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**LOVE SONGS
OF ENGLISH POETS**

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BEWARE!

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BEWARE!

From the picture by Angelica Kauffman.

LOVE SONGS
OF
ENGLISH POETS



WITH NOTES
By RALPH H. CAINE

Behold a wonder here!
Love hath received his sight!
Which many hundred year
Hath not beheld the light.
OLD ENGLISH SONG

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1892

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INTRODUCTION

Is it not a little singular that, amid the many treasuries of poetry which have been published with so much acceptance during the last five-and-twenty years, there have been so few devoted to the poetry of love? This is the consideration which emboldens me in putting forth the present volume. Its scope is limited, and even within its limits its possibilities are circumscribed. A body of English love-poetry from the earliest times to the present has appeared to me too great for representation within the space of a single volume. I have therefore contented myself with the fullest selection possible, down to the beginning of the present century. With the public favour for what I now present, it may, at some other moment, be my pleasure to offer a supplementary anthology, devoted exclusively to the nineteenth century—a period embracing a body of work

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which, both from considerations of its extent and character, ought, I think, to stand alone.

The volumes of English Verse edited by W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard have proved of service to me ; and I should express my especial indebtedness to Mr. Linton, who is at once a poet and critic of distinction, to say nothing of his other claims to remembrance. I owe much also to Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, whose *London Lyrics* are surely destined to live as long as humour can provoke a smile. His compilation of occasional verse, published under the title of *Lyra Elegantiarum*, is all that a compilation should be,—a model of taste and discretion, well deserving the tribute of praise it has won from Mr. Swinburne. I have not hesitated in certain instances to follow the lead of Mr. Locker-Lampson, and many poems in his collection naturally take their places in these pages. I must also add my humble testimony to the services rendered to poetry by that indefatigable seeker after the good things contained in our old song-books, Mr. A. H. Bullen. Every lover of erotic verse is under a debt of gratitude to a compiler and critic so faithful and so earnest.

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The curious may attempt an estimate of the claims to a first place among the English laureates of love. In my judgment, the palm lies with Shakespeare, Jonson, and Herrick. Together they occupy a considerable portion of this collection, and had I consulted my own fancy only I might have quoted so much more as to cause the disappearance of some minor writers who were fairly entitled to their place. To me no such limited selection from Herrick as I am able to offer seems wholly satisfactory, for, as he was the latest in the golden age of lyric poetry, so he was, as a laureate of love, perhaps quite the best; and to know him in every mood and temper his work must be read as a whole. Marlowe commanded hosts of imitators; but if, as Mr. Swinburne says, Herrick took the author of 'The Passionate Shepherd to his Love' as his first master and first model in lyric poetry, he abandoned his early discipleship in favour of Shakespeare, and his own mellowed companion, Ben Jonson, who took such pleasure in Herrick's verses as to number their author among his 'sons.'

But it is not easy to frame any appreciation of the laureates of love without regard to their other

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lyric work. Shakespeare's eminence as a songwriter was only less than his eminence as a dramatic poet. Ben Jonson gave a finish to his songs which commands enthusiastic admiration, and surely the play of quick and subtle fancy is the only quality proper to the best songs which even the hypercritical mind could suggest as to some extent wanting. Of the songs found in the plays associated with the names of Beaumont and Fletcher, it may be said in a word that they are full of grace and charm, and, like Shakespeare's, have always an exquisite dramatic setting. The bridal song from *Two Noble Kinsmen*—a play attributed in the edition of 1643 to Fletcher and Shakespeare—appears here under the name of the former writer, together with other songs contributed by him to the plays written in conjunction with Beaumont. The song may be Shakespeare's, but if it was not written by Fletcher, he can least afford to lose it, and it adds little to the reputation of the other genius with whose name it is associated. 'Take, oh! take those lips away' occurs in *Measure for Measure*, and, with an additional stanza, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *Rollo, Duke of Normandy*. Whether Shakespeare

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wrote the whole of the song, or only the first stanza, or accepted only what he wanted of what was already made for him, is perhaps not clear.

In order of time, the joyous note of Herrick was next heard. Mr. Swinburne has lately expressed his admiration of Herrick in an edition of *The Muses' Library*. He says:—

‘As a creative and inventive singer, he surpasses all his rivals in quantity of good work ; in quality of spontaneous instinct and melodious inspiration he reminds us, by frequent and flawless evidence, who, above all others, must beyond all doubt have been his first master and his first model in lyric poetry—the author of ‘The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.’

‘The last of his line, he is and will probably be always the first in rank and station of English song-writers.’

Following the humanity of Herrick, there come the elegance of Waller, the wit of Suckling, the intensity of Lovelace, the pretty imaginings of Cowley, and the humour of Sedley. After that the great song-birds of English love become for a time extinct.

Some of these poets may be inadequately represented in this collection. The reader's favourite may be missing. It is natural to an anthology

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like this that the eminence of many writers is but faintly indicated in its pages. Milton, for example, can be represented in a collection of love-poetry only by a translation of one of his Italian sonnets ; and 'glorious John Dryden' is seen in songs which, though admirable in themselves, are by no means on the level of his best work. Such poets are scantily quoted, for no worse reason than that they devoted little or no attention to the making of such butterflies in poetry as take wing in this little book. In the cases of other poets, certain poems that are of great poetical merit have had to be omitted, because too highly flavoured, too boisterous in movement, or too direct in sentiment. Also, as curtailment was necessary for reasons of space, many of the minor poets of the Restoration, and of the period following, have been cut out to make way for the more important body of writers who flourished early this century, though born prior to 1801. Of these I may name William Habington, Sir William Killigrew, Thomas Randolph, Owen Feltham, William Cartwright, Henry Glapthorne, Richard Crashaw, Sir Edward Sherburne, Andrew Marvell, Thomas Stanley, Aphra Behn, Thomas Flatman, Richard

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Duke, Sir John Vanbrugh, Nicholas Rowe, Dr. Isaac Watts, William Somerville, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Edward Moore, William Shenstone, James Hammond, William Thompson, Edward Lovibond, Mark Akenside, and Nathaniel Cotton. The same reason that has prevented the appearance of these authors has caused the curtailment of others, notably Waller, Suckling, Lovelace, Cowley, Browne, Dryden, Etherege, Sedley, and Prior. Indeed, it would not wrong the truth to say that not without pain I have been compelled to hold my hand at nearly every section of this anthology, but especially in that part of it which lies between Herrick and Cowper. This is urged only as a plea addressed to the bibliographer and the lover of erotic verse, for I can well believe that the sacrifices which have cost me so much will not bring many pangs to the general lover of love-poetry.

There once were days in England when it was an indispensable accomplishment of every man of blood and breeding to write tolerable and reputable love-songs. So numerous are the fugitive pieces, that I have been compelled to leave out

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altogether those to which no name could be attached. They are the waifs and strays of literature, and, put together, their unknown authors would make a crowded nest of singing-birds. They should not on any account be consigned in a body to oblivion. Many of them are well worthy of preservation.

It is interesting to observe the different moods in which the poets have approached the theme of love. They sing their love-songs with energy and persistency, brooking rebuff and even rejection, and still in one sense they come up smiling. Only actual disdain or contempt of love is, in their loyalty to Love their King, a capital and unpardonable offence.

Of lovers of every mood and variety, examples will be found in these pages. There is the true lover and the false lover, the constant lover and the jealous lover, the quiet lover and the boisterous lover, the merry lover and the mournful lover, the humble lover and the conceited lover, the admiring lover and the pressing lover. We have the lover before marriage and the lover after marriage. Before marriage he passes through all the stages of passionate feeling. After marriage he

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has comparatively little to say. Is the silence of his second state ominous? Or is it the silence of a contented mind? Thomas Rymer, a learned critic and a poet to boot, wrote (perhaps feelingly)—

‘ ’Tis unwise to make it rattle,
When we cannot break the chain.’

The advice appears to have been thought good, for it has found general acceptance.

Poets, nevertheless, there have been who have sung the joys of wedded love. Edward Moore, author of *Fables for the Female Sex*, and, with Garrick, of the tragedy *The Gamester*, says—

‘ How blest has my time been ! what joys have I known,
Since wedlock’s soft bondage made Jessy my own ·
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.’

Bishop King is no less fervent, and Dr. Cotton no less faithful :—

‘ Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly’s maze advance ;
Though singularity and pride
Be call’d our choice, we’ll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

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From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs ;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near
To spoil our heartfelt joys.'

But the poets may be left to themselves. If they seem to live alternately in cold and heat, with adulation giving place to backbiting, they are at least always in most deadly earnest. And excessively impatient as the poet-lover is, he never fails to remind the lady who is dilatory in accepting his love, that time is on the wing. As Marvell has it—

'The grave 's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.'

R. H. C.

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LOVE SONGS OF ENGLISH POETS

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1500-1800

John Skelton

must have been born towards the latter end of the fifteenth century, for we find him early in the sixteenth century rector of Diss in Norfolk. His scholarship was highly esteemed by Erasmus, and Henry VII. made him tutor of the royal children. In the succeeding reign Skelton was much at Court. He made spirited attacks upon Cardinal Wolsey. His fearless speech placed him in danger, and for his protection from the minister he sought the right of sanctuary in Westminster Abbey. Sheltered by the Abbot Islip, he died in June 1529. Skelton's claims to poetical distinction have been a good deal contested. Gifford is at a loss to understand why Warton and other commentators should rail at him so vehemently. 'He was perhaps the best scholar of his day, and displays on many occasions strong powers of description, and a vein of poetry that shines through all the rubbish which ignorance has spread over it.' Southey says: 'The power, the strangeness, the volubility of his language, the intrepidity of his satire, and the perfect originality of his manner, render Skelton one of the most extraordinary poets of any age or country.' Campbell, on the other hand, finds Skelton's attempts at humour at once vulgar and flippant, and his style almost a texture of slang phrases, patched with shreds of French and Latin. So much for the critics. The canzonet quoted is in quite a different vein from his more serious and ambitious work.

Mistress Margaret

MERRY Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower ;
 With solace and gladness,

Love Songs

Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness ;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning
In everything,
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write
Of merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower !

As patient and as still,
And as full of good will,
As fair Isiphil,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander ;
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought,
Far may be sought,
Ere you can find
So courteous, so kind,
As merry Margaret
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower.

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Sir Thomas Wyatt

won great distinction in his day. He was born at Allington Castle in Kent in 1503, and all that is known of his youth is that at the age of twelve years he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, that he took his degree of bachelor three years later, and that of master in 1520. About this time he married Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Cobham. There was some question as to whether he travelled on the Continent immediately he left college. The distinct balance of testimony is that he did. A matter of greater concern was his introduction at Court about 1524, and his reception into the King's household. He attracted great attention, partly by his handsome person and partly by his wit. One day the King (Henry VIII.) feigned some conscientious scruples as to his separation from Queen Catharine, whereupon Wyatt exclaimed, 'Lord! that a man cannot repent him of his sin without the Pope's leave.' Established in the favour of the King, Wyatt rendered his master service abroad, undertaking various important missions. At home, even a man of Wyatt's integrity did not escape the breath of suspicion, and it is said that Anne Boleyn was the inspiration of various poems. But the more serious allegation implied is discountenanced by the fact that not more than a month or two after the condemnation, in January 1536, of Anne Boleyn for high treason, Wyatt was knighted, in July appointed to a command under the Duke of Norfolk in the army sent to suppress the rebellion in Yorkshire, and in still the same year selected to accomplish the delicate task of appeasing the susceptibilities of the Emperor Charles V., who had manifested some resentment at the treatment of Queen Catharine and the marriage with the ill-fated Boleyn. Lands and honours were conferred on Wyatt, who in his later years was constantly seeking to exchange the vitiated atmosphere of the Court for the quiet and repose of his own country home. In 1542 he received his last summons from the King. This time he was directed to repair to Falmouth and welcome an ambassador from the Spanish Court, whose mission was an alliance against France. Wyatt hastened to obey, but the weather was cold and the roads bad. Overheating himself, he was seized with fever at Sherborne, and died within a few days. The verses of Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey have been often likened, to the disadvantage however of Wyatt, who

Love Songs

though of higher intellectual attainment, had not Surrey's exacting taste, wealth of passionate feeling, or keen sensibility. Wyatt moulded many of his pieces on French and Italian models, which were being received in England with increasing favour. Here is one of the earliest riddles introduced into our language on the never-failing theme of which a close imitation by Gascoigne will be found on a later page.

A Riddle of a Gift given by a Lady

A LADY gave me a gift she had not ;
And I received her gift which I took not ;
She gave it me willingly, and yet she would not
And I received it, albeit I could not.
If she give it me, I force not ;
And if she take it again, she cares not.
Construe what this is, and tell not ;
For I am fast sworn, I may not.

Of the Pains and Sorrows caused by Love

WHAT meaneth this ! when I lie alone
I toss, I turn, I sigh, I groan ;
My bed meseems as hard as stone :
What means this ?

I sigh, I plain continually ;
The clothes that on my bed do lie,
Always methink they lie awry ;
What means this ?

Sir Thomas Wyatt

In slumbers oft for fear I quake ;
For heat and cold I burn and shake ;
For lack of sleep my head doth ake ;

What means this ?

A mornings then when I do rise,
I turn unto my wonted guise,
All day after muse and devise ;

What means this ?

And if perchance by me there pass
She unto whom I sue for grace,
The cold blood forsaketh my face ;

What means this ?

But if I sit near her by,
With loud voice my heart doth cry,
And yet my mouth is dumb and dry ;

What means this ?

To ask for help no heart I have ;
My tongue doth fail what I should crave ;
Yet inwardly I rage and rave ;

What means this ?

Thus have I passed many a year,
And many a day, though nought appear,
But most of that that most I fear ;

What means this ?

Love Songs

The Complaint of a Deserted

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Lover

How should I
Be so pleasant,
In my semblant,
As my fellows be ?

Not long ago
It chanced so,
As I did walk alone,
I heard a man,
That now and than
Himself did thus bemoan :

‘ Alas ! ’ he said,
‘ I am betrayed,
And utterly undone ;
Whom I did trust,
And think so just,
Another man hath won.

‘ My service due,
And heart so true,
On her I did bestow ;
I never meant
For to repent,
In wealth, nor yet in woe.

‘ Each western wind
Hath turned her mind,

Sir Thomas Wyatt

And blown it clean away :
Thereby my wealth,
My mirth, and health,
Are driven to great decay.

‘ Fortune did smile
A right short while,
And never said me nay ;
With pleasant plays,
And joyful days,
My time to pass away.

‘ Alas ! alas !
The time so was,
So never shall it be,
Since she is gone,
And I alone
Am left as you may see.

‘ Where is the oath,
Where is the troth,
That she to me did give ?
Such feigned words,
With sely bourds,
Let no wise man believe.

‘ For even as I,
Thus wofully,
Unto myself complain :
If ye then trust,
Needs learn ye must,
To sing my song in vain.

Love Songs

'How should I
Be so pleasant,
In my semblant
As my fellows be?'

A Description of such a One as He would Love

A FACE that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold ;
Of gladsome chere, all grief for to expel ;
With sober looks so would I that it should
Speak without words, such words as none can tell :
Her tress also should be of crispèd gold.
With wit, and these, perchance I might be tied,
And knit again the knot that should not slide.

To his Love whom he had kissed against her will.

ALAS ! Madam, for stealing of a kiss,
Have I so much your mind therein offended ?
Or have I done so grievously amiss,
That by no means it may not be amended ?
Revenge you then : the readiest way is this ;
Another kiss, my life it shall have ended ;
For to my mouth the first my heart did suck ;
The next shall clean out of my breast it pluck.

Henry Howard

Earl of Surrey, exerted a greater influence on the current of English poetry than can be estimated by the extent of his own work. His early years are shrouded in obscurity. He was born about 1517, and as he speaks of having spent his childish years with a king's son, there is a presumption that this is a reference to his education at Windsor with the Duke of Richmond, who afterwards, by virtue of a dispensation obtained for the purpose (as it was supposed he came within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity), married his sister, Lady Mary Howard. Too strict an interpretation, however, has been placed on the phrase, as internal evidence would show. It is clear that he was a cup-bearer to Henry VIII. in 1526, and that he and the Duke of Richmond, his firm and close friend, were in attendance upon the King on his visit to Boulogne in 1532, and were present at the meeting of English and French sovereigns. Brought thus early into Court life, he fell in with the prevailing custom and celebrated the graces of beautiful Geraldine in becoming verse. Coming under the influence of Petrarch, Surrey seems to have directed his genius in reproducing the form of his Italian model. When only fifteen years of age he was contracted in marriage to Lady Frances Vere, daughter of John, Earl of Oxford, the marriage itself taking place in 1535. The circumstance is of importance, as it was asserted later that he was a suitor for the hand of the Princess Mary, though, as a fact, Surrey was survived by his wife nearly twenty years. Another charge was that he had quartered on his escutcheon the arms of Edward the Confessor. He was entitled to this distinction, though his father, the Duke of Norfolk, had ceased to recognise it since falling into royal displeasure. Bitter enemies were at Court, and they triumphed. Neither distinguished military service nor popular esteem served to befriend him in this hour of need, and on January 21st, 1547, he fell a victim of the English Nero, whilst his father escaped. Of the poem, 'A Praise of his Love,' Warton singles it out for especial commendation for the correctness of its versification, the polish of its language, and its musical modulation.

Love Songs

Description and Praise of his Love

www.libtcl.com.cn
Geraldine

FROM Tuscan came my lady's worthy race ;
Fair Florence was sometime their ancient seat.
The western isle whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast :
Her sire an earl ; her dame of Prince's blood.
From tender years, in Britain doth she rest,
With kinges child ; where she tasteth costly food.
Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyen :
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine ;
And Windsor, alas ! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind ; her virtues from above ;
Happy is he that can obtain her love !

A Praise of his Love

WHEREIN HE REPROVETH THEM THAT COMPARE THEIR
LADIES WITH HIS

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before
Than spent your boasts and brags in vain ;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

Henry Howard

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelopè the fair ;
For what she saith, ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were :
And virtues hath she many mo'
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint :
With wringing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, aye.

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her heart ;
And this was chiefly all her pain ;
'She could not make the like again.'

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought ;
In faith, methink! some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

Nicholas Grimald

There is some reason to believe that Nicholas Grimald (Grimoald or Grimaold) was the editor of the miscellany published by Tottel (*Songes and Sonnettes, written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Haward, late Earle of Surrey, and other. Apud Richardum Tottel, 1557. Cum privilegio*) in which the poems of Surrey and Wyatt were first printed. He contributed to the collection, and two of his pieces were in blank verse. The dates of his birth and death are given as 1519 and 1563, but there is no proof of the accuracy of either. He was a Huntingdonshire man, a Fellow of Merton, and a lecturer on rhetoric at Christ Church.

A True Love

WHAT sweet relief the showers to thirsty plants we see,
What dear delight the blooms to bees, my true Love is
to me ;
As fresh and lusty Ver foul Winter doth exceed,
As morning bright with scarlet sky doth pass the evening's
weed,
As mellow pears above the crabs esteemed be,
So doth my Love surmount them all, whom yet I hap to
see.
The oak shall olives bear, the lamb the lion fray,
The owl shall match the nightingale in tuning of her lay,
Or I my Love let slip out of mine entire heart :
So deep reposed in my breast is She for her desert.
For many blessed gifts, O happy, happy land !

Nicholas Grimald

Where Mars and Pallas strive to make their glory most to
stand ;

Yet, land ! more is thy bliss that in this cruel age

A Venus imp thou hast brought forth, so steadfast and so
sage.

Among the Muses nine a tenth if Jove would make,

And to the Graces three a fourth, Her would Apollo take.

Let some for honour hunt, or hoard the massy gold :

With Her so I may live and die, my weal can not be told.

John Barrington

was held in favour by Queen Elizabeth on account of his early attachment to her cause. The following poem, which has often been attributed to his son, Sir John, was written 'on Isabella Markham, when I first thought her Fair; as she stood at the Princess's Window, in goodly Attire, and talked to Divers in the Courtyard.' He died in 1582.

Whence comes my Love

WHENCE comes my love? O heart! disclose:
'Twas from her cheeks that shame the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe? as freely own:
Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind;
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say—'tis Cupid's fire:
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek;
Yet not a heart to save my pain?
O Venus! take thy gifts again:
Make not so fair, to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

www.EdwardVere.com

Earl of Oxford, was one of the many courtier poets in Elizabeth's time. He held the office of Lord High Chamberlain, and had command of a ship in the fleet sent out to resist the Spanish Armada. He was born in 1534, and died in 1604.

A Renunciation

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 bond
By service long to purchase their good will ;
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 !

George Gascoigne

was the son of Sir John Gascoigne of Walthamstow, Essex, and it is said that he was disinherited by his father. He was born 1535 (7 ?), and was educated at Cambridge. He removed to Gray's Inn, but soon left for a military life in Holland under the Prince of Orange. As a result of a quarrel he resigned, and, returning to England, became attached to the Court of Elizabeth. He wrote masques for the Queen's entertainment. Also he was the author of several dramas, and, beside shorter poems, *The Steele Glas*, a satire, dedicated to Lord Grey of Wilton, a Puritan, to whom a year or two later Spenser acted as secretary in Ireland. Gascoigne translated a comedy from Ariosto, and a tragedy from Euripides. He died 1577.

A Riddle

A LADY once did ask of me
This pretty thing in privy :
'Good sir,' quoth she, 'fain would I crave
One thing which you yourself not have :
Nor never had yet in times past,
Nor never shall while life doth last.
And if you seek to find it out,
You lose your labour out of doubt.
Yet if you love me as you say,
Then give it me, for sure you may.'

George Gascoigne

The Arraignment of a Lover

AT Beauty's Bar as I did stand,
When False Suspect accused me,
George ! quoth the Judge, hold up thy hand !
Thou art arraigned of Flattery :
Tell therefore how thou wilt be tried !
Whose judgment here wilt thou abide ?

My Lord ! quoth I, this Lady here,
Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt, if any were :
Wherefore her doom shall please me best.
Let her be judge and juror both
To try me, guiltless by mine oath.

Quoth Beauty : No ! it fitteth not
A Prince herself to judge the cause :
Will is our Justice, well you wot,
Appointed to discuss our laws.
If you will guiltless seem to go,
God and your country quit you so !

Then Craft, the crier, called a quest,
Of whom was Falsehood foremost fere ;
A pack of pickthanks were the rest,
Which came false witness for to bear :
The jury such, the Judge unjust,
Sentence was said I should be trussed.

Love Songs

Jealous, the gaoler, bound me fast
To hear the verdict of the bill :
George ! quoth the Judge, now thou art cast,
Thou must go hence to Heavy Hill
And there be hanged all by the head :
God rest thy soul when thou art dead !

