

# Forgotten Books

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ALMAE . MATRI

ALMAE . MATRI

HOS . ARVNDINVM . VOCALIVM . SVSVRROS.

FRONT . TIT.

D . D . D.

FRONT . TIT.

ARTIVM . MAGISTER.



**D**

E mireris, Lector erudite, quod in ævo rerum utilium magis sagaci, quam ornamentorum studioso, novos quosdam ‘Musarum fetus’ ausim expromere, id accuratius edoceri fortasse non gravaberis.

Quum jam, ad curas sanctiores vocatus, ab Academia nostra decessissem, venit mihi in mentem quæ calamo Græco aut Latino lusissem, subsecivis horis in fasciculum unum colligere. Huc accessere quædam non invenustæ prolusiones eorum quibuscum familiarissime versatus sum; eaque omnia collata tandem et comparata, ita mihi arridebant, ut oculis viderer paternis tanquam filiolos meos intueri; intuens autem, mox cuperem oculos omnium hominum ad eosdem allicere. Cæterum, his vixdum perpensis, prout plurima vires eundo acquirunt, quæ somniassem, aliis quibusdam Cantabrigiensibus impertitus sum, et paulatim auxilia in re audacissima contraxi. Itaque brevi tempore haud scio an omnia Nasonum et Maronum et Poetarum Scenicorum scrinia in manus meas fuerint effusa; certe ea quidem abundabat munificentia vatum et Latine et Atticæ scribentium, ut in seligendo magis quam in colligendo summus labor poneretur.

Inter has opes, plurimi faciebam quæcunque de Musis nostratibus Latine conversa acciperem, eademque

diligenter excerpebam. Etenim experiendo cognovi animum lectoris hoc genus eo libentius adire, quo acrioris ingenii vis in interpretando postuletur; quo plus exigatur calliditatis in electione ac constructione verborum; quo exquisitior pateat doctrinae concinnitas in accommodando linguæ obsoletæ non sua *ιδιώματα*.

Jam vero veniam dabit Censor criticus, si seriem atque juncturam operis levissimi facetam magis quam legitimam, meorum arbiter, mihi proposuero. Quippe meminerit idem, si

Illecebris foret et grata novitate morandus  
Spectator,

tamen non me oblitum fuisse

ita vertere seria ludo,

ut in alteram partem libelli omnia sacra per se reverenter essent seposita atque distributa.

Utrum feliciter necne conati simus monachorum hymnos rhythmicos imitari, judicent alii: unum id in hoc loco jure lamentamur, quod ista species carminum, tam casta, tam pulcra, tam plena exercitationis idoneæ, cum in Indis publicis, tum apud Academicos nostros, penitus omissa esse videatur. Quis autem ignorat quam egregia sit hodie ad versiones sacras opportunitas, seu quis illius 'Lyræ Apostolicæ' fila sollicitet, sive circa dædalos flores 'Anni Christiani' fundantur poetarum examina?

Neque huic procœmio ante aulæa tollantur, quam adjutoribus meis, quorum erit omnis laus, si quid suavius

aut elegantius in Anthologia nostra eniteat, maximas gratias persolvam. Inque iis præsertim ἀκολακεύτως agnosco quid ego debeam Francisco Hodgson, Collegii Etonensis Præposito; quid eruditissimo Francisco Wrangham, inter Brigantes Archidiacono: quid Baroni Lyttelton quantum titulis, tantum ingenio et doctrina nobili; quid denique amicissimo meo Henrico Johanni Hodgson, e collegio SS. Trinitatis socio, et ab ovo usque ad mala strenuo præ omnibus auxiliatori.

Superest, ut pacem tuam impetrem, lector benevole, si fortasse quædam mendose, quædam negligentius, inter has nugas, prelo commissa offendas. Cujusvis est hominis errare: quin et noster Vincentius Bourne, ornatissimus ille Romani carminis artifex, ipse aliquoties peccat, et versus incomposito pede currentes patitur. Spero autem te facilius mihi obtemperaturum, si intellexeris, editorem tuum, neque inter silvas Academi, neque propter susurrantes Ilissi ripas, sed in rure reducto, procul ab amicis, procul a libris, procul a doctissimorum colloquio, solum et tacitum et aliquando tristissimum, hos labores suos in lucem protulisse.

Tibi vero, Alma Mater 'lepidum novum libellum', qualiscunque sit, dono ac dedico. Tu, pro eo ac meretur, aut abjicies aut—si me amas, amplecteris. Tui gratam memoriam vel absens persequar. Quare fac me diligas, et dignitati meæ suffrageris.

Dabam apud GENISTARUM VILLAM.

a. d. XIII. Cal. Aprilis. MD.CCC.XLI.

## Monitum.

---

IN nova editione pauca quædam, quasi emerita carmina, jam rude donavi: quorum in locum suffecta alia, multa denique emendata, inveniet lector curiosus.

Vereor ne parum gratus fuisse videar, qui Jacobi Hildyard et Caroli Merivale nomina in commemoratione adjutorum ante prætermiserim. Pro utroque satis loquuntur quæ contulerunt: sed alter horum denuo copiosa adduxit subsidia, stiloque, ut solet, usus est felicissimo.

Non tali eget auxilio Francisci Wrangham flebilis memoria: quod si fidem ejus ac benevolentiam bonorum omnium consensus; si genus et vitam marmor sepulcrale testabitur; amoris tamen et studii, quo Musas etiam in senectute complexus est, exiguo sit pignori hoc nostrum opusculum:

Εἰσέτι γὰρ πνεῖει τὰ σὰ χεῖλεα καὶ τὸ σὸν ἄσθμα·  
'Αχὼ δ' ἘΝ ΔΟΝΑΚΕΣΣΙ τέας ἐπιβόσκει' αἰιδάς.

Mosch. Id. γ' 55.

Scripti apud BROMHAM,  
Prid. Cal. *Maii*. MD.CCC.XLIII.

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HANC quartam editionem politam atque ampliorem  
dedi apud Bremhill

ante diem III. Id. *Nov.* MD.CCC.LI.

H. D.

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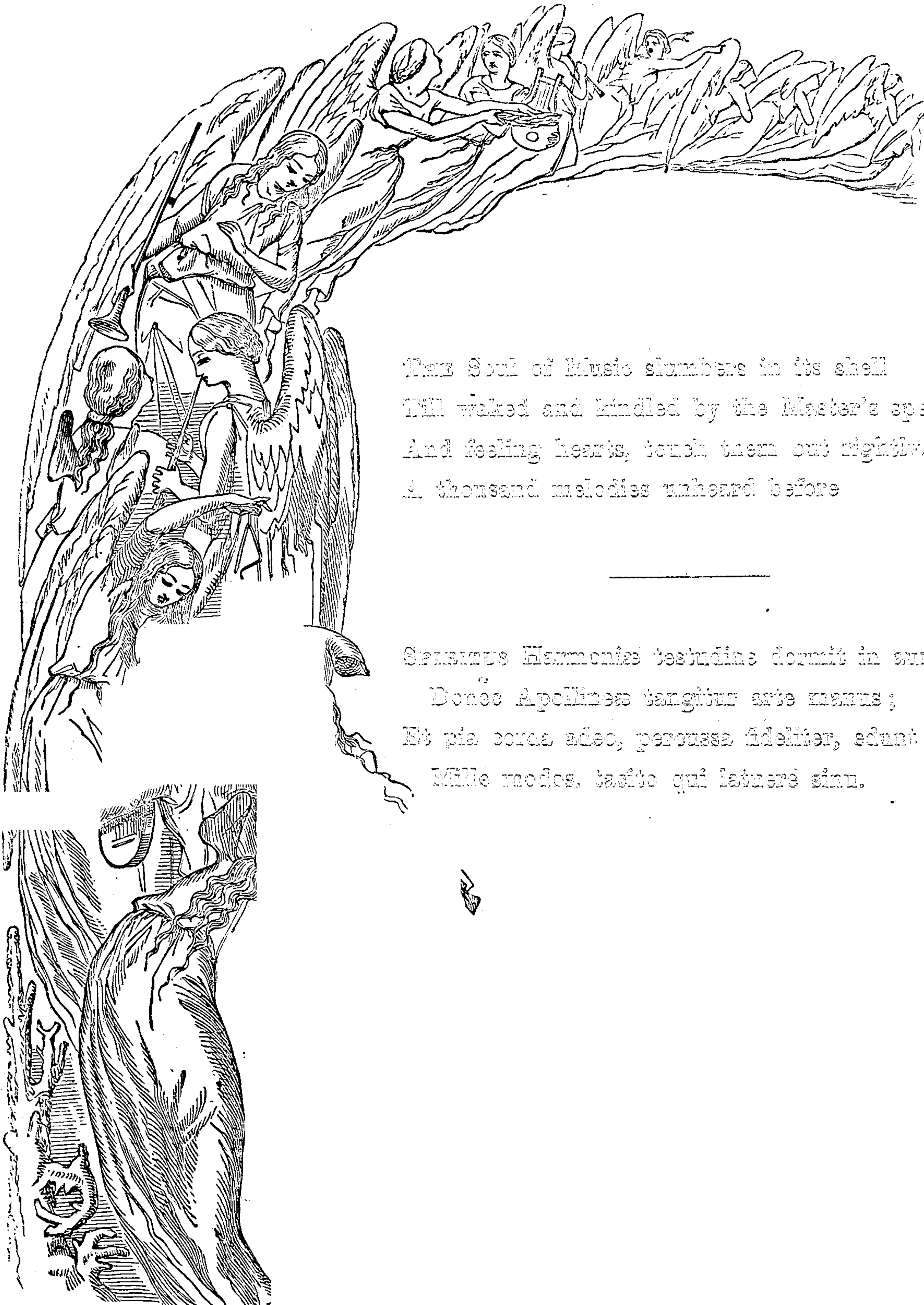
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Thou Soul of Music slumbers in its shell  
Till waked and kindled by the Master's spell  
And feeling hearts, touch them out rightly  
A thousand melodies unheard before

---

Sensus Harmoniae testudine dormit in evis  
Donec Apollineas tangitur arte manus;  
Et pia coram aëco, percussa fideliter, edunt  
Mille modos, tacite qui latuerè sinu.



## The Commencement of the Nineteenth Century.

NOBLE friend! say where may Freedom banished;

Where may stricken Peace a refuge find,

Now the century in storm has vanished,

And the next in carnage stalks behind?

All old bonds of nations rent asunder;

All old forms swift hastening to decline;

Nor can Ocean stay the battle's thunder,

Nor the Nile-God, nor the ancient Rhine.

Two gigantic rival states, contending

For the sole dominion of the world,

O'er all laws, all birthrights else, impending,

Have the trident and the lightning hurl'd.

Every land to them must mete its treasure;

And, like Brennus in those ruder days,

Here the Frank his ponderous falchion's measure

In the wavering scale of justice lays;

There his fleets the Briton, rich and mighty,

Polypus-like, stretches o'er the deep,

And the kingdom of free Amphitrite,

Closes as his own peculiar keep.

To the South-pole's hidden constellations

In his restless, boundless, course he flies,



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To all isles, all coasts of furthest nations ;

All—but only those of Paradise.

Vainly o'er the world's wide surface ranging,

Would'st thou seek that blessed spot to know,

Where bright Freedom's verdure smiles unchanging,

Where life's earliest flowers undying blow ?

Endless lies the globe's huge floating mansion,

Scarce can sail its bulk enormous trace ;

Yet not all throughout its vast expansion

May ten happy beings find a place.

To the heart's still chamber, deep and lonely,

Must thou flee from life's tumultuous throng :

Freedom in the land of dreams is only,

And the Beauteous blooms alone in song.

Merivale's Schiller.

---

### Bonnie Lass.

BONNIE lass, bonnie lass, will you be mine ?

Thou shalt neither wash dishes nor serve the swine ;

But sit on a cushion and sew up a seam,

And thou shalt have strawberries sugar and cream.

Gammer Gurton.

At latet Elysium felix nemus; at pia sedes  
 Adhuc fefellit, angulusque Achillei,  
 Qua sua libertas animis, rerumque juvenas  
 Virescit, hortulisque pullulat sacris.  
 Quod si spe nimia tanti sinus orbis aditur,  
 Volantis ut fatiscat impetus trabis,  
 Ipse tamen digitis potes enumerare beatos,  
 Quot omnis ora pascit, et tegit polus.  
 Tecum habita, Geniumque fove, (neque enim hoc  
 Deus aufert)  
 Inulta si stat occupare gaudia:  
 Prende chelyn, cui sola patet plaga libera mundi,  
 Vacantque regna somniorum inania.

C. M.

---

### Pulcra Puella.

PULCRA puella, velis fieri mea, pulcra puella?  
 Pascere non porcos, tibi non detergere lances  
 Curæ erit; at vestem suere et requiescere sella;  
 Mellaque erunt epulis et lacte fluentia fraga.

F. H.

---

Ode to Adversity.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,  
Thou tamer of the human breast,  
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour  
The bad affright, afflict the best!  
Bound in thy adamantine chain,  
The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
And purple tyrants vainly groan  
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth  
Virtue, his darling child, designed,  
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,  
And bade to form her infant mind.  
Stern rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore  
With patience many a year she bore;  
What sorrow was, thou had'st her know,  
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Gray.

## In Calamitatem.

QUÆ sævo domitos imperio regis  
 Mortales, superi nata Jovis Dea,  
 Dira non sine pœna et  
 Flagris improba ferreis

Pertentans homines; unde adamantinis  
 Sub vinclis trepidum comprimitur Nefas,  
 Angunturque malorum  
 Seris pectora luctibus,

Nec puri sceleris non animi dolent;  
 Te reges dominam purpurei nevam,  
 Per deserta domorum,  
 Te vano gemitu tremunt.

Cum lectam generi mittere filiam  
 Humano voluit cœlicolum Pater  
 Virtutem, tibi diam  
 Commisit sobolem Deus,

Ut prudens teneræ pectora fingeres.  
 Ah! quanta rigidam te patientia,  
 Nutrix aspera, longis  
 Virtus temporibus tulit!

Sensit, qua miseris fracta doloribus  
 Mens curâ gemeret: sensit, et haud suo,  
 Te perdocta magistra,  
 Luetu tangitur invicem.

### Sandy's Ghost.

THE Moon had climbed the highest hill  
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
And from the eastern summit shed  
Her silvery light o'er tower and tree;  
When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,  
When low and soft a voice she heard  
Say, 'Mary, weep no more for me.'  
She from her pillow gently raised  
Her head, to see who there might be;  
She saw young Sandy shivering stand,  
With visage pale and hollow e'e.  
'O Maiden dear, cold is my clay,  
'It lies beneath a stormy sea;  
'Far far from thee I sleep in death,  
'So, Mary,—weep no more for me.  
'O Maiden dear, thyself prepare,  
'We soon shall meet upon that shore,  
'Where love is free from doubt and care,  
'And we shall meet to part no more.'  
Loud crowed the cock; the Shadow fled;  
No more of Sandy could she see;  
But soft the parting Spirit said,  
'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.'

## Alexis Umbra.

Quod perlucentis spectat cunabula Devæ,  
 Luna super summum fulserat alba jugum;  
 Argentique faces Eoi a vertice cœli  
 Sparserat in silvas turrigerasque domos.

In lecto composta, suum jam Phyllis Alexin  
 Visa erat in somnis per freta longa sequi,  
 Quum pressum irrepsit murmur, 'Mea Phylli, quiescas;  
 'Desine torqueri, quod tuus absit Amor.'

Sustulit a mœsto tremulum caput illa cubili,  
 Quæsitum in thalamo quis sit et unde suo;  
 Et stare algentem perterrita vidit Alexin,  
 Exsanguis vultu luminibusque cavis.

'Sternor ego exanimis, vita O mihi carior ipsa,  
 'Intempestivo pulvis et ossa mari;  
 'Te procul addicor morti: mea Phylli, quiescas:  
 'Desine vexari, quod tuus absit Amor.

'Suave meum, non longa mora est, quin mollia tangas  
 'Numina, et in sacra congrediamur humo;  
 'Qua manet inconcussa Fides, segura laborum;  
 'Qua gremio nunquam diripiere meo.'

Fortiter increpuit gallus: vaga fugit Imago:  
 Solvitur ante oculos quod fuit omne viri;  
 Sed tenere abscedens dixit; 'Mea Phylli, quiescas;  
 'Desine turbari, quod tuus absit Amor.'



---

The old Gentleman of Tobago.

THERE was an old man of Tobago,  
 Who lived on rice-gruel and sago;  
 Till, much to his bliss,  
 His physician said this;  
 ‘To a leg, Sir, of mutton you may go.’

Gammer Gurton.

---

Had I a Cave.

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,  
 Where the winds howl to the wave’s dashing roar,  
 Then would I weep my woes,  
 Then seek my lost repose,  
 Till grief my eyes should close,  
 Ne’er to wake more.

FAlsest of woman-kind, can’st thou declare  
 All thy fond plighted vows fleeting as air?  
 To thy new lover hie;  
 Laugh o’er thy perjury;  
 Then in thy bosom try,  
 What peace is there.

Burns.



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## Henry IV.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

GLENDOWER.

I SAY, the earth did shake when I was born.

HOTSPUR.

And I say, the earth was not of my mind,  
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

GLENDOWER.

The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

HOTSPUR.

O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,  
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down

Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,

In passion shook.

GLENDOWER.

Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again, that, at my birth,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;

And all the courses of my life do shew,

I am not in the roll of common men.

## GLENDDOWER. HOTSPUR.

ΓΛ. ΓΗΝ βλαστάνοντός φημ' ἐμοῦ τρέσαι φόβω.

ΘΕΡ. Ἐγὼ δ' ἄρ' οὐ τί φημι γῆν τὰμὰ φρονεῖν,  
εἴ τοι νομίζεις σῶ ταραχθῆναι φόβω.

ΓΛ. Αἰθήρ μὲν οὖν ἔλαμψε, γῆ δ' ἐπάλλετο.

ΘΕΡ. Ἴδοῦσά γ' ἐκλάμποντος αἰθέρος σέλας,  
ἀλλ' οὐ φόβω, σάφ' ἴσθι, σῆς γεννήσεως.

ἢ πολλά τοι νοσοῦσα θαυμασταῖς φύσις

ἔρρωγεν ἐκβολαῖσι· χῆ βρύουσα γῆ

ᾧδινι κεντηθεῖσα δάπτεταιί τινι,

ἐν νηδύος μυχοῖσιν ἐγκεκλεισμένης

πνοῆς δυσάρκτου· τοῦ γὰρ ἐκφεύγειν αἰεὶ

ἔρῳσα σείει τὴν παλαιγενῆ χθόνα,

πύργους κατασκάπτουσα κισσῆρεις χρόνῳ.

τοιᾶδε δὴ ξυνοῦσα τῇ νόσῳ τότε

σοῦ βλαστάνοντος γραῖα γαῖ' ἐπάλλετο.

ΓΛ. ὦ ζύγγον', ἔστιν ᾧν τὰδ' οὐκ ἠνειχόμεν

κλύων ἄπερ σὺ νῦν μ' ἀτιμάσας ἔχεις.

παρὲς δ' ὅμως λέγειν τόδ' αὖθις· ὡς ἐμοῦ

γεννωμένου πρόσωπον οὐρανοῦ παρῆν

ιδεῖν πυρωπῶν μεστὸν ὄν μορφωμάτων·

δρόμῳ δ' ἀπ' ὀρέων αἶγες ἦξαν ἐμμανεῖς,

ἀγέλαι δ' ἀν' ἀγρούς δεινὸν ἔρρόθουν κλύειν.

οὐ σήματ' ἀνδρὸς ταῦτα τοῦ ἰπιδόντος ἦν·

καὶ μὴν πρόδηλός εἰμι πάντα τὸν βίον

ἠκιστα τοὺς τυχόντας εἰς ἀνδρας τέλων.

### The Lotos Eaters.

BRANCHES they bore of that enchanted stem,  
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave  
 To each: but whoso did receive of them  
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave  
 Far far away did seem to mourn and rave  
 On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,  
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;  
 And deep-asleep he seemed, yet all awake;  
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

\* They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
 Between the sun and moon, upon the shore;  
 And sweet it was to dream of Father-land,  
 And wife and child and slave; but evermore  
 Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,  
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.  
 Then some one said, 'We will return no more;'  
 And all at once they sang, 'Our island home  
 'Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'

Tennyson.

### Economy.

To make your candles last for aye,  
 You wives and maids give ear O!  
 To put them out's the only way,  
 Says honest John Boldcro.

Gammer Gurton.

### Lotophagi.

QUINETIAM magica ramos de stirpe ferebant,  
 Floribus et fructu gravidos, et dulcia cuique  
 Dona dabant: quorum succo semel ore recepto,  
 Visa procul longis incassum anfractibus unda  
 Mugire increpitans, et non sua litora plangi:  
 Et tenuis, sociorum aliquis si forte locutus,  
 Stridere vox, Lemurum velut imbecilla querela:  
 Et licet insomnis, somno cogi inque pediri  
 Omnis: et, auditis tremulo modulamine fibris,  
 Suave sub arguto geminari pectore murmur.  
 Consedere omnes ad flavæ litus arenæ,  
 In medio Solis radios Lunæque tuentes;  
 Et patriæ dulcis, sobolisque irrepsit imago  
 Mentibus, et veteris procul oblectamina vitæ.  
 Tædia mox pelagus, remi quoque tædia visi  
 Ingerere, et spumæ sterilis longissimus æstus;  
 Atque aliquis tandem, 'Non amplius ibimus,' inquit:  
 Continuoque omnes, 'Lenge mare clauditur ultra  
 'Insula, nostra domus: non amplius ibimus,' omnes.

C. M.

### Seria de Cereis.

AUDITE matres, virgines, puellulæ,  
 Præcepta Nestoris probi:  
 Semper manebit, quod tenebras exigat;  
 Si cereos extinguitis.

H. D.

### The Blind Man's Bride.

WHEN first, beloved, in vanished hours,  
The Blind Man sought thy hand to gain,  
They said thy cheek was bright as flowers  
New freshened by the summer's rain.  
The beauty, which made them rejoice,  
My darkened eyes might never see,  
But well I knew thy gentle voice,  
And that was all in all to me.

At length, as years rolled swiftly on,  
They talked to me of Time's decay,  
Of roses from thy soft cheek gone,  
Of ebon tresses turned to grey.  
I heard them; but I heeded not;  
The withering change I could not see;  
Thy voice still cheered my darkened lot,  
And that was all in all to me.

And still, beloved, till life grows cold,  
We'll wander 'neath the genial sky,  
And only know that we are old  
By counting happy hours gone by.  
Thy cheek may lose its blushing hue,  
Thy brow less beautiful may be;  
But oh! the voice, which first I knew,  
Still keeps the same sweet tone to me!

οὐ γάρ με λήθεις, ἀλλὰ γιγνώσκω σαφῶς,  
καίπερ σκοτεινὸς, τήν γε σὴν αὐδὴν ὄμως.

TEMPORE præterito cum te, mea vita, petebam

Conjugio mecum jungere cæcus ego;

Ipsa, susurrabant, ibas pulcerrima rerum,

Flore prior, verna qui recreatur aqua.

Quæ tam grata aliis, tam conspicienda, venustas

Fulserit, heu! oculis abditur illa meis;

Sed bene cognoram vocem, tua mellea verba;

Id fuit e votis omnibus omne mihi.

At quia labuntur reduces velociter anni,

Jam formæ memorant plurima damna tuæ;

Quod nigri albescant rugosa in fronte capilli,

Quod rosa sit teneris deperitura genis.

Inscius audiui: nec sunt mihi talia curæ;

Effugiant veneres, non ego testis ero:

Mulsit adhuc mea me vocis dulcedine conjux:

Id fuit e votis omnibus omne mihi.

Sic, mea vita, una sub cælo errabimus almo,

Dum brevis in fido pectore vita calet;

Et, nisi felices quando numerabimus horas,

Immemores erimus nos simul esse senes.

Quod si non vultu maneat color ille rosarum,

Frons etiam uxori sit minus alba meæ;

Vox tua suaviloqua me cepit imagine primum;

Vox tua dat liquidum, quod dedit ante, melos.



---

### The May Queen.

You must mind and call me early, call me early, Mother  
dear,

To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;  
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day,  
For 'Im to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so  
bright as mine;

There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;  
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say;  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,  
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break;  
But I must gather knots of flowers and buds and garlands  
gay,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,  
But Robert leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?  
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yester-  
day:

But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
o' the May.



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He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white ;  
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.  
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be :  
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?  
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer-day ;  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
o' the May.

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

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

Ille me spectrum putavit, candidatam contuens,  
Recta euntem, nec loquentem, lucis ut scintillulam:  
Me vocant crudelem amicæ; sed mea nil interest:  
Domina namque feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

Deperit me, aiunt, amando; at non ego illis credula:  
Deperit, mater, dolendo; atqui mea quid interest?  
Pulciores, fortiores, quippe erunt proci mihi;  
Et ego Domina feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

Nec minus tenella mecum feriabitur soror;  
Tuque me, mater, velis videre fieri principem:  
Nam juvenus undequaque veniet agricolantium;  
Et ego Domina feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

En! casas intexit udas postibus caprifolium,  
Inque pratis per canales cardamina suaveolet,  
Subter in stagnis coruscat orbe caltha flammeo:  
Ipsa Domina feriarum, mater, et Princeps ero.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow  
 grass,  
 And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they  
 pass ;  
 There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,  
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen  
 o' the May.

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

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

Tennyson.

---

### Twinkle, Twinkle.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little Star ;  
 How I wonder what you are !  
 Up above the world so high,  
 Like a diamond in the sky.  
 When the blazing Sun is gone,  
 When he nothing shines upon,

Hinc et hinc nocturnus herbis it reditque spiritus,  
 Et super salire visa transeunte sidera ;  
 Nec diem tantillus humor inquinare cogitat :  
 Ipsa Domina feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

At virebit, at vigebit otio saltus sacro ;  
 Bellides jam prodit omnis collis et ranunculos ;  
 Floridoque lætus alveo saliet amnis inquires :  
 Domina namque feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

Surge, mater, et voca me, mane quam maturrime,  
 Cras enim recentis anni lux erit lætissima ;  
 Cras recentis, mater, anni quam procax, quam perdita !  
 Ipsa Demina feriarum, pubis et Princeps ero.

C. M.

---

### Mica, Mica.

MICA, mica, parva Stella ;  
 Mirer, quænam sis tam bella !  
 Splendens eminus in illo,  
 Alba velut gemma, cælo.  
 Quando fervens Sol discessit,  
 Nec calore prata pascit,

Then you shew your little light,  
 Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.  
 Then the traveller in the dark  
 Thanks you for your tiny spark :  
 He could not see which way to go,  
 If you did not twinkle so.  
 In the dark blue sky you keep,  
 And often through my curtains peep ;  
 For you never shut your eye,  
 Till the Sun is in the sky.

Taylor.

---

### Reciprocity

I NE'ER could any lustre see  
 In eyes that would not look on me ;  
 I ne'er saw nectar in a lip,  
 But where my own did hope to sip.  
 Has the maid who seeks my heart  
 Cheeks of rose untouched by art ?  
 I will own the colour true,  
 When yielding blushes aid their hue.  
 Is her hand so soft and pure ?  
 I must press it to be sure ;  
 Nor can I be certain then,  
 Till it grateful press again.  
 Must I with attentive eye  
 Watch her anxious bosom sigh ?

Mox ostendis lumen purum,  
 Micans, micans, per obscurum.  
 Tibi, noctu qui vagatur,  
 Ob scintillulam gratatur;  
 Ni micares tu, non sciret  
 Quas per vias errans iret.  
 Meum sæpe thalamum luce  
 Specularis curiosa;  
 Neque carpseris soporem,  
 Donec venit Sol per auram.

H. D.

---

**Disce meo exemplo formosis posse carere.**

PHYLLIDIS effugiunt nos lumina: dulcia sunt:  
 Pulcra licet, nobis haud ea pulcra micant.  
 Nectar erat labiis, dum spes erat ista bibendi;  
 Spes perit; isque simul, qui fuit ante, decor.  
 Votis me Galatea petit: caret arte puella;  
 Parque rosis tenero vernat in ore color;  
 Sed nihil ista juvant; forsán tamen ista juvabunt,  
 Cum rubeant, victa rusticitate, genæ.  
 Pura manus mollisque fluit: neque credere possum:  
 Ut sit vera fides, ista premenda mihi est:  
 Non bene credit amor; nam res est plena timoris;  
 Conscia ni dextram dextera pressa premat.  
 Ecce, movent pectus suspiria! quid moror uri?  
 Quid moror occultis invigilare notis?



I will do so, when I see  
That anxious bosom sigh for me.

Shendan.

### The Cobbler.

A WAGGISH Cobbler issued once in Rhodes a proclamation,  
That he was willing to disclose, for a due consideration,  
A secret, which the cobbling world could not afford to  
lose ;  
The way to make in one short day a hundred pair of  
shoes !  
From every quarter to the sight there ran a thousand  
fellows,  
Tanners, Cobblers, Boot-professors, jolly Leather-sellers ;  
All redolent of beer and smoke and cobbler's wax and  
hides ;  
Each man he pays his thirty pence, and calls it cheap  
besides.  
Silence !—the Cobbler enters in, and casts around his  
eyes ;  
Then curls his lips, the rogue ! then frowns, and then  
looks wondrous wise :  
' My friends,' he says, ' it is a simple plan I shall propose,  
And every one of you, I think, might learn it, if you  
chose ;  
To make the hundred pairs of shoes,—just go back to  
your shops—  
And take a hundred pair of boots, and cut off all  
their tops !'



