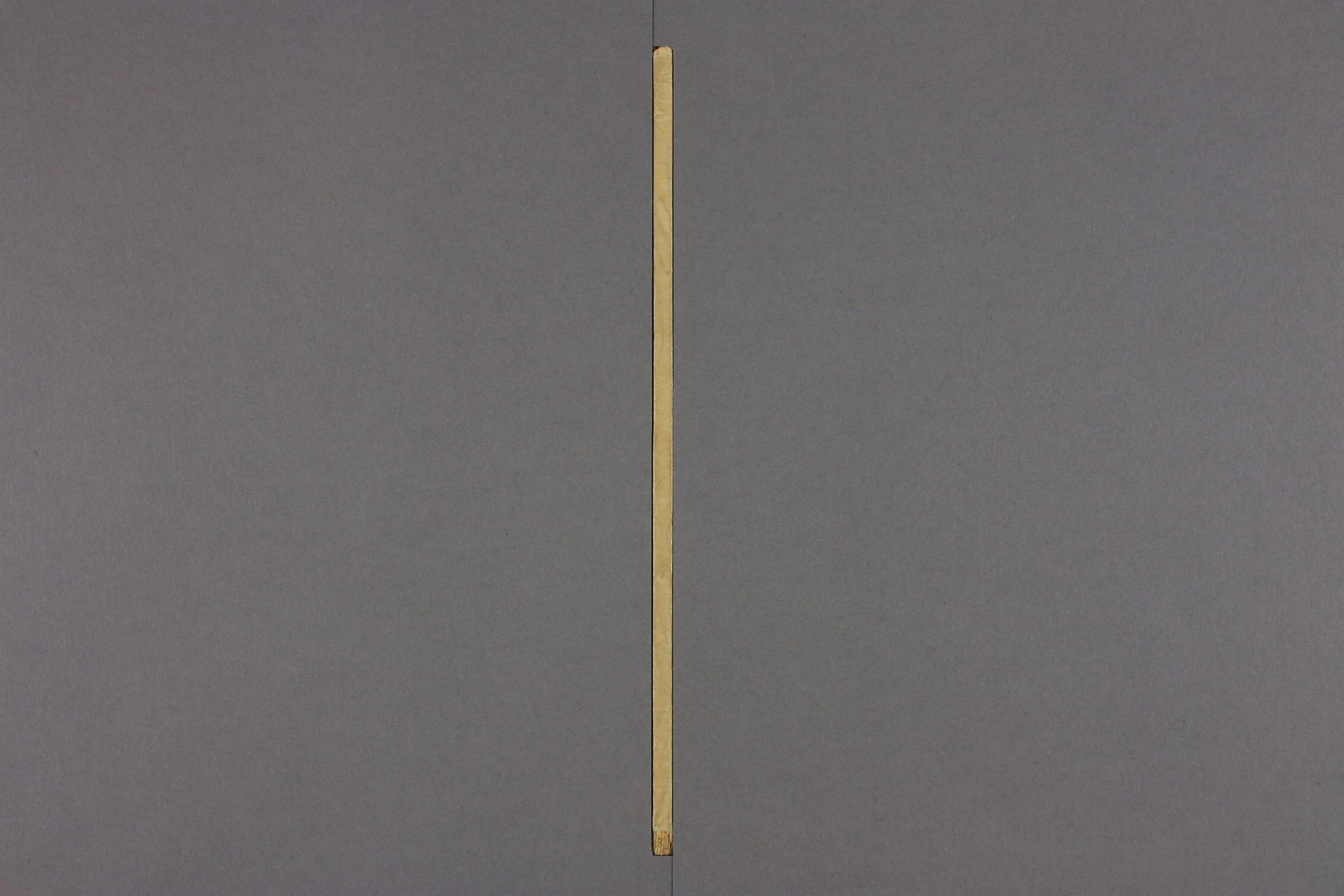
