

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;  
 There's many worthier than I, would make him happy yet.  
 If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife;  
 But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;  
 He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.  
 And there I move no longer now, and there his light may  
 shine—

Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done  
 The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—  
 For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—  
 And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such  
 ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—  
 And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—  
 To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—  
 And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at  
 rest.



—\*ELEGY\*

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

—  
 BY THOMAS GRAY.



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.

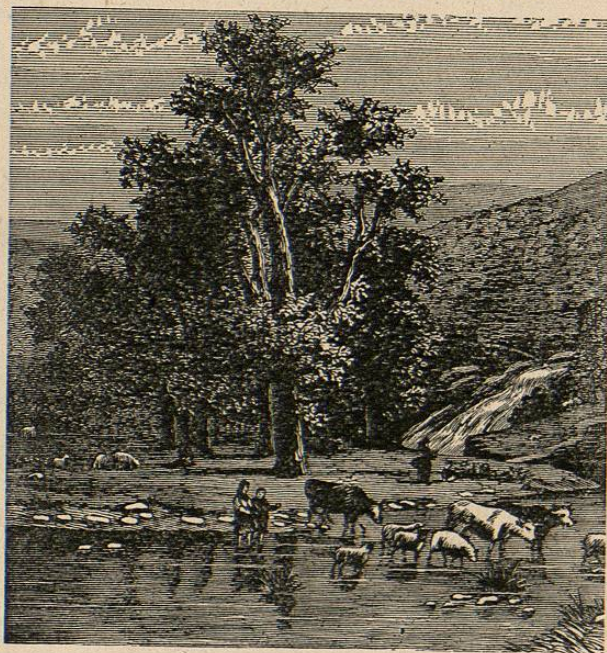
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

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.



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 bow'd 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, th' 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 Honor'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 sway'd,  
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

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

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
 The dark unfathom'd 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.

Th' 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 circumscrib'd alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;  
 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.

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

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

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd 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 resign'd;  
 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' unhonor'd dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
 If, 'chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

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 wreathes 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 craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn, I miss'd him on the 'customed hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his favorite 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  
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,  
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;  
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
 He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;  
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) 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.



—:LOVE:—

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



GENEVIEVE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
That I might rather feel, than see,  
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,  
And told her love with virgin pride;  
And so I won my Genevieve,  
My bright and beauteous Bride.



OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL  
—\*BE PROUD?\*—

BY WILLIAM KNOX.



OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around and together be laid;  
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,  
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;  
The mother that infant's affection who proved;  
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,  
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;  
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.