

C. M. Rice.

Short English Poems

For Repetition.

HEFFER'S PHONETIC SERIES

SHORT ENGLISH POEMS
For Repetition

C. M. RICE, M.A., A.R.C.M.

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This volume has been purchased from the
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Mrs. Catherine Renwick Hamilton,
and applied to this purpose by her husband,

Dr. Alexander Hamilton M.A. (Tor.),

in memory of their only son

Alexander Edwin Hamilton,
B.A. (Tor.),

who was Lecturer in French in University
College during the year 1910-1911, and

who died on the 26th of March, 1912,

in his thirty-fourth year.

HEFFER'S PHONETIC SERIES

Editors: G. Noël-Armfield and C. M. Rice

No. 2

SHORT ENGLISH POEMS
FOR REPETITION

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POEMS

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C. M. RICE, M.A., A.R.C.M.

SECOND EDITION

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

I HAVE aimed, in these transcriptions, at an exact reproduction of my own pronunciation. In deference to convention, I have allowed two slight modifications: (i) the indeterminate vowel is indicated by ə, whereas in my particular case it would generally be more accurate to write ɘ; and (ii) I have omitted final r before an aspirated vowel, which I find it impossible to do in speech, an ineradicable souvenir of a childhood spent chiefly in Dublin.

I have not aimed at uniformity. The same word will often be found on the same page pronounced in two completely different ways. Where this is the case there is generally a reason for it connected with the interpretation of the passage; and there is always the reason that my own rendering includes both forms.

The proofs have all been submitted to the invaluable criticism of my colleague, Mr. Noël-Armfield. All his suggestions, not incompatible with my own practice, have been incorporated in the book, but the responsibility for its final form must be mine alone.

C. M. RICE.

KING'S COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

1 Feb., 1915.

CONTENTS

[The same poem will be found under the same number in both parts of the book.]

No.		
1.	WISHING - - - - -	<i>Allingham, Wm.</i>
2.	WHY SHOULD MAN BE VAIN	<i>Anon.</i>
3.	REQUIESCAT - - - - -	<i>Arnold, Matthew</i>
4.	A FRAGMENT - - - - -	<i>Barbauld, Anna L.</i>
5.	LINES LEFT AT MR. THEODORE HOOK'S - - - - -	<i>Barham, Richard H.</i>
6.	THE OCEAN - - - - -	<i>Barton, Bernard</i>
7.	I'D BE A BUTTERFLY - - -	<i>Bayly, Thomas H.</i>
8.	MY EPITAPH - - - - -	<i>Beazley, Samuel</i>
9.	A SUMMER INVOCATION - - -	<i>Bennett, Wm. Cox</i>
10.	AN EXPOSTULATION - - -	<i>Bickerstaff, Isaac</i>
11.	NURSE'S SONG - - - - -	<i>Blake, Wm.</i>
12.	THE PIPER - - - - -	"
13.	THE SHEPHERD - - - - -	"
14.	LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP - - -	<i>Brontë, Emily</i>
15.	SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG - - -	<i>Bunyan, John</i>
16.	A JACOBITE TOAST - - - - -	<i>Byrom, J.</i>
17.	SONNET ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON - - - - -	<i>Byron, Lord</i>
18.	SONG, TO A HEBREW MELODY	"
19.	THE BATTLE OF HOHEN- LINDEN - - - - -	<i>Campbell, Thomas</i>
20.	TO THE EVENING STAR - - -	"
21.	DISDAIN RETURNED - - - - -	<i>Carew, T.</i>
22.	SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW - - - - -	<i>Coleridge, Hartley</i>
23.	ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION - - - - -	<i>Coleridge, S. T.</i>
24.	THE KNIGHT'S TOMB - - - - -	"
25.	SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY NATURAL - - - - -	"
26.	THE GOLDEN FARMER - - - - -	<i>Collins, John</i>

No.		
27.	THE POPLAR FIELD - -	<i>Cowper, Wm.</i>
28.	A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA - - - - -	<i>Cunningham, A.</i>
29.	MAY-DAY - - - -	<i>Heber, Reginald</i>
30.	COUNSEL TO GIRLS - -	<i>Herrick, R.</i>
31.	TO DAFFODILS - - -	"
32.	THE NIGHT-PIECE - - -	"
33.	VIOLETS - - - - -	"
34.	PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY! - -	<i>Heywood, Thomas</i>
35.	THE DEATH-BED - - -	<i>Hood, T.</i>
36.	REMEMBRANCES - - -	"
37.	JENNY KISSED ME - - -	<i>Hunt, Leigh</i>
38.	THE ARCTIC EXPLORER'S WIDOW - - - - -	<i>Ingelow, Jean</i>
39.	SEVEN TIMES ONE - - -	"
40.	TO CELIA - - - - -	<i>Jonson, Ben</i>
41.	MY LITTLE DOLL - - -	<i>Kingsley, C.</i>
42.	THE THREE FISHERS - - -	"
43.	HESTER - - - - -	<i>Lamb, Charles</i>
44.	TWENTY YEARS HENCE - -	<i>Landor, W. S.</i>
45.	ALLAN WATER - - - -	<i>Lewis, M. G.</i>
46.	TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON -	<i>Lovelace, Richard</i>
47.	BABY - - - - -	<i>MacDonald, George</i>
48.	KATHALEEN NY-HOULAHAN -	<i>Mangan, J. C.</i>
49.	LEARNING - - - - -	"
50.	WISDOM AND FOLLY - - -	"
51.	SONG ON A MAY MORNING -	<i>Milton, John</i>
52.	BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS	<i>Moore, Thomas</i>
53.	THE HARP THAT ONCE - -	"
54.	LOVE AND HATE - - - -	"
55.	OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME	"
56.	SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND	"
57.	ON A FLY DRINKING OUT OF HIS CUP - - - - -	<i>Oldys, Wm.</i>
58.	THE OAK AND THE BEECH -	<i>Peacock, T. L.</i>
59.	THE CONTENTED MAN - - -	<i>Pope, Alexander</i>

No.		
60.	THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL - - - - -	<i>Pope, Alexander</i>
61.	AN ITALIAN SONG - - -	<i>Rogers, Samuel</i>
62.	MELANCHOLY - - - -	"
63.	A WISH - - - - -	"
64.	WHEN I AM DEAD - - -	<i>Rossetti, C. G.</i>
65.	PHYLLIS - - - - -	<i>Sedley, Sir C.</i>
66.	FULL FATHOM FIVE - -	<i>Shakespeare, W.</i>
67.	HARK! HARK! THE LARK -	"
68.	TO LADY ANNE HAMILTON	<i>Spencer, Hon. W. R.</i>
69.	CONSTANCY - - - - -	<i>Suckling, Sir John</i>
70.	LOVE AND DEBT - - - -	"
71.	BREAK, BREAK, BREAK - -	<i>Tennyson, Alfred, Lord</i>
72.	SONG FROM "THE PRINCESS"	"
73.	THE MANLY HEART - - -	<i>Wither, George</i>
74.	THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE - - - - -	<i>Wolfe, C.</i>
75.	THE LOST LOVE - - - -	<i>Wordsworth, Wm.</i>
76.	THE RAINBOW - - - - -	"
77.	SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT - - - - -	"

PHONETIC INTRODUCTION

THE notation employed in this book is that of the International Phonetic Association. All the symbols used are included in the following tables:

CONSONANTS.

<i>Voiceless</i>	- p t k -	<i>pet kid</i>
<i>Voiced</i>	- b d g -	<i>bed gown</i>
<i>Nasal</i>	- m n ŋ -	<i>morning</i>
<i>Vowel, Liquid</i>	w j l -	<i>we yield little</i>
<i>Roll</i>	- — r — -	<i>roller</i>
<i>Hisses</i>	- f θ s ʃ -	<i>faith's shield</i>
<i>Buzzes</i>	- v ð z ʒ -	<i>leave these pleasures</i>

Italics in the nomic column denote the sounds indicated.

The Consonant ç is once used, in No. 19¹. It is unvoiced j, often heard in the English *pure* and *huge*, which are pronounced pçuə and hçu:dʒ, and regularly in the Scottish *nicht*, ni'çt.

¹ The use of the name mjuniç for mynʃən is quite indefensible, but I have found it almost universal among educated speakers in Cambridge.

VOWELS.

i i:

u u:

e

ə ə:

o

æ ɛ

ʌ

ɔ ɔ:

ɑ ɒ

Key Words.

pit peat

pull pool

pet

paper purr

pole

pat pair

pun

pot port

pie papa

Key Words in Phonetic Notation.

pit pi:t

pul pu:l

pet

peipə pə:

poul

pæt pɛə

pʌn

pɔt pɔ:t

pai pəpɑ:

ˊ denotes an accent or stress on the syllable following
: after a vowel denotes that it is long; and, in the
cases of i, e, o, and u, that it is tense also.

: after a vowel denotes that it is half-long.

A vowel distinguished thus—ḡ, is to be pronounced with nasal resonance. This sign is only once used—in No. 17. It is foreign to standard, but one of the distinguishing marks of typical American-English, and is very common in French, as in *non*, nḡ.

A vowel distinguished thus—æ̃, ö̃, ä̃, is not to be very highly characterised. ö̃, for instance, represents a sound between o and ə. As a rule, the full vowel may be used in slow, the indeterminate ə in rapid reading. At intermediate rates, intermediate vowels will be heard.

Symbols in brackets, (), indicate sounds which may be inserted or omitted. Here also much depends on the pace of utterance; in slow declamatory speech insert, in rapid reading omit, these optional sounds. In the case of the word *and*, the final d may almost always be omitted without departure from standard, except before a vowel; but ænd or ənd is always more correct, from an elocutionary point of view, than æn or ən, and has, therefore, always been written, except in cases where the style is so colloquial that it might sound pedantic. In the case of final r, followed by initial h, where both are in brackets, one is to be pronounced and the other omitted. In No. 8, line 4, for instance, we must say either "hwærevə hi went" or "hwærevər i went."

Concerning the consonants, it is interesting to note how universally the first three sounds taught to a child are those whose articulation on the lips is plainly visible,

papa, baba, mama. After these come tata, dada, nana in which the movement of the tip of the tongue can be shewn rather less plainly. The three plosives, whose articulation at the back of the tongue cannot be shewn at all, do not enter into baby-talk. Indeed ŋ, never occurring in English as an initial, presents great difficulty even to experienced speakers; and a very useful tongue exercise is to learn to isolate it. This can be done by pronouncing a word ending in ŋə, and repeating the last movement, (thus—siŋə-ŋə) until the ŋə can be said alone.

The sounds t, d, and n, are made in standard English by the articulation of the tongue with the hard palate about half an inch behind the teeth. This sound has very frequently to be acquired by foreigners learning the language, who are accustomed to the very similar sounds produced with a more forward articulation, such as is heard in the form of English spoken in Ireland in such words as *train, ladder*. Dialect stories usually indicate this pronunciation by *th*; but the sounds are as distinct from θ and ð as they are from t and d, and are correctly indicated in phonetic notation by t_rrein, lad_rə, r being the indication of a tongue further forward than is usual. In some languages both forms of these consonants appear, in which case no difficulty is experienced in differentiating them. Where one has to be substituted for the other, it is well to practise an exaggerated form, either with the tongue inverted or approaching θ and ð.

Note the double character of l. At the beginning of the word *little* it is a pure consonant, at the end almost a vowel. We have not thought it necessary to differentiate these two uses by means of a diacritic, as

is sometimes done. Where the syllabic l is required, it will be found much easier than the consonantal. The same is true for m, n, and ŋ. In No. 1, verse 3, for instance, the words gɑ:dŋ and pɑ:dŋ, though they contain only one vowel each, have to be made disyllabic by humming the ŋ; but it will be difficult to produce the word satisfactorily by any other means. The two sounds classed with l differ from it by being consonantal forms of vowels, not liquid consonants; for then, therefore, if we desire to indicate that they are to be syllabic, we can use the vowel symbols, u and i.

The sound r demands special attention from English students. There is a present-day tendency to eliminate the roll altogether from speech. In a previous work¹ we have referred to this, and instanced the word sɔ:ɹ for *sorer*, as a typical corruption; but lately we have heard a still more glaring example, from the mouth of a clergyman of unimpeachable educational antecedents, endjɔ:ɹeθ for *endureth*. The effect upon a nicely-trained ear of the 136th Psalm, repeated with the burthen to each verse fɔ: hiz mæ:si endjɔ:ɹeθ fɔ' evə, can be better imagined than described. Since this degraded pronunciation has started as an affectation among well-educated people, it is particularly dangerous. There was a similar tendency some 20 or 30 years ago to convert final ŋ into n. Fortunately, the nomic alphabet provided symbols by means of which this affectation could be pilloried in the humorous papers, and it was killed by ridicule. The same remedy is not available in the case before us;

¹ "Voice Production with the Aid of Phonetics," Heffer, 1912.

and it behoves all teachers of English who value the purity of our language to combat uncompromisingly the neglect of the roll, which is unquestionably a beautiful speech-sound, and cannot be eliminated without aesthetic loss. For this reason we have frequently inserted (r) at the ends of lines, as in No. 7, verse 1, where it might have been omitted; and with English students its pronunciation should be insisted on.

The hisses and buzzes present difficulties both to foreign and native speakers of English. To foreigners the sounds θ and ð have frequently to be acquired from the beginning, not occurring in the native language. (French and German, for instance, do not possess them.) They can be arrived at by attempting to say zis sisl with the tongue protruding between the teeth at the beginning of each word. The result will be ðis θisl. The difficulty for Englishmen lies in producing a pure buzz without allowing it to degenerate into a hiss. The word *sins*, for example, as generally pronounced, is far more like sins than sinz, though not quite the same as *since*; it might be indicated phonetically by sinzs. This is an elocutionary mistake that ought always to be corrected. Mr. Wm. Shakespeare writes in "The Art of Singing" concerning the buzzes: "If they are not pronounced sufficiently, which occurs very often in the singing and elocution of the present day, the result is that we cannot tell what the singer or actor is saying. When they are sufficiently sustained, the singing is warmed and illumined with a glow, for their euphony is not only a source of charm, but their presence ensures great freedom in the production of the voice. The rigid singer or actor fails to soften his lines with these

mellifluous sounds, and suffers perforce harsh and sibilant tones to prevail." When the buzzes do not come easily, and perfectly pure, repeat hi: lAvizi: ðii: many times; and go on to a verse of poetry containing many final buzzes, such as No. 46, verse 4, repeating it with all of these lengthened *ad lib.* The acquisition of the buzzes is not a pleasant exercise; but it must be undertaken by all who wish to make their speech as musical as possible.

The vowels of English appear simpler than they are. Foreign students may, of course, find some entirely new to them. This is especially likely to be the case with æ and ʌ. Something may be done towards the acquisition of a new vowel by practising a gradual movement of the tongue between the familiar positions on either side of that required, and making a stop half-way; but *viva voce* teaching is absolutely necessary for a satisfactory result. English students, familiar, as they are, with every sound on the table, will find great difficulty in prolonging such as never occur long in conversation, and should learn to lengthen i, e, æ, a, ʌ, ə, o, and u as readily as ai or ɔ:.

But the main difficulty of the English language, both to foreign and native students, lies in the diphthongs, which are its most distinguishing feature. ai, au, ei, eə, ou, ɔi, and ɔ:ə are pronounced in conversation so quickly that the Englishman forgets that they contain two sounds, and looks upon them as pure vowels. Foreigners who wish to acquire his pronunciation must, therefore, practise each of these until its two component parts are blended into one sound, pronounced entirely on the movement between the two vowel

positions without any perceptible pause on either. The Englishman's difficulty is the opposite of this, and does not confront him until he leaves colloquial speech for the higher flights of elocution or singing. Now he will have to be more deliberate; but the movement must be no slower; all prolongation must be on the first member of the diphthong, generally one of those vowels above mentioned as never occurring long in conversation. He must, therefore, practise by starting to pronounce a word beginning with one of them (such as *isle, ale, oil*), changing his mind as the sound begins, and continuing to vocalise through a mouth held carefully in a constant position. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that his pronunciation of his own language will not be perfect until he can both distinguish the component parts of all its diphthongs, and produce each one separately, distinctly, and deliberately.

1.

WISHING.

ˈriŋ-ˈtiŋ! ai ˈwiʃ ai wər ə ˈprimrouz,
 ə ˈbrait jelo ˈprimrouz ˈblouŋ in ðə ˈsprɪŋ!
 ðə ˈstu:piŋ ˈbauz ə ˈbʌv mi(:),
 ðə ˈwɒndriŋ ˈbi: tə ˈlʌv mi(:),
 ðə ˈfə:n ənd ˈmɒs tə ˈkri:p ə ˈkrɒs
 ənd ði ˈelm-tri: fər auə ˈkiŋ!

ˈnei, ˈnei! ai ˈwiʃ ai wər ən ˈelm-tri:,
 ə ˈgreit lɔfti ˈelm-tri:, wið ˈgri:n li:vz ˈgei!
 ðə ˈwindz wud ˈset ðəm ˈdɑ:nsɪn¹,
 ðə ˈsʌn ənd ˈmu:nʃain ˈglɑ:ns in,
 ðə ˈbɔ:dz wud ˈhauz ə ˈmʌŋ ðə ˈbauz,
 ənd ˈswi:tli ˈsiŋ!

ˈou ˈnou! ai ˈwiʃ ai wər ə ˈrəbin,
 ə ˈrəbin ɔ:r ə ˈlɪtl ren, ˈevrihwɛə tə ˈgou,
 θru: ˈfɒrest, ˈfi:ld, ə: ˈgɑ:dŋ,
 ənd ˈɑ:sk nou ˈli:v ə: ˈpɑ:dŋ,
 til ˈwɪntə ˈkʌmz wið ˈaɪsi ˈθʌmz
 tə ˈrʌfl ʌp auə ˈwiŋ.

ˈwel, ˈtel! ˈhwɛə ʃʊd ai ˈflai tu:,
 ˈhwɛə gou tə ˈsli:p in ðə ˈdɑ:k wud ə: ˈdel?
 biˈfɔ:r ə ˈdei wɔz ˈouvə,
 ˈhoum ˈkʌmz ðə ˈrouvə,—
 fə: ˈmʌðəz ˈkis—ˈswi:tə ˈðis
 ðæn ˈeni ˈʌðə ˈθiŋ!

WM. ALLINGHAM (1824—1889).

¹ Common mis-pronunciation, for the sake of the rhyme. Standard: dɑ:nsɪŋ or dænsɪŋ.

WHY SHOULD MAN BE VAIN?

sez 'pleitou, 'hwai ʃüd 'mæn bi 'vein
 sins 'bauntjəs 'hevn (h)əz 'meid im greit?
 hwai 'luk wið 'insö'lənt dis'dein
 ən 'ðouz ʌn'dekt wið 'welθ ə: 'steit?
 kæn 'splendid 'roubz ə: 'bedz əv 'daun,
 ə: 'kɔstli 'dʒemz tə 'dek ðə 'fɛ:ə(r),
 kæn 'ɔ:l ðə 'glɔ:rɪz əv ə 'kraun
 giv 'helθ, ə:r 'i:z ðə 'brau əv 'kɛ:ə(r)?

ðə 'septəd 'kiŋ, ðə 'bæ:ðænd 'sleiv,
 ðə 'hʌmbl 'ænd ðə 'hɔ:ti 'dai:
 ðə 'ritʃ, ðə 'pu:ə, ðə 'beis, ðə 'breiv
 in 'dʌst wi'ðaut dis'tɪŋkʃən 'lai!
 gou, 'sɔ:tʃ ðə 'tu:mz hwɛə 'mɔnəks 'rest,
 hu: 'wʌns ðə 'greitəst 'tɪtlz 'bɔ:(ə)(r),—
 ðə 'welθ ənd 'glɔ:ri 'ðei pɔ'zest,
 ənd 'ɔ:l ðɛər 'ənəz ɪ nou 'mɔ:(ə)(r).

sou 'glaidz ðə 'mɪtʃə 'θru: ðə 'skai
 ənd 'spredz ə'ləŋ ə 'gildid 'trein;
 bʌt 'hwɛn its 'ʃɔ:t livd 'bjʊ:tɪz 'dai,
 di'zɔlvz tə 'kɔmən 'ɛər ə'gein;
 sou 'tɪz wið 'ʌs, mai 'dʒouvjəl 'soulz!
 let 'fren(d)ʃɪp 'rein hwail 'hiə wi 'stei;
 lets 'kraun auə 'dʒɔ:z wið flouɪŋ 'boulz,
 hwɛn 'dʒouv ʌs 'kɔ:lz wi 'mʌst ə'wei.

ANON.

REQUIESCAT.