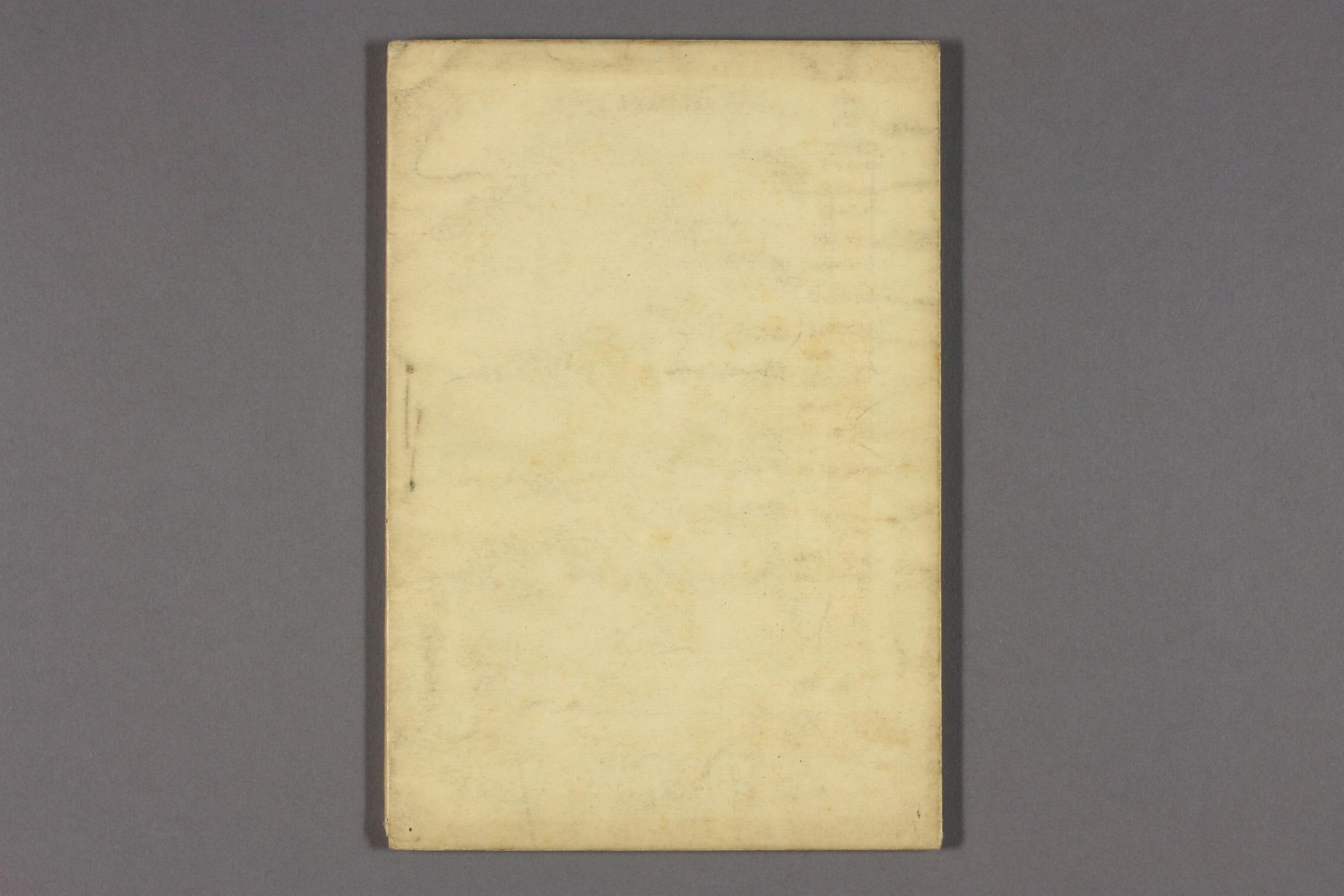