Down fell I then upon my knee,
All flat before Dame Beauty's face,
And cried : Good Lady ! pardon me,
Which here appeal unto your grace :
You know, if I appear untrue,
It was in too much praising you.

And though this Judge do make such haste
To shed with shame my guiltless blood,
Yet let your pity first be placed
To save the man that meant you good !
So shall you show yourself a Queen,
And I may be your servant seen.

Quoth Beauty : Well ! because I guess
What thou dost mean henceforth to be,
Although thy faults deserve no less
Than Justice here hath judgèd thee,
Wilt thou be bound to stint all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life ?

George Gascoigne

Yes, Madam ! quoth I, that I shall :
Lo, Faith and Truth my sureties !
Why then, quoth she, come when I call ;
I ask no better warranties.
Thus am I Beauty's bounden thrall,
At her command when she doth call.

www.libtool.com.cn

Barnaby Googe

the son of the Recorder of Lincoln, was born at Alvingham about 1538 (the date sometimes given is 1540) and died in 1594. The author was travelling in Spain (1562-3) when a friend at home published *Eglogs, Epitaphes, and Sonnettes*. Upon his return to England he married, but continued to develop his poetic faculty nevertheless.

The Lover's Appeal

THE rushing rivers that do run,
The valleys sweet adorned new
That lean their sides against the sun,
With flowers fresh of sundry hue,
Both ash and elm, and oak so high,
Do all lament my woeful cry.

While winter black with hideous storms
Doth spoil the ground of summer's green,
While spring-time sweet the leaf returns
That late on tree could not be seen,
While summer burns, while harvest reigns,
Still, still do rage my restless pains.

No end I find in all my smart,
But endless torment I sustain,

Barnaby Googe

Since first, alas ! my woeful heart
By sight of thee was forced to plain,—
Since that I lost my liberty,
Since that thou madest a slave of me.

My heart, that once abroad was free,
Thy beauty hath in durance brought ;
Once reason ruled and guided me,
And now is wit consumed with thought ;
Once I rejoiced above the sky,
And now for thee, alas ! I die.

Once I rejoiced in company,
And now my chief and whole delight
Is from my friends away to fly
And keep alone my wearied sprite.
Thy face divine and my desire
From flesh have me transformed to fire.

O Nature ! thou that first didst frame
My lady's hair of purest gold,
Her eyes of crystal to the same,
Her lips of precious rubies' mould,
Her neck of alabaster white,—
Surmounting far each other wight :

Why didst thou not that time devise,
Why didst thou not foresee, before

Love Songs

The mischief that thereof doth rise
And grief on grief doth heap with store,
To make her heart of wax alone
And not of flint and marble stone ?

O Lady ! show thy favour yet :
Let not thy servant die for thee !
Where Rigour ruled let Mercy sit !
Let Pity conquer Cruelty !
Let not Disdain, a fiend of hell,
Possess the place where Grace should dwell !

www.libtool.org.cn
George Peele

was born about 1552, and died some time prior to 1598. He was a Devonshire man. Marlowe and Greene were among his friends, and he was known to both Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. *The Arraignment of Paris*, from which the following song is taken, was played before Queen Elizabeth in 1584.

Cupid's Curse

Ænone. FAIR and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be ;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

Paris. Fair and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be :
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

Æn. My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods, they change for worse !

Ambo, simul. They that do change, *etc.*

Æn. Fair and fair, *etc.*

Par. Fair and fair, *etc.*

Love Songs

Æn. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelays,
Amen to Cupid's curse,
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods, they change for worse !

Edmund Spenser

The poetic distinction of Edmund Spenser can only be very inadequately represented in a volume of this character. He was born in London in 1552, and was educated at Cambridge. In 1580 he became secretary to Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, Viceroy of Ireland, and, later, Queen Elizabeth, in recognition of his services to the Crown, bestowed upon him 3000 acres in the county of Cork. Residence was imposed upon him, and it was here he wrote a considerable portion of his *Faerie Queene*. He was regarded with fierce jealousy in Ireland, and ultimately the murmurings of the people gave place to action, and he had to leave his home with such precipitancy that it was said one of his children was lost in the firing of the old castle at Kilcolman. Broken in health and spirit when he reached London, he died there in 1599.

Steadfast Love

SONNET LIX.

THRICE happy she ! that is so well assured
Unto herself, and settled so in heart,
That neither will for better be allured,
Ne feared with worse to any chance to start ;
But, like a steady ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keeps her course aright ;
Ne aught for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne aught for fairer weather's false delight.
Such self-assurance need not fear the spite
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends ;

Love Songs

But, in the stay of her own steadfast might,
Neither to one herself nor other bends.
Most happy she, that so assured doth rest ;
But he most happy, whom such one loves best.

Love in Absence

SONNET LXXXVIII.

LIKE as the Culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate ;
And, in her songs, sends many a wishful vow
For his return that seems to linger late :
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my love ;
And, wandering here and there all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove.
Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth hove
Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight :
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasance to delight.
Dark is my day, whiles her fair light I miss,
And dreading life that wants such lively bliss.

Sir Walter Raleigh

won distinction as a statesman, scholar, and warrior. He was born in Devonshire in 1552, and was educated at Oxford. His soldier-like qualities brought him into the favour of Queen Elizabeth, who knighted him, and made him a grant of lands. He engaged in various expeditions to America, and from his maiden sovereign Virginia received its name. Suspicion attached to him, and at the hands of the Queen he suffered various indignities, but it remained for her successor, James, to avail himself of a Court conspiracy to extinguish him. Raleigh was first found guilty of treason, then sentenced to death, reprieved, imprisoned in the Tower, released, set to command another expedition; he returned from it, was recharged, and in 1618 suffered death. He wrote *The History of the World* during his twelve years' detention in jail, and was the author of various minor works. There is considerable doubt as to the authorship of many poems attributed to him.

He has the reputation of having first introduced tobacco and potatoes into Europe.

The Silent Lover

WRONG not, sweet empress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart,
That sues for no compassion ;

Since, if my complaints serve not to approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But from excess of duty.

Love Songs

For knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve,
A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want relief
Than venture the revealing ;
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair distrusts the healing.

Thus those desires that aim too high
For any mortal lover,
When reason cannot make them die,
Discretion doth them cover.

Yet, when discretion doth bereave
The plaints that they should utter,
Then thy discretion may perceive
That silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words tho' ne'er so witty ;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My true, tho' secret passion ;
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

John Lyly

was born in Kent in 1553 or 1554—earlier according to some authorities—and studied at both Universities. He attached himself to the Court of Elizabeth, and it is said that he was 'heard, graced, and rewarded' by the Queen. The reward, whatever it was, came tardily, for after much seeking for the post of Master of the Revels, he had at last to ask 'for some little grant to support him in his old age.' He died about 1600. Lyly obtained much fame in his day by his *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*, and *Euphues and his England*. 'All our ladies were his scholars, and that beauty at court who could not parley Euphuism, that is to say, who was unable to converse in that pure and reformed English, which he had formed his work to be the standard of, was as little regarded as she who now there speaks not French' (Sir Henry Blount). Drayton speaks of Lyly's writing as

'Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies
Playing with words and idle similes.'

Lyly has also been accused of promoting a 'fantastic style of false wit, bombastic metaphor, and pedantic allusion' (Campbell). Lyly was, however, the author of plays of merit and renown; among them *Alexander and Campaspe* (1584), and *Mother Bombe* (1598), from which the subjoined two songs are respectively taken.

Song of Apelles

CUPID and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;

Love Songs

Loses them, too ; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of 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 ?

O Cupid !

O CUPID ! monarch over kings,
Wherefore hast thou feet and wings ?
Is it to show how swift thou art,
When thou woundest a tender heart ?
Thy wings being clipped, and feet held still,
Thy bow so many could not kill.

It is all one in Venus' wanton school,
Who highest sits, the wise man or the fool
Fools in love's college
Have far more knowledge
To read a woman over,
Than a neat prating lover :
Nay, 'tis confessed,
That fools please women best.

www.libtool.com.cn
Sir Phillip Sydney

a soldier, a poet, and the friend of poets, was born at Penshurst Castle in Kent in 1554. Queen Elizabeth, it is said, exerted her influence to prevent Sydney from being elected King of Poland, 'refusing to further his advancement, out of fear that she should lose the jewel of her times.' He received his death-wound in 1586 before Zutphen. Thirsty with loss of blood, he called for water, and he was putting the bottle to his mouth when he beheld the wistful glances of a dying soldier. He delivered the bottle of water to the poor man, saying, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.' The stories indicate his eminence and generous character.

His body was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral. He was the author of *The Defence of Poesy* and numerous sonnets.

Sonnet to Stella

MY true Love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given :
I hold his dear, and mine he can not miss ;
There never was a bargain better driven.
His heart in me keeps me and him 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.
His heart his wound received from my sight ;
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart :
For, as from me on him his hurt did light,
So still methought in me his heart did smart.
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss :
My true Love hath my heart, and I have his.

Love Songs

The Serenade

www.libtool.com.cn
‘WHO is it that this dark night
Underneath my window plaineth?’—
It is one who from thy sight
Being (ah !) exiled, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

‘Why, alas ! and are you he ?
Are not yet these fancies changed?’—
Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruin be.

‘What if you new beauties see ?
Will not they stir new affection?’—
I will think they pictures be
(Image-like of saint perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

‘Peace ! I think that some give ear,
Come, no more, lest I get anger.’—
Bliss ! I will my bliss forbear,
Fearing, sweet, you to endanger ;
But my soul shall harbour there.

‘Well, begone : begone, I say,
Lest that Argus’ eyes perceive you.’—
O ! unjust is Fortune’s sway,
Which can make me thus to leave you,
And from louts to run away !

Fulke Greville

'servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sydney,' was the inscription he desired should be placed on his tomb. Queen Elizabeth held him in great favour, and James I. granted him Warwick Castle, and later raised him to the peerage as Baron Brooke. He was born in 1554, and died in 1628 from a stab wound inflicted by a revengeful servant.

Love for Love

AWAY with these self-loving lads,
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads !
Away poor souls that sigh and weep,
In love of those that lie asleep !
For Cupid is a meadow god,
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

Sweep Cupid's shafts, like destiny,
Do causeless good or ill decree ;
Desert is borne out of his bow,
Reward upon his wing doth go !
What fools are they that have not known
That Love likes no laws but his own.

Love Songs

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I wear her rings on holy-days,
In every tree I write her name,
And every day I read the same.

Where Honour Cupid's rival is,
There miracles are seen of his.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree ;
If doubt do darken things held dear,
Then well-fare nothing, once a year ;
For many run, but one must win,
Fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

The worth that worthiness should move,
Is love, that is the bow of Love ;
And love as well the foster can,
As can the mighty noble-man :—
Sweet saint, 'tis true, you worthy be,
Yet, without love, nought worth to me.

Humphrey Gifford

was a Devonshire man. In 1580 there appeared *Posie of Gilloflowers,*
eche differing from other in colour and odour, yet all sweete.
By Humfrey Gifford, Gent.

A Woman's Face

A WOMAN'S face is full of wiles,
Her tears are like the crocodil :
With outward cheer on thee she smiles,
When in her heart she thinks thee ill.

Her tongue still chats of this and that,
Than aspine leaf it wags more fast ;
And as she talks she knows not what,
There issues many a truthless blast.

Thou far dost take thy mark amiss,
If thou think faith in them to find ;
The weather-cock more constant is,
Which turns about with every wind.

I know some pepper-nosèd dame
Will term me fool and saucy jack,
That dare their credit so defame,
And lay such slanders on their back :

What though on me they pour their splte :
I may not use the gloser's trade,
I cannot say the crow is white,
But needs must call a spade a spade.

Nicholas Breton

was a pastoral poet in the time of Queen Elizabeth. He was born about 1555, and died in 1624. 'Phillida and Corydon,' says Percy, was one of the songs in 'The Honourable Entertainment given to the Queenes Majestie in Progresse at Elvetham in Hampshire, by the R.H. the Earle of Hertford, 1591.' In this pamphlet there is the following:—'The thirde daies Entertainment. On Wednesday morning about 9 o'clock, as her Majestie opened a casement of her gallerie window, ther were 3 excellent musicians, who being disguised in auncient country attire, did greet her with a pleasant song of Corydon and Phillida, made in 3 parts of purpose. The song, as well for the worth of the dittie, as the aptnesse of the note thereto applied, it pleased her Highnesse after it had been once sung to command it againe, and highly to grace it with her cheerefull acceptance and commendation.' The poem also appears, *England's Helicon* (1600). The textual variations to be observed in different editions are very many.

Phillida and Corydon

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damsels playing
Forth I rode, forsooth, a-maying,
When anon by a woodside,
Where as May was in his pride,
I espied, all alone,
Phillida and Corydon.

Nicholas Breton

Much ado there was, God wot !
He would love and she would not.
She said, never man was true ;
He says, none was false to you.
He said, he had loved her long ;
She says, Love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then ;
She says, maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all ;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness, truth
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus, with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse,
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded ;
And Phillida, with garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the May.

Her Eyes

PRETTY twinkling starry eyes !
How did Nature first devise
Such a sparkling in your sight
As to give Love such delight.

Love Songs

As to make him like a fly
Play with looks until he die?

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Sure ye were not made at first
For such mischief to be cursed
As to kill affection's care,
That doth only truth declare :
Where worth's wonders never wither,
Love and Beauty live together.

Blessed eyes ! then give your blessing,
That in passion's best expressing
Love, that only lives to grace ye,
May not suffer pride deface ye ;
But in gentle thoughts' directions
Show the praise of your perfections !

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Henry Constable

found favour in the eyes of Ben Jonson, who speaks of Constable's ambrosiac muse. Constable was a notable sonneteer, and in 1592 published *Diana, the Praises of his Mistress, in certain sweet Sonnets*. He was born about 1555, and died about 1615.

A Pastoral Song between Phyllis and
Amaryllis, Two Nymphs, each answering
other Line for Line

PHYLLIS

FIE on the slights that men devise,
Heigh-ho, silly slights ;
When simple maids they would entice,
Maids are young men's chief delights.

AMARYLLIS

Nay, women they witch with their eyes,
Eyes like beams of burning sun :
And men once caught, they soon despise ;
So are shepherds oft undone.

PHYLLIS

If any young man win a maid,
Happy man is he ;

Love Songs

By trusting him she is betrayed ;
Fie upon such treachery.

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AMARYLLIS

If maids win young men with their guiles
Heigh-ho, guileful grief :
They deal like weeping crocodiles
That murder men without relief.

PHYLLIS

I know a simple country hind
Heigh-ho, silly swain :
To whom fair Daphne provèd kind,
Was he not kind to her again?
He vowed by Pan with many an oath,
Heigh-ho, Shepherds' God is he :
Yet since hath changed, and broke his troth,
Troth-plight broke will plaguèd be.

AMARYLLIS

She had deceivèd many a swain,
Fie on false deceit :
And plighted troth to them in vain,
There can be no grief more great.
Her measure was with measure paid,
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, equal need :
She was beguiled that had betrayed,
So shall all deceivers speed.

Henry Constable

PHYLLIS

If every maid were like to me,
Heigh-ho, hard of heart :
Both love and lovers scorned should be,
Scorners shall be sure of smart.

AMARYLLIS

If every maid were of my mind,
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, lovely sweet :
They to their lovers should prove kind,
Kindness is for maidens meet.

PHYLLIS

Methinks love is an idle toy,
Heigh-ho, busy pain :
Both wit and sense it doth annoy,
Both sense and wit thereby we gain.

AMARYLLIS

Tush ! Phyllis, cease, be not so coy,
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, coy disdain :
I know you love a shepherd's boy,
Fie ! that maidens so should fain !

PHYLLIS

Well, Amaryllis, now I yield,
Shepherds, pipe aloud :
Love conquers both in town and field,
Like a tyrant fierce and proud.

Love Songs

The evening star is up, ye see ;
Vesper shines ; we must away ;
Would every lover might agree,
So we end our roundelay.

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 belovèd of their dams.
How bless'd were I if thou wouldst prove me.

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweet all sweet 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 all things blessed
When all thy praises are expressed,
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 !

Thomas Lodge

belonged to a Lincolnshire family, and was born about 1556. For a time he was an actor and dramatist, and was associated with Robert Greene in several productions. At one period of his career he was a student at Lincoln's Inn, but he relinquished law for medicine, and, taking warning by the fate of his co-worker, developed into a prosperous physician. He was the author of numerous poetical pieces, and translated Josephus.

He is supposed to have died of the plague in 1625.

Rosalind's Madrigal

LOVE in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet :
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet :
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast :
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton ! will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow on my knee
The live-long night :

Love Songs

Strike I my lute he tunes the string,
He music plays if so I sing,
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
Whist, wanton ! still ye !

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence ;
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offence :
I 'll shut my eyes to keep you in,
I 'll make you fast it for your sin,
I 'll count your power not worth a pin :
Alas ! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod ?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou softly on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be !
Look in my eyes ! I like of thee :
O Cupid ! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee !

Thomas Lodge

Phillis
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Love guards the roses of thy lips,
And flies about them like a bee :
If I approach he forward skips,
And if I kiss he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,
And sleeps within their pretty shrine ;
And if I look the Boy will lour,
And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.

Love works thy heart within his fire,
And in my tears doth firm the same ;
And if I tempt it will retire,
And of my plaints doth make a game.

Love ! let me cull her choicest flowers,
And pity me, and calm her eye !
Make soft her heart ! dissolve her lours !
Then will I praise thy deity.
But if thou do not, Love ! I'll truly serve her
In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve her.

Love Songs

Love, Love, Love

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TURN I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds my eyes ;
If so I gaze upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found ;
Search I the shade to fly my pain,
Love meets me in the shade again ;
Want I to walk in secret grove,
E'en there I meet with sacred love ;
If so I bathe me in the spring,
E'en on the brink I hear him sing ;
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan ;
If so I mourn, he weeps with me,
And where I am there will he be !

Thomas Watson

was born in London about 1557 and died about 1592. His most important work was *A Passionate Centurie of Love*, a series of so-called 'sonnets' of eighteen lines each, preceded in every case by a short explanatory note.

The Kiss

IN time long past, when in Diana's chace
A bramble bush pricked Venus in the foot,
Old Æsculapius helped her heavy case
Before the hurt had taken any root :
Where hence, although his beard were crising hard,
She yielded him a kiss for his reward.

My luck was like to his, this other day,
When She whom I on earth do worship most
For kissing me vouchsafèd thus to say—
'Take this for once, and make thereof no boast !'
Forthwith my heart gave signs of joy by skips,
As though our souls had joined by kissing lips.

And since that time I thought it not amiss
To judge which were the best of all these three,—
Her breath, her speech, or that her dainty kiss :
And (sure) of all the kiss best likèd me,
For that it was which did revive my heart,
Oppressed and almost dead with daily smart.

Robert Greene

was born in Norwich in 1550 or 1560. He was educated at Cambridge, and it is said took orders. He certainly studied medicine, and equally certainly neither became a full-fledged clergyman nor physician. His life in London was that of the man of genius who loved pleasure and loathed restraint. Towards the end he was sustained by charity, and at the house of a poor shoemaker he died in 1592.

The Shepherd's Wife's Song

AH, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king ;
 And sweeter too,
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown :
 Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight ;
 And merrier too,
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire :
 Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Robert Greene

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds, as doth the king his meat ;
And blither too,
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup
Ah, then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his beds of down ;
More sounder too,
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill
When weary shepherds lie and snort their fill :
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sith ;
And blither too,
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land :
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Love Songs

www.Libros.com The Praise of Fawnia

AH, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt even with the mildest touch
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
Under wide heavens, but yet (I know) not such.

So as she shows, she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower,
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
Compass'd she is with thorns and canker'd flower
Yet were she willing to be plucked and worn,
She would be gathered, though she grew on thorn.

Ah, when she sings, all music else be still,
For none must be comparèd to her note ;
Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill,
Nor from the morning-singer's swelling throat,
Ah, when she riseth from her blissful bed,
She comforts all the world, as doth the sun,
And at her sight the night's foul vapour's fled ;
When she is set, the gladsome day is done.
O glorious sun, imagine me the west,
Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast !

Samuel Daniel

a native of Devonshire, was born in 1563. He wrote a number of love poems entitled *Delia, containing certain Sonnets, with the Complaint of Rosamond* (1592), and besides some plays was the author of *The Civil Wars between York and Lancaster*, a poem in eight books (1595, 1599, 1609). He died in 1619.

To Delia

LOOK, Delia, how we esteem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush, and Summer's honour !
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty Time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to decline ;
She then is scorned, that late adorned the fair :
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine !
No April can revive thy withered flowers,
Whose springing grace adorns the glory now,
Swift speedy Time, feathered with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow :
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain ;
But love now, whilst thou mayst be loved again.

Samuel Daniel

Love

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LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing ;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.

Why so ?

More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries

Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting ;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.

Why so ?

More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries

Heigh-ho!

Christopher Marlowe

'Kit Marlowe,' the son of a shoemaker at Canterbury, was born in 1563-4. He was educated in that city at the King's School, and afterwards passed through Cambridge with credit. He soon became connected with the theatres, and it is said 'rose from an actor to be a maker of plays,' but there is no record to show that Marlowe was an actor before he was a playwright. He wrote several tragedies in blank verse, laying the foundation of English dramatic poetry. The circumstances attending his death in 1593 are in question. A story of scandal is told, but it is wanting in contemporary proof. 'The Passionate Shepherd to his Love' first appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrime, and Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musicke*. By Mr. William Shakespeare. Lond., Printed for W. Jaggard, 1599. The fourth, sixth, and seventh stanzas were then wanting. There are other instances of work being falsely attributed to Shakespeare, 'for it is well known, that as he took no care of his own compositions, so was he utterly regardless of what spurious things were fathered upon him' (Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 1765). It is true that three or four lines appear in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 1, but Marlowe himself quoted a verse in one of his own plays. In that miscellaneous collection of poems, *England's Helicon* (1600), 'The Passionate Shepherd' is given with Marlowe's name attached. Isaac Walton in his *Compleat Angler* (1653), it would seem, gives Marlowe credit for another verse beginning

'Thy silver dishes for thy meat.'

'The Nymph's Reply' was also attributed to Shakespeare. It is said that in the earliest copies of *England's Helicon* the verses were initialed 'W. R.,' but that the common signature 'Ignoto' was afterwards pasted over. Every line almost in 'The Passionate Shepherd' has undergone variations, and there have been numberless imitations and parodies. A reasonable explanation of the whole question of authorship would seem to be that Marlowe's lines displaced some less polished version of the theme. A memorial to Marlowe in the market-place of Canterbury was unveiled in September 1891 by Mr. Henry Irving, who bore eloquent testimony to the genius of the poet, and his influence upon the current of dramatic poetry.