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### Cupid and Campaspe.

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

Lylye.

---

### Adieu, Adieu! My Native Shore.

"ADIEU, adieu! my native shore  
 Fades o'er the waters blue;  
 The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
 Yon Sun that sets upon the sea  
 We follow in his flight;  
 Farewell awhile to him and thee;  
 My native Land, Good Night!

### Amor et Campaspe.

LUDEBANT simul alea Cupido et  
 Campaspe mea pignore osculorum.  
 Hæc raptò fruitur : sed ille postis  
 Arcuque et pharetra, suis sagittis,  
 Materno pare passerum et columbis,  
 Jactu perdit et illa ; perditisque,  
 Promit curalium labri, rosamque  
 Miris ingenitam modis genarum ;  
 His et marmora frontis et latentem  
 Addit purpureo sub ore risum ;  
 Quæcumque opposuit, rapit puella.  
 Certat in geminos dehinc ocellos,  
 Exsurgitque oculis minor Cupido.  
 O factum male vel Deo ! sed in me,  
 Mortali misero, ah quid est futurum ?

\*G. C.

### Vale Britannia.

“ TERRA paterna, vale ! vitrei trans marmora ponti  
 Labitur ex oculis terra paterna meis :  
 Flamina rauca sonant, reboant in litora fluctus,  
 Spumea cum strepitu nubila mergus arat.  
 Hunc, vespertinis qui sol se condit in undis,  
 Urgemus celeri subsequimurque fuga.  
 Paulum igitur valeas tu, sol pulcerrime, tuque  
 Terra, mihi longum destituenda, vale !

“ A few short hours and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth ;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate ;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;  
My dog howls at the gate.

“ Come hither, hither, my little page!  
Why dost thou weep and wail ?  
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,  
Or tremble at the gale ?  
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye ;  
Our ship is swift and strong :  
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
More merrily along.”

‘ Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
I fear not wave nor wind :  
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
Am sorrowful in mind ;  
For I have from my father gone,  
A mother whom I love,  
And have no friend, save these alone,  
But thee—and One above.

“Efferet Eoo mox se redivivus ab æstu  
 Phœbus, et incipiet jam novus ire dies;  
 Tum mare conspiciam mollesque per æthera cœlos;  
 Sed non materni reddita regna soli.  
 Stat domus heu! deserta; patrum silet aula meorum;  
 Nec vetus est solito fervidus igne focus;  
 Quin steriles herbæ dominantur pariete in ipso,  
 Et canis oclusas ejulat ante fores.

“Huc, puer, huc venias! venias, positoque dolore,  
 Quæ sit mœrendi jam tibi causa, refer.  
 Anne reformidas malesani turbinis iram,  
 Anne times nimiis ne furat unda minis?  
 Pone metus, stantemque oculis i comprime guttam;  
 Firma per æquoreas hæc ratis ibit aquas;  
 Nec, qui perspicuum rapidis secat æthera pennis,  
 Accipiter cursu liberiore volat.”

‘Sæviat ira Noti, montes volvantur aquarum,  
 Me nec aquæ tumidæ nec movet ira Noti.  
 Ne mirere tamen cura quod vexer, et ægri  
 Quod subito luctus pectora nostra premant:  
 Nempe abiens carumque patrem matremque reliqui;  
 Omnibus abreptis tu mihi solus ades,  
 Tuque—Deusque manet: mihi tu nunc unus amicus;  
 Tu pro matre mihi, pro patre solus eris.

‘My father bless’d me fervently,  
Yet did not much complain;  
But sorely will my mother sigh  
Till I come back again.’

“Enough, enough, my little lad!  
Such tears become thine eye;  
If I thy guileless bosom had,  
Mine own would not be dry.

“Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,  
Why dost thou look so pale?  
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?  
Or shiver at the gale?”

‘Deem’st thou I tremble for my life?  
Sir Childe, I’m not so weak;  
But thinking on an absent wife  
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

‘My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
Along the bordering lake,  
And when they on their father call,  
What answer shall she make?’

“Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
Thy grief let none gainsay;  
But I, who am of lighter mood,  
Will laugh to flee away.

‘ Tum mihi, nam memini, pater est bona multa precatus,  
Pressa sed in forti est vana querela sinu.

At graviter puerum mater lugebit ademptum,  
Dum reduci gressu tecta paterna petam.’

“ Causa satis justa est: ne sit flevisse pudori;

Non oculos fletus dedecet iste tuos;

Quippe foret pariter si mens mihi criminis expers,  
Illa tuo pariter tacta dolore foret.

“ Huc ades, O domini custos, fortissime miles,

Dic age, cur tristi pallor in ore sedet?

Scilicet id metuis, ne nobis irruat hostis

Gallicus? an venti verbera sæva tremis?”

‘ Anne putas mortem causam satis esse timoris?

Non ita sum mollis, non ita triste mori est.

At deserta dolet quia, raptò conjuge, conjux,

Exsulat a fidis perpura missa genis.

‘ Nempe uxor puerique, tui prope limina tecti,

Litus habent vitrei, pignora cara, lacus;

Et cum sæpe pia me poscent voce parentem,

Responsum pueris qued dahit illa suis?’

“ Et tibi causa satis: ne quis contemnat amorem,

Nec tibi non æquum sic doluisse putet:

Ille, nec invideo, doleat, cui causa dolendi;

Læta tamen cum mens est mihi, læta fuga est.



“ For who would trust the seeming sighs  
Of wife or paramour?  
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes  
We late saw streaming o’er.  
For pleasures past I do not grieve,  
Nor perils gathering near;  
My greatest grief is that I leave  
No thing that claims a tear.

“ And now I’m in the world alone,  
Upon the wide, wide sea:  
But why should I for others groan,  
When none will sigh for me?  
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
Till fed by stranger hands;  
But long ere I come back again  
He’d tear me where he stands.

“ With thee, my bark, I’ll swiftly go  
Athwart the foaming brine;  
Nor care what land thou hear’st me to,  
So not again to mine.  
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!  
And when you fail my sight,  
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!  
My native Land—Good Night!”



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**Hey Diddle Diddle.**

HEY diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle!  
 The cow jumped over the moon;  
 The little dog laught to see such fine sport;  
 And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Gammer Gurton.

---

**Woe's Me.**

OH! how hard it is to find  
 The one just suited to our mind!  
 And if that one should be  
 False, unkind, or found too late,  
 What can we do but sigh at fate,  
 And sing, 'Woe's me! wee's me!'

Love's a boundless burning waste,  
 Where Bliss's stream we seldom taste,  
 And still more seldom flee  
 Suspense's thorns, Suspicion's stings:  
 Yet somehow Love a something brings  
 That's sweet, e'en when we sigh 'Woe's me!'

Campbell.

---

**The Bouncing Girl.**

WHAT care I how black I be?  
 Twenty pounds will marry me;  
 If twenty won't, forty shall;  
 For I'm my mother's bouncing girl.

Gammer Gurton.

### Hei Didulum.

HEI didulum—atque iterum didulum! Felisque Fidesque!  
 Vacca super Lunæ cornua prosiluit;  
 Dumque cachinnabat risu ingeminante catellus,  
 Surripuit turpi Lanx cochleare fuga.

H. D.

### Eheu.

HEU quis artibus invenire fas est  
 Illam ex omnibus una quæ puellis  
 Uni conveniat puella cordi?  
 Quæ si dura foret vel infidelis,  
 Vel sera nimium reperta vita,  
 Quid restat, nisi fata ut increpantes  
 ‘Eheu!’ carmine flebili sonemus?

Amor Marmaricas refert arenas,  
 Qua raris recreamur ora lymphis.  
 Spinas Ille alit asperi timoris,  
 Suspectæque malum fide venenum.  
 Atqui nescio quas Amor per artes  
 Dulce nescio quid feret, vel ‘eheu!’  
 Ægra flebiliter sonante lingua.

A. F. M.

### Omnia Romæ

#### Cum pretio.

EΙΕΝ· μελαγχρῶς εἰμ' ἐγώ. τί μοι μέλει;  
 ἢ γ' ἔστιν ἄνδρα μναῖς ἐφέλκεσθαι τρισὶν;  
 εἰ μὴ τρισὶν δέ, δις τρισὶν τίς ἀντερεῖ;  
 ἄρ' οὐχὶ βούπαις εἰμι τῆς μητρὸς κόρη;

E. C. H.

### The Sacrifice.

CHOOSE the darkest part o' th' grove,  
Such as ghosts at noon-day love.

Dig a trench, and dig it nigh  
Where the bones of Laius lie:

Altars raised of turf or stone  
Will the infernal Pow'r have none.

Answer me, if this be done?

'Tis done.

Is the sacrifice made fit?

Draw her backward to the pit:

Draw the barren heifer back;

Barren let her be and black.

Cut the curled hair, that grows

Full betwixt her horns and brows:

And turn your faces from the sun.

Answer me, if this be done?

'Tis done.

Pour in blood and bloodlike wine,

To mother earth and Proserpine:

Mingle milk into the stream:

Feast the ghosts that love the steam.

Snatch a brand from funeral pile;

Toss it in to make them boil:

And turn your faces from the sun.

Answer me, if this be done?

'Tis done.

## Η ΘΥΣΙΑ.

"ΑΓ' οὖν, σκοτεινὸν ἐξερευνήσας μύχον,  
οἶον μεσημβρινοῖσιν ἐν χρόνοις φιλεῖ  
εἶδωλ' ἐνοικεῖν, εἶτά μοι ταφροῦ βάθος  
σκάπτ' ὀστεοῖσι τοῖσι Λαίου πάρα.  
οὐ γάρ τι χλωροῖς οὐδὲ λαῖνῶις ποτε  
χαίρουσι βωμοῖς οἳ γε νέρτεροι Θεοί.  
λέγ' εἰ πέπρακται ταῦτα;

Πᾶν καλῶς ἔχει.

ἄρ' ἠντρέπισται πάνθ' ὅσα σφαγῆς ἔχει;  
τὴν στεῖραν οὖν ὀπισθεν εἰς ταφρὸν χρεῶν  
μόσχον καθέλκειν· τοῦτο δ' εὖ φύλασσ', ὅπως  
στεῖράν τε καὶ μέλαιναν αἰμάξεις χεροῖν.  
ἔπειτα πλεκτὰς δεῖ σ' ἀποθρίσαι τρίχας,  
ἄσπερ κεράτων ὀμμάτων τ' ἔχει μέσας.  
τρέπεσθε δ' ὄψιν πᾶς ἀνὴρ ἀφ' ἡλίου.  
λέγ' εἰ πέπρακται ταῦτα;

Πᾶν καλῶς ἔχει.

ἄλλ' αἶματ' ἐγχεῖν αἵμασίν τε προσφερὲς  
οἴνου γάνος μέμνησο, παμμήτωρ δὲ Γῆ  
δῶρον τόδ' ἱερὸν ἢ τε Περσέφασσ' ἔχοι·  
τίθες δὲ ταῖς ῥοαῖσι συγκραθὲν γάλα,  
ἴν' ἀτμίσιν χαίροντες οἳ κεκμηκότες  
θαλίαν ἔχωσιν· ἐκ δὲ του νεκρῶν πυρᾶς  
ἀφαρπάσας σὺ δαλὸν εἰς ταφρὸν βάλε,  
ὅπως τὸ σύμπαν κάρτ' ἀναζέσει φλογί.  
τρέπεσθε δ' ὄψιν πᾶς ἀνὴρ ἀφ' ἡλίου.  
λέγ' εἰ πέπρακται ταῦτα;

Πᾶν καλῶς ἔχει.

L.

**Bermuda.**

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride  
In Ocean's bosom unespied,  
From a small boat that rowed along,  
The listening winds received this song:  
'What should we do but sing His praise,  
That led us through the watery maze,  
Unto an isle so long unknown,  
But yet far kinder than our own?  
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,  
That lift the deep upon their backs.  
He lands us on a grassy stage,  
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.  
He gave us an eternal spring,  
Which here enamels every thing;  
And sends the fowls to us in care,  
In daily visits through the air.  
He hangs in shades the orange bright,  
Like golden lamps in a green night;  
And does in the pomegranates close  
Jewels, more rich than Ormus shows.  
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,  
And throws the melons at our feet:  
But apples plants of such a price,  
No tree could ever bear them twice.

**Bermuda.**

BERMUDA pelago qua reclinat insula,

Invisitata navibus,

Hanc cantilenam lintre remigantium

Exaudiit Favonius:

‘ Quid nos, quid aliud, quam Dei laudes loqui

Hunc dantis appulsum decet?

Qui litus hoc reclusit, ignotum prius,

Utcunque nostro mitius:

Qua dira cete brevibus illidit vadis,

Quæ maria dorsis sublevant!

Hac nempe ripa spiritus ponit maris,

Et Præsulum exsecratio.

Hic, hic colorem veris æterni dedit,

Quo cuncta rident illita,

Paransque lautas semper in diem dapes

Huc agmina egit alitum.

Hic inter umbras mala tendit aurea,

Ceu nocte viridi lumina;

Intusque grana condit albicantia,

Prælata gemmis Persidum.

At, dulciorem mellibus, labris facit

Hinc ficum et hinc occurrere;

Citrosque nostris stravit in vestigiis,

Quas nulla bis tulerit parens.



With cedars, chosen by His hand  
 From Lebanon, He plants the land:  
 And makes the hollow seas that roar  
 Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.  
 He casts (whereof we rather boast)  
 The Gospel pearl upon our coast,  
 And in these rocks for us did frame  
 A temple where to sound his name.  
 O let our voice His praise exalt  
 Till it arrive at Heaven's vault;  
 Which then perhaps rebounding may  
 Echo beyond the Mexique bay.'  
 Thus sung they in the English boat  
 A holy and a cheerful note;  
 And all the way to guide their chime  
 With falling oars they kept the time.

Andrew Marvel.

---

⊕ that I was.

O THAT I was where I would be!  
 Then I would be where I am not:  
 But where I am I still must be,  
 And where I would be I cannot.

Gammer Gurton.



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### Euphelia and Chloe.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,  
 Conveys it in a borrowed name :  
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure ;  
 But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,  
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay ;  
 When Chloe noted her desire,  
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,  
 But with my numbers mix my sighs ;  
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,  
 I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blushed ; Euphelia frowned :  
 I sung and gazed : I played and trembled :  
 And Venus to the Loves around  
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

Prior.

### Ride a Cock Horse.

RIDE a cock horse  
 To Banbury Cross,  
 To see an old woman upon a white horse :  
 With rings on her fingers  
 And bells on her toes,  
 She shall have music wherever she goes.

Gammer Gurton.

## Lavinia et Chloe.

TRANS mare mercator falso sub nomine currit,  
 Ut vekat intactas dissimulator opes;  
 Non male perjoram decorat Lavinia musam;  
 At mihi lux vera est, veraque flamma Chloe.

Molle meum in thalamo cultæ Lavinia mensæ  
 Addiderat carmen dulcisonamque lyram;  
 Quum me blanda Chloe tenerum quid ludere jussit,  
 Et non indocta verrere fila manu.

Sollicito chordas, vocemque e pectore mitto;  
 Sed gemitus inter carmina triste sonant;  
 Dumque audit falsam de se Lavinia laudem,  
 Totus adorato figor in ore Chloes.

Erubuit formosa Chloe; Lavinia frontem  
 Contraxit; cecini contremuique simul:  
 Et Venus ipsa suo ridens clamavit Amori;  
 'En tria facundis prodita corda genis!'

J. M.

## Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?

INFANS, quadrivium ad Banburiensium  
 Manno te celerem corripe ligneo:  
 Illic quadrupedem flectere candidum  
 Miram conspicies Anum.

En, quinque in digitis sex habet annulos,  
 Tintinnabula sex in digitis pedum!  
 Felix, dulce melos, quod ciet undique,  
 Quoquo vertitur, audiet!

B.

*Mont Blanc before Sun-Rise.*

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star  
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause  
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!  
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form,  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently! Around thee and above  
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,  
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,  
As with a wedge! But when I look again,  
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
Thy habitation from eternity!  
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,  
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer  
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,  
Thou the meanwhile wast blending with my thought,

## In Album Montem.

DIC quibus illecebris, magico quo carmine flectis  
 Luciferum prono in cursu; dic, maxime regum  
 Rex montanorum? capitis sic vertice calvi  
 Hæsitat, Albe, tuo, et lascivit amore morandi.  
 Inferius fremit Arva, exæstuat, improbus amnis,  
 Arvirisque soror: sed tu, sanctissima Rupes,  
 Surgis ab undanti pinorum molliter umbra  
 Ipsa immota, silens. Te circum et desuper Aer  
 Corporeus, vastaque niger caligine pendet,  
 Densum ebeni robur, cuneato fissile saxo!  
 Frons ea prima fuit: sed jam mihi proditur error:  
 Est tua pura domus, sunt et crystallina fana;  
 Est, quod ab æterno fuit, inviolabile regnum.  
 Mons sacer, O torvæ taciturna palatia brumæ,  
 Totus eram in vobis, donec, rerumque locorumque  
 Immemor, obtutu starem defixus in illo,  
 Aspiceremque nihil; tum demum numine vinci  
 Arcano, atque unum supplex orare Jehovam.

Sed veluti melicæ quadam dulcedine vocis  
 Fallimur auriti, neque adhuc audire videmur;  
 Intima sic tangis præcordia, nectere mecum,  
 Pars melior vitæ: sic visi fœdere certo

---

Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:  
 Till the dilating Soul, enwrapt, transfused,  
 Into the mighty vision passing—there  
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Coleridge.

---

### The Parents' Warning.

THREE children sliding on the ice  
 All on a summer's day,  
 As it fell out, they all fell in,  
 The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at school,  
 Or sliding on dry ground,  
 Ten thousand pounds to one penny  
 They had not all been drowned.

You parents that have children dear,  
 And eke you that have none,  
 If you will have them safe abroad,  
 Pray keep them safe at home.

Gammer Gurton.

Consentire dies et prospera fata duorum :  
 Donec se expandens Animus, perque omnia fusus,  
 Inque gigantea resolutus imagine, formam  
 Ceu capiat propriam, cœli ad fulgentia templa  
 Exoritur, superisque petit miscerier auris.

H. D.

### Parents Admonítí.

ΚΡΥΣΤΑΛΛΟΠΗΚΤΟΥΣ τρίπτυχοι κόροι ροὰς  
 ὥρα θέρους ψαίροντες εὐτάρσοις ποσὶ,  
 διναῖς ἔπιπτον, οἶα δὴ πίπτειν φιλεῖ,  
 ἅπαντες· εἴτ' ἔφευγον οἱ λελειμμένοι.  
 ἀλλ' εἶπερ ἦσαν ἐγκεκλεισμένοι μοχλοῖς,  
 ἢ ποσὶν ὀλισθάνοντες ἐν ξηρῷ πέδι,  
 χρυσῶν ἂν ἠθέλησα περιδόσθαι σταθμῶν,  
 εἰ μὴ μέρος τι τῶν νέων ἐσώζετο.  
 ἀλλ', ὦ τοκεῖς, ὅσοις μὲν ὄντα τυγχάνει,  
 ὅσοις δὲ μὴ, βλαστήματ' εὐτέκνου σπορᾶς,  
 ἦν εὐτυχεῖς εὐχῆσθε τὰς θυράζ' ὁδοὺς  
 τοῖς παισὶν, εὖ σφᾶς ἐν δόμοις φυλάσσετε.

R. P.



### The Pledge.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine;  
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
 And I'll not ask for wine.  
 The thirst, that from the soul doth spring,  
 Doth ask a draught divine;  
 But might I from Jove's nectar sip,  
 I'd change it not for thine.

Ben Jonson.

### Pillycock.

OLD Pillycock sat on a grassy hill,  
 And if he's not gone, he sits there still.

Gammer Gurton

### The Marks of Love.

COME here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,  
 That boast'st to love as well as me,  
 And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,  
 Come hither and thy flame approve;  
 I'll teach thee what it is to love,  
 And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bathed in tears,  
 To live upon a smile for years,  
 To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet,  
 To kneel, to languish, to implore,  
 And still, though she disdain, adore.  
 It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.



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It is to gaze upon her eyes  
With eager joy and fond surprize,  
Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear,  
As wretches feel who wait their doom;  
Nor must one ruder thought presume,  
Though but in whispers breathed, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, though hope were lost,  
Though heaven and earth thy wishes cross'd:  
Though she were bright as sainted queens above,  
And thou the least and meanest swain  
That folds his flock upon the plain,  
Yet if thou darest not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,  
To nurse strange thoughts and groundless fears:  
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not proved,  
Though she were fonder and more true  
Than any nymph old poets drew,  
O never dream again that thou hast loved.

If, when the darling maid is gone,  
Thou dost not seek to be alone,  
Rapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe;  
And muse and fold thy languid arms,  
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,  
Thou dost not love: for love is nourish'd so.

Est, in virgineis hærere ardenter ocellis ;  
 Pectora dum cohibet, ceu peritura, timor,  
 Ne qua forte procax vel ab imo corde susurrus  
 Auriculas stringat, commaculetque genas.

Est, spe dimissa non desperare, resistant  
 Si votis homines, si Deus ipse, tuis :  
 Illa licet Venerem superet, tuque infimus Ægon,  
 Ni te spes foveat, non tibi notus Amor.

Est, lacrymas inter gaudere et gaudia luctu  
 Miscere ; est, pacta contremere usque fide :  
 Namque licet casta sit castior illa Diana,  
 Ni sic horrueris, non tibi notus Amor.

Dumque absit, ni percipias tecum esse, viasque  
 Sæpius ambiguas incomitatus eas ;  
 Nescio quid tenerum meditans et totus in illo,  
 Quicquid id est, raptus, non tibi notus Amor.

If any hopes thy bosom share  
 But those which Love has planted there,  
 Or any cares but his thy breast enthral,  
 Thou never yet his power hast known :  
 Love sits on a despotic throne,  
 And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,  
 Hither thy tender sorrows bring,  
 And prove whose patience longest can endure :  
 We'll strive whose fancy shall be tost  
 In dreams of fondest passion most ;  
 For if thou thus hast loved, oh never hope a cure !

Barbauld.

---

### Little Jack Horner.

LITTLE Jack Horner  
 Sat in a corner  
 Eating a Christmas pie :  
 He put in his thumb  
 And pulled out a plum,  
 And cried, ' What a good boy am I ! '

Gammer Gurton.

Sique tuum pectus contingat spesve metusve,  
 Quæ tibi non dederit blandus et asper amor,  
 Hinc procul, erro levis! nondum urere: cuncta tyrannus  
 Nam regit imperio, cum regit, iste fero.

Atqui si fueris, puer, ah! tam proditus, adsis;  
 Ut, quid uterque gemat, discere uterque queat.  
 Quisquis enim tantos animo conceperis ignes,  
 Invenies nullam, quæ tibi prosit, opem.

F. W.

---

*Festo quid potius die.*

HORNER IACCULO sedit in angulo  
 Vorans, ceu serias ageret ferias,  
 Crustum dulce et amabile:  
 Inquit et unum extrahens prunum;  
 'Horner, quam fueris nobile pueris  
 ' Exemplar imitabile!'

H. D.

**Sweet Echo.**

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen

    Within thy aery shell,

By slow Meander's margent green,

And in the violet-embroidered vale,

    Where the love-lorn nightingale

Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair

    That likest thy Narcissus are?

    O! if thou have

Hid them in some flowery cave,

    Tell me but where,

Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!

So may'st thou be translated to the skies,

And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Milton.

**Dulcis Echo.**

NYMPHA, quam leni refluente amne  
Ripa Mæandri tenet, ambiente  
Aeris septam nebula, uvidique  
Marginis herba;

Sive te valles potius morantur  
· Roscidis pictæ violis, amorem  
Qua suum noctu Philomela dulci  
Carmine luget;

Ecqua, Narcissi referens figuram,  
Visa te fratrum species duorum  
Movit? ah si qua, Dea, sub caverna  
Furta recondis,

Dic mihi qua nunc, male te secuti,  
Florea tecum lateant in umbra,  
Vocis argutæ domina, et canori  
Filia cœli!

Sic et in sedem redeas paternam;  
Et, chori dum tu strepitum noveni  
Æmulans reddis, geminentur ipsis  
Gaudia Divis.

E. C. H.

Ἄχω, κλυθί μοι, Ἄχω,  
νυμφαῶν ἀγανωτάτα,  
κρυπτόν ἀέριον σκάφος  
ναίουσ', ἢ χλοεράν πλάκα  
Μαιάνδρου πὰρ' ἀκύμονος,  
βάσσας ἢ κάτ' ἰοδνεφεῖς,

στροφή.



*Marmion.*

O WOMAN, in our hours of ease  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!

Scott.



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### Oft in the Stilly Night.

OFT in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me:  
 The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken;  
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone;  
 The cheerful hearts now broken.  
 When I remember all  
 The friends so linked together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather;  
 I feel like one who treads alone  
 Some banquet-hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed!

Moore.

### The Tell-Tale.

I WILL tell my own daddy, when he comes home,  
 What little good work my mammy has done:  
 She has earnt a penny, spent a groat,  
 And a hole is torn in the baby's new coat.

Gammer Gurtoon

**Ad Absentes Amicos.**

SÆPE mihi, dum nox late silet, ante catena  
 Quam domitos sensus vinxerit alma quies,  
 Præteritos reparat magica dulcedine soles  
 Mnemosyne, cupida sollicitata prece.  
 Omne redit, quidquid ridere aut flere solebam,  
 Quidquid et effari motus amore puer;  
 Qui nunc luce carent, oculi effulgere videntur;  
 Quæ periere, novo corda lepore micant.  
 Ah! quoties animo veteres reminiscor amicos,  
 Indelibata pectora juncta fide,  
 Quos ego, væ misero, vidi cecidisse superstes,  
 Ut folia hiberno flamine rapta cadunt;  
 Deserta videor spatari mœstus in aula,  
 Quam nuper festi perstrepuere chori;  
 Qua lychni sine luce manent, sine odore corollæ;  
 Et, de convivis tot modo, solus ego!

B. H. K.

**Sycophanta.**

OPTIMUS ille domum redeat pater, omnia dicam—  
 O pater, infelix accipe matris opus;  
 Unum demeruit, consumpsit quatuor asses,  
 Iuque nova infantis veste foramen hiat!

H D

### Auld Lang Syne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min' ?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne ?

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu't the gowans fine ;  
But we've wandered mony a weary foot  
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn  
Frae mornin sun till dine ;  
But seas between us braid hae roared  
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier,  
And gie's a hand o' thine ;  
And we'll tak a right good willie waught,  
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine ;  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

Tempus Actum.

PRISCORUM immemores esse sodalium,  
Lapsis ex animo quos adamavimus,  
Priscorum immemores esse sodalium et  
Acti temporis—hoc decet?

Acti, care comes, temporis ob dies,  
Acti, fide comes, temporis ob dies,  
Spumantis pateram combibe Cæcubi,  
Acti temporis ob dies.

Flores in calathis nos amaranthinos  
Una per juga quot devia legimus!  
Sed lassos peregre traximus heu! pedes,  
Acti temporis ex die.

Quin solem ad medium margine fontium  
Certatim in vitreo flumine lusimus:  
Ast inter fremuit nos patulum mare,  
Acti temporis ex die.

Amplexum, comes o fide, morabimur  
Dulcem—labra labris et manibus manum?  
Depromptæ quis erit jam modus amphoræ,  
Acti temporis ob dies?

Potantes cyathi fœdere, mutuum  
Sumemus dabimusque impavidi merum;  
Cingemurque pia tempora pampino,  
Acti temporis ob dies.

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet;  
 For auld lang syne.

Burns

---

### The Secret.

HERE, Chloe, dear Chloe, I'll tell you some news;  
 I've just learnt it myself, and I cannot refuse;  
 It's odd and it's awkward to tell—shut the door,  
 Lest some listening rascal my secret explore.  
 We're alone—I can't tell it—yet, somehow I feel  
 It is equally stubborn and hard to conceal;  
 There's nothing in silence, so let the word pass,  
 I but knew it this morning—*I love thee, my lass!*

Δ.

---

### The Kiss.

O LADIE faire,  
 When by that holie Boke I see thee sweare,  
 Thinketh mine hearte,  
 Oh what an ever-blessed Page thou art!  
 Marrie, give me that kisso,  
 The dric regardlosse Prynte wotteth not what it is.

Δ.

Acti, care comes, temporis ob dies,  
 Acti, fide comes, temporis ob dies,  
 Spumantis pateram combibe Cæcubi,  
 Acti temporis ob dies!

H. D.

Composito rumpit vocem et se destinat aræ.