《钱拾参金價定》

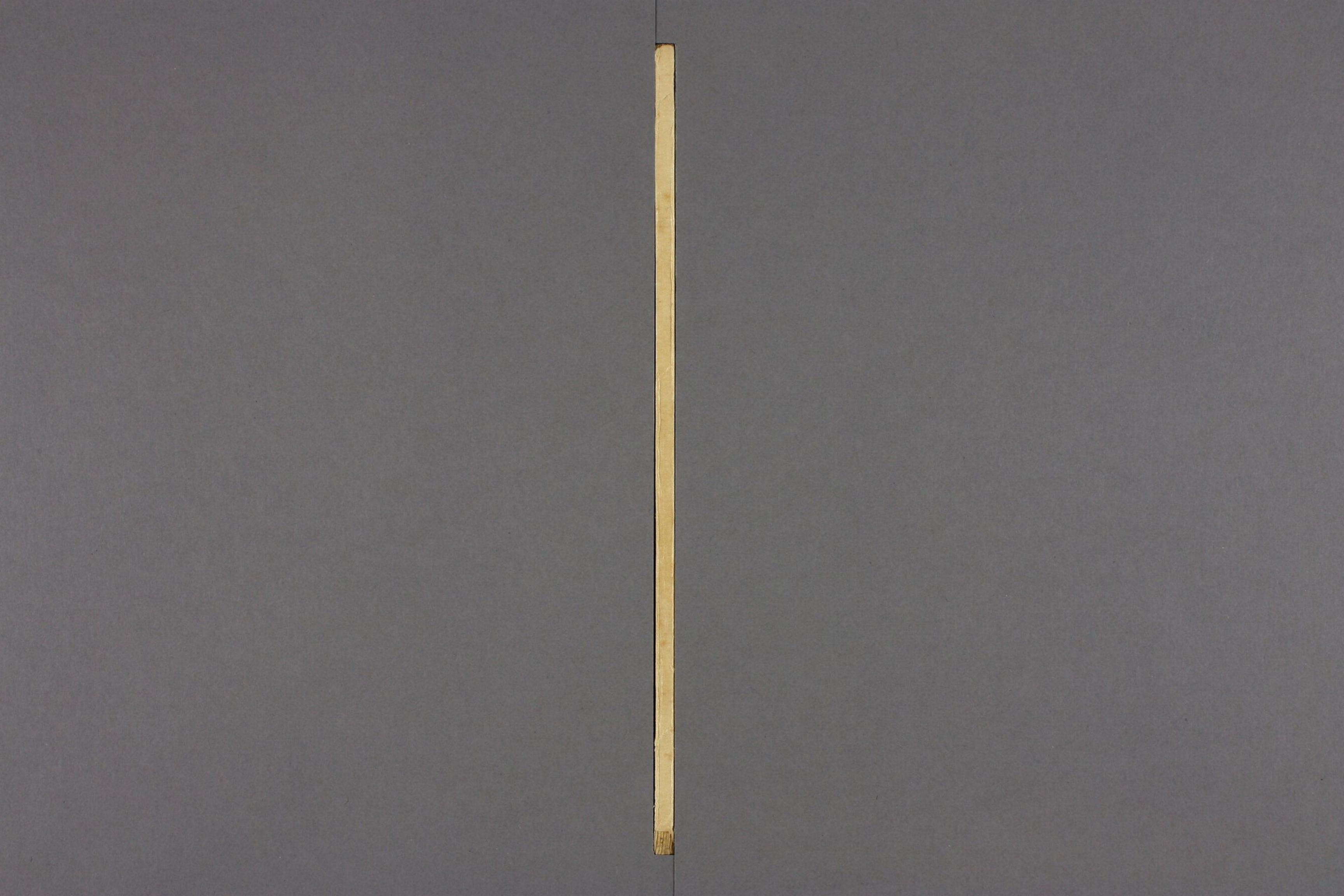




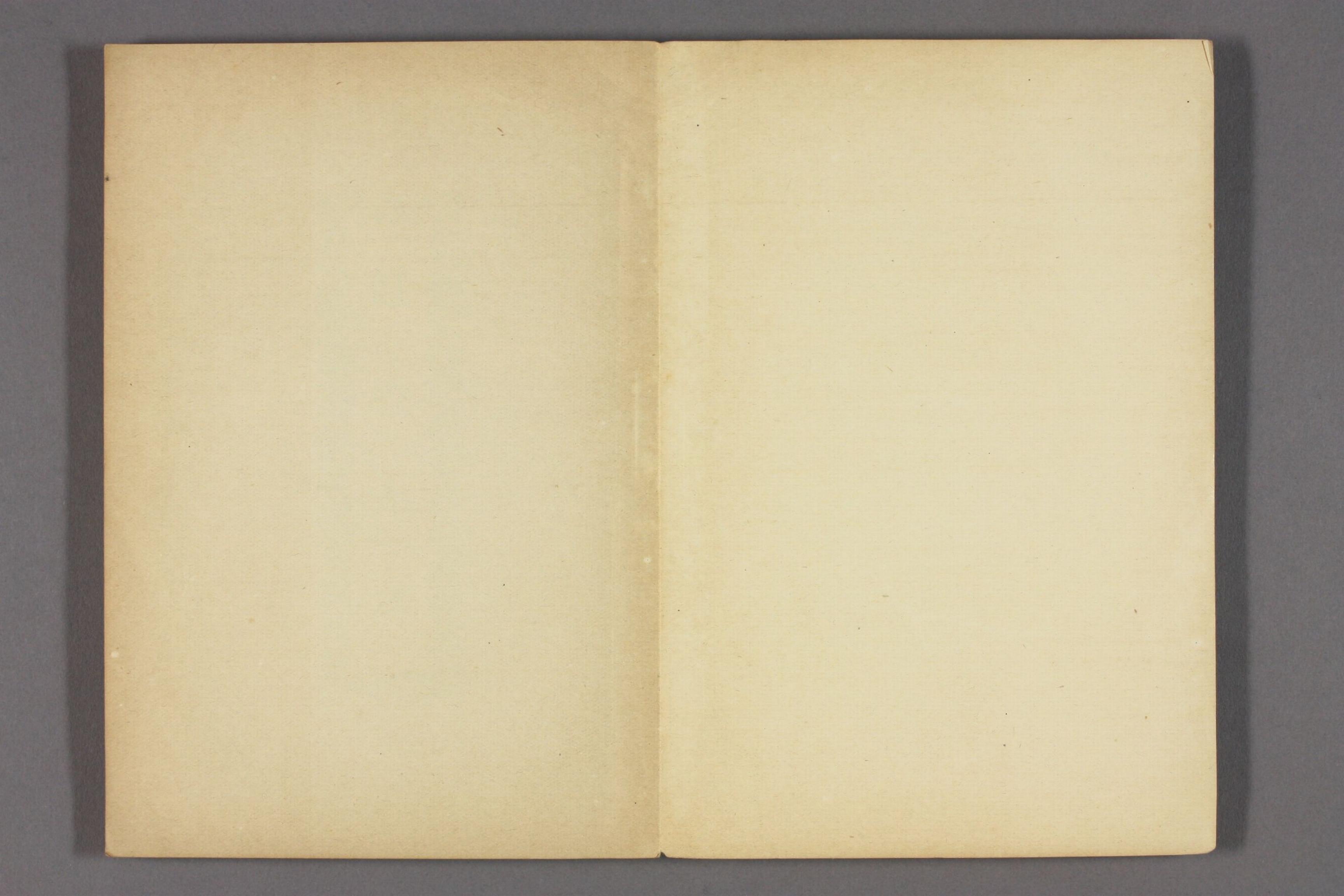


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そこかはさ紙寫ろ人び のとげしに張しの ひにはの知べむせ んりぼ見れり 1: 5 た空のる筆 れるが麗拙かの

Wassessessessessessessessessessesses

無心の蘆	哀樂	フォード女史に呈す	メリー、ラッセル、ミット	ボーザシア	見の碑銘二篇	轉 又 變	三人の漁夫	ユーリン公の姫	路る	目次
プレーク一五	*ワイト······ 三		·····································	カードー九	コールリッザ・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・	ブラウニング夫人・・・・・・・・・・・・・・七	キングスレー六	カメル	フード	



The Battle of Blenheim.

プレンハイムの戦	さらばら	無常	ク プラ 汗	見等の叫び	二人の姫御子	へスペラス號の難破	わが身響はい	花薔薇	いましが泣くを	辯解
サウジー四六	バーンス・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・四五	シェンー 四四四	コールリッチ・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・四〇	ブラウニング夫人二九	テニソン卿二七	ロングフェロー	ウヰルザ一一	コールリッザ・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・一九	バイロン卵一八	エマーツン一七

照る日の神の

片頰にうくる

へ熟めるを しの.

日にくろみたる 譬はど、それよ、

小原

無

身に得て立てる