Christopher Marlowe

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**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
Embroidered 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.

Love Songs

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.

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd

(BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH)

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
And Philomel becometh dumb ;
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields ;
A honeyed tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Christopher Marlowe

Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,—
Of better meats than 's fit for men ?
These are but vain : that 's only good
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need ;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Joshua Sylvester

was a London merchant who spent his leisure in producing some quaint poetical effusions, and a satire against tobacco entitled *Tobacco battered and the pipe shattered*. He also translated the chief work of Guillaume Saluste du Bartas, the French Protestant poet. Born 1563, died 1618.

Abiding Love

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,
Wheresoe'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 waxed blind, and till the world were done.
Wheresoe'er I am, below, or else above you,
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

Michael Drayton

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enjoyed the friendship of Shakespeare, and was himself a poet of great repute. He was born in Warwickshire in 1563, and died in 1631. He wrote a large body of poetry, notably *Polyolbion*, 1612-18, a topographical poem describing England and Wales, county by county, and introducing historical events. There are some thirty books in twelve-syllable verse—30,000 lines. Mr. Hall Caine, in a note to *Sonnets of Three Centuries*, 1882, points out that there are many English sonnets treating of love-parting, and certain of the most notable of them are by Elizabethan and Victorian poets of great name, but by a general agreement of catholic opinion, this one, 'Since there's no help,' is amongst all similar sonnets quite incomparable. As a piece of self-portrayal it is matchless.

Sonnet

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 wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover !

Love Songs

To his coy Love
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I PRAY thee, love, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain that saint adore,
That can, but will not save me :
These poor half kisses kill me quite ;
Was ever man thus served ?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts,
With azure rivers branched,
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanch'd.
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell !
By me thou art prevented ;
'Tis nothing to be plagued in Hell,
But thus in Heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me ;
O, these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthral me.
But see how patient I am grown,
In all this coil about thee ;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
I cannot live without thee.

William Shakespeare

Uniformity alone requires the well-known dates to be given here. Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, on April 22nd, 1564, and in his eighteenth year he married Anne Hathaway. He removed to London, and after a period of great intellectual activity there, he returned to his native town, where he died April 23rd, 1616.

Men were Deceivers Ever

(Much Ado about Nothing)

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more ;
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;

Love Songs

The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Love's Springtime

(As You Like It)

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

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

William Shakespeare

How that a life was but a flower

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;
For love is crownèd with the prime

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Take, O take those Lips away

(Measure for Measure)

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.

Love Songs

Love like a Shadow

(The Merry Wives of Windsor)

LOVE like a shadow flies
When substance love pursues ;
Pursuing that that flies,
And flying what pursues.

Sweet-and-Twenty

(Twelfth Night)

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.

William Shakespeare

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The Choice

(Merchant of Venice)

THE CASSETS

THE first, of gold, who this inscription bears :
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carries :
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt :
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.

GOLD

All that glisters is not gold ;
Often have you heard that told :
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold :
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd :
Fare you well ; your suit is cold.

SILVER

The fire seven times tried this :
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss.

Love Songs

Some there be that shadows kiss ;
Such have but a shadow's bliss :
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silvered o'er ; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head :
So be gone, sir : you are sped.

*A song, whilst BASSANIO comments
on the caskets to himself.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies :
Let us ring fancy's knell :
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.

LEAD

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

William Shakespeare

Love, whose Month is ever May

(Love's Labour's Lost)

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,
Wished himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !
But alack ! my hand is sworn
Ne'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 Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

Love Songs

Queen of Queens

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(*Love's Labour's Lost*)

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
 To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thine eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
 The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows :
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
 Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light,
 Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep :
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee ;
 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 And they thy glory through my grief will show :
But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens ! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

Silvia

(*Two Gentlemen of Verona*)

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

William Shakespeare

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

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

Sonnet

(No. CXVI.)

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, no ! it is an ever-fixèd 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 even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Thomas Campion

was a physician, a poet, and a musician. Mr. A. H. Bullen has been the means of bringing the poet's work forward again, and securing for it the public recognition it so well deserves. Mr. Bullen claims for Campion a place as an eminent composer and a lyric poet of the first rank. Campion wrote a volume of Latin verse. In 1601 he published *A Book of Airs*, both poetry and music, save such of the latter as was contributed by Philip Rosseter, coming from his pen. Other volumes appeared about 1613 and 1617. The subjoined poems are from these books. Whether or not they are all the work of Dr. Campion—the probabilities favour the idea that they must be—they are well worthy of being rescued from the forgotten song-books in which they were published. Campion died in 1619.

Return again

SWEET, come again !

Your happy sight, so much desired

Since you from hence are now retired,

I seek in vain :

Still I must mourn,

And pine in longing pain,

Till you, my life's delight, again

Vouchsafe your wished return !

If true desire,

Or faithful vow of endless love,

Thy heart inflamed may kindly move

With equal fire ;

Thomas Campion

O then my joys,
So long distraught, shall rest,
Reposed soft in thy chaste breast,
Exempt from all annoys.

You had the power
My wand'ring thoughts first to restrain,
You first did hear my love speak plain ;
A child before,
Now is it grown
Confirmed, do you it keep !
And let 't safe in your bosom sleep,
There ever made your own !

And till we meet,
Teach absence inward art to find,
Both to disturb and please the mind.
Such thoughts are sweet :
And such remain
In hearts whose flames are true ;
Then such will I retain, till you
To me return again.

Let us Live and Love

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus (CATULLUS).

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love,
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove
Let us not weigh them. Heaven's great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive ;

Love Songs

But, soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

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If all would lead their lives in love like me,
Then bloody swords and armour should not be ;
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,
Unless alarm came from the Camp of Love :
But fools do live and waste their little light,
And seek with pain their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortunes ends,
Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends ;
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb :
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light
And crown with love my ever-during night.

Young Men's Vows

' MAIDS are simple,' some men say,
' They forsooth will trust no men.
But should they men's wills obey,
Maids were very simple then.

Truth a rare flower now is grown,
Few men wear it in their hearts ;
Lovers are more easily known
By their follies than deserts.

Thomas Campion

Safer may we credit give
To a faithless wandering Jew,
Than a young man's vows believe
When he swears his love is true.

Love they make a poor blind child,
But let none trust such as he ;
Rather than to be beguiled,
Ever let me simple be.

Shall I come when the Evening Beams are set?

SHALL I come, sweet Love, to thee
When the evening beams are set ?
Shall I not excluded be,
Will you find no feigned let ?
Let me not, for pity, more
Tell the long hours at your door.

Who can tell what thief or foe,
In the covert of the night,
For his prey will work my woe,
Or through wicked foul despite ?
So may I die unredrest
Ere my long love be possest.

But to let such dangers pass,
Which a lover's thoughts disdain,

Love Songs

'Tis enough in such a place
To attend love's joys in vain :
Do not mock me in thy bed,
While these cold nights freeze me dead.

Come, you Pretty False-eyed Wanton

COME, you pretty false-eyed wanton,
Leave your crafty smiling !
Think you to escape me now
With slipp'ry words beguiling ?
No ; you mocked me th' other day ;
When you got loose, you fled away ;
But, since I have caught you now,
I'll clip your wings from flying :
Smoth'ring kisses fast I'll heap
And keep you so from crying.

Sooner may you count the stars
And number hail down-pouring,
Tell the osiers of the Thames,
Or Goodwin Sands devouring,
Than the thick-showered kisses here
Which now thy tired lips must bear.
Such a harvest never was
So rich and full of pleasure,
But 'tis spent as soon as reaped,
So trustless is love's treasure.

Francis Davison

was the son of William Davison, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, 'who suffered so much through that princess's caprice and cruelty in the tragical affair of Mary Queen of Scots' (Ritson). Francis (1575?-1619), with his brother Walter (1581-1602-6), brought out in 1602 their *Poetical Rhapsody*, to which, besides themselves, Raleigh, Watson, Sylvester, and others were contributors. Francis gets the credit of 'Love! be Merciful and Just,' and 'Dispraise of Love and Lovers' Follies,' but 'A Comparison' may be by either or both of the brothers.

Love! if a God thou art

LOVE! if a god thou art,
Then evermore thou must
Be merciful and just ;
If thou be just, O wherefore doth thy dart
Wound mine alone, and not my lady's heart?
If merciful ;—then why
Am I to pain reserv'd,
Who have thee truly serv'd,
While she, that by thy power sits not afly,
Laughs thee to scorn, and lives at liberty?
Then, if a god thou wilt accounted be,
Heal me like her, or else wound her like me.

Love Songs

Dispraise of Love and Lovers' Follies

If love be life, I long to die,
Live they that list for me :
And he that gains the most thereby
A fool, at least, shall be.
But he that feels the sorest fits
Scapes with no less than loss of wits :
Unhappy life they gain,
Which love do entertain.

In day by fainèd looks they live,
By lying dreams by night,
Each frown a deadly wound doth give,
Each smile a false delight,
If't hap the lady pleasant seem,
It is for others love they deem :
If void she seem of joy,
Disdain doth make her coy.

Such is the peace that lovers find,
Such is the life they lead ;
Blown here and there with every wind,
Like flowers in the mead.
Now war, now peace, now war again
Desire, despair, delight, disdain :
Though dead, in midst of life ;
In peace, and yet at strife.

Francis Davison

A Comparison

SOME there are as fair to see too,
But by art and not by nature ;
Some as tall, and goodly be too,
But want beauty to their stature ;
Some have gracious, kind behaviour,
But are poor or simple creatures ;
Some have wit, but want sweet favour,
Or are proud of their good features :
Only you—and you want pity—
Are most fair, tall, kind, and witty.

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Sir Henry Wotton

served James I. as ambassador at Venice. His experience in that capacity gives piquancy to his definition of an ambassador as 'an honest gentleman sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country. Besides being a diplomatist and political writer, he was the author of *The Elements of Architecture*, and *The State of Christendom*.

Late in life he entered holy orders, and became Provost of Eton.

He was born in Kent in 1568, and died in 1639.

On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies !
What are you when the moon shall rise ?

You curious chaunters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents ; what 's your praise,
When Philomel her voice shall raise ?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own ;
What are you when the rose is blown ?

Sir Henry Wotton

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me if she were not design'd
The eclipse and glory of her kind?

This poem has undergone some variations, and the third verse sometimes is placed second. Percy reprinted it from *Reliquiae Wottonianæ* (1651), with some corrections from an old manuscript copy 'written on that amiable princess, Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia, Sept. 5, 1619.' The song is to be found in a Scottish collection with these three additional verses, and attributed to Lord Darnley, 'written, it is said, in praise of the beauty of Queen Mary, before their marriage':—

You glancing jewels of the East,
Whose estimation fancies raise,
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
Of glittering gems, what is your praise
When the bright diamond shows his rays?

But ah ! poor light, gem, voice, and sound,
What are ye if my *Mary* shine?
Moon, diamond, flowers, and Philomel,
Light, lustre, scent, and music tine,
And yield to merit more divine.

The rose, and lily, the whole spring,
Unto her breath for sweetness speed ;
The diamond darkens in the ring ;
When she appears, the moon looks dead,
As when Sol lifts his radiant head.

Thomas Middleton

was born in London probably about 1570, and died in 1627. He was the author of various plays, and in relation to one of them, *A Game at Chess*, fell into some disrepute by reason of complaints from the Spanish Ambassador that the King of Spain, Conde de Gondomar, and others were represented in this 'very scandalous comedy.' Middleton's genius seemed likely to fall out of sight, but Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and within recent years Mr. Swinburne, have directed attention to him, whilst two editions of his works have appeared, the last one under the editorship of Mr. Bullen.

The Welshwoman's Song

AFTER A KISS

CUPID is Venus' only joy,
But he is a wanton boy,
A very, very wanton boy ;
He shoots at ladies' naked breasts,
He is the cause of most men's crests,
I mean upon the forehead,
Invisible but horrid ;
'Twas he first thought upon the way
To keep a lady's lip in play.

Why should not Venus chide her son
For the pranks that he hath done,
The wanton pranks that he hath done ?

Thomas Middleton

He shoots his fiery darts so thick,
They hurt poor ladies to the quick,
Ah me, with cruel wounding !
His darts are so confounding,
That life and sense would soon decay,
But that he keeps their lives in play.

Can there be any part of bliss
In a quickly fleeting kiss,
A quickly fleeting kiss ?
To one's pleasure leasures are but waste,
The slowest kiss makes too much haste,
And lose it ere we find it :
The pleasing sport they only know
That close above and close below.

What Love is like

LOVE is like a lamb, and love is like a lion ;
Fly from love, he fights ; fight, then does he fly on :
Love is all on fire, and yet is ever freezing ;
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leasing :
Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying ;
Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying ;
Love does doat in liking, and is mad in loathing ;
Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing.

John Donne

the son of a London merchant, was born in 1573, and was educated at both Universities. He became secretary to Chancellor Ellesmere, but offended greatly by marrying Lady Ellesmere's niece. He interested himself in the controversy between the English Reformed Church and the Church of Rome, whilst his loyal views brought him into the favour of King James. The King urged him to enter the Church, and, after three years' delay, he consented. At the King's command, Cambridge conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. A year or two later the King invited Donne to dinner, sat down himself, and proceeded to address his guest thus: 'Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and though you sit not down with me, I will carve you of a dish I know you love well; for knowing you love London, I do, therefore, make you Dean of St. Paul's, and when you have dined, then take your beloved dish home to your study, say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you.' Donne died in 1631.

The Bait

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove,
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run,
Warm'd by thy eyes more than the sun;
And there th' enamoured fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

John Donne

When wilt thou swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Most amorously to thee will swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, be'st loath,
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both ;
And if mine eyes have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset
With strangling snares or windowy net ;

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest,
The bedded fish in banks outwrest ;
Let curious traitors sleave silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes ;

For thee thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait ;
That fish that is not caught thereby,
Alas, is wiser far than I.

Love Songs

The Lover's Request

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SEND back my long-stray'd eyes to me,
Which, O ! too long have dwelt on thee :
But if from you they've learnt such ill,
 To sweetly smile,
 And then beguile,
Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain ;
But if it has been taught by thine
 To forfeit both
 Its word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
For I'll know all thy falsities ;
That I one day may laugh, when thou
 Shalt grieve and mourn—
 Of one the scorn,
Who proves as false as thou art now.

John Donne

The Lover's Request

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(ANOTHER VERSION)

SEND home my long stray'd eyes to me,
Which, oh ! too long have dwelt on thee ;
But if they there have learn'd such ill,
 Such forc'd fashions
 And false passions,
 That they be
 Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain ;
But if it be taught, by thine,
 To make jestings
 Of protestings,
 And break both
 Word and oath,
Keep it still—'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies ;
And may laugh and joy when thou
 Art in anguish,
 And dost languish
 For some one
 That will none,
Or prove as false as thou dost now.

Ben Jonson

was the son of a clergyman, at whose death his mother married a master bricklayer. Ben Jonson deserted his step-father's trade and enlisted, serving with the English troops in Flanders. In London he became actor and author and numbered Shakespeare among his friends. After the accession of James I. he was employed a good deal about Court. In 1617 he obtained a pension from the King, and was regarded as poet laureate. Successors in the pension appropriated the title.

Ben Jonson was born in 1574, and died in 1637.

Song to Celia

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I 'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine :
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.

Ben Jonson

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

The Kiss

O, THAT joy so soon should waste !
Or so sweet a bliss
As a kiss
Might not for ever last !
So sugared, so melting, so soft, so delicious,
The dew that lies on roses,
When the morn herself discloses,
Is not so precious.
O rather than I would it smother,
Were I to taste such another ;
It should be my wishing
That I might die kissing.

Begging another Kiss

ON COLOUR OF MENDING THE FORMER

FOR Love's sake, kiss me once again,
I long, and should not beg in vain.

Love Songs

Here 's none to spy, or see ;
Why do you doubt, or stay ?
I'll taste as lightly as the bee,
That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.

Once more, and, faith, I will be gone ;
Can he that loves ask less than one ?
Nay, you may err in this,
And all your bounty wrong :
This could be called but half a kiss ;
What we're but once to do, we should do long !

I will but mend the last, and tell
Where, how, it would have relished well ;
Join lip to lip and try :
Each suck the other's breath,
And whilst our tongues perplexèd lie,
Let who will think us dead, or wish our death.

Charis

HER TRIUMPH

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth !
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.

Ben Jonson

As she goes all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty ;
And enamour'd, do wish, as they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would
ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth !
Do but look on her, she is bright
As Love's star when it riseth !
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her !
And from her arch'd brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through her face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it ?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it ?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver ?
Or swan's down ever ?
Or have smell'd o' the bud of the briar ?
Or the 'nard in the fire ?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
O so white ! O so soft ! O so sweet is she !

Love Songs

O do not Wanton with those Eyes

O DO not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing ;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

O be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me ;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

O do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me ;
Nor spread them as distract with fears ;
Mine own enough betray me.

A Nymph's Passion

I LOVE, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who ;
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
I fear they'd love him too ;
Yet if he be not known,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

Ben Jonson

I'll tell, that, if they be not glad,
They may yet envy me ;
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorn :
And yet it cannot be forborn,
Unless my heart would, as my thought, be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purgèd air,
And looks as lilies do
That are this morning blown :
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be shown.

But he hath eyes so round and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his torches light,
Though hate had put them out :
But then, t' increase my fears,
What nymph soe'er his voice but hears
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me ; yet no

Love Songs

One unbecoming thought doth move
From either heart, I know ;
But so exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a fame,
If love, or fear, would let me tell his name.

That Women are but Men's Shadows

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you ;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue :
To court a mistress, she denies you ;
Let her alone, she will court you ;
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men ?

At morn and even shades are longest ;
At noon they are or short, or none :
To men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men ?

Come, let us Enjoy the Shade

LOVER

COME, let us here enjoy the shade,
For love in shadow best is made.

Ben Jonson

Though envy oft his shadow be,
None brooks the sunlight worse than he.

MISTRESS

Where love doth shine, there needs no sun,
All lights into his one do run,
Without which all the world were dark ;
Yet he himself is but a spark.

ARBITER

A spark to set whole world a-fire,
Who, more they burn, they more desire,
And have their being, their waste to see ;
And waste still, that they still might be.

CHORUS

Such are his powers, whom time hath stiled,
Now swift, now slow, now tame, now wild ;
Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now mild ;
The eldest god, yet still a child.

Love and Death

THOUGH I am young and cannot tell
Either what death or love is well,
Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aim at human hearts ;

Love Songs

And then again, I have been told,
Love wounds with heat, as death with cold ;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.

As in a ruin we it call,
One thing to be blown up, or fall ;
Or to our end like way may have,
By a flash of lightning, or a wave :
So love's inflamèd shaft or brand,
May kill as soon as death's cold hand ;
Except love's fires the virtue have
To fright the frost out of the grave.

The Grace of Simplicity

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed :
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :

Ben Jonson

Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art ;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

The Lover's Ideal

If I freely may discover
What would please me in my lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city ;
A little proud, but full of pity ;
Light and humorous in her toying ;
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying ;
Long, but sweet in the enjoying ;
Neither too easy nor too hard,
All extremes I would have barred.

She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but used as fashions ;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swooning,
Every fit with change still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her ;
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Nor her peevishness annoy me.

Thomas Heywood

is said to have been concerned in the authorship of two hundred and twenty plays, of which, however, only twenty-three have come down to us. He was a Lincolnshire man, and was for a period at Cambridge. He was born about 1575, and died about 1649.

Go, pretty Birds

YE little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks,
Within her garden-alleys ;
Go, pretty birds, about her bower ;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower ;
Ah, me ! methinks I see her frown !
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tell her, through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so ;
See that your notes strain not too low,

Thomas Heywood

For still, methinks, I see her frown.

Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,

And sing, I am her lover ;

Strain loud and sweet, that every note

With sweet content may move her.

And she that hath the sweetest voice,

Tell her I will not change my choice ;

Yet still, methinks, I see her frown.

Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly ! make haste ! see, see, she falls

Into a pretty slumber.

Sing round about her rosy bed,

That, waking, she may wonder.

Say to her, 'tis her lover true

That sendeth love to you, to you ;

And when you hear her kind reply,

Return with pleasant warblings.

Good-Morrow

PACK, clouds ! away, and welcome, day !

With night we banish sorrow :

Sweet air ! blow soft ; mount, lark ! aloft :

To give my love good-morrow.

Wings from the wind, to please her mind,

Notes from the lark I'll borrow :

Love Songs

Bird ! prune thy wing ; nightingale ! sing :
To give my Love good-morrow.
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them all I 'll borrow.

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

Beaumont and Fletcher

Singly and jointly, Beaumont and Fletcher were the authors of fifty-two plays. Francis Beaumont was the younger (born, 1585; died, 1616?), yet he is said to have exerted the restraining influence. His close friend and fellow-worker, John Fletcher (born, 1579; died, 1625), seems to have been the commanding genius. Indeed, Fletcher's wit and fancy were inexhaustible; and besides having the reputation of an alliance with Shakespeare, he has had awarded him the lion's share of the credit attaching to the songs contained in the plays he wrote in conjunction with Beaumont.

Take, oh! take those Lips away

TAKE, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Love Songs

Constancy

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LAY a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew ;
Maidens, willow branches bear ;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth !

The Student awakened by Love

BEAUTY clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells ;
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins in blush disclose.
And came to honour nothing else.

Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new ;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliss,—
Make me live by serving you.

Beaumont and Fletcher

Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A stranger to himself and all ;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory :
I am your servant, and your thrall.

Speak, Love

DEAREST, do not delay me,
Since, thou knowest, I must be gone ;
Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,
But 'tis wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native smell
Indian odours far excel.

Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair !
Kill not him that vows to serve thee ;
But perfume this neighbouring air,
Else dull silence, sure, will starve me :
'Tis a word that 's quickly spoken,
Which, being restrained, a heart is broken.

Hear what Mighty Love can do

HEAR, ye ladies that despise,
What the mighty love has done ;
Fear examples, and be wise :
Fair Calisto was a nun ;

Love Songs

Leda, sailing on the stream
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doated on a silver swan ;
Danaë, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
What the mighty love can do ;
Fear the fierceness of the boy :
The chaste moon he makes to woo ;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doating at the altar dies ;
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can build, and once more fire.

A Bridal Song

*(From 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' given in the first quarto edition of
1634 to be the joint work of Shakespeare and Fletcher.)*

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue ;
Maiden-pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true ;

Beaumont and Fletcher

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim ;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim.

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense !
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be absent hence !

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chattering pie,
May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly !

At Cupid's Shrine

COME, my children, let your feet
In an even measure meet,
And your cheerful voices rise,
To present this sacrifice
To great Cupid, in whose name,
I his priest begin the same

Love Songs

Young men, take your loves and kiss ;
Thus our Cupid honoured is ;
Kiss again, and in your kissing
Let no promises be missing ;
Nor let any maiden here
Dare to turn away her ear
Unto the whisper of her love,
But give bracelet, ring, or glove,
As a token to her sweeting,
Of an after secret meeting.
Now, boy, sing, to stick our hearts
Fuller of great Cupid's darts.

Swift-winged Love

THOU deity, swift-wingèd Love,
Sometimes below, sometimes above,
Little in shape, but great in power ;
Thou that makest a heart thy tower,
And thy loop-holes ladies' eyes,
From whence thou strikest the fond and wise ;
Did all the shafts in thy fair quiver
Stick fast in my ambitious liver,
Yet thy power would I adore,
And call upon thee to shoot more,
Shoot more, shoot more !

Beaumont and Fletcher

Cupid! turn thy Bow

OH, turn thy bow !
Thy power we feel and know ;
Fair Cupid, turn away thy bow !
They be those golden arrows,
Bring ladies all their sorrows ;
And, till there be more truth in men,
Never shoot at maid again !

The Lover's Legacy to his Cruel Mistress

Go, happy heart ! for thou shalt lie
Intombed in her for whom I die,
Example of her cruelty.

Tell her, if she chance to chide
Me for slowness, in her pride,
That it was for her I died.

If a tear escape her eye,
'Tis not for my memory,
But thy rights of obsequy.

The altar was my loving breast,
My heart the sacrificèd beast,
And I was myself the priest.

Love Songs

Your body was the sacred shrine,
Your cruel mind the power divine,
Pleased with the hearts of men, not kine.

To his Mistress

*(This song, usually regarded as the work of Francis Beaumont,
is sometimes attributed to Carew.)*

LET fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better,
While proud of my triumphant chain
I sit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murd'ring glances, snaring hairs,
And her bewitching smiles, so please me,
As he brings ruin that repairs
The sweet afflictions that displease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow
With envious veils from my beholding ;
Unlock those lips their pearly row
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheels
The restless fate of every lover,
Survey the pains my sick-heart feels
And wounds themselves have made discover.

John Ford

was born at Ilington in Devonshire in 1586. The law or the drama, or both, served him well for securing an independence. He is said to have returned to his native place and to have spent his later years in domestic comfort. He died about 1640. 'Ford,' says Charles Lamb, 'was of the first order of poets. He sought for sublimity, not by parcels, in metaphors or visible images, but directly where she has her full residence, in the heart of men, in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds.'

Since first I saw your Face

SINCE first I saw your face I resolved
To honour and renown you ;
If now I be disdained I wish
My heart had never known you.
What ! I that loved, and you that liked,
Shall we begin to wrangle ?
No, no, no, my heart is fast
And cannot disentangle.

The sun whose beams most glorious are
Rejecteth no beholder,
And your sweet beauty past compare,
Made my poor eyes the bolder.

Love Songs

Where beauty moves, and wit delights
And signs of kindness bind me,
There, oh ! there, where'er I go
I leave my heart behind me.

If I admire or praise you too much,
That fault you may forgive me,
Or if my hands had strayed but a touch,
Then justly might you leave me.
I asked you leave, you bade me love ;
Is't now a time to chide me ?
No, no, no, I'll love you still,
What fortune e'er betide me.

No More

OH, no more, no more ! too late
Sighs are spent : the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burn'd out : no heat, no light
Now remains ; 'tis ever night.
Love is dead : let lovers' eyes,
Lock'd in endless dreams,
The extremes of all extremes,
Ope no more ! for now Love dies :
Now love dies,—implying
Love's martyrs must be ever ever dying.

Sir Francis Kynaston

or Kinaston, was born at Otley in Shropshire in 1587. He translated Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida* into Latin, became regent of a literary institute called 'The Musæum Minervæ,' and was himself an English poet of some distinction in his day. He was knighted by Charles 1. He died in 1642.

To Cynthia, on Concealment of her Beauty

Do not conceal thy radiant eyes,
The star-light of serenest skies ;
Lest, wanting of their heavenly light,
They turn to chaos' endless night !

Do not conceal those tresses fair,
The silken snares of thy curl'd hair ;
Lest, finding neither gold nor ore,
The curious silk-worm work no more !

Do not conceal those breasts of thine,
More snow-white than the Apennine ;
Lest, if there be like cold and frost,
The lily be for ever lost !

Love Songs

Do not conceal that fragrant scent,
Thy breath, which to all flowers hath lent
Perfumes ; lest, it being suppress,
No spices grow in all the East !

Do not conceal thy heavenly voice,
Which makes the hearts of Gods rejoice ;
Lest, music hearing no such thing,
The nightingale forget to sing !

Do not conceal, nor yet eclipse,
Thy pearly teeth with coral lips ;
Lest, that the seas cease to bring forth
Gems which from thee have all their worth !

Do not conceal no beauty, grace
That 's either in thy mind or face ;
Lest Virtue overcome by Vice
Make men believe no Paradise.

Giles Fletcher

—the son of Giles Fletcher, who was sent ambassador to Russia in 1588, and brother of Phineas, the author of a long poem called *The Purple Island*, an allegorical description of Man in Spenserian verse,—was born about 1588 (earlier maybe) and died in 1623. His chief work was a poem called *Christ's Victory and Triumph in Heaven and Earth, over and after Death* (1610), and Panglorie (World-glory) in her bower of vain Delight 'sings this wooing-song to welcome Him withal.' Grosart edited his works (1876).

Panglorie's Wooing Song

LOVE is the blossom where there blows
Everything that lives or grows ;
Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the sun doth burn in love ;
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak ;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by Love, grow tame and mild ;
Love no medicine can appease ;
He burns the fishes in the seas ;
Not all the skill his wounds can stanch ;
Not all the sea his thirst can quench ;

Love Songs

Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leafy coat to wear,
Whilst in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds for love that sing and play :
And of all Love's joyful frame
I the bud and blossom am.

Only lend thy knee to me !
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

See ! see the flowers that below
Now as fresh as the morning blow !
And, of all, the virgin Rose,
That as bright Aurora shows :
How they all unleafed die,
Losing their virginity,
Like unto a summer shade,—
But now born, and now they fade.
Everything doth pass away :
There is danger in delay.
Come ! come gather then the Rose !
Gather it, or it you lose !
All the sand of Tagus' shore
In my bosom casts its ore ;
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne ;
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruised to make me wine ;
While ten thousand kings as proud
To carry up my train, have bow'd,

Giles Fletcher

And a world of ladies send me
In my chamber to attend me :
All the stars in heaven that shine
And ten thousand more are mine.
Only bend thy knee to me !
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

George Wither

was born at Bentworth in Hampshire in 1588, and was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford. After managing his father's farm for some time he came to London. His fearless satires brought him into trouble, and he was imprisoned for his work *Abuses Stript and Whipt* (1613). Another publication resulted in his incarceration after the Restoration. Sir Egerton Brydges published an edition of his works, but gave this poem to Raleigh, admitting, however, that he had considerable doubt as to its authorship :—

Love admits no Rival

Shall I, like a hermit, dwell
On a rock or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it, where I may
Meet a rival every day ?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be ?

Were her tresses angel-gold,
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid ;
And with little more ado
Work them into bracelets, too !
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be ?

Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hairs or precious eyes ;
If she lay them out to take
Kisses, for good-manners sake ;
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip ;
If she seem not chaste to me
What care I how chaste she be ?

George Wither

No ; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show,
Warning but as snow-halls do,
Not like fire, by burning too ;
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot ;
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be !

It certainly has a remarkable likeness to Wither's hand, but it may be the poem upon which *The Shepherd's Resolution* was designed. He was a prolific author, and in the autumn of life wrote *Hymns and Songs for the Church*. He died in 1667. Wither has been long in disrepute, and no less eminent a critic than Mr. Edmund Gosse, in his *Gossip in a Library* (1892), tells us, what is only too true, that Wither by his 'precautions,' 'personal contributions to the national humiliation,' etc., 'really became the greatest bore in Christendom.'

Mr. Gosse and other critics have, however, all admired Wither's early work.

A Stolen Kiss

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe ;
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
From those two melting rubies one poor kiss ;
None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
Nor rob I her of aught that she can miss ;
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little sign I would do so ;
Why then should I this robbery delay ?
O, she may wake, and therewith angry grow !
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

Love Songs

www.LitLovers.com A Love Sonnet

I LOVED a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen,
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba Queene ;
But foole as then I was,
I thought she lov'd me too,
But now, alas ! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her hair like gold did glister,
Each eye was like a star,
She did surpass her sister
Which past all others farre ;
She would me honey call—
She 'd oh—she 'd kiss me too,
But now, alas ! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time to Medley
My love and I would go—
The boatmen there stood ready
My love and I to row ;
For cream there would we call,
For cakes, and for prunes too,
But now, alas ! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

George Wither

Many a merry meeting
My love and I have had :
She was my only sweeting,
She made my heart full glad ;
The tears stood in her eyes,
Like to the morning dew,
But now, alas ! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

And as abroad we walked
As lover's fashion is,
Oft as we sweetly talked,
The sun would steal a kiss ;
The wind upon her lips
Likewise most sweetly blew,
But now, alas ! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheeks were like the cherry,
Her skin as white as snow,
When she was blythe and merry,
She angel-like did show :
Her waist exceeding small,
The fives did fit her shoe,
But now, alas ! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time or winter,
She had her heart's desire,
I still did scorn to stint her,
From sugar, sack, or fire.

Love Songs

The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew,
But now, alas ! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

As we walk'd home together
At midnight through the town,
To keep away the weather—
O'er her I'd cast my gown ;
No cold my love should feel,
Whate'er the heavens could do,
But now, alas ! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Like doves we would be billing,
And clip and kiss so fast,
Yet she would be unwilling
That I should kiss the last ;
They're Judas kisses now,
Since that they prov'd untrue,
For now, alas ! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

To maiden's vows and swearing,
Henceforth no credit give,
You may give them the hearing—
But never them believe ;
They are as false as fair,
Unconstant, frail, untrue ;

George Wither

For mine, alas ! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

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'Twas I that paid for all things,
'Twas other drank the wine,
I cannot now recall things,
Live but a fool to pine :
'Twas I that beat the bush,
The bird to others flew,
For she, alas ! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

If ever that Dame Nature,
For this false lover's sake
Another pleasing creature
Like unto her would make,
Let her remember this,
To make the other true,
For this, alas ! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

No riches now can raise me,
No want makes me despair,
No misery amaze me,
Nor yet for want I care :
I have lost a world itself,
My earthly heaven, adieu !
Since she, alas ! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Love Songs

The Shepherd's Resolution

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SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are;
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed Nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
The turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
Which may gain her name of Best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

George Wither

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo :
 And unless that mind I see
 What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair :
If she love me, this believe,
I will die, ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go :
 If she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be?

A Madrigal

AMARYLLIS I did woo,
And I courted Phillis too ;
Daphne for her love I chose,
Chloris, for that damask rose
In her cheek, I held so dear,
Yea, a thousand liked well near ;
And, in love with all together,
Feared the enjoying either :
'Cause to be of one possess'd,
Barr'd the hope of all the rest.

Thomas Carew

was probably born in Gloucestershire in 1589. Shortly after his death, in 1639, there appeared the volume *Poems by Thomas Carew, Esq., one of the Gentlemen of the Privie Chamber and Sewer in Ordinary to His Majesty (Charles I.)*, London (1640). Burns, meeting with the song 'The Primrose,' 'altered it a little (as he wrote to George Thomson), with a view to its publication in a collection. This is his version:—

The Primrose

Dost ask me why I send thee here
This firstling of the infant year—
Dost ask me what this Primrose shews,
Bepearl'd thus with morning dewes?

I must whisper to thy ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears,—
This lovely native of the dale
Thou seest, how languid, pensive, pale.

Thou seest this bending stalk so weak,
That each way yielding doth not break.
I must tell thee, these reveal
The doubts and fears that lovers feel.'

An interesting comparison may be made with the versions of the same theme by Carew (p. 125), and Herrick (p. 136).

To Celia

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose ;
For in your beauties' orient deep
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Thomas Carew

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day ;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past ;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night ;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest ;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

Mediocrity in Love rejected

GIVE me more love, or more disdain ;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Brings equal ease unto my pain ;
The temperate affords me none :
Either extreme of love or hate
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Love Songs

Give me a storm ; if it be love,
Like Danae in a golden shower
I swim in pleasure ; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture hopes : and he 's possess'd
Of Heaven, that 's but from hell releas'd :
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;
Give me more love or more disdain.

Love's Eternity

How ill doth he deserve a Lover's name
Whose pale weak flame
Can not retain
His heat in spite of absence or disdain,
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn and expire !
True Love can never change his seat ;
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.

That noble flame which my breast keeps alive
Shall still survive
When my soul 's fled ;
Nor shall my love die when my body's dead :
That shall wait on me to the lower shade,
And never fade ;
My very ashes in their urn
Shall, like a hallow'd lamp, for ever burn.

Thomas Carew

The Primrose

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ASK me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year ;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew ;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears :
Ask me why this flow'r doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too ;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break ;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

Disdain returned

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.

Love Songs

Where these are not, I despise
Lovely checks or lips or eyes.
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No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return ;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride, and scorn ;
I have learn'd thy arts and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power in my revenge convey
That love to her I cast away.

Of this song Carew certainly wrote the first two verses (printed under the title 'Outer Beauty'), but there is great doubt as to the authorship of the last stanza. Where this is included it is given under the altered heading.

William Browne

was born at Tavistock in 1590. He was educated at Oxford, and proceeded thence to the Inner Temple. He was the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, of which the first part was published in 1613, the second in 1616, whilst the third remained till 1851, when it was published from a manuscript copy in the Cathedral Library at Salisbury. Browne was tutor to Robert Dormer, Earl of Carnarvon, and afterwards enjoyed the patronage of the Earl of Pembroke. He died at Ottery St. Mary in 1645. 'Welcome, Welcome!' was first published about sixty years ago by Sir Egerton Brydges, who had obtained the verses from a manuscript copy in the Lansdowne Collection. 'The Syren's Song' forms the opening of a masque presented in 1614.

The Syren's Song

STEER, hither steer your winged pines,
All beaten Mariners !
Here lie Love's undiscover'd mines
A prey to passengers ;
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the Phoenix' urn and nest :
Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you save our lips ;
But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more !

Love Songs

For swelling waves our panting breasts,
 Where never storms arise,
Exchange, and be awhile our guests !
 For stars gaze on our eyes !
The compass Love shall hourly sing ;
And as he goes about the ring
 We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth, with a kiss.
 Then come on shore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more !

Welcome, Welcome !

WELCOME, welcome, do I sing,
 Far more welcome than the spring ;
He that parteth from you never,
 Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love that to the voice is near,
 Breaking from your ivory pale,
Need not walk abroad to hear
 The delightful nightingale.

Welcome, welcome, then I sing,
 Far more welcome than the spring ;
He that parteth from you never,
 Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

William Browne

Love, that looks still on your eyes,
Though the winter have begun
To benumb our arteries,
Shall not want the summer's sun.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing.

Love, that still may see your cheeks,
Where all rareness still reposes,
Is a fool, if e'er he seeks
Other lilies, other roses.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing.

Love, to whom your soft lip yields,
And perceives your breath in kissing,
All the odours of the fields
Never, never, shall be missing.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing.

Love that question would anew
What fair Eden was of old,
Let him rightly study you,
And a brief of that behold.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing,
Far more welcome than the spring,
He that parteth from you never,
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Henry King

Chaplain to James I., and Bishop of Chichester, was remembered chiefly as a religious poet, though his lighter verse has distinct qualities. He was born in 1591, and died in 1669.

Dry those Fair Eyes

DRY those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which, like growing fountains, rise,
To drown their banks ; grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks ;
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those waterish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain ;
Lest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.

Henry King

Tell me no more
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TELL me no more how fair she is,
I have no mind to hear
The story of that distant bliss
I never shall come near :
By sad experience I have found
That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
To tempt my daring fate,
From whence no triumph ever came,
But to repent too late :
There is some hope ere long I may
In silence doat myself away.

I ask no pity, Love, from thee,
Nor will thy justice blame,
So that thou wilt not envy me
The glory of my flame ;
Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies,
In that it falls her sacrifice.

WWW.RUCOO.COM.CN Robert Herrick

who takes rank among the first of English song-writers, was the son of a London goldsmith. He was born in 1591, and in 1607 (his father having died in 1592) he was apprenticed to his uncle, Sir William Herrick, just knighted in recognition of his services as goldsmith, jeweller, and money-lender to James I. He went to Cambridge about 1614, and studied law. He took his degree as bachelor in 1617, and that of master three years later. Returning to London, he became something of a general favourite, and as a promising young poet was numbered among Ben Jonson's 'sons.' Then he took holy orders, and in 1629 obtained from the King the Vicarage of Dean Prior, worth £50, a sum which must be multiplied by five to give corresponding value in our day. Though he seems sometimes to have had his doubts of kingly wisdom, Herrick was attached to the Royal cause. As a consequence he was ejected from his living at the advent of the Commonwealth, but was reinstated at the Restoration. Herrick remained a bachelor, but his life in Devonshire was not without interest, as may be judged from this extract from Mr. Alfred Pollard's beautiful edition of the poet recently issued: 'His conception of religion was mediæval in its sensuousness, and he probably repeated the stages of sin, repentance, and renewed assurance with some facility. He lived with an old servant, Prudence Baldwin, the "Prew" of many of his poems; kept a spaniel named Tracy, and, so says tradition, a tame pig. When his parishioners annoyed him he seems to have comforted himself with epigrams on them; when they slumbered during one of his sermons the manuscript was suddenly hurled at them with a curse for their inattention.' Herrick died in 1634. *Hesperides* (West of England fruits), or *the Works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq.*, appeared in 1648. An inquiry into Herrick's indebtedness to classical sources may be interesting, but it is rather valueless. There is the instance of the song 'To the Maidens to make much of Time.' It is regarded as probable that Herrick obtained the idea from Spenser:—

'Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime;
For soon comes age that will her pride deflower;
Gather the rose of love while yet is time,
Whilst loving, thou may'st loved be with equal crime.'
Færie Queene, Book ii. Canto 12, verse 75.

Robert Herrick

In Tasso's *Jerusalem* (transl. by Fairfax, and published a few years prior to the *Faerie Queene*) is the following passage (Book xvi. verse 15):—

'Oh, gather then the rose, while time thou hast;
Short is the day, done when it scant began;
Gather the rose of love, while yet thou may'st
Loving be lov'd, embracing be embrac'd.'

Spenser is known to have been acquainted with the work of most of the Italian poets. Herrick was the author of the following popular poem:—

Cherrie-Ripe

Cherrie-Ripe, Ripe, Ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come and buy
If so be, you ask me where
They doe grow? I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips doe smile;
There 's the Land, of Cherry-Ile:
Whose plantations fully show
All the year, where Cherries grow.

In the opinion of Charles Mackay (*One Thousand and One Gems of Song*), Herrick probably obtained the idea from the following song, included in *An Hour's Recreation in Musicke* (Richard Allison. 1606):—

'There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow;
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes, like angels, watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Charles Horne altered Herrick's lines to some extent, and wedding his version to a very pleasing melody, the song attained a popularity which more than half a century has done little to diminish.

Love Songs

Delight in Disorder

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A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness :
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction :
An erring lace which here and there
Enthral the crimson stomacher :
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly :
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat :
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility :
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

The Mad Maid's Song

GOOD-MORROW to the day so fair,
Good-morning, sir, to you ;
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good-morning to this primrose too,
Good-morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.

Robert Herrick

Ah ! woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack and well-a-day !
For pity, sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave,
I'll seek him in your eyes ;
Nay, now I think, they've made his grave
I' th' bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there ; I know ere this
The cold, cold earth doth shelter him ;
But I will go or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray, hurt him not though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him,
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender (pray take heed) ;
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home ; but 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him

Love Songs

The Primrose

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Ask me why I send you here
This sweet Infanta of the year ?
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?
I will whisper to your ears :
The sweets of love are mix'd with tears.

Ask me why this flower does show
So yellow-green, and sickly too ?
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending (yet it doth not break) ?
I will answer : These discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

The Maiden-Blush

So look the mornings when the sun
Paints them with fresh vermilion :
So cherries blush, and Kathern pears,
And apricots in youthful years :
So corals look more lovely red,
And rubies lately polished :

So purest diaper doth shine,
Stain'd by the beams of claret wine :
As Julia looks when she doth dress
Her either cheek with bashfulness.

Robert Herrick

The Headache
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MY head doth ache,
O Sappho ! take
Thy fillet,
And bind the pain,
Or bring some bane
To kill it.

But less that part
Than my poor heart
Now is sick ;
One kiss from thee
Will counsel be
And physic.

A Ring presented to Julia

JULIA, I bring
To thee this ring,
Made for thy finger fit ;
To show by this
That our love is
(Or should be) like to it.

Close though it be
The joint is free ;

Love Songs

So, when love's yoke is on,
It must not gall,
Or fret at all
With hard oppression.

But it must play
Still either way,
And be, too, such a yoke
As not too wide
To overslide,
Or be so straight to choke.

So we who bear
This beam must rear
Ourselves to such a height
As that the stay
Of either may
Create the burden light.

And as this round
Is no where found
To flaw, or else to sever :
So let our love
As endless prove,
And pure as gold for ever.

A Kiss

WHAT is a kiss? Why this, as some approve :
The sure, sweet cement, glue, and lime of love.

Robert Herrick

www.libtool.com.cn
The Bracelet

**WHEN I tie about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist,
For what other reason is't**

**But to show thee how, in part,
Thou my pretty captive art ?
—But thy bond-slave is my heart.**

**'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,
Snap the thread, and thou art free ;
But 'tis otherwise with me :**

**I am bound, and fast bound, so
That from thee I cannot go :
If I could I would not so !**

Love me little, love me long

**YOU say, to me-wards your affection's strong ;
Pray love me little, so you love me long.
Slowly goes far : the mean is best : desire,
Grown violent, does either die or tire.**

Love Songs

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The Night Piece, to Julia

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee ;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee ;
 But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
Since ghost there 's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber :
What though the moon does slumber ?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me ;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silv'ry feet
My soul I 'll pour into thee.

Robert Herrick

To the Virgins,
to make much of Time

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying ;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he 's a-getting
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he 's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry :
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Love palpable

I PRESS'D my Julia's lips, and in the kiss
Her soul and love were palpable in this.

Love Songs

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To Electra

LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE

LOVE love begets, then never be
Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee.
Tigers and bears, I've heard some say,
For proffer'd love will love repay :
None are so harsh, but if they find
Softness in others, will be kind ;
Affection will affection move,
Then you must like because I love.