ˈstru: ən hə: ˈrouziz, ˈrouziz,
 ænd ˈnevər ə ˈsprei ðv ˈju:
 in ˈkwaiət ˈʃi: riˈpouziz:
 α: ! ˈwud ðæt ˈai did ˈtu:.

hə: ˈmæ:θ ðə ˈwə:ld riˈkwaiəd:
 ʃi ˈbeiðd it in ˈsmaɪlz ðv ˈgɪ:lɪ:
 bɪt (h)ə:(r) ˈhɑ:t wəz ˈtaiəd, ˈtaiəd,
 ənd ˈnau ðe(i) ˈlet hə: ˈbi:.

hə: ˈlaɪf wəz ˈtə:miŋ, ˈtə:miŋ,
 in ˈmeɪzɪz ðv ˈhi:t ənd ˈsaʊnd,
 bɪt fə ˈpi:s hə: ˈsoul wəz ˈjə:miŋ,
 ænd ˈnau pi:s ˈlæps hə: ˈraʊnd.

hə: ˈkæbɪnd, ˈæmpl ˈspɪrɪt,
 it ˈflætəd ənd ˈfeɪld fə ˈbreθ.
 tū-ˈnait it ˈdʌθ in ˈherɪt
 ðə ˈva:stɪ ˈhə:l ðv ˈdeθ.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822—1888).

A FRAGMENT.

ˈlaif! ai ˈnou nət ˈhwət ðau ˈa:t,
 băt ˈnou ðət ˈðau ənd ˈai mäst ˈpɑ:t;
 ənd ˈhwen, ɔ:(r) ˈhau, ɔ:(r) ˈhwɛə wi ˈmet,
 ai ˈoun, tū ˈmi:z ə ˈsi:krət ˈjet.

ˈlaif! wi (h)æv bim ˈlɔŋ tū ˈgeðə
 θru: ˈplezənt ˈænd θru: ˈklaudi ˈweðə;
 tiz ˈhɑ:d tə ˈpɑ:t hwen ˈfrendz ä ˈdiə—
 pə:ˈhæps twil ˈkə(:)st ə ˈsai, ə ˈtiə;—
 ðən ˈstil ä ˈwei, giv ˈlitl ˈwə:niŋ,
 ˈtʃu:z ðain ˈoun ˈtaim;
 ˈsei nət gud ˈnait,—băt ˈin sɑm ˈbraitə ˈklaɪm
 ˈbid mi: gud ˈmə:niŋ.

ANNA L. BARBAULD (1743—1825).

5.

LINES LEFT AT MR. THEODORE HOOK'S
 HOUSE IN JUNE, 1834.

æz ˈdik ənd ˈai
 wər ə ˈseiliŋ ˈbai
 ät ˈfuləm ˈbridʒ, ai ˈkəkt mi ˈai,
 ənd sez ˈai: “ædˈzʊks!
 “ðæz ˈθi:ədɔ: ˈhuks,
 “hu:z ˈsejiŋz ənd ˈdu:niŋz meik ˈsɑtʃ priti ˈbuks.”

"ai 'wʌndə," sez 'ai,
 stil 'ki:piŋ mi 'ai
 ɔn ðə 'haus, "if (h)i:z 'in—ai 'ʃʊd 'laik¹ tə 'traɪ."
 wið iz 'ɔ:(ə)r ɔn iz 'ni:
 sez 'dik, sez '(h)i:
 " 'fə:ðə, sə'pouz ju 'le:nd ənd 'si:!"

"hwət 'le:nd ənd 'si:,"
 sez 'ai tə 'hi:²,
 "tə'geðə! hwai 'dik, hwai 'hau kən ðæt 'bi:?"
 ənd mai 'kəmikəl 'sʌn,
 hu: iz 'fənd əv 'fʌn,
 ai 'θə:t wud əv 'split iz 'saidz ət ðə 'pʌn.

sou wi: 'rouz tə 'ʃɔ:(ə)(r),
 ənd 'nɒks ət ðə 'dɔ:(ə)(r)—
 hwɛn 'wiljəm, ə 'mæn aɪv si:n 'ɔ:fn bi'fɔ:(ə)(r),
 meiks 'ənsər ənd 'seiz³,
 "mɑ:stəz 'gɔn in ə 'ʃeiz
 "kɔ:ld ə 'hɒmnibəs⁴, 'drɔ:n baɪ ə 'kʌpl ə(v) 'beiz."

sou 'ai sez 'ðen,
 "dʒʌst 'lend mi ə 'pen";
 "ai 'wil, sə," sez 'wiljəm, pō'laitēst əv 'men;
 sou, 'hæviŋ nou 'kɑ:d, ði:z pō'etikəl 'breɪŋz
 ũ ðə 'rekɔ:d ai 'li:v əv mai 'du:ɪŋz ənd 'seɪŋz.

RICHARD H. BARHAM (1788—1845).

(*Thomas Ingoldsby.*)

¹ Or 'ʃʊd laik.

² *Bad grammar, deliberately used in ballads.*

³ *Pronunciation forced, to make rhyme. Usually sez, as in next stanza.*

⁴ *Vulgar form of 'ɒmnibəs.*

THE OCEAN.

ˈljʊ:tɪfʊl, sɔːbˈleɪm, ənd ˈglɔːrjəs ;
 ˈmaɪld, məˈdʒestɪk, ˈfoʊmɪŋ, ˈfriː,—
 ˈoʊvə ˈtaɪm ɪtˈself vɪkˈtɔːrjəs,
 ˈɪmɪdʒ ˈɔːv ɪˈtɔːnɪti !

ˈsæn, ənd ˈmuːn, ənd ˈstɑːz ʃaɪn ˈɔː(ə) ðiː,
 ˈsiː ðaɪ ˈsəːfəs ˈeb ənd ˈfloʊ ;
 ˈdʒet əˈtempt nɒt ˈtu ɪksˈplɔː(ə) ðiː
 ˈɪn ðaɪ ˈsaʊndləs ˈdepθs bɪˈloʊ.

ˈhweðə ˈmɔːnɪŋz ˈsplendɔːz ˈstiːp ðiː
 ˈwɪð ðə ˈreɪnbɔʊz ˈglouɪŋ ˈgreɪs,
 ˈtempests ˈraʊz, ɔː ˈneɪvɪz ˈswiːp ðiː,
 ˈtɪz bʌt ˈfɔːr ə ˈmoumɛnts ˈspeɪs.

ˈɔːθ—həː ˈvælɪz ənd həː ˈmaʊntɛnz,
 ˈmɔːtl ˈmænz bɪˈhests o(u)ˈbeɪ ;
 ˈðaɪ ʌnˈfæðəməbl ˈfaʊntɛnz
 ˈskɒf hɪz ˈsɔːtʃ, ənd ˈskɔːn hɪz ˈsweɪ.

ˈsʌtʃ ɑːt ˈðəʊ—stjuːˈpendəs ˈoʊʃ(ə)n !
 ˈbʌt, ɪf ˈoʊvəˈhwelmd baɪ ˈðiː,
 ˈkæn wɪː ˈθɪŋk, wɪˈðəʊt ɪˈmoʊʃ(ə)n,
 ˈhwət mʌst ˈðaɪ krɪˈeɪtə ˈbiː ?

BERNARD BARTON (1784—1849).

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

'aid bi: ə 'batəflai, 'bɔ:n in ə 'bauə(r)
 hwəə 'rouziz ənd 'liliz ənd 'vaiələts 'mi:t;
 'rouviŋ fɔr 'evə frəm 'flauə tə 'flauə(r),
 ənd 'kisiŋ ə:l 'bʌdz ðət ü 'priti ənd 'swi:t!
 'aid nevə 'læŋwiʃ fə 'welθ, ə: fə 'pauə(r);
 'aid nevə 'sai tə si: 'sleivz æt mai 'fi:t:
 'aid bi: ə 'batəflai 'bɔ:n in ə 'bauə(r),
 'kisiŋ ə:l 'bʌdz ðət ə 'priti ənd 'swi:t.

'ou kud ai 'pɪlfə ðə 'wənd əv ə 'fæəri,
 'aid hæv ə 'pɛər əv ðouz 'bjutiful 'wiŋz;
 ðəə 'samə deiz 'ræmbl iz 'spɔ:tiv ənd 'ɛəri,
 ðei 'sli:p in ə 'rouz hwen ðə 'naitiŋgeil siŋz.
 'ðouz hu: (h)æv 'welθ məst bi 'wɔ:tʃful ənd 'wɛəri;
 'pauər, əlɔs! nɔ:t bʌt 'mizəri 'briŋz!
 'aid bi: ə 'batəflai, 'spɔ:tiv ənd 'ɛəri,
 'rɔkt in ə 'rouz hwen ðə 'naitiŋgeil 'siŋz!

'hwɔt ðou ju 'tel mi i:tʃ 'gei litl 'rouvə
 'ʃriŋks frəm ðə 'breθ əv ðə 'fə:st ɔ:təm 'dei!
 'ʃuəli tiz 'betə hwen 'samər iz 'ouvə
 tə 'dai hwen ə:l 'fəə θiŋz ü 'feidiŋ ə'wei.
 'sʌm in laifs 'wintə mei 'tɔil tə dis'kʌvə
 'mi:nz əv prɔ'kjuəriŋ ə 'wiəri di'lei—
 'aid bi: ə 'batəflai; 'liviŋ ə 'rouvə,
 'dajiŋ hwen 'fəə θiŋz ü 'feidiŋ ə'wei!

THOMAS H. BAYLY (1797—1839).

MY EPITAPH.

hwen aim ˈded, ən mai ˈtu:mstoun ai ˈhoup ðei wil ˈsei,—
 hiə ˈlaiz ən ould ˈfelö, ðə ˈfou əv ə:l ˈkeə(r) ;
 wið ðə ˈdzu:s əv ðə ˈgreip hi: wud ˈməisn iz ˈklei,
 ənd, hwæəˈrevə(r) (h)i ˈwent, frəlɪk ˈfələd im ˈðeə(r).
 wið ðə ˈjʌŋ (h)i wud ˈla:f,
 wið ði ˈould (h)i wud ˈkwɑ:f,
 ənd ˈbæniʃ äˈfɑ:r ə:l ˈtreisiz əv ˈsəro ;
 ould ˈdʒerəm wud ˈsei—
 “ðou ðə ˈsʌn siŋks təˈdei,
 it iz ˈsə:tn tə ˈraiz ʌp æz ˈgeili təˈmərə.”

ðou ðə ˈsnouz əv ould ˈeidʒ nau mei ˈhwaitn (h)iz ˈbrau,
 it ˈnevə bai ˈglu:m wəz ə ˈmoumənt ə:ˈkɑ:st ;
 hiz ˈeidʒ, laik ðə ˈsʌnsət ðət ˈgli:mz ən əs ˈnau,
 tʃeist äˈwei wið its ˈbraitnəs ðə ˈklaudz tə ðə ˈla:st.
 wið ðə ˈjʌŋ (h)i wud ˈla:f,
 wið ði ˈould (h)i wud ˈkwɑ:f,
 ənd ˈbæniʃ äˈfɑ:r ə:l ˈtreisiz əv ˈsəro ;
 ould ˈdʒerəm wud ˈsei—
 “ðou ðə ˈsʌn siŋks təˈdei,
 it iz ˈsə:tn tə ˈraiz ʌp æz ˈgeili təˈmərə.”

SAMUEL BEAZLEY (1786—1851).

A SUMMER INVOCATION.

ou, 'dʒentl, 'dʒentl, 'sʌmə 'rein,
 let 'nɒt ðə 'silvə 'lili 'pain,
 ðə 'dru:piŋ 'lili 'pain in 'vein
 tə 'fi:l ðæt 'dju:ɪ 'tʌtʃ əv 'ðain—
 tə 'driŋk ðai 'freʃnēs 'wʌns ə'gein
 ou, 'dʒentl, 'dʒentl 'sʌmə 'rein!

in 'hi:t ðə 'lɛ:m(d)skeip 'kwiv(ə)riŋ 'laiz;
 ðə 'kætl 'pænt bi'ni:θ ðə 'tri:;
 θru: 'pɔ:tʃiŋ 'ɛər ənd 'pə:pl 'skaiz
 ði 'ə:θ luks 'ʌp in 'vein, fə 'ði:;
 fə 'ði:—fə: 'ði: it 'luks in 'vein,
 ou, 'dʒentl, 'dʒentl 'sʌmə 'rein!

'kʌm ðau, ənd 'brim ðə 'medo 'stri:mz,
 ənd 'sə:fn 'ɔ:l ðə 'hilz wið 'mist,
 ou 'fə:liŋ 'dju:ɪ frəm 'bæ:niŋ 'dri:mz
 bai 'ði: ʃæl 'hə:b ənd 'flaʊə bi 'kist;
 ænd 'ə:θ ʃæl 'bles ði: 'jet ə'gein,
 ou 'dʒentl, 'dʒentl 'sʌmə 'rein!

WM. COX BENNETT (1820—1895).

AN EXPOSTULATION.

hwɛn 'leit ai ə'temptid jə: 'piti tə 'mu:v,
 hwɒt 'meid ju so(u) 'def tə mai 'præz?
 pə:(r)'hæps it wəz 'rait tə di'sembl jö:(i) 'lʌv,
 bʌt—'hwai did ju 'kik mi daʊn'steəz?

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF (1735—1812?).

NURSE'S SONG.

hwen ðə 'voisiz öv 'tʃildrən ä 'hæd ən ðə 'grin
 ænd 'lɑ:fiŋ iz 'hæd ən ðə 'hil,
 mai 'hɑ:t iz æt 'rest wi'ðin mai 'brest,
 ænd 'evriθiŋ 'els iz 'stil.

ðen 'kɑm houm, mai 'tʃildrən, ðə 'sɑn iz gən 'daun,
 ænd ðə 'dju:z öv 'nait ä'raiz,
 kɑm, 'kɑm, li:v ə:f 'plei, ænd 'let əs ä'wei
 til ðə 'mə:niŋ ä'piəz in ðə 'skaiz.

nou, 'nou, let əs 'plei, fə:r it 'iz jet 'dei,
 ænd wi: 'kænət 'gou tə 'sli:p;
 bi'saidz in ðə 'skai ðə 'litl bædz 'flai,
 ænd ðə 'hilz ər ə:l 'kʌvəd wiθ 'ʃi:p.

wel, 'wel, gou ænd 'plei til ðə 'lait feidz ä'wei,
 ænd 'ðen gou 'houm tə 'bed.
 ðə 'litl wɑnz 'lept ænd 'ʃautid ænd 'lɑ:ft,
 ænd 'ə:l ðə 'hilz eko(u)'ed.

WM. BLAKE (1757—1827).

THE PIPER.

'paipiŋ 'daun ðə 'væliz 'waild,
 'paipiŋ 'səŋz öv 'plezənt 'gli:,
 'ən ə 'klaud ai 'sə: ə 'tʃaild,
 'ænd hi: 'lɑ:fiŋ 'sed tə 'mi: :

"paip ə 'səŋ ə'baut ə 'le:m"
 'sou ai 'paip wið 'meri 'tʃiə.
 "paipə, 'paip ðæt 'səŋ ə'ge(i)n;"
 'sou ai 'paip; hi(:) 'wept tə 'hiə.
 "drɒp ðai 'paip, ðai 'hæpi 'paip,
 "siŋ ðai 'səŋz əv 'hæpi 'tʃiə";
 'sou ai 'səŋ ðə 'seim ə'ge(i)n,
 'hwail hi(:) 'wept wið 'dʒɔi tə 'hiə.
 "paipə, 'sit ði: 'daun ənd 'rait
 "in ə 'buk ðæt 'ɔ:l mei 'ri:d—"
 'sou hi(:) 'væniʃt frəm mai 'sait;
 'ænd ai 'plakt ə 'həlo 'ri:d.
 'ænd ai 'meid ə 'ruərəl 'pen,
 'ænd ai 'steind ðə 'wɔ:tə 'kliə(r),
 'ænd ai 'rout mai 'hæpi 'səŋz,
 'evri 'tʃaɪld mei 'dʒɔi tə 'hiə(r).

WM. BLAKE.

13.

THE SHEPHERD.

hau 'swi:t iz ðə 'ʃepədz swi:t 'lɒt;
 frəm ðə 'mɔ:n tū ði 'i:vniŋ (h)i(:) 'streiz;
 hi: ʃæl 'fəlo (h)iz ʃi:p ɔ:l ðə 'dei,
 ənd (h)iz 'tʌŋ ʃæl bi 'filəd wið 'preiz.
 fə(r) (h)i 'hiəz ðə le:mz 'inösənt 'kɔ:l,
 ənd (h)i 'hiəz ðə ju:z 'tendə ri'plai;
 hi: iz 'wɒtʃful hwail 'ðei ər in 'pi:s,
 fə ðei 'nou hwen ðeə 'ʃepəd iz 'nai.

WM. BLAKE.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

ˈlʌv iz ˈlaɪk ðə ˈwaɪld rouz-ˈbraɪä ;
 ˈfren(d)ʃɪp ˈlaɪk ðə ˈhəli ˈtriː.
 ðə ˈhəli iz ˈdɑːk hwen ðə ˈrouz-braɪä ˈbluːmz,
 bʌt ˈhwɪʃ wɪl ˈbluːm moust ˈkɒnstäntli?

ðə ˈwaɪld rouz-ˈbraɪär iz ˈswɪt in ˈsprɪŋ,
 ɪts ˈsʌmə ˈblɒsəmz ˈsent ði ˈɛə(r);
 ʒet ˈweɪt tɪl ˈwɪntə ˈkʌmz äˈgeɪn,
 ænd ˈhuː wɪl ˈkɔːl ðə ˈwaɪld ˈbraɪä ˈfɛə(r)?

ðen ˈskəːm ðə ˈsɪli ˈrouz-riːθ ˈnau,
 ænd ˈdek ðiː ˈwɪð ðə ˈhəlɪz ˈʃɪn,
 ðæt ˈhwen dɪˈsembə ˈblaɪts ðai ˈbrau,
 hiː(ː) ˈstɪl meɪ ˈliːv ðai ˈgɑːlənd ˈgrɪn.

EMILY BRONTË (1818—1848).

SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG.

ˈhiː ðæt iz ˈdaʊn nɪːdz ˈfiə nou ˈfəːl;
 ˈhiː ðæt iz ˈlou nou ˈpraɪd;
 ˈhiː ðæt iz ˈhʌmbl ˈevə ˈʃæl
 hæv ˈgɒd tə ˈbiː hɪz ˈgɑɪd.

ˈaɪ æm kɒnˈtent wɪð ˈhwɒt aɪ ˈhæv,
 ˈlɪtl ˈbiː ɪt ɔː ˈmʌtʃ;
 ænd, ˈləɪd, kɒnˈtentmənt ˈstɪl aɪ ˈkreɪv,
 bɪˈkɒz ðau ˈseɪvɛst ˈsʌtʃ.

ˈfʊlnəs tə ˈsɑtʃ ə ˈbɑ:d(ə)n ˈiz,
 ðæt ˈgou ən ˈpɪlgrɪmˈeɪdʒ :
 hiə ˈlɪtl, ˈænd hiə ˈrɑ:ftə ˈblɪs,
 ɪz ˈbest frəm ˈeɪdʒ tu ˈeɪdʒ.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628—1688).

16.

A JACOBITE TOAST.

gɒd ˈbles ðə ˈkɪŋ!—aɪ ˈmi:n ðə ˈfeɪθs dɪˈfendə ;
 gɒd ˈbles (nou ˈhɑ:m ɪn ˈblesɪŋ!) ðə prɪˈtendə!
 bʌt ˈhu: prɪˈtendər ˈɪz, ə: ˈhu: ðə ˈkɪŋ,
 gɒd ˈbles ʌs ˈɔɪl!—ðæts ˈkwaɪt əˈnʌðə ˈθɪŋ.

J. BYROM (1692—1763).

17.

SONNET ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

ɪ:ˈtə:nəl ˈspɪrɪt əv ðə ˈtʃeɪnləs ˈmaɪnd!
 ˈbræɪtəst ɪn ˈdʌndʒənz, ˈlɪbətɪ, ðəu ˈɑ:t—
 fə ˈðeə ðaɪ hæbɪˈteɪʃ(ə)n ɪz ðə ˈhɑ:t—
 ðə ˈhɑ:t hwɪtʃ ˈlʌv əv ˈði: əloun kæn ˈbaɪnd ;

ənd ˈhwɛn ðaɪ ˈsɑnz tə ˈfetəz ði kænˈsaɪnd,
 tə ˈfetəz, ænd ðə ˈdæmp vɔ:lts ˈdeɪləs ˈglu:m,
 ðeə ˈkʌntri ˈkɔŋkəz wɪð ðeə ˈmɑ:tədu:m
 ənd ˈfrɪ:dəmz ˈfeɪm faɪndz ˈwɪŋz ən ˈevri ˈwaɪnd.