ΔΕΥΡΟ μοι ἐλθέ, Χλόη· μαλὰ γὰρ λόγον ἄρτι διδαχθῆν  
 Δύσκολον ἀρρητόν τ'—ἀλλὰ σοὶ ἐξερέω.  
 Τήνδε θύραν μοι κλείσον· ἰδοῦσ' ἅμα, μή τις ἀλιτροῦς  
 Κρυπταδίῃ παρίων, ὅττι πέρ ἐστι, μαθῆ.  
 Πῶς εἶπω; χαλεπὸν τὸ λέγειν, χαλεπὸν τε τὸ σιγᾶν·  
 Ἄλλ' ἐν τῷ σιγᾶν οὐδέν—'ΕΡΩ ΣΕ, ΧΛΟΗ.

H. D.

Basium.

Cum labra imponens sacrum premis ore libellum,  
 Præstans juratam, pulcra Maria, fidem,  
 Quam vellem liber iste forem!—mihi basia serva;  
 Non capit illecebras arida charta tuas.

H. H.



## Giles Collins and Proud Lady Anna.

GILES Collins he said to his old mother,  
 ‘Mother, come bind up my head,  
 And send to the parson of our parish,  
 For to-morrow I shall be dead, dead,  
 For to-morrow I shall be dead.’

His mother she made him some water-gruel,  
 And stirred it round with a spoon;  
 Giles Collins he ate up his water-gruel,  
 And died before ’twas noon, noon,  
 And died before ’twas noon.

Lady Anna was sitting at a window,  
 Mending her night-robe and coif;  
 She saw the very prettiest corpse  
 She had seen in all her life, life,  
 She had seen in all her life.

‘What bear ye there, ye six strong men,  
 Upon your shoulders so high?’  
 ‘We bear the body of Giles Collins,  
 Who for love of you did die, die,  
 Who for love of you did die.’

‘Set him down! set him down!’ Lady Anna she cried,  
 ‘On the grass that grows so green;  
 To-morrow before the clock strikes ten,  
 My body shall lie by his’n, by his’n,  
 My body shall lie by his’n.’



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Lady Anna was buried in the east,  
 Giles Collins was buried in the west;  
 There grew a lily from Giles Collins  
 That touched Lady Anna's breast, breast,  
 That touched Lady Anna's breast.

There blew a cold north-easterly wind  
 And cut this lily in twain,  
 Which never there was seen before,  
 And it never will again, again,  
 And it never will again.

Gammer Gurton

---

### What's in a Name.

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

'Ah!' replied my gentle fair,  
 'Beloved, what are names but air?

Choose thou whatever suits the line:  
 Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,  
 Call me Lalage, or Doris,  
 Only, only, call me Thine.'

Coleridge.

Ergo oriens Phœbus tibi calfacit, Anna, sepulcrum ;  
 Ad decedentem sternitur ille Diem :  
 Sed leve liliolum, nascens Corydonis ab urna,  
 In gremium dominæ dicitur isse suæ.

Venit ab hiberno furor illacrymabilis Euro,  
 Et pia decedit basia lilioli ;  
 Surrexit subito, subitoque evanuit, idem  
 Hospes et infaustæ flosculus exul humi.

H. D.

Πόλλων ὀνομάτων μόρφη μία.

QUONAM nomine vellet illa, nostris  
 Ut sese canerem in modis, amicam  
 Rogavi; sit Amanda, sit Melissa,  
 Græco e fonte petita vel Latino,  
 Sit Chloris, Nea, Laura, Dorimene,  
 Seu quamcunque aliam magis probaret?

‘ Ah! quid me rogites?’ reponit illa :  
 ‘ Nil sunt nomina sola præter auram.  
 Si qua vox melior sonet canenti,  
 Hanc dicas, sit Amanda, sit Melissa,  
 Sit quæcunque alia aptior Camœnæ :  
 Sed tantum Tua nominer memento.’

F. W

### The Convent.

‘ Now, men of death, work forth your will,  
For I can suffer, and be still;  
And come he slow, or come he fast,  
It is but Death who comes at last.’  
Fixed was her look, and stern her air;  
Back from her shoulders streamed her hair:  
The locks, that wont her brow to shade,  
Stand up erectly from her head:  
Her figure seemed to rise more high;  
Her voice despair’s wild energy  
Had given a tone of prophecy.  
Appalled the astonished conclave sate:  
With stupid eyes, the men of fate  
Gazed on the light inspired form,  
And listened for the avenging storm:  
The judges felt the victim’s dread;  
No hand was moved, no word was said;  
Till thus the Abbot’s doom was given,  
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:—  
‘ Sister, let thy sorrows cease;  
Sinful brother, part in peace!’

## ΤΟ ΜΟΝΑΣΤΗΡΙΟΝ.

ΝΥΝ δ', οἷς προσήκει, δρᾶτέ μ' οἶα δραστέα·  
 ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ κὰν κακοῖς στέργειν ὅμως·  
 θάνατος δ' ἐπελθὼν εἴτε θᾶσσον εἴτε μὴ  
 οὐδὲν πέφυκεν ἄλλο πλὴν θνήσκειν μόνον.  
 ὦδ' εἶπε, γοργωποῖσιν ἄστροφος κύκλοις·  
 κόμη δ' ἀπ' ὤμων ἄσσεται· κρατὸς δ' ἄπο  
 ἔστησεν ὀφρύων βοστρύχους ἐπισκίους·  
 δέμας δὲ μεῖζον ἤρεθ'· ὡς δὲ μάντεως  
 ἔρρηξεν αὐδὴν ἠγριωμένη κακοῖς.  
 κύκλος δ' ἐθάμβει ζύνεδρος, ἐμπλήκτοις κόραις  
 ἐλαφρὸν εἰσορῶντες ἔνθεον δέμας·  
 τυφῶ δὲ πᾶς τις προσδοκῶν ἀλάστορα,  
 ἤλλαξε, προστροπαῖος ἐκ κριτοῦ, δέος,  
 οὐ χεῖρα κινῶν, οὐ στόμ'· ἔσθ' ὑπ' αἰθέρα  
 ἄρας ἀδέρκτων ὀμμάτων τυφλὰς κόρας  
 ἱρεὺς τὸ μοιρόκραντον ἐξηύδα τέλος·  
 ἐς τοῦτ', ἀδελφή, σοὶ μὲν ὠρίσθω πάθη·  
 σὺ δ', ὦ ταλαῖφρον, βαῖν' ἐπ' εἰρήνη, κάσι.

### The Palace of Ice.

No forest fell

When thou would'st build; no quarry sent its stores  
To enrich thy walls; but thou didst hew the floods,  
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.

In such a palace Aristæus found  
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale  
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear:

In such a palace poetry might place  
The armoury of winter, where his troops,  
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,  
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose,  
No sound of hammer or of saw was there;

Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts  
Were soon conjoined, nor other cement asked  
Than water interfused to make them one.

Lamps gracefully disposed and of all hues  
Illumined every side; a watery light  
Gleamed through the clear transparency, that seemed  
Another moon new-risen, or meteor fallen  
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.

Cowper.

## Palatium Glaciale.

Non tibi, cum tantas anderes tollere moles,  
 Submisere trabes silvæ, non hausta metallis  
 Saxa nec effossæ crevere in mœnia quadræ:  
 Ecce, tibi vitrei riguerunt marmore fluctus!  
 Qualis Aristæum Cyrenæ regia matris  
 Cepit, apum strages infectaque mella querentem;  
 Aut qualem sibi munit Hyems (ita fingere vates  
 Crediderim) diris ut servet in ædibus arma,  
 Si poscant sibi tela dari Ventique Nivesque,  
 Si jaculum glaciale pruiniferasque pharetras.  
 Surrexit tacite, ceu muta insomnia, moles;  
 Non crepitus serræ, sonuit non verbere surdo  
 Malleus: ipsa super glacies illisa coactam  
 Firmavit glaciem, (quid enim cæmenta requirat  
 Molis opus liquidæ?) numerosaque fluxit in unum;  
 Lympharumque domus lympharum aspergine crevit.  
 Lampades introrsum multisque coloribus ignes  
 Fulgere; transmissæ pallescere lucis imago:  
 Nempe aliam in terris credas consurgere lunam,  
 Delapsasque polo stellas atque uvida signa.



**Lady's Larceny.**

WHILE petty offences and felonies smart,  
 Is there no jurisdiction for stealing a heart?  
 You, fair one, will smile and cry, 'Laws, I defy you ;'  
 Assured that no peers can be summon'd to try you!  
 But think not that paltry defence will secure ye,  
 For the Muses and Graces will just make a jury.

Aron

---

**Damon and Juliana.**

COUGHING in a shady grove  
 Sat my Juliana ;  
 Lozenges I gave my love  
 Ipecacuanha :  
 From the box the imprudent maid  
 Three score of them did pick ;  
 Then sighing tenderly, she said ;  
 ' My Damon, I am sick !'

Old Play



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To a Friend.

ON parent knees a naked new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled :  
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep,  
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

Sir W Jones.

---

Godíba.

THEN fled she to her inmost bower, and there  
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,  
The grim Earl's gift : but ever at a breath  
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon  
Half dipt in cloud : anon she shook her head  
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee ;  
Unclad herself in haste : adown the stair  
Stole on ; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid  
From pillar unto pillar till she reached  
The gateway : there she found her palfrey trapt  
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Tennyson

## Ad Sextium.

QUUM natalibus, O beate Sexti,  
 Tuis adfuimus caterva gaudens,  
 Vagitu resonis strepente cunis,  
 In risum domus omnis est soluta.  
 Talis vive precor, beate Sexti,  
 Ut circum lacrymantibus propinquis,  
 Cum mors immineat toro cubantis,  
 Solus non alio fruare risu.

H J T D.

## ΓΥΜΝΟΥΜΕΝΗ.

Ἡ δ' οὖν φυγοῦσα παρθενῶν' ἐπ' ἔσχατον  
 ἀπῆλθεν· εἶτ' ἔλυσεν ἐκ ζώνης ἐκεῖ  
 δισσοῖσι περονὴν αἰετοῖς ὁμόζυγα,  
 ἀνδρὸς σκυθρωποῦ δῶρον· ἐν δὲ τῷδ' αἰεὶ  
 κατεσχόλαζε, νύχιος ὡς μήνη νέφει  
 ὥρα θέρους τεγχεῖσα θάτερον μέρος.  
 ἄφαρ δ' ἔσειε κράτα, καὶ κνημᾶς ἐπι  
 κατεψέκαζεν ἔλικας ἐν φρίκη κόμας·  
 σπουδῇ δὲ γυμνωθεῖσα κλιμάκων κάτα  
 πρόσω φυγὴν ἔκλεψεν, οἷά θ' ἡλίου  
 πλανῆτις αἴγλη, στῦλον ἐκ στύλου ποσὶν  
 ἤμειψεν, ἕως ἀφίκετ' ἐξόδους πυλῶν,  
 οὐ πῶλον ἐστῶτ' εἶδε, πορφυρᾶν χλίδην  
 χρυσοῖς ὑφαντῶν γράμμασιν φοροῦνθ' ὑφῶν.

H I S M.

### The Deserted Village.

How often have I paused on every charm,  
The sheltered cot and cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook and busy mill,  
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made!  
How often have I blest the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending, as the old surveyed;  
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;  
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:  
The dancing pair that simply sought renown  
By holding out to tire each other down;  
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,  
While secret laughter tittered round the place;  
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
The matron's glance that would these looks reprove!  
These were thy charms, sweet Village; sports like these  
With sweet succession taught even toil to please;  
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;  
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

## Villa Deserta.

AH! quoties illo cessabam lentus in agro  
 Miratus placidas culta per arva casas,  
 Et loca qua pistrina sequacibus adstrepit undis,  
 Mundaque vicinis addita templa jugis,  
 Et frutices lætos, aptasque sedentibus umbras,  
 Seu senium musset, sive susurret amor.  
 Ah! quoties grato venerabar pectore lucem,  
 Cum misso exciperent pensa labore joci,  
 Multaque ruricolæ properarent agmina turbæ,  
 Ducere sub patula fronde soluta choros.  
 Tum fuit umbrosa quantum certamen arena!  
 Colludunt juvenes, aspiciuntque senes;  
 Innumerosque cient vexato in gramine gyros,  
 Membrorum vegeta vi, celerique manu.  
 Displiceat toties eadem repetita voluptas?  
 Inveniet ludos læta caterva novos.  
 Certatim innocuam qui produxere choream,  
 Ut pedibus simplex gloria parta foret;  
 Rusticus inspersa fœdus fuligine vultum,  
 Qui movet occultos nescius ipse jocos;  
 Virginis indictam prodentia lumina flammam,  
 Quæque oculo mater vix prohibere velit—  
 Hos comites inter, Sedes dilecta, laboris  
 Dulcibus immisti lene placebat onus;  
 Hæc tibi tranquillam spirabant undique pacem;  
 Hæc tibi—sed notos deseruere locos!

---

**Robin and Richard.**

ROBIN and Richard

Were two pretty men :

They both lay in bed

Till the clock struck ten ;

Then up starts Robin

And looks at the sky ;

‘ Oh ! brother Richard,

The sun’s very high !

You go before

With your bottle and bag ;

And I will come after

On little Jack nag.’

Gammer Gurton

---

**Inscription on an antique Ring.**

I’LL heare thy voice of melodie

In whispers of the summerre air ;

I’ll see the brightnesse of thine eye

In the blue eveninge’s shininge starre ;

In moonlighte beames thy puritie ;

And look on heavenne, to look on thee !

Croly.

## Geta et Doro.

GETA et Doro,  
 Magnæ homines spei,  
 Jacebant in toro  
 Ad quartam diei.  
 Tum exsiliens Geta,  
 Viso æthere, 'Pol,'  
 Ait, 'frater, O frater,  
 Nitet medius Sol!  
 I propera præ  
 Cum sacculo et amphora,  
 Et mox sequar te  
 Ego pone cum Samphora\*.'

H. D.

## Inscriptum in Annulo antiquo.

VERNI canoris in Noti suspiriis  
 Cœleste vocis audiam melos tuæ;  
 Oculi videbo fulgidi purum jubar  
 Non infidelis Hesperii sub ignibus:  
 Formosa mentem Luna depinget tuam;  
 Teque intuebor, intuens cœli vias.

H. D.

\* Οὐκ ἐλάσ, ὦ Σαμφορᾶ; ARISTOPH. *Nub.*



Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom.

Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom,

On thee shall press no ponderous tomb:

But o'er thy turf shall roses rear

Their leaves, the earliest of the year,

And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

And oft, by yon blue gushing stream,

Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,

And feed deep thoughts with many a dream,

And ling'ring pause and lightly tread:

Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

Away; we know that tears are vain,

That death nor heeds, nor hears distress:

Will this unteach us to complain?

Or make one mourner weep the less?

And thou—who tell'st me to forget,

Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.



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**Comus.**

Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox  
In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat;  
I saw them under a green-mantling vine,  
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,  
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.  
Their port was more than human as they stood:  
I took it for a fairy vision  
Of some gay creatures of the element,  
That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,  
And as I past, I worshipt. If those you seek,  
It were a journey like the path to Heaven  
To help you find them.

Milton.

## ΚΩΜΟΣ.

ΤΟΙΩΔ' ἔσειδον, εὐτε νικηθεὶς πόνῳ  
 ζεύγλαισι χαλαραῖς ἦλθε βούς ἀπ' αὐλακος,  
 δειπνῶν καθῆτο δ' ἀγρότης ἔργῳ βαρύς.  
 τοιῶδ' ἔσειδον· ἀμπέλου δ' ὑπὸ σκιά  
 χλωρᾶς, πλατείας, τοῦδ' ἐφερπούσης λόφου  
 εἰκῆ βραχεῖαν δειράδ', ὀρπήκων ἀπο  
 βότρυν πέπειρον εἶλον· ἐστῶτος δ' ἰδεῖν  
 ζεύγους ἐφαίνεται οὐ κατ' ἀνθρωπῶν φύσις.  
 ὄναρ δ' ἔγωγε, κούχ ὕπαρ, νιν εἰσορᾶν.  
 ἔδοξ', ἄγαλμα ποικίλειμον αἰθέρος,  
 ἔνναιον αἰόλαισιν Ἰριδος βαφαῖς,  
 νεφελῶν τε παῖζον ἐν πτυχαῖς πεπλεγμένων.  
 ἰδὼν δ' ἐθάμβουν· προσεκύνουν δὲ προσμολών.  
 εἰ δ' οὖν σὺ ταύτης, ἧς λέγω, ξυνωρίδος  
 ἦκεις κατὰ ζήτησιν, οὐρανοῦ τις ἦν  
 ὁδός, τὸ τούσδε κάμῃ συζητεῖν ὁμοῦ.

---

Death.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot:  
 This sensible warm motion to become  
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;  
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,  
 And blown with restless violence round about  
 The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
 Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
 Imagine howling—'tis too horrible!  
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
 To what we fear of death.

Shakspeare.

---

Nothing can come of nothing.

THERE was an old woman called 'Nothing-at-all,'  
 Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small;  
 A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,  
 And down at one gulp house and old woman went.

Gammer Gurton.



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## Caroline.

I'LL bid the hyacinth to blow,  
I'll teach my grotto green to be,  
And sing my true love all below  
The holly bower and myrtle-tree.

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,  
The sweet South Wind shall wander by,  
And with the music of his wing  
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clust'ring bower,  
Thou Spirit of a milder clime,  
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,  
And mountain heath and moory thyme :

With all thy rural echoes come,  
Sweet comrade of the rosy Day ;  
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,  
And cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has played,  
Whatever isles of Ocean fanned,  
Come to my blossom-woven shade,  
Thou wandering Wind of fairy land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,  
Where Heaven and Love their sabbath hold,  
Where pure and happy spirits smile,  
Of beauty's fairest brightest mould ;

## Carolina.

FRAGRARE in pratis hyacinthinaserta jubebo ;  
 Instituam quernis antra virere comis :  
 Quaque tumens certat cum sacra laurea myrto,  
 Qua peream fiamma, motus amore, canam.

Illic delicias silvarum et frigora carpeus  
 Felicem Zephyrus pervolitabit humum ;  
 Cujus in amplexu et sub dulce sonantibus alis  
 Secessus læti pensilis umbra tremet.

Ad mea saxa veni, et crinitum frondibus antrum,  
 Spiritus, Idaliis almior orte rosis ;  
 Ferque simul floresque novos et roscida mella,  
 Et cum montano ture palustre thymum.

Concentu nemorum pleno, campique susurris,  
 Adsis, O roseum concomitate diem ;  
 Ad mea saxa veni, mœsta cum voce cuculli,  
 Prodat et agrestem quod leve murmur apem.

Qua matutino spirasti cunque volatu ;  
 Quascunque Oceani inseris inter aquas ;  
 Nunc mecum intexta requiescas floribus umbra,  
 Immemor Elysii, mobilis Aura, tui.

Quippe ego crediderim fusos te nectare fontes,  
 Et magici lucos deseruisse soli ;  
 Puræ ubi sunt animæ, et Veneris pulcerrima proles,  
 Et cum cœlicolis sabbata condit Amor.



From some green Eden of the deep,  
 Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,  
 Where tears of rapture lovers weep,  
 Endeared, undoubting, undeceived;

From some sweet Paradise afar  
 Thy music wanders, distant, lost;  
 Where Nature lights her leading star,  
 And love is never, never crossed.

Oh gentle gale of Eden bowers,  
 If back thy rosy feet should roam,  
 To revel with the cloudless Hours  
 In Nature's more propitious home;

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,  
 That o'er enchanted spirits twine,  
 A fairer form than Cherub loves,  
 And let that name be CAROLINE!

Campbell.

---

### The Trabelled Puss.

'Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?'  
 'I've been to London to see the Queen.'  
 'Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?'  
 'I frightened a little mouse under the chair.'

Gammer Gurton.



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---

**Honesty the best policy.**

WITH jewelled hair and ribbons rare  
 Corinna woos each lover;  
 And all the tricks men's hearts to fix  
 Which women's wits discover.

While Chloe pure, with aim more sure,  
 And wiser far than she,  
 Comes chastely drest in beauty's best,  
 Her own simplicity.

Blenkn.

---

**We come, We come.**

COME, if you dare, our trumpets sound;  
 Come, if you dare, the foes rebound:  
 We come, we come, we come, we come,  
 Says the double, double, double beat of the thundering  
 drum.

Now they charge on amain,

Now they rally again:

The gods from above the mad labour behold,  
 And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

Dryden.

Prudens Simplicitas.

VESTIBUS, unguentis, cultuque insignis, et auro,

Vendere se nobis stulta Corinna putat.

Prudens parcit opes gemmis insumere emendis,

Ornaturque sua simplicitate Chloe.

J. H.

ΥΠΑΙ ΣΑΛΠΙΓΓΟΣ ΗΞΑΝ.

"ΟΡΝΥΣΘ', ὄρνυσθ', εἴ τινες ἤδη  
 πόλεμον τολμᾶτ', ἰαχεῖ σάλπιγξ·  
 ὄρνυσθ', ὄρνυσθ', ἀντιβοῶντες  
 βρόμον ἀντίπαλον πᾶς τις ἐγείρει·  
 σπεύδομεν, ἤκομεν, ἤλθομεν ἤδη.  
 πολλά δὲ φωνᾷ βρυχία καναχεῖ  
 τύμπανα τηλοῦ μετ' ἐπασσυτέρων  
 βροντᾶς μυκώμεν' ἀραγμῶν.  
 ἤδη ἔπιδρομαῖς λαβραῖς ἐπέχουσ',  
 ἀνά δ' αἴσσουσιν τοῦμπαλιν αὐθις,  
 Θεῶν καθυπερθὲν τάδε μαινομένους  
 καταδερκομένων· οἱ δ' ἐλεαίρουσ'  
 ἄφρονα τόλμαν  
 χρυσῶ δῆτ' ἄμφι θανόντων.

### The Great Triumph.

HURRAH! for the Great Triumph  
That stretches many a mile!  
Hurrah! for the rich dye of Tyre,  
And the rich web of Nile!  
The helmets gay with plumage  
Torn from the pheasant's wings;  
The belts set thick with starry gems,  
That shone on Indian kings;  
The urns of massy silver;  
The goblets rough with gold;  
The many-coloured tablets bright  
With loves and wars of old;  
The stone that breathes and struggles;  
The brass that seems to speak!  
Such cunning they, who live on high,  
Have given to the Greek!

Macaulay.



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---

Tom Bowling.

HERE a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,  
The darling of our crew ;  
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
For death has broached him to.  
His form was of the manliest beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft ;  
Faithful below he did his duty,  
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
His virtues were so rare ;  
His friends were many and true-hearted ;  
His Poll was kind and fair :  
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly  
Full many a time and oft ;  
But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet may poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
When He, who all commands,  
Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
The word to pipe all hands !  
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,  
In vain Tom's life has doffed ;  
For though his body's under hatches,  
His soul has gone aloft.

## Amyclas.

EN! jacet ad cantes, sine fune phaselus, Amyclas,  
Deliciæ gregis ille marini:  
Audiet haud iterum resonas super alta procellas,  
Cui dominans Mors carbasa legit.  
Nobilis huic inerat species, et mascula forma,  
Et probitas, et pectus amicum;  
Inter transtra fide insignis, patiensque laborum,  
Nunc abiit super ardua mali.

Huic stetit ingenium miris virtutibus auctum,  
Promissique tenax et honesti;  
Carus ut ingenuis ubicunque sodalibus esset,  
Carior et dulci Galatææ.  
Carmina sæpe etiam festiva voce canebat,  
Felicissimus inter nautas:  
Sed læti in tacitum risus vertere dolorem;  
Ille abiit super ardua mali.

At tibi non gravior consurgat ventus, Amycla,  
Cum Dominus terræque marisque,  
Ære ciens omnes torvo, compellet in unum,  
Qui verrunt tumidæ freta vitæ.  
Sic, quæ finis adest nautis et regibus æque,  
Mors frustra abripuit tibi lucem;  
Nam, subjecta foris, quamvis tibi membra rigescant,  
Spiritus it super ardua mali.



## Saul.

THOU, whose spell can raise the dead,

Bid the prophet's form appear.

'Samuel, raise thy buried head!

King, behold the phantom seer.'

Earth yawned: he stood the centre of a cloud:

Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud:

Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;

His hands were withered and his veins were dry:

His foot in bony whiteness glittered there,

Shrunken and sinewless and ghastly bare:

From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,

Like caverned winds, the hollow accents came.

Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak

At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

'Why is my sleep disquieted?

Who is he that calls the dead?

Is it thou, O King? Behold

Bloodless are these limbs and cold:

Such are mine; and such shall be

Thine to-morrow when with me.

Ere the coming day is done

Such shalt thou be, such thy son.

Fare thee well! but for a day;

Then we mix our mouldering clay.



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Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,  
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow;  
 And the falchion by thy side  
 To thy heart thy hand shall guide;  
 Crownless, breathless, headless, fall  
 Son and Sire, the house of Saul!

Byron.

---

**Ba! Ba!**

‘BA! ba! black Sheep,  
 Have you any wool?’  
 ‘Yes, master, that we have,  
 Two bags full:  
 One for our master,  
 And one for our dame,  
 But none for the naughty boy  
 That lives in the lane.’

Gammer Gurton.

---

**Sur le Collier d'un Chien.**

NE te promets point de largesse:  
 Quiconque me trouvera,  
 S'il me ramène à ma maîtresse,  
 Pour recompense la verra.

Anon.

Vulnera mille ferens cæsa cum prole jacebis ;  
 Fusa cruentato pallida forma solo :  
 Hostibus ante minax, domino nunc letifer ensis,  
 Actus erit dextra per tua corda tua :  
 Omne pari cadet exitio ; sceptrumque decusque ;  
 Et sua cum Sauli corpore tota domus.'

W. G. H.

---

**Præbis Pueris quod accidit.**

' Bis salveto, ovium phalanx nigrorum !  
 Lanam, delicias meas, habetis ?'  
 ' O quidni duo sacculos habemus ?  
 En, unum dominæ, alterum magistro !  
 Sed pravus puer est in angiportu,  
 Et pravis pueris nihil feremus.'

H. D.

---

**Suum cuique.**

" Ἦν με τάχ' Ἰλιόνη κατάγης, οὐ μίσθον ἀποίσεις  
 χρύσειον, ἀλλ' αὐτὴν ὄψεαι Ἰλιόνην.

H. J. H.

**ERRANTEM reddas : non indotatus abibis :**  
 Aspicias dominam, nec pete plura, meam.

H. J. H.

**Begone, Dull Care.**

BEGONE, dull Care,  
I pr'ythee begone from me ;  
Begone, dull Care,  
Thou and I shall never agree.

Long time thou hast been tarrying here,  
And fain thou wouldst me kill ;  
But i' faith, dull Care,  
Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much Care  
Will turn a young man grey ;  
Too much Care  
Will turn an old man to clay.

My wife shall dance and I will sing,  
And merrily pass the day ;  
For I hold it one of the wisest things  
To drive dull Care away.

So begone, dull Care,  
I pr'ythee begone from me ;  
Begone, dull Care,  
Thou and I shall never agree.



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*Samson Agonistes.*

NOTHING is here for tears, nothing to wail,  
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.  
Let us go find the body, where it lies  
Soaked in his enemies' blood; and from the stream  
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off  
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while  
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)  
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,  
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend  
With silent obsequy and funeral train  
Home to his father's house. There will I build him  
A monument, and plant it round with shade  
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,  
With all his trophies hung, and acts enrolled  
In copious legend or sweet lyric song.  
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
And from his memory inflame their breast  
To matchless valour and adventures high:  
The virgins also shall on feastful days  
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing  
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

### Samson Agonistes.

TALIA nec lacrymas moveant, neque pectoris ægrum  
 Cum gemitu planctum: neque turpe aut debile quicquam  
 Aut miserum video; sed pulchræ gloria mortis,  
 Sed decus, et nostri superant solatia luctus.  
 Quin agimus: vos fœdum hostili cæde cadaver  
 Quærite, concretumque herbis purisque cruorem  
 Fontibus abluite. Interea mihi curâ propinquos  
 Conglomerare meos, (neque enim jam Gaza volentes  
 Impedit,) et pleno comitantes agmine amicos;  
 Qui patrias illum, deflendum funus, ad aulas  
 Solennis referant per justa silentia pompæ.  
 Mox etiam lauro cingam monumenta perenni,  
 Hac exstructa manu, patulaque tropæa sub umbra  
 Pendebunt platani, quæcunque a Marte triumphans  
 Abstulit; inscriptasque viri longo ordinè dotes,  
 Vel lyrici mira ponam dulcedine cantus.  
 Hæc celebrent olim fortis monumenta juvenus,  
 Accendentque animos, ut tanta exempla colentes  
 Protinus intrepidi sanctæ fastigia famæ  
 Affectent virtute nova; festisque diebus  
 Florea virgineæ fundent ibiserta catervæ,  
 Lævaque plorabunt hymenæi fata catenas  
 Artubus immisisse graves, oculisque tenebras.



Athenæi Fragmentum in palimpsesto bibliothecæ Ambrosianæ ab Angelo Maio inventum, antehac vero non editum.

