princely earth and kingly sun.  
 And ever doth my mother keep  
 Steady watch the while I sleep;  
 In hours of sickness still she tends me,  
 In hours of danger still befriends me;  
 And with voice that rises clearly,  
 Sings the hymn I love so dearly,  
 Hymn that seems unfolding slowly  
 To a sense profound and holy,  
 Etherizing loss and gain,  
 And forgetting its own strain.

## PHANTAST

'The monument woos me.'

*Second Maiden's Tragedy.*

EVERYTHING that seeks to do thee harm  
 Harkens to the song that I am singing.  
 Sly and winding worm is in his hole,  
 Ruddy shrewmice listen in their burrow;  
 Wasps are nested by thee, but the charm  
 Keeps that yellow robber-band from stinging;  
 In thy bed of clay the howking mole  
 Bores no tunnel thorough.

Now that day from heaven is gone,  
 Thou art smoothly dreaming on,—  
 Not to waken with the dawn.

Only now the moaning of the breeze  
 Answers to the song that I am singing.

In the moonlit dyke the crouching hare  
 Raises up her watchful ears to listen;  
 From the blackness of the ghostly trees  
 Swift and silent bats like Dreams are winging;  
 Round the grassy hummocks here and there  
 Elfin tapers glisten.

Whilst the wind's sad tale is told,  
 Thou art lapt up from the cold  
 In a blanket made of mould.

Many nights and many days have heard  
 Songs of mine like this that I am singing;  
 By the sun, or by this paler round;  
 In the dark, when shrouded stars are weeping;  
 When the old tower shakes his ivy-beard,  
 When the skiey thunder-bells are ringing;  
 Hurtful things that live below the ground  
 From thy pillow keeping.

And when I have leave to die,  
 Then an Angel from the sky  
 Comes to watch us where we lie.

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