ˈʝi:ʝō! ðai ˈpriz(ə)n iz ə ˈhouli ˈpleis
 ənd ðai seɪd ˈflə:(ə)r ən ˈɔ:l-tä, ˈfə: twəz ˈtrəd,
 ʌn ˈtil hiz veri ˈsteps (h)əv ˈleft ə ˈtreis
 ˈwə:m əz if ˈðai ˈkouˈld ˈpeivmənt wər ə ˈsəd,
 bai ˈbəniva! mei ˈnʌn ðouz mə:ks ẽˈfeis!
 fə: ˈðei ǎˈpi:l frəm ˈtirəni tū ˈgəd.

LORD BYRON (1788—1824).

18.

SONG, TO A HEBREW MELODY.

ˈsʌn əv ðə ˈsli:pləs! ˈmelənköli ˈstɑ:!
 hu:z ˈtiəful ˈbi:m glouz ˈtremjüləsli ˈfɑ:,
 ðæt ˈʃoust ðə ˈdü:knəs ˈðau kænst nət disˈp.l,
 hau ˈlaik ʌt ˈðau tū ˈdʒəi riˈmembəd ˈwel!

sou ˈgli:mz ðə ˈpɑ:st, ðə ˈlait əv ʌðə ˈdeiz,
 hwitʃ ˈʃainz, bät ˈwə:mz nət ˈwið its pauələs ˈreiz;
 ə ˈnait-bi:m ˈsəro ˈwətʃəθ tū biˈhould,
 disˈtinkt bät ˈdistənt—ˈkliə, bät, ou, hau ˈkould.

LORD BYRON.

19.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

ən ˈlindən, ˈhwen ðə ˈsʌn wöz ˈlou,
 ə:l ˈblɑdləs ˈlei ði ʌn ˈtrədən ˈsnou
 änd ˈdɑ:k əz ˈwintə ˈwöz ðə ˈflou
 əv ˈi:zə, ˈrouliŋ ˈræpidli.

bat 'lindēn 'joud ə'naðə 'sait,
'hwen ðə dram 'bit æt 'ded əv 'nait,
kō'mɑ:ndiŋ 'faiz əv 'deθ tə 'lait
ðə 'dɑ:knēs 'əv hæ: 'si:nəri.

bai 'tə:tʃ ənd 'trampət 'fɑ:st ā'reid
i:tʃ 'hə:smæn 'dru: (h)iz 'bætl 'bleid,
ənd 'fjuəriəs 'evri 'tʃɑ:dʒə 'neid,
tə 'dʒəin ðə 'dredful 'rev(ə)lri.

ðen 'ʃuk ðə 'hilz, wiθ 'θʌndə 'iivn;
ðen 'rʌʃt ðə 'sti:d tə 'bætl 'drivn;
ənd 'laudə ðən ðə 'boults əv 'hevn
'fɑ: 'flæʃt ðə 'red a'tiləri.

bat 'redə 'jet ðæt 'lait ʃæl 'glou,
ən 'lindēnz 'hilz əv 'steined 'snou;
ənd 'blɑ:dijə 'jet ðə 'tərənt 'flou
əv 'i:zə, 'rouliŋ 'ræpidli.

tiz 'mɔ:n; bat 'skeəs jən 'levəl 'sæn
kæn 'piəs ðə 'wɔ:klaud 'rouliŋ 'dʌn,
hwæə 'fjuəriəs 'fræŋk ənd 'faieri 'hæn
'ʃaut in ðeə 'sʌlf(ə)rəs 'kænöpi.

ðə 'kʌmbæt 'di:pənz. 'ən ji: 'breiv!
hu: 'rʌʃ tə 'glɔ:ri 'ə: ðə 'greiv!
'weiv mju:niç! 'əl ðai 'bænəz 'weiv,
ənd 'tʃɑ:dʒ wið 'əl ðai 'ʃivəlri!

ˈfju:, ˈfju: ʃæl ˈpɑ:t hwə ˈmeni ˈmi:t!
 ðə ˈsnou ʃæl ˈbi: ðə ˈwaɪndɪŋ-ˈʃi:t,
 ənd ˈəvri ˈtə:f biˈni:θ ðə ˈfi:t
 ʃæl ˈbi: ə ˈsouldʒəz ˈsep(ə)lkə!

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777—1844).

20.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

ˈstɑ: ðæt ˈbrɪŋəst ˈhoum ðə ˈbi:,
 ənd ˈsetst ðə ˈwiəri ˈleib(ə)rə ˈfri:!
 ɪf ˈeni ˈstɑ: ʃed ˈpi:s, tɪz ˈðau,
 ðæt ˈsendst ɪt ˈfrəm ˈæˈbʌv,
 ˈæˈpiəriŋ ˈhwen hevnz ˈbreθ ənd ˈbrau
 ü ˈswi:t æz ˈhə:z wi ˈlʌv.

ˈkʌm tū ðə ˈlʌkzˈjuəriənt ˈskaɪz,
 ˈhwailst ðə ˈleɪn(d)skeɪps ˈoudəz ˈraɪz,
 hwailst ˈfɑ:r-ə:f ˈlouɪŋ ˈhə:dz ü(r) ˈhə:d,
 ənd ˈsəŋz, hwen ˈtəɪl ɪz ˈdʌn,
 frəm ˈkətɪdʒɪz hu:z ˈsmouk ʌnˈstæ:d
 kə:lz ˈjelo(u) ˈɪn ðə ˈsʌn.

ˈstɑ:r əv ˈlʌvz səɪft ˈɪntəvju:z
 ˈpɑ:tɪd ˈlʌvəz ˈən ði: ˈmju:z;
 ˈðə riˈmembrənsər ɪn ˈhevn
 əv ˈθrɪlɪŋ ˈvaʊz ðau ˈɑ:t,
 ˈtu: diˈliʃəs tū bi ˈrɪvn
 baɪ ˈæbsəns ˈfrəm ðə ˈhɑ:t

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

ˈhi: ðət ˈlavz ə ˈrouzi ˈtʃi:k,
 ˈɔ:r ə ˈkərəl ˈlip ədˈmaɪəz
 ˈɔ: frəm ˈstɑ:l-aɪk ˈaɪz dʌθ ˈsi:k
 ˈfju:əl ˈtū me(i)nˈteɪn (h)ɪz ˈfaɪəz;
 ˈæz ould ˈtaɪm meɪks ˈði:z diˈkeɪ,
 ˈsou hɪz ˈfleɪmz mæst ˈweɪst əˈwei.

ˈbʌt ə ˈsmu:ð ənd ˈstedfæst ˈmaɪnd,
 ˈdʒentl ˈθə:ts ənd ˈkɑ:m diˈzaɪəz.
 ˈhɑ:ts wɪð ˈi:kwəl ˈlav kəmˈbaɪnd
 ˈkindl ˈnevə ˈdɑ:ɪŋ ˈfaɪəz:—
 ˈhwæə ði:z ˈɑ: nɒt, ˈaɪ dɪsˈpaɪz
 ˈlavli ˈtʃi:ks ə(:) ˈlɪps ə(:)r ˈaɪz.

T. CAREW (1595 —1639?).

SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW.

ʃi: ˈɪz nɒt ˈfeə tu ˈaʊtwəd ˈvju:
 æz ˈmeni ˈmeɪdɛnz ˈbi:;
 hɜ: ˈlavlɪnɛs aɪ ˈnevə ˈnju:
 ænˈtɪl ʃi ˈsmæɪld ən ˈmi:
 ou ˈðen aɪ ˈsə: hɜr ˈaɪ wəz ˈbraɪt,
 ə ˈwel əv ˈlav, ə ˈsprɪŋ əv ˈlaɪt.

bät 'nau hæ: 'luks ü 'køi ænd 'kould
 tü 'main ðei 'næə ri'plai,
 ænd 'jet ai 'si:s nət tü bi'hould
 ðə 'læv-lait 'in (h)ə:r 'ai:
 hæ: 'veri 'fraunz ü 'fæərə 'fɑ:
 ðæn 'smaiz öv 'ʌðə 'meidänz 'ɑ:.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1796—1849).

23.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

du: ju 'ɑ:sk hwət ðə 'bæ:dz sei? ðe 'spæro, ðə
 'dæv,
 ðə 'linit ænd 'θrʌʃ sei, "ai 'læv, ænd ai 'læv!"
 in ðə 'wintə ðeə 'sailənt, ðə 'w(a)ind iz so(u) 'strɔ:ʃ:
 hwət it 'sez ai dount 'nou, bät it 'si:ʒ ə laud
 'sɔ:ʃ.
 bət 'grin li:vz, ænd 'bləsəmz, ænd 'sani wɔ:m
 'weðə(r),
 ænd 'si:ʃi: ænd 'lævi:ʃ—ɔ:l 'kʌm be:k tü'geðə(r),
 bät ðə 'lɑ:k iz sou 'brimful öv 'gle:dnəs ænd 'læv,
 ðə 'grin fi:ldz bi'lou (h)im, ðə 'blu: skai ä'bæv,
 ðæt (h)i(:) 'si:ʒ, ænd (h)i(:) 'si:ʒ, ænd fɔ:r 'evə si:ʒ
 'hi:
 "ai 'læv m(a)i 'læv, ænd m(a)i 'læv lævz 'mi:."

S. T. COLERIDGE (1772—1834).

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

ˈhwɛər iz ðə ˈgreiv əv sər ˈɑːθər oʻkelin?
 ˈhwɛə me(i) ðə ˈgreiv əv ðæt ˈgud mæn ˈbiː?—
 bæi ðə ˈsaɪd əv ə ˈsprɪŋ, ən ðə ˈbrest əv heˈlvelɪn,
 ˈlændə ðə ˈtwɪgz əv ə ˈʤaŋ ˈbɔːtʃ ˈtriː!
 ði ˈoʊk ðæt in ˈsɑmə wəz ˈswɪt tū ˈhiər,
 ənd ˈrɑsld its ˈliːvz in ðə ˈfəɪl əv ðə ˈʤiər,
 ənd ˈhwɪsld ənd ˈrɔː(ə)d in ðə ˈwɪntər ɑˈloun,
 iz ˈgɒn,—ənd ðə ˈbɔːtʃ in its ˈsted iz ˈgroun—
 ðə ˈnaɪts ˈbounz ũ ˈdɑst,
 ənd (h)iz ˈgud ˈsəɪd ˈrɑst;—
 hiz ˈsoul iz ˈwið ðə ˈseɪnts aɪ ˈtrɑst.

S. T. COLERIDGE

SOMETHING CHILDISH BUT VERY NATURAL.

ˈɪf aɪ hæd ˈbɑt tuː ˈlɪtl ˈwɪŋz,
 ənd ˈwɛər ə ˈlɪtl ˈfeð(ə)rɪ ˈbɔːd,
 tu ˈjuː aɪd ˈflaɪ, m(a)ɪ ˈdiə(r)!
 bɑt ˈθɔːts laɪk ˈðɪz ʊr ˈaɪdl ˈθɪŋz,
 ənd ˈaɪ ˈsteɪ ˈhiə(r).

bɑt ˈɪn maɪ ˈslɪp tə ˈjuː aɪ ˈflaɪː
 ˈaɪm ˈɔːlw(e)ɪz ˈwið ju ˈɪn m(a)ɪ ˈslɪp,
 ðə ˈwɔːld iz ˈɔːl wɑnz ˈoun.
 bɑt ˈðen wʌn ˈweɪks, ənd ˈhwɛər æm ˈaɪ?
 ˈɔːl, ˈɔːl ɑˈloun.

sli:p ˈsteiz nət ˈðou ə ˈmənək ˈbidz:
 so(u) ai ˈlʌv tə ˈweik əθ ˈbreik əv ˈdei:
 fə(:) ˈðou m(a)i ˈsli:p bi ˈgən,
 jet, ˈhwail tiz ˈda:k, wʌn ˈʃʌts wʌnz ˈlidz,
 ɛnd ˈstil ˈdri:mz ˈɔn.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

26.

THE GOLDEN FARMER.

ˈhwail aim ˈblest wið ˈhelθ ɛnd ˈplenti,
 ˈlet mi ˈliv ə ˈdʒəli, dʒəli ˈdæg;
 ˈfə:r əz ˈblaið əz ˈfaiv ɛn ˈtwenti
 ˈθru: ðə ˈwə:ld ai ˈwiʃ tə ˈdʒæg.

əz fə ˈgreitə ˈfouks ə: ˈritʃə(r)—
 ˈhwail ai ˈpei bouθ ˈskət ɛnd ˈlɒt,
 ænd in ˈdʒəi mai ˈfrend ænd ˈpitʃə(r),
 ˈaiv ə ˈkiŋdəm ˈin ə ˈkɒt.

ˈflɒks ɛnd ˈhæ:dz in ˈfi:ldz, ə:l ˈnai ˈtu:,
 ˈkɔ:m ɛnd ˈklouvə, ˈbi:nz ɛnd ˈpi:s,
 ænd in ˈhen jəd, ˈpənd ɛnd ˈstai ˈtu:,
 ˈpigz ɛnd ˈpoultri, ˈdʌks ɛnd ˈgi:s.

ˈhwail mai ˈfɑ:m ðʌs ˈkʌts ə ˈdæʃ ˈtu:,
 ˈpuə fouks ˈdeili ˈleib(ə)riŋ ˈɔnt,
 hu(:) ɪ lau, ˈsku, ɛnd ˈri:p, ɛnd ˈθræʃ ˈtu:—
 ˈail bi ˈθræʃt if ˈðei ʃæl ˈwɒnt.

'hi: hu 'stiks (h)iz 'naif in 'roust 'mit
 ænd fō 'nambəz 'hæz tə 'kɑ:v,—
 'mei ðə 'tʃəl ðə 'hwipiŋ 'poust 'mit,
 'if hi: 'stafs—ænd 'lets ðem 'stɑ:v.

ænd hwen 'ai, laik 'neibə 'skwi:zəm,
 'plət ən 'ski:m, ðə 'pə:(ə) tə 'drein,
 'ə: wið 'bædzə 'dʒəin, tə 'flis əm,
 'bædzə 'mi: f(ə)r ə 'roug in 'grein.

'hi: fō 'ðæt hu: 'tilz ænd 'kaltʃəz
 'nau mei 'lɑ:f, bāt 'hwen ould 'skrætʃ
 'spredz (h)iz 'net fō 'ʃɑ:ks ən 'valtʃəz,
 'hwət ə 'swə:m hi:l 'hæv tə 'kætʃ!

'hi:ps əv 'grein ðen 'let ðəm 'hə:(ə)d ʌp;—
 'hi:ps əv 'welθ hwail 'ðei kaunt 'ə:(ə)(r),
 'əl ðə 'trezəz 'ai (h)əv 'stə:(ə)d ʌp
 'ɑ: ðə 'blesiŋz 'əv ðə 'pə:(ə)(r).

JOHN COLLINS (d. 1808).

27.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

ðə 'pəpləz ü 'feld, fə'wel tə ðə 'ʃeid,
 ænd ðə 'hwispəriŋ 'saundz əv ðə 'ku:l kəl'neid;
 ðə 'w(a)indz plei nou 'lɒŋgər ænd 'siŋ in ðə 'li:vz
 nə:r 'u:z ən (h)iz 'buzəm ðeər 'imidʒ rɪ'si:vz.

twelv 'jə:z (h)əv i'lapst sins ai 'lɑ:st tuk ə 'vju:
 əv mai 'feivərit 'fi:ld, ænd ðə 'bæŋk hwəð ðei 'gru:;
 ænd 'nau in ðə 'grɑ:s, bi'hould ðei ü 'leid,
 ænd ðə 'tri: iz mai 'sɪt, ðæt wəns 'lent mi ə 'ʃeid.

ðə ˈblækbeɪd (h)əz ˈfled tu əˈnʌðə riˈtri:t,
 hwɛə ðə ˈheɪzlz əˈfə:d (h)ɪm ə ˈskri:n frəm ðə ˈhi:t,
 ænd ðə ˈsɪn, hwɛə(r) (h)ɪz ˈmelədi ˈtʃɑ:mɪd mi biˈfə:(ə),
 riˈzaʊndz wið (h)ɪz ˈswi:t-flouɪŋ ˈditi nou ˈmə:(ə).

maɪ ˈfju:dʒɪtɪv ˈjə:z ʊr ə:l ˈheɪstɪŋ əˈwei,
 ənd ˈaɪ mʌst ɛə ˈlɒŋ laɪ əz ˈləʊli əz ˈðei,
 wið ə ˈtə:f ən m(a)i ˈbrest, ənd ə ˈstoun ət m(a)i ˈhed,
 ɛər əˈnʌðə sʌtʃ ˈgrouv ʃæl əˈraɪz ɪn ɪts ˈsted.

tɪz ə ˈsaɪt tu ɪnˈgeɪdʒ mi(:), ɪf ˈeniθɪŋ ˈkæn,
 tə ˈmju:z ən ðə ˈperɪʃɪŋ ˈplezəz əv ˈmæn;
 ðo(u) (h)ɪz ˈlaɪf bi: ə ˈdri:m, hɪz ɪnˈdʒəɪmənts, aɪ ˈsi:
 hæv ə ˈbi:ŋ les ˈdʒuərəbl ˈi:v(ə)n ðən ˈhi:.

WM. COWPER (1731—1800).

28.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

ə ˈwet ˈʃi:t ənd ə ˈflouɪŋ ˈsi:
 ə ˈwɪnd ðæt ˈfəloz ˈfɑ:st
 ənd ˈfɪlz ðə ˈhwaɪt ənd ˈrʌsliŋ ˈseɪl
 ənd ˈbendz ðə ˈgælənt ˈmɑ:st;
 ənd ˈbendz ðə ˈgælənt ˈmɑ:st, mi ˈbɔɪz,
 hwɑɪl ˈlaɪk ði ˈi:gl ˈfri:
 əˈwei ðə ˈgʊd ʃɪp ˈflaɪz, ənd ˈli:vz
 ould ˈɪŋglənd ˈən ðə ˈli:.

'ou fɔr ə 'sə(:)ft ənd dʒentl 'wind!
 ai 'hiər ə 'fɛə wʌn 'krai;
 bāt 'gɪv tə 'mi: ðə 'snɔ:riŋ 'brɪz
 ənd 'hwaɪt weɪvz 'hi:viŋ 'hai;
 ənd 'hwaɪt weɪvz 'hi:viŋ 'hai, mi 'lædz.
 ðə 'gud ʃɪp 'taɪt ənd 'fri:—
 ðə 'wɔ:ld əv 'wɔ:təz 'ɪz auə 'houm,
 ənd 'meri 'men ũ 'wi:.

ðeəz 'tempest 'ɪn jən 'hɔ:nəd 'mu:n,
 ənd 'laɪtnɪŋ 'ɪn jən 'klaud;
 bāt 'hɑ:k ðə 'mju:zɪk, 'mæri nəz!
 ðə 'wind ɪz 'paɪpiŋ 'laud;
 ðə 'wind ɪz 'paɪpiŋ 'laud, mi 'bɔ:z,
 ðə 'laɪtnɪŋ 'flæʃɪz 'fri:—
 hwail ðə 'həlou 'ouk auə 'pæləs 'ɪz,
 auə 'heri'tɪdʒ ðə 'si:.

A. CUNNINGHAM (1784—1842).

29.

MAY-DAY.

'kwɪ:m əv 'freʃ 'flaʊəz
 hu:m 'və:nəl 'stɑ:z o'bei,
 'brɪŋ ðai wə:m 'ʃaʊəz,
 'brɪŋ ðai 'dʒi:njəl 'rei.
 ɪn 'neɪtʃəz 'grɪ:nəst 'lɪv(ə)ri 'drest
 dɪ'send ən 'ə:θs ɪks'pektənt 'brest,
 tu 'ə:θ ənd 'hevn ə 'welkəm 'rest,
 ðau 'meri 'mʌnθ əv 'meɪ!

ˈmɑ:k! ˈhau wi ˈmi:t ði:
 æt ˈdɔ:n öv ˈdʒu:i ˈdei!
 ˈhɑ:k ˈhau wi ˈgri:t ði:
 ˈwið auə ˈraundiˈlei!
 hwail ˈɔ:l ðə ˈgudli ˈθiŋz ðæt ˈbi:
 in ˈə:θ ənd ˈɛər ənd ˈæmpl ˈsi:
 ü ˈweikiŋ ˈʌp tü ˈwelkəm ˈði:
 ðau ˈmeri ˈmʌnθ öv ˈmei!

ˈflɔks ˈən ðə ˈmauntənz,
 ənd ˈbɔ:dz ʌˈpən ðɛə ˈsprei,
 ˈtri:, ˈtɔ:f, ənd ˈfauntənz
 ˈɔ:l hould ˈhəliˈdei;
 ənd ˈlʌv, ðə ˈlaif öv ˈliviŋ ˈθiŋz,
 lʌv ˈweivz (h)iz ˈtɔ:tʃ ənd ˈklæps (h)iz ˈwiŋz,
 ənd ˈlaud ənd ˈwaid ðai ˈpreiziz ˈsiŋz,
 ðau ˈmeri ˈmʌnθ öv ˈmei.

REGINALD HEBER (1783—1826).

30.

COUNSEL TO GIRLS.