--(-)--

華やざそ

眞紅の罌粟花か。

思ふに、天は

わが刈るところ、

汝が東おけよ、

『荒れ立つ暗のロホガイル、 渡せとのるはそもや、 ユーリン公の姫君よ。 ウルバの島長よ、

誰の

『落ちのびてよりはや三日、 谷にてわれの見つからば、 姫の父こそ追ひ來なれ。 血は野の花を染めむのみ。

『その騎馬の勢 い わが足跡の見つからば、 いと近し、

縁ほのくろく

垂髪かしる 額に影し

神を讃へて

姿やさしら

かくこそ、 うちに立ちたれ。 麥の

落穂拾へと のみは思さじ。

--(=)--

空の荒れには會はんとも、

よしや、嵐の吹かば吹け、

姫は叫びね、『やよ、急げ、

吹き捲き

片手をあげて救助呼び、 いとしき見てそ呼ぶなれ。 片手、懸男を巻きたりな。

公は叫びね、『歸り來よ、 山地の脅長を宥さなむ、 あはれ、むすめよ、わが姫よ。」 この荒海をわけて來よ、

忽ち浪は姫呑みつ、 公はくづほれ、 甲斐もあら濤、岸拍ちて 救助もならず、歸られず。 立てるかな。

——(IZI)——

夜ものすごくなり増しねo

吹きしく風のいや荒れて

言ふ間に風は荒れまして、

水鬼の叫びものすごし。

から曇りたる天暗く、

顔もかたみに見えわかず。

援甲へる人の谷くだる

駒の足搔の音ちかしo

—(H)—

み高

男は稼ぎ、 三人の妻は嵐に憂ひ、 一夜、 三人の妻は雨に患ひぬ。 磯拍つ浪のおとのみ高し。 忽ち風に蒼溟荒れて 入る日と共に燈を點火ね。 黑雲 まどろに 飛びぬ。 妻は泣けども、

三人の漁まの亡骸めぐりてとはに町なる家にかへらぬ 手をとりかはし泣さに泣くなり。 沙退さしとさ、 輝やく濱に三人の亡骸のかど 朝の光りに、

6 沿 籬に傍を

君が讃な

へしそのかみの

涙わが目に浮びたり。

と落つるごと

あ」、戀人よ、 君訪ひも來ず、 花枯れ果てつ、根も枯れ 君來ることのあらざれば、 あやしや、君がうつろひの 水は凍りて聲もなし。 かくも、ながめは變りしに 行くとも君が任意なれや。 少さをてそ寧ろあやしめ。 雪深 愛づるとも、 00