To Dianeme

GIVE me one kiss
And no more :
If, so be, this
Makes you poor,
To enrich you,
I'll restore
For that one two
Thousand score.

Robert Herrick

To Anthea, who may command
him anything

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be,
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I 'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree :
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see :
And, having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I 'll despair
Under that cypress-tree :
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.

Love Songs

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me :
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.

To his Mistress

CHOOSE me your Valentine,
Next let us marry—
Love to the death will pine
If we long tarry.

Promise, and keep your vows,
Or vow ye never—
Love's doctrine disallows
Troth-breakers ever.

You have broke promise twice,
Dear, to undo me,
If you prove faithless thrice,
None then will woo ye.

To Electra

I DARE not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile ;
Lest having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while.

Robert Herrick

No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air
That late kissed thee.

His Covenant; or Protestation to Julia

WHY dost thou wound and break my heart,
As if we should for ever part?
Hast thou not heard an oath from me,
After a day, or two, or three,
I would come back and live with thee?
Take, if thou dost distrust that vow,
This second protestation now.
Upon thy cheek that spangled tear,
Which sits as dew of roses there,
That tear shall scarce be dried before
I'll kiss the threshold of thy door.
Then weep not, Sweet; but this much know,
I'm half return'd before I go.

To Julia

JULIA, when thy Herrick dies,
Close thou up thy poet's eyes:
And his last breath, let it be
Taken in by none but thee.

William Strode

was born in Devonshire in 1600. He was educated at Westminster and Oxford, and in 1638 he became Canon of Christ Church.

He was an eloquent preacher, and a poet of some eminence. He died in 1644.

Kisses

My love and I for kisses play'd ;
She would keep stakes, I was content ;
But when I won she would be paid,
This made me ask her what she meant ;
Nay, since I see (quoth she) you wrangle in vain,
Take your own kisses, give me mine again.

Edmund Waller

was born at Coleshill in Warwickshire in 1605, and, whilst still a youth, inherited a large fortune. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and was but a youth of seventeen when elected to represent Agmondesham in Parliament. At the age of twenty-three he married a rich heiress, who died a year or so afterwards. At twenty-five he was singing the praises of Lady Dorothy Sydney, who, though appreciating the verses addressed to her as Sacharissa, neglected the poet, and married the Earl of Sunderland. After this, Waller married a lady named Bresse, and was blessed with a family of thirteen children. Differences arising between the Parliament and the King, Waller was one of the commissioners appointed to treat with his Majesty. Later, Waller was arrested for treason, and made a speech in the House of Commons which is said to have saved his life, but he is also recorded to have spent £30,000 in bribes. He suffered a year's imprisonment, and had to pay a fine of £10,000. Obtaining his liberty, he removed to France, but, a poor man now, funds failed him. He obtained leave from Cromwell to return, and it would seem that the Protector took pleasure in his company, but had no reliance in him as a partisan. Waller recognised the generosity extended him in suitable verse, but the poet's praises were none the less lavishly bestowed upon Charles II., when the Restoration was accomplished. He died in 1687. In

his later years he wrote certain *Divine Poems*, but his fame rests upon his lighter verse. His amorous poems, usually produced with great labour, are the most esteemed.

Lines to a Girdle

THAT which her slender waist confined,
Shall now my joyful temples bind ;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

Love Songs

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer ;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair ;
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

Lines to a Rose

Go, lovely rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, had'st thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Edmund Waller

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

[Kirke White added this verse.]

Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise ;
And teach the maid
That goodness Time's rude hand defies,—
That virtue lives when beauty dies.

Sir William D'Avenant

the son of a vintner, was born in Oxford in 1605. He was first a page in the service of the first Duchess of Richmond, and afterwards was employed by Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. After his master's murder he wrote for the stage, and produced in 1629 his first dramatic piece. Coming under the suspicion of the Parliament, he made off, but later seems to have acted in the field with courage. For this service he was knighted. He was leaving France with the intention of proceeding to Virginia, when captured and brought back to London. The influence of Milton with the Protector served him in good stead in the moment of danger. He died 1668.

Who look for Day before his Mistress wakes

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings ;
He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light he sings :
Awake, awake ! the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes ;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake ! break through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

John Milton

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was born in London in 1608, and was educated at Cambridge. Upon his return from Continental travel he took up the Parliamentary cause, and later was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State and the Protector. At the Restoration, Sir Wm. D'Avenant befriended him, and his pardon was obtained. When the plague broke out he removed into Buckinghamshire, and completed his *Paradise Lost* (1667), for which he received £15 by instalments. It is said he was indebted for the idea of *Paradise Regained* to his amanuensis. He was blind during his later years, due to a natural weakness of the eyes and excessive application. He was thrice married. He died in 1674. The poem quoted is a translation by Langhorn from the Italian, a language in which Milton acquired great fluency.

Charles, must I say

CHARLES, must I say, what strange it seems to say,
This rebel heart that love hath held as naught,
Or, haply, in his cunning mazes caught,
Would laugh, and let his captive steal away ;
This simple heart hath now become his prey.
Yet hath no golden tress this lesson taught,
Nor vermeil cheek that shames the rising day :
O no !—'twas beauty's most celestial ray,
With charms divine of sovereign sweetness fraught !
The noble voice, the soul-dissolving air,
The bright arch bending o'er the lucid eye,
The voice that, breathing melody so rare,
Might lead the toil'd moon from the middle sky !
Charles, when such mischief armed this foreign fair,
Small chance had I to hope this simple heart should fly.

Sir John Suckling

was the son of a Secretary of State and Comptroller of the Royal Household, and was born at Whitton in Middlesex about 1609. At his father's death in 1627 he inherited considerable wealth, and leaving Trinity College, Cambridge, served a campaign in the army of Gustavus Adolphus. Upon his return he acquired, at the Court of Charles I., a reputation as a wit. With an attempt which was made to effect the escape of the Earl of Strafford, who was lying in the Tower, under articles of impeachment from the House of Commons, he was so seriously implicated as to render it advisable for him to quit the country. His death occurred in 1641. He was the author of several plays, and the well-known song, 'Why so pale and wan, fond lover?' occurs in a piece entitled *Aglaura*. His fame rests upon his light and short productions, where grace and elegance are everywhere apparent.

A Toast

SHE 's pretty to walk with :
And witty to talk with :
And pleasant too to think on.
But the best use of all
Is, her health is a stale,
And helps us to make us drink on.

St John Suckling

Why so pale, fond Lover

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
Prithee, why so pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Prithee why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner,
Prithee why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't ?
Prithee why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame ; this will not move,
This cannot take her ;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her—
The devil take her.

Samuel Butler

the author of *Hudibras*, was born in 1612, and died in 1680. The short pieces here given deserve quotation, mainly, if not entirely, from the interest attaching to the great writer. Among his 'miscellaneous thoughts' are these :—

ALL Love, at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine ;
But when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from the impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

LOVE is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess ;
For, could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of Fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
Translate to earth the joys above—
For nothing goes to heaven but Love.

Samuel Butler

To his Mistress

Do not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast,
For venturing to disclose a flame
It had so long suppress.

In its own ashes it designed
For ever to have lain ;
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again.

To the Same

Do not mine affection slight,
'Cause my locks with age are white ;
Your breasts have snow without, and snow within,
Whilst flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen.

Richard Lovelace

the eldest son of Sir William Lovelace, of Woolwich, was born in 1618, and was educated at Charterhouse School and Gloucester Hall, Oxford. It is related that Lovelace, when only eighteen years of age, was made M.A. by Charles I., at the request of a great lady, who was much charmed with the beauty of the youth. Lovelace went to Court, and entering the King's army attained the rank of Colonel. In April 1642 he was committed to the Gate House, at Westminster, for presenting a petition 'from the whole of the County of Kent to the House of Commons, for restoring the King to his rights.' In prison he wrote the song 'To Althea,' which, in the opinion of Southey, 'will live as long as the English language.' Released on heavy bail, Lovelace spent his fortune in the Royal cause, and in aiding poorer friends. In 1648 he was again in prison. Then he prepared for the press, *Lucasta: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, etc.* (1649). Lovelace made his amours to a gentlewoman of great beauty and fortune, named Lucy Sacheverel, whom he usually addressed as Lucasta (*lux casta*, pure light), but 'she, upon a strong report that he was dead, of his wound received at Dunkirk (where he had brought a regiment for the service of the French king), soon after married.' Under Cromwell, Lovelace was released from prison, but, fortune and friends deserting him, he died in acute poverty, in a mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, in 1658.

To Althea, from Prison

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye,

Richard Lovelace

The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

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When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage ;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

Abraham Cowley

was the posthumous son of a London grocer. He was born in 1618, and at the age of thirteen published his *Poetical Blossoms*. In 1647 a collection of his love-verses was published under the title of *The Mistress*. The love was purely imaginary. He never married, and, worse still, it is said that he only once fell in love, and that then he was too shy to declare his passion. Neglected by royalty after the Restoration, he retired into the country, and died at Chertsey in 1667.

Love

LOVE in her sunny eyes does basking play ;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair ;
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there ;
In all her outward parts Love 's always seen ;
But oh ! he never went within.

Alexander Brome

a lawyer, whose lively Royalist rhymes were in great request, was
born in 1620 and died in 1666.

Why I love her

'Tis not her birth, her friends, nor yet her treasure,
Nor do I covet her for sensual pleasure,
Nor for that old morality
Do I love her, 'cause she loves me.
Sure he that loves his lady 'cause she 's fair,
Delights his eye, so loves himself, not her.
Something there is moves me to love, and I
Do know I love, but know not how, nor why.

Thomas D'Urfey

or Tom D'Urfey, as he was more generally known, was descended from a family of French Huguenot refugees, and born at Exeter. The date is variously given as 1628, 1630, 1649, 1650, and 1653. The probabilities are in favour of the last date being the correct one. He was the author of many comedies and a large body of songs and party lyrics. He was a large contributor to the miscellany called

Laugh and be Fat, or Pills to Purge Melancholy.

He died in 1723.

Still Water

DAMON, let a friend advise ye,
Follow Clores though she flies ye,
Though her tongue your suit is slighting,
Her kind eyes you 'll find inviting :
Woman's rage, like shallow water,
Does but show their hurtless nature ;
When the stream seems rough and frowning,
There is still least fear of drowning.

Let me tell the adventurous stranger,
In our calmness lies our danger ;
Like a river's silent running,
Stillness shows our depth and cunning :
She that rails ye into trembling
Only shows her fine dissembling ;
But the fawner, to abuse ye,
Thinks ye fools, and so will use ye.

Charles Cotton

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was the author of a supplement to Walton's *Complete Angler*, and by this work his name has almost certainly achieved immortality. He was the author of a volume of poems, and translated the *Horace* of Corneille, and the *Essays* of Montaigne. He was born in 1630 and died in 1687. The rondeau appended is not the usual passionless vein of Charles Cotton. His second wife was Mary, Countess Dowager of Ardglass, the widow of Lord Cornwall. She had a jointure of £1500 a year, made secure upon her from the poet's financial imprudence.

Thou Fool

THOU fool ! if madness be so rife
That, spite of wit, thou'lt have a wife,
I 'll tell thee what thou must expect,—
After the honey-moon, neglect,
All the sad days of thy whole life !

To that a world of woe and strife,
Which is of marriage the effect ;
And thou thy own woe's architect,
Thou fool !

Thou'lt nothing find but disrespect,
Ill words i' th' scolding dialect,
For she 'll all tabor be or fife.
Then prithee go and whet thy knife,
And from this fate thyself protect,
Thou fool !

John Dryden

was born in Northamptonshire in 1631, and was educated at Westminster and Cambridge. He settled in London in 1657, and acted for a while as secretary to a relation who was a member of Cromwell's Council. He mourned the death of the Protector, and greeted the accession of Charles II. He was the author of many plays, written at the suggestion of the King, but some of his best work was produced in a succeeding reign, when he was no longer the recipient of royal bounty. To his later years belong his translation of Virgil and his *Fables*. The commanding genius of Dryden does not come out fully in his songs, and it seems that whilst entertaining the poorest opinion of his audience he yet wrote for their pleasure. He died in 1700.

Concealed Love

I FEED a flame within, which so torments me,
That it both pains my heart and yet contents me :
'Tis such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,
That I had rather die, than once remove it.

Yet he, for whom I grieve, shall never know it ;
My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes show it.
Not a sigh, nor a tear, my pain discloses,
But they fall silently, like dew on roses.

Thus, to prevent my love from being cruel,
My heart 's the sacrifice, as 'tis the fuel :

John Dryden

And while I suffer this to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.

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On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me ;
While I conceal my love no frown can fright me :
To be more happy, I dare not aspire ;
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

To Matilda on the Anniversary of our Marriage

WHEN first, in all thy youthful charms,
And dazzling beauty's pride,
Heightened by infant Love's alarms
The nuptial knot was tied,
Which gave thee to my longing arms
A blooming, blushing bride,—

Entranced in Hymen's blissful bowers,
We hail'd each rising sun,
While wing'd with joys the rosy hours
In ecstasy flew on ;
And still we blest the heavenly powers,
Who join'd our hearts in one.

Now, as with fairy-footed tread,
Time steals our years away,

Love Songs

Thy mildly beaming virtues spread
Soft influence o'er life's way ;
Insuring to our peaceful shed
Love's bliss without decay.

A Pair well matched

FAIR Iris I love, and hourly I die,
But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye ;
She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
For I am as false and as fickle as she ;
We neither believe what either can say,
And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to swear, and to say things of course ;
We mean not the taking for better or worse :
When present we love ; and when absent agree ;
I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me :
The legend of Love no couple can find,
So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

The Fair Stranger

HAPPY and free, securely blest,
No beauty could disturb my rest ;
My amorous heart was in despair
To find a new victorious fair.

John Dryden

Till you, descending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains ;
Where now you reign without control,
The mighty sovereign of my soul.

Your smiles have more of conquering charms
Than all your native country's arms :
Their troops we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

But in your eyes, O! there 's the spell !
Who can see them, and not rebel ?
You make us captives by your stay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

www.Sir.GeorgeEtherege.com

born in 1634, was one of the wits at the Court of Charles II. He was the author of various dramatic pieces, including *The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub*; *She would if She could*; *The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter*, comedies by which his name is still remembered. Reduced to sad straits by various indiscretions, he sought to marry a rich elderly widow, who, it is said, made the honour of knighthood for her spouse a condition of her acceptance. The honour was obtained from James II., by whom Etherege was appointed envoy to Ratisbon, where, from some uncertain cause, he is said to have died, 1683.

Beauty no Armour against Love

LADIES, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes his chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright arms from you
With which he does the world subdue,
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.

Then wrack not lovers with disdain,
Lest love on you revenge their pain ;
You are not free because y're fair ;
The boy did not his mother spare.
Beauty's but an offensive dart ;
It is no armour for the heart.



Charles Sackville

Earl of Dorset, was born in 1637, and at the Restoration became one of the first favourites of the King. In 1665, Lord Buckhurst, as he was then known, was engaged in the Dutch war, and on the eve of the great battle of June 3 he is said to have written the celebrated song, 'To all you Ladies now at Land' with equal tranquillity of mind and promptitude of wit. But Johnson adds to this narrative, 'Seldom any splendid story is wholly true. I have heard from the late Earl of Orrery, who was likely to have good hereditary intelligence, that

Lord Buckhurst had been a week employed upon it, and only retouched or finished it on the memorable evening.' He died in 1706.

Song

WRITTEN AT SEA IN THE FIRST DUTCH WAR, 1665,
THE NIGHT BEFORE AN ENGAGEMENT

To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite ;
But first would have ye understand
How hard it is to write :
The Muses now and Neptune, too,
We must implore to write to you.

For tho' the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain,
Yet, if rough Neptune call the wind
To rouse the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea.

Love Songs

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind,
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind :
Our tears we 'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.

The King, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they used of old :
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And say they've gained no glory ;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind ?

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind ;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find :
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

Charles Sackville

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious ombre play ;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you.

But now our fears tempestuous grow
And cast our hopes away,
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play ;
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sighed with each man's care
For being so remote ;
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were played.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness ;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.

Love Songs

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears ;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.

Sir Charles Sedley

was one of the best writers of light verse in the reign of Charles II., at whose Court he was a great wit. His daughter was held in high favour by James II., and Sedley was sorely displeased. He used his influence against James in promoting the Revolution, and willingly explained his reason :—' From principles of gratitude, for, since his Majesty has made my daughter a Countess, it is fit I should do all I can to make his daughter a Queen.' Sedley was born in 1639, and died in 1701.

We'll all the World excel

PHILLIS, let's shun the common fate,
And let our love ne'er turn to hate ;
I'll dote no longer than I can,
Without being called a faithless man.
When we begin to want discourse,
And kindness seems to taste of force,
As freely as we met we'll part,
Each one possessed of their own heart.
Thus, whilst rash fools themselves undo,
We'll game and give off savers too ;
So equally the match we'll make
Both shall be glad to draw the stake.
A smile of thine shall make my bliss,
I will enjoy thee in a kiss :
If from this height our kindness fall,
We'll bravely scorn to love at all :

Love Songs

If thy affection first decay,
I will the blame on Nature lay.
Alas, what cordial can remove
The hasty fate of dying Love ?
Thus we will all the world excel
In loving and in parting well.

Phillis is my only Joy

PHILLIS is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas ;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please :
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phillis smiling,
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Tho', alas ! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix,
Yet the moment she is kind
I forgive her all her tricks :
Which tho' I see,
I can't get free :
She deceiving,
I believing :
What need lovers wish for more ?

John Wilmot

Lord Wilmot, afterwards the Earl of Rochester, was born at Ditchley in Oxfordshire in 1647. His very companionable qualities made him a favourite with the King. He set about a short life and a merry one. By the time he had attained his thirtieth year he had exhausted the fund of life. About this time he came under the influence of Dr. Burnet, who afterwards wrote, *Some Passages of the Life and Death of John, Earl of Rochester*. A lingering illness terminated in his death in 1680. He was a man of considerable attainments, and wrote a poem, *Upon Nothing*, revealing, strangely enough, his highest genius upon this threadbare subject. His songs, in the opinion of Johnson, are smooth and easy, but have little nature and little sentiment.

My Dear Mistress

MY dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me :
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses ;

Love Songs

She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks ;
She 's my delight, all mankind's wonder,
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Love and Life

ALL my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone :
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not ;
How can it then be mine ?
The present moment 's all my lot ;
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows ;
If I, by miracle, can be
This life-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

Duke of Buckinghamshire, son of the Earl of Mulgrave, was born in 1649 and died in 1720. Buckingham House, in St. James's Park, since converted into a royal palace, was originally erected for him.

The poem quoted is sometimes found attributed to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (1627-1688), a man of a sadly different type.

Come, Celia, let's agree at last

COME, Celia, let's agree at last
To love and live in quiet ;
Let's tie the knot so very fast
That time shall ne'er untie it.
Love's dearest joys they never prove,
Who free from quarrels live ;
'Tis sure a godlike part of love
Each other to forgive.

When least I seemed concerned I took
No pleasure, nor had rest ;
And when I feigned an angry look,
Alas ! I loved you best.
Say but the same to me, you 'll find
How blest will be our fate ;
Sure to be grateful, to be kind,
Can never be too late.

Thomas Otway

the distinguished dramatist, son of the rector of Woebeding, was born at Trotton in Sussex in 1651. He commenced his career in London by attempting the part of the King in Mrs. Behn's piece, *Forced Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom* (1671), but meeting with failure as player he turned playwright. Then he spent time and substance in noble circles, where his companionship was tolerated for his wit and social qualities. But, having helped to rid him of his money, the men of rank deserted him, saving the Earl of Plymouth, who obtained for him a cornet's commission in some troops then sent into Flanders. On the death of the King's son at Tangier, in his twenty-second year, the poet lost his influential friend. Back again in London, Otway produced various pieces. Poverty seemed habitually to pursue him, and towards the end he sought escape from his creditors by secreting himself in a public-house on Tower Hill. His death, which quickly followed, has been variously attributed to fever, and in the rage of hunger to choking by the first mouthful of a roll bought by him with money he had just begged.

'Sunk to the cold earth Otway's famished form,

says Coleridge, in his musings upon 'mighty poets in their misery dead.' Certain it is he was sadly neglected through life, and that, neglected, he died in 1685. The oft quoted lines—

O woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made thee
To temper man : we had been brutes without you ;
Angels are painted fair, to look like you :
There 's in you all that we believe of Heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love—

occur in Otway's play, *Venice Preserved; or a Plot Discovered* (1682).

Thomas Otway

The Enchantment

I DID but look and love a-while,
'Twas but for one half-hour ;
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.

To sigh and wish is all my ease ;
Sighs, which do best impart,
Enough to melt the coldest ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart.

O would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breast,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art
And quickly steal the rest.

Anne Finch

Countess of Winchilsea, the daughter of a Hampshire baronet, was born about 1660. Mr. Edmund Gosse, in his delightfully entertaining volume, *Gossip in a Library* (1891), mentions the acquisition by him of a folio volume of old manuscript poetry, which turned out to be a vast collection of Lady Winchilsea's poems. She was Maid of Honour to Mary of Modena, Duchess of York, and at Court met Heneage Finch, who was Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Duke. They married in 1685, and at the trouble in 1688, retired into the country, where they remained the rest of their lives. In 1712 her husband became fourth Earl of Winchilsea, and about a year later, Lady Winchilsea was induced to publish a selection of her poems. In 1720 she died. The appended poem, written in 1685, was never printed till Mr. Gosse transcribed it from the manuscript, and with his permission it is here inserted, chiefly for the much virtue contained in the sixth line.

To my Husband

THIS, to the crown and blessing of my life,
The much-loved husband of a happy wife ;
To him whose constant passion found the art
To win a stubborn and ungrateful heart ;
And to the world by tenderest proof discovers
They err who say that husbands can't be lovers.
With such return by passion as is due,
Daphnis I love, Daphnis my thoughts pursue,
Daphnis, my hopes, my joys are bounded all in you !

Francis Atterbury

was born in 1662, and was educated at Westminster and Oxford. His eloquent preaching obtained distinction for him, and after engaging in a church dispute his position advanced rapidly. He was appointed to the Bishopric of Rochester in 1713. Exerting himself on behalf of the Pretender, he rendered himself obnoxious to George I., and was banished. He died an exile in Paris, 1731.

Written on a White Fan

BORROWED FROM MISS OSBORNE, AFTERWARDS
HIS WIFE

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ !
This Fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love :
Yet she with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow ;
Gives *coolness* to the matchless dame,
To every other breast—a *flame* !

William Walsb

was a friend of Dryden and the patron of Pope. He held a place in Queen Anne's household. Born 1663, died 1708.

