

Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
 At all his jokes (for many a joke had he);  
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
 Conveyed the dismal, tidings when he frowned  
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
 The love he bore for learning was his fault.  
 The village all declared how much he knew—  
 'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;  
 Lands he could measure, times and tides presage,  
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.  
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,  
 For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still,  
 While words of learned length and thundering sound  
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;  
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

---

EDMUND BURKE.

THE DECAY OF LOYALTY.

[From *Reflections on the Revolution in France*.]

It is sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France,<sup>1</sup> then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy. O, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall. Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from the scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that s:;b

<sup>1</sup> Marie Antoinette.

ordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage, whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness. . . . On the scheme of this barbarous philosophy, which is the offspring of cold hearts and muddy understandings, and which is as void of solid wisdom as it is destitute of all taste and elegance, laws are to be supported only by their own terms, and by the concern which each individual may find in them from his own private speculations, or can spare to them from his own private interests. In the groves of their academy, at the end of every vista, you see nothing but the gallows. Nothing is left which engages the affections on the part of the commonwealth. On the principles of this mechanic philosophy, our institutions can never be embodied, if I may use the expression, in persons; so as to create in us love, veneration, admiration, or attachment. But that sort of reason which banishes the affections is incapable of filling their place. These public affections, combined with manners, are required sometimes as supplements, sometimes as corrections, always as aids, to law. The precept given by a wise man, as well as a great critic, for the construction of poems, is equally true as to states. *Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia suntu.* There ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely.

---

THOMAS GRAY.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,  
 That crown the watery glade,  
 Where grateful Science still adores  
 Her Henry's <sup>1</sup> holy shade;  
 And ye, that from the stately brow  
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below  
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey,  
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
 Wanders the hoary Thames along  
 His silver-winding way:

<sup>1</sup> Henry VI., founder of Eton College.

## FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,  
 Ab fields beloved in vain,  
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
 A stranger yet to pain!  
 I feel the gales that from ye blow,  
 A momentary bliss bestow,  
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing  
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
 And, redolent of joy and youth,  
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen  
 Full many a sprightly race,  
 Disporting on thy margent green,  
 The paths of pleasure trace,  
 Who, foremost now delight to cleave  
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave?  
 The captive linnet which enthrall?  
 What idle progeny succeed  
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,  
 Their morning labors ply  
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint  
 To sweeten liberty:  
 Some bold adventurers disdain  
 The limits of their little reign,  
 And unknown regions dare discry:  
 Still as they run they look behind,  
 They hear a voice in every wind,  
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
 Less pleasing when possest;  
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
 The sunshine of the breast:  
 Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,  
 Wild wit, invention ever new,  
 And lively cheer of vigour born;  
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom  
 The little victims play.  
 No sense have they of ill to come,  
 Nor care beyond to-day:  
 Yet see how all around them wait  
 The ministers of human fate,  
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!  
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,  
 To seize their prey the murth'rous band!  
 Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,  
 The vultures of the mind,  
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
 And Shame that skulks behind;  
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,  
 That only gnaws the secret heart,  
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
 Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,  
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
 Then whirl the wretch from high,  
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
 And grinning Infamy,  
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
 And hard Unkindness' altered eye,  
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow;  
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,  
 And moody Madness laughing wild  
 Amid severest woe.

Lo in the vale of years beneath  
 A grisly troop are seen,  
 The painful family of Death,  
 More hideous than their queen:  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
 That every laboring sinew strains,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:  
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,  
 Condemned alike to groan,  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 The unfeeling for his own.  
 Yet ah! why should they know their fate?  
 Since sorrow never comes too late,  
 And happiness too swiftly flies,  
 Thought would destroy their paradise.  
 No more; where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

---

 WILLIAM COWPER.

## FROM LINES ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O, that those lips had language! Life has passed  
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,  
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me;  
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
 "Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!"  
 My mother! When I learnt that thou wast dead,  
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?  
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;  
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;  
 And, turning from my nursery window, drev  
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,  
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.  
 What ardently I wished I long believed,  
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived;  
 By expectation every day beguiled,  
 Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.  
 Thus many a sad *to-morrow* came and went,  
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
 I learnt at last submission to my lot;  
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

## WINTER EVENING.

[From *The Task*.]

Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,  
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
 And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
 Throws up a steaming column, and the cups  
 That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,  
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in. . . .  
 O winter! ruler of the inverted year,  
 Thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled,  
 Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheek  
 Fringed with a beard made white with other snows  
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,  
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne  
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
 But urged by storms along its slippery way;  
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest,  
 And dreaded as thou art. Thou holdest the sun  
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,  
 Shortening his journey between morn and noon,  
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,  
 Down to the rosy west; but kindly still  
 Compensating his loss with added hours  
 Of social converse and instructive ease,  
 And gathering, at short notice, in one group  
 The family dispersed, and fixing thought,  
 Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.  
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,  
 Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,  
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
 Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours  
 Of long uninterrupted evening know.

## MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

[From *The Task*.]

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
 Where rumor of oppression and deceit,  
 Of unsuccessful or successful war  
 Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,

My soul is sick with every day's report  
Of wrong or outrage with which earth is filled.  
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,  
It does not feel for man; the natural bond  
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax  
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.

ROBERT BURNS.

TAM O'SHANTER.

When chapman billies<sup>1</sup> leave the street,  
And drouthy<sup>2</sup> neebors neebors meet,  
As market-days are wearing late  
An' folk begin to tak the gate;<sup>3</sup>  
While we sit bousing at the nappy,<sup>4</sup>  
An' getting fou<sup>5</sup> and unco<sup>6</sup> happy,  
We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
The mosses,<sup>7</sup> waters, slaps,<sup>8</sup> and styles,  
That lie between us and our hame,  
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O'Shanter,  
As he frae Ayr ae<sup>9</sup> night did canter,  
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise  
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,<sup>10</sup>  
A blethering,<sup>11</sup> blustering, drunken blellum;<sup>12</sup>  
That frae November till October,  
Ae market-day thou wasna sober;  
That ilka melder,<sup>13</sup> wi' the miller,  
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
That every naig was ca'd<sup>14</sup> a shoe on,  
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;

<sup>1</sup> Peddler fellows. <sup>2</sup> Thirsty. <sup>3</sup> Road home. <sup>4</sup> Ale. <sup>5</sup> Full. <sup>6</sup> Uncommonly.  
<sup>7</sup> Swamps. <sup>8</sup> Gaps in a hedge. <sup>9</sup> One. <sup>10</sup> Good-for-nothing. <sup>11</sup> Babbling.  
<sup>12</sup> Gossip. <sup>13</sup> Every time corn was sent to the mill. <sup>14</sup> Driven.

That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,  
Thou drank wi' Kirten Jean till Monday.  
She prophesy'd that, late or soon,  
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon,  
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,<sup>1</sup>  
To think how monie counsels sweet,  
How monie lengthened, sage advices  
The husband frae the wife despises! . . .

Nae man can tether time or tide;  
The hour approaches Tam maun<sup>2</sup> ride;  
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,  
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;  
And sic<sup>3</sup> a night he taks the road in,  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;  
The rattling showers rose on the blast;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;  
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed:  
That night, a child might understand,  
The Deil had business on his hand.

(Mounted on his gray mare Maggie, Tam pursues his homeward way in safety till, reaching Kirk-Alloway, he sees the windows in a blaze, and, looking in, beholds a dance of witches, with Old Nick playing the fiddle. Most of the witches are any thing but inviting, but there is one winsome wench, called Nannie, who dances in a "cutty-sark," or short smock.)

But here my muse her wing maun cower;  
Sic flights are far beyond her power;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang<sup>4</sup>  
(A souple jade she was, and strang),  
And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,  
And thought his very e'en enriched.  
Even Satan glowered and fidgeted fu' fain,<sup>5</sup>  
And hotch'd<sup>6</sup> and blew wi' might and main;  
Till first ae caper, syne<sup>7</sup> anither,  
Tam tint<sup>8</sup> his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"

<sup>1</sup> Makes me weep. <sup>2</sup> Must. <sup>3</sup> Such. <sup>4</sup> Leaped and flung. <sup>5</sup> Stared and fidgeted with eagerness. <sup>6</sup> Hitched about. <sup>7</sup> Then. <sup>8</sup> Lost.