---(七)---

---(*)---

類のくれなるは褪せ果て、 今ほの青さ色をなす。 あく、戀人よ、ほむるとも、 あく、戀人よ、ほむるとも、 おかんばせはほの青し、 忠實ならざりき、君が愛。 かくもわが生は變りしに、 あやしや、われがうつろひの からもわが生は變りしに、

見の碑銘(三篇)

サミュエル、テーロー、コールリッチ

天惠えし見は

薫る唇を

母の乳房より

---(\(\) \---

啜り飽きしとや、

太息つくことの

やをら罪もなの

嬉しげなる哉。

さりやな、わが見の

最後の太息や。

弦に麗はしの 此處過ぐる人に

突き薫れよと命じけり。

天の御空に移し去り、

ひらき初めたる蕾をば

死ぞ、子守唄を乳見している。

歌ひ聞かしぬと。

見の碑銘

なほ、憂愁を知らざるに、

ボーデシア

ウヰリアム、カーパー

をの國神の託宣乞へるに、 悲憤の涙はらひもあるず、 をの頭神の託宣乞へるに、

(to)----

聴け、

---(0-)---

陛 言 滿 悲痛 10 無

『千市百州蹂躙りて建てし ほこりは墜ちて地にや塗れむ。 忌まれて滅び、復たつなけむ、 帝國四海を併せ得しとも、 その罪惡は鬼神もゆるざし。 ゴールこそ其門に迫れ。

『武人のほまれに心とめざる 千古消えざる讃美享くるは 羅馬 武にあらずして文なるべきぞ。 人こそ競ひおこらめの

天火に燃ゆる預言はしかぞ。

矛とらり おみなながらも王者たる身の 胸に入りては輝やく言葉。 敵に叫びし最後の預言 天か、非運か、

『聽けや、傲慢、非道の兇徒、 すめら御國はわれ等獲たるも、 天罰くだる遠きにあらじ。 耻辱と滅亡は汝等待てるぞ。」

---(---)----

トフォード女史に呈

3

その花園にて

エリザベス、バレット、ブラウニング

おれ、今、君のあしもとに こいろ優しさわが友よ、 こいろ優しさわが友よ、 高き詩人が言ふごとく さは誇りかにわれ言はじ。

君がたへなる花薔薇をなべて瀆すにあたるをやっなべて瀆すにあたるをやっまった。このでろの美し日をおかれるとの花、夏にひらさつく、心を愛にひらさつく、心を愛にひらさつく、とふことのなからずば、まならずともなからずば、まならずともなからずば、まることのなからずば、まることのなからずば、まることのなからずば、まることのなからずば、まることのなからずば、まることのなからずば、まることのなからずば、まることのなからずば、まることのなからずば、まることのなからずば、まることのなからずば、まることのなからずば、まることのなからずば、まることのなからずば、まることのなからずば、まることのなりにといかん。と

--(=-)---

哀樂

ヘンリー、カーク、ホワイ・

ないないできれたられ、 ない、この、三の、四の、五の。 書を讀む窓にすはりて、 でいて、一の、三の、四の、五の。 でいる手々の思ひに、

---(=-)---

ある奇し

の雲飛び去るが

さにあらじ、われに爐あらば 木々青さ彼の丘越えて、 兹にわれ停まりあるも、 方の何處なりとも、 すべて皆わが宿たらむ。 ひとり行く途あるためか。

悲しむか、われ真に解せず、 如何なれば、 喜べばわれを遮ぎる。 たど涙眼にぞあふるしつ はた、 何故に

無心の蘆

——(租一)——

ウヰリア 2.