—περὶ δὲ τῶν κοσσύφων, ὡς ἐκ κριβάνου τοῖς δειπνοῦσι παρατεθέντες ἄδουσι, περὶ δὲ ὀρνιθίων τινων, ὡς τῶν παιδισκῶν τὰς ῥίνας καταπτάμενα ἀρπάζει, τῶν κωμικῶν τις οὕτως γράφει·

—ἀλλὰ νῦν ὑπάδετ', ἄνδρες, ἄσμα τοῦ τετρωβόλου·  
 βασιλικῶ τις ἦν ἐν οἴκῳ θύλακος ζειῶν πλέως·  
 κόσσυφοι δὲ κριβανῖται τετράκισ ἐξ ἐν πέμματι·  
 τοῦ δὲ πέμματος κοπέντος, ηὔστόμησαν τῶρνεα·  
 οὐ τόδ' ἦν ἔδεσμα δείπνοις καὶ τυραννικοῖς πρέπον·  
 ἐν μυχῶ δόμων ὁ βασιλεὺς τὰργύρι' ἐλογίζετο,  
 ἀναβάδην δ' ἔτρωγε χῶρις πυρνὸν ἄρτον καὶ μέλι  
 ἢ βασιλίσ· ἢ παῖς δ' ἀν' αὐλήν βύσσιν' ἐξήρτα λίνου,  
 νηπία· κάτω γὰρ ἦλθεν ἀπὸ τέγους ὀρνίθιον,  
 τήν τε ῥίνα τῆς ταλαίνης ὄχετ' ἐν ῥύγχει φέρον.



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### The Gods of Epicurus.

FOR they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd  
 Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd  
 Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world :  
 Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,  
 Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps  
     and fiery sands,  
 Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and  
     praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song  
 Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,  
 Like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong ;  
 Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,  
 Sow the seed and reap the harvest with enduring toil,  
 Storing yearly little dues of wheat and wine and oil ;  
 Till they perish, and they suffer—some, 'tis whispered,  
     down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,  
 Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.

Tennyson.

---

### Good Music and bad Dancing.

How ill the motion with the music suits !  
 So Orpheus play'd, and like them danced the brutes !

Congreve.

Deos didici securum agere æbum.

DI suum nectar bibentes abdito jacent jugo :  
 Stringit inferiora fulgur, lambit aureas domos  
 Nube prævelatus æther, orbe cinctas lucido :  
 Quæque subter monstra cernunt, illa rident clanculum ;  
 Vim maris, telluris haustus, ignem, et aeris luem,  
 Arma, cædes, furta, raptus, ora comprecantium.  
 At juvat risisse, diri carminis dulcedine,  
 Irritum sublime murmur, veteris ambagem mali,  
 Maximæ vocis querelam, paulum habentem ponderis :  
 Quippe læsi cantilenam generis, operum providi,  
 Dudum arantis, proserentis, congerentis undique  
 Quantulam stipem quotannis vini, olivi, tritici :  
 Occupet dum Mors ; et hos, sic fama, pœnarum sator,  
 Tartarus per sæcla vexet ; his in Elysio cavo  
 Membra declinare fessa præstet Asphodeli torus.

C. M.

---

Ars sine Arte.

QUAM valet arte chelys, tantum caret arte chorea !  
 Orpheos ad citharam sic saluere feræ.

B. H. K.

## Progress of Poesy.

THEE the voice, the dance obey,  
Tempered to thy warbled lay.  
O'er Idalia's velvet green  
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,  
On Cytherea's day,  
With antic sports and blue-eyed Pleasures.  
Frisking light in frolic measures;  
Now pursuing, now retreating,  
Now in circling troops they meet:  
To brisk notes in cadence beating  
Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:  
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay:  
With arms sublime that float upon the air,  
In gliding state she wins her easy way:  
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move  
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

Gray.



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### Their Groves o' sweet Myrtle.

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,  
 Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;  
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,  
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,  
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;  
 For there lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,  
 A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,  
 And cold Caledonia's blast on the wave;  
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,  
 What are they?—the haunt of the tyrant and slave.

The slave's spicy forests and gold-bubbling fountains  
 The brave Caledonian views with disdain;  
 He wanders, as free as the winds of his mountains,  
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

Burns.

---

### Barnaby Bright.

BARNABY BRIGHT he was a sharp cur;  
 He would make a great noise, if a mouse did but stir;  
 But now he's grown old and can no longer bark,  
 He's condemned by the parson to be hung by the clerk.

Gammer Gurton.

Ad Joannam.

SUAVIA laudabunt alii myrteta coloni,

Qua nitidis ridet solibus auctus odor:  
 Carior illa mihi filicum viret avia vallis,  
 Celat ubi rivi flava genista fugam.

Carior illa humilis frondet mihi silva genistæ,

Quas bellis latebras, quas hyacinthus amat;  
 Inter enim flores illos, ubi vernat acanthis,  
 Sæpe levem celerat nostra Joanna pedem.

Rideat æstivis peregrina in vallibus aura;

Scotia ventoso frigore verrat aquas;  
 Silva quid est, celsas redolens quæ suspicit ædes?  
 Mœsta domus servi, mœsta ferocis heri.

Aurifluos Scotus fontes et odora vireta,

Serviles, spectat fortis et odit, opes;  
 It vagus, it liber, patrio cum flamine—vinclis  
 Solus Amor gratis, sola Joanna tenet.

B. H. K.

Barnabæocandidus.

BARNABÆOCANDIDUS Molossus acer erat,

Latrabat ille fortiter, si mus se commoveret:  
 Nequit senex nunc latrare, et canicida Pontifex  
 Damnavit illum laqueo, et Clericus est carnifex.

H. D.



### The Temptation.

EMPRESS of this fair world, resplendent Eve,  
Easy to me it is to tell thee all  
What thou command'st, and right thou should'st be obeyed.  
I was at first as other beasts that graze  
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
As was my food: nor aught but food discern'd  
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high;  
Till on a day roving the field I chanc'd  
A goodly tree far distant to behold,  
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,  
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;  
When from the boughs a sav'ry odour blown,  
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense  
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats  
Of ewe or goat dripping with milk at even,  
Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.

Milton.



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### Peace.

I HAVE found Peace in the bright earth,  
 And in the sunny sky;  
 By the low voice of summer-seas,  
 And where streams murmur by.

I find it in the quiet tone  
 Of voices that I love;  
 By the flickering of a twilight fire,  
 And in a leafless grove:

I find it in the silent flow  
 Of solitary thought,  
 In calm half-meditated dreams,  
 And reasonings self taught.

But seldom have I found such Peace,  
 As in the soul's deep joy  
 Of passing onward, free from harm,  
 Through every day's employ.

If gems we seek, we only tire,  
 And lift our hopes too high:  
 The constant flowers that line our way  
 Alone can satisfy.

Alford.

---

### The Grenadier.

'Who comes here?' 'A grenadier.'  
 'What d'ye want?' 'A pot of beer.'  
 'Where's your money?' 'I forgot.'  
 'Get you gone, you drunken sot!'

Gammer Gurton.

## Pax.

PAX mihi est, rident ubi læta rura :  
 Est mihi, claro radiante cœlo,  
 Qua mare æstivum silet, et levis qua  
 Murmurat amnis.

Est in annosa sine fronde silva ;  
 Est ubi incerto focus igne lucet  
 Vesperi ; est inter placidam loquelam  
 Vocis amatae :

Aut ubi soli tacitoque rerum  
 Ante gestarum facies recursat ;  
 Sive venturæ vigilantis inter  
 Somnia surgunt.

Omniū vero mihi Pax adesto  
 Illa, quæ dulcem decorat laborem,  
 Jussa fungenti, vitio carentis,  
 Munera vitæ.

Quid cupis gemmas ? quid avarus et spe  
 Fessus insana nimis alta quæris ?  
 Carpe contentus facili rubentes  
 Tramite flores.

W. J. L.

## Militi procero quod accidit.

‘QUISNAM est qui venit hic ?’ ‘Miles procerus et audax.’  
 ‘Quidnam est quod poseis ?’ ‘Da liquidam Cererem.’  
 ‘Ast ubi sunt nummi ?’ ‘Sum nummi oblitus et expers.’  
 ‘Furcifer, ad corvos, ebrie, pote, tuos !’

H. D.

### The Meeting of the Ships.

WHEN o'er the silent seas alone  
 For days and nights we've cheerless gone,  
 Oh those who've felt it, know how sweet  
 Some sunny morn a sail to meet!  
 Sparkling at once is every eye,  
 'Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!' our joyful cry;  
 And answering back the sounds we hear,  
 'Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! what cheer, what cheer?'  
 Then sails are backed, we nearer come;  
 Kind words are said of friends and home;  
 Till soon, too soon, we part with pain,  
 To sail o'er silent seas again.

Moore.

---

### Mistress Mary.

MISTRESS Mary,  
 Quite contrary,  
 How does your garden grow?  
 With silver bells,  
 And cockle-shells,  
 And hyacinths all of a row.

Gammer Gurton.



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### The Drama of Life.

ALL the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players ;  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :  
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side ;  
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,

*Fabula Vitæ.*

Quo partes agimus, terra est commune theatrum,  
Scenæque factorum : instabiles eximus, inimus,  
Fabulaque in septem vitæ producit actus.  
Principio in cunis vagit sine viribus infans,  
Nutricisque sinu vomit et lallare recusat.  
Inde puer querulus doctæ delubra Minervæ  
Suspensus dextra loculos, et lucidus ora,  
Incessu tardo adrepat : tum tristis amator  
Fornacis ritu fervet, caræque puellæ  
Molle supercilium lugubri carmine laudat.  
Hinc bellator atrox, in jurgia promptus et audax,  
Jurans per loca mira, feræ barbatus ad instar,  
Vanum et inane decus vel in ipso limine mortis  
Quærit ovans, vitamque cupit pro laude pacisci !  
Proximus in scenam iudex venit. Ille rotundo  
Ventre capit pullam, lautæque opsonia mensæ,  
Contractos torquens oculos, barbaque timendus ;  
Verbaque docta loqui solet, et nova promere facta ;  
Et sibi sic proprias partes agit. Inde senecta  
Vacillans curva titubat, macilentus homullus,  
Laxa podagrosæ supponens tegmina plantæ ;  
Cui pera ad latus est, et vitrea lumina nasum ;  
Cui, bene servatus, jam major crure cothurnus.



Turning again towards childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Shakspeare.

---

Daughter of Lochrine.

VIRGIN daughter of Lochrine,  
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,  
 May thy brimmed waves for this  
 Their full tribute never miss,  
 From a thousand petty rills,  
 That tumble down the snowy hills :  
 Summer drought or singed air  
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
 Nor wet October's torrent flood  
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud.  
 May thy billows roll ashore  
 The beryl and the golden ore ;  
 May thy lofty head be crowned  
 With many a tower and terrace round,  
 And here and there, thy banks upon,  
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Milton.



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### The City Shower.

CAREFUL observers may foretell the hour,  
By sure prognostics, when to dread a shower.  
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er  
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.  
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink  
Strike your offended sense with double stink.  
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;  
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.  
A coming shower your shooting corns presage;  
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;  
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;  
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.  
    Meanwhile the South, rising with dabbled wings,  
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,  
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,  
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.  
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,  
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope:  
Such is that sprinkling, which some careless quean  
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean;

## Imber Urbanus.

Si bene quis variū cognoverit omina cœli,  
Non temere huic subitis obfuit imber aquis.  
Scilicet in terras ubi sit ruitura procella,  
Undique dant certas plurima signa notas.  
Desinit assuetos venturi præscia ludos,  
Nec sequitur caudam felis, ut ante, suam:  
Putrida corruptos sentina emittit odores,  
Cum propriam repetis, nocte ineunte, domum.  
Si sapias, hodie sit cura domestica cœna;  
Mensa nec alterius suadeat ire foras;  
Quippe gravis sumptus conductæ, crede, quadrigæ  
Pluris constabit, quam tua cœna domi.  
Sæva dabunt importuni præsagia calli,  
Et novus a fractis dentibus angor erit.  
Oscitat, inque uncta discinctus Natta popina  
Multa piger de se, de Jove multa dolet.  
Interea madidas Auster quatit humidus alas,  
Et tristem nubes occupat atra polum,  
Quæ nimio proluta haustu, velut ebrius olim,  
Indelibatas evomit ore dapes.  
Suspensas Susanna rapit de cannabe vestes,  
Fertur ut obliqua prima procella via.  
Sic tortis agitur de scopis fœtidus imber,  
Præter inexpertas te properante fores:

You fly, invoke the gods; then turning stop  
 To rail; she singing still whirls on her mop.  
 Not yet the dust had shunned th' unequal strife,  
 But, aided by the wind, fought still for life.

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,  
 Threatening with deluge this devoted town:  
 To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,  
 Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.  
 The templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,  
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach;  
 The tucked-up semstress walks with hasty strides,  
 While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.  
 Here various kinds by various fortunes led,  
 Commence acquaintance underneath a shed:  
 Triumphant tories and desponding whigs  
 Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.  
 Boxed in a chair the beau impatient sits,  
 While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;  
 And ever and anon with frightful din  
 The leather sounds; he trembles from within.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,  
 And bear their trophies with them as they go:  
 Filths of all hues and odour seem to tell  
 What street they sailed from, by their sight and smell.



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They, as each torrent drives with rapid force,  
 From Smithfield to St Pulcre's shape their course ;  
 And in huge confluence joined at Snowhill ridge,  
 Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge.  
 Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,  
 Drowned puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,  
 Dead cats and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood.

Swift.

---

To a Lady.

Too late I stayed, 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 the glass,  
 When all the 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 to his wings ?

W. Spenser.

Utque ruunt luteum per vicum impulsa tropæa,  
 Ipsa notant a queis partibus urbis eant.  
 Per Fora, per totum violens fluit unda macellum;  
 Immensos aperit longa Suburra sinus;  
 Hic varia effœti rapiuntur pignora vici,  
 Ilia percussi mixta cruore bovis,  
 Piscesque, immundique canes, felesque, fimusque,  
 Stercus odoriferæ colluviesque viæ.  
 Sed mihi nec spatium est nec mens, ut singula narrem:  
 Cuncta simul tumidis rapta feruntur aquis.

J. H.

---

### Ad Lydiam.

Non bene cunctabar; sed culpam ignosce fatenti;  
 Oblitus horarum fui:  
 Quam tacito incedit Tempus pede, nil nisi molles  
 Cum calce flores proterit!

Quis, sensim ut refruunt, ita grana fidelis ocellus  
 In vitreo notat globo,  
 Si gemmis splendet simul omnis arena minutis,  
 Nitore quæ fallunt suo?

Quis facilem certa metitur lege volatum  
 Inter serena Temporis,  
 Cum Paradisiacæ plumæ suffuderit alis  
 Tempus colores aureos?

H. D.



**Bye, Baby Bunting.**

BYE, Baby Bunting!

Father's gone a hunting,

Mother's gone a milking,

Sister's gone a silking,

Brother's gone to buy a skin

To wrap Baby Bunting in.

Gammer Gurton.



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### The Ceasing of the Oracles.

THE Oracles are dumb,

No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine

Can now no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

No nightly trance, or breathed spell,

Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,

And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;

From haunted spring and dale,

Edged with the poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent.

With flower-inwoven tresses torn,

The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

**Oraculorum Defectio.**

ORACULORUM quicquid erat, tacet ;

Nec fraudulentas murmure dissono

Effundit ambages sacerdos

Per magici laqueare templi.

Sanctisque sanctas incola Pythius

Dedoctus artes tandem adytis silet,

Tandem ipse Delphorum supinam

Destituit gemebundus arcem.

Nec fabulosæ noctis imagines,

Nec elocuto murmura Apolline

Mentem pavescentis ministri

Fatidicis quatiunt ab antris.

At sæpe fletus montibus inviis,

At crebra rauco litore personant

Lamenta ; fons utcunque, Fauno

Exule, populeaque silva

Prætexta vallis non sine planctibus

Linguuntur ; umbræque implicitæ Dryas

Conquesta sublustri recessu

Scissa sedet vario capillum

In consecrated earth,  
 And on the holy hearth,  
     The Lars and Lemures mourn with midnight plaint ;  
 In urns and altars round,  
 A drear and dying sound  
     Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;  
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
 While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Milton.

---

**He must be told on't, and he shall.**

HE that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied,  
 as he that nobody can please.

Colton.

---

### Epitaph.

SHE took the cup of life to sip ;  
     Too bitter 'twas to drain ;  
 She meekly put it from her lip,  
     And went to sleep again.

Anon.



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## Queen Mab.

COME follow, follow me,  
You Faery elves that be,  
Which circle on the green,  
Come follow Mab your queen :  
Hand in hand let's dance around,  
For this place is Faery ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
And snoring in their nest,  
Unheard and unespied  
Through keyholes we do glide ;  
Over tables stools and shelves  
We trip it with our Faery elves.

Upon a mushroom-bed  
Our table-cloth we spread ;  
A grain of rye or wheat  
Is manchet which we eat ;  
Pearly drops of dew we drink  
In acorn-cups filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,  
With unctuous fat of snails,  
Between two cockles stewed,  
Is meat that's easily chewed :  
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,  
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

### Mabella Regina.

EIA! omnes celeri gradu sequentes,  
 Vos, quotquot Dryadum minutiorum  
 Circum gramineum perambulatis,  
 Reginam comitate vos Mabellam:  
 Conjunctis manibus, choro rotundo,  
 Sacrata saliamus hac in umbra.

Quum mortale genus, sopore victum,  
 Stertit pacifico toro recumbens,  
 Nos clavis cavitatem inire doctæ,  
 Quas non audiet aut videbit ullus;  
 Per mensas, abacos, scabella, turmæ  
 Saltamus Dryadum minutiorum.

Boleti caput en! torale nostrum  
 Apte sustinuit; levemque panem  
 Dat granum Cereris, levemque potum  
 Roris gutta, micans ut alba gemma,  
 In glandis cyatho satis capaci.

Quantum in luscinia latet cerebri,  
 Et testudinum adeps inunctiorum,  
 Cum binis cochleis perinde coetus,  
 Non est difficilis cibus molari:  
 Caudæ vermibus et medulla muri  
 Componunt epulas perelegantes.



The grasshopper gnat and fly  
 Serve for our minstrelsy.  
 Grace said, we dance awhile,  
 And so the time beguile:  
 And if the moon doth hide her head,  
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass  
 So nimbly we do pass,  
 The young and tender stalk  
 Ne'er bends when we do walk:  
 Oft in the morning may be seen,  
 Where we the night before have been.

Percy's Reliques.

---

### Bibo.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from this world to retreat,  
 As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,  
 He turned in the boat and to Charon he said;  
 'I will be rowed back, for I am not yet dead.'  
 'Trim the boat and sit quiet,' stern Charon replied,  
 'You may have forgot, you were drunk when you died.'

Prior.



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*Hyperion.*

BUT one of the whole mammoth-brood still kept  
His sovereignty, and rule, and majesty :  
Blazing Hyperion on his orb'd fire  
Still sat, still snuffed the incense, teeming up  
From man to the Sun's God, yet unsecure:  
For as among we mortals omens drear  
Fright and perplex, so also shudder'd he,  
Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated screech,  
Or the familiar visiting of one  
Upon the first toll of his parting bell,  
Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp ;  
But horrors, portion'd to a giant's nerve,  
Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright,  
Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,  
And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,  
Glared a blood-red through all its thousand courts,  
Arches and domes and fiery galleries ;  
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds  
Flush'd angerly : while sometimes eagles' wings,  
Unseen before by Gods and wondering men,  
Darken'd the place ; and neighing steeds were heard,  
Not heard before by Gods and wondering men.  
Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths  
Of incense, breath'd aloft from sacred hills,

*Hyperion.*

JAMQUE Gigantea solum de stirpe videres  
Jactantem titulos et jus Hyperiona rerum,  
Pollentemque sacris et prisco lucis honore:  
Nec tamen intrepidum; nam quas mortalibus ægris  
Horrida præcipiunt ferales omina curas,  
Non alias toto persensit pectore Titan.  
Non illum gemitusque canum, stridorque volucrum,  
Et conclamato mæsti de corpore Manes  
Terruerant, et nocturnæ præsagia tædæ;  
At Superum auguria et species pro Numine diræ  
Concussere Deum. Quoniam Penetræ coruscum  
Aureis Pyramidum radiis, domus illa sereni  
Luminis, aeris tantum lita cuspidis umbra,  
Sanguineo rutilare per atria longa veneno,  
Arcusque, cameræque, et stantes igne columnæ;  
Omniaque Eois prætexta crepuscula portis  
Inquinat ira rubens: quin sæpe immanibus alis,  
Non prius adspectum Dis et mortalibus omen,  
Umbrari locus, audirique hinnitus equorum,  
Non prius auditum Dis et mortalibus omen.  
Quinetiam, thuris cum blanda volumnia vellet  
Adbibere, in sacris longe spirantia clivis,

---

Instead of sweets, his ample palate took  
Savour of poisonous brass, and metal sick :  
And so, when harbour'd in the sleepy west,  
After the full completion of fair day,  
For rest divine upon exalted couch,  
And slumber in the arms of melody,  
He paced away the pleasant hours of ease,  
With stride colossal, on from hall to hall ;  
While far within each aisle, and deep recess,  
His winged minions in close clusters stood,  
Amazed and full of fear ; like anxious men,  
Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,  
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.  
Even now while Saturn, roused from icy trance,  
Went step for step with Thea through the woods,  
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,  
Came slope upon the threshold of the west ;  
Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope  
In smoothed silence, save what solemn tubes,  
Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet  
And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies ;  
And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,  
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,  
That inlet to severe magnificence  
Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.



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He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath ;  
 His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,  
 And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,  
 That scared away the meek etherial Hours,  
 And made their dove-wings tremble. On He flared,  
 From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,  
 Through bowers of fragrant and inwreathed light,  
 And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,  
 Until he reach'd the great main Cupola :  
 There standing fierce beneath, he stamped his foot,  
 And from the basements deep to the high towers  
 Jarr'd his own golden region.

Keats.

---

### Poor Robin.

THE north-wind doth blow,  
 And we shall have snow,  
 And what will poor Robin do then,  
Poor thing ?

He'll sit in a barn,  
 And keep himself warm,  
 And hide his head under his wing,

Poor thing.

Gammer Gurton.

At Deus ingrediens animosa efferbuit ira:  
 Ipsa fluens a tergo immugiit ignea vestis,  
 Qualia per terras reboant incendia flammæ;  
 Quo mites fugere Horæ, plumæque palumbes  
 Contremuere metu. Ruit ille, flagratque ruendo,  
 Protenus in spatia, et recto loca limite pulsat;  
 Qua via per thalamos intextos lumen odori  
 Aeris, et lapidum radiis sola longa seruntur:  
 Sic adiit convexa domus, mediumque tribunal;  
 Substitit hic, pepulitque pedem, qua funditus omnis  
 Vi vibrat Labyrinthus, et aurea regna resultant.

C. M.

---

### Rubecula.

STRIDET ventus Borealis,  
 Imber ingruet nivalis;  
 Quo se vertet hora in illa

Rubicilla?

In granario sedebit,  
 Plumea tepens fovebit  
 Molle caput sub axilla

Rubicilla.

- E. C. H.



### Arethusa.

AND now from their fountains  
 In Enna's mountains  
 Down one vale where the morning basks,  
 Like friends once parted  
 Grown single-hearted,  
 They ply their watery tasks.  
 At sun-rise they leap  
 From their cradles steep  
 In the curve of the shelving hill;  
 At noontide they flow  
 Through the woods below,  
 And the meadows of Asphodel;  
 And at night they sleep  
 In the rocking deep,  
 Beneath the Ortygian shore;  
 Like spirits that lie  
 In the azure sky,  
 When they love, but live no more.

Shelley.

---

### The Clown's Reply.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers  
 To tell them the reason why Asses had ears:  
 'An't please you,' quoth John, 'I'm not given to letters,  
 Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;  
 Howe'er from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,  
 As I hope to be saved, without thinking of Asses.'

Goldsmith.



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### The Dying Lober.

Go tell Amynta, gentle Swain,  
 I will not die, nor dare complain;  
 Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,  
 Thy words will more prevail than mine.  
 To souls opprest, and dumb with grief,  
 The Gods have given this kind relief—  
 That Music should in sounds convey,  
 What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give;  
 But love on pity cannot live;  
 Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,  
 And love with love is only paid.  
 Tell her my woes so fast increase,  
 That soon they will be past redress;  
 But ah! the wretch, that speechless lies,  
 Attends but death to close his eyes.

Suckling.

---

### Fragmentum.

ΚΑΤΘΑΝΟΙΣΑ δὲ κείσ'· οὐδέποτα μναμοσύνα σέθεν  
 ἔσσετ' οὐδέποτ' εἰς ὕστερον· οὐ γὰρ πεδέχεις βρόδων  
 τῶν ἐκ Πιερίας, ἀλλ' ἀφανῆς κῆν Ἀίδα δόμοις  
 φοιτασεῖς πεδ' ἀμαυρῶν νεκύων ἐκπεποταμένα.

Sappho.

*Amator moriens.*

VADE age, me nostræ moriturum, pastor, Amyntæ,  
 Me querula ausurum verba movere nega;  
 Illa quidem, numeris modo sit conjuncta canoris,  
 Vox erit eloquio plus valitura meo;  
 Hoc tamen oppressæ menti, mutæque dolore,  
 Munere cœlicolum dulce levamen adest,  
 Ut referat, quales moriens vix posset amator  
 Edere, concordés carmine Musa sonos.

Illa dabit lacrymam; fors et suspiria ducet;  
 Vivere amor, tantum quem miserere, nequit;  
 Pectora pectoribus, dic, respondere necesse est,  
 Et pretio est veri solus amoris amor.  
 Tam cito, perge loqui, nostri crevere dolores,  
 Quos pia non poterit tangere cura diu;  
 Sed miser expectat, dum mors obsignet ocellos,  
 Cui vox præ nimio fracta dolore silet.

W. W.

*Immortalia ne speres.*

QUIN læto jaceas perpetuo, nec memores tui  
 Voces te celebrent, Pieriæ participem rosæ;  
 Ast incorporea ac sub tenebris Tartaræ domus  
 Exiles volitans per Lemures tu spatiabere.

W. W.

## The Reformation of the Knave of Hearts.

THE Queen of Hearts,  
 She made some tarts  
     All on a summer's day;  
 The Knave of Hearts,  
 He stole those tarts,  
     And took them quite away.  
 The King of Hearts,  
 He missed those tarts,  
     And beat the knave full sore;  
 The Knave of Hearts  
 Brought back those tarts,  
     And vowed he'd steal no more.

Canning.

---

## Poor Lubin.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies,  
     His spouse is in despair:  
 With frequent sobs and mutual cries,  
     They both express their care.

'A different cause,' says Doctor Sly,  
     'The same effect may give:  
 Poor Lubin fears that he may die,  
     His wife that he may live.'

Prior.



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Penone.

O MOTHER Ida, many-fountained Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.

I waited underneath the dawning hills,  
Aloft the mountain-lawn was dewy-dark,  
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain-pine;  
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,  
Leading a jet-black goat, white-horned, white-hooved,  
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
Far-off the torrent called me from the cleft;  
Far-up the solitary morning smote  
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes  
I sat alone: white-breasted like a star  
Fronting the dawn he moved: a leopard skin  
Drooped from his shoulder, but his sunny hair  
Clustered about his temples like a God's:  
And his cheek brightened as the foam-bow brightens  
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart  
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm,  
Disclos'd a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,  
That smelt ambrosially, and while I looked  
And listened, the full-flowing river of speech

## Penone.

ME miseram exaudi scatebroso a culmine, mater!

Ida, meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.

Suspiciens montes incerta luce rubentes,

Et gelido pinus suffusas rore, sedebam;

Cum Paris, heu! nimium pulchri sub tegmine vultus

Turpia corda fovens, albis et cornibus hircum

Insignem pedibusque adducens, cætera nigrum,

Solus arundinea venit Simoentis ab unda.

Ida, meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.

At me præcipites procul e convallibus undæ

Visæ compellare: procul, super invia montis,

Incedens tacito signabat culmina gressu,

Et puras Aurora nives. Ego sola sedebam

Triste tuens: illum mox albo pectore, ut atras

Stella fugat penetrans adversa fronte tenebras,

Vidi affulgentem. Lateris gestamina pulchri

Exuviæ pardi pendebant, diaque flavis

Fluctibus undantes velabant tempora crines,

Splendebantque genæ, qualis, cum ventus aquosam

Fert agitans spumam, nitet arcus in ætheris auras.

Illum amplexa oculis, totoque e corde vocavi.

Ida, meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.

Continuo flavum, quod lactea dextra tenebat,

Ostendit malum, Hesperioque insignius auro,

Purique ambrosios exspirans roris odores,

Risitque alludens. Arrecta mente manebam;



Came down upon my heart: 'My own CEnone,  
 Beautiful brow'd CEnone, my own soul,  
 Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingraven  
 "For the most fair," would seem to award it thine,  
 As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt  
 The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace  
 Of movement, and the charm of married brows.'

Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.

He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,  
 And added, 'This was cast upon the board,  
 When all the full-faced presence of the Gods  
 Ranged in the halls of Peleus; whereupon  
 Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due:  
 But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,  
 Delivering that to me, by common voice  
 Elected umpire. Here comes to-day,  
 Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each  
 This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave  
 Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,  
 May'st well behold them unbeheld, unheard  
 Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.'

Tennyson.

### Humpty Dumpty.

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall;  
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall:  
 Not all the King's horses, nor all the Queen's men,  
 Could put Humpty Dumpty on the wall again.