The Despairing Lover

DISTRACTED with care
For Phillis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish
Nor bear so much anguish ;
But, mad with his love,
 To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
 Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep ;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting

William Walsh

That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck when once broken
Isn't easily set ;

And that he could die
Whenever he would,
But that he could live
But as long as he could :
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorned to endeavour
To finish it so ;
And bold, unconcerned
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly returned
To his cottage again.

An Epistle to a Lady who had resolved
against Marriage

MADAM, I cannot but congratulate
Your resolution for a single state ;
Ladies, who would live undisturbed and free,
Must never put on Hymen's livery ;
Perhaps its outside seems to promise fair,
But underneath is nothing else but care.
If once you let the Gordian knot be ty'd,
Which turns the name of virgin into bride,

Love Songs

That one fond act your life's best scene foregoes,
And leads you into a labyrinth of woes,
Whose strange meanders you may search about,
But never find the clue to let you out.
The married life affords you little ease,
The best of husbands is so hard to please :
This in wives' careful faces you may spell,
Though they dissemble their misfortunes well.
No plague 's so great as an ill-ruling head,
Yet 'tis a fate which few young ladies dread :
For Love's insinuating fire they fan
With sweet ideas of a god-like man.
Chloris and Phyllis glory'd in their swains,
And sung their praises on the neighbouring plains ;
Oh ! they were brave, accomplished, charming men,
Angels till marry'd, but proud devils then.
Sure some resistless power with Cupid sides,
Or we should have more virgins, fewer brides ;
For single lives afford the most content,
Secure and happy, as they 're innocent :
Bright as Olympus, crown'd with endless ease,
And calm as Neptune on the Halcyon seas :
Your sleep is broke with no domestic cares,
No bawling children to disturb your prayers ;
No parting sorrows to extort your tears,
No blustering husband to renew your fears !
Therefore, dear madam, let a friend advise,
Love and its idle deity despise.
Suppress wild Nature, if it dares rebel ;
There 's no such thing as 'leading apes in hell.'

was born, according to his own account, in Middlesex in 1664, and was educated at the expense of his uncle, a butcher, in business near Charing Cross. His scholarship attracting the attention of the Earl of Dorset, he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, and in part was supported out of the generosity of his patron. He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1686, and was not long afterwards chosen Fellow. He wrote in conjunction with Charles Montagu, afterwards Earl of Halifax, a travesty of Dryden's *The Hind and Panther*. For many years he was engaged in various diplomatic missions. It is related of him that he was in Paris when Le Brun's pictures of the victories of Louis XIV. were exhibited to him. Asked whether the King of England's Palace had the like to show, Prior replied, 'The monuments of my master's actions are to be seen everywhere but in his own house.' With the fall of his own party, Prior's political career ceased. The income from his Fellowship was now of great service to him. In his retirement he collected his poems, and these, published in handsome folio, at two guineas, produced £4000. He had in his mind a history of his own times, a task for which few were better qualified, being acquainted with many State secrets, but a lingering fever carried him off in 1721, before anything was written. Johnson suggests a certain comparison of Prior's passionless amorous effusions to Cowley's purely imaginative sorrows. In the lives of the two men there was this wide difference—Prior had some coarse experience of the tender sentiment of which he wrote, whilst Cowley had none—coarse or refined.

The Question to Lisetta

WHAT nymph should I admire or trust,
But Chloe beauteous, Chloe just?
What nymph should I desire to see,
But her who leaves the plain for me?

Love Songs

To whom should I compose the lay,
But her who listens when I play ?
To whom in song repeat my cares,
But her who in my sorrow shares ?
For whom should I the garland make,
But her who joys the gift to take,
And boasts she wears it for my sake ?
In love am I not fully blest ?
Lisetta, prythee tell the rest.

LISETTA'S REPLY

Sure Chloe just, and Chloe fair,
Deserves to be your only care ;
But, when she and you to-day
Far into the wood did stray,
And I happen'd to pass by,
Which way did you cast your eye ?
But, when your cares to her you sing,
You dare not tell her whence they spring ;
Does it not more afflict your heart,
That in those cares she bears a part ?
When you the flowers for Chloe twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meanest bud that falls from mine ?
Simplest of swains ! the world may see,
Whom Chloe loves, and who loves me.

John Pomfret

was born in Bedfordshire in 1667, and entering holy orders became rector of Malden in his native county. He was the author of a poem called 'The Choice' (1699), in which some passages were so misunderstood, that Dr. Compton, the Bishop of London, hesitated, if he did not actually refuse, to induct him to a more important benefice. The Bishop discovered his error when it was too late. Pomfret came up to London apparently to explain matters, and here he caught the prevailing infection, of which he died in 1703. The last paragraph in his preface to *Poems upon Several Occasions*—the volume which included 'The Choice'—may be quoted as indicating the nature of his own claims upon public recognition as against those of others:—'To please every one would be a new thing, and to write so as to please nobody would be as new; for even Quarles and Wythers have their admirers. The author is not so fond of fame to desire it from the injudicious many; nor of so mortified a temper not to wish it from the discerning few. 'Tis not the multitude of applauses, but the good sense of the applauders, which establishes a valuable reputation; and if a Rymer or a Congreve say 'tis well, he will not be at all sollicitous how great the majority may be to the contrary.'

Lines to a Friend wishful to be Married

I WOULD not have you choose a mate,
From too exalted, or too mean a state,
For in both these we may expect to find
A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.
Who moves within the middle region shares
The least disquiets, and the smallest cares,

Love Songs

Let her extraction with true lustre shine ;
If something brighter, not too bright for thine
Her education liberal, not great ;
Neither inferior nor above her state.
Let her have wit ; but let that wit be free
From affectation, pride, or pedantry :
For the effect of woman's wit is such,
Too little is as dangerous as too much.
But chiefly let her humour close with thine ;
Unless when yours does to a fault incline ;
The least disparity in this destroys,
Like sulphurous blasts, the very buds of joys.
Her person amiable, straight, and free
From natural, or chance deformity.
Let not her years exceed, if equal thine ;
For women past their vigour, soon decline :
Her fortune competent ; and, if thy sight
Can reach so far, take care 'tis gathered right.
If thine's enough, then hers may be the less :
Do not aspire to riches in excess.
For that which makes our lives delightful prove
Is a genteel sufficiency and love.

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George Granville

Lord Lansdowne, was born in 1667. During the reign of William III. he remained in obscurity, but, on the accession of Queen Anne, entered Parliament, and held various public offices.
He died in 1735.

Loving at First Sight

No warning of the approaching flame,
Swiftly, like sudden death, it came ;
Like travellers, by lightning killed,
I burnt the moment I beheld.

In whom so many charms are placed
Is with a mind as nobly graced ;
The case, so shining to behold,
Is filled with richest gems, and gold.

To what my eyes admired before
I add a thousand graces more ;
And fancy blows into a flame
The spark that from her beauty came.

The object thus improved by thought,
By my own image I am caught ;
Pygmalion so, with fatal art,
Polished the form that stung his heart.

William Congreve

was born at Bardsey, near Leeds, in 1670. He was educated first at a school in Kilkenny, and then at Dublin University. Arrived in London, he studied for the law, but the stage claimed his attentions. He wrote various highly successful comedies, including *The Old Bachelor*, *Love for Love*, and *The Way of the World*, and a tragedy called *The Mourning Bride*. He died in 1729.

The Petition

GRANT me, gentle Love, said I,
One dear blessing ere I die ;
Long I 've borne excess of pain,
Let me now some bliss obtain.

Thus to almighty Love I cried,
When angry thus the god replied :
Blessings greater none can have,
Art thou not Amynta's slave ?
Cease, fond mortal, to implore,
For Love, even Love himself's no more.

False though she be

FALSE though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge ;

William Congreve

For still the charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.

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In hours of bliss we oft have met,
They could not always last ;
And though the present I regret
I'm grateful for the past.

John Oldmixon

had an unfortunate disposition, his fighting propensities keeping him constantly on the warpath. He published a collection of his poems in 1696, but it met with scant favour from contemporaries. He was born in 1673, and died in 1742.

I lately vow'd, but 'twas in haste

I LATELY vow'd, but 'twas in haste,
That I no more would court
The joys that seem when they are past
As dull as they are short.

I oft to hate my mistress swear,
But soon my weakness find ;
I make my oaths when she 's severe,
But break them when she 's kind.

Henry Carey

the author of *Sally in our Alley*, was a highly popular writer and musician, and was the author of several pieces for the stage.

He died in 1743.

Love's a Riddle

THE flame of love assuages,
When once it is reveal'd ;
But fiercer still it rages,
The more it is conceal'd.

Consenting makes it colder ;
When met it will retreat :
Repulses make it bolder,
And dangers make it sweet.

John Hughes

was born at Marlborough in 1677, and whilst still engaged in commercial pursuits attained a considerable reputation as a poet. He also developed some slight artistic faculty. His knowledge of the science of music aided him most as a supplementary accomplishment, and several cantatas of which he was the author were set to music by Handel, Purcell, Pepusch, Galliard, etc. Not neglecting prose, he wrote *An Essay on the Pleasure of being Deceived*, which has the reputation of revealing considerable knowledge of human nature. He died in 1719. Pope sent a copy of Hughes's works to Swift, who said in a letter, 'He is too grave a poet for me; and I think him among the mediocrists, in prose as well as verse.' Pope replied, 'What he wanted in genius he made up as an honest man; but he was of the class you think him.'

To a beautiful Lady playing on the Organ.

WHEN famed Cecilia on the organ played,
And filled with moving sounds the tuneful frame,
Drawn by the charm, to hear the sacred maid,
From heaven, 'tis said, a listening angel came.
Thus ancient legends would our faith abuse;
In vain—for were the bold tradition true,
While your harmonious touch that charm renews,
Again the seraph would appear to you.
O happy fair! in whom with purest light
Virtue's united beams with beauty shine!
Should heavenly guests descend to bless our sight,
What form more lovely could they wear than thine?

Eliab Fenton

was born at Shelton, near Newcastle in Staffordshire, in 1683. He was sent to Cambridge, but 'doubting the legality of the government, and refusing to qualify himself for public employment by the oaths required, left the University without a degree.' In 1707 he published a volume of poems, and became acquainted with the distinguished writers of the period. Fenton, with others, successfully aided Pope in his work of translating the *Odyssey*. He wrote a tragedy called 'Mariamne,' which Cibber rejected, but it realised for its author nearly £1000 when produced at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields (1723). He died in 1730.

Pope and Broome seem to have entertained sincere affection for their friend, and, according to Johnson, 'whoever mentioned Fenton mentioned him with honour.'

The Rose

SEE, Sylvia, see this new-blown rose,
The image of thy blush,
Mark how it smiles upon the bush,
And triumphs as it grows.
'Oh, pluck it not! We'll come anon,'
Thou sayest. Alas! 'twill then be gone.
Now its purple beauty's spread,
Soon it will drop and fall,
And soon it will not be at all;
No fine things draw a length of thread.
Then tell me, seems it not to say,
Come on, and crop me whilst you may?

John Gay

was born in Barnstaple in Devonshire in 1688, and, obtaining the friendship of Pope, succeeded in producing various pieces. His *Fables* were written in 1726. In this same year Swift visited Pope at Twickenham, and made suggestions to Gay which resulted in the latter producing *The Beggars' Opera*. The work attained extraordinary popularity, and to this success is traced the rise of English light opera. His most popular song was 'Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan.' Gay died in 1732.

Go, Rose, my Chloe's Bosom Grace

Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace.
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never-fading love !
There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
Involved in fragrance, burn and die.

Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there,
I see thy withering head inclined
With envy and despair ;
One common fate we both must prove :
You die with envy, I with love.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

was the eldest daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, and was born about 1690 at Thoresby in Nottinghamshire. In 1712 she married Edward Wortley Montagu, some time ambassador at Constantinople. Whilst in the East, she wrote many of her celebrated letters describing the manners and customs of the people with whom she was brought into contact. A life marked by variety of incident was closed in 1762.

Dear Colin, Prevent

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes,
Since how can I speak without pain?
My eyes have oft told you my wishes,
O ! can't you their meaning explain?

My passion would lose by expression,
And you too might cruelly blame ;
Then don't you expect a confession,
Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
Why should you expect it from me?
Our wishes should be in our keeping,
'Till you tell us what they should be.

Love Songs

Then quickly why don't you discover?

Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
I need not tell over and over
What I in my bosom confine.

Colin's Answer

GOOD Madam, when ladies are willing,
A man must needs look like a fool ;
For me, I would not give a shilling
For one that can love without rule.

At least you should wait for our offers,
Nor snatch like old maids in despair ;
If you've lived to those years without proffers,
Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You should leave us to guess at your blushing
And not speak the matter too plain ;
'Tis ours to be forward and pushing ;
'Tis yours to affect a disdain.

That you're in a terrible taking
From all your fond oglings I see !
But the fruit that will fall without shaking
Indeed is too mellow for me.

Richard Savage

was born in London in 1697, and died a debtor in jail at Bristol in 1743. He devoted too much energy to an effort to be regarded as a son of Earl Rivers. Discarded by his mother, his father dead, poverty dogged his footsteps. He found a generous friend in Sir Richard Steele, and a companion in Johnson, who, too, tasted much of the bitter cup of neglect. In 1744, Johnson wrote his *Life of Savage*, which of all his *Lives of the Poets* is perhaps the best, in the sense of being the most intensely sympathetic. A life such as that of Savage, full of the strangest vicissitudes, has furnished material to the novelist and the dramatist. Charles Whitehead, an early contemporary of Dickens, wrote a story. Whitehead himself was something of a neglected genius, but he too has found a Johnson in Mr. Mackenzie Bell (*Charles Whitehead: A Forgotten Genius*, 1885), who speaks of *Richard Savage: A Romance of Real Life*, as having the merit of vivifying in a marvellously realistic manner the historical character of the story. Still more recently a play entitled 'Richard Savage,' by Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. H. M. B. Watson, was produced in London.

Verses to a Young Lady

POLLY, from me, though now a love-sick youth,
Nay, though a poet, hear the voice of truth !
Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty ;
So grave, yet gay, so silly, yet so witty ;
A heart of softness, yet a tongue of satire ;
You've cruelty, yet, ev'n with that, good nature :
Now you are free, and now reserv'd awhile ;
Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing smile.

Love Songs

Reproach'd for absence, yet your sight deny'd ;
My tongue you silence, yet my silence chide.
How would you praise me, should your sex defame !
Yet, should they praise, grow jealous, and exclaim.
If I despair, with some kind look you bless ;
But if I hope, at once all hope suppress.
You scorn ; yet should my passion change, or fail,
Too late you'd whimper out a softer tale.
You love ; yet from your lover's wish retire ;
Doubt, yet discern ; deny, and yet desire.
Such, Polly, are your sex—part truth, part fiction,
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

Robert Dodsley

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who was born at Mansfield in Nottinghamshire in 1703 was a footman in the service of the Hon. Mrs. Lowther when his first book, *The Muse in Livery*, was published. He next wrote a dramatic piece entitled 'The Toy Shop,' and, Pope standing as his friend, its production at Covent Garden followed with great success in 1735. In this same year he entered upon a business career, opening a bookseller's shop in Pall Mall, and numbered Chesterfield, Lyttelton, Shenstone, and Johnson among his active friends. He was the author of a moral treatise, *The Economy of Human Life*, which was attributed to Chesterfield. He rendered an important service to dramatic literature by the publication of a collection of old English plays. *The Annual Register*, a work upon which Burke was engaged during many successive years, was started by him in 1758. He died in 1764. He was the author of such verses as these :—

Come, my fairest! learn of me,
Learn to give and take the bliss!
Come! my love, here's none but we
I'll instruct thee how to kiss.

Throw thy lovely twining arms
Round my neck, or round my waist;
And, whilst I devour thy charms,
Let me closely be embraced.

To my breast with rapture cling!
Look with transport on my face!
Kiss me, press me! everything
To endear the fond embrace.

Yet why did a master so accomplished in the art of love
remain a bachelor?

The Parting Kiss

ONE kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu:
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.

Love Songs

Yet, yet, weep not so, my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear.
Though my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul and all my heart,
And every wish shall pant for you ;
One kind kiss then ere we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu.

The Borrowed Kiss

CHLOE, by that borrow'd kiss,
I, alas ! am quite undone ;
'Twas so sweet, so fraught with bliss
Thousands will not pay that one.

' Lest the debt should break your heart
Roguish Chloe smiling cries,
' Come, a hundred then in part
For the present shall suffice.'

Soame Jenyns

was the son of Sir Roger Jenyns, and was born in London in 1704. In his political career, he gained some distinction as an upholder of the Ministry for the time being. His reward was a commissionership. He was regarded as something of a wit, was accounted a shrewd man, and acted the part of magistrate and country gentleman with success. Besides a considerable body of poetry, he was the author of *Free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil; A View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion*, political tracts, etc. He died in 1787.

Cupid Relieved

As once young Cupid went astray,
The little god I found ;
I took his bow and shafts away,
And fast his pinions bound.

At Chloe's feet my spoils I cast,
My conquest proud to shew ;
She saw his godship fetter'd fast,
And smil'd to see him so.

But ah ! that smile such fresh supplies
Of arms resistless gave !
I'm forc'd again to yield my prize,
And fall again his slave.

Henry Fielding

was novelist, dramatist, poet, journalist, and lawyer, and in every walk he distinguished himself. As the author of *Tom Jones* and *Joseph Andrews*, however, he holds his place of eminence, and within recent years a magnificent edition of his works has appeared. He was born in 1707, and died in 1754. The following poem seems to say that a lady's pocket used to be in her bosom.

On a Halfpenny

WHICH A YOUNG LADY GAVE A BEGGAR, AND WHICH
THE AUTHOR REDEEMED FOR HALF-A-CROWN

DEAR little, pretty, favourite ore,
That once increased Gloriana's store ;
That lay within her bosom blest,
Gods might have envied thee thy rest !
I've read, imperial Jove of old
For love transform'd himself to gold ;
And why for a more lovely lass
May he not now have lurk'd in brass ?
O, rather than from her he'd part
He'd shut that charitable heart,
That heart whose goodness nothing less
Than his vast power could dispossess.
From Gloriana's gentle touch
Thy mighty value now is such,
That thou to me art worth alone
More than his medals are to Sloane.

George, Lord Lyttelton

was born at Hagley in Worcestershire in 1709. He occupied various high positions in the State, including that of Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1757 he was raised to the peerage, and a year or two afterwards withdrew himself from public affairs. In early life he entertained sceptical opinions, but his later work shows the re-establishment of his faith. He was the author of a *Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul*; *Dialogues of the Dead*; *History of Henry II.*; and *Poems*. He died in 1773.

To him that in an hour must die

To him that in an hour must die,
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
Than slow the minutes seem to me
Which keep me from the sight of thee.

No more that trembling wretch would give
Another day or year to live,
Than I to shorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come with all thy heavenly charms,
At once to justify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

Samuel Johnson

The writings of Johnson have been so frequently quoted in this volume, that little remains to be said here. He was born in Lichfield in 1709, and completed his education at Oxford. Early in life he drifted to London with his friend David Garrick. He was involved in much literary drudgery, from which release came tardily. For his *Dictionary of the English Language*, which appeared in 1755, he was paid £1575, a trifling return for the work it entailed and the expense it involved. He remained, therefore, in poor circumstances, but he was happily relieved by a pension of £300. In 1773 he visited Scotland in company with Boswell, and a diary of the tour was published. In 1775 Oxford conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and in 1779 he composed his *Lives of the Poets*. He died in 1784.

An Ode to Stella

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found
Fix'd on earth or glancing round,
If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sigh at others' woe,
If her easy air express
Conscious worth, or soft distress,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminish'd grace.
If on her we see display'd
Pendant gems and rich brocade,
If her chintz with less expense
Flows in easy negligence ;

Samuel Johnson

Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same.
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love, and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance,
Beauty, which depends on art,
Changing with the changing art,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems and rich brocade.
I those charms alone can prize,
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance, nor dress,
E'er can make or more or less.

Richard Jago

was born in Warwickshire in 1715, and in 1771 he was presented to the rectory of Kimcote in Leicestershire. He wrote a poem called *Edge Hill*. He died in 1781.

Absence

WITH leaden foot time creeps along
While Delia is away,
With her, nor plaintive was the song,
Nor tedious was the day.

Ah ! envious power ! reverse my doom,
Now double thy career ;
Strain every nerve, stretch every plume,
And rest them when she's here.

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William Whitehead

succeeded Colley Cibber as poet laureate after the post had been declined by Gray. He was the son of a baker in Cambridge, where he was born in 1715. He was the author of several elegant poems as well as some dramatic pieces. He died in 1785.

The Double Conquest

OF music, and of beauty's power,
I doubted much and doubted long ;
The fairest face a gaudy flower,
An empty sound the sweetest song.

But when her voice Clarinda rais'd,
And sung so sweet, and smil'd so gay,
At once I listen'd, and I gaz'd ;
And heard, and look'd my soul away.

To her, of all his beauteous train,
This wondrous power had Love assign'd,
A Double Conquest to obtain,
And cure at once the deaf and blind.

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Samuel Bishop

was the author of some miscellaneous essays and poems, the best of the latter being addressed to his wife. Mr. Locker-Lampson says of him, 'Had he lived in the nineteenth instead of the eighteenth century, he would probably have shown his good sense by being an enthusiastic reader of Mr. Coventry Patmore.' Bishop was a clergyman and master of the Merchant Taylors' School. He was born in 1731, and died in 1795.

To his Wife

ON THE SIXTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING-DAY,
WITH A RING

'THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed,'
So sixteen years ago I said—
Behold another ring ! 'for what ?'
To wed thee o'er again—why not ?
With the first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth ;
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Molly then appear'd.
If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.
Here then to-day, with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense and pure,

Samuel Bishop

As when amidst the rites divine
I took thy troth, and plighted mine,
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring,
A token and a pledge I bring ;
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart ;
Those virtues which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride—
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake as well as love's.

For why? They teach me hour by hour
Honour's high thought, affection's power,
Discretion's deed. Sound judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

William Cowper

was born at the rectory of Great Berkhamstead in 1731, and was educated at Westminster School. He studied for the bar, and was called in 1754. He was, however, of too nervous and highly sensitive a temperament to practise, and the prospect of an examination by the House of Lords, as to his fitness for a post to which he had been presented, drove him to madness. When he left the lunatic asylum, he gave up all idea of exercising his profession, and retired upon a small allowance from members of his family. He lived in quietness with the Rev. Mr. Unwin and his wife, and after the death of Mr. Unwin he removed with Mrs. Unwin to Olney in Buckinghamshire. An acquaintanceship sprang up between them and Lady Austen, by whom the story of *John Gilpin* was told to Cowper. Mrs. Unwin ultimately became jealous of the influence of Lady Austen, and at her request Cowper asked Lady Austen not to return to Olney. Later, Cowper's life was again overshadowed by his old infirmity. His last work was a translation of Homer into blank verse. He died in 1800. Cowper wrote little which could with absolute and perfect suitability be included in a volume of amatorial verse; but I have ventured to give some varying examples of his treatment of love. Here is the introduction to one of his poems:—

What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife,
When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage-bond divine?
The stream of pure and genuine love
Derives its current from above;
And earth a second Eden shows,
Where'er the healing water flows.