見れば雲間に童あり、 心のどけく笛吹いて ひとり峽をくだり

巻生のかれ何なさむ、 を発生のかれ何なさむ、

わが胸をかさや亂せる。

——(四<u>—</u>)——

童や聞きてよろこばむ。

(*-)-

見れば童は消え去りつ、

君よ、すはりて書きつけよ。」

かりのすさびの筆としつ、 たのしき歌を書きつけぬ、 清き水をばにごらしつ、 うつろの蘆をわれ摘みつ。

ワ

わが書の面に文字をかく。

手なる紫苑も悉く 彩なき草の花摘みて 叱り、のししること勿れ。 思ひを載せて餘りあり。 われ歸るとも、野の人よ、

秘めの歴史のこれあらむ、 姿を花にかれるのみ。 梢の鳥のかたるのみ。 そもまた何の、人しらぬ 何の神秘かされあらむ、

3

は皆

---(E-)----

そべろに色をうしないつ、

---(n-)---

生ける句ひにおよばんや。

いましの眼に滿てる

光りめでたき青玉も

一(九一)——

青さその眼にあふれつく、

涙 きらいに輝やきて

露したくらす花堇

それに似たりと思はれぬ。

いましがゑむをわれ見たり

なごりを受けて炫え立ちし 彼方、入る目のかじやさのかなた ふかき天雲の、

輝がびを

蓝

サミュエル、テ 1 ルリッチ

園生のほこり、妙に咲く 薔薇のうてなの底深く 花ことに 眠れる「戀」をうかどひね。 われ摘みつ、

露に醉ひたるその類は その額めぐり七彩の ひたむらささに光るかな。 玉の冠のかいやさつ、

かをる休息を破らじと

靜かに「戀」をとりあげつ

伊台サラ子が胸の上に

花もろともにそと置きの

はかられたりとなるは目を覚し、はかられたりとをあしずりゆっ、はかられたりとなるは目を覚し、

あはれ、嬉しとをたけびて っつくともなき光景にぞ

快樂に堪へず羽ばたきぬ。

へヌスは他處に「戀」を獲よっ の工座をばかく魅せる。 かくて叫びね。『何かそも

わが身譬はい

リチャード、ヘンリー、ウキルが

をに句ほへる花舎を待ちもえず、地にてぼれて聞るれど、では看るだに悲しとや、

わがために一年、

涙を誰かそしぐべき。

おが身譬はど月影の 精はなれてはかなくも、 落ちてはやがて朽ちぞ去る。 なはれ、その葉の落つるとき、 なはれ、その葉の落つるとき、 ないまではあなしみね。 かかためにしばしだに がならすべき。

---(0=)----

絕 しまむ。 な

その船長はまなごなる

冬の荒海すしみ行く

ペラス號の難破

ー、アッワース、ロングフェロー

船あり、帆船へスペラスの

類はあけぼのし紅を帯び、眼は亜麻花よりも青くして

胸は皐月の山楂子の

『昨夜、月の輪は黄金なし、 『昨夜、月の輪は黄金なし、 煙を吹きつくほ くるみねつ

吹き去る煙を見ま

、南に

中

雪さへ海にみだれつく、 風いや寒く、いや强し。 北東より吹き來る 浪沸さかへ 荒れ立ちぬ。

颶風さた

給

老い

た

---(==)----

(==)

小ささ女見をともないねっ、

ゆらぎ 物情が

『おく、父上よ、鐘鳴るは

い、何事のありてかよ。」

破れし船具の綱切りて、水夫の混ぎを着せかけて、増加す風のつよければ、

子をばマストに結ひつけぬ。

『荒岩磯の霧鐘ぞ』

父は沖へと舵把りぬ。

父上よ、

雪をかすめて照る灯影、

見つむる眼を射たりけり。

十四四

救はれましと祈りつく、 今や、女見は手をあはせ、 ガリレの湖の浪をさへ しづむる神を念じたり。

十五

夜半の眞闇をつんざさて 妖怪のごとく彼の船は みぞれ、吹雪をかきわけて

砲ぎは

呼ぶ音ぞ。」

父は空をば仰ぎけ

——(# =)——

——(四三)——

甲板でつき

怒れる牛の角のごと 岩は船腹をばつらぬきぬ。 波しづかなる濱なれど、

羊の毛よりいや白う、

水にとぢし帆桁さへ 玻璃なす船は沈みけり。

あし、 濤のどよむのみ。

死よりわれ等を救へ

破れしさまはかくなりき。

神よ、暗礁のこのごとき

雪ふる夜半にヘスペラス、

一人の姫御子

1

ミン 睡れ、ちひさき姫御子よ。 貝のうちにて睡りたり。 = \ 丰 ・ンニの姉妹は

る髪を見ぬ

-

覺めよ、ちひさき姫御子よ。

畑のすみより飛び出でね。

たちまち覺めし紅雀、

豊榮昇る日は高しの

『あはれ、何をか夢むらむ。

貝のうちをば窺ひぬ。

あはれ、誰が子か語り得む。」

聲をかぎりに泣けるなり。 西吹く風にさゆらげど、 **咲きしばかり**の草花は をさなさ見等は、おり、君と

遊び興ずるこのごろを、 野べに、山べにうち連れて 見等のみひとり泣けるなり。

かく、もの皆はほだしなく

そも、如何なればその涙 沈める見等に問ふか、君。 しかく落つると悲愁に

啼

一 (九二)——

---(n=)---

若 3

しかく泣くぞと問ふか、

憂愁はかく 見等は言ふなりの『卿等の その悲しげのおもいちを 顔をぞ見等はもたが もろ類の紅をかすむるか。 うき人の生の憎むべき いかで見るだに忍びんや。 ふりたる世こそ淋しけれ。 蒼ざめてやつれたる もをさな子の いとよは へなる。

老者

死に得ることのありもせむ。 見等は言ふなり。『真にさなり、 霜の下なるその墓は 四方たゞ土にとざいれて 堀りたる穴を見たりしに、 その亡骸をいれんとて さながら雪の球なせり。 われ等も時に天くして 小さきアリスは去年死にて 臥せるを誰かさまさんや。 小さきア と云ふ室あらざりき。 リスはうないして