Gammer Gurton.



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Circumstance.

Two children in two neighbouring villages  
 Playing mad pranks along the healthy leas;  
 Two strangers meeting at a festival;  
 Two lovers whispering by an orchard-wall;  
 Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;  
 Two graves grass-grown, beside a grey church-tower,  
 Wash'd with still rains, and daisy-blossomed;  
 Two children in one hamlet born and bred;  
 Fill up the round of life from hour to hour.

Tennyson.

---

On Sir John Vanbrugh.

LIE heavy on him, Earth! for he  
 Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Evans.

Ὁ ΚΑΘ' ἩΜΕΡΑΝ ΒΙΟΣ.

ΠΑΙΔΕ δύω συνέοντε δυοῖν ἀπὸ γείτονε κωμαῖν,  
καὶ νεαρῶς παῖσδοντ' ἀνὰ λείμακας ἠνεμόεντας·  
κᾶτα δύω ξείνω σύναμ' ἀντομένω κατ' ἑορτήν·  
κᾶτα δύω φιλέοντε παρ' ὄρχατον ἀδὺ λαλεῦντε·  
κᾶτα δύω ψυχὰ σὺν χρυσείοισι δεθεῖσα  
ζεύγεσιν ἀσυχίας· πολίῳ δὲ παρέγγυθι νάῳ  
ποιήεντε τάφῳ δροσεροῖς μειλίγμασιν ὄμβρων  
τεγγομένω μαλακῶς, αἰὲν γλάκωνα φέροντε·  
καὶ δυὸ παῖδε τραφέντε μία συνομάλικε κωμᾶ·  
τοῖος δὴ βίος ἀμμὶν ἐποίχεται ἄμαρ ἐπ' ἄμαρ.

H. J. H.

---

Sit tibi Terra gravis.

Qui te sæpe gravi, dum vixit, pondere pressit,

Hunc preme defunctum pondere, Terra, gravi.

B. H. K.

## Θαπαι.

"ΟΤΕ λάρνακι ἐν δαιδαλέᾳ ἄνεμος  
 βρέμῃ πνέων, κινηθεῖσά τε λίμνα  
 δείματι ἤριπεν οὐδ' ἀδιάνταισι  
 παρείαις ἀμφί τε Περσεῖ βάλε  
 φιλὰν χέρα, εἶπέν τε ᾧ τέκος  
 οἶον ἔχω πόνον· σὺ δ' αὖτεῖς γαλαθῆνῳ τ'  
 ἤτορι κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ δώματι,  
 χαλκεογόμφῳ δέ, νυκτιλαμπεί  
 κυανέῳ τε δνόφῳ. τὺ δ' αὐαλέαν  
 ὑπερθε τεὰν κόμαν βαθείαν  
 παρίοντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις,  
 οὐδ' ἀνέμων φθόγγων, πορφυρέα  
 κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλόν.  
 εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τόγε δεινὸν ἦν,  
 καί κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν  
 ὑπεῖχες οὔας, κέλομαι, εὐδε βρέφος,  
 εὐδέτῳ δέ πόντος, εὐδέτῳ ἄμετρον κακόν.  
 μεταβουλία δέ τις φανείη,  
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο ὅτι δὴ θαρσαλέον  
 ἔπος, εὐχομαι τεκνόφι δίκας σύγγνωθί μοι.



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### The Isles of Greece.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,  
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
 Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The mountains look on Marathon,  
 And Marathon looks on the sea;  
 And musing there an hour alone,  
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free:  
 For standing on the Persian's grave,  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow  
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
 And ships by thousands lay below,  
 And men in nations—all were his!  
 He counted them at break of day;  
 And when the sun set—where were they?

Byron.

### Pat a Cake.

PAT a cake, pat a cake, baker's man.  
 So I do, master, as fast as I can.  
 Pat it and prick it and mark it with C,  
 Then it will serve for Charley and me.

Gammer Gurton.

### Insulæ in Aegeo.

PLURIMA in Ægeο nitet insula plurima ponto,  
 Qua Sapphus carmen, quaque furebat amor;  
 Unde artes pacis natae et fera munia belli,  
 Surgebat Delos, Phœbus et ortus erat.  
 Ardet adhuc, flammis arsura perennibus, æstas;  
 Sed patrii vivit nil nisi solis honor.

Despiciunt alti montes Marathona patentem,  
 Et Marathon ponti despicit altus aquas;  
 Atque ibi dum tacita mecum meditarer in hora,  
 Græcia erat somnis libera facta meis.

Quippe ego, qui Persas premerem sub calce sepultos,  
 Servilis poteram conscius esse jugi?

Rex quidam, ut perhibent, saxosa in rupe sedebat;  
 Oceani Salamis filia subter erat;  
 Innumeræ naves super æquora lata natabant,  
 Innumeræ gentes: omnia Regis opes.  
 Sole recensebat primo navesque virosque:  
 Quid tacito superest, sole cadente, freto?

B. H. D.

*Pane egeo jam mellitis potiore placentis.*

‘TUNDE mihi dulcem, Pistor, mihi tunde farinam.’

‘Tunditur, O rapida tunditur illa manu.’

‘Punge decenter acu, tituloque inscribe magistri;

‘Sic mihi, Carolulo sic erit esca meo.’

F. H.



Green grow the Rushes O.

THERE's nought but care on every han'  
 In every hour that passes O;  
 What signifies the life of man,  
 If 'twere na for the lasses O?

Green grow the rushes O:  
 Green grow the rushes O:  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,  
 Were spent among the lasses O.

The warly race may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them O;  
 An' though at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O.

Green grow the rushes O:  
 Green grow the rushes O:  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,  
 Were spent among the lasses O.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie O;  
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie O.

Green grow the rushes O:  
 Green grow the rushes O:  
 The sweetest hours that c'er I spent,  
 Were spent among the lasses O.



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Gin you're sae douce ye sneer at this,  
 You're nought but senseless asses O :  
 The wisest man the warl e'er saw,  
 He dearly loved the lasses O.

Green grow the rushes O :  
 Green grow the rushes O :  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,  
 Were spent among the lasses O.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes O ;  
 Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,  
 And then she made the lasses O.

Green grow the rushes O :  
 Green grow the rushes O :  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,  
 Were spent among the lasses O !

Burns.

---

### Dick's Nose.

DICK cannot wipe his nostrils when he pleases,  
 His nose so long is, and his arm so short :  
 And never cries 'God bless me!' when he sneezes ;  
 He cannot hear so distant a report.

Greek Anthology

Tollitis frontes mihi qui severas,  
 Jure vos stultum pecus audietis :  
 Summus in toto Sophus orbe bella  
 Arsit haud una tener in puella.

Virent junci fluviales,  
 Junci prope lymphas :  
 Ah quam ridet, quæ me videt  
 Hora inter nymphas !

Virgine exacta, sibi gratulata est  
 Artifex Natura, operique plaudit ;  
 Quæ rudis Martem manus expedit,  
 Doctior quanto Venerem expolivit !

Virent junci fluviales,  
 Junci prope lymphas :  
 Ah quam ridet, quæ me videt  
 Hora inter nymphas !

B.

---

### De Naso Ricardi.

RICARDUS nescit madidas emungere nares,  
 Tam longo est naso, tam brevis a cubito :  
 Nec si sternutat, 'fausto siet omine !' clamat ;  
 Tam longe amotos non capit aure sonos.

H. D.

### Christopher Sly.

WHAT, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath: by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marion Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught.

Shakespeare.

### Adriana and Dromio.

*Adriana.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

*Dromio.* Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two hands can witness.

*Adriana.* Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

*Dromio.* Ay, Ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

*Luciana.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

*Dromio.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows: and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

*Adriana.* But say, I prythee, is he coming home? It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Shakespeare.



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### The Mad Dog.

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

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

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

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

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

**Canis Rabidus.**

AUDITE, O cives, quovis ex ordine nati,  
Et patula nostros imbibite aure modos;  
Et si forte quibus videatur perbrevis esse,  
Non faciet longam fabula tota moram.

Rure suburbano quidam vivebat, ut aiunt,  
Quo landis nunquam dignior alter erat,  
Non parcus Superum cultor, si credimus ipsi,  
Ante Deos quoties flecteret ille genu.

Hostibus hic mansuetus erat, dilectus amicis,  
In cunctos miræ sedulitatis homo:  
Inque dies spisso nudum velabat amictu,  
Cum sese in vestes induit ipse suas.

Illa forte canis sese stabulabat in urbe;  
Nec mirum est: multos urbs habet illa canes.  
Illic Spartanumque genus fortesque Molossi,  
Et catuli infames, squalida turba, ruunt.

Cum nondum lites indixerat unus et alter,  
Junctus amicitia cum cane vixit homo.  
Inde canis quædam, credo, sibi commoda quærens,  
Fit subito rabidus, dilaniatque virum.



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

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

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

Goldsmith.

---

### The Tropic Sun.

AND now, my race of terror run,  
 Mine be the eve of tropic sun;  
 No pale gradations quench his ray,  
 No twilight dews his wrath allay;  
 With disk like battle-target red,  
 He rushes to his burning bed;  
 Dyes the wide wave with bloody light;  
 Then sinks at once—and all is night.

Scott.



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## Ode to Liberty.

Who shall awake the Spartan fife,  
And call in solemn sounds to life,  
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,  
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,  
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,  
Applauding Freedom loved of old to view?  
What new Alcæus, fancy-blest,  
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest,  
At Wisdom's shrine a while its flame concealing,  
(What place so fit to seal a deed renowned?)  
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,  
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!  
O goddess, in that feeling hour,  
When most its sounds would court thine ears,  
Let not my shell's misguided power  
E'er draw thy sad, thy mournful tears.

*Ad Libertatem.*

Quis fila tanget? quis Lacedæmonis

Dudum tacentes excutiet modos?

Pubemque defunctosque cœtus

Horrisono revocabit ære?

Divina quorum cæsaries, uti

Vernos per imbres flos hyacinthinus

Lugubre se pandens, honestos

Fusa humeris animi timores,

Altamque virtutem, ac niveam Fidem,

Spirabat. Illos scilicet aurea

Spectare Libertas avebat,

Et sobolem propriam dicare.

Alterne, velox mente nova, canet

Alcæus ensem? qui viridi coma

Myrtoque devinctus, sacrata

Pallados æde diu retentos

Celavit ignes; dum rutilantia

Diva auspicato fulmina promeret;

Tum clarus invictusque vindex

Emicuit, trepidumque vulnus

Infixit. At ne, Diva, chelys tuas

Male ominatis vocibus increpans

Aures inopportuna tristem

Eliciat memoremque guttam!

---

No, Freedom, no! I will not tell  
 How Rome, before thy face,  
 With heaviest sound, a giant statue, fell,  
 Pushed by a wild and artless race  
 From off its wide ambitious base.  
 When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,  
 And all the blended work of strength and grace  
 With many a rude repeated stroke,  
 And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

Collins.

---

### Laura.

WHEN Laura first, with heaven's own radiance bright,  
 Beam'd in full lustre on my ravish'd sight;  
 Ere yet the wonder spoke, I saw, and loved : .  
 What marble by such beauty were not moved!  
 But when, in tones as music soft and clear,  
 With Nature's melody she charm'd mine ear,  
 Her tongue confirm'd the triumph of her eyes :  
 Who sees is wounded, but who listens dies.

Wrangham.



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**The sleeping Palace awakened.**

A TOUCH, a kiss! the charm was snapt,  
There rose a noise of striking clocks,  
And feet that ran and doors that clapt,  
And barking dogs and crowing cocks.

A fuller light illumined all,  
A breeze through all the garden swept,  
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,  
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,  
The butler drank, the steward scrawled,  
The fire shot up, the martin flew,  
The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled.  
The maid and page renewed their strife;  
The palace banged and buzzed and clackt;  
And all the long-pent stream of life  
Dashed downward in a cataract.

And last of all the king awoke,  
And in his chair himself upreared,  
And yawned and rubbed his face and spoke;  
'By holy rood, a royal beard!

*Aula regia somno excussa.*

Vix puer impressis afflaverat oscula labris,  
 Afflatu magicæ dissiluerè moræ:  
 Continuo longis clangoribus æreus umbo  
 Tempora per numeros significare suos:  
 Ire redire pedum strepitus, se effringere postes;  
 Latravit, gallo crebra canente, canis:  
 Amplius augusta reparari lumen in aula;  
 Horto vibrantes flare reflare Noti:  
 Atria tam subitus concussit rauca tumultus,  
 Fons ter vicanos exsiluitque pedes!

Disjectam sepem videas expassaque signa;  
 Pocla puer, ceras villicus arripuit:  
 Ardet flamma foco, nido exturbatur hirundo;  
 Psittacus et pavo, stridor uterque, fremunt:  
 Pusio prætrepidans ancillæ jurgia nectit;  
 Inter se fractis intonat aula sonis;  
 Vitaque detorpens animos ita cepit, ut amnis  
 Spumeus abruptum qui ruit in barathrum.

Ultimus, excussa tremefacti nube soporis,  
 Rex caput aurato sustulit in solio;  
 Contrectansque genas hæc ore profatur hiulco;  
 ‘Proh Superi! facta est regia barba mihi!



How say you? we have slept, my lords.

My beard has grown into my lap!

The barons swore with many words,

'Twas but an after-dinner nap.

'Pardy,' returned the king, 'but still

My joints are something stiff or so.

My lord, and shall we pass the bill

I mentioned half an hour ago?'

The Chancellor sedate and vain

In courteous words returned reply;

But dallied with his golden chain,

And, smiling, put the question by.

Tennyson.

---

### Pippen Hill.

As I was going up Pippen Hill,

Pippen Hill was dirty,

There I met a pretty Miss,

And she dropt me a curtesy.

Little Miss, pretty Miss,

Blessings light upon you!

If I had half a crown in purse,

I'd spend it all upon you.

Gammer Gutton.



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Nisus loquitur.

Nisus erat portæ custos, acerrimus armis,  
 Hyrtacides; comitem Æneæ quem miserat Ida  
 Venatrix, jaculo celerem levibusque sagittis;  
 Et juxta comes Euryalus, quo pulchrior alter  
 Non fuit Æneadum, Trojana neque induit arma:  
 Ora puer prima signans intonsa juventa.  
 His amor unus erat, pariterque in bella ruebant;  
 Tum quoque communi portam statione tenebant.  
 Nisus ait, 'Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,  
 Euryale? an sua cuique Deus sit dira cupido?  
 Aut pugnam aut aliquid jamdudum invadere magnum  
 Mens agitat mihi; nec placida contenta quiete est.  
 Cernis, quæ Rutulos habeat fiducia rerum:  
 Lumina rara micant; somno vinoque sepulti  
 Procubuere; silent late loca. Percipe porro,  
 Quid dubitem, et quæ nunc animo sententia surgat  
 Ænean acciri omnes, populusque Patresque,  
 Exposcunt; mittique viros, qui certa reportent.  
 Si tibi, quæ posco, promittunt; nam mihi facti  
 Fama sat est; tumulo videor reperire sub illo  
 Posse viam ad muros et mœnia Pallantea.'

## ΕΝΑ ΘΥΜΟΝ ΕΧΟΝΤΕΣ.

ΠΥΛΑΣ ἔφρούρει Νῆσος, Ὑρτάκου γόνος,  
 μαλ' ἐν μάχαισι θούρος, ἐκ δ' ἔπεμψέ νιν  
 Ἴδη κυναγός, Αἰνέα παραστάτην  
 λόγχῃ τε κλεινὸν καὶ θόοις τοξεύμασι.  
 τούτῳ δ' ἑταῖρος προυστάτει πυλῶν ὁμοῦ  
 Εὐρύαλος, εἶδος ἔξοχος τῶν Αἰνέου,  
 πάντων θ' ὅσοι φοροῦσι Τρωικὴν σάγην,  
 ἄρτι χνοάζων ἄξυρον παρηίδα.  
 τοῖσδ' εἰς ἔριος ἦν, ἐς μάχην θ' ὄρμη μία,  
 καὶ νῦν τὸν αὐτὸν ἔλαχον ἐν πύλαις πάλον.  
 λέγει δὲ Νῆσος· ἦ θεοῖ, φίλ', ἐν φρεσὶν  
 ἔδωκαν ἡμῖν τήνδε τὴν προθυμίαν;  
 ἦ τοῦπιθυμεῖν τοῦν ἐκάστοισιν κρατοῦν,  
 θεὸς οὗτος ἀνθρώποισιν; ὡς ἐμοὶ πάλαι  
 ἄμιλλαν ἢ τί γ' ἔργον ὀρμαίνει μέγα  
 ὁ θυμὸς, οὐδέ μ' ἀργία στέργειν ἔᾶ.  
 τὸ τῶν πολεμίων θάρσος εἰσορᾶς ὅσον;  
 σπάνις γε πύρσων, διαβεβρεγμένοι δ' ὕπνω  
 οἴνω τε κείνται, πᾶς τ' ἐσίγησεν τόπος.  
 νῦν οὖν ἄκουσον οἷά μοι παρίσταται·  
 ἄπας μετελθεῖν Αἰνέαν βοᾷ λεώς,  
 δῆμός τε χοῖ γέροντες, ἐκπέμψαι θ' ἅμα  
 τοὺς ἀγγελοῦντας οὐ καθέσταμεν τύχης·  
 σοὶ δ' ἦν δίδωσιν ἂν θέλω,—τοῦργου δ' ἐμοὶ  
 αὐτ' ἀρκέσει τὸ κῦδος—εὐρήσειν ὁδὸν  
 ἔοιχ' ὑπ' ὄχθον τόνδ' ἐς Εὐάνδρου πόλιν.

G. K.

*Mira.*

WHEN first the Siren Beauty's face  
My wandering eye surveyed,  
Unmoved I saw each fraudulent grace,  
That round th' enchantress played :

And still, with careless mien elate,  
Defied the Paphian's wile ;  
As ambushed in a look he sate,  
Or couched beneath a smile.

And still to rove I madly vowed  
Along the dangerous way,  
Secure, where other boasters bowed  
Before the tyrant's sway.

Nor learned my breast to heave the sigh,  
Or pour the secret heart ;  
Till Mira from her beamy eye  
Despatched th' unerring dart.

'Fly, fatal shaft,' with cruel zeal  
The conscious murtheress cried,  
'And teach yon haughty boy to feel  
The anguish due to pride.'

To soothe the soul-subduing pain  
Awhile I fondly strove ;  
But combated, alas ! in vain,  
Th' omnipotence of Love.



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Then ah! at length, stern Power, forbear,  
 Thy wrath at length forego:  
 Enough my youth has felt of care;  
 Enough has tasted woe.

Or if ordained by stubborn fate  
 To drag th' eternal chain,  
 Doomed, as I bend beneath its weight,  
 To court relief in vain;

To Mira equal toil impart;  
 On her thy pang bestow;  
 Thrill with Love's agony her heart,  
 And bid her suffer too.

Wrangham.

---

### The wise Men of Gotham.

THREE wise men of Gotham  
 Went to sea in a bowl;  
 And if the bowl had been stronger,  
 My song had been longer.

Gammer Gurton.

Improbe, parce, Puer, pennatum intendere ferrum ;  
 In me crudeles desine ferre minas :  
 Præteritos egi non tam feliciter annos ;  
 Experta est varias nostra juventa vices.

Sin, quæ dispensant mortalia fila, sorores  
 Imposito prohibent solvere colla jugo ;  
 Si me fata jubent æternam ferre catenam,  
 Nec prodest votis sollicitasse Deos ;

Tu saltem Miræ similem, Puer, incute plagam ;  
 Languescat, quæso, vulnere nympa pari :  
 Hæc quoque cognoscat quid sit succumbere amori,  
 Transadigatque animas una sagitta duas.

G C.

---

### Philosophi Tusculani.

TRES Philosophi de Tusculo  
 Mare navigarunt vasculo :  
 Si vas id esset tutius,  
 Tibi canerem diutius.

H. D.



## Louisa.

THOUGH by a sickly taste betrayed,  
Some may dispraise the lovely maid,  
    With fearless pride I say,  
That she is healthful, fleet and strong,  
And down the rocks can leap along  
    Like rivulets in May.

And smiles has she to earth unknown;  
Smiles, that with motion of their own  
    Do spread and sink and rise;  
That come and go with endless play,  
And ever as they pass away  
    Are hidden in her eyes.

She loves her fire, her cottage-home,  
Yet o'er the moorland will she roam  
    In weather rough and bleak;  
And when against the wind she strains,  
O might I kiss the mountain-rains  
    That sparkle on her cheek!



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Take all that's mine beneath the moon,  
If I with her but half a noon  
    May sit beneath the walls  
Of some old cave or mossy nook,  
Whene'er she wanders up the brook  
    To hunt the waterfalls.

Wordsworth.

---

### The Knight's Grave.

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?  
Where may the grave of that good man be?  
By the side of a fount on the breast of Helvellyn,  
Under the twigs of a young birch-tree.  
The oak that in summer was pleasant to hear,  
And rustled its leaves at the fall of the year,  
And bellowed and whistled in winter alone,  
Is gone—in its place the birch tree is grown.  
The knight's bones are dust,  
And his good sword rust:  
His soul is with the saints I trust!

Coleridge.

Deme quot rerum videt alta Luna,  
 Sit reclinato mihi cum puella  
 Sole fervente aut veteris sub antri  
 Rupe morari;

Aut in umbroso nemorum recessu,  
 Fertur ut montis per amata rura, aut  
 Abditos fontes petit in ruentis  
 Margine rivi.

H. J. H.

---

### Arturí Sepulcrum.

O UBI nunc recubant Arturi nobilis ossa?  
 O quibus in cippis, aut qua jacet optimus herba  
 Ille sepulcrali?—muscoso in margine fontis  
 Sopitur placide gremioque Helvellynis alto;  
 Et super impubis betullæ virga coruscat.  
 Quercus enim, æstivo quæ tempore suave sonare,  
 Auctumnoque gravi foliis crepitare solebat,  
 Solaque sub brumam rauca mugire querela,  
 Occidit, et vacuo betulla innascitur arvo.  
 Pulvere cara viri commiscuit ossa vetustas,  
 Et fidum scabies ensem damnosa peredit:  
 Ordinibus spero sanctorum inscribier ipsum!

A. B. H.

---

### Little Bo-peep.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,

And can't tell where to find them :

Let them alone, and they'll come home,

And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,

And dreamt she heard them bleating :

But when she awoke, she found it a joke :

Poor Lady ! they still were fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,

Determin'd for to find them ;

She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,

For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.

It happen'd one day, as Bo-peep did stray

Unto a meadow hard by,

There she espy'd their tails side by side,

All hung on a tree to dry.

She heav'd a sigh, and wip'd her eye,

And over the hillocks went smack-O,

And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,

To tack each again to its back-O.



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**Mat and Topaz.**

FULL oft does Mat with Topaz dine,  
 Eateth French meat and drinketh wine:  
 But Topaz his own verse rehearseth,  
 And Mat must praise what Topaz verseth.  
 Now sure as saint did e'er shrive sinner,  
 Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner!

Prior.

---

A THING slipt idly from me: you must guess it.

Shakspeare.

---

**Hinx Minx.**

HINX, Minx! the old witch winks,  
 The fat begins to fry:  
 There's nobody at home but jumping Joan,  
 And father, mother, and I!

Gammer Gurton

### Procillus et Atticus.

CŒNAT sæpe apud Atticum Procillus :  
 Illic vina dapesque sumtuosas  
 Sorbet ; versibus at suis citatis,  
 Poscit 'Euge σοφῶςque' symbolam hospes.  
 Magni sane emis, O Procille, cœnam !

F. W.

### Nescio quid tecum grabe cornicaris.

TE *Primum* incauto nimium propiusque tuenti,  
 Laura, mihi furtim surripuisse queror.  
 Nec tamen hoc furtum tibi condonare recusem,  
 Si pretium tali solvere merce velis.  
 Sed quo plus candoris habent tibi colla *Secundo*,  
 Hoc tibi plus *Primum* frigoris intus habet.  
 Sæpe sinistra cava prædixit ab ilice *Totum*  
 Omina, et audaces spes vetat esse ratas.

R. P.

### Hinc Hecate.

HINC et abhinc, Hecate!—maga Thessala nictat in aula ;  
 Sibilat inferni conscius ignis adeps!—  
 Sola domi invenies salientia crura Joannæ—  
 Meque ipsam et matrem cum genitore meam.

H. D.



To Mister Lawrence.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
Now that the fields are dank, and ways all mire,  
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won  
From the hard season gaining? Time will run  
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire  
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.  
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
Of Attic taste with wine, whence we may rise  
To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice  
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?  
He, who of these delights can judge and spare  
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

Milton



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Saith Lacon,

WERE we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women, some children, much more by listening than by talking.

Colton.

---

A New Mistress.

CALL me not, love, unkind,  
That from the nunnerie  
Of thy chaste heart and quiet mind,  
To war and arms I flie.

Another mistress hence I chace,  
The first foe in the field,  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Lovelace

---

To an Editor.

So rude and senseless are thy lays,  
The weary audience vows,  
'Tis not the Arcadian swain that sings,  
But 'tis his herd that lows.

Shenstone.

Auscultare quam loqui.

DIVINO licet eloquaris ore,  
 Pluribus, mihi crede, gratiosus  
 Auscultando eris, Aule, quam loquendo.

B. H. K

Nobis Amor.

PARCE precor verbis, cara, indulgere severis,  
 Quod de tam casta sede libenter agar,  
 Sede tuæ mentis tranquillæ in pectore puro,  
 Et celer in pugnâs et media arma ruam,  
 Quicumque instructo per campos imperat hosti,  
 Est novus a nobis ille petendus amor;  
 Danda fides clypeo, danda est jam certior ensi,  
 Et magis ardentem sollicitamus equum.

B. H. D.

Ad Editorem.

TAM rude carmen habes, ita sunt sine Apolline versus,  
 (Pertæsus auditor crepat)  
 Non est Arcadicus qui cantat arundine pastor,  
 Armenta sunt quæ mugiunt.

B.

---

Catiline.

You might have lived in servitude and exile,  
 Or safe at Rome, depending on the great ones:  
 But that you thought these things unfit for men,  
 And in that thought you then were valiant.  
 For no man ever yet changed peace for war,  
 But he that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose.  
 There's more necessity you should be such  
 In fighting for yourselves, than they for others.  
 He's base that trusts his feet when hands are armed.  
 Methinks I see Death and the Furies waiting  
 What we will do, and all the heaven at leisure  
 For the great spectacle. Draw then your swords:  
 And if our destiny envy our virtue  
 The honour of the day, yet let us care  
 To sell ourselves at such a price as may  
 Undo the world to buy us.

Ben Jonson.

---

To Freetraders.

I FILL your granaries: I give you meat:  
 Take my fifth part, Sirs, and I'll leave you—Heat.

Δ.



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## Elegy.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the Moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

## Elegia.

FUNEBRIS insonuit morituræ nenia lucis,  
 Mugitus sequitur pascua longa boum :  
 Vix pede se lasso trahit ad sua limina arator,  
 Cum tacito solus vespere linquor ego.

Nunc oculos fallit species evanida rerum,  
 Et passim cœlos occupat alta quies,  
 Ni rotat argutis gyros ubi cantharus alis,  
 Tinnitusque piger per juga sopit oves.

Ni forte ex hedera vicinæ in vertice turris  
 Noctua luctisonos integret ægra modos,  
 Si qui palantes latebrosa cubilia propter  
 Secreti invadant jura vetusta loci.

Subter nodosis ulmis, taxoque comanti,  
 Qua putris aggesto cespite terra tumet,  
 Carcere quisque suo, pagi rudis incola in ævum  
 Dormit, et indigenæ contumulantur avi.

Mane in odorifero peramabilis aura Favoni,  
 Quæ de straminea garrit hirundo casa,  
 Vaticinus galli clangor, lituusve resultans,  
 Discutient humilis somnia nulla tori.

Illis haud iterum refovebitur igne caminus,  
 Sponsave quod propriæ est sedula partis aget :  
 Non balbo proles gratabitur ore parenti,  
 Curret in amplexus, præripietve genas.



Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour :  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.



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But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Atqui non illis rerum monumenta, nec amplas  
Temporis exuvias evoluisse datur :  
Frigida Paupertas generosos expulit ignes,  
Compressitque pigro corda animosque gelu.

Plurima, quæ raro splendet fulgore, sub imis  
Fontibus oceani gemma sepulta latet :  
Plurimus incultis nequicquam nascitur arvis  
Flosculus, et vacuum complet odore nemus.

Hac, indignatus ruris dare colla tyranno,  
Brutus in obscura dormiat alter humo ;  
Inscius hic citharæ Nasoque inglorius ævi,  
Nec vetitæ temerans fœdera Cæsar aquæ.

Imperitare animo pendentis ab ore senatus,  
Temnere pœnarum damna gravesque minas,  
Per gentes pleno diffundere munera cornu,  
Et scribi in populi vultibus URBIS AMOR,

Sorte negatum illis : nec, quæ virtutibus essent  
Invida, nequitia Fata dedere viam ;  
Sed vetuere armis male parta capessere regna,  
Et generi exitium deproperare suo ;

Condere sinceros agitato in pectore motus,  
Luctari ingenuus ne rubor ora notet,  
Aut ferre ad tumidi cumulata altaria Luxus  
Pro pudor ! Aonii turea dona chori.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply :  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,



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Haply some hoary-headed swain may say ;

‘Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,  
Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the ’customed hill,  
Along the heath and near his favourite tree ;  
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

The next with dirges due in sad array  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.’