But Cowper could deal with the theme in a facetious vein:—

If John marries Mary, and Mary alone,
'Tis a very good match between Mary and John.
Should John wed a score, oh, the claws and the scratches!
It can't be a match—'tis a bundle of matches.

William Cowper

A Comparison

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY

SWEET stream that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng ;
With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course ;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes.
Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass,
And heaven reflected in her face.

Delia

OH ! to some distant scene, a willing exile
From the wild roar of this busy world,
Were it my fate with Delia to retire,
With her to wander through the sylvan shade,
Each morn, or o'er the moss-embrownèd turf,
Where, blest as the prime parents of mankind
In their own Eden, we would envy none,
But, greatly pitying whom the world calls happy,
Gently spin out the silken thread of life !

Charles Dibdin

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the famous author of some thousand sea songs, was born at Southampton in 1745. He was intended for the church, but took to music and the stage, for which he had strong inclination and great natural talent. He died in 1814.

If 'tis Love to wish you near

If 'tis love to wish you near,
To tremble when the wind I hear,
Because at sea you floating rove ;
If of you to dream at night,
To languish when you're out of sight,—
If this be loving, then I love.

If, when you're gone, to count each hour,
To ask of every tender power
That you may kind and faithful prove,
If, void of falsehood and deceit,
I feel a pleasure when we meet,—
If this be loving, then I love.

To wish your fortune to partake,
Determined never to forsake,
Though low in poverty we strove ;
If, so that me your wife you'd call,
I offer you my little all,—
If this be loving, then I love.

designer, painter, engraver, and poet, was born in London in
1757, and died there in 1827.

Cupid

WHY was Cupid a boy,
And why a boy was he?
He should have been a girl,
For aught that I can see.

For he shoots with his bow,
And the girl shoots with her eye;
And they both are merry and glad,
And laugh when we do cry.

Then to make Cupid a boy
Was surely a woman's plan,
For a boy never learns so much
Till he has become a man :

And then he's so pierced with cares,
And wounded with arrowy smarts,
That the whole business of his life
Is to pick out the heads of the darts.

William Wordsworth

was born at Cocker-mouth in 1770. Early in life Coleridge and Wordsworth became friends, and in 1798 appeared *Lyrical Ballads* (of which a fac-simile was issued by Professor Dowden, 1890). Coleridge contributed his *Ancient Mariner*, and Wordsworth a number of shorter poems, the most popular among them being *We are Seven*. The issue of this volume is regarded as an epoch in the history of English literature. Wordsworth freed himself of the influence of previous generations, became a poet of nature, and, attracted, no doubt, by the methods of Burns, or rather his total disregard for all conventional forms, adopted that simplicity of style for which ever afterwards he sought and perhaps sometimes even strained. His career was comparatively uneventful. He lived in the English Lake district, and contented himself with 'plain living and high thinking.' In 1843 he succeeded another 'Lake poet,' Southey, as poet laureate, and died at Rydal in 1850. Some of the 'simple' poetry of Wordsworth has received a full measure of ridicule. Byron spoke of his 'trash,' Horne of many of his poems as 'trivial or puerile'; but there is no mistaking the admiration his work has evoked from most competent critics. 'I believe,' says Coleridge, 'that mighty voice has not been poured out in vain; that there are hearts that have received into their inmost depths all its varying tones; and that even now there are many to whom the name of Wordsworth calls up the recollection of their weakness, and the consciousness of their strength.' A later critic, Matthew Arnold, says, 'I firmly believe that the poetical performance of Wordsworth is, after that of Shakespeare and Milton, of which all the world now recognises the worth, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time'; the critic believing that the work of Wordsworth will finally stand above Spenser, Dryden, Burns, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats; for, 'taking the performance of each as a whole, I say that Wordsworth seems to me to have left a body of poetical work superior in power, interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, to that which any one of the others has left.'

William Wordsworth

She was a Phantom of Delight

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SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller betwixt life and death ;

Love Songs

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

She Dwelt among Untrodden Ways

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

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

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

I Travelled among Unknown Men

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea ;
Nor, England ! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

William Wordsworth

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time ; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire ;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played ;
And thine is too the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

Thomas Dibdin

In a minor way both Thomas and Charles, sons of the famous author of *Tom Bowling*, distinguished themselves in the preparation of popular entertainments in London. Thomas, the author of this song, was born in 1771, and died in 1841.

The Lover's Promise

THE sun its bright rays may withhold, love,
Unreflected the moonbeams may be ;
But ne'er, till this bosom is cold, love,
Shall its pulse throb for any but thee :
For thou art the joy of my heart, love,
Thy beauties all beauty outvie ;
And ere with thine image I'll part, love,
Thy lover, thy husband, would die.

The spring's lovely verdure may turn, love,
To autumn's sad colourless hue ;
The winter like summer may burn, love,
Ere my ardour it lessens for you :
For thou art the joy, etc.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

poet, philosopher and metaphysician, the greatest genius, it may be, since Shakespeare, certainly the largest, deepest, and most ineffectual genius of this century, was born at Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire in 1772. His career opened with great wealth of promise, and when its eventful course closed in London in 1834, only a small measure of his life-work was done. Coleridge was conscious of this, and *Work without Hope*, and *Youth and Age* are poems touchingly expressive of his sense of lost opportunities. 'He is,' said De Quincey, 'the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive that has yet existed among men.' Landor said, 'Impiety to Shakespeare! treason to Milton! I give up all the rest, even Bacon. Certainly, since their day we have had nothing comparable with him. Byron and Scott were but as gun-flints to a granite mountain.' But Coleridge had no popular sympathies. He himself wrote: 'I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own "exceeding great reward"; it has soothed my affliction, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments, it has endeared solitude, and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.'

Names

I ASKED my fair one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece;
Lalage, Neæra, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,
Arethusa or Lucrece.

Love Songs

'Ah!' replied my gentle fair,
'Beloved, what are names but air?
Choose thou whatever suits the line;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me thine.'

Love's Burial Place

Lady.—If love be dead—*Poet.*—And I aver it!
Lady.—Tell me, Bard, where love lies buried.
Poet.—Love lies buried where 'twas born:
Oh, gentle dame! think it no scorn
If, in my fancy, I presume
To call thy bosom poor love's tomb,
And on that tomb to read the line,—
'Here lies a love that once seem'd mine,
But took a chill, as I divine,
And died at length of a decline.'

L'Envoy

In vain we supplicate the Powers above;
There is no resurrection for the love
That, nursed in tenderest care, yet fades away
In the chill'd heart by gradual self-decay.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Glycine

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A SUNNY shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted,
And pois'd therein a Bird so bold—
Sweet bird ! thou wert enchanted !
He sank, he rose, he twinkled, troll'd,
Within that shaft of sunny mist :
His eyes of Fire, his beak of Gold,
All else of Amethyst !
And thus he sang : Adieu ! Adieu !
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
Sweet month of May ! we must away
Far, far away !
To-day ! to-day !

Not at Home

THAT Jealousy may rule a mind
Where Love could never be,
I know ; but ne'er expect to find
Love without Jealousy.

She has a strange cast in her e'e,
A swart sour-visaged maid,—
But yet Love's own twin-sister she,
His house-mate and his shade

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the famous author of some thousand sea songs, was born at Southampton in 1745. He was intended for the church, but took to music and the stage, for which he had strong inclination and great natural talent. He died in 1814.

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To tremble when the wind I hear,
Because at sea you floating rove ;
If of you to dream at night,
To languish when you're out of sight,—
If this be loving, then I love.

If, when you're gone, to count each hour,
To ask of every tender power
That you may kind and faithful prove,
If, void of falsehood and deceit,
I feel a pleasure when we meet,—
If this be loving, then I love.

To wish your fortune to partake,
Determined never to forsake,
Though low in poverty we strove ;
If, so that me your wife you'd call,
I offer you my little all,—
If this be loving, then I love.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Love

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ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
 My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight ;
She stood and listened to my lay,
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own.
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve ;
She loves me best whene'er I sing
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
 That ruin wild and hoary.

William Wordsworth

was born at Cockermouth in 1770. Early in life Coleridge and Wordsworth became friends, and in 1798 appeared *Lyrical Ballads* (of which a fac-simile was issued by Professor Dowden, 1890). Coleridge contributed his *Ancient Mariner*, and Wordsworth a number of shorter poems, the most popular among them being *We are Seven*. The issue of this volume is regarded as an epoch in the history of English literature. Wordsworth freed himself of the influence of previous generations, became a poet of nature, and, attracted, no doubt, by the methods of Burns, or rather his total disregard for all conventional forms, adopted that simplicity of style for which ever afterwards he sought and perhaps sometimes even strained. His career was comparatively uneventful. He lived in the English Lake district, and contented himself with 'plain living and high thinking.' In 1843 he succeeded another 'Lake poet,' Southey, as poet laureate, and died at Rydal in 1850. Some of the 'simple' poetry of Wordsworth has received a full measure of ridicule. Byron spoke of his 'trash,' Horne of many of his poems as 'trivial or puerile'; but there is no mistaking the admiration his work has evoked from most competent critics. 'I believe,' says Coleridge, 'that mighty voice has not been poured out in vain; that there are hearts that have received into their inmost depths all its varying tones; and that even now there are many to whom the name of Wordsworth calls up the recollection of their weakness, and the consciousness of their strength.' A later critic, Matthew Arnold, says, 'I firmly believe that the poetical performance of Wordsworth is, after that of Shakespeare and Milton, of which all the world now recognises the worth, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time'; the critic believing that the work of Wordsworth will finally stand above Spenser, Dryden, Burns, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats; for, 'taking the performance of each as a whole, I say that Wordsworth seems to me to have left a body of poetical work superior in power, interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, to that which any one of the others has left.'

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To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller betwixt life and death ;

Thomas Dibdin

In a minor way both Thomas and Charles, sons of the famous author of *Tom Bowling*, distinguished themselves in the preparation of popular entertainments in London. Thomas, the author of this song, was born in 1771, and died in 1841.

The Lover's Promise

THE sun its bright rays may withhold, love,
Unreflected the moonbeams may be ;
But ne'er, till this bosom is cold, love,
Shall its pulse throb for any but thee :
For thou art the joy of my heart, love,
Thy beauties all beauty outvie ;
And ere with thine image I'll part, love,
Thy lover, thy husband, would die.

The spring's lovely verdure may turn, love,
To autumn's sad colourless hue ;
The winter like summer may burn, love,
Ere my ardour it lessens for you :
For thou art the joy, etc.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

poet, philosopher and metaphysician, the greatest genius, it may be, since Shakespeare, certainly the largest, deepest, and most ineffectual genius of this century, was born at Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire in 1772. His career opened with great wealth of promise, and when its eventful course closed in London in 1834, only a small measure of his life-work was done. Coleridge was conscious of this, and *Work without Hope*, and *Youth and Age* are poems touchingly expressive of his sense of lost opportunities. 'He is,' said De Quincey, 'the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive that has yet existed among men.' Landor said, 'Impiety to Shakespeare! treason to Milton! I give up all the rest, even Bacon. Certainly, since their day we have had nothing comparable with him. Byron and Scott were but as gun-flints to a granite mountain.' But Coleridge had no popular sympathies. He himself wrote: 'I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own "exceeding great reward"; it has soothed my affliction, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments, it has endeared solitude, and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.'

Names

I ASKED my fair one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece;
Lalage, Neæra, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,
Arethusa or Lucrece.

Love Songs

'Ah!' replied my gentle fair,
'Beloved, what are names but air?
Choose thou whatever suits the line;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me thine.'

Love's Burial Place

Lady.—If love be dead—*Poet.*—And I aver it!
Lady.—Tell me, Bard, where love lies buried.
Poet.—Love lies buried where 'twas born:
Oh, gentle dame! think it no scorn
If, in my fancy, I presume
To call thy bosom poor love's tomb,
And on that tomb to read the line,—
'Here lies a love that once seem'd mine,
But took a chill, as I divine,
And died at length of a decline.'

L'Envoy

In vain we supplicate the Powers above;
There is no resurrection for the love
That, nursed in tenderest care, yet fades away
In the chill'd heart by gradual self-decay.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Glycine

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A SUNNY shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted,
And pois'd therein a Bird so bold—
Sweet bird ! thou wert enchanted !
He sank, he rose, he twinkled, troll'd,
Within that shaft of sunny mist :
His eyes of Fire, his beak of Gold,
All else of Amethyst !
And thus he sang : Adieu ! Adieu !
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
Sweet month of May ! we must away
Far, far away !
To-day ! to-day !

Not at Home

THAT Jealousy may rule a mind
Where Love could never be,
I know ; but ne'er expect to find
Love without Jealousy.

She has a strange cast in her e'e,
A swart sour-visaged maid,—
But yet Love's own twin-sister she,
His house-mate and his shade

Love Songs

Ask for her and she'll be denied :—

What then? they only mean
Their mistress has lain down to sleep,
And can't just then be seen.

Farewell to Love

FAREWELL, sweet Love! yet blame you not my truth ;
More fondly ne'er did mother eye her child
Than I your form : yours were my hopes of youth,
And as you shaped my thoughts, I sighed or smiled.
While most were wooing wealth, or gaily swerving
To pleasure's secret haunt, and some apart
Stood strong in pride, self-conscious of deserving,
To you I gave my whole weak wishing heart ;
And when I met the maid that realised
Your fair creations, and had won her kindness,
Say but for her if aught on earth I prized !
Your dreams alone I dreamt, and caught your blindness.
O grief—but farewell, Love! I will go play me
With thoughts that please me less, and less betray me.

To a Lady

'Tis not the lily brow I prize,
Nor roseate cheeks, nor sunny eyes,—
Enough of lilies and of roses !
A thousand fold more dear to me
The look that gentle love discloses,—
That look which Love alone can see.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Love

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ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
 My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight ;
She stood and listened to my lay,
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own.
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve ;
She loves me best whene'er I sing
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
 That ruin wild and hoary.

Love Songs

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land ;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain ;—

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay ;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve ;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

Love Songs

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame ;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;
And, bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Love is a Sword

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THO' veiled in spires of myrtle wreath,
Love is a sword that cuts its sheath,
And thro' the clefts itself has made
We spy the flashes of the blade !

But thro' the clefts itself had made
We likewise see Love's flashing blade
By rust consumed or snapt in twain :
And only hilt and stump remain.

Matthew Gregory Lewis

was the author of a novel called *Ambrosio; or, the Monk* (1795), which was so full of the horrible and weird that it had to be expurgated before it could be generally circulated. 'Monk' Lewis, as he was called, was born in 1775 and died in 1818.

I never could love till now

WHEN I gazed on a beautiful face,
Or a form which my fancy approved,
I was pleased with its sweetness and grace,
And falsely believed that I loved.
But my heart, though I strove to deceive,
The imposture it would not allow ;
I could look, I could like, I could leave,
But I never could love—till now.

Yet though I from others could rove,
Now harbour no doubt of my truth,
Those flames were not lighted by love,
They were kindled by folly and youth.
But no longer of reason bereft,
On your hand, that pure altar, I vow,
Though I've looked, and I've liked, and have left—
That I never have loved—till now.

Robert Southey

was born in Bristol in 1774, and was educated first at various schools near home, and then at Westminster, entering Balliol College, Oxford, in 1792. He became acquainted with Coleridge, and out of their combined republicanisms came Pantisocracy, the scheme being the establishment of a state of society that should be free from the inequality and artificiality of existing conditions. In 1804 Southey resolved upon the profession of letters, and took up his residence on the banks of the Greta, at Keswick. In 1813 he became poet laureate, in 1821 Oxford conferred on him the degree of D.C.L. He declined a baronetcy, but in 1835 accepted a pension of £300. He died in 1843. A long list of works includes poetry, biography and history. Southey had rather an exalted notion of his place as a poet.

Love's Immortality

THEY sin who tell us Love can die !
With life all other passions fly ;
 All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;
Earthly these passions, as of earth,
They perish where they have their birth ;
 But Love is indestructible,
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth :
For oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
 It here is tried and purified,
And hath in heaven its perfect rest.

Love Songs

'Ah!' replied my gentle fair,
'Beloved, what are names but air?
Choose thou whatever suits the line;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me thine.'

Love's Burial Place

Lady.—If love be dead—*Poet.*—And I aver it!
Lady.—Tell me, Bard, where love lies buried.
Poet.—Love lies buried where 'twas born:
Oh, gentle dame! think it no scorn
If, in my fancy, I presume
To call thy bosom poor love's tomb,
And on that tomb to read the line,—
'Here lies a love that once seem'd mine,
But took a chill, as I divine,
And died at length of a decline.'

L'Envoy

In vain we supplicate the Powers above;
There is no resurrection for the love
That, nursed in tenderest care, yet fades away
In the chill'd heart by gradual self-decay.

Charles Lamb

the most sincerely beloved of all English writers, was born in London in 1775. In 1796 his sister in a fit of madness killed her mother. Lamb's own reason had been unsettled, but, recovering, he renounced a youthful affection, and nobly devoted his life to the care of his sister. In the whole range of biography there is not an incident more deeply pathetic.

Mary identified herself with some of her brother's work, notably *Tales from Shakespeare*. Lamb died in 1834, from the results of a slight fall.

To Hester Savory

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place we may not well supply,
Though we among a thousand try
 With vain endeavour.
A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
 And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate
 That flushed her spirit :
I know not by what name beside
I shall it call ; if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied
 She did inherit.

Love Songs

Her parents held the Quaker rule
Which doth the human feeling cool ;
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind ;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour ! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning—
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning ?

A Sonnet on Christian Names: Written in the Album of Miss Edith Southey

IN Christian world Mary the garland wears !
Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew's ear ;
Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear ;
And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears.
Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines !
What air of fragrance Rosamond throws around !
How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound !
Of Marthas, and of Abigails, few lines

Charles Lamb

Have bragged in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely Joan be fashioned. But can
You Barbara resist, or Marian?
And is not Clare for love excuse enough?
Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess,
These all, than Saxon Edith, please me less.

Walter Savage Landor

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belonged to a Warwickshire family, and was born in 1775. He devoted his literary talent first to poetry, and addressed a lady under the name of 'Ianthe.' He wrote one or two plays, but his *Imaginary Conversations* first assured his position as a man of genius. Landor had no popular sympathies, but this knowledge did not weigh with him, for he declared, 'Ten accomplished men are esteemed by me a sufficient audience.' He was self-willed and impetuous. Meeting a young lady at a ball in 1811, on the instant he determined to marry her, and he did it. He had leisure to repent and write, 'Death itself to the reflective mind is less serious than marriage.' He died in 1864.

Dreams

It often comes into my head
That we may dream when we are dead,
 But I am far from sure we do.
O that it were so ! then my rest
Would be indeed among the blest ;
 I should for ever dream of you.

Her Lips

OFTEN I have heard it said
That her lips are ruby-red.
Little heed I what they say,
I have seen as red as they.
Ere she smiled on other men
Real rubies were they then.

Walter Savage Landor

When she kiss'd me once in play,
Rubies were less bright than they,
And less bright were those that shone
In the palace of the Sun.
Will they be as bright again?
Not if kiss'd by other men.

Rose Aylmer

AH ! what avails the sceptred race?
Ah ! what the form divine?
What every virtue, every grace?
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

Feathers

THERE falls with every wedding chime
A feather from the wing of Time.
You pick it up, and say, 'How fair
To look upon its colours are !'
Another drops, day after day,
Unheeded ; not one word you say :
When bright and dusky are blown past,
Upon the hearse there nods the last.

Love Songs

The Maid's Lament

I LOVED him not ; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke ; yet could he speak,
Alas ! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him ; I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death.
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me ; but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years
Wept he as bitter tears.
'Merciful God !'—such was his latest prayer—
'These may she never share !'
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell athwart the churchyard-gate
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls ! whoe'er you be ;
And O, pray too for me

Walter Savage Landor

To a Fair Maiden

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FAIR maiden ! when I look at thee,
I wish I could be young and free ;
But both at once, ah ! who could be ?

I held her hand

I HELD her hand, the pledge of bliss,
Her hand that trembled and withdrew ;
She bent her head before my kiss,
My heart was sure that hers was true.

Now I have told her I must part,
She shakes my hand, she bids adieu,
Nor shuns the kiss. Alas, my heart !
Hers never was the heart for you.

Tears

MINE fall, and yet a tear of hers
Would swell, not soothe their pain ;
Ah, if she look but at these tears,
They do not fall in vain.

Love Songs

Twenty years hence

TWENTY years hence my eyes may grow,
If not quite dim, yet rather so,
Yet yours from others they shall know
Twenty years hence.

Twenty years hence, tho' it may hap
That I be call'd to take a nap
In a cool cell where thunder-clap
Was never heard—

There breathe but o'er my arch of grass
A not too-sadly sigh'd *Alas*,
And I shall catch, ere you can pass,
That wingèd word.

While thou wert by

WHILE thou wert by
With laughing eye,
I felt the glow and song of spring ;
Now thou art gone
I sit alone,
Nor heed who smile nor hear who sing.

Walter Savage Landor

The Shortest Day
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THE day of brightest dawn (day soonest flown !)
Is that when we have met and you have gone.

Sympathy in Sorrow

THE maid I love ne'er thought of me
Amid the scenes of gaiety ;
But when her heart or mine sank low,
Ah, then it was no longer so.

From the slant palm she raised her head,
And kiss'd the cheek whence youth had fled.
Angels ! some future day for this,
Give her as sweet and pure a kiss.

The Grateful Heart

THE grateful heart for all things blesses ;
Not only joy, but grief endears :
I love you for your few caresses,
I love you for your many tears.

Love Songs

Margaret
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MOTHER ! I cannot mind my wheel ;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry.
O, if you felt that pain I feel—
But O, who ever felt as I?
No longer could I doubt him true :
All other men may use deceit,—
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet.