---(-≡)---

つぐみの。鳥が啼くがごと

あはれ、 死なましものと希ふなり。」 生裡に死をば霓むるよ。 見等はこよなき幸福と あはれなる哉、をさな子と 炭坑よりも、都市よりも、 見等はてくろを墓底の その蠟布より去らしめず、 やよ、出で行けよ、をさな子 これをむすぶなり。 われ等も天くして

言

真紅の花も雪のでと 若しありとせば身を臥せて われ等はつちに倒るなり。 行かんとすればなかり 疲れはてたり、 われ等の重く慵き眼には われ等が膝は 見等は言ふなり。『あ ふるひ慄き立ちもえず、 はた又、飛びも能はじょ。 われ等牧野を戀ふること しばし眠らんためのみよ。 いといしく はしり得じ、

燃ゆるが如く 震ふ窓より軒高さ 天つ御空もうちめぐ 壁の上より射し落つる 天井の蠅もうちめぐり、 長さひかり されば、 日ねもす、ものは皆めじ 真鐵の車輪鱗 小やみだになくめぐるなり。 日ねょす鳴りてやまねなり。 れ等も皆ともろともに おもはる

---(四三)---

默示せる

神のみひとり、 真鐵の車輪うちめぐり 意義にあらぬを知らしめ 爾が中に生き、 あはれ、真鐵の車輪、 人生にあらざるを知らしめら 高きよりこそ生命をば おろしてこれを挽き碎さ、 いたるまで に挽き去らる。 兒等の魂、 爾が下に しはらず、

聞きえざるなり、その如ん

を

一 (大三)

また如何にして聞き得んや。

天使は神をとりかてみ

神もわれ等のうら泣くを

歌をかなでしあるといふに

(真鐵の車輪とどろきて) さなり、われ等も炭坑の

また一言も

いらへせず、

われ等が聲を張りあげて、

むせぶも人は過ぎ去りて、

われ等の聲を聞きもせず、

(神はやさしく善しといへば)

かくて、われ等の聲聞かば

下界をのぞみ、こわが見等よ、

來つてわれともろともに

清くゑみつく、せちがらさ

いだや、

休息め。」と答へなむ。」

一(七三)

『さるを然らず、物言はず、

見等はひとしほ泣いて言ふ、

十一

神てそ石に似たりけれ。

われ等を使役ふ主人こそ

握るらむ。

神のかたちと人は言ふ。

おしんは天に行くとても はないの事論さながらに はないの事論さながらに はないの事論さながらに でなる生体めよ、かなしみは の事論さながらに のがば涙はふり落ち、 の力はいつくしむ はいの力はいつくしむ はいの力はいつくしむ

明かならむはずなるに 見等はよろづの物事を 気等はよろづの物事を 大などや、日より、はや、すでに かれ等は日をも見ざらむに かれ等は日をも見ざらむに かれ等は日をも見ざらむに などや、日よりもいやあかき などや、日よりもいやあかき

---(ハ三)---

人生の経望に沈むとも、 やすらひ知らい知らいかれ等なり。 かれ等はそれよ、自由なら かれ等はそれよ、自由なら かれ等はそれよ、自由なら かれ等はそれよ、中極れば かれ等はそれよ、年極れば あく、天地の愛よりは こころのまくに泣かしめよ。

2

くろの上に立ちあがり

擐甲へる足をふり上げて

動いさんとてをさな見の 動かさんとてをさな見の 動かさんとてをさな見の 動かさんとてをさな見の

(九三)---

こめてさながら山なり

息吹く

——(一四)——

小やみだになく岩淵は

ひや來むと思はる

沸き立ちどよみ、

さながらに

岩淵

さながらに巨大なる

の下に飛ぶ

あるはまた

りて暗き海に入る。

ば百里の肥沃

ノぎは

あら

その國遠く流れ來て、

人に知られぬ洞窟の數

御み快け殿を樂で

民に御言をくだし

(0四)---

succession and the second

祖宗の聲を聽けるかな。預言ち給ふいにしへの

波のもなかに浮びけり。 金碧燦たる殿の影 泉、いはやの鳴りひょう 氷のとざすいはやもつ 聲は此處にも聽こえけ 日光みちたる快樂殿、 あい、これ、人のたくみもて 五十絃をば手にもちて 人のつくりし靈異のみ。 われ曾てまぼろ 0

聖さまなざしひらめかし 汝れ等が眼を閉ぢしめむ、 彼れは甘露にいきたれば、 風に流る、その髪は、 光りかじやくその眼は、 口をそろへて叫ぶべし。 樂園の乳を飲みたれば。 三たびその身をうち続り それをば其處に見とむべ おし「戒め」よ、「戒め」と つの輪をば織りなさむ。

とは 去る

青空はれて、 花さよし。

——(四四)——

.....