### The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,  
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Dixerit, albescant cana cui fronte capilli;  
 'Sæpe novo juvenem vidimus ire die,  
 Cum pede festino quateret de gramine rores,  
 Staret ut in summis, sole oriente, jugis.

Illic qua fagi patet umbra, vetustaque radix  
 Lascive e summa tortilis exstat humo,  
 Sole sub æstivo, molli porrectus in herba,  
 Captabat murmur lene loquacis aquæ.

Ad nemus ille vagans, risuque notandus amaro,  
 Mussabat dubios, intima corda, sonos;  
 Vel miser et pallens sese incomitatus agebat,  
 Deliro similis, quemve fefellit amor.

Mane mihi quodam, collis juga nota petenti,  
 Arboris et soliti defuit hospes agri:  
 Altera lux oritur: nec propter flumen, aprico  
 Nec tamen in campo, nec nemora inter, erat.

Tertia successit—planctus audimus—et inde  
 Funeris elati triste notamus iter.  
 Perlege (namque potes) tumulo superaddita verba,  
 Surgit sub vetulo qua lapis ille rubo.'

### Epitaphium.

Hic recubat juvenis maternæ in cespite terræ;  
 Fama latet: nullas vivus habebat opes:  
 Sed genus ignotum non despexere Camenæ,  
 Et puerum optavit lugubris Hora suum.



Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heaven did a recompence as largely send:  
 He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;  
 He gained from Heaven—'t was all he wished—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

Gray.

---

### Enough's a Feast.

I WENT to the toad that lies under the wall,  
 I charmed him out, and he came at my call;  
 I scratched out the eyes of the owl before;  
 I tore the bat's wing—what would you have more?

Gammer Gurton.

---

### Oh! eber thus.

OH! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
 I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
 I never loved a tree or flower,  
 But 'twas the first to fade away.  
 I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
 To glad me with its soft black eye,  
 But when it came to know me well,  
 And love me, it was sure to die.

Moore.



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### The Man in the Wilderness.

THE man in the wilderness asked me,  
'How many strawberries grow in the sea?'  
I answered him, as I thought good;  
'As many as red herrings grow in the wood.'

Gammer Gurton.

---

### Two Gentlemen of Verona.

THE current, that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage:  
But when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;  
And by so many winding nooks he strays  
With willing sport to the wild ocean.  
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:  
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step have brought me to my love;  
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil  
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Shakspeare

Quidam in Desertis.

QUIDAM in desertis blanda me voce rogabat,  
 ‘Fraga quot in pelagi fluctibus orta putes?’  
 Nec male quæsitis hoc respondere videbar,  
 ‘Salsa quot alecum millia silva ferat.’

F. H.

Julia loquitur.

NONNE vides, leni qui labitur agmine rivus,  
 Spumeus exundat, mora si qua retardet euntem:  
 Sin placidum nullo perfecit objice cursum,  
 Suave renidentis murmur per levia arenæ  
 Saxa ciet, lentumque siler mollesque genistas,  
 Vix adeo tactis delibans oscula, lambit?  
 Atque ita per multos anfractus flexibus errat,  
 Et ludit ludum, nullo retinente, procacem,  
 Donec lascivo ponti se immisceat æstu.  
 Sic precor, o virgo, nil me remoreris euntem!  
 Ipsa, sinas, referam tranquilla silentia rivi;  
 Atque via quamvis vestigia fessa reponam,  
 Ibo iter et grati prætexam nomine ludi;  
 Donec in extremo cursu jam reddar amanti  
 Molliter, et blanda potiar contenta quiete;  
 Quali, operum vitæ longique soluta laboris,  
 Umbra per Elysios fruitur sine fine recessus.

C. T. B.

This introduceth to mie Librarie.

From moulderinge Abbayes' darke Scriptorium broughte,  
 See bellum tomes by monkyshe laboure wroughte;  
 He vette the Comma borne, Papyri see,  
 And uncial letterres' wizarde grammarie.  
 View mie Fyfthteneres in their ruggedde line;  
 Swylke Inkes! swylke Linnenne! only knowne longe syne;  
 Enteringe, where Aldus mote habe fyt his throne,  
 Or Harrie Stebenes cobetedde his owne.

Drume.



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### Precedence.

‘SIR, will you please to walk before?’  
 ‘No, pray, Sir, you are next the door:’  
 ‘Upon my honour, I’ll not stir’—  
 ‘Sir, I’m at home—consider, Sir!’  
 ‘Excuse me, Sir, I’ll not go first:’  
 ‘Well, if I must be rude, I must—  
 But yet I wish I could evade it;  
 ’Tis strangely clownish—be persuaded.’

Go forward, cits: go forward, squires:  
 Nor scruple each what each admires.  
 Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding,  
 It flies while you display your breeding:  
 Such breeding as one’s grannam preaches,  
 Or some old dancing master teaches.  
 O for some rude tumultuous fellow,  
 Half crazy, or at least half mellow,  
 To come behind you unawares  
 And fairly kick you both down stairs!

But, Death’s at hand—let me advise ye;  
 Go forward, friends, or he’ll surprise ye.

Shenstone.

---

### The quiet Old Lady.

THERE was an old woman lived under a hill,  
 And if she’s not gone, she lives there still.

Gammer Gurton.

### Præcedere.

‘I PRÆ, pone sequar, Domine :’ ‘haud præcedere possum :’

‘I, prece te rogitō :’ ‘foribus quin proximus adstas !’

‘Juro Phœbeos crines, pede figor :’ ‘at hæc est  
Nostra domus, reputa :’ ‘veniam da, non prior ibo !’

‘Quam sit inurbanum novi, at parere necesse est ;  
Longe aliter facerem—precor O succumbe roganti.’

Ite, præite aliis alii, vos quotquot ab urbe,  
Armigeri quotquot proceres de rure : nec id quod  
Pectore amat toto, sibi quisque assumere nolit.

Vita brevis male se vestris accommodat hisce  
Usubus ; illa fugit, dum vos ornatis ad unguem

Exhibitos mores, quales docuisset ineptæ

Garrulitas aviæ, aut balbi præcepta Bathylli.

Asper et incultus veniat quis, sit simul idem

Ebriolus, paulum aut demens, qui calce faceto

Urgens de tergo, scalas abscondere cogat.

Sed quid ego plura ? En præsto stat Mors ! nisi vultis  
Ire, hæc attonitos protrudet et ire negantes.

B.

### Anus tranquilla.

LEGIT Anus sub colle domum : domus illa morantem,

Si non ipsa abeat, jam retinebit anum.

F. H.



### The Bud.

LATELY on yonder swelling bush,  
 Big with many a coming rose,  
 This early bud began to blush,  
 And did but half itself disclose:  
 I plucked it, though no better grown;  
 And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,  
 With such a purple light they shone,  
 As if they had been made of fire,  
 And spreading so would flame anon.  
 All that was meant by air and sun  
 To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,  
 What may the same in forms of love,  
 Of purest love and music too,  
 When Flavia it aspires to move?  
 When that, which lifeless buds persuades  
 To wax more soft, her youth invades?

Waller.

---

### So altered.

I LOVED thee beautiful and kind,  
 And plighted an eternal vow:  
 So altered are thy face and mind,  
 'Twere perjury to love thee now.

Prior.



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### The first Grief.

‘OH call my brother back to me,  
I cannot play alone:  
The summer comes with flower and bee:  
Where is my brother gone?’

The butterfly is glancing bright  
Along the sunbeam’s track;  
I care not now to chase its flight:  
O call my brother back.

The flowers run wild, the flowers we sowed  
Around our garden-tree;  
Our vine is drooping with its load:  
O call him back to me!’

‘He would not hear my voice, fair child;  
He may not come to thee:  
The face, that once like spring-time smiled,  
On earth no more thou’lt see.

A flower’s brief bright life of joy,  
Such unto him was given:  
Go, thou must play alone, my boy!  
Thy brother is in heaven.’

Primus Dolor.

‘ O REVOCA fratrem, revoca, carissima mater ;

Solus enim nequeo Indere, fessus ero.

Cum pictis apibus, venit cum floribus æstas :

Dic quibus in cæcis abditur ille locis ?

Trans jubar aurati volitans mutabile solis

Ala papilio versicolore micat ;

Et micet incolumis ; per me volitabit inultus :

O redeat nostram frater, ut ante, domum !

Intonsi exultant flores, quem sevimus hortum ;

Arbore sub patula quæ rubuere rosæ :

Vitis dependet crassis onerata racemis :

Si revocas fratrem, tu mihi mater eris.’

‘ Heu ! non audiret matrem, formose, vocantem,

Quem poterunt nullæ sollicitare preces :

Ille oculus ridens, faciesque simillima veri,

Et nos et nostrum destituere diem.

Sole sub aprico quid si breve carpserit ævum ?

Splendida decidui tempora floris habet.

I, puer, et ludos tecum meditare novos ;

Nec geme, quod cœlis gaudeat ille suis.’

‘And has he left the birds and flowers?  
 And must I call in vain?  
 And through the long long summer-hours  
 Will he not come again?’

And by the brook and in the glade  
 Are all our wanderings o’er?  
 O! while my brother with me played  
 Would I had loved him more!’

Hemans

### Fidele's Grave.

WITH fairest flowers,  
 Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack  
 The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor  
 The azure harebell, like thy veins; no, nor  
 The leaf of eglantine, which not to slander,  
 Out-sweetened not thy breath: the ruddock would,  
 With charitable bill (O bill, sore shaming  
 Those rich left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
 Without a monument!) bring thee all this;  
 Yea, and furred moss beside, when flowers are none,  
 To winter-ground thy corse.

Shakspeare.



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To Ceres.

CERES, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
 Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and peas;  
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
 And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep:  
 Thy bank with pionied and twilled brims,  
 Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,  
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-  
 groves,  
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
 Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;  
 And thy sea-marge sterile and rocky-hard,  
 Where thou thyself dost air—the Queen o' the sky,  
 Whose watery arch, and messenger am I,  
 Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,  
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
 To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;  
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Shakspeare.

---

The Dilemma.

IF all the world were apple-pie,  
 And all the seas were ink,  
 And all the trees were bread and cheese,  
 My stars! what should we drink?

Gammer Gurton.

### Ad Cererem.

DIVA Ceres, opulenta, tibi hæc Junonia longe  
 Jussa fero, cujus liquidis in nubibus Iris  
 Ipsa per ætherios labor prænuntia tractus.  
 Jamne tuas multa vibrantes messe novales,  
 Triticeamque ultro segetem, viciamque, fabamque,  
 Linqvis, et erectæ penetrabile culmen avenæ?  
 Jamne tuos montes, ovium et rodentia sæcla,  
 Et, tutela vagi pecoris, quæ plurima sepes  
 Implicitis planos distinxit cratibus agros?  
 Jamne et ripicolas fluviorum in margine flores,  
 Lilia pæoniamque, Aprilia dona, rubentem,  
 Usus in nympharum, et nuribus redimicula castis?  
 At neque te multo vindemia consita palo,  
 Quæque genistarum læsis stat amantibus umbra,  
 Detineat; nec litus inops, ignavaque saxa,  
 Æquoris in scatebris ubi mollia frigora captas.  
 Sic Regina jubet, tecum hæc viridaria ludo  
 Quæ terere, et dulces dignatur inire choreas.  
 At bijugis actos pavonibus aspice currus!  
 Ipsa veni, Dominamque pio, Diva, accipe vultu.

C. M.

### Vexata Quæstio.

Si Terra e pistis constaret inhospita pomis,  
 Si foret Oceanus vasti lacus atramenti,  
 Si folia in silvis panisque et caseus essent—  
 Pro facinus! per ego hos oculos, per sidera, vellem  
 Discere, quid biberent sitientia sæcla virorum!

H. D



## Ebening.

HAIL, meek-eyed maiden, clad in sober grey,  
Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves,  
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,  
Jocund he whistles through the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,  
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk;  
The drooping daisies bathe in honey-dews,  
And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.

The panting Dryads that in day's fierce heat  
To inmost bowers and cooling caverns ran,  
Return to trip in wanton evening dance;  
Old Silvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,  
Light skims the swallow o'er the watery scene;  
And from the sheep-cote and fresh-furrowed field  
Stout ploughmen meet, to wrestle on the green.

The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,  
His supping sheep and lengthening shadow spies;  
Pleased with the cool, the calm, refreshful hour,  
And with hoarse humming of unnumbered flies.



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Now every Passion sleeps; desponding Love,  
 And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride;  
 A holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,  
 Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening! oft let me appear  
 A wandering votary in thy pensive train;  
 Listening to every wildly-warbling throat,  
 That fills with farewell sweet thy darkening plain.

Warton.

### Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

In garret high, choked up with books,  
 Worn in his garments as his looks,  
 Lanker in limb than dustman's shovel,  
 But well to do in self approval,  
 A Scholar sat, above the crowd,  
 And thus soliloquised aloud.

'O heaven-sent precept! happy chance,  
 That shamed me of my ignorance,  
 Laid useless science on the shelf,  
 And bid me only KNOW MYSELF!  
 O noble toil with triumph crowned,  
 Deep truth in deeper study found!  
 How long in silence have I been  
 The cleverest, sweetest, best of men!  
 Let me display myself unfurled  
 To the profoundly nescient world.

The secret of all knowledge is to show it:  
 He only KNOWS, whom people know to know it.'

Nunc posuere animi; nunc ægra Superbia dormit;  
 Livorque insomnis speque relictus Amor;  
 Fundit sancta quies optatam in pectora pacem;  
 Nec furit Ambitio, nec levis Ira tumet.

Sit mihi, sit tecum meditati errare per agros;  
 Me, virgo, sociis adde modesta tuis:  
 Sit mihi sæpe vaga volucrum gaudere querela,  
 Quæ tua, dum recinit, personat arva, Vale!

L.

Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

ARdua dum coleret spissis cœnacula libris,  
 Squallenti vultu et squallidiorè toga,  
 Hæc Sophus esuriens (non de grege porcus obeso,  
 Ast animo turgens nec male pastus) ait;  
 'Quam bene de cœlo descendit γνῶθι σεαυτόν'  
 Quam bene iudicio comprobor ipse meo!  
 Quod latuit didici, et multum latuisse fatebor;  
 Ecce! placens, hilaris, bellus, amœnus, homo.  
 Ibo, me ostendam populo, totique suburræ;  
 Ni sciat hoc alter, scire meum nihil est.'

H. D.

### Law and Equity.

LAW and Equity are two things which God has joined,  
but which man hath put asunder.

Colton.

---

### The River-Course.

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood  
Rolls fair and placid, where collected all  
In one impetuous torrent down the steep  
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.  
At first an azure sheet it rushes broad;  
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,  
And from the loud-resounding rocks below,  
Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft  
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.  
Nor can the tortured wave here find repose;  
But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,  
Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now  
Aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts;  
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,  
With mild infracted course and lessened roar  
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last  
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Thomson.



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To a Lady.

THE adorning thee with so much art  
 Is but a barbarous skill:  
 'Tis but the poisoning of the dart,  
 Too apt before to kill.

Anon.

Aria.

NELLA selva ombrosa,  
 Dove fu colta un dí,  
 Paventa oguor nascosa  
 La rete che la tradì;  
 E sempre con timor  
 Dal cacciator  
 Guardinga se ne sta  
 Per la sua libertà  
 Quella cervetta.

Dal mormorio d'ogni onda,  
 Dal moto d'ogui fronda,  
 Dal fiato d'ogni aurette,  
 Sempre temendo va  
 Laccio, o saetta.

Apostolo Leno.

*Acuens sagittas cote cruenta.*

BARBARICUM est tanta quod te colis arte; veneni,

Ut sit letalis, non tua cuspis eget.

B. H. K.

BARBARA, quod tanta fulges ornatio arte,

Apta nimis stragi spicula felle linis.

B. H. K.

ΕΙΣ ἙΛΑΦΟΝ.

ΔΑΣΥΣΚΙΟΝ καθ' ὕλαν,  
οὐ δικτύοις ποθ' ἤλω,  
ἔλαφός τις οὐριθρέπτα  
σωθείσ' ὅμως φοβεῖται  
τὰν πρὶν προδοῦσαν ἄρκυν  
καραδοκοῦσα δ' εἴ που  
κυναγὸς ἐν λόχμαιοσι,  
μόλις φίλον πόδ' οἶδεν  
ἔχουσα παγίδος ἔξω.  
ὥστ' εἴθ' ὕδωρ καχλάζοι,  
εἴθ' ὄνεμος δονοίη  
τὰ φύλλα, σίγ' ὑπαυλῶν,  
ἄλλως τὰ πάντ' ἂν εἴη  
ἐνέδρα, τὰ πάντα τόξον.

H. I. S. M.



**A Rod for the Fool's back.**

NONE are so seldom found alone, and are so soon tired of their own company, as those coxcombs, who are on the best terms with themselves.

Colton.

---

**The Man of Thessaly.**

THERE was a man of Thessaly,  
 And he was wondrous wise;  
 He jumped into a gooseberry-bush,  
 And scratched out both his eyes:  
 And when he saw his eyes were out,  
 With all his might and main  
 He jumped into another bush,  
 And scratched them in again.

Gammer Gurton.  
 \*

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**This is also vanity.**

WE ask advice, but we mean approbation.

Colton.



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### The Shrubbery.

OH! happy shades—to me unblest!

Friendly to peace, but not to me!

How ill the scene that offers rest,

And hearts that cannot rest, agree!

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,

Those alders quivering to the breeze,

Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,

And please, if anything could please.

But fixed unalterable Care

Forgoes not what she feels within,

Shews the same sadness every where,

And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleased in wood or lawn,

While peace possessed those silent bowers,

Her animating smile withdrawn,

Has lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tread

This moss-grown alley musing, slow;

They seek like me the secret shade,

But not like me to nourish woe!

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste

Alike admonish not to roam;

These tell me of enjoyments past,

And those of sorrows yet to come.

*Frutetum.*

Vos, O felices umbræ, mihi gaudia nulla  
Præbetis, quamvis vos amet ipsa quies:  
Quam male conveniunt cor quod requiescere nescit,  
Et locus ignavæ deditus ille moræ!

Hic vitro fons lucidior, proceraque pinus,  
Et salices illæ, quas levis aura movet,  
Forte minus læsæ referant solatia menti,  
Et me, si valeant ulla juvare, juvent.

Sed vultu torvo, implacidis quæ surdior Euris,  
Non sinit expelli Cura quod intus habet;  
Illam atri sequitur facies tristissima cœli,  
Immemorem pariter temporis atque loci.

Quicquid enim in foliis viridique placebat in herba,  
Et rura et tacitum pace tenente nemus,  
Abrepto risu, qui rerum inspirat amorem,  
Undique delicias perdidit omne suas.

Hac in muscosa, qui Vero innititur, umbra  
Cogitet arcani mystica jura Dei;  
Ille amat et silvas, sed non qui pabula luctus  
Concipiat, similis dissimilisque mei.

Me fecundus ager simul et deserta ferarum,  
Deserere has sedes et loca nota vetant:  
Alter præteritos memorat felicius annos;  
Altera, venturi quod dabit hora mali.

## Alcestis.

Ἔγω καὶ διὰ Μούσας,  
καὶ μετάρσιος ἦξα, καὶ  
πλεῖστον ἀψάμενος λόγον  
κρεῖσσον οὐδὲν Ἀνάγκας  
εὖρον· οὐδέ τι φάρμακον  
Θρήσσαις ἐν σανίσι, τὰς  
Ὀρφεῖα κατέγραψε  
γῆρυσ· οὐδ' ὅσα Φοῖβος  
Ἄσκληπιαδίασιν παρέδωκε  
φάρμακα πολυπόνοις  
ἀντιτεμῶν βροτοῖσι.

## Ἄντ. α'.

μόνας δ' οὐτ' ἐπὶ βωμοὺς  
ἐλθεῖν οὔτε βρέτας θεᾶς  
ἐστίν, οὐ σφαγίων κλύει.  
μή μοι, πότνια, μείζων  
ἔλθοις, ἢ τὸ πρὶν ἐν βίῳ·  
καὶ γὰρ Ζεὺς ὅ, τι νεύση  
ξύν σοι τοῦτο τελευτᾷ.  
καὶ τὸν ἐν Χαλύβεσσι  
δαμάζει σὺν βίᾳ σίδαρον,  
οὐδέ τις ἀποτόμου  
λήματος ἐστὶν αἰδώς.

## Στροφή β'.

καὶ σ' ἐν ἀφύκτοισι χερῶν  
εἶλε θεὰ δεσμοῖς·



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τόλμα δ'· οὐ γὰρ ἀνά-  
 ξεις ποτ' ἔνερθεν  
 κλαίων τοὺς φθιμένους ἄνω.  
 καὶ θεῶν σκότιοι φθίνουσι  
 παῖδες ἐν θανάτῳ.  
 φίλα μὲν, ὅτ' ἦν μεθ' ἡμῶν,  
 φίλα δ' ἔτι καὶ θανοῦσα·  
 γενναιοτάταν δὲ πασᾶν  
 ἐζεύξω κλισίαις ἄκοιτιν.

Ἄντ. β'.

μηδὲ νεκρῶν ὡς φθιμένων  
 χῶμα νομιζέσθω  
 τύμβος σᾶς ἀλόχου·  
 θεοῖσι δ' ὁμοίως  
 τιμάσθω σέβας ἐμπόρων.  
 καὶ τις δοχμίαν κέλευθον  
 ἐκβαίνων, τόδ' ἐρεῖ·  
 αὐτὰ ποτὲ προὔθανεν ἀνδρὸς,  
 νῦν δ' ἐστὶ μάκαιρα δαίμων.  
 χαῖρ', ὦ πότνι', εὐ δὲ δοίης.  
 τοῖαί νιν προσερούσι φᾶμαι.

Euripides.

How d'ye do?

ONE misty moisty morning,

When cloudy was the weather,

There I met an old man

Clothed all in leather,

With cap under his chin:

How d'ye do? and how d'ye do? and how d'ye do again?

Gammer Gurton.

Sed ne queraris: nam neque lenient  
 Plutona fletus illacrymabilem;  
 Et ipsa descendit sub umbras  
 Cimmerias soboles Deorum.  
 Quæ grata nostris vixit amoribus,  
 Illa in lacerto mortis amatior,  
 Virtutis exemplar pudicæ  
 Conjugibus socioque lecto.  
 Quin illa fœdi cespitis immemor  
 Errabit inter cœlicolum domos,  
 Nigrisque mutabit cupressis  
 Elysiaë juga læta silvæ;  
 Dicientque voces prætereuntium  
 Fauces sepulcri; 'Sideribus vale  
 Adscripta, pro caro libenter  
 Ausa mori mulier marito!'

H. D.

### Quomodo tu valeas?

MANE vagans inter nebulas et flumina roris,  
 Cum pluvio nubes incubuere polo,  
 Cuidam occurrebam domito senioribus annis;  
 Ille senex corio totus amictus erat,  
 Pileolo mentum substrictus. Sæpe rogabam,  
 'Quomodo tu valeas? quomodo tu valeas?'  
 Atque iterum atque iterum mussabat uterque rogando,  
 'Quomodo tu valeas? quomodo tu valeas?'

F. H.



### On the Spring.

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,

Fair Venus' train appear,

Disclose the long-expecting flowers,

And wake the purple year!

The attic warbler pours her throat

Responsive to the cuckoo's note,

The untaught harmony of spring:

While, whispering pleasures as they fly,

Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky

Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch

A broader browner shade;

Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech

O'er-canopies the glade;

Beside some water's rushy brink

With me the Muse shall sit, and think

(At ease reclined in rustic state)

How vain the ardour of the crowd,

How low, how little are the proud,

How indigent the great.

Still is the toiling hand of Care:

The panting herds repose:

Yet hark, how through the peopled air

The busy murmur glows!



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The insect youth are on the wing,  
Eager to taste the honied spring,  
    And float amid the liquid noon:  
Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
Some shew their gaily-gilded trim  
    Quick glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye  
    Such is the race of man:  
And they that creep, and they that fly,  
    Shall end where they began.  
Alike the busy and the gay  
But flutter through life's little day,  
    In fortune's varying colours drest:  
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,  
Or chilled by age, their airy dance  
    They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low  
    The sportive kind reply;  
Poor moralist! and what art thou?  
    A solitary fly!  
Thy joys no glittering female meets,  
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
    No painted plumage to display;  
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;  
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone:  
    We frolic while 'tis May.

Dædala funduntur flores examina circum,  
 Lætaque melliferam depopulantur humum;  
 Aliger hic miles liquido fluitare sub æstu,  
 Ille amat in summa lndere fontis aqua;  
 Atque alius, volitans super æthera præpete cursu,  
 Corporis ostendit versicoloris opes.

Qui bene composita spectat mortalia mente,  
 Sub paribus sentit legibus esse viros:  
 Qui cohibent gressus et qui velocius urgent,  
 Ad metam, modo quam deseruere, volant.  
 Sorte nitent varia, fato sternuntur eodem,  
 Qui sequitur vitæ gaudia, quique fugit:  
 Quocunque ereptus casu, sub pulvere dormit  
 Pulvis, et aerii conticuere chori.

Forte aliquis cui cura joci, cui ludere cordi est,  
 ‘ Quid melius, tantum qui sapis,’ inquit, ‘ habes?  
 ‘ Solus es, et nulla est cui jungas oscula conjux;  
 ‘ Nulla domus, liquidas quæ tibi condat opes.  
 ‘ Non tua per cœlum pictos fert ala colores,  
 ‘ Maturus periit flos tuus ante diem:  
 ‘ Sol tibi discessit; cecidit tibi gloria veris:  
 ‘ Nos sequimur nostros, dum sinit hora, jocos.’

W. G. H.

### Progress of Advice.

SAYS Richard to Thomas—and seem'd half afraid—  
 'I'm thinking to marry my mistress's maid.  
 Now because Mrs Lucy to thee is well known,  
 I'll do't if thou bid'st me, or let it alone.  
 Now don't make a jest on't; 'tis no jest to me,  
 In faith I'm in earnest, so prithee be free.  
 I have no fault to find with the girl since I knew her,  
 But I'd have thy advice ere I tie myself to her.'

Says Thomas to Richard, 'To speak my opinion,  
 There's not such a brute in king George's dominion;  
 And I firmly believe, if you knew 'her as I do,  
 Thou would'st choose out a whipping post first to be  
 tied to.

She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,  
 And a liar and a fool and a slut and a scold.'

Next day Richard hastened to Church and was wed,  
 And at night had informed her all Thomas had said.

Shenstone.

### Little Boy Bluet.

LITTLE boy Bluet, come blow me your horn,  
 The cow's in the meadow, the sheep in the corn:  
 But where is the little boy tending his sheep?  
 He's under the hay-cock fast asleep.

Gammer Gurton.



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## Romeo.

O, MY love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.  
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
O, what more favour can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,  
To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous;  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again: here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest;  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh.

Shakspeare

## ΡΩΜΕΩΝ.

Ω ΚΘΙΝΟΛΕΚΤΡΟΝ φίλτατον πρόσφθεγμ' ἔμοι,  
 ἔοικεν Ἄδης, καίπερ οὐκ ἔμπνουν τιθεῖς,  
 οὐ τοῦ γε κάλλους τῆσδέ πω μόρφης κρατεῖν.  
 σέ δ' οὐ δαμῆναί φημι· καλλίχρως ἔτι  
 χείλων πρέπει τε καὶ παρηίδος χάρις,  
 λυγαῖα δ' οὔπω σήματ' ἤμειψεν φθορᾶς.  
 οὔτος Τύβαλτε, φοινίοις κεκρυμμένε  
 πέπλοις, τιν' ἄλλην σοί μ' ὑπουργῆσαι χάριν  
 θέλοις ἔτ', εἰ μὴ τῆδε νοσφίσει χερὶ  
 ὦραν ἀκμαίαν τοῦ μέγ' ἐχθίστου βρότων,  
 ἢ σὴν ἐνόσφισ'; ἀλλ' ὅμως συγγνώθι μοι.  
 τί δ' ἔμπρέπεις ἔτ' εἰσιδεῖν, Ἰουλία;  
 ἐπείκασας τυχοίμ' ἂν ἀψαυστὸν θεὸν  
 φιλήτορ' εἶναι Θάνατον, ὡς σ' ὑπὸ σκότου  
 ἄσαρκον ὄντα καὶ καταπτυστὸν τρέφειν  
 εὐνῆς παραγκάλισμα; τοῦτο δ' οὖν ἐγὼ  
 δείσας τὸν αἰεὶ σοι ξυνοικήσω χρόνον,  
 κούκ ἂν τοδ' ἱερὸν νυκτὸς ἐκλίποιμ' ἔτι  
 οἴκημ' ἐρέμνης, ὧδε συνναίων ὁμοῦ  
 σκώληξι, μούναις σαῖσι προσπόλοις λέχους.  
 αὐτοῦ τὸν αἰεὶ θάλαμον ἰδρύσω θανών·  
 τοῦ μορσίμου γὰρ δυστυχέστατον ζυγόν  
 ἐκ τῆς καμούσης τῆσδε λωφήσω δέρης.