And in an instant all was dark:  
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
 When out the hellish legion sallied.  
 As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,<sup>1</sup>  
 When plundering herds assail their byke;<sup>2</sup>  
 As open pussie's mortal foes,  
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;  
 As eager runs the market-crowd  
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud.  
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow  
 Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow,  
 Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!<sup>3</sup>  
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!  
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin':  
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman.  
 Now do thy speedy utmost Meg,  
 And win the key-stane of the brig;<sup>4</sup>  
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
 A running stream they dare na cross,  
 But ere the key-stane she could make,  
 The fient<sup>5</sup> a tale she had to shake,  
 For Nannie, far before the rest,  
 Hard upon noble Maggie pressed,  
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;<sup>6</sup>  
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—  
 Ae spring brought aff her master hale,<sup>7</sup>  
 But left behind her ain gray tail;  
 The carlin<sup>8</sup> claught<sup>9</sup> her by the rump,  
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

## JOHN ANDERSON.

John Anderson, my jo,<sup>10</sup> John,  
 When we were first acquent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was brent;<sup>11</sup>  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snow;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

<sup>1</sup> Fuss.    <sup>2</sup> Hive.    <sup>3</sup> Deserts.    <sup>4</sup> Bridge.    <sup>5</sup> Devil.    <sup>6</sup> Aim.    <sup>7</sup> Whole.  
<sup>8</sup> Hag.    <sup>9</sup> Caught.    <sup>10</sup> Sweetheart.    <sup>11</sup> Smooh.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither;  
 And monie a canty<sup>1</sup> day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither:  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## SONNET.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers—  
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;  
 It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be  
 A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,  
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

## THE PRE-EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL.

[From Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.]

Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting:  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar;  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home.

<sup>1</sup> Merry.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy:  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
     Upon the growing boy;  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
     He sees it in his joy.  
 The youth, who daily farther from the east  
     Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
     And by the vision splendid  
     Is on his way attended;  
 At length the man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day. . . .

O joy! that in our embers  
     Is something that doth live,  
 That nature yet remembers  
     What was so fugitive!  
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benedictions: not, indeed,  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest;  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—  
     Not for these I raise  
     The song of thanks and praise;  
     But for those obstinate questionings  
     Of sense and outward things,  
     Fallings from us, vanishings;  
     Blank misgivings of a creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
 Did tremble, like a guilty thing surprised:  
     But for those first affections,  
     Those shadowy recollections,  
     Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing;  
     Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal silence: truths that wake  
     To perish never;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,

Nor man nor boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy.  
     Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
     Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
     Which brought us hither;  
     Can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

## LUCY.

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

A violet by a mossy stone  
 Half hidden from the eye:  
 Fair as a star, when only one  
 Is shining in the sky.

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

## THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,  
 Yon solitary Highland lass!  
 Reaping and singing by herself;  
     Stop here, or gently pass!  
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
 And sings a melancholy strain;  
 O listen! for the vale profound  
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant  
 More welcome notes to weary bands  
 Of travelers in some shady haunt,  
 Among Arabian sands.

A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago:  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending,  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending;  
I listened, motionless and still,  
And, as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

#### SKATING AT NIGHT.

[From the *Prelude*.]

So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
And not a voice was idle; with the din  
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;  
The leafless trees and every icy crag  
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills  
Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars  
Eastward were sparking clear, and in the west  
The orange sky of evening died away.  
Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay, or sportively  
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
To cut across the reflex of a star  
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed  
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,  
When we had given our bodies to the wind,

And all the shadowy banks on either side  
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still  
The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled  
With visible motion her diurnal round!  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched  
Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

#### THE SONG OF THE SPIRITS.

[From *The Ancient Mariner*.]

Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,  
I heard the skylark sing;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargonings!

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
And now like a lonely flute;  
And now it is an angel's song  
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

#### THE LOVE OF ALL CREATURES.

[From the same.]

O wedding guest, this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea:  
So lonely 'twas that God himself  
Scarce seemèd there to be.

## FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON.

O sweeter than the marriage feast,  
 'Tis sweeter far to me,  
 To walk together to the kirk  
 With a goodly company.

To walk together to the kirk,  
 And all together pray,  
 While each to his great Father bends,  
 Old men and babes and loving friends,  
 And youths and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
 To thee, thou wedding guest;  
 He prayeth well who loveth well  
 Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best  
 All things both great and small;  
 For the dear God who loveth us,  
 He made and loveth all.

## ESTRANGEMENT OF FRIENDS.

[From *Christabel*.]

Alas! they had been friends in youth  
 But whispering tongues can poison truth,  
 And constancy lives in realms above,  
 And life is thorny and youth is vain,  
 And to be wroth with one we love  
 Doth work like madness in the brain.

And thus it fared, as I divine,  
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
 Each spake words of high disdain  
 And insult to his heart's best brother;  
 But never either found another

To free the hollow heart from paining.  
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
 Like cliffs that had been rent asunder:

A dreary sea now flows between,  
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder  
 Can wholly do away, I ween,  
 The marks of that which once has been.

## WALTER SCOTT.

## NATIVE LAND.

[From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.]

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 This is my own, my native land?  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
 From wandering on a foreign strand?  
 If such there breathe, go mark him well;  
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch concentr'd all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,  
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!  
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
 Land of the mountain and the flood,  
 Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
 Can e'er untie the filial band  
 That knits me to thy rugged strand?  
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
 Think what is now, and what hath been,  
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft  
 Sole friends thy woods and streams are left:  
 And thus I love them better still  
 Even in extremity of ill.  
 By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,  
 Though none should guide my feeble way;  
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
 Although it chill my withered cheek;  
 Still lay my head by Teviot's stone,  
 Though there, forgotten and alone,  
 The bard may draw his parting groan.



## SUNSET ON THE BORDER.

[From *Marmion*.]

Day set on Norham's castled steep  
 And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,  
 And Cheviot's mountains lone:  
 The battled towers, the donjon keep,  
 The loop-hole grates where captives weep,  
 The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
 In yellow luster shone.  
 The warriors on the turrets high,  
 Moving athwart the evening sky  
 Seemed forms of giant height:  
 Their armor, as it caught the rays,  
 Flashed back again the western blaze,  
 In lines of dazzling light.

St. George's banner, broad and gay,  
 Now faded, as the fading ray  
 Less bright, and less was flung;  
 The evening gale had scarce the power  
 To wave it on the donjon tower,  
 So heavily it hung.  
 The scouts had parted on their search,  
 The castle gates were barred;  
 Above the gloomy portal arch,  
 Timing his footsteps to a march,  
 The warden kept his guard;  
 Low humming, as he passed along,  
 Some ancient border-gathering song.

## PROUD MAISIE.

Proud Maisie is in the wood  
 Walking so early;  
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush  
 Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,  
 When shall I marry me?"  
 — "When six braw<sup>1</sup> gentlemen  
 Kirkward shall carry ye."

<sup>1</sup> Brave, fine.

"Who makes the bridal bed,  
 Birdie, say truly?"  
 "The gray-headed sexton  
 That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone  
 Shall light thee steady;  
 The owl from the steeple sing  
 Welcome, proud lady."

## PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, Pibroch of Donuil,  
 Wake thy wild voice anew, summon Clan-Conuil.  
 Come away, come away, hark to the summons!  
 Come in your war array, gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and from mountain so rocky,  
 The war-pipe and pennon are at Inverlochy.  
 Come every hill-plaid and true heart that wears one,  
 Come every steel blade and strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd, the flock without shelter;  
 Leave the corpse uninterred, the bride at the altar;  
 Leave the deer, leave the steer, leave nets and barges:  
 Come with your fighting gear, broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when forests are reuded;  
 Come as the waves come when navies are stranded;  
 Faster come, faster come; faster and faster,  
 Chief, vassal, page and groom, tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come; see how they gather!  
 Wide waves the eagle plume blended with heather.  
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades, forward each man set!  
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, knell for the onset!

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I arise from dreams of thee  
 In the first sweet sleep of night,  
 When the winds are breathing low  
 And the stars are shining bright.