ˈgæðə ʒi:(ː) ˈrouzɒdz ˈhwail ʒi:(ː) ˈmei,
 ould ˈtaim iz ˈstil ä-ˈflaiŋ:
 ənd ˈðis seim ˈflauə ðət ˈsmaɪlz təˈdei
 təˈmɔrə ˈwil bi ˈdaiŋ.

ðə ˈglɔ:riəs ˈlæmp əv ˈhevn, ðə ˈsʌn,
 ðə ˈhaie ˈhi:z ä-ˈgetiŋ
 ðə ˈsu:nə ˈwil (h)iz ˈreis bi ˈrʌn,
 ænd ˈniərə ˈhi:z tə ˈsetiŋ.

ðæt 'eidz iz 'best hwitʃ 'iz ðə 'fə:st.
 hwɛn 'ju:θ ənd 'blɑd ðə 'wɔ:mə;
 bāt 'bi:ɪŋ 'spɛnt, ðə 'wɔ:s, ənd 'wɔ:st
 taimz, 'stil sæk'si:d ðə 'fɔ:mə.

ðən 'bi: nɒt 'kɔi, bāt 'ju:z jə 'taim;
 ænd 'hwail ji(:) 'mei, gou 'mæri;
 fɔ: 'hæviŋ 'lə:st bāt 'wʌns jə 'praɪm,
 ju 'mei fɔr 'evə 'tæri.

R. HERRICK (1591—1674).

31.

TO DAFFODILS.

fə 'dæfɔ'dilz, wi(:) 'wi:p tə 'si:
 ju(:) 'heɪst ə'wei so(u) 'su:n;
 æz 'jet ði 'ə:li 'raiziŋ 'sʌn
 hæz 'nɒt æ'teɪnd (h)iz 'nu:n:
 'steɪ, 'steɪ
 ʌn'til ðə 'heɪsniŋ 'deɪ
 hæz 'rʌn
 'bʌt tə ði 'i:vən'sɔŋ;
 ænd 'hæviŋ 'preɪd tū'geðə, 'wi:
 wɪl 'gou wɪð 'ju: ə'lɔŋ!

ˈwi: (h)æv ʃɔ:t ˈtaim tə ˈstei, æz ˈju:
 wi:(i) ˈhæv æz ˈʃɔ:t ə ˈsprɪŋ,
 æz ˈkwɪk ə ˈgrouθ tə ˈmɪ:t diˈkei,
 æz ˈju: ɔ:r ˈeniˈθiŋ,
 ˈwi: ˈdai
 æz ˈjɔ:(ə)r auəz ˈdu:; ənd ˈdraɪ
 äˈwei
 ˈlaɪk tə ðə ˈsʌməz ˈreɪn,
 ɔ:r ˈæz ðə ˈpə:lz ɔv ˈmə:nɪŋ ˈdju:,
 ˈneə tə bi ˈfaund äˈgeɪn.

ROBERT HERRICK.

32.

THE NIGHT-PIECE.

hɜr ˈaɪz ðə ˈglou-wə:m ˈlend ˈði:,
 ðə ˈʃu:ɪŋ ˈstɑ:z æˈtend ði:;
 ənd ðə ˈlɪtl ˈelvz ɔ:lˈsou,
 hu:z ˈlɪtl ˈaɪz ˈglou
 laɪk ðə ˈspɑ:ks ɔv ˈfaɪə, biˈfrend ˈði:.

 nou ˈwɪl-ə-ðə-ˈwɪsp mɪsˈlaɪt ˈði:,
 nɔ: ˈsneɪk ɔ: ˈslou-wə:m ˈbaɪt ˈði:;
 bʌt ˈən, ˈən ðai ˈwei,
 nət ˈmeɪkɪŋ ə ˈsteɪ,
 sɪns ˈgoust ð(ɛ)əz ˈnʌn tu äˈfraɪt ˈði:.

 let ˈnət ðə ˈdɑ:k ði: ˈkʌmbə;
 ˈhwət ðou ðə ˈmu:n dʌz ˈslʌmbə?
 ðə ˈstɑ:z ɔv ðə ˈnaɪt
 wɪl ˈlend ði:(i) ðɛ(ə) ˈlaɪt,
 laɪk ˈteɪpəz ˈkli:ə, wɪðaut ˈnʌmbə.

ðen, 'dʒu:ljə, 'let mi 'wu: ði:
 ðʌs, 'ðʌs, tū 'kʌm ʌɪ'tu: mi:;
 ænd 'hwen ai 'mi:t
 ðai 'silv(ə)ri 'fi:t,
 məi 'soul aɪl 'pə:(ə)r in'tu: ði:.

ROBERT HERRICK.

33.

VIOLETS.

'welkəm, 'meɪdz əv 'ənə!
 'ju: du 'brɪŋ
 'ɪn ðə 'sprɪŋ,
 'ænd 'weɪt ə'pən (h)ə.

'ʃi: hæθ 'və:dʒɪnz 'meni,
 'freʃ ənd 'fɛə;
 'jet ju(:) 'ɛə¹
 'mə:(ə) 'swɪ:t ðən 'eni.

'juə ðə 'meɪdən 'pouzɪz;
 'ænd so(u) 'greɪst,
 'tu bi 'pleɪst
 'fə:(ə) 'dæmæsk 'rouzɪz.

'jet, ðou 'ðʌs rɪ'spektɪd,
 'baɪ ənd 'baɪ
 'ʃi: du(:) 'laɪ
 'pu:ə 'gə:lz nəg'lektɪd.

ROBERT HERRICK.

¹ *Provincial pronunciation. Modern standard* a(r).

PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY!

ˈpæk, klaudz, əˈwei! ənd ˈwelkəm, ˈdeɪ!
 wið ˈnait wi ˈbæniʃ ˈsəro(u):
 ˈswi:t ə, blo(u) ˈsɔ:(i)ft! ˈmaunt, lɑ:k, əˈlɔ:(i)ft!
 tū ˈbid. mai ˈlʌv gud-ˈməro(u);
 ˈwiŋz frəm ðə ˈwaɪnd, tū ˈpli:z hə: ˈmaɪnd,
 ˈnautz frəm ðə ˈlɑ:k ail ˈbəro(u).
 ˈbɔ:d, ˈpru:n ðai ˈwiŋ! ˈnaitɪŋ ˈgeɪl, ˈsiŋ!
 tū ˈgɪv mai ˈlʌv gud-ˈməro(u).
 tū ˈgɪv mai ˈlʌv gud-ˈməro(u),
 ˈnouts frəm ðəm ˈɔ:l ail ˈbəro(u).

ˈweɪk frəm ðai ˈnest, ˈrəbɪn redˈbrest!
 ˈsiŋ, bæ:dz, ɪn ˈevri ˈfʌro(u)!
 ˈænd frəm i:tʃ ˈhɪl let ˈmju:zɪk ˈʃrɪl
 ˈgɪv mai fɛə ˈlʌv gud-ˈməro(u).
 ˈblækbe:d ənd ˈθrʌʃ, ɪn ˈevri ˈbʌʃ¹,
 ˈstɛə², lɪnɪt, ˈænd kək-ˈspəro(u),
 ju:(i) ˈprɪti ˈelvz—əˈmʌŋst jɔ:(i)(ə)ˈselvz
 ˈsiŋ mai fɛə ˈlʌv gud-ˈməro(u)!
 tū ˈgɪv mai ˈlʌv gud-ˈməro(u),
 ˈsiŋ bæ:dz ɪn ˈevri ˈfʌro(u).

THOMAS HEYWOOD (d. 1649?).

¹ *Modern standard* buʃ. ² *Another name for stailɪŋ.*

THE DEATH-BED.

wi: ˈwɒtʃt hæ: ˈbri:ðɪŋ ˈθru: ðə ˈnait,
 hæ ˈbri:ðɪŋ ˈsə(:)ft ænd ˈlou,
 ˈæz in hæ(:) ˈbrest ðə ˈweiv öv ˈlaif
 kept ˈhi:viŋ ˈtu: ænd ˈfrou!

so(u) ˈsailəntli wi: ˈsi:md tə ˈspi:k—
 so(u) ˈslouli ˈmu:vd äˈbaut!
 ˈæz wi: (h)əd ˈlent (h)ə: ˈhæ:f auə ˈpauəz
 tu ˈi:k hæ: ˈli:vɪŋ ˈaut!

auə ˈveri ˈhoups biˈlaid auə ˈfiəz,
 auə ˈfiəz auə ˈhoups biˈlaid—
 wi: ˈθɔ:t (h)ə: ˈdajɪŋ ˈhwen ʃi ˈslept,
 ænd ˈsli:piŋ ˈhwen ʃi ˈdaɪd!

fö ˈhwen ðə ˈmɔ:n keim, ˈdim ænd ˈsæd,
 ænd ˈtʃil wið ˈə:li ˈʃauəz,
 hæ: ˈkwaiət ˈailidz ˈklouzd—ʃi(:) ˈhæd
 äˈnʌðə ˈmɔ:n ðæn ˈauəz.

T. HOOD (1799—1845).

REMEMBRANCES.

ai riˈmembə(r), ai riˈmembə
 ðə ˈhaus hwæər ai wəz ˈbɔ:n,
 ðə ˈlɪtl ˈwɪndə, ˈhwæə ðə ˈsʌn
 keim ˈpi:piŋ ˈin æt ˈmɔ:n:

hi(ɪ) ˈnevə ˈkeim ə ˈwiŋk tu: ˈsu:n,
nə: ˈbrɔ:t tu: ˈlɔŋ ə ˈdei,
bät ˈnau ai ˈɔ:fn ˈwiʃ ðə ˈnait
hæd ˈbɔ:n mai ˈbreθ ə ˈwei!

ai riˈmembə(r), ai riˈmembə
ðə ˈrouziz, red ənd ˈhwait,
ðə ˈvaiöləts, ənd ðə ˈlili-kaps,
ðouz ˈflauəz meid əv ˈlait!
ðə ˈlailäks, hwæə ðə ˈrəbin bilt,
ənd ˈhwæə mai ˈbrʌðə ˈset
ðə lãˈbɔ:nəm ən (h)iz ˈbɔ:θdei:
ðə ˈtri: iz ˈliviŋ ˈjet!

ai riˈmembə(r), ai riˈmembə
ˈhwæər ai ju:s(t) tū ˈswiŋ,
ənd ˈθɔ:t ði ɛə mäst ˈrʌʃ æz ˈfreʃ
tū ˈswəlo(u)z ən ðə ˈwiŋ.
mai ˈspirit flu: in ˈfeðə(:)z ˈðen,
ðæt ˈiz so(u) ˈhevi ˈnau;
ænd ˈsʌmə ˈpu:lz küd ˈhɑ:dli ˈku:l
ðə ˈfi:vər ən mai ˈbrau!

ai riˈmembə(r), ai riˈmembə
ðə ˈfə: tri:z, ˈdɑ:k ənd ˈhai;
ai ˈju:st tə θiŋk ðesə ˈslendə ˈtɔps
w(ɛ)ə ˈklous äge(i)nst ðə ˈskai:
ˈit wəz ə tʃaildiʃ ˈignörəns:
bät ˈnau tiz litl ˈdʒɔi
tū ˈnou aim ˈfə:ðər ˈɔ:f fröm ˈhevn
ðæn ˈhwen ai wəz ə ˈbɔi.

THOMAS HOOD.

JENNY KISSED ME.

ˈdʒɪni ˈkɪst mi ˈhwen wi ˈmet
 ˈdʒʌmpɪŋ frəm ðə ˈtʃɛə ʃi ˈsæt in ;
 ˈtaɪm, jü ˈθi:f ! hu(:) ˈlʌv tə ˈget
 ˈswɪ:ts intü jö(:) ˈlist, put ˈðæt in.
 ˈsei aim ˈwiəri, ˈsei aim ˈsæd ;
 ˈsei ðæt ˈhelθ ənd ˈwelθ (h)əv ˈmɪst mi(:) ;
 ˈsei aim ˈgrouɪŋ ˈould, bʌt ˈæd
 ˈdʒɪni ˈkɪst mi(:).

LEIGH HUNT (1784—1859).

THE ARCTIC EXPLORER'S WIDOW.

hwen ˈspæro(u)z ˈbɪld ənd ðə ˈli:vz breɪk ˈfə:θ,
 maɪ ˈould səro(u) ˈweɪks ənd ˈkraɪz,
 fɔr ai ˈnou ð(ɛ)ər ɪz ˈdɔ:n in ðə ˈfɑ:, fɑ: ˈnə:θ,
 ənd ə ˈskɑ:lət ˈsʌn dʌθ ˈraɪz ;
 laɪk ə ˈskɑ:lət ˈfli:s ðə ˈsnou-fɪ:ld ˈspredz,
 ənd ði ˈaɪsɪ ˈfaunts rʌn ˈfri:,
 ənd ðə ˈbɔ:gz bɪˈgɪn tū ˈbau ðɛə ˈhedz,
 ənd ˈplʌndʒ ənd ˈseɪl in ðə ˈsi:.
 ou maɪ ˈlɔ(:)st lʌv, ənd maɪ ˈoun, oun ˈlʌv,
 ənd maɪ ˈlʌv ðæt ˈlʌvd mi(:) ˈsou !
 ɪz ð(ɛ)ə ˈnevər ə ˈtʃɪŋk in ðə ˈwɔ:ld əˈbʌv
 hwɛə ðei ˈlɪsn fɔ(:) ˈwɛdz frəm bɪˈlou ?
 nei, ai ˈspouk wʌns, ənd ai ˈgri:vɪd ði: ˈsɔ:(ə)(r),
 ai rɪˈmembər ˈɔ:l ðæt ai ˈsed,
 ənd ˈnau ðau (wi)lt ˈhiə mi: nɔ ˈmɔ:(ə)—nou ˈmɔ:(ə)(r)
 tɪl ðə ˈsi: gɪvz ˈʌp hə: ˈded.

ðau didst 'set ðai 'fut ən ðə 'ʃip, ənd 'seil
 tū ði 'ais-fi:ldz ənd ðə 'snou;
 ðau wə(ɪ)t 'seɪd, fə(:) ðai 'lʌv did 'nɔ:t ə'veil,
 ənd ði 'end ai 'kud nɔt 'nou.
 'hau kud ai 'tel ai ʃʊd 'lʌv ði: tū'dei,
 hu:m 'ðæt dei ai 'held nɔt 'diə(r)?
 'hau kud ai 'nou ai ʃʊd 'lʌv ði: ə'wei
 hwɛn ai 'did nɔt 'lʌv ði: ə'niə(r)?

wi: ʃəl 'wɔ:k nou 'mɔ:(ə) θru: ðə 'səd(ə)n 'plein
 wið ðə 'feidid 'bents ɔ:(ə)'spred;
 wi: ʃəl 'stænd nou 'mɔ:(ə) bai ðə 'si:ðɪŋ 'mein
 hwail ðə 'dɔ:k ræk 'draivz ɔ:(ə)'hed;
 wi: ʃəl 'pɔ:t nou 'mɔ:(ə)r in ðə 'w(a)ɪnd ənd ðə 'rein
 hwɛə ðai 'lɔ:st fə'wel wɔz 'sed;
 bʌt pə'hæps ai ʃəl 'mi:t ði: ənd 'nou ði: ə'geɪn
 hwɛn ðə 'si: givz 'ʌp hə: 'ded.

JEAN INGELow (1820—1897).

39.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

ðeəz nou dju: 'left ən ðə 'deɪzɪz 'ənd 'klouvə,
 ð(ɛ)əz nou rein 'left in 'hevn:
 aɪv 'sed mai 'sevn taimz 'ouvər ənd 'ouvə,
 'sevn taimz 'wʌn ü 'sevn.

ai əm 'ould, sou 'ould ai kən 'rait ə 'letə;
 mai 'bə:θdeɪ 'lesnz ü 'dʌn;
 ðə 'leɪmz pleɪ 'ɔ:lw(e)ɪz, ðe(i) 'nou no(u) 'betə;
 ðe(i) ər 'ounli 'wʌn taimz 'wʌn.

ou 'mu:n ! in ðə 'nait ai əv 'si:n ju 'seiliŋ
 ənd 'ʃainiŋ sɔ(u) 'raund ənd 'lou ;
ju(:) wə 'brait! ɑ: 'brait! bāt jɔ(:) 'lait iz 'feiliŋ—
 ju(:) ə 'nʌθiŋ 'nau bāt ə 'bou.

ju: 'mu:n, hæv ju 'dʌn sʌmθiŋ 'rɔŋ in 'hevn
 ðət 'gɒd hæz 'hidn jɔ(:) 'feis?
ai 'houp if ju 'hæv ju wil 'su:n bi(:) fɔ(:)'givn,
 ənd 'ʃain æ'ge(i)n in jɔ(:) 'pleis.

ou 'velvet 'bi:, jɔ(:)r ə 'dʌsti 'felo,
 ju:v 'paudəd jɔ(:) 'legz wið 'gould !
ou 'breiv mɑ:ʃ 'mɛərɪbʌdz, 'ritʃ ənd 'jelo,
 'giv mi jɔ(:) 'mʌni tə 'hould !

ou 'kɒlʌmbain, 'oup(ə)n jɔ(:) 'fouldid 'ræpə,
 hwɛə 'tu: twin 'tɔ:tl-dʌvz 'dwel !
ou 'kukupaint, 'toul mi ðə 'pə:pl 'klæpə
 ðət 'hæŋz in jɔ(:) 'kliə gri:n 'bel !

ænd 'ʃou mi jɔ(:) 'nest wi(ð) ðə 'jʌŋ wʌnz 'in it ;
 ai 'wil nɒt 'sti:l ðəm æ'wei ;
ai əm 'ould ! ju me(i) 'trʌst mi:, 'linit, 'linit—
 ai (ə)m 'sevn taimz 'wʌn tə'dei.

JEAN INGELow

TO CELIA.

'driŋk tu mi: 'ounli 'wið ðain 'aiz.
 ənd 'ai wil 'pledʒ wið 'main;
 'o: li:v ə 'kis bæt 'in ðə 'kʌp
 ənd 'ail nət 'ɑ:sk fə 'wain.
 ðə 'θə:st ðət 'frəm ðə 'soul dʌθ 'raiz
 dʌθ 'ɑ:sk ə 'driŋk di'vain;
 bæt 'mait ai 'əv dʒʊvz 'nektā 'sʌp,
 ai 'wud nət 'tʃeɪŋz fə 'ðain.

ai 'sent ði: 'leit ə 'rouzi 'ri:θ,
 'nət so(u) mʌtʃ 'ən(ə)rɪŋ 'ði:
 'æz gɪvɪŋ 'it ə 'houp ðət 'ðɛər
 it 'kud nət 'wiðə(:)d 'bi:
 bʌt 'ðau ðɛər'ən didst 'ounli 'bri:ð
 ənd 'sentst it 'be:k tə 'mi:
 'sɪns hwen it 'grouz, ənd 'smelz, ai 'swɛə,
 'nət əv it'self, bæt 'ði:!
BEN JONSON (1573—1637).

MY LITTLE DOLL.

ai 'wʌns hæd ə 'swi:t litl 'dɒl, 'diəz,
 ðə 'prɪtiəst 'dɒl in ðə 'wɜ:ld;
 hə(:) 'tʃi:ks wə so(u) 'red ənd so(u) 'hwaɪt, 'diəz,
 ənd (h)ə(:) 'hɛə wəz so(u) 'tʃɑ:mɪŋli 'kɜ:ld.

bät ai 'lɔ(:)st mai 'puə litl 'dɔl, 'diəz,
 æz ai 'pleid in ðə 'hi:θ wʌn 'dei;
 ənd ai 'kraɪd fə 'mæ:(ə) ðən ə 'wi:k, 'diəz,
 bät ai 'nevə kʊd 'faɪnd hwɛə ʃi(:) 'lei.

ai 'faʊnd mai 'puə litl 'dɔl, 'diəz,
 æz ai 'pleid in ðə 'hi:θ wʌn 'dei:
 fu:ks 'sei ʃi: iz 'terɪbli 'tʃeɪndʒd, 'diəz,
 fə(r) hə(:) 'peɪnt iz 'ɔ:l wɔʃt ə'wei,
 ənd hɜ: 'ɑ:m trɔdn 'ɔ:f baɪ ðə 'kaʊz, 'diəz,
 ənd (h)ə(r) 'hɛə nɒt ðə 'li:st bɪt 'kə:ld:
 ʒet fɔ: 'əʊld seɪks 'seɪk ʃi: iz 'stɪl, 'diəz
 ðə 'prɪti:st 'dɔl in ðə 'wɜ:ld.

C. KINGSLEY (1819—1875).

42.

THE THREE FISHERS.