---

The Pirate's Farewell.

FAREWELL! farewell!—the voice you hear  
 Has left its last soft tone with you;  
 Its next must join the seaward cheer,  
 And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents, which I scarce could form  
 Beneath your frown's controlling check,  
 Must give the word, above the storm,  
 To cut the mast and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,  
 The hand that shook when pressed to thine,  
 Must point the guns upon the chase,  
 Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love or hope or fear,  
 Honour or own, a long adieu!  
 To all that life has soft and dear,  
 Farewell—save memory of you!

Scott.

---

I flatter myself.

IF I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride  
 The best of all cobblers to be.  
 If I were a tinker, no tinker beside  
 Should mend an old kettle like me.

Hall.



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### The Pig and the Piper's Son.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,  
 Stole a pig, and away he run:  
 The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,  
 And Tom ran crying down the street.

Gammer Gurton.

### My Native Vale.

DEAR is my little native vale,  
 The ringdove 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.

Through orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,  
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,  
 I charm the fairy-footed hours  
 With the 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 shade;  
 The canzonet and roundelay  
 Sung in the silent greenwood glade,  
 These simple joys that never fail  
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

Rogers.

Porcus et Citharistæ Filius.

ILLE citharistæ filius,  
 Thomas, Thomas nominatus,  
 Porculo surrepto currit:  
 Porcus cito manducatus,  
 Thomas, cito verberatus,  
 Ululans per vicum fur it,  
 Ululans per vicum furit.

F. H.

Vallis Natalis.

VALLIS amo latebras et parvula rura paternæ,  
 Qua gemit in viridi blanda columba domo,  
 Qua mollem assidui fabellam narrat amoris,  
 Pagano nostram prætereunte casam:  
 Mus saliens omni silvester ab arbore pendet,  
 Lætasque impavido pascitur ore nuces.  
 Hic citreos inter fructus myrtique sub umbra,  
 Dum vagus a patulis floribus halat odor,  
 Fallimus alipedes, positi feliciter, horas  
 Dilectæ sonitu suaviloquente lyræ;  
 Seu placeat vivas magis internectere lauros,  
 Si quis Olympiacum vespere currat iter.  
 Sub matutinum pastoris buccina solem,  
 Saltibus impliciti, sole cadente, pedes;  
 Quodque lyræ canitur, vel quos modulatur arundo,  
 Inter Hamadryadum frondea rura, choros;  
 Simplicis hæc durant casta oblectamina vitæ,  
 Et teneor magno vallis amore meæ.

H. D.

### The Lotos Eaters.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,  
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
 Falling asleep in a half-dream!  
 To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,  
 Which will not leave the myrrh bush on the height;  
 To hear each other's whispered speech;  
 Eating the lotos, day by day,  
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,  
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray:  
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;  
 To muse and brood and live again in memory,  
 With the old faces of our infancy  
 Heaped over with a mound of grass,  
 Two handfuls of white dust shut in an urn of brass.

Tennyson.

---

### To Market.

To market, to market, to buy a plum bun;  
 Home again, home again, market is done.

Gammer Gurton.



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**Harp of the North.**

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,  
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;  
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark;  
The deer half-seen are to the covert wending.  
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,  
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;  
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,  
With distant echo from the fold and lea,  
And herdboy's evening pipe and hum of housing bee.

Yet once again farewell, thou minstrel harp!

Yet once again forgive my feeble sway;  
And little reck I of the censure sharp  
May idly cavil at an idle lay.

Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,  
Through secret woes the world has never known,  
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,  
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.

That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress, is thine own!

*Cithara Caledoniæ.*

ORTA Caledoniis valeas, Cithara, orta sub antris!

Purpureis major montibus umbra cadit:

Emicat in saltu seræ lampyridos ignis,

Cerva petit tectum semireducta nemus.

Tu magicam repetas ulmum; fontique ministres,

Et rudibus ventis, quæ rudiora sonas;

Dum tibi respondet pleni concentus ovilis,

Et pecudum a longo vox repetita jugo;

Nec vespertini cessat pastoris arundo,

Nec prima reducum nocte susurrus apum.

Ergo iterum valeas, Cithara, acceptissima vati!

De nostris habeas crimina nulla modis:

Non horrere meum est lingnam censoris acuti,

Si qua levi dicto vox leve vellat opus.

Multa tuis modulis, per longæ tædia vitæ,

Debuit arcanis mens mea pressa malis;

Cum pepulit noctis tristes lux tristior umbras,

Curaque erat gravior, quam sine teste tuli.

Quod mihi per tantos suffecit vita labores,

Quod spiro et valeo, muneris omne tui est.



**Moloch.**

My sentence is for open war: of wiles  
More unexpert I boast not; them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.  
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions that stand in arms and longing wait  
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here  
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place  
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
The prison of his tyranny, who reigns  
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,  
Armed with hell flames and fury, all at once,  
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise  
Of his almighty engine he shall hear  
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his angels, and his throne itself  
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
His own invented torments.

Milton.



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### 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 sod with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Nor 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 stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
As 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!

*Ducis Exsequiæ.*

BUCCINA nulla dedit, neque tristem nenia vocem,  
In vallum rapimus nos ubi membra Ducis;  
Non solito miles decoravit honore sepulcrum,  
Martia non solitos arma dedere sonos.

Undique constabant horrenda silentia noctis,  
Luna laborantes vix agitabat equos;  
Lumina præbebant incerto lampades igne,  
Hasta sepulcralem dura cavabat humum.

Nulla cedrus legit cineres nec inutilis urna,  
Nec sunt funerea pectora amicta toga:  
At veluti in castris miles dat membra sopori,  
Implicitus proprio sic jacet ille sago.

Tam brevibus super exsequiis non multa precamur,  
Nec vox est luctum testificata gravem;  
Dumque recensemus mala quæ lux crastina ferret,  
In vultu occisi figimus ora ducis.

Et gladiis vilem dum sic exsculpsimus arcam,  
Stravimus et solum, cura suprema, torum;  
Glebam insultabunt hostes, reputamus, in illam,  
Dum sequimur reduci nos freta longa via.

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'll let him sleep on,  
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
 When the clock told the hour of 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, we raised not a stone,  
 But we left him alone in his glory.

Wolfe.

Ⓞ lay thy loof in mine, Lass.

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass,  
 In mine, lass; in mine, lass;  
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,  
 That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to love's unbounded sway,  
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae,  
 But now he is my deadly fae,  
 Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,  
 That for a blink I ha' loved best:  
 But thou art queen within my breast  
 For ever to remain.

Burns.



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### Haymaking.

UPON the grass no longer hangs the dew :  
Forth hies the mower with his glittering scythe,  
In snowy shirt bedight, and all unbraced.  
He moves athwart the mead with sideling bend,  
And lays the grass in many a swathe line.  
In every field, in every lawn and meadow,  
The rousing voice of Industry is heard.  
The haycock rises, and the frequent rake  
Sweeps on the fragrant hay in heavy wreaths.  
The old and young, the weak and strong are there,  
And, as they can, help on the cheerful work.  
The father jeers his awkward half-grown lad,  
Who trails his tawdry armfull o'er the field :  
Nor does he fear the jeering to repay.  
The village oracle and simple maid  
Jest in their turns and raise the ready laugh.  
All are companions in the general glee :  
Till the bright Sun now past his middle course  
Shoots down his fiercest beams, which none may brave.  
A troop of welcome children o'er the lawn  
With slow and wary steps approach : some bear  
In baskets oaten cakes, or barley scones,  
And gusty cheese and stoups of milk or whey.  
Beneath the branches of the spreading tree,  
Or by the shady side of the tall rick,  
They spread their homely fare, and seated round  
Taste every pleasure, that a feast can give.

Joanna Baillie.

## Fœnisectio.

NUNC de maturo non pendent gramine rores.  
 Egreditur messor, niveo discinctus amictu,  
 Perque humeros falcem, splendentia sustinet arma.  
 Et modo trans pratum obliquo sinuamine fertur,  
 Et longo sectum prosternit in aggere gramen.  
 Undique per campos, collesque et fervida rura,  
 Provocat agricolas vox indefessa laboris :  
 Certant infirmi validis, juvenesque senesque  
 Jucundo auxilium penso pro viribus addunt.  
 Conlati surgunt cumuli, rastrisque juvenus  
 Verrit odorati graviora volumina fœni.  
 Imberbem puerum senior male salsus adurget,  
 Vix amplectentem fasces, ægreque trahentem ;  
 Nec timet audacem puer ille rependere linguam,  
 Rusticus hic Nestor, simplexque puella vicissim  
 Fundere sæpe jocos celeremque iterare cachinnum.  
 Non quivis socia non libertate potitur.  
 Jamque rubet Phœbus, medio calidissimus orbe,  
 Dejecitque feros, nulli tolerabilis, ignes.  
 Ecce super clivum pede cauto infantia pagi,  
 Agmen adest gratum ! Calathis hi prandia portant,  
 Triticeasve molas, aut panem vilis avenæ.  
 Caseus est aliis fragrans et pocula lactis  
 Dulcia. Sub patulæ recubantes frondibus ulmi,  
 Aut circumfusi gelida fœnilis in umbra,  
 Disponunt mensas humiles, epulasque ministrant  
 Ruricolæ, nihilo pejores divite cœna.



### Fatima.

O LOVE, Love, Love! O withering might!  
 O sun, that from thy noonday height  
 Shudderest when I strain my sight,  
 Throbbing through all thy heat and light!  
     Lo! falling from my constant mind,  
     Lo! parched and withered, deaf and blind,  
     I whirl like leaves in roaring wind.

Last night I wasted hateful hours  
 Below the city's eastern towers:  
 I thirsted for the brooks, the showers:  
 I rolled among the tender flowers;  
     I crush'd them on my breast, my mouth:  
     I look'd athwart the burning drouth  
     Of that long desert to the south.

Last night when some one spoke his name,  
 From my swift blood that went and came,  
 A thousand little shafts of flame  
 Were shiver'd in my narrow frame.  
     O Love, O fire! once he drew  
     With one long kiss my whole soul through  
     My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.



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Before he mounts the hill I know  
He cometh quickly : from below  
Sweet gales, as from deep gardens, blow  
Before him, striking on my brow.

In my dry brain my spirit soon  
Down-deepening from swoon to swoon  
Faints like a dazzled morning moon.

The wind sounds like a silver wire,  
And from beyond the noon a fire  
Is pour'd upon the hills, and nigher  
The skies stoop down in their desire ;  
And isled in sudden seas of light,  
My heart pierced through with fierce delight,  
Bursts into blossom in his sight.

My whole soul waiting silently,  
All naked in a sultry sky,  
Droops, blinded with his shining eye ;  
I will possess him, or will die.

I will grow round him in his place,  
Grow—live—die looking on his face,  
Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace.

Tennyson.

Illum, si subeat repente clivo,  
Jam succedere, jam jam adesse nosco:  
Talis ceu Syrii vibrat roseti  
Sursum spiritus, antequam euntem.  
Tum sicco exanimata mens cerebro  
Sensim deficit, inque inane sedit,  
Ceu Solis specie recussa Luna.  
Tum venti levis ambiens susurrus  
Argentea fide frangitur, jugisque  
Sublimis super explicatur ignis,  
Inclinatque ruens amore cœlum.  
At lucis subito natans in imbre,  
Vi dulcedinis æstuans medulla  
Viso solvitur, induitque florem.  
Stat nudis oculis, flagrante cœlo,  
Nec sacrum jubar obstinatus haurit  
Languescens animus, tacetque pressus.  
Aut fiet mens, aut mori libebit!  
Adcrecam ipsa meo, meo adligabor;  
Crescensque et moriens meum intuebor;  
Vivensque et moriens meum tenebo.

---

Virtue and Vice.

VICE stings us even in our pleasures; but  
Virtue consoles us even in our pains.

Colton.

---

Winter.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,  
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.  
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!  
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends  
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!  
See here thy pictured life: pass some few years,  
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,  
Thy sober Autumn fading into Age,  
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,  
And shuts the scene. Ah whither now are fled  
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes  
Of happiness? those longings after fame?  
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?  
Those gay-spent festive nights? those veering thoughts  
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?  
All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives,  
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,  
His guide to happiness on high.

Thomson.



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### Hey my Chicken.

HEY my chicken, my chicken,  
 And hey my chicken, my deary!  
 Such a sweet pet as this  
 Was neither far nor neary.  
 Here we go up up up,  
 And here we go down down downy,  
 And here we go backwards and forwards,  
 And here we go round round roundy!

Gammer Gurton.

### Mary.

MARY, I believed thee true,  
 And I was blest in thus believing;  
 But now I mourn that e'er I knew  
 A girl so fair and so deceiving.  
 Few have ever loved like me;  
 Yes, I have loved thee too sincerely!  
 And few have e'er deceived like thee:  
 Alas, deceived me too severely!

Fare thee well! yet think awhile  
 On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;  
 Who now would rather trust that smile,  
 And die with thee, than live without thee.  
 Fare thee well! I'll think of thee:  
 Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;  
 For see, distracting woman, see;  
 My peace is gone, my heart is broken!

Moore.

⊙ mea Pullula.

O MEA pullula blandula,  
 O mea pullula suavis,  
 Procul in terris aut prope  
 Non est, ut hæc, rara avis!  
 Hic en! ascendimus cœlos,  
 Et hic ubi locus est imus;  
 Hic rursus et prorsus cursamus,  
 Et circum et circum redimus.

F. H.

Delia Falsa.

DELIA, credideram tu saltem fida fuisses;  
 Et spe, quam dederas tu mihi, lætus eram:  
 Sed modo tam pulcram queror invenisse puellam  
 Fallere, perjuris in mea damna labris.  
 Non face plebeia, solitis non ignibus uror:  
 Heu! nimio fueram captus amore tui:  
 Nec mea plebeiam texisti in pectora fraudem,  
 Perfida! quam vere perfida dicta mihi!  
 Delia falsa, vale! sed adhuc reminiscere nostri;  
 Est, nequit acceptam qui dubitare fidem;  
 Qui risu pendere tuo, qui nunc quoque mallet  
 Tecum, quam sine te vivere, posse mori.  
 Delia falsa, vale! tua sæpe recurret imago,  
 Tot memori linqvis tristia signa proco;  
 Inspice enim hoc miserum pectus, sævissima rerum!  
 Inspice: tu leti causa ferere mei.

H. D.



## Comus.

THE star, that bids the shepherd fold,  
Now the top of heaven doth hold;  
And the gilded car of day  
His glowing axle doth allay  
In the steep Atlantic stream;  
And the slope Sun his upward beam  
Shoots against the dusky pole,  
Pacing toward the other goal  
Of his chamber in the east.  
Meanwhile welcome joy and feast,  
Midnight shout and revelry,  
Tipsy dance and jollity.  
Braid your locks with rosy twine  
Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
Rigour now is gone to bed;  
And Advice with scrupulous head,  
Strict Age and sour Severity,  
With their grave saws in slumber lie.  
We that are of purer fire  
Imitate the starry quire,  
Who in their nightly watchful spheres  
Lead in swift round the months and years.



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The sounds and seas with all their finny drove  
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move:  
And on the tawny sands and shelves  
Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves:  
By dimpled brook and fountain brim  
The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,  
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep.  
What hath night to do with sleep?  
Night hath better sweets to prove,  
Venus now wakes, and wakens love:  
Come, let us our rites begin;  
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,  
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.  
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,  
Dark-veiled Cotytto! to whom the secret flame  
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,  
That ne'er art called, but when the dragon womb  
Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,

λιμένες πορθμοί τ αϊολόφυλοί τ'  
 ἴχθυες ἤδη μαρμαρυγαῖσιν

δῖαν τιμῶσι Σελάναν·

κατὰ δὲ ξούθους ἀλὸς αἰγιάλους

σκιρτᾶ λάλιον μορμολύκειον

ῥαδίνα τ' ἔμπουσα χορεύει.

παρὰ μειδώντων

νάματα κρουνῶν ἄκρα τε χεῖλη,

Δρυάδες, κόμψαν κόσμον ἔχουσαι

βαλλίδα, τέρπνοις παίγνι' ἄγουσιν

κώμοις ἰλαραί·

νύξ δέ μοι ὕπνω τί σὺ κοινωνεῖς;

νύξ μεγ' ἀμείνω τέρψιν παρέχει·

Κύπρις ἐγερθεῖσ' υἷον ἐγείρει·

σπεύδετε δ' ἡμῖν ἐς ὄργια καιρὸς.

μόνον ἐκφαίνει φῶς ἀλιτήμονα·

ταῦτα δὲ κευθμῶν

σκοτόεις οὐ πως ἀποδείξει.

χαῖρε μελάμπεπλος ἐν νυκτερίνοις

παίγμασι δαῖμον, χαῖρε, Κοτύττω·

σοὶ πῦρ δάδων πάννυχον αἶθει

κρυφίων, δέσποιν' ἄφατος, κληθεῖσ'

ὅποτε Στυγίας ὁ δρακοντώδης

νεφέλας γαστήρ καταπυκνοτάταν

ἔπτυσεν ὄρφναν,

And makes one blot of all the air :  
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
 Wherein thou ridest with Hecat, and befriend  
 Us thy vowed priests, 'till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out ;  
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,  
 The nice morn, on the Indian steep  
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,  
 And to the tell-tale sun descry  
 Our conceal'd solemnity.  
 Come, knit hands and beat the ground  
 In a light fantastic round.

Milton.

---

### Tarquin.

BUT when the face of Sextus  
     Was seen among the foes,  
 A yell that rent the firmament  
     From all the town arose.  
 On the house-tops was no woman  
     But spat towards him and hissed,  
 No child but screamed out curses,  
     And shook its little fist.

Macaulay.



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Our sorrows still pursue.

GOE find some whispering shade neare Arne or Poe,  
 And gently 'mong their violets throw  
 Your weary'd limbs, and see if all those faire  
 Enchantments can charme griefe or care.  
 Our sorrowes still pursue us, and when you  
 The ruin'd capitoll shall view,  
 And statues, a disorder'd heape; you can  
 Not cure yet the disease of man,  
 And banish your owne thoughts. Goe travaile where  
 Another Sun and starres appeare,  
 And land not toucht by any covetous fleet;  
 And yet even there your selfe youle meete.  
 Stay here then, and while curious exiles find  
 New toyes for a fantastique mind;  
 Enjoy at home what's reall: here the Spring  
 By her aeriall quires doth sing  
 As sweetly to you, as if you were laid  
 Vnder the learn'd Thessalian shade.

Habington.

Fading in Music.

SWANS sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing  
 Should certain persons die before they sing.

Coleridge.

*Minus Viæ plus Vitæ.*

QUÆRE susurrantes umbras Anienis ad undam,  
 Padive propter flumina;  
 Atque inter violas dum languida membra reponis,  
 Num tanta possint dulcia  
 Fallendo implacidos animi sopire dolores?  
 Nos Cura post tergum premit;  
 Cumque ruinatis spectes Capitolia muris,  
 Et signa jam molem rudem,  
 Non ita fas animo est humanum pellere morbum  
 Oblivionibus tui.  
 Quære alios soles, peregrinæ et litora terræ,  
 Intacta avaris classibus;  
 Hic etiam menti obvenies, teque ipse sequeris:  
 Insane, nequicquam fugis!  
 Queis placet, exilio semper nova gaudia poscant  
 Febriculoso pectori;  
 Carpe domi quod habes: hic Ver tam ridet amœnis  
 Avium per auras vocibus,  
 Quam si Thessalicæ facunda vallis in umbra  
 Soluta membra poneres.

H. J. H.

*Vitanda est improba Siren.*

ANTE canit cygnus, quam fata extrema vocarint:  
 O si fata Neam, quam canat, ante vocent!

F. W.



They neber told their Love.

THEY seemed to those, who saw them meet,  
The worldly friends of every day :  
Her smile was undisturbed and sweet,  
His courtesy was free and gay :  
But yet, if one the other's name  
In some unguarded moment heard,  
The heart, you thought so calm and tame,  
Would struggle like a captured bird.  
And letters of mere formal phrase  
Were blistered with repeated tears :  
And this was not the work of days,  
But had gone on for years and years.  
Alas ! that Love was not too strong  
For maiden shame and manly pride !  
Alas ! that they delayed so long  
The goal of mutual bliss beside !  
Yet, what no chance could then reveal,  
And neither would be first to own,  
Let fate and courage now conceal,  
When truth could bring remorse alone.

Milnes.



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**Sweet Singer.**

SING, beautiful sweet singer,  
 Those notes so low and clear;  
 Oh, I could ever linger  
 Those mellow notes to hear!

I hear thee before daylight  
 Tuning betimes thy throat;  
 And in the vesper twilight  
 Thy chants prolonged float.

Those brilliant notes that quaver  
 Thou tun'st with conscious pride:  
 Thy guerdon is the favour  
 Of thy approving bride.

By faithful love inspired  
 Thou pourest in her ear  
 Lays, thou art never tired  
 To sing, nor she to hear.

Anon.

---

**The Unquiet Old Lady.**

THERE was an old woman; and what do you think?  
 She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink!  
 Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,  
 And yet this old woman could never keep quiet.

Gammer Gurton.

## Ad Volucrem.

INGEMINA magicum, volucer suavissime, carmen!

Ex ima liquides da mihi voce modos.

O utinam viridi semper sub fronde morarer,

Ut linguæ imhiberem mellea verba tuæ!

Ante jubar matutinum lucemque diei

Gutturis audivi dulce trementis opus;

Vespereque in sero molles fluitare per umbras

Carmina lasciva continuata mora.

Conscius artificis labri famæque canentis,

Quo leve divino fundis ab ore melos!

Et tibi si quando alternis respondeat uxor,

Omnia facundæ præmia voeis habes.

Ergo iteras cantum, fido inspiratus amore;

Illa pia numeros corripit aure tuos:

Dumque tepent reduces Lunæ, dum germinat arbor,

Quod semper recines, audiet illa melos.

H. D

---

 ΠΕΡΙ ΓΡΑΟΣ ΤΗΣ ΑΛΗΚΤΟΥ.

ΓΡΑΥΣ ΤΙΣ ἦν ποθ', ὡς λέγουσιν οἷσι δὴ γραῶν μέλει,

ἢ μὲν οὐ τις οὐσ' ἐδήλου τῶν τυχόντων γραδίων·

πωμάτων μόνον διέζη γ' ἥδε βρωμάτων τ' ἄπο·

ταῖσδε δ' οὐσ' ἐν εὐπαθείαις, εἶτα, θαυμαστὸν κλύειν,

αἰὲν ἥδε γράυς ἀληκτος, αἰὲν ἦν ἀμείλιχος.

E. C. H.

**A Solemn Dirge.**

DING dong bell,  
 The cat is in the well.  
 Who put her in?  
 Little Johnny Green.

What a naughty boy was that  
 To drown poor harmless Pussy Cat!

Gammer Gurton

---

**Dame Widdle Waddle.**

OLD Mother Widdle Waddle jumpt out of bed,  
 And out at the casement she popt her head,  
 Crying, 'The house is on fire, the grey goose is dead!  
 And the fox he is come to the town, oh!'

Gammer Gurton



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Epistle to a Friend.

WELL, be it so, my friend!—I've done  
 With mirth, extravagance, and fun:  
 I fear I've passed the fatal line:  
 That unchecked mirth and unstopped wine,  
 That flow of wit that knows no bound,  
 The merry laugh's perpetual round,  
 Nay, e'en the social generous glow  
 That all-enlivening grapes bestow—  
 Joys that a few brief sennights past  
 I thought eternally would last,  
 Or fondly wished, before they fled,  
 I might be numbered with the dead—  
 No more are tricked with charms for me,  
 Nor wake my soul to jollity:  
 That if to Pleasure I incline,  
 No more I view her form in wine,  
 Nor if bleak Care besets my soul,  
 Can drown him in the sparkling bowl.  
 Farewell, farewell, delusive dream!  
 The joy of youth, the poet's theme;  
 Enchanting scenes of mirth and glee,  
 When all was gay and all was free;  
 When infant love's first sparks were fanned,  
 Cemented friendship's strictest band,

*Ad Amicum.*

DIXTI heu! omnia vera, mi sodalis!  
Baccanalia nostra terminavi,  
Cum vino et sale et omnibus cachinnis.  
Fervens ille lepos, fluensque vinum,  
Mollis circuitus facetiarum,  
Et risus hilares, jocique belli;  
Imo, emnis generosa vis Lyæi,  
Seu quid suavius elegantiusque est,  
Qued vivax dedit uva dissolutis;  
(Quales blanditias prius putabam  
Orturas magis in dies et horas,  
Aut ante expetii ipse, quam perirent,  
Convivas numerarer inter Orci)  
Cuneta hæc illecebris carent, nec udæ  
Incendunt animæ protervitatem;  
Sed sive Euphrosynen peto jocosam,  
Non inter calices, ut ante, ridet;  
Nec si Cura sinum maligna torquet,  
Mergenda est cyathi scatentis æstu.  
Actum est: desinimus levis juventæ  
Vatum et delicias inaniorum,  
Ah quam somnia grata, somniare!  
O dulces aditus, dies amœni,  
Noctes aureolæ, mihi valete;  
Quum festum fuit omne liberumque;  
Quando infans amor arsit in medullis,  
Juncti fœderibus piis amici,



And both together bore along  
In union sweet the power of song.  
Enchanting scenes, that fancy loves,  
That friendship's sacred voice approves;  
On which remembrance oft shall dwell  
With sad delight—dear scenes, farewell!

Even so, I've passed the fatal line,  
And other suns upon me shine:  
But as the home-sick sailor sees  
Mid the waste waves his native trees;  
And thinks the wide-stretched watery scene  
Fair meadows clad in vernal green:  
So oft my fancy turns to view  
Those forms my livelier moments knew,  
And kindling at delusions vain,  
Believes and hopes them back again.  
Then if I court their imaged charms,  
My fevered soul is up in arms;  
And sickening nature proves at last  
The passion weak, the moment past.

Mervale.



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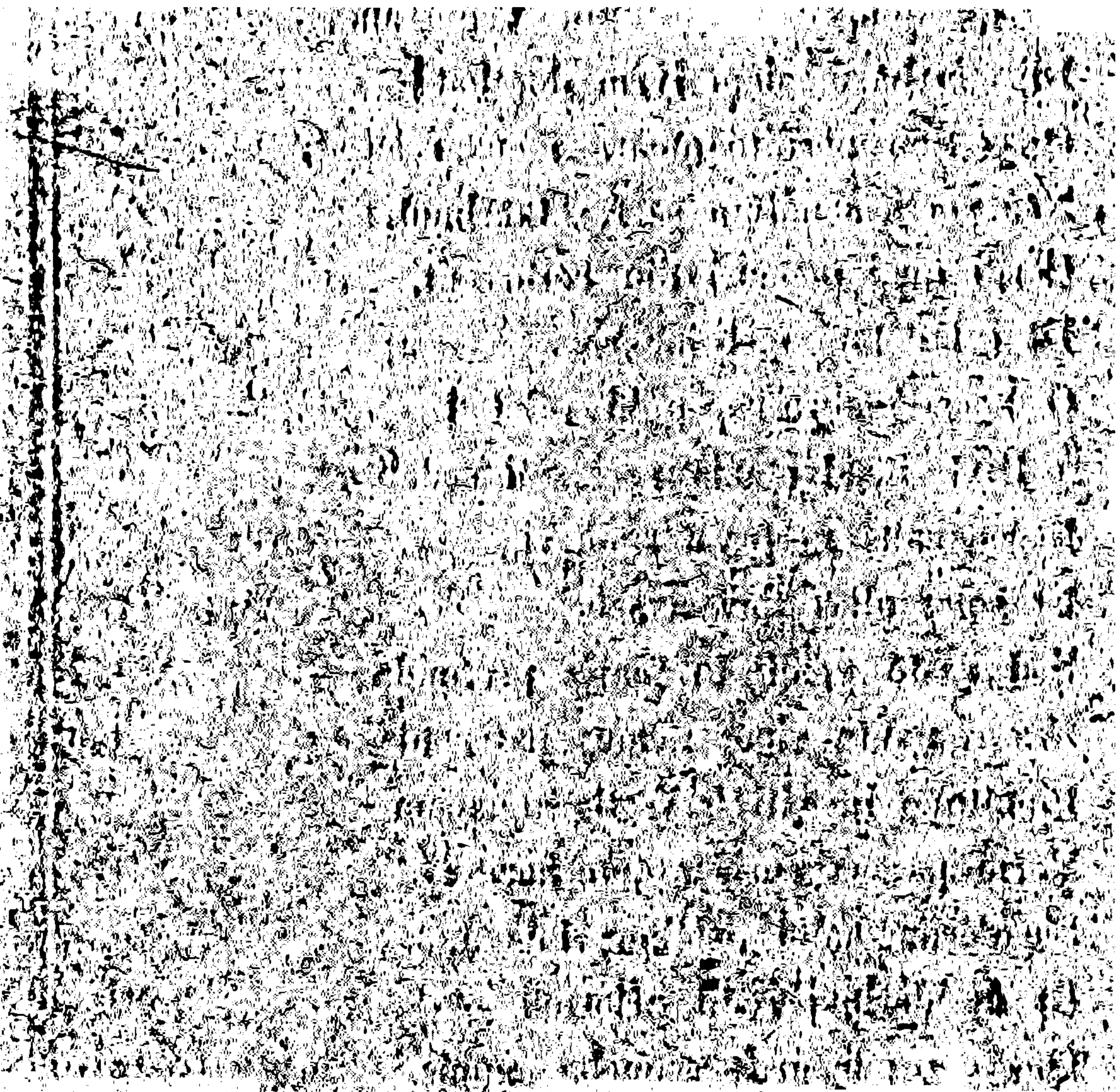
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## Pars Secunda.