Leigh Hunt

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James Henry Leigh Hunt was born at Southgate in Middlesex in 1784. At the age of sixteen appeared *Juvenalia; or, A Collection of Poems written between the Ages of Twelve and Sixteen*. In 1808 he left his place at the War Office to edit *The Examiner*. For an attack upon the Prince Regent he was committed to prison for two years and fined £1000. He went to Italy in 1821 to aid Shelley and Byron in the starting of *The Liberal*, but Shelley died and Byron removed to Greece, and so the enterprise collapsed. Hunt remained abroad for some years, and to this period belongs his best work. In 1842 he secured a pension, in 1850 his *Autobiography* appeared, and in 1859 he died. Byron said of Hunt, 'He is an honest charlatan who has persuaded himself into a belief of his own impostures, and talks Punch in pure simplicity of heart.' Further, he says, 'Hunt is an extraordinary character, and not exactly of the present age. He reminds me much of Pym and Hampden times—much talent, great independence of spirit, and an austere, yet not repulsive, aspect.' Shelley in a dedicatory letter is much more appreciative. 'One more gentle, honourable, innocent, and brave; one of more exalted toleration for all who do and think evil, and yet himself more free from evil; one who knows better how to receive and how to confer a benefit, though he must ever confer far more than he can receive; one of simpler, and, in the highest sense of the word, of purer life and manners, I never knew.'

Jenny Kissed Me

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

Love Songs

Silent Kisses www.libtool.com.cn

WE'LL breathe not a kiss to the tell-tale air,
Nor proclaim the fond triumph for others to share,
For the rose never speaks while it opes to the dew,
And lovers say little whose feelings are true ;
The soul-speaking eyes are the language of blisses,
And we'll talk with our eyes amidst silent kisses.

'Tis silence gives soul to the beauty of night ;
'Tis silence keeps secrets, the lover's delight :
The stream moves in stillness, when soft on its breast
The willows' fond leaves lie in kisses at rest :
The heart throbs in stillness, and we in our blisses
Will honour its feeling by sweet silent kisses.

Yes ; when our lips move, yet have nothing to say,
And our eyes in each other's warm beam fade away,
'Tis then my heart springs up and trembles to thee,
As the arrow still trembles when fix'd in the tree ;
Oh, never let ear rob a part of our blisses !
Oh, all for the heart be our sweet silent kisses.

A Nun

IF you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be ;
In any cell you run, dear,
Pray look behind for me.

Leigh Hunt

The roses all turn pale, too ;
The doves all take the veil, too ;
The blind will see the show :
What ! you become a nun, my dear !
I'll not believe it, no.

If you become a nun, dear,
The bishop Love will be ;
The Cupids every one, dear,
Will chaunt ' We trust in thee ' :
The incense will go sighing,
The candles fall a dying,
The water turn to wine :
What ! you go take the vows, my dear !
You may—but they'll be mine.

To his Wife

WHILE SHE WAS MODELLING THE POET'S BUST

AH, Marian mine ! the face you look on now
Is not exactly like my wedding day's :
Sunk is its cheek, deeper retired its gaze,
Less white and smooth its temple-flatten'd brow.
Sorrow has been there with his silent plough
And strait stern hand. No matter ! if it raise
Aught that affection fancies it may praise,
Or makes me worthier of Apollo's bough.

Love Songs

Loss after all, such loss especially,
Is transfer, change, but not extinction. No !
Part in our children's apple-cheeks I see ;
And for the rest,—while you look at me so,
Take care you do not smile it back to me,
And miss the copied furrows as you go !

Henry Kirke White

was the son of a Nottingham butcher, and was born in 1785. At the age of fifteen he entered the office of a solicitor. In 1802 a little volume of verse appeared, and a cruel review led to a friendship with Southey. Leaving the lawyer's office, the youth commenced a systematic study, and he was actually preparing for examination at Cambridge in 1805, when his delicate constitution sank under the strain.

Why should I blush to own I love?

WHY should I blush to own I love?
'Tis love that rules the realms above;
Why should I blush to say to all
That Virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
Lest Love's dear secret be betrayed?
Why the stern brow deceitful move,
When I am languishing with love?

Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell?
Such weakness I would ever prove—
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet to love.

Thomas Love Peacock

was born at Weymouth in 1785. His first noteworthy literary efforts were volumes of verse, one of which introduced him to the notice of Shelley. As a novelist he worked on rather unique lines. He had hardly any plot, and there was little attempt at character-drawing, but he largely atoned for these deficiencies by sparkling wit and good sense. He was in the East India Company's Service for many years.

He died in 1866. Charles Mackay says this song is sometimes erroneously attributed to Howard Payne.

Oh! say not woman's heart is bought

OH ! say not woman's heart is bought

With vain and empty treasure.

Oh ! say not woman's heart is caught

By every idle pleasure.

When first her gentle bosom knows

Love's flame, it wanders never ;

Deep in her heart the passion glows,

She loves, and loves for ever.

Oh ! say not woman's false as fair,

That like the bee she ranges !

Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,

As fickle fancy changes.

Ah ! no, the love that first can warm

Will leave her bosom never ;

No second passion e'er can charm,

She loves, and loves for ever.

Barry Cornwall

This was the pseudonym of Bryan Walter Procter, who was born in London in 1787, and educated at Harrow, where Byron was his school-fellow. He is chiefly remembered as the author of a considerable body of songs (notable for the most part for their simplicity and pathos), and a memoir of Charles Lamb, published in 1866. Latterly he had troops of friends, attracted partly by the generous and unenvious disposition of the aged poet. His later life was further cheered by the fame achieved by his daughter, Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864), whose songs aroused the interest of Dickens. He died in 1874.

Love me if I live

LOVE me if I live ;
Love me if I die ;
What to me is life or death,
So that thou be nigh ?

Once I loved thee rich,
Now I love thee poor ;
Ah ! what is there I could not
For thy sake endure ?

Kiss me for my love !
Pay me for my pain !
Come ! and murmur in my ear
How thou lov'st again.

Love Songs

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Is my lover on the sea ?

Is my lover on the sea,
Sailing east or sailing west ?
Nightly ocean, gentle be,
Rock him into rest !

Let no angry wind arise,
Nor a wave with whitened crest :
All be gentle as his eyes
When he is caressed !

Bear him (as the breeze above
Bears the bird unto its nest)
Here,—unto his home of love,
And there bid him rest !

I love him

I LOVE him, I dream of him,
I sing of him by day ;
And all the night I hear him talk,—
And yet he's far away.

There's beauty in the morning,
There's sweetness in the May,
There's music in the running stream ;
And yet he's far away.

Barry Cornwall

I love him, I trust in him ;
He trusteth me alway :
And so the time flies hopefully,
Although he's far away.

Lord Byron

George Noel Gordon Byron was born in London in 1788. The dissolute conduct of his father brought about the separation of his parents, the poet living with his mother in Aberdeen. In 1798 Byron's grand-uncle, Lord Byron, died at Newstead Abbey, and the boy of ten succeeded to the title. Various efforts were made for the boy's early education but the mother, quick-tempered and self-willed, upset the plans of his guardian, Lord Carlisle. Byron then went to Harrow, and proceeded to Cambridge in 1805. His first speech in the House of Lords was delivered in 1812, and the reception it obtained was most encouraging. Two days later *Childe Harold* (Cantos i. and ii.) appeared. Moore says, 'The effect was electric,' and Byron himself tersely described it: 'I awoke one morning and found myself famous.' Thereafter he was the idol of society. In 1815 he married, but within a year Lady Byron separated from him. Here is a picture of Byron (*Memoir of John Murray*, 1891, i. 267): 'Lord Byron appeared to me rather a short man, with a handsome countenance, remarkable for the fine blue veins which ran over his pale, marble temples. He wore many rings on his fingers, and a brooch in his shirt front, which was embroidered. . . . Lord Byron's deformity in his foot was very evident, especially as he walked down-stairs. He carried a stick. After Scott and he had ended their conversation in the drawing-room, it was a curious sight to see the two greatest poets of the age—both lame—stumping down-stairs side by side.' Byron lived much abroad, and died in 1824.

Maid of Athens, ere we part

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart !
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest !
Hear my vow before I go,
*Ζών μου, σῶς ἀγαπῶ.**

* 'Romaic expressions of tenderness: If I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not; and if I

Lord Byron

By those tresses unconfined,
Woody by each Ægean wind ;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge ;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζών μου, σᾶς ἀγαπᾶ.

By that lip I long to taste ;
By that zone-encircled waist ;
By all the token-flowers * that tell
What words can never speak so well ;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζών μου, σᾶς ἀγαπᾶ.

Maid of Athens ! I am gone :
Think of me, sweet ! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol, †
Athens holds my heart and soul :
Can I cease to love thee ? No !
Ζών μου, σᾶς ἀγαπᾶ.

do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, "My life, I love you!" which sounds very pretty in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day, as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenized.'

* 'In the East, (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignments), flowers, cinders, pebbles, etc., convey the sentiments of the parties, by that universal deputy of Mercury—an old woman. A cinder says, "I burn for thee"; a bunch of flowers tied with hair, "Take me and fly"; but a pebble declares—what nothing else can.'

† Constantinople.

Love Songs

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WOMAN ! experience might have told me
That all must love thee who behold thee ;
Surely experience might have taught,
Thy firmest promises are naught ;
But, placed in all thy charms before me,
All I forget, but to adore thee.
Oh, Memory ! thou choicest blessing,
When join'd with hope, when still possessing ;
But how much cursed by every lover,
When hope is fled, and passion's over !
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her !
How throbs the pulse when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue,
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows !
How quick we credit every oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth !
Fondly we hope 'twill last for aye,
When, lo ! she changes in a day.
This record will for ever stand,
Woman ! thy vows are traced in sand.*

* The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

Lord Byron

She walks in Beauty

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SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes :
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

To Thyrza

AND thou art dead ! as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth ;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to Earth.

Love Songs

Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness of mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot ;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not :
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot.
To me there needs no stone to tell
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last,
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow ;
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours,
The worst can be but mine ;
The sun that cheers, the storm that lours
Shall never more be thine :

Lord Byron

The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep ;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away,
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey ;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away :
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering leaf by leaf,
Than see it plucked to-day,—
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I wot not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade :
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade.
Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last,
Extinguished, not decay'd ;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept—if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed ;

Love Songs

To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head,
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain
(Though thou hast left me free)
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee :
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me ;
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

On Parting

THE kiss, dear maid ! thy lip has left
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see :
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.

Lord Byron

I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone ;
Nor one memorial for a breast
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak :
Oh ! what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak ?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

The Girl of Cadiz

OH never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies ;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely Girl of Cadiz.
Although her eye be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks like English lasses,
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses !

Love Songs

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire, that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes :
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession ;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at love's confession :
But, born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,
And who—when fondly, fairly won—
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz ?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see her lover tremble,
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely ;
And, though it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

Lord Byron

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain,
She dares the deed and shares the danger ;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero,
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,
Or joins devotion's choral band,
To chaunt the sweet and hallow'd Vesper ;—

In each her charms the heart must move,
Of all who venture to behold her ;
Then let not maids less fair reprove
Because her bosom is not colder :
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam,
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad and few at home
May match the dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

was born at Field Place, near Horsham, in 1792. In his school-days he distinguished himself as an author, but a tract called *The Necessity of Atheism* led to his expulsion from Oxford in 1811. Shelley was engaged to his cousin, but the engagement was cancelled. He seems to have been genuinely affected by this event, but within six months he eloped with Harriet Westbrook, the daughter of a retired coffee-house proprietor. There was more chivalry than love on the part of Shelley, for Harriet, though a pretty and agreeable girl, seems to have aroused his sympathies in a large degree by a desire to free her from an oppressive home life. They were an ill-matched pair. Harriet had no understanding of the artistic yearnings of the young poet, nor of his notions for the betterment of mankind. They parted, Shelley finding a congenial and helpful companion in Mary Godwin, a woman of rare powers. Harriet was in despair, and ultimately drowned herself. Then Shelley and Mary married.

A life full of incident, brief, but productive of a vast amount of great and enduring work, closed in 1822, when the poet was drowned.

Love's Philosophy

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the river with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion
Nothing in the world is single!
All things, by a law divine,
In another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

Percy Bysshe Shelley

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another ;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother :
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea ;
What are all those kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me ?

Lines to an Indian Air

I ARISE from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright ;
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?—
To thy chamber window, sweet.

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark and silent stream,
The Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must upon thine,
O beloved as thou art !

Love Songs

O lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fail ;
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white alas !
My heart beats loud and fast ;
Oh ! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

Good-night

GOOD-NIGHT? ah ! no ; the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite ;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be *Good-night*.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight ?
Be it not said, thought, understood,
That it will be *Good-night*.

To hearts which near each other move
From evening close to morning light,
The night *is* good ; because, my Love,
They never *say* Good-night.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

ndc Browne, the daughter of a Liverpool merchant, was born in 1793. Her first book appeared when she was only fourteen years of age, and in some quarters it was severely criticised. In 1812 she married Captain Hemans, but the union was not a happy one, and they separated in 1818. Besides a large body of verse, Mrs. Hemans made some translations. Her later works consisted of hymns and sonnets. She suffered from palpitation of the heart, and in 1835 she died. 'That holy spirit, sweet as the spring, as ocean deep,' says Wordsworth; but Sir Walter Scott is more critical: 'Mrs. Hemans is somewhat too poetical for my taste —too many flowers, I mean, and too little fruit; but that may be the cynical criticism of an elderly gentleman.'

Oh! if thou wilt not give thine heart

OH! if thou wilt not give thine heart,
Give back mine own to me,
Or bid thine image thence depart,
And leave me lone, but free.

Yet no! this mournful love of mine
I would not from me cast!
Let me but dream 'twill win me thine
By its deep truth at last.

Can aught so fond, so faithful live
Through years without reply?
Oh! if thine heart thou wilt not give,
Give me a thought, a sigh!



John Keats

The promising career of this great poet was curtailed by misfortunes, by sickness, and by early death, and it is said (though the statement is disputed) that the savagery which was the leading feature of the reviews of some of his best work bent his spirit, and, acting on a very delicate constitution, hastened his end. Joseph Severn, the painter, was his faithful friend, and together they lie buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. Keats also included among his friends Charles Wells, Leigh Hunt, and Shelley. He was born in 1795, and died in 1821.

On a Picture of Leander

COME hither, all sweet maidens soberly,
Down-looking aye, and with a chasten'd light,
Hid in the fringes of your eyelids white,
'And meekly let your fair hands join'd be,
As if so gentle that ye could not see,
Untouch'd, a victim of your beauty bright,
Sinking away to his young spirit's night,
Sinking bewilder'd 'mid the dreary sea :
'Tis young Leander toiling to his death ;
Nigh swooning, he doth purse his weary lips
For Hero's cheek, and smiles against her smile.
O horrid dream ! see how his body dips
Dead heavy ; arms and shoulders gleam awhile.
He's gone ; up bubbles all his amorous breath.

John Keats

The Day is Gone

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THE day is gone, and all its sweets are gone !
Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast
Warm breath, light whisper, tender semi-tone,
Bright eyes, accomplish'd shape and lang'rous waist
Faded the flower and all its budded charms,
Faded the sight of beauty from my eyes,
Faded the shape of beauty from my arms,
Faded the voice, warmth, whiteness, paradise—
Vanish'd unseasonably at shut of eve,
When the dusk holiday—or holineight
Of fragrant-curtain'd love begins to weave
The woof of darkness thick, for hid delight ;
But, as I've read love's missal through to-day,
He'll let me sleep, seeing I fast and pray.



Keats's Last Sonnet

*Written on a blank page of the Poems of Shakespeare, facing
'A Lover's Complaint'*

BRIGHT star ! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,

Love Songs

The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest ;
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

Bartley Coleridge

the son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was born in 1796. He was educated first in Cumberland, proceeding to Oxford in 1815. He was elected to a fellowship at Oriel College, but was deprived of the place within a year. He was of a highly sensitive temperament, and his dismissal was the turning-point to failure in his life. He occasionally wrote magazine articles, and in 1832 made for a publisher in Leeds his *Worthies of Yorkshire*. Appended is one of his best-known songs.

She is not fair to outward view

SHE is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be ;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me !
Oh, then I saw her eye was bright—
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply ;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye :
Her very frowns are sweeter far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

John Hamilton Reynolds

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was a brother-in-law of Thomas Hood. Together they wrote *Odes and Addresses to Great People* (1825). Reynolds was a notable man of letters, wrote for the reviews, and defended Keats against the abuse with which he was assailed. He was born in 1796, and at the time of his death, in 1852, he was clerk of the County Court of the Isle of Wight.

Go where the water glideth gently ever

Go where the water glideth gently ever,
Glideth by meadows that the greenest be ;
Go, listen to our beloved river :
And think of me !

Wander in forests where the small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beside the giant tree ;
Listen the dim brook pining while it playeth :
And think of me !

Watch when the sky is silver pale at even,
And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree ;
Go out beneath the solitary heaven !
And think of me !

And when the moon riseth as she were dreaming,
And treadeth with white feet the hulled sea,
Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,
And think of me !

Thomas Baynes Bayly

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was the author of a great body of songs, dramas, and tales. Some of his songs, notably 'I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,' attained tremendous success, and, in a lesser degree, 'She wore a wreath of Roses,' 'We met: 'twas in a crowd.' Bayly was born at Bath in 1797, and died in 1839.

Do you remember

Do you remember when you heard
My lips breathe love's first faltering word ;
You do, sweet—don't you ?
When, having wander'd all the day,
Link'd arm in arm, I dared to say,
' You'll love me—won't you ?'

And when you blush'd, and could not speak,
I fondly kiss'd your glowing cheek ;
Did that affront you ?
Oh, surely not : your eye exprest
No wrath—but said, perhaps in jest,
You'll love me—won't you ?

I'm sure my eyes replied, ' I will ' ;
And you believe that promise still ;
You do, sweet—don't you ?
Yes, yes ! when age has made our eyes
Unfit for questions, or replies,
You'll love me—won't you ?

Love Songs

The Vows of Men

WRITE on the sand when the tide is low,
Seek the spot when the waters flow ;
Whisper a name when the storm is heard,
Pause, that echo may breathe the word :
If that you wrote on the sand should last,
And echo is heard 'mid the tempest blast,
Then believe, and not till then,
That there's truth in the vows of men.

Throw a rose on the stream at morn,
Watch at eve for the flower's return ;
Drop in the ocean a golden grain :
Hope 'twill shine on the shore again !
If the rose you again behold,
If you gaze again on your grain of gold,
Then believe, and not till then,
That there's truth in the vows of men.

Thomas Hood

was born in London in 1799, and at the age of fifteen was apprenticed to an engraver. Weak health required him to abandon so confining an occupation. In 1821 he became sub-editor of the *London Magazine*, and displayed his fund of humour in the answers to correspondents. The first series of *Whims and Oddities* appeared in 1826. In 1844 he started *Hood's Magazine*, but towards the close of that year his health gave way, and he died in 1845. Mr. W. M. Rossetti—than whom there is no better critic of the poet—considers Hood the finest English poet between the generation of Shelley and the generation of Tennyson.

I love thee

I LOVE thee—I love thee !
'Tis all that I can say ;—
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day ;
The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray :
I love thee—I love thee !
Is all that I can say.

I love thee—I love thee !
Is ever on my tongue ;
In all my proudest poesy
That chorus still is sung ;

Love Songs

It is the verdict of my eyes,
Amidst the gay and young :
I love thee—I love thee !
A thousand maids among.

I love thee—I love thee !
Thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon those lips,
Whose tender tones entrance ;
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs
That still these words enhance,
I love thee—I love thee !
Whatever be thy chance.

Love, I am jealous of a worthless man

LOVE, I am jealous of a worthless man
Whom—for his merits—thou dost hold too dear :
No better than myself, he lies as near
And precious to thy bosom. He may span
Thy sacred waist, and with thy sweet breath fan
His happy cheek, and thy most willing ear
Invade with words, and call his love sincere
And true as mine, and prove it—if he can :—
Not that I hate him for such deeds as this—
He were a devil to adore thee less,
Who wears thy favour,—I am ill at ease
Rather lest he should e'er too coldly press
Thy gentle hand :—This is my jealousy,
Making myself suspect, but never thee !

Thomas Hood

Let us make a leap

LET us make a leap, my dear,
In our love, of many a year,
And date it very far away,
On a bright clear summer day,
When the heart was like a sun
To itself, and falsehood none ;
And the rosy lips apart
Of the very loving heart,
And the shining of the eye
But a sign to know it by ;—
When my faults were all forgiven,
And my life deserved of Heaven.
Dearest, let us reckon so,
And love for all that long ago ;
Each absence count a year complete,
And keep a birthday when we meet.

See thy lover humbled at thy feet

LOVE, see thy lover humbled at thy feet,
Not in servility, but homage sweet,
Gladly inclined :—and with my bended knee
Think that my inward spirit bows to thee—
More proud indeed than when I stand or climb
Elsewhere :—there is no statue so sublime
As Love's in all the world, and e'en to kiss
The pedestal is still a better bliss

Love Songs

Than all ambitions. O! Love's lowest base
Is far above the reaching of disgrace
To share this posture. Let me then draw nigh
Feet that have fared so nearly to the sky,
And when this duteous homage has been given
I will rise up and clasp the heart in Heaven.

Charles Jeremiah Wells

was born in London in 1800, and Keats and Horne were among his early friends. In 1824 appeared *Joseph and his Brethren*. It was received with indifference at the time, but has been declared since 'the most Shakespearian drama since Shakespeare's day.' He abandoned a literary life in England, and the profession of the law to which he had been articled had no more hold on him. He lived in retirement in South Wales; and about 1840 took up his residence on the Continent, settling latterly at Marseilles, where he died in 1879. At the death of his wife he is said to have destroyed a large body of poetry. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Theodore Watts have done much to foster an interest in Wells, and give him a well-deserved place among the poets of England.

Kiss no more the Vintages

Kiss no more the Vintages,
Thou hot-lipp'd sun !
Flow no more the merry wine
From the dark tun !

Above my bed hang dull nightshade,
And o'er my brow the willow !
With maiden flowers from dewy bowers
Cover my last pillow !

Away ! away to the green sward !
My young heart breaks :
Break the earth, and lay me deep !
Love my breath takes.

Love Songs

Angels ! pity, and hear this ditty
Breathed from a poor girl's lips :
O'er her lover ever hover,
Scattering earthly bliss !

Come, thou iron-crowned Death !
Into my stretched arms,
Bridegroom to my maiden breast ;
End my sad alarms !

Lead on, lead on, thou Love of Bone !
Over the heath wild ;
And 'neath the grass secure fast
Thy melancholy child !

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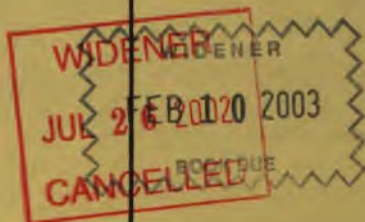
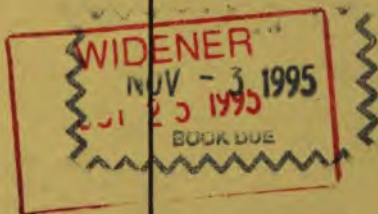
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