θri: 'fiʃəz went 'seɪlɪŋ ə'wei tə ðə 'west,
 ə'wei tə ðə 'west æz ðə 'sʌn went 'daʊn;
 i:tʃ 'θɜ:t ən ðə 'wʊmən hu: 'lʌvd (h)ɪm ðə 'best,
 ænd ðə 'tʃɪldrən stʊd 'wɔtʃɪŋ ðəm 'aʊt əv ðə 'taʊn;
 fə(:) 'men mʌst 'wɜ:k, ænd 'wɪmɪn mʌst 'wi:p,
 ənd ð(ɛ)əz 'lɪtl tu 'ə:n, ənd 'meni tə 'ki:p,
 ðəu ðə 'hɑ:bə-'bɑ: bi 'maʊnɪŋ.

θri: 'waɪvz sæt 'ʌp in ðə 'laɪthaus 'tauə(r),
 ənd 'trɪmd ðə 'læmps æz ðə 'sʌn went 'daʊn,
 ənd ðe(i) 'lʊkt æt ðə 'skwɔ:l, ənd ðe(i) 'lʊkt æt ðə 'ʃaʊə(r)
 ənd ðə 'naɪt ræk keɪm 'raʊlɪŋ ʌp, 'ræɡɪd ənd 'braʊn;
 bät 'men mʌst 'wɜ:k, ænd 'wɪmɪn mʌst 'wi:p,
 ðəu 'stə:mz bi(:) 'sʌdn, ənd 'wɜ:təz 'di:p,
 ənd ðə 'hɑ:bə-'bɑ: bi 'maʊnɪŋ.

0ri: 'kɔ:psiz lei 'aut ɔn ðə 'ʃainiŋ 'sɛ:ɪndz,
 in ðə 'mɔ:niŋ 'gli:m æz ðə 'taɪd went 'daun,
 ɔnd ðə 'wimən ä 'wɔ:ʃiŋ ɔnd 'riŋiŋ ðɛə 'hɛ:ɪndz
 fə(:) 'ðouz hu(:) wil 'nevə kʌm 'houm tə ðə 'taun.
 fə(:) 'men mʌst 'wɔ:k, ænd 'wimin mʌst 'wi:p,
 ɔnd ðə 'su:nər its 'ouvə, ðə 'su:nə tü 'slɪp,
 ɔnd gud-'bai tə ðə 'bɔ:r ɔnd its 'mouniŋ.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

43.

HESTER.

hwɛn 'meɪdɛnz 'sʌtʃ æz 'hestə 'dai,
 ðɛə 'pleɪs dʒi(:) meɪ nɔt 'wel sə'plai,
 'ðou dʒi(:) ä'mʌŋ ə 'θauzənd 'traɪ,
 wið 'veɪn in'devə(r).
 ə 'mʌnθ ə(:) 'mɔ:(ə) hæθ 'ʃi: bi(:)n 'ded,
 dʒet 'kænɔt 'ai bai 'fɔ:s bi(:) 'led
 tü 'θɪŋk ʌ'pɔn ðə 'wɛ:mi 'bed
 ænd 'hə: tü'geðə(r).

ə 'sprɪŋi 'mouʃ(ə)n 'in hæ(:) 'geɪt,
 ə 'raɪziŋ 'step dɪd 'ɪndɪ'keɪt
 əv 'praɪd ɔn(d) 'dʒɔɪ nou 'kɔmən 'reɪt,
 ðæt 'flʌʃt hæ(:) 'spɪrɪt.
 ai 'nou nɔt 'bai hwɔt 'neɪm bɪ'saɪd
 ai 'ʃæl ɪt 'kɔ:l:—'ɪf twɔz nɔt 'praɪd,
 'ɪt wɛz ə 'dʒɔɪ tü 'ðæt ä'laid,
 ʃi: 'dɪd in'herɪt.

hæ: ˈpɛ:(ə)rɛnts ˈheld ðə ˈkweikə ˈru:l,
 hwitʃ ˈdʌθ ðə ˈhju:mən ˈfi:lɪŋ ˈku:l,
 bæt ˈʃi: wəz ˈtreɪnd ɪn ˈneɪtʃəz ˈsku:l
 ˈneɪtʃə(r) (h)əd ˈblest (h)ə(r).
 ə ˈweɪkɪŋ ˈaɪ, ə ˈprɑ:ɪŋ ˈmaɪnd,
 ə ˈhɑ:t ðæt ˈstə:z, ɪz ˈhɑ:d tʊ ˈbaɪnd,
 ə ˈhə:ks kɪ:n ˈsaɪt ʃi:(ɪ) ˈkænət ˈblaɪnd,
 ʃi:(ɪ) ˈkud nət ˈhestə(r).

maɪ ˈsprɑɪtli ˈneɪbə, ˈgən bɪˈfə:(ə)(r)
 tʊ ˈðæt ʌn-ˈnəʊn ənd ˈsaɪlənt ˈʃə:(ə)(r),
 ˈʃæl wi:(ɪ) nət ˈmɪ:t æz ˈhiətʊˈfə:(ə)(r)
 sʌm ˈsʌmə ˈmɔ:ɪnɪŋ,
 ˈhwɛn frəm ðaɪ ˈtʃɪəfʊl ˈaɪz ə ˈreɪ
 hæθ ˈstrʌk ə ˈblɪs ʌpən ðə ˈdeɪ,
 ə ˈblɪs ðæt wud nət ˈgəʊ ə ˈweɪ,
 ə ˈswɪt fə:(ə)ˈwɔ:ɪnɪŋ.

CHARLES LAMB (1775—1834).

44.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

ˈtwenti jə:z ˈhɛns maɪ ˈaɪz me(i) ˈgrəʊ
 ɪf ˈnət kwɑɪt ˈdɪm, ʃet ˈrɑ:ðə ˈsəʊ ;
 stɪl ˈjə:z frəm ˈʌðəz ðeɪ ʃəl ˈnəʊ
 ˈtwenti jə:z ˈhɛns.

ˈtwenti jə:z ˈhɛns ðəʊ ɪt me(i) ˈhæp
 ðæt ˈaɪ bɪ ˈkəʊld tə ˈteɪk ə ˈnæp
 ˈɪn ə ku:l ˈsel hwɛə ˈθʌndə ˈklæp
 wəz ˈnevə ˈhə:d.

ðeə ˈbri:ð bāt ˈɔ:(ə) mai ˈɑ:tʃ əv ˈgrɑ:ɪs
 ə ˈnɒt tu: ˈse:ɪdli ˈsaɪd “ ǣˈlɑ:ɪs,”
 ənd ˈaɪ ʃəl ˈkætʃ, ˈeə ju: kæn ˈpɑ:ɪs,
 ðæt ˈwiŋəd ˈwə:d.

W. S. LANDOR (1775—1864).

45.

ALLAN WATER.

ən ðə ˈbæŋks əv ˈælən ˈwɔ:tə,
 hwən ðə ˈswɪt sprɪŋ ˈtaɪm dɪd ˈfɔ:l,
 wɔz ðə ˈmɪləz ˈlʌvli ˈdɔ:tə,
 ˈfɛərəst əv ðəm ˈɔ:l.

fə:(r) (h)ɪz ˈbraɪd ə ˈsouldʒə ˈsɔ:t (h)ə,
 ænd ə ˈwɪnɪŋ ˈtʌŋ hæd ˈhi:,
 ən ðə ˈbæŋks əv ˈælən ˈwɔ:tə
 ˈnʌn so(u) ˈgeɪ æz ˈʃi:.

ən ðə ˈbæŋks əv ˈælən ˈwɔ:tə,
 hwən braʊn ˈɔ:təm ˈspred hɪz ˈstɔ:(ə)(r),
 ðeər aɪ ˈsɔ: ðə ˈmɪləz ˈdɔ:tə,
 ˈbʌt ʃi:(r) ˈsmɑɪld no(u) ˈmɔ:(ə)(r).

fə:(r) ðə ˈsʌmə ˈgrɪɪf (h)æd ˈbrɔ:t (h)ə,
 ænd ðə ˈsouldʒə—ˈfɔ:lz wɔz ˈhi:,
 ən ðə ˈbæŋks əv ˈælən ˈwɔ:tə,
 ˈnʌn so(u) ˈse:ɪd æz ˈʃi:.

ən ðə ˈbæŋks əv ˈælən ˈwɔ:tə,
 hwən ðə ˈwɪntə ˈsnou fel ˈfa:st,
 ˈstɪl wɔz ˈsɪn ðə ˈmɪləz ˈdɔ:tə,
 ˈtʃɪlɪŋ ˈblu: ðə ˈblɑ:st.

bat ðə ˈmiləz ˈlʌvli ˈdɔ:tə
 bouθ frəm ˈkould ənd ˈkeə wɔz ˈfriː,
 ən ðə ˈbæŋks ɒv ˈælən ˈwɔ:tə
 ˈðeər ə ˈkeɪs lei ˈʃiː.

M. G. LEWIS (1775—1818)

46.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

hwen ˈlʌv wið ˈʌnkənˈfainəd ˈwiŋz
 ˈhəvəz wiðin mai ˈgeits,
 ənd ˈmai diˈvain ælˈθiːā ˈbrɪŋz
 tū ˈhwɪspər ˈæt ðə ˈgreits;
 ˈhwen ai lai ˈtæŋɡld ˈɪn hæː ˈheə(r)
 ənd ˈfetə(:)d ˈtu hæ(:)r ˈai,
 ðə ˈbeɪdz ðət ˈwɒntən ˈɪn ði ˈeə(r)
 nou ˈnou satʃ ˈlibəti.

hwen ˈflouɪŋ ˈkʌps rʌn ˈswɪftli ˈraʊnd
 wið ˈnou æˈleɪɪŋ teɪmz¹
 əwə ˈkeəlēs ˈhedz wið ˈrouzɪz ˈkraʊnd
 əwə ˈhɑːts wið ˈlɔi(j)əl ˈfleɪmz;
 hwen ˈθəːsti ˈɡriːf ɪn ˈweɪn wi(:) ˈstiːp,
 hwen ˈhelθs ənd ˈdraːfts ɡou ˈfriː—
 ˈfɪʃɪz ðət ˈtipl ˈɪn ðə ˈdiːp
 nou ˈnou satʃ ˈlibəti.

¹ *The river on which London stands. Modern standard: temz.*

hwen 'linēt-'laik kōn'fainəd, 'ai
 wiθ 'ʃrilə 'θrout ʃəl 'siŋ
 ðə 'swi:tnəs, 'mæ:si, 'mædʒəsti
 ənd 'glɔ:rɪz əv m(a)i 'kiŋ;
 'hwen ai ʃəl 'vɔis ə'laud hau 'gud
 hi: 'iz, hau 'greit ʃud 'bi:,
 en'lə:dʒəd 'w(a)ɪndz ðət 'kə:l ðə 'flud¹
 nou 'nou sətʃ 'libəti.

stoun 'wɔ:lz du(:) 'nɒt ə 'prɪzn 'meɪk,
 nɔ(:)r 'aɪən 'bɔ:z ə 'keɪdʒ;
 maɪndz 'ɪnɒsənt ənd 'kwaiət 'teɪk
 'ðət fə(:)r ən 'hə:mɪ'teɪdʒ:
 ɪf 'ai hæv 'fri:dəm 'ɪn maɪ 'lʌv,
 ənd 'ɪn maɪ 'soul æm 'fri:,
 'eɪndʒəlz ə'loun, ðət 'sə:(ə)r ə'bʌv,
 en'dʒəi sətʃ 'libəti.

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618—1658).

47.

BABY.

'hwɛə did ju 'kʌm frəm, 'beɪbi 'diə(r) ?
 'aut əv ði 'evrihwɛər 'ɪntu 'hiə(r).

'hwɛə did ju 'get ðouz 'aɪz so(u) 'blu: ?
 'aut əv ðə 'skai æz ai keɪm 'θru:.

¹ *Modern standard*: flʌd.

ˈhwɔt meiks ðə ˈlaɪt ɪn ðəm ˈspɑ:kəl ənd ˈspɪn?
ˈsʌm ɒv ðə ˈstɑ:rɪ ˈspaɪks leɪt ˈɪn.

ˈhwɛə did ju ˈget ðæt ˈlɪtl ˈtɪə(r)?
aɪ ˈfaʊnd ɪt ˈweɪtɪŋ hwen aɪ gɒt ˈhiə(r).

ˈhwɔt meiks jə: ˈfɒred so(u) ˈsmu:ð ənd ˈhaɪ?
ə so(:)ft hɛ:nd ˈstruukt ɪt æz aɪ went ˈbaɪ.

ˈhwɔt meiks jə: ˈtʃi:k laɪk ə wɔ:m hwaɪt ˈrouz?
aɪ ˈsə: sʌmθɪŋ ˈbetə ðæn enɪwʌn ˈnouz.

ˈhwens keɪm ðæt ˈθrɪ:kə:nəd ˈsmʌɪl ɒv ˈblɪs?
θrɪ: ˈeɪndʒəlz ˈgeɪv mi(:) æt ˈwʌnz ə ˈkɪs.

ˈhwɛə did ju ˈget ðɪs ˈpə:li ˈiə(r)?
gɒd ˈspuuk, ənd ˈɪt keɪm ˈaʊt tū ˈhiə(r).

ˈhwɛə did ju ˈget ðəʊz ˈɑ:mz ənd ˈhɛ:ndz?
lʌv meɪd ɪtself ɪntū ˈbɒndz ənd ˈbe:ndz.

ˈfi:t, hwens did ˈju: kʌm, ju ˈdɑ:lɪŋ ˈθɪŋz?
frɒm ðə ˈseɪm ˈbɒks ez ðɪ ˈeɪndʒəlz ˈwɪŋz.

ˈhau did ðeɪ ˈɔ:l dʒʌst ˈkʌm tə bi ˈju:?
gɒd ˈθə:t əbaʊt ˈmi:, ənd ˈsou aɪ ˈgru:.

bʌt ˈhau did ju ˈkʌm tu ˈʌs, ju ˈdiə(r)?
gɒd θə:t əbaʊt ˈju:, ənd ˈsou aɪ æm ˈhiə(r).

GEORGE MACDONALD (1824—1905).

KATHALEEN NY-HOULAHAN.

(A Jacobite relic—from the Irish.)

ˈlɔŋ ˈðei paɪn ɪn ˈwiəri ˈwou, ðə ˈnoublz əv auə ˈle:nd,
 ˈlɔŋ ˈðei wəndə ˈtu: ənd ˈfrou, prɔsˈkraɪbd, əle:s! ənd
 ˈbe:nd;

ˈfɪ:stlɛs, ˈhauslɛs, ˈɔ:ltälɛs, ˈðei ˈbeə ði ˈɛkzailz ˈbrɛ:nd;
 bät ðəə ˈhoup ɪz ɪn ðə ˈkɑmiŋ-tu: əv ˈkəθäli:n ni-
 ˈhu:lähän¹!

ˈθiŋk hɛ: nɔt ə ˈgɛ:stli ˈhæg, tu: ˈhidɪəs tə bi ˈsi:n,
 ˈkɔ:l hɛ: nɔt ʌnˈsi:mli ˈneimz, auə ˈmætʃlɛs ˈkəθäli:n;
 ˈjʌŋ ʃi: ɪz, ənd ˈfɛə ʃi: ɪz, ənd ˈwud bi ˈkraund ə ˈkwim,
 wɛə ðə ˈkiŋz sən et ˈhoum hiə wiθ ˈkəθäli:n ni-
 ˈhu:lähän!

ˈswi:t ənd ˈmaild wud luk hɛ: ˈfeis, ou ˈnʌn so(u) swi:t
 ənd ˈmaild,

ˈkud ʃi ˈkrʌʃ ðə ˈfouz bæi ˈhu:m hɛ: ˈbjʊ:ti ɪz riˈvaid;
 ˈwulən ˈplædz wud ˈgreis hɛˈself ənd ˈroubz əv ˈsilk hɛ:
 ˈtʃaid,

ɪf ðə ˈkiŋz sən wə ˈliviŋ hiə wiθ ˈkəθäli:n ni-ˈhu:lähän!

ˈsɔ:ə disˈgreis ɪt ˈɪz tə ˈsi: ði ˈɑ:bitres əv ˈθrounz
 ˈvæsəl tu ə ˈsæksɔni:n əv ˈkould ənd ˈsæplɛs ˈbounz!
 ˈbitər ˈæŋgwɪʃ ˈriŋz auə ˈsoulz—wið hevi ˈsaiz ənd
 ˈgrounz

wi: ˈweit ðə jʌŋ diˈlivərəər əv ˈkəθäli:n ni-ˈhu:lähän!

¹ *One of the names used in poetry to represent Ireland. The pronunciation is that of an educated Irishman. English equivalent: kəθəli:n ni huləhæn.*

ˈlet ʌs prei tū ˈhim hu: hoʊldz laifs ˈisju(:)z in (h)iz
ˈhe:ndz—

ˈhim hu: fə:mɪd ðə ˈmaiti gloub, wið ˈɔ:l its ˈθauzənd
ˈle:ndz;

ˈgə:diŋ ðəm wiθ ˈsi:z ənd mauntēnz, ˈrivəz di:p ənd
ˈstre:ndz,

tū ˈkɑ:st ə luk əv ˈpiti əpən ˈkəθəli:n ni-ˈhu:lāhan!

ˈhi: hu: ouvə ˈse:ndz ənd weivz led ˈizreiəl āˈləŋ—

ˈhi: hu: fed, wið ˈhevli bred, ðæt ˈtʃouzən traib ənd
ˈθrəŋ—

ˈhi: hu: stud bai ˈmouziz, hwən (h)iz ˈfouz wə fiəs ənd
ˈstrəŋ—

mei ˈhi: ʃou fə:θ hiz ˈmait in seiviŋ ˈkəθəli:n ni-
ˈhu:lāhan

J. C. MANGAN (1803-49).

49.

LEARNING.

(*From the Ottoman.*)

ˈsi: hau ðouz ˈwə:ldz ðət ˈroul āˈfɑ:

siˈri:nli ˈbi:m ən wʌn əˈnʌðə!

ðəə ˈnouhwəə ˈbə:nz ə ˈsʌn ɔ: ˈstɑ:

bʌt ˈhelps tə ˈtʃiə sʌm ˈdɑ:kə ˈbrʌðə.

wʊdst ˈðau, ou ˈmæn, bi(:) ˈgud ænd ˈwaiz,

ʃeə ˈðʌs ðai ˈlait əmʌŋ ðai ˈneiböz:

in ˈgiviŋ, nət in ˈhə:(ə)diŋ, laiz

ðə ˈtru:ist ˈmi:d əv ˈlə:niŋz ˈleiböz!

J. C. MANGAN.

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

'ðei hu: gou 'fə:θ, ænd 'fainæli 'win
 ðeə 'wei tə ðə 'templ əv 'tru:θ bai 'erəz
 'mʌltiplaid 'steidziz,
 'ðei ɑ: ðə 'seidziz!

'ðei hu: stəp 'ʃə:t fə 'laif æt sam 'in
 ən ðə 'said əv ðə 'roud—sei 'mouməsiz, 'mæmönz,
 ɔ: 'kju:pidz,
 'ðei ɑ: ðə 'stju:pidz!

J. C. MANGAN.

SONG ON A MAY MORNING.

nau ðə brait mə:ninj stɑ:, deiz hæ:bindzə,
 kʌmz dɑ:nsinj frəm ði i:st, ænd li:dz wið hə
 ðə flauəri mei, hu: frəm (h)ə: grin læp θrouz
 ðə jelo kauslip ænd ðə peil primrouz.
 heil, bauntjəs mei, ðæt dʌθ inspaiə(r)
 mə:θ, ænd ju:θ, ænd wə:m dizaia(r);
 wudz ənd grouvz ʊr əv ðai dresinj,
 hil ənd deil dʌθ boust ðai blesinj;
 ðæs wi: səl(j)u:t ði: wið auər ə:li səŋ,
 ænd welkəm ði:, ænd wiʃ ði: ləŋ.

JOHN MILTON (1608—1674).

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING
YOUNG CHARMS.

bi'li:v mi(:), if 'ə:l ðouz in'diəriŋ jʌŋ 'tʃɑ:mz,
 hwitʃ ai 'geiz ən so(u) 'fəndli tū'dei,
 w(ɛ)ə tə 'tʃeindʒ bai tū'məro(u), ənd 'fli:t in mai 'ɑ:mz,
 laik 'fɛəri gifts 'feidiŋ ā'wei,
 ðau wudst 'stil bi(:) ā'də:(ə)d, æz ðis 'moumənt ðau 'ɑ:t,
 let ðai 'lʌvlinəs 'feid æz it 'wil,
 ænd ā'raund ðə diə 'ru:in i:tʃ 'wiʃ əv mai 'hɑ:t
 wud in'twain itself 'və:dəntli 'stil.

it 'iz nɒt hwail 'bjʊ:ti ənd 'ju:θ ū ðain 'oun,
 ənd ðai 'tʃi:ks ʌnprə'feind bai ə 'tiə,
 ðæt ðə 'fə:vər ənd 'feiθ əv ə 'soul kæn bi 'noun,
 tū hwitʃ 'taim wil bāt 'meik ði: mə:(ə) 'diə;
 nou, ðə 'hɑ:t ðæt (h)əz 'tru:li lʌvd 'nevə fə'gets,
 bāt æz 'tru:li lʌvz 'ən tə ðə 'klouz,
 æz ðə 'sʌn-flaʊə 'tə:nz ən hæ: 'gəd hwen (h)i 'sets
 ðə seim 'luk hwitʃ ʃi 'tə:nd hwen (h)i 'rouz.