---

With awe I kneel  
Trembling before the footstool of thy state.  
My God, my Father!—I will sing to thee  
A hymn of laud, a solemn canticle,  
Ere on the Cypress wreath, which overshades  
The throne of Death, I hang my mournful lyre,  
And give its wild strings to the desert gale.

---

**To the Reader.**

THAT union of the soul and body here,  
Which heaven has ordered, calls for several treatment  
To suit its several parts. Our outward man  
Asks cheerful exercise; our inward man  
Must have his pauses too from serious thought,  
And gathers vigour for his loftier flights  
By earthly relaxation. Yet, my friend,  
We must not hover here, nor skim the turf  
Uninterruptedly, but imp our wings  
For rocks aerial and for upper day.

F. Hodgson.



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**Litany to the Holy Spirit.**

In the hour of my distress,  
When temptations sore oppress,  
And when I my sins confess,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,  
Sick in heart and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomfited,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drowned in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes their vigils keep,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,  
And the furies in a shoal  
Come to fright my parting soul,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers all burn blue,  
When the comforters are few,  
And that number more than true,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last has prayed,  
And I nod to what is said,  
'Cause my speech is now decayed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

**Ad Sanctum Spiritum.**

HORA in calamitatis,  
Cum tenter et prober satis,  
O, ut solvar a peccatis,  
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Cum capite et corde æger  
Miser intus lecto tegar,  
Ne in tenebras releger,  
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Quando domus flet et gemit,  
Atque sopor mundum premit,  
Nec vigiliis me demit,  
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Quum campana sonat mortem,  
Furiæque vim consertem  
Jungunt, rapiant ut fortem,  
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Lampas fuscus dat colores;  
Pauci adstant, qui dolores  
Levent—veri pauciores!  
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Cum sacerdos summa dahit  
Verba, quæ nutu probabit  
Caput hoc, si vox negabit,  
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!



When (God knows) I'm tossed about  
 Either with despair or doubt;  
 Yet before the glass runs out,  
     Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursueth  
 With the sins of all my youth,  
 And half damns me with their truth,  
     Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries  
 Fright my ears and fright my eyes,  
 And all terrors me surprise,  
     Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is revealed,  
 And that open, which was sealed,  
 When to thee I have appealed,  
     Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

Herrick.

---

Psalm xix.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
 And all the blue ethereal sky,  
 The spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim.



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The unwearied sun from day to day  
Does his Creator's praise display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth:

While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
What though nor voice nor minstrel sound  
Among their radiant orbs be found?

With saints and angels they rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing as they shine,  
'The hand that made us is divine.'

Addison.

Sol qualis niteat, quali sit origine natus,  
Indicia, assiduo dum redit orbe, facit;  
Per quascumque vagum late jubar extulit oras,  
Sedulus Artificem prædicat ille suum.

Quum modo victrices descendunt vesperis umbræ,  
Excipit alternam Luna diserta vicem;  
Et sua miranti memorans primordia terræ,  
Edita quo fundat lumina fonte, refert.

Illius ætherium quot servant sidera cursum,  
Quot gyri in cœlo, noctivagæque faces,  
Singula confirmant cantu, quæ singula narrant,  
Et capit unanimes axis uterque modos.

Ergone, terrestrem circa dum volvitur orhem,  
Stella secat tacitam pendula quæque viam?  
Ergone Sol nullos, nullos dant astra susurros,  
Nec faciunt de tot millibus ulla seuum?

Scilicet angelicos interlabentia cætus  
Clarescunt superi murmura læta poli;  
Et canere auditæ per tanta silentia voces:  
FINGIMUR ÆTERNA DIRIGIMURQUE MANU.

W. G. H.

*I*t is *I*: be not afraid.

WHEN I sink down in gloom or fear,  
 Hope blighted or delayed,  
 Thy whisper, Lord, my heart shall cheer,  
 ' 'Tis I: be not afraid!'

Or startled at some sudden blow,  
 If fretful thoughts I feel,  
 ' Fear not, it is but I!' shall flow,  
 As balm my wound to heal.

Nor will I quit thy way, though foes  
 Some onward pass defend,  
 For each rough voice the watch-word goes,  
 ' Be not afraid!—a friend!'

And O! when judgment's trumpet clear  
 Awakes me from the grave,  
 Still in its echo may I hear,  
 ' 'Tis Christ! He comes to save.'

*Lyra Apostolica.*

---

*New Self.*

WHY sittest thou on yonder sea-girt rock,  
 With downward look and sadly dreaming eye?  
 Playest thou beneath with Proteus' flock?  
 Or with the far-bound sea-bird dost thou fly?



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*Old Self.*

I sit upon this sea-girt rock,  
 With downward look and dreaming eye:  
 But neither do I sport with Proteus' flock,  
 Nor with the far-bound sea-bird would I fly.

I list the splash so chill and clear  
 Of yon old fisher's solitary oar,  
 I watch the waves that rippling still  
 Chase one another o'er the marble shore.

*New Self.*

Yet from the splash of yonder oar  
 No dreamy sounds of sadness come to me:  
 And yon fresh waves that beat the shore,  
 How merrily they splash, how merrily!

*Old Self.*

I mourn for the delicious days,  
 When those calm sounds fell on my childish ear,  
 A stranger yet to the wild ways  
 Of triumph and remorse, of hope and fear.

*New Self.*

Mournest thou, poor soul, and wouldest thou yet  
 Call back the things which shall not, cannot be?  
 Heaven must be won, not dreamed; thy task is set;  
 Peace was not made for earth, nor rest for thee.

*Quod Fui.*

Hanc rupem insideo maris  
 Demissis oculis, tristia somnians ;  
 Nec ludo grege Protei,  
 Nec mergum comitor per freta præpetem.

Sed remum senis illius  
 Plangentem in gelidis fluctibus audio,  
 Risuque innumerabili  
 Undarum invigilo lene sequacium.

*Quod Sum.*

At remi sonitus mihi  
 Nullam tristitiæ movit imaginem ;  
 Quodque in saxa ruit mare,  
 Quam lætum fremuit, quam fremuit ferum !

*Quod Fui.*

Insontis redeunt mihi  
 Felicesque soni et visa puertiæ,  
 Quum noram nihil arduum,  
 Nec sperare nimis, nec tremere impotens.

*Quod Sum.*

Nequicquam quereris, miser ?  
 Annos et revocas non revocabiles ?  
 Insomnis rape sidera :  
 Pax non est homini, nec requies tibi.



### Propagation of the Gospel.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand;  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Java's isle,  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile?  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strewn,  
 The heathen in his blindness  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Can we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation! oh, Salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim;  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has learnt Messiah's name!



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Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole:  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign!

Heber.

---

### Song of Simeon.

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,  
 For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,  
 Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;  
 To be a light to lighten the Gentiles,  
 And to be the glory of thy people Israel.

St. Luke ii. 29.

Qued fecit, et quod pertulit,  
 Auræ ferant, ferant aquæ,  
 Dum sempiterna Veritas  
 Utrumque pervadat polum ;  
 Dum purus Agnus, sanguine  
 Lotos revisurus suo,  
 Rector, Redemptor, Artifex,  
 Descendat in terras Deus !

H. D.

---

Canit Simeon.

DOMINE, jam patiaris  
 Servum, quem tuum vocaris,  
     In pace discedere ;  
  
 Cum tuæ jubar salutis  
 Viderim, ut institutis  
     Docuisti credere ;  
  
 Jubar, quod parasti coram  
 Oculis tu populorum  
     Sæculis in omnibus ;  
  
 Jubar, quod illuminaret  
 Gentes, gloriamque daret  
     Israel nepotibus.

H. D.

It is the man of God, who was disobedient unto the word of the Lord.  
1 Kings xiii. 26.

PROPHET of God, arise and take  
With thee the words of wrath divine,  
The scourge of heaven, to shake  
O'er yon apostate shrine.

Where angels down the lucid stair  
Came hovering to our sainted sires,  
Now in the twilight glare  
The heathen's wizard fires.

Go, with thy voice the altar rend;  
Scatter the ashes; be the arm,  
That idols would befriend,  
Shrunk at thy withering charm!

Then turn thee, for thy time is short;  
But trace not o'er the former way,  
Lest idol pleasures court  
Thy heedless soul astray.

Thou know'st how hard to hurry by,  
Where on the lonely woodland road  
Beneath the moonlight sky  
The festal warblings flowed;

Where maidens to the Queen of Heaven  
Wove the gay dance round oak or palm,  
Or breathed their vows at even  
In hymns as soft as balm.



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Or thee perchance a darker spell  
Enthrals: the smooth stones of the flood,  
    By mountain grot or fell,  
Pollute with infants' blood;

The giant altar on the rock,  
The cavern whence the timbrel's call  
    Affrights the wandering flock:  
Thou long'st to search them all.

Trust not the dangerous path again—  
O forward step and lingering will!  
    O loved and warned in vain!  
And wilt thou perish still?

Thy message given, thine home in sight,  
To the forbidden feast return?  
    Yield to the false delight  
Thy better soul could spurn?

Alas, my brother! round thy tomb  
In sorrow kneeling, and in fear,  
    We read the Pastor's doom,  
Who speaks and will not hear.

The grey-haired saint may fail at last,  
The surest guide a wanderer prove;  
    Death only binds us fast  
To the bright shore of love.

Seu forte insidiæ te magis impiæ  
Seducant; vitreus te lapis amnium,  
Hirto montis in antro aut  
Sparsis sanguine vallibus;

Altare in scopulis vastum adamantinis;  
Spelunca, unde greges terruit avios  
Sistri mysticus horror:  
Ardes omnia quærere.

I calles alios: cerne periculum—  
O præceps gradus, O propositi mora!  
O frustra morieris  
Fati sic monitus tui?

Jussis rite datis, ante oculos domo,  
Impermisse, dapes ad vetitas redis?  
Falso cedis amori,  
Quem spernas animosior?

Heu! dilecte, tuo in cespite supplices  
Gravi tristitia sternimur et metu,  
Pastoremque dolemus,  
Qui fert jussa, nec audiet.

Vates in senio sic cadat ultimo;  
Fidens in media dux dubitet via!  
Sola morte ligamur  
Puræ litoribus Fide.



Good Friday.

BOUND upon the accursed tree,  
 Faint and bleeding, who is He?  
 By the eyes so pale and dim,  
 Streaming blood and writhing limb,  
 By the flesh with scourges torn,  
 By the crown of twisted thorn,  
 By the sides so deeply pierced,  
 By the baffled burning thirst,  
 By the drooping death-dewed brow—  
 Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,  
 Dread and awful, who is He?  
 By the sun at noonday pale,  
 Shivering rocks and rending veil,  
 By earth that trembles at his doom,  
 By yonder saints who burst their tomb,  
 By Eden, promised e'er He died  
 To the felon by his side,  
 Lord! our suppliant knees we bow—  
 Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!



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Bound upon the accursed tree,  
Sad and dying, who is He?  
By the last and bitter cry,  
The ghost given up in agony;  
By the lifeless body laid  
In the chamber of the dead;  
By the mourners come to weep,  
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;  
Crucified! we know Thee now;  
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He?  
By the prayer for them that slew,  
'Lerd, they know not what they do;'  
By the spoiled and empty grave,  
By the souls He died to save,  
By the conquest He hath won,  
By the saints before his throne,  
By the rain-bow round his brow—  
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Arbore in funesta fixus,  
Quis est moribundus Ille?  
Ultima et lugubri voce;  
Spiritu exeunte diros  
Inter mortis cruciatus;  
Corpore defuncto mœstis  
Strate locis mortuorum;  
Accedentibus amicis,  
Ut ad ossa Christi flerent—  
Crucifixe! Te fatemur,  
Hominis dolende Fili!

Arbore in funesta fixus,  
Quis est metuendus Ille?  
Prece pro nefandis ipsis  
Trucidantibus oblata,  
'Pater, nesciunt quid agant!'  
Tumulo vacante, victo,  
Animis per te redemptis,  
Ineffabili triumpho,  
Sine numero Beatis,  
Circa solium supremum  
Deponentibus coronas,  
Arcu irradiante frontem—  
Te videmus, Te fatemur,  
Dei manifeste Fili!

### The Hospice of Saint Bernard.

WHERE these rude rocks on Bernard's summit nod,  
 Once heavenwards sprung the throne of Pennine Jove,  
 An ancient shrine of hospitable Love;  
 Now burns the altar to the Christian's God.  
 Here peaceful Piety, age on age, has trod  
 The waste; still keeps her vigils, takes her rest;  
 Still as of yore salutes the coming guest,  
 And cheers the weary as they onward rove,  
 Healing each wayworn limb: or oft will start  
 Catching the storm-lost wanderer's sinking cry,  
 Speed the rich cordial to his ebbing heart,  
 Chafe his stiff limbs, and bid him not to die.  
 So tasked to smooth stern Winter's drifting wing,  
 And garb the eternal snows in more eternal spring.

Δ.

---

### Alms.

GIVE, if thou canst, an alms; if not, afford  
 Instead of that a sweet and gentle word;  
 God crowns our goodness, wheresoe'er He sees  
 On our part wanting the abilities.

Herrick.



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**By the Waters of Babylon.**

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,

When we remembered thee, O Sion.

As for our harps, we hanged them up

Upon the trees that are therein.

For they that led us away captive

Required of us then a song

And melody in our heaviness;

Sing us one of the songs of Sion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,

Let my right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee,

Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth;

Yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth.

Remember the children of Edom, O Lord,

In the day of Jerusalem:

**Propter Amnes Babylonis.**

PROPTER amnes Babylonis  
Sedebamus lacrymantes,  
Templi sancti et Sionis  
Triste fatum complorantes ;

Et ad salices propinquas,  
Conspergentes ora fletu,  
Fractas figebamus lyras  
Plurimo cum ejulatu :

Namque amabilem concentum  
Exquirebant vexatores,  
Jubilemus ut recentum  
Inter cladium dolores ;

Et clamabant, ‘ Delectentur  
Aures versibus divinis !’  
Quomodo Dei sonentur  
Cantica in peregrinis ?

Dextra ludere negate,  
Si Sionis obliviscar ;  
Lingua hæreat palate,  
Templi si non reminiscar.

Pende exultationem,  
Deus, Edemi, et minas  
Quas fuderunt, ut Sionem  
Convertebant in ruinas,



How they said,  
 Down with it, down with it, even to the ground.  
 O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery,  
 Yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee  
 As thou hast served us.  
 Blessed shall he be that taketh thy children,  
 And throweth them against the stones.

Psalm cxxxvii.

---

### Home.

BANISHED the house of sacred rest,  
 Amid a thoughtless throng,  
 At length I heard its creed confessed,  
 And knelt the saints among.  
 Artless his strain and unadorned,  
 Who spoke Christ's message there;  
 But what at home I might have scornèd,  
 Now charmed my famished ear.  
 Lord, grant me this abiding grace,  
 Thy words and sons to know;  
 To pierce the veil on Moses' face,  
 Although his speech be slow.

Lyra Apostolica.



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### To Death.

THOU bidst me come away,  
 And I'll no longer stay,  
 Than for to shed some tears  
 For faults of former years,  
 And to repent some crimes  
 Done in the present times ;  
 To don my robes of love  
 Fit for the place above ;  
 To gird my loins about  
 With charity throughout :  
 And so to travel hence  
 With feet of innocence.  
 This done, I'll only cry  
 ' God mercy !'—and so die.

Herrick.

---

### Epitaph.

BENEATH a sleeping infant lies ;  
 To earth his body lent,  
 Hereafter shall more glorious rise,  
 But not more innocent.  
 And when the archangel's trump shall blow,  
 And souls to bodies join,  
 Thousands will wish their lives below  
 Had been as short as thine.

Wisbeach Churchyard

*Ad Mortem.*

JUBES abire, nec recuso,  
 Lacrymarum rere fuso,  
 Ob culpas præteritorum  
 Juvenilium annorum,  
 Et, in corde pœnitenti,  
 Tempore pro hoc præsentī.  
 Quin et pallium amoris  
 Induam, quo pergam foris;  
 Qued velare me sit aptum,  
 Inter cœlites acceptum.  
 Sic succinctæ pietate,  
 Innocentia ligatæ,  
 Iter plantæ inchoabunt;  
 Et suprema exclamabunt,  
 ‘Miserere peccatoris,  
 Deus!’ verba hujus oris.

H. D.

*M. S.*

PARVULUS hic infans molli sub cespite dormit;  
 Credita sunt viridi, non data, membra solo.  
 Pulcrior exuta posthac tellure resurget,  
 Tempore sed nullo castior esse potest.  
 Quum tamen attonitos quatiet Tuba nuntia cœlos,  
 Junctaque sint animis ossa relicta suis,  
 Mille tuo optabunt vitam degisse sub astro,  
 Inque brevi tecum deperiisse die.

H. I. H.

**Thy Will be done.**

My God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home in life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
                                  Thy will be done!

Though dark my fate and sad my lot,  
Let me be still, and murmur not;  
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
                                  Thy will be done!

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive I would still reply,  
                                  Thy will be done!

If thou should'st call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,  
I only yield thee what was thine;  
                                  Thy will be done!

If sickness wastes me to decay,  
Let me with humble faith obey,  
And teach thy servant still to pray,  
                                  Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
                                  Thy will be done!



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The fear of the wicked, it shall come upon him.

GOD is on the side of Virtue: for whoever dreads punishment, suffers it; and whoever deserves it, dreads it.

Colton.

---

### In Bremhill Churchyard.

A POOR old soldier shall not lie unknown,  
 Without a verse and this recording stone.  
 'Twas his in youth o'er distant lands to stray,  
 Danger and death companions of his way.  
 Here, in his native village, stealing age  
 Closed the lone evening of his pilgrimage.  
 Speak of the past, of names of high renown,  
 Or brave commanders long to dust gone down,  
 His look with instant animation glowed,  
 Though ninety winters o'er his head had snowed!  
 Think, Stranger, that his spirit lives with God,  
 And pluck the wild weeds from the lowly sod,  
 Where, dust to dust, beneath the chancel shade,  
 Till the last trump, a brave man's bones are laid.

Bowles.

Quí pœnam metuit, punitur.

JUSTITIA gaudere Deum sic collige; pœnas

Qui meruere, timent; qui timuere, luunt.

B. H. K.

In Reliquias Militis.

QUI jacet hoc tacito pauper sub cespite miles,

Nec sileat carmen dedecoretve lapis.

Mane juventutis nihil impediēbat euntem,

Sint comites dubiæ Morsque Laborque viæ.

Hic colle in patrio tranquilla crepuscula vitæ

Clausit et extremum tarda senecta diem.

Quod si bella olim pugnata, trucesque triumphes

Nemina si caneres semisepulta Ducum,

Scintillare senes oculi, pendereque dictis,

Totaque præcani Nestoris ora loqui.

Carpe rudes herbas; sacer est locus, Hospes, in umbra;

Jam cœlo fruitur Spiritus iste suo;

Quin clangente tuba surget de pulvere pulvis,

Et reddet fortem sub pede Terra virum.

H. D.



## Recovery from Sickness.

O SAVIOUR of the faithful dead,  
With whom thy servants dwell,  
Though cold and green the turf is spread,  
Above their narrow cell;

No more we cling to mortal clay,  
We doubt and fear no more,  
Nor shrink to tread the darksome way,  
Which Thou hast trod before.

'Twas hard from those I loved to go,  
Who knelt around my bed,  
Whose tears bedewed my burning brow,  
Whose arms upheld my head!

As fading from my dizzy eyes,  
I sought their forms in vain,  
The bitterness of death I knew,  
And groaned to live again.

'Twas dreadful when the accuser's power  
Assailed my sinking heart,  
Recounting every wasted hour,  
And each unworthy part:

But, Jesus, in that mortal fray,  
Thy blessed comfort stole,  
Like sunshine in a stormy day,  
Across my darkened soul.



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When soon or late this feeble breath  
No more to thee shall pray,  
Support me through the vale of death,  
And in the darksome way.

When clothed in fleshly weeds again  
I wait thy dread decree,  
Judge of the world, bethink thee then,  
That Thou hast died for me!

Heber.

---

### Ebening Hymn.

God, that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light!  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night;  
May thine angel guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us  
This livelong night.

Heber.

Quocunque languens spiritus sub tempore  
 Christum precari desinat,  
 In transeunda valle mortis adjuva,  
 Manum in tenebris porrigens.

Cum carne rursus induar perterrita,  
 Sententiam expectans gravem,  
 Sis o memer sis, Arbiter mortalium,  
 Mihi morte vivendum Tua.

H. D.

---

### Hymnus Vespertinus.

O DEUS, o Tu, qui terras cœlosque parasti,  
 Quique diem et tenebras,  
 Qui perferre jubes læta sub luce labores,  
 Otia nocte refers;  
 Angelicis functes operum tueare ministris,  
 Dum sopor altus habet;  
 Spesque hilares adstent et longa noctis in hora  
 Somnia sancta toris.

H. D.

### Balaam's Parable.

I SHALL see him, but not now :  
 I shall behold him, but not nigh :  
 There shall come a Star out of Jacob,  
 And a sceptre shall rise out of Israel,  
 And shall smite the corners of Moab,  
 And destroy all the children of Sheth.  
 And Edom shall be a possession,  
 Seir also shall be a possession for his enemies ;  
 And Israel shall do valiantly.  
 Out of Jacob shall come he that shall have dominion,  
 And shall destroy him that remaineth in the city.  
 Amalek was the first of nations,  
 But his latter end shall be,  
 That he shall perish for ever.

Numbers xxiv.

### Epitaph.

WHY should this earth delight us so ?  
 Why should we fix our eyes  
 On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,  
 And every pleasure dies ?

Alconbury Weston Churchyard.



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In vain do they worship me.

MEN will write for Religion, fight for it, die for it :  
anything but live for it.

Colton.

---

Sion delibered.

WHEN the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion,  
We were like them that dreamed.  
Then was our mouth filled with laughing,  
And our tongue with singing :  
Then said they among the Heathen,  
The Lord hath done great things for them.  
The Lord hath done great things for us,  
Whereof we are glad.  
Turn again our captivity, O Lord,  
As the streams in the south.  
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.  
He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious  
seed,  
Shall doubtless come again with rejoicing,  
Bringing his sheaves with him.

Psalm cxxvi.

Vibitur hoc pacto.

SCRIBERE, Religio, pro te, pugnare, perire,  
Possumus: at tecum vivere nemo potest.

B. H. K.

Quando Deus.

QUANDO Deus exsultantes  
Nos Sione et evagantes  
Strenua manu reduxit,  
Sicut somnium illuxit

Ille dies candidus:

Ora risus mox implebat,  
Lingua gaudium prodebat:  
Exteræ dixere gentes,  
Vim Jehovæ confitentes,

Magna fecit Dominus.

Imo magna jam videmus,  
Clare facta, queis gaudemus.  
Verte, Deus, fugam plebis,  
Reddens gaudium, ut glebis

Sole testis fluvius.

Sevimus heu lacrymantes,  
At non frustra laborantes:  
Mox metemus lætiores,  
Segetisque uberioris

Fructus crit prosperus.

H. J. H.



## Hymn.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord,  
 How sure is their defence!  
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
 Their help Omnipotence.

In distant lands and realms remote,  
 Supported by thy care,  
 Through burning climes I passed unhurt,  
 And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every toil,  
 Made every region please;  
 The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,  
 And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Addison.

---

Epitaph on an Infant.

ERE sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
 Death came with friendly care,  
 The opening bud to Heav'n conveyed,  
 And bade it blossom there.

Coleridge



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## Pain

may be said to follow Pleasure, as its Shadow ;  
 but the misfortune is that in this particular case  
 the Substance belongs to the Shadow, the Empti-  
 ness to its Cause.

Colton.

---

## Live while you live.

‘LIVE while you live,’ the Epicure will say,  
 ‘And give to pleasure every fleeting day :’  
 ‘Live while you live,’ the sacred Preacher cries,  
 ‘And give to God each moment as it flies.’  
 Lord, in my life let both united be ;  
 I live to pleasure, while I live to thee.

Doddridge.

**Corporis Umbra.**

CURA voluptatis comes est, ut corporis umbra;

Sed post interitum corporis umbra manet.

B. H. K.

**Dum bibimus, bibamus.**

ΧΡΗ ζῆν ἕως ζῆς, ὡδ' Ἀρίστιππος λέγει,  
 θηρὰν ἔχοντα τῆς κατ' ἡμαρ ἡδουῆς·  
 χρὴ ζῆν ἕως ζῆς, μαντικὸν φωνεῖ γένος,  
 καιρὸν θ' ἀγίζειν τὸν παρόντ' αἰεὶ Θεῶ.  
 ἡμεῖς δὲ τὸν τε καὶ τὸν αἰνῶμεν λόγον,  
 οἱ ζῶντες ἐν σοὶ ζῶμεν ἡδέως, Θεός.

B. H. K.

‘DUM vivis, vivas,’ Epicuri de grege clamat,

‘Daque voluptati, dum fugit usque, diem;’

‘Dum vivis, vivas,’ Christi de nomine dictus,

‘Daque Deo,’ clamat, ‘dum fugit usque, diem.’

Dirigat hic vitam, vitam mihi dirigat ille;

Quodque voluptati, detur id omne Deo.

F. W.

*At a Funeral.*

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head  
Is equal warning given:  
Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
Above us is the heaven!

Their names are graven on the stone,  
Their bones are in the clay,  
And ere another day is done  
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,  
He lurks in every flower,  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its peril every hour.

Our eyes have seen the very light  
Of youth's soft cheek decay,  
And fate descend in sudden night  
On manhood's middle day;

Our eyes have seen the steps of age  
Halt feebly towards the tomb;  
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,  
And dreams of days to come?

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know;  
Where'er thy foot can tread,  
The earth rings hollow from below,  
And warns thee of her dead.



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Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply  
 To truths divinely given;  
 The bones that underneath thee lie  
 Shall live for hell or heaven!

Heber.

---

The End.

To die is landing on some silent shore,  
 Where billows never break nor tempests roar:  
 Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.  
 The wise through thought the insults of death defy,  
 The fools through blessed insensibility.  
 'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave,  
 Sought by the wretch, and vanquished by the brave;  
 It eases lovers, sets the captive free,  
 And though a tyrant, offers liberty.

Garth.

---

Introit.

O most merciful,  
 O most bountiful,  
 God the Father Almighty!  
 By the Redeemer's  
 Sweet intercession,  
 Hear us, hear us, when we cry!

Heber.

O vertere, cui Verum patet,  
 Christi verba, Christi ædes;  
 Vivet, omne quod hic latet,  
 Supra capita aut infra pedes.

H. D.

---

**Exitus aeta probat.**

TALE mori, qualis placidam descensus in oram,  
 Prævenit extremam mens ubi firma vicem.  
 Ingenio meliore suo Sapientia morti,  
 Stultitia ingenio deteriore, vacat.  
 Quam pravi timuere, pii optavere propinquam,  
 Tristia quam quærunt, fortia corda demant;  
 Vincula amatorum, captorum vincula solvit,  
 Et præstat, quamvis dura magistra, fugam.

H. J. T. D.

---

**Introitus.**

O TU clementissime,  
 O tu benignissime,  
 Qui rerum potens omnium,  
 Per gratiam Redimentis,  
 Per et Intercedentis,  
 Audi, audi, vocantium!

H. D.



## Psalm xxiii.

My Shepherd is the living Lord,  
I therefore nothing need;  
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,  
He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul,  
And bring my mind in frame,  
To walk in paths of righteousness,  
For his most holy name.

Yes, though I walk the vale of Death,  
Yet will I fear no ill;  
Thy rod and staff they comfort me,  
And Thou art with me still.

And in the presence of my foes  
My table Thou hast spread,  
Thou wilt fill full my cup, and Thou  
Anointed hast my head.

Through all my life thy favour is  
So frankly shewn to me,  
That in thy house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.



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**Prayer for Absolution.**

FOR every sentence, clause, and word,  
That's not inlaid with Thee, O Lord,  
Forgive me, God! and blot each line  
Out of my book, that is not Thine.  
But if midst all Thou findest one  
Wanting Thy benediction,  
That one of all the rest shall be  
The glory of my work and me.

Herrick.

**Propítietur Deus.**

Si quid in his fuerit, sententia, clausula, verbum,  
Quod non te sapiat vel tua, sancte Deus,  
Ignoscas precor, impermissaque carmina dele;  
Quodcunque indignum vivere, dispereat.  
Si tamen invenies de tot modo versibus unum,  
Quem sinis æthereas, Maxime, adire domos,  
Hic erit exemplo, commendabitque libellum,  
Et vati et tremulæ gloria sola lyræ.

H. D.