THOMAS MOORE (1779—1852).

THE HARP THAT ONCE.

ðə 'hɑ:p ðæt 'wʌns θru: 'tɑ:rəz 'hɔ:lz
 ðə 'soul əv 'mju:zɪk 'ʃed,
 nau 'hæŋz æz 'mju:t ən 'tɑ:rəz 'wɔ:lz
 æz ɪf ðæt 'soul w(ɛ)ə 'fled.
 sou 'sli:ps ðə 'praɪd əv 'fə:mə 'deɪz,
 sou 'glɔ:rɪz 'θrɪl ɪz 'ɔ:ə(r),
 ænd 'hɑ:ts, ðæt 'wʌns bɪ:t 'haɪ fə 'preɪz,
 nau 'fɪ:l ðæt 'pʌls nɔ(u) 'mə:ə(r).

nou 'mə:(ə) tʊ 'tʃi:fs ənd 'leɪdɪz 'braɪt
 ðə 'hɑ:p əv 'tɑ:rə 'swelz:
 ðə 'kɔ:d əloun, ðæt 'breɪks æt 'naɪt,
 ɪts 'teɪl əv 'ru:ɪn 'telz.
 ðʌs 'fri:dəm 'nau sɔ(u) seldəm 'weɪks
 ðɪ 'aʊnli 'θrəb ʃɪ:(ɪ) 'gɪvz
 ɪz 'hwen sʌm 'hɑ:t ɪn'dɪgnənt 'breɪks,
 tʊ 'ʃou ðæt 'stɪl ʃɪ:(ɪ) 'lɪvz.

THOMAS MOORE.

LOVE AND HATE.

hwen aɪ 'lʌvd ju:(ɪ), aɪ 'kɑ:nt bʌt ə'lau
 aɪ hæd 'meni ən 'ekskwɪzɪt 'mɪnɪt:
 bʌt ðə 'skɔ:n ðæt aɪ 'fɪ:l fə ju 'nau
 hæθ ɪ:vən mɔ: 'lʌkzʊri 'ɪn ɪt!

ðas 'hweðə wæər 'ən ə: wæər 'ə:f,
 'sɑm 'witʃəri si:mz tu ā'weit ju ;
 tə 'lɑv ju iz plezənt i'nɑf,
 bət 'o:u! tiz di'liʃəs tū 'heit ju.

THOMAS MOORE.

55.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

ou! bri:ð nɔt hiz 'neim, let it 'sli:p in ðə 'ʃeid
 hwæə 'kould ənd ʌn'ənəd hiz 'reliks ā leid :
 'sɛ:d, 'sailənt, ənd 'dɑ:k, bi: ðə 'tiəz ðæt wi: 'ʃed,
 æz ðə 'nait-dju: ðæt 'fə:lz ən ðə 'grɑ:s ə:(r) (h)iz 'hed.

bæt ðə 'nait-dju: ðæt 'fə:lz, ðou in 'sailəns it 'wi:ps,
 ʃæl 'braitn wið 'və:dj(u)ə ðə 'greiv hwæə(r) (h)i:(i) 'sli:ps ;
 ənd ðə 'tiə ðæt wi 'ʃed, ðou in 'si:kret it 'roulz,
 ʃæl 'lɔŋ ki:p (h)iz 'meməri 'gri:n in auə 'soulz.

THOMAS MOORE.

56.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

ʃi: iz 'fɑ: frəm ðə 'le:nd hwæə hæ: 'jɑŋ hiəro(u) 'sli:ps,
 ænd 'lɑvəz ā 'raund hæ: 'sɑ:ŋiŋ :

bət 'kouldli ʃi 'tə:nz frəm ðəə 'geiz, ænd 'wi:ps,
 fə:(i) hæ: 'hɑ:t in hiz 'greiv iz 'lɑ:ŋiŋ.

ʃi:(i) 'siŋz ðə waild 'sɔŋz əv hæ: 'diə neitiv 'pleinz,
 evri 'nout hwitʃ hi: 'lɑvd ā'weikiŋ ;—

ɑ: ! 'litl ðei 'θiŋk, hu: di'lait in (h)ə: 'streinz,
 hau ðə 'hɑ:t əv ðə 'minstrəl iz 'breikiŋ.

hi: (h)əd ˈlɪvd fə(r) (h)ɪz ˈlʌv, fə(r) (h)ɪz ˈkʌntri hi:(ː) ˈdaɪd,
 ðei wər ˈɔ:l ðæt tə ˈlaɪf (h)æd ɪn ˈtwaɪnd (h)ɪm;
 nə: ˈsu:n ʃæl ðə ˈtiəz əv (h)ɪz ˈkʌntri bi ˈdraɪd,
 nə: ˈləŋ wɪl (h)ɪz ˈlʌv steɪ bi ˈhaɪnd (h)ɪm.

ou! ˈmeɪk hæ:(ː)r ə ˈgreɪv hwɛə ðə ˈsʌnbɪ:mz ˈrest,
 hwɛn ðei ˈprəmɪs ə ˈglɔ:riəs ˈmɛrə;
 ðeɪl ˈʃaɪn ə:ə hæ:(ː) ˈslɪp, laɪk ə ˈsmʌɪl frəm ðə ˈwest,
 frəm (h)ə:(ː)r ˈoun lʌvd ˈaɪlənd əv ˈsɛrə.

THOMAS MOORE

57.

ON A FLY DRINKING OUT OF HIS CUP.

ˈbɪzi, ˈθə:sti, ˈkjuəriəs ˈflaɪ!
 ˈdrɪŋk wɪð mi:, ənd ˈdrɪŋk æz aɪ.
 ˈfri:lɪ ˈwelkəm tū maɪ ˈkʌp,
 ˈkʌdst ðəu ˈsɪp ənd sɪp ɪt ˈʌp:
 ˈmeɪk ðə ˈmʌʊst əv ˈlaɪf ju ˈmeɪ;
 ˈlaɪf ɪz ˈʃɔ:t ənd ˈwɛəz ə ˈweɪ.

ˈbʌθ ə ˈlaɪk ü ˈmaɪn ənd ˈðəɪn,
 ˈheɪs(ə)nɪŋ ˈkwɪk tə ðɛə dɪ ˈklaɪn.
 ˈðəɪnz ə ˈsʌmə, ˈmaɪn nɔ:(u) ˈmɛ:(ə)(r),
 ˈðəu rɪ ˈpɪ:təd tə θrɪ: ˈskɔ:(ə)(r).
 ˈθrɪ:skɔ:(ə) ˈsʌməz, ˈhwɛn ðɛə ˈgɔ:n,
 wɪl ə ˈpɪər əz ˈʃɔ:t əz ˈwɔ:n¹.

WM. OLDYS (1696—1761).

¹ *Modern standard*: wʌn.

THE OAK AND THE BEECH.

fə ðə ˈtendə ˈbi:tʃ ənd ðə ˈsæpliŋ ˈoʊk,
 ðæt ˈɡrou baɪ ðə ˈʃædowi ˈri:l,
 ju me(i) ˈkʌt daʊn ˈboʊθ ət ə ˈsiŋɡl ˈstroʊk,
 ju me(i) ˈkʌt daʊn ˈhwitʃ ju ˈwil.

bʌt ˈðɪs ju mʌst ˈnou, ðæt əz ˈlɒŋ əz ðeɪ ˈɡrou,
 hwɒtsouˈevə ˈtʃeɪndʒ me(i) ˈbi:,
 ju kæn ˈnevə ˈti:tʃ aɪðər ˈoʊk ə: ˈbi:tʃ
 tə bi ˈɔ:t bʌt ə ˈɡri:nwʊd ˈtri:.

T. L. PEACOCK (1785—1866).

THE CONTENTED MAN.

ˈhæpi ðə ˈmæn hu:z ˈwiʃ ənd ˈkæər
 ə ˈfju: pæˈtə:n(ə)l ˈeɪkəz ˈbaʊnd,
 kɒnˈtent tə ˈbri:ð (h)ɪz ˈneɪtɪv ˈeər
 ˈɪn (h)ɪz ɒn ˈɡraʊnd.

hu:z ˈhærdz wið ˈmɪlk, hu:z ˈfi:ldz wið ˈbred,
 hu:z ˈflɒks sʌˈplai (h)ɪm ˈwið æˈtaɪə(r);
 hu:z ˈtri:z ɪn ˈsəmə ˈʤɪ:ld (h)ɪm ˈʃeɪd,
 ɪn ˈwɪntə ˈfaɪə(r).

ˈblest hu: kæn ˈʌnkɒnˈsə:ndli ˈfaɪnd
 ˈəʊəz, ˈdeɪz, ənd ˈʤə:z slɑɪd ˈsə(:)ft əˈwei
 ɪn ˈhelθ əv ˈbɒdi, ˈpi:s əv ˈmaɪnd,
 ˈkwaiət baɪ ˈdeɪ,

saund 'sli:p bai 'nait; 'stʌdi ɛnd 'i:z
 tə'geðə 'mikst, swi:t 'rekrɪ'eɪʃən
 ɛnd 'inɔ:səns, hwitʃ 'moust dʌθ 'pli:z
 wið 'medi'teɪʃən.

'ðʌs let mi 'liv ʌn'si:n, ʌn'noun;
 'ðʌs, 'ʌnlə'mentɪd, 'let mi 'dai;
 'sti:l frəm ðə 'wɜ:ld, ɛnd 'nɒt ə 'stoun
 'tel hwɛər ai 'lai.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688—1744).

60.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

'vait(ə)l 'spɔ:k ɔv 'hevnli 'fleim!
 'kwit, ou, 'kwit ðis 'mɔ:t(ə)l 'freim!
 'tremlɪŋ, 'houpiŋ, 'liŋ(ə)riŋ, 'flaɪiŋ,
 'ou ðə 'peɪn, ðə 'blɪs ɔv 'dajɪŋ!
 'sɪs, fɔnd 'neɪtʃə, 'sɪs ðai 'straɪf,
 ɛnd 'let mi(!) 'læŋgwiʃ 'ɪntü 'laɪf.

'hɑ:k! ðei 'hwɪspə(r)! 'eɪndzɛls 'sei,
 'sɪstə 'spɪrɪt, 'kʌm ǣ'wei.
 'hwɒt ɪz 'ðɪs ǣb'sɔ:ɪbz mi(!) 'kwait,
 'sti:lz mai 'sensɪz, 'ʃʌts mai 'sait,
 'draʊnz mai 'spɪrɪts, 'drɔ:z mai 'breθ?
 'tel mi(!), mai 'soul, kæn 'ðɪs bi(!) 'deθ?

ðə 'wɜ:ld rɪ'sɪ:dz: it 'disə'piəz!
 'hevŋ 'əʊp(ə)nz 'ən maɪ 'aɪz! maɪ 'iəz
 wɪθ 'saʊndz sē'ræfɪk 'rɪŋ:
 'lend, 'lend jə: 'wɪŋz! aɪ 'maʊnt! aɪ 'flaɪ!
 əʊ 'greɪv! 'hwɛər ɪz ðaɪ 'vɪktəri?
 əʊ 'deθ! 'hwɛər ɪz ðaɪ 'stɪŋ?

ALEXANDER POPE.

61.

AN ITALIAN SONG

'diər ɪz maɪ 'lɪtl 'neɪtɪv 'veɪl;
 ðə 'rɪŋ-dʌv 'bɪldz ənd 'mæ:mə(:)z 'ðɛə(r);
 'kləʊs tə maɪ 'kət ʃɪ(:) 'telz hə(:) 'teɪl
 tu 'evrɪ 'pə:siŋ 'vɪlɪdʒə(r).
 ðə 'skwɪrəl 'lɪ:ps frəm 'trɪ: tə 'trɪ:,
 ənd 'ʃelz (h)ɪz 'nʌts æt 'lɪbətɪ(:).

 ɪn 'ɔ:ɪŋz-'grəʊvz ənd 'mæ:tl-'bɑ:ʊz,
 ðæt 'brɪ:ð ə 'geɪl əv 'freɪgræns 'raʊnd,
 aɪ 'tʃɑ:m ðə 'fɛəri 'fʊtɪd 'ɑ:ʊz
 wɪð 'maɪ lʌvd 'l(j)u:ts rə'mæntɪk 'saʊnd;
 ə: 'krɑ:ʊnz əv 'lɪvɪŋ 'lɔ:rəl 'wɪ:v,
 fə 'ðəʊz ðæt 'wɪn ðə 'reɪs æt 'i:v.

 ðə 'ʃepə(:)dz 'hə:n æt 'breɪk əv 'deɪ
 ðə 'bæle(i) 'dɑ:nst ɪn 'twaɪlaɪt 'gleɪd,
 ðə 'kænzə'net ənd 'raʊnd'e'leɪ
 'sʌŋ ɪn ðə 'saɪlənt 'grɪ:n-wʊd 'ʃeɪd;
 ði:z 'sɪmpl 'dʒɔ:z, ðæt 'nevə 'feɪl,
 ʃæl 'baɪnd mi(:) 'tu maɪ 'neɪtɪv 'veɪl.

SAMUEL ROGERS (1762--1855).

MELANCHOLY.

ˈgou—ju(:) me(i) ˈkəl it ˈmædnēs, ˈfəli,
 ju ˈʃæl nət ˈtʃeis mai ˈglu:m äˈwei ;
 ðeəz ˈsʌtʃ ə ˈtʃaɪm in ˈmelænˈkəli,
 ai ˈwud nət, if ai ˈkud, bi(:) ˈgei.

ˈou, if ju ˈnju: ðə ˈpensiv ˈplezə
 ðət ˈfilz mai ˈbuzəm hwen ai ˈsai,
 ju(:) ˈwud nət ˈrəb mi(:) əv ə ˈtrezə
 ˈmənāks ə(:) tu: ˈpu(:)ə tə ˈbai.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

A WISH.

ˈmain bi: ə ˈkət biˈsaid ðə ˈhil ;
 ə ˈbi:ˌhaivz ˈhʌm ʃæl ˈsu:ð mai ˈiə ;
 ə ˈwiloui ˈbruk, ðət ˈtə:nz ə ˈmil,
 wið ˈmeni ə ˈfə:l ʃæl ˈliŋgə ˈniə.

ðə ˈswələ(u) ˈɔ:ft, biˈni:θ mai ˈθætʃ,
 ʃæl ˈtwitə frəm hə(:) ˈklei-bilt ˈnest ;
 ˈɔ(:)ft ʃæl ðə ˈpilgrim ˈlift ðə ˈlætʃ,
 ənd ˈʃeə mai ˈmi:l, ə ˈwelkəm ˈgest.

äˈraund mai ˈaivid ˈpə:tʃ ʃæl ˈsprɪŋ
 i:tʃ freigränt ˈflauə ðət ˈdriŋks ðə ˈdju: ;
 ənd ˈlusi, ät hə(:) ˈhwi:l, ʃæl ˈsiŋ
 in ˈrasət ˈgaun ənd ˈeiprön ˈblu:.

ðə 'vilidʒ 'tʃə:tʃ, ə'maɪ ðə 'tri:z,
 hwəə 'fə:st əwə 'mæridʒ 'vaʊz wə 'gɪvɪn,
 wið 'meri 'pi:lz ʃæl 'swel ðə 'brɪ:z,
 ənd 'pɔɪnt wiθ 'teɪpə 'spəɪə tū 'hevn.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

64.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

'hwɛn aɪ æm 'ded, maɪ 'diərə:st,
 sɪŋ 'nəʊ sɛ:d 'səʊz fə 'mi:;
 'plɑ:nt ðəʊ nəʊ 'rəʊzɪz æt maɪ 'hed,
 nə: 'ʃeɪdɪ 'saɪprɛs 'tri:;
 'bi: ðə grɪ:n 'grɑ:s ə'bʌv mi(:)
 wiθ 'ʃəʊəz ənd 'dʒu:drəps 'wet:
 'ænd ɪf ðəʊ 'wɪlt, rɪ'membə(r),
 ənd 'ɪf ðəʊ 'wɪlt fə(:)'get.

aɪ 'ʃæl nət 'si: ðə 'ʃædo(u)z,
 aɪ 'ʃæl nət 'fi:l ðə 'reɪn;
 aɪ 'ʃæl nət 'hiə ðə 'naɪtɪŋgeɪl
 sɪŋ 'ən, æz 'ɪf ɪn 'peɪn:
 ənd 'dri:mɪŋ 'θru: ðə 'twɪlaɪt
 ðət 'dʌθ nət 'raɪz nə: 'set,
 'hæplɪ aɪ 'meɪ rɪ'membə(r),
 ənd 'hæplɪ 'meɪ fə(:)'get.

C. G. ROSETTI (1830—1894).

PHYLLIS.

ˈfɪlɪs ɪz maɪ ˈounli ˈdʒɔɪ,
 ˈfeɪθləs ˈæz ðə ˈw(a)ɪndz ɔɪ ˈsiːz,
 ˈsɑmtaɪmz ˈkʌnɪŋ, ˈsɑmtaɪmz ˈkɔɪ,
 ˈjet ʃi(:) ˈnevə ˈfeɪlz tə ˈpliːz :
 ˈɪf wɪð ə ˈfraun
 aɪ ˈæm kɔːst ˈdaun,
 ˈphɪlɪs, ˈsmɑɪlɪŋ
 ˈænd bɪˈgɑɪlɪŋ,
 ˈmeɪks mi(:) ˈhæpɪə ðæn bɪˈfəɪ(ə)(r).

ˈðou, ɑˈləɪs! tuː ˈleɪt aɪ ˈfaɪnd
 ˈnʌθɪŋ ˈkæn hə(:) ˈfɛ(:)nsɪ ˈfɪks ;
 ˈjet ðə ˈmoumɛnt ˈʃiː ɪz ˈkaɪnd
 ˈaɪ fə(:)ˈgɪv (h)ɔɪ (h)əː ˈtrɪks,
 hwaɪtʃ ˈðou aɪ ˈsiː
 aɪ ˈkɑːnt get ˈfriː :
 ˈʃiː dɪˈsiːvɪŋ,
 ˈaɪ bɪˈliːvɪŋ,
 ˈhwət nɪd ˈlʌvəz ˈwɪʃ fəː ˈməɪ(ə)(r)?

SIR C. SEDLEY (1639?—1701).

FULL FATHOM FIVE.

ful ˈfæðəm ˈfaiv ðai ˈfɑːðə ˈlaiz ;
 ˈɒv (h)iz ˈbəʊnz ðə ˈkərəl ˈmeɪd :
 ˈðəʊz ðə ˈpəːlz ðæt ˈwɛə(r) (h)iz ˈaɪz :
 ˈnʌθɪŋ ˈɒv (h)ɪm ˈðæt dʌθ ˈfeɪd
 ˈbʌt dʌθ ˈsʌfər ə siː-ˈtʃeɪndz
 ˈɪntʊ ˈsʌmθɪŋ ˈrɪtʃ ənd ˈstreɪndz.
 ˈsiː-nɪmfs ˈaʊəli ˈrɪŋ hɪz ˈnel :
 ˈhɑːk! nau aɪ ˈhiə ðəm,—ˈdɪŋ-ˈdɔŋ, ˈbel.

W. SHAKESPEARE (1564—1616).

HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

hɑːk! ˈhɑːk! ðə ˈlɑːk æt ˈhevnz geɪt ˈsɪŋz,
 ænd ˈfɪːbʌs ˈgɪnz əˈraɪz,
 hi(z) ˈstiːdz tʊ ˈwɔːtər æt ðəʊz ˈsprɪŋz
 ɒn ˈtʃælɪst ˈflaʊəz ðət ˈlaɪz.

ænd ˈwɪŋkɪŋ ˈmæəri-ˈbʌdz bɪˈgɪn
 tʊ ˈoʊp ðəə ˈɡouldən ˈaɪz ;
 wɪð ˈevri-θɪŋ ðæt ˈprɪti ˈbɪn¹
 maɪ ˈleɪdi ˈswɪt əˈraɪz ;
 əraɪz, əraɪz.

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

¹ *Archaic form. Modern : iz.*

TO LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

tu: 'leit ai 'steid! fə(i)'gɪv ðə 'kraɪm,
 ʌn'hɪ:dɪd 'flu: ði 'aʊəz;
 hau 'nəɪzləs 'fə:lz ðə 'fut əv 'taɪm,
 ðət 'ounli 'tredz ɒn 'flaʊəz.

hwət 'ai wɪθ 'kliə ə'kaʊnt rɪ'maɪks
 ði 'ebɪŋ əv (h)ɪz 'glɑ:s,
 hwɛn 'ɔ:l its 'sɛ:ndz ü 'daɪəmənd 'spɑ:ks,
 ðət 'dæzl æz ðei 'paɪs?

ɑ:!'hu: tə 'soubə 'mezəmənt
 taɪmz 'hæpi 'swɪʃtnəs 'brɪŋz,
 hwɛn 'bæɪdz əv 'pærədais (h)əv 'lent
 ðeə 'plu:midʒ fə(r) (h)ɪz 'wɪŋz?

HON. W. R. SPENCER (1770—1834).

CONSTANCY

'aut ɔ'pən ɪt, 'ai (h)əv 'lʌvð
 'θri: houl 'deɪz tū'geðə(r);
 'ænd æm 'laɪk tə 'lʌv θri: 'mɑ:(ə)r,—
 'ɪf ɪt 'pru:v faɪn 'weðə(r).

'taɪm ʃæl 'moult ə'wei (h)ɪz 'wɪŋz,
 'ɛə(r) (h)ɪ 'ʃæl dɪs'kʌvə(r)
 'ɪn ðə houl waɪd 'wə:ld ə'geɪn
 'sʌtʃ ə 'kɒnstənt 'lʌvə(r).

ˈbʌt ðə ˈspait ɒnt¹ ˈiz, nou ˈpreiz
 iz ˈdju: ɑːtəl tə ˈmi:;
 ˈlʌv wið ˈmi: hæd ˈmeid nou ˈsteiz
 hæd it ˈeni ˈbi:n bāt ˈʃi:.

ˈhæd it ˈeni ˈbi:n bāt ˈʃi:,
 ˈænd ðæt ˈveri ˈfeis,
 ˈðeə(r) (h)əd ˈbi:n æt ˈli:st, ə ˈðis,
 ə ˈdʌzn ˈin (h)ə: ˈpleis.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1608—1641).

70.

LOVE AND DEBT.

ðeəz ˈwʌn riˈkwest ai ˈmeik tū ˈhim
 hu: ˈsits ðə ˈklaudz ɑːˈbʌv:
 ðæt ˈai wə ˈfæli ˈaut əv ˈdet,
 ˈæz ai əm ˈaut əv ˈlʌv.

ˈðen fə tə ˈdɑ:ns, tə ˈdriŋk, ænd ˈsiŋ,
 ˈai ʃʊd bi ˈveri ˈwiliŋ;
 ai ˈʃʊd nɒt ˈou wʌn ˈlæs ə ˈkis,
 nɔ: ˈeni ˈroug wʌn ˈʃiliŋ.

tiz ˈounli ˈbi:ŋ in ˈlʌv, ə: ˈdet,
 ðæt ˈrɒbz ʌs əv ʌwə ˈrest,
 ænd ˈhi: ðæt iz kwait ˈaut əv ˈbouθ,
 əv ˈɔ:l ðə ˈwə:ld iz ˈblest.

¹ *Abbreviated form of* upon *it.*

hi: si:z ðə ˈgouldən ˈeidz, hwærˈin
 ˈɔ:l θiŋz wə ˈfri: ənd ˈkəmən ;
 hi: ˈi:ts, hi: ˈdriŋks, hi: ˈteiks iz ˈrest—
 ənd ˈfiə:z nɔ: ˈmæn, nɔ: ˈwumən.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

71.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

ˈbreik, ˈbreik, ˈbreik,
 ən ðai ˈkould grei ˈstounz, ou ˈsi:!
 ænd ai ˈwud ðət mai ˈtʌŋ kud ˈʌtə
 ðə ˈðɔ:ts ðət əˈraiz in ˈmi:.

o:u ˈwel fə ðə ˈfiʃəmənz ˈbɔi,
 ðət (h)i ˈʃauts wið iz ˈsistə ət ˈplei!
 o:u ˈwel fə ðə ˈseilə ˈlæd,
 ðət (h)i ˈsiŋz in iz ˈbout ən ðə ˈbei!

ənd ðə ˈsteitli ˈʃips gou ˈən
 tə ðəə ˈheivn ˈʌndə ðə ˈhil ;
 bʌt ˈou fə ðə ˈtʌtʃ əv ə ˈvæniʃt ˈhe:nd,
 ənd ðə ˈsaund əv ə ˈvois ðət iz ˈstil!

ˈbreik, ˈbreik, ˈbreik,
 ət ðə ˈfut əv ðai ˈkrægz, ou ˈsi:!
 bʌt ðə ˈtendə ˈgreis əv ə ˈdei ðət iz ˈded
 wil ˈnevə kʌm ˈbe:k tə ˈmi:.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809—92).

SONG FROM "THE PRINCESS."

ðə ˈsplendə ˈfö:lz ən ˈka:sl ˈwə:lz
 ənd ˈsnowi ˈsəmits ˈould in ˈstə:ri:

ðə ˈləŋ lait ˈʃeiks əˈkrə(:)s ðə ˈleiks
 ænd ðə waild ˈkætərækt ˈli:ps in ˈglə:ri.

ˈblo:u, ˈbju:gl, ˈblo:u, ˈset ðə waild ˈekouz ˈflajɪŋ,
 ˈblo:u, ˈbju:gl; ˈɑ:nsər, ˈekouz, ˈdajɪŋ, ˈdaːjɪŋ, ˈdaːjɪŋ.

ou ˈhɑ:k, ou ˈhiə(r)! hau ˈθin ənd ˈkliə(r),
 ænd ˈθinə, ˈkliərə, ˈfɑ:ðə ˈgowɪŋ!

ou ˈswi:t ənd ˈfɑ: frəm ˈklif ənd ˈskɑ:

ðə ˈhə:nz öv ˈelflənd ˈfeintli ˈblowɪŋ!

ˈblo:u, let əs ˈhiə ðə ˈpə:pl ˈglenz riˈplajɪŋ,

ˈblo:u, ˈbju:gl; ˈɑ:nsər, ˈekouz, ˈdajɪŋ, ˈdaːjɪŋ, ˈdaːjɪŋ.

ou ˈlʌv, ðei ˈdai in ˈjən ritʃ ˈskai,

ðei ˈfeint ən ˈhil ə: ˈfi:ld ə: ˈrivə(r):

ˈauər ˈekouz ˈroul frəm ˈsoul tə ˈsoul,

ænd ˈgrou fə(:)r ˈevər ˈænd fə(:)r ˈevə(r).

ˈblo:u, ˈbju:gl, ˈblo:u, ˈset ðə waild ˈekouz ˈflajɪŋ,

ænd ˈɑ:nsər, ˈekouz, ˈɑ:nsə, ˈdajɪŋ, ˈdaːjɪŋ, ˈdaːjɪŋ.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE MANLY HEART.

ʃæl ai, ˈweistiŋ ˈin disˈpɛə,
 ˈdai biˈkə(:)z ə ˈwumənz ˈfɛə?
 ˈɔ: mai ˈtʃi:ks meik ˈpeil wiθ ˈkɛə
 ˈkəz¹ äˈnʌðəz ˈrouzi ˈɛə(r)²?
 ˈbi: ʃi ˈfɛərə ðæn ðə ˈdei
 ˈɔ: ðə ˈflaʊəri ˈmi:dz in ˈmei—
 ˈif ʃi(:) ˈbi: nət ˈsou tə ˈmi:
 ˈhwət kɛər ˈai hau ˈfɛə ʃi ˈbi: ?

ʃæl mai ˈfu:liʃ ˈhɑ:t bi ˈpaɪnd
 ˈkəz¹ ai ˈsi: ə ˈwumən ˈkaɪnd;
 ˈɔ:r ə ˈwel disˈpouzəd ˈneitʃə
 ˈdʒəɪnəd ˈwið ə ˈlʌvli ˈfeitʃə³?
 ˈbi: ʃi(:) ˈmi:kə, ˈkaɪndə, ˈðæn
 ˈtə:tl ˈdʌv ɔ: ˈpeliˈkæn⁴,
 ˈif ʃi(:) ˈbi: nət ˈsou tə ˈmi:
 ˈhwət kɛər ˈai hau ˈkaɪnd ʃi ˈbi: ?

ʃæl ə ˈwumənz ˈvɔ:tju(:)z ˈmu:v
 ˈmi: tə ˈperiʃ fə(:) hə(:) ˈlʌv?
 ˈɔ: hə(:) ˈmerits ˈvælju ˈnoun
 ˈmeik mi(:) ˈkwait fə(:) ˈget m(a)i ˈoun?
 ˈbi: ʃi(:) wi(ð) ðæt ˈgudnəs ˈblest
 ˈhwitʃ me(i) ˈgein hə: ˈneim əv ˈbest;
 ˈif ʃi(:) ˈsi:m nət ˈsʌtʃ tə ˈmi:
 ˈhwət kɛər ˈai hau ˈgud ʃi ˈbi: ?

¹ *Abbreviated from bikəz.*

² *Archaic form. Modern standard: a(r).*

³ *Archaic form. Modern standard: fi:tʃə(r).*

⁴ *Pronunciation forced. Standard: ˈpelikæn.*

'kɔz¹ hɔ: 'fɔ:tʃən 'si:mz tu: 'hai,
 'ʃæl ai 'plei ðə 'fu:l ənd 'dai?
 'ðouz ðət 'bɛər ə 'noubl 'maɪnd,
 'hwɛə ðei 'wɒnt əv 'ritʃiz 'faɪnd,
 'θɪŋk hwət 'wið ðəm 'ðei wud 'du:
 'hu: wi'ðaut ðəm 'dɛə tə 'wu:
 'ænd, ɪn'les ðət 'maɪnd ai 'si:
 'hwət kɛər 'ai ðu 'greɪt ʃi 'bi:ʔ

'greɪt ə: 'gud ə: 'kaɪnd ə: 'fɛə(r),
 'ai wɪl 'nɛə ðə 'mɔ: dis'pɛə(r);
 'ɪf ʃi(:) 'lʌv mi(:), 'ðis bi'li:v,
 'ai wɪl 'dai ɛə 'ʃi: ʃəl 'grɪ:v;
 'ɪf ʃi(:) 'slait mi(:) 'hwɛn ai 'wu:
 'ai kæn 'skɔ:n, ənd 'let (h)ə: 'gou;
 'fɔ:r ɪf 'ʃi: bi(:) 'nɒt fɔ:(:) 'mi:
 'hwət kɛər 'ai fɔ:(:) 'hu:m ʃi 'bi:ʔ

GEORGE WITHER (1588—1667).

74.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

nɒt ə 'drʌm wɛz 'hɔ:d, nɒt ə 'fju:nərəl 'nout,
 ɛz hiz 'kɔ:s tə ðə 'ræmparts wi(:) 'hʌrɪd;
 nɒt ə 'souldʒə dis'tʃɑ:dʒd hiz 'fɛəwel 'ʃɒt,
 ɔ:ə ðə 'greɪv hwɛər auə 'hi(:)ərəu wi(:) 'berɪd.

 wi: 'berɪd (h)ɪm 'dɑ:kli ət 'ded əv 'nait,
 ðə 'sɒdz wið auə 'beɪnəts 'tɔ:nɪŋ,
 bæɪ ðə 'strʌŋlɪŋ 'mu:nbi:mz 'mɪstɪ 'laɪt,
 ənd ðə 'læntə(:)n 'dɪmli 'bɔ:nɪŋ.

¹ *Abbreviated from* bikə(:)z.

nou 'ju:slēs 'kəfin in 'klouzd (h)iz 'brest,
 nət in 'ʃi:t ɔ:r in 'ʃraud wi:(i) 'waund (h)im;
 bət (h)i:(i) 'lei laik ə 'wəriö 'teikiŋ (h)iz 'rest,
 wið (h)iz 'mɑ:ʃəl 'klouk ä'raund (h)im.

'fju: ənd 'ʃɔ:t wə ðə 'prɛ:əz wi:(i) 'sed,
 ənd wi:(i) 'spouk nət ə 'wəid öv 'sɔro(u);
 bət wi:(i) 'stedfästli 'geizd ən ðə 'feis ðət wəz 'ded,
 ənd wi:(i) 'bitəli 'θɔ:t öv ðə 'mɔro(u).

wi: 'θɔ:t əz wi:(i) 'hɔlo(u)d (h)iz 'næro 'bed,
 ənd 'smu:ðd daun (h)iz 'lounli 'pilo(u),
 ðət ðə 'fou ənd ðə 'streindʒə wud 'tred ɔ:ə(r) (h)iz 'hed,
 äənd 'wi: fɑ:r ä'wei ən ðə 'bilo(u).

'laitli ðeil 'tɔ:k öv ðə 'spirit ðəts 'gən,
 ənd 'ɔ:ə(r) (h)iz kould 'æʃiz ʌp'breid (h)im,—
 bət 'litl hi:l rek, if ðei 'let (h)im sli:p 'ən
 in ðə 'greiv hwɛər ə 'brit(ə)n (h)əz leid '(h)im.

bət 'hɑ:f öv auə 'hevi 'tɑ:sk wəz 'dʌn,
 hwen ðə 'klɔk strak ði 'auə fə ri'taiəriŋ;
 äənd wi:(i) 'hɛd ðə 'distənt ənd 'rændəm 'gʌn
 ðət ðə 'fou wəz 'sʌlənlɪ 'faiəriŋ.

'slouli ənd 'sɛ:dli wi:(i) 'leid (h)im 'daun,
 fröm ðə 'fi:ld öv (h)iz 'feim freʃ ənd 'gɔ:ri;
 wi:(i) 'kɑ:vd nət ə 'lain, ənd wi:(i) 'reizd nət ə 'stoun—
 bät wi:(i) 'left (h)im ä'loun wið (h)iz 'glɔ:ri!

C WOLFE (1791—1823).

THE LOST LOVE.

ʃi(:) ˈdwelt äˈmæn ði ʌnˈtrəd(ə)n ˈweiz
 biˈsaid ðə ˈsprɪŋz əv ˈdʌv ;
 ə ˈmeɪd ˈhu:m ðə wə ˈnæn tə ˈpreɪz,
 ænd ˈveri ˈfju: tə ˈlʌv.

ə ˈvaɪələt ˈbaɪ ə ˈməsi ˈstoun
 hæ:f ˈhɪdn frəm ði ˈaɪ !
 —ˈfeər əz ə ˈstɑ:, hwen ˈounli ˈwæn
 ɪz ˈʃaɪnɪŋ ɪn ðə ˈskaɪ.

ʃi(:) ˈlɪvd ʌnˈnəʊn, ænd ˈfju: kʊd ˈnəʊ
 hwen ˈlu:si ˈsɪst tə ˈbi: ;
 ˈbʌt ʃi: ɪz ɪn hæ: ˈgreɪv, ænd ˈou !
 ðə ˈdɪfərəns tə ˈmi: !

WM. WORDSWORTH (1770—1850).

THE RAINBOW.

maɪ ˈhɑ:t li:ps ˈʌp hwen aɪ biˈhould
 ə ˈreɪnbəʊ ɪn ðə ˈskaɪ :

ˈsou wəz ɪt ˈhwen maɪ ˈlaɪf biˈgæn ;

ˈsou ɪz ɪt ˈnəʊ aɪ æm ə ˈmæn ;

ˈsou bi: ɪt ˈhwen aɪ ʃæl grou ˈould,

ˈə: let mi ˈdaɪ !

ðə ˈtʃaɪld ɪz ˈfɑ:ðər əv ðə ˈmæn ;

ænd ˈaɪ kʊd ˈwɪʃ maɪ ˈdeɪz tū ˈbi:

bəʊnd ˈi:tʃ tu ˈi:tʃ baɪ nætʃ(ə)rəl ˈpaɪəti.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

ʃi: wöz ə ˈfæntəm öv ˈdilait
 hwən ˈfə:st ʃi ˈgli:md äˈpən mai ˈsait ;
 ə ˈlavlɪ ˈæpəˈriʃən, ˈsent
 tü ˈbi: ə ˈmoumēnts ˈo:nəment ;
 hə(ɪ)r ˈaiz æz ˈstɑ:z öv ˈtwailait ˈfəø ;
 laik ˈtwailaits ˈtu: hə: ˈdʌski ˈhæø ;
 bʌt ˈo:ɪl θiŋz ˈels äˈbaut hə: ˈdrɔ:n
 frəm ˈmei-taim ənd ðə ˈtʃi:əful ˈdɔ:n.
 ə ˈdɑ:nsiŋ ˈʃeip, ən ˈimidʒ ˈgei,
 tü ˈhɔ:nt, tü ˈstɑ:tl, ənd ˈwei-ˈlei.

ai ˈsə: hər əpən ˈniərə ˈvju:
 ə ˈspirit, jet ə ˈwumən ˈtu: !
 hə: ˈhaus(h)ould ˈmouʃ(ə)nz ˈlait ənd ˈfri:,
 ənd ˈsteps öv ˈvə:dʒin ˈlibəti ;
 ə ˈkauntənæns in ˈhwitʃ did ˈmi:t
 switʃ ˈrekə:dz, ˈprəmisiz æz ˈswitʃ ;
 ə ˈkri:tʃə nət tu: ˈbrait ə: ˈgud
 fə(ɪ) ˈhju:mən ˈneitʃəz ˈdeili ˈfu:d,
 fə(ɪ) ˈtræ:nsiənt ˈsəroz, ˈsimpl ˈwailz,
 ˈpreiz, ˈbleim, ˈlav, ˈkisiz, ˈtiəz, ənd ˈsmailz.

änd ˈnau ai ˈsi: wið ˈai sērˈi:n
 ðə veri ˈpʌls öv ðə məˈʃi:n ;
 ə ˈbi:ŋ bri:ðiŋ ˈθɔ:tful ˈbrəθ,
 ə ˈtrævlə bitwi:n ˈlaif ənd ˈdeθ ;
 ðə ˈri:zn ˈfə:m, ðə ˈtempərət ˈwil,
 enˈdʒuərəns, ˈfə:(ə)sait, ˈstreŋθ, ənd ˈskil ;
 ə ˈpə:fikt ˈwumən, ˈnoubli ˈple:nd,
 tü ˈwɔ:n, tü ˈkʌmfət, änd kɔˈme:nd :
 änd ˈjet ə ˈspirit ˈstil, ənd ˈbrait,
 wiθ ˈsʌmθiŋ öv ænˈdʒelik ˈlait.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Short English Poems

C. M. RICE

ORTHOGRAPHIC TEXT

1.

WISHING.

RING-TING! I wish I were a Primrose,
 A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the Spring!
 The stooping boughs above me,
 The wandering bee to love me,
 The fern and moss to keep across,
 And the Elm-tree for our King!

Nay—nay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
 A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
 The winds would set them dancing,
 The sun and moonshine glance in,
 The Birds would house among the boughs,
 And sweetly sing!

O-no! I wish I were a Robin,
 A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go!
 Through forest, field or garden,
 And ask no leave or pardon,
 Till Winter comes with icy thumbs
 To ruffle up our wing.

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
 Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
 Before the day was over,
 Home comes the rover,
 For Mother's kiss—sweeter this
 Than any other thing!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM (1824—1889).

2.

WHY SHOULD MAN BE VAIN?

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain
 Since bounteous heaven has made him great?
 Why look with insolent disdain
 On those undecked with wealth or state?
 Can splendid robes or beds of down,
 Or costly gems to deck the fair,
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The sceptred king, the burthen'd slave,
The humble, and the haughty, die :
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust without distinction lie !
Go, search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles bore,—
The wealth and glory they possessed,
And all their honours, are no more !

So glides the meteor through the sky,
And spreads along a gilded train ;
But when its short-lived beauties die,
Dissolves to common air again ;
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls !
Let friendship reign while here we stay ;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
When Jove us calls we must away.

ANON.

3.

REQUIESCAT.

STREW on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes :
Ah ! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required :
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound.
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined, ample spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath.
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty Hall of Death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822—1888).

A FRAGMENT.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
 But know that thou and I must part;
 And when, or how, or where we met,
 I own to me's a secret yet.

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

ANNA L. BARBAULD (1743—1825).

LINES LEFT AT MR. THEODORE HOOK'S
 HOUSE IN JUNE, 1834.

As Dick and I
 Were a-sailing by
 At Fulham bridge, I cock'd my eye,
 And says I, "Add-zooks!
 There's Theodore Hook's,
 Whose Sayings and Doings make such pretty books."

"I wonder," says I,
 Still keeping my eye
 On the house, "if he's in—I should like to try";
 With his oar on his knee,
 Says Dick, says he,
 "Father, suppose you land and see!"

"What land and *sea*,"
 Says I to he,
 "Together! why Dick, why how can that be?"
 And my comical son,
 Who is fond of fun,
 I thought would have split his sides at the pun.

So we rows to shore,
And knocks at the door—
When William, a man I've seen often before,
Makes answer and says,
"Master's gone in a chaise
Call'd a *hominibus*, drawn by a couple of bays."

So I says then,
"Just lend me a pen";
"I will, sir," says William, politest of men;
So having no card, these poetical brayings,
Are the record I leave of my doings and sayings.

RICHARD H. BARHAM (1788—1845).

(*Thomas Ingoldsby*.)

6.

THE OCEAN.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious;
Mild, majestic, foaming, free—
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity!

Sun, and moon, and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow!
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendours steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth—her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey;
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search, and scorn his sway.

Such art thou—stupendous ocean!
But, if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be?

BERNARD BARTON (1784—1849).

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

I'd be a Butterfly born in a bower,
 Where roses and lilies and violets meet ;
 Roving for ever from flower to flower,
 And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet ;
 I'd never languish for wealth, or for power ;
 I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet :
 I'd be a Butterfly born in a bower,
 Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

O could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
 I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings ;
 Their summer days' ramble is sportive and airy,
 They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
 Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary ;
 Power, alas ! nought but misery brings !
 I'd be a Butterfly, sportive and airy,
 Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What, though you tell me each gay little rover
 Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day !
 Surely 'tis better when summer is over
 To die when all fair things are fading away.
 Some in life's winter may toil to discover
 Means of procuring a weary delay—
 I'd be a Butterfly ; living, a rover,
 Dying when fair things are fading away !

THOMAS H. BAYLY (1797—1839).

MY EPITAPH.

WHEN I'm dead, on my tomb-stone I hope they will say :
 Here lies an old fellow, the foe of all care ;
 With the juice of the grape he would moisten his clay,
 And, wherever he went, frolic follow'd him there.

With the young he would laugh,
With the old he would quaff,
And banish afar all traces of sorrow :
Old Jerome would say—
“ Though the sun sinks to-day,
It is certain to rise up as gaily to-morrow.”

Tho' the snows of old age now may whiten his brow,
It never by gloom was a moment o'ercast ;
His age, like the sunset that gleams on us now,
Chased away with its brightness the clouds to the last.
With the young he would laugh,
With the old he would quaff,
And banish afar all traces of sorrow :
Old Jerome would say--
“ Tho' the sun sinks to-day,
It is certain to rise up as gaily to-morrow.”

SAMUEL BEAZLEY (1786—1851).

9.

A SUMMER INVOCATION.

O, GENTLE, gentle summer rain,
Let not the silver lily pine,
The drooping lily pine in vain
To feel that dewy touch of thine—
To drink thy freshness once again,
O, gentle, gentle summer rain !

In heat the landscape quivering lies ;
The cattle pant beneath the tree ;
Through parching air and purple skies
The earth looks up in vain for thee ;
For thee—for thee, it looks in vain,
O gentle, gentle summer rain !

Come, thou, and brim the meadow streams,
And soften all the hills with mist,
O falling dew ! from burning dreams
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed ;
And earth shall bless thee yet again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain !

WM. COX BENNETT (1820—1895).

AN EXPOSTULATION.

WHEN late I attempted your pity to move,
 What made you so deaf to my prayers?
 Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
 But—why did you kick me downstairs?

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF (1735—1812?).

NURSE'S SONG.

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

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

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

Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
 And then go home to bed.
 The little ones leap'd and shouted and laugh'd,
 And all the hills echoed.

WM. BLAKE (1757—1827).

THE PIPER.

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

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

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

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

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

WM. BLAKE.

13.

THE SHEPHERD.

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot;
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

WM. BLAKE.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

LOVE is like the wild rose-briar ;
 Friendship like the holly-tree.
 The holly is dark when the rose-briar blooms,
 But which will bloom most constantly ?

The wild rose-briar is sweet in spring,
 Its summer blossoms scent the air ;
 Yet wait till winter comes again,
 And who will call the wild briar fair ?

Then scorn the silly rose-wreath now,
 And deck thee with the holly's sheen,
 That when December blights thy brow,
 He still may leave thy garland green.

EMILY BRONTË (1818—1848).

SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG.

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

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

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

JOHN BUNYAN (1628—1688).

A JACOBITE TOAST.

GOD bless the King!—I mean the Faith's Defender:
 God bless (no harm in blessing!) the Pretender!
 But who Pretender is, or who the King,
 God bless us all!—that's quite another thing.

J. BYROM (1692—1763).

SONNET ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art—
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of Thee alone can bind;

And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
 And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

LORD BYRON (1788—1824).

SONG, TO A HEBREW MELODY.

SUN of the sleepless! melancholy star!
 Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
 That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
 How like art thou to joy remembered well!
 So gleams the past, the light of other days,
 Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays;
 A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
 Distinct, but distant—clear, but, oh, how cold!

LORD BYRON.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden show'd another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neigh'd,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven ;
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven ;
 And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
 Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of stained snow ;
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On ye brave !
 Who rush to glory or the grave !
 Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave !
 And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet !
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre !

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777—1844).

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
 And sett'st the weary labourer free!
 If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
 That send'st it from above,
 Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
 Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
 Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
 Whilst far off lowing herds are heard,
 And songs, when toil is done,
 From cottages whose smoke unstirred
 Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
 Parted lovers on thee muse;
 Their remembrancer in heaven
 Of thrilling vows thou art,
 Too delicious to be riven
 By absence from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

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;
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

T. CAREW (1595?—1639?).

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.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1796—1849).

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

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

S. T. COLERIDGE (1772—1834).

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn
 Where may the grave of that good man be?
 By the side of a spring on the breast of Helvellyn,
 Under the twigs of a young birch tree!

The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And russed its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone—and the birch in its stead is grown.—

The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;—
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

25.

SOMETHING CHILDISH BUT VERY NATURAL.

IF I had but two little wings
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

26.

THE GOLDEN FARMER.

WHILE I'm blest with health and plenty,
Let me live a jolly, jolly dog;
For as blythe as five-and twenty,
Thro' the world I wish to jog.

As for greater folks or richer,—
While I pay both scot and lot,
And enjoy my friend and pitcher,
I've a kingdom in a cot!

Flocks and herds in fields, all nigh too,
Corn and clover, beans and pease,
And in hen yard, pond and sty too,
Pigs and poultry, ducks and geese.

While my farm thus cuts a dash too,
Poor folks daily labouring on't,
Who plow, sow, and reap, and thrash too,
I'll be thrash'd if they shall want.

He who sticks his knife in roast meat,
And for numbers has to carve,
May the churl the whipping-post meet,
If he stuffs—and lets them starve.

And when I, like Neighbour Squeezum,
Plot and scheme the poor to drain,
Or with Badger join, to fleece 'em,
Badger me for a rogue in grain.

He for that who tills and cultures,
Now may laugh, but when *Old Scratch*
Spreads his net for sharks and vultures,
What a swarm he'll have to catch!

Heaps of grain then let them hoard up;—
Heaps of wealth while they count o'er,
All the treasures I have stored up
Are the Blessings of the Poor!

JOHN COLLINS (d. 1808).

27.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed, since I last took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew ;
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat ;
And the scene, where his melody charmed me before,
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they ;
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man ;
Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
Have a being less durable even than he.

WM. COWPER (1731—1800).

28.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

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

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

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

A. CUNNINGHAM (1784—1842).

29.

MAY-DAY.

QUEEN of fresh flowers
Whom vernal stars obey,
Bring thy warm showers,
Bring thy genial ray.
In Nature's greenest livery drest
Descend on earth's expectant breast,
To earth and heaven a welcome rest,
Thou merry month of May!

Mark! how we meet thee
At dawn of dewy day!
Hark how we greet thee,
With our roundelay!
While all the goodly things that be
In earth and air and ample sea
Are waking up to welcome thee!
Thou merry month of May!

Flocks on the mountains,
And birds upon their spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains,
All hold holiday ;
And Love, the life of living things,
Love waves his torch and claps his wings,
And loud and wide thy praises sings,
Thou merry month of May!

REGINALD HEBER (1783—1826).

COUNSEL TO GIRLS.

GATHER ye rose-buds 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 you may, go marry:
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

R. HERRICK (1591—1674).

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attained his noon:
 Stay, stay
 Until the hastening day
 Has run
 But to the evensong;
 And having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along!

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

ROBERT HERRICK.

32.

THE NIGHT-PIECE.

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 mis-light 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 tho' 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.

VIOLETS.

WELCOME, maids of honour!
 You do bring
 In the Spring,
 And wait upon her.

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

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

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

ROBERT HERRICK.

PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY!

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

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

THOMAS HEYWOOD (d. 1649?).

35.

THE DEATH BED.

WE watch'd her breathing thro' the night
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

T. HOOD (1799—1845).

36.

REMEMBRANCES.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window, where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:

He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

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

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh,
To swallows on the wing.
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now;
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

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

THOMAS HOOD.

37.

JENNY KISS'D ME.

JENNY kiss'd 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 miss'd me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—

Jenny kiss'd me!

LEIGH HUNT (1784—1859).

THE ARCTIC EXPLORER'S WIDOW.

WHEN sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,
 My old sorrow wakes and cries,
 For I know there is dawn in the far, far north,
 And a scarlet sun doth rise ;
 Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,
 And the icy founts run free,
 And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
 And plunge, and sail in the sea.

O my lost love, and my own, own love,
 And my love that loved me so !
 Is there never a chink in the world above
 Where they listen for words from below ?
 Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore,
 I remember all that I said,
 And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more
 Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
 To the ice-fields and the snow ;
 Thou wert sad, for thy love did nought avail,
 And the end I could not know ;
 How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
 Whom that day I held not dear ?
 How could I know I should love thee away
 When I did not love thee anear ?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain
 With the faded bents o'erspread ;
 We shall stand no more by the seething main
 While the dark wrack drives o'erhead ;
 We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,
 Where thy last farewell was said ;
 But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again
 When the sea gives up her dead.

JEAN INGELOW (1820—1897).

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JEAN INGELOW.

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 ask 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 wither'd be :
 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 !

BEN JONSON (1573 -1637).

MY LITTLE DOLL.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world ;
 Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
 And her hair was so charmingly curled.
 But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played in the heath one day ;
 And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
 But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played in the heath one day :
 Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
 For her paint is all washed away,
 And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
 And her hair not the least bit curled :
 Yet, for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world.

C. KINGSLEY (1819-1875).

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the West,
 Away to the West as the sun went down ;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town ;
 For men must work and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
 And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
 And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
 And the night rack came rolling up, ragged and brown ;
 But men must work, and women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
 And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
 For those who will never come home to the town.
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
 Their place ye may not well supply,
 Though ye 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.

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 forewarning?

CHARLES LAMB (1775—1834).

44.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

TWENTY years hence my eyes may grow,
If not quite dim, yet rather so,
Still 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.

W. S. LANDOR (1775—1864).

45.

ALLAN WATER.

ON the banks of Allan Water,
When the sweet spring time did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter,
Fairest of them all.

For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he,
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When brown autumn spread his store,
There I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more.

For the summer grief had brought her,
And the soldier—false was he,
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast.

But the miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free,
On the banks of Allan Water,
There a corse lay she.

M. G. LEWIS (1775—1818).

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates;
 When I lie tangled in her hair
 And fetter'd to her eye,
 The birds that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
 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, linnet-like confinèd, 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.

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618—1658).

BABY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the angels' wings.

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

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

GEORGE MACDONALD (1824—1905).

KATHALEEN NY-HOULAHAN.

(A Jacobite relic—from the Irish.)

LONG they pine in weary woe, the nobles of our land,
 Long they wander to and fro, proscribed, alas! and banned;
 Feastless, houseless, altarless, they bear the exile's brand;
 But their hope is in the coming-to of Kathaleen Ny-
 Houlahan!

Think her not a ghastly hag, too hideous to be seen,
 Call her not unseemly names, our matchless Kathaleen:
 Young she is, and fair she is, and would be crowned a queen,
 Were the king's son at home here with Kathaleen
 Ny-Houlahan!

Sweet and mild would look her face, O none so sweet and
 mild,
 Could she crush the foes by whom her beauty is reviled;
 Woollen plaids would grace herself and robes of silk her
 child,
 If the king's son were living here with Kathaleen Ny-
 Houlahan!

Sore disgrace it is to see the Arbitress of thrones,
 Vassal to a *Saxoneen* of cold and sapless bones!
 Bitter anguish wrings our souls—with heavy sighs and groans
 We wait the Young Deliverer of Kathaleen Ny-Hou-
 lahan!

Let us pray to Him who holds Life's issues in His hands—
 Him who formed the mighty globe, with all its thousand
 lands;
 Girding them with seas and mountains, rivers deep, and
 strands,
 To cast a look of pity upon Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

He, who over sands and waves led Israel along—
 He, who fed, with heavenly bread, that chosen tribe and
 throng—
 He, who stood by Moses, when his foes were fierce and
 strong—
 May He show forth His might in saving Kathaleen
 Ny-Houlahan!

J. C. MANGAN (1803-49).

LEARNING.

(From the Ottoman.)

SEE how those worlds that roll afar
 Serenely beam on one another!
 There nowhere burns a sun or star
 But helps to cheer some darker brother.

Wouldst thou, O man, be good and wise,
 Share thus thy light among thy neighbours;
 In giving, not in hoarding, lies
 The truest meed of learning's labours.

J. C. MANGAN.

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

THEY who go forth and finally win
 Their way to the temple of truth by error's multiplied
 stages,
 They are the sages!

They who stop short for life at some inn
 On the side of the road—say Momus's, Mammon's, or
 Cupid's,
 They are the stupid's.

J. C. MANGAN.

SONG ON A MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, Day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
 Hail, Bounteous May, that doth inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing;
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON (1608—1674).

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG
CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

THOMAS MOORE (1779—1852).

THE HARP THAT ONCE.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The Harp of Tara swells;
The cord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,—
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

LOVE AND HATE.

WHEN I loved you, I can't but allow
 I had many an exquisite minute ;
 But the scorn that I feel for you now
 Hath even more luxury in it !

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
 Some witchery seems to await you ;
 To love you is pleasant enough,
 But oh ! 'tis delicious to hate you !

THOMAS MOORE.

OH ! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

OH ! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid :
 Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THOMAS MOORE.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
 And lovers are round her, sighing :
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
 For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
 Every note which he lov'd awaking ;—
 Ah ! little they think who delight in her strains,
 How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him ;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

THOMAS MOORE.

57.

ON A FLY DRINKING OUT OF HIS CUP.

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

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hast'ning quick to their decline:—
Thine's a summer: mine's no more,
Though repeated to three-score:—
Three-score summers, when they're gone
Will appear as short as one.

WM. OLDYS (1696—1761).

58.

THE OAK AND THE BEECH.

FOR the tender beech and the sapling oak,
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatsoever change may be,
You can never teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

T. L. PEACOCK (1785—1866).

THE CONTENTED MAN.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days and years slide soft away.
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
 Together mix'd ; sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most doth please,
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688—1744).

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, O, quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy scife,
 And let us languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend, your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

61.

AN ITALIAN SONG.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close to my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager;
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle-bowers
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

SAMUEL ROGERS (1762—1855).

MELANCHOLY.

Go—you may call it madness, folly,
 You shall not chase my gloom away;
 There's such a charm in melancholy,
 I would not, if I could, be gay.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
 That fills my bosom when I sigh,
 You would not rob me of a treasure
 Monarchs are too poor to buy.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

A WISH.

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

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

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

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

SAMUEL ROGERS.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad songs for me;
 Plant thou no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress tree:
 Be the green grass above me
 With showers and dewdrops wet:
 And, if thou wilt, remember,
 And, if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
 I shall not feel the rain;
 I shall not hear the nightingale
 Sing on, as if in pain:
 And dreaming through the twilight
 That doth not rise nor set,
 Haply I may remember,
 And haply may forget.

C. G. ROSSETTI (1830—1894).

PHYLLIS.

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

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

SIR C. SEDLEY (1639?—1701).

FULL FATHOM FIVE.

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

W. SHAKESPEARE (1564—1616).

HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

HARK! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lies.

And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ;
 With everything that pretty bin :
 My lady sweet, arise ;
 Arise, arise.

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

TO LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

Too late I stay'd! forgive the crime,
 Unheeded flew the hours ;
 How noiseless falls the foot of time,
 That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
 The ebbing of his glass,
 When all its sands are diamond sparks,
 That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings?

HON. W. R. SPENCER (1770—1834).

69.

CONSTANCY.

OUT upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,—
If it prove fine weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least, ere this,
A dozen in her place!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1608—1641).

70.

LOVE AND DEBT.

THERE'S one request I make to Him
Who sits the clouds above:
That I were fairly out of debt,
As I am out of love.

Then for to dance, to drink, and sing,
I should be very willing;
I should not owe one lass a kiss,
Nor any rogue one shilling.

'Tis only being in love, or debt,
That robs us of our rest,
And he that is quite out of both,
Of all the world is blest.

He sees the golden age, wherein
All things were free and common;
He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest—
And fears nor man nor woman.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

71.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809—92).

SONG FROM "THE PRINCESS."

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

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

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

THE MANLY HEART.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or my cheeks make pale 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 pined
 'Cause I see a woman kind ;
 Or a well-disposéd nature
 Joined with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder, than
 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 merit's value known
Make me quite forget my own ?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of Best ;
 If she seem not such to me,
 What care I how good she be ?

'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
Who without them dare to woo :
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I tho' 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 ;
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be ?

GEORGE WITHER (1588—1667).

74.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him :—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

C. WOLFE (1791—1823).

75.

THE LOST LOVE.

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 !

WM. WORDSWORTH (1770—1850).

76.

THE RAINBOW.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The Child is father of the Man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

77.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
His 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 way-lay.

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 between life and death:
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 angelic light.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

[The same poem will be found under the same number in both parts of the book.]

	No.
As Dick and I were a-sailing by - - - - -	5
A wet sheet and a flowing sea - - - - -	28
Beautiful, sublime, and glorious - - - - -	6
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms - - - - -	52
Break, break, break - - - - -	71
Busy, thirsty, curious Fly! - - - - -	57
Dear is my little native vale - - - - -	61
Do you ask what the birds say? - - - - -	23
Drink to me only with thine eyes - - - - -	40
Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind! - - - - -	17
Fair daffodils, we weep to see - - - - -	31
For the tender beech and the sapling oak - - - - -	58
Full fathom five thy father lies - - - - -	66
Gather ye rose-buds while ye may - - - - -	30
God bless the King!—I mean the Faith's Defender - - - - -	16
Go—you may call it madness, folly - - - - -	62
Happy the man, whose wish and care - - - - -	59
Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings - - - - -	67
Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee - - - - -	32
He that is down needs fear no fall - - - - -	15
He that loves a rosy cheek - - - - -	21
How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot - - - - -	13
I'd be a Butterfly born in a bower - - - - -	7
If I had but two little wings - - - - -	25
I once had a sweet little doll, dears - - - - -	41
I remember, I remember - - - - -	36
Jenny kiss'd me when we met - - - - -	37
Life! I know not what thou art - - - - -	4
Long they pine in weary woe, the nobles of our land - - - - -	48
Love is like the wild rose-briar - - - - -	14

	No.
Mine be a cot beside the hill - - - -	63
My heart leaps up when I behold - - - -	76
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note - - - -	74
Now the bright morning star, Day's harbinger - - - -	51
O, gentle, gentle summer rain - - - -	9
Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade - - - -	55
On Linden, when the sun was low - - - -	19
On the banks of Allan Water - - - -	45
Out upon it, I have loved - - - -	69
Pack, Clouds, away! and welcome, day! - - - -	34
Phyllis is my only joy - - - -	65
Piping down the valleys wild - - - -	12
Queen of fresh flowers - - - -	29
Ring-ting! I wish I were a Primrose - - - -	1
Says Plato, why should man be vain - - - -	2
See how those worlds that roll afar - - - -	49
Shall I, wasting in despair - - - -	73
She dwelt among the untrodden ways - - - -	75
She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps - - - -	56
She is not fair to outward view - - - -	22
She was a Phantom of delight - - - -	77
Star that bringest home the bee - - - -	20
Strew on her roses, roses - - - -	3
Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star! - - - -	18
The harp that once through Tara's halls - - - -	53
The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade - - - -	27
There's no dew left on the daisies and clover - - - -	39
There's one request I make to Him - - - -	70
The splendour falls on castle walls - - - -	72
They who go forth and finally win - - - -	50
Three fishers went sailing away to the West - - - -	42
Too late I stay'd! forgive the crime - - - -	68
Twenty years hence my eyes may grow - - - -	44
Vital spark of heavenly flame! - - - -	60
Welcome, maids of honour - - - -	33
We watch'd her breathing thro' the night - - - -	35
When I am dead, my dearest - - - -	64

	No.
When I loved you, I can't but allow - - - -	54
When I'm dead, on my tomb-stone I hope they will say -	8
When late I attempted your pity to move - - - -	10
When Love with unconfined wings - - - -	46
When maidens such as Hester die - - - -	43
When sparrows build, and the leaves break forth - -	38
When the voices of children are heard on the green -	11
Where did you come from, baby dear? - - - -	47
Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn? - - - -	24
While I'm blest with health and plenty - - - -	26

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