あし、

戀、

ほこる絶望に

あはれの幸を賣るのみか。

あい、人、やがて倒るいも、

快祭や、

ものがものと呼ぶ

すべてを後にのこすかな。

変ね間にかはる眼の艶や、 書をたのしくする夜の 汝れは夢みよ――睡眠より静けき時の去らぬ間を へて覺めなば泣けよかし。

海越て行かでかなはじ、我妹子 海越えて行かでかなはじ。 へねるも甲斐こそなけれ、 祖國よ、 さらば、

——(五四)———

手綱のと絞りていはく、 右の方、返り見しのい、 をいるの一般曲行く彼男、 がしていなり見しのい、 とこしへの別りとこしへの別と の別れ よ、さらば、我妹子 さらば。

四

兵士はいくさの場ゆ、 変少女ゆわれのみ去るか、 変少ないというさの場ゆ、 また逢はん時もあらじよ、我妹 また逢はん時もあらじよ、我妹

ロバ

11

の戦

Ti

ながき夜を泣きぞ明しね、後脊子と 遠征の脊子を思うて ながき夜を泣ぞ明しね、後脊子と ながき夜を泣ぎ明しね、後脊子と

> 夏のひと目の夕まぐれ、 カスパー翁は業をへつ、 ものが伏屋の入り口に ものが伏屋の入り口に ながら坐りけり。

_

細流の岸に遊びつい、 一をら聞き、おほひなる をの滑かに、おほひなる その滑かに、おほひなる を見たりけり。

いざや、聴かんと立てる子の 野息もらしつ、語るらく、 動くて頭をうちふりて がくて頭をうちふりて

> 斃れし人の 髑髏なり⁰

なべて、こくらにいと多し、 なべて、こくらにいと多し、 なべて、こくらにいと多し、 なべて、こくらにいと多し、 はないようになるとき、 はればよ、昔、大勝に であるなり。

ありし次第を語れよと ありし次第を語れよと

——(水四)——

---(七四)---

もしも、

遁れでありもせば、

家は焼かれ

てせんもなく、

彼方小川のほとりなり。

2

21

イムに父住みね、

妻子を連れて遁れたり。

ね

子をもつ母や、生れ見や、 火と剣とに國あれて いかで、頭のあるべ 多くは死にねっさもあれや、 見渡すかぎり灰となり、

一(九四)——

V

あはれ、名たくる勝利なり。 翁は言ひぬ、 ちさき妹の語るらく、 あく、いとわろきものなるに。 高き楽譽をえたりけりの いな、女の見、

さまで、 さはれ、名たくる勝利なり。 翁は言ひぬ、そは知らじ、 をさなき兄の語るらく、 さもあれ、 公を人みな讃美へけり°− まで、いくさに勝ちたりし 何の盆ありし。

一(八四)——

英米名家詩抄第三集

652524

Me alle alle alle alle alle

者

電話下谷二千四百五十三番 東京市本郷區駒込西片町十番地

所 者

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東京市本郷區駒込西片町十番地 要 逸

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內外出版協會

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抄詩家名米英

次	目	次	目
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がの子歌國鐘	光邊蘆海聲女	三 光夢 の家夏	らる。薄にびめに薄
歌ロンチェ	ロミプクテメ	人のバシトクラスチ	アムシース
ファームエンロツ	ツネーバソザ	歌 フェーントランントランション 女 エーン	ーレッサ
	サスクーンス幼花善ま哀稲	- スーチアケ 死冬れ夕形雲	クアーク 年鷲埋戰
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ルックー	トンンース	証レーナーアング	レットリオット

VII.

My father lived at Blenheim then.

You little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

VIII.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born infant, died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

IX.

They say it was a shocking sight,

After the field was won,

For many thousand bodies here

Lay rotting in the sun;

But things like that, you know, must be

After a famous victory.

X.

Great praise the Duke of Malbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.—
Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!
Said little Wilhelmine,—
Nay—nay— my little girl, quoth he,
It is a famous victory.

XI.

And everybody praised the Duke
Who such a fight did win,—
But what good came of it at last?
Quoth little Peterkin.—
Why, that I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory.

→ THE END .

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

Robert Southey. 1774-1843.

T.

It was a summer evening,

Old Kaspar's work was done;

And he before his cottage door

Was sitting in the sun,

And by him sported on the green

His little grandchild Wilhelmine

II.

She saw her brother Peterkin,

Roll something large and round,

That he beside the rivulet,

In playing there, had found;

He came to ask what he had found,

That was so large, and smooth, and round.

III.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

IV.

I find them in the garden, for

There's many here about,

And often when I go to plough,

The ploughshare turns them out;

For many thousand men, said he,

Were slain in the great victory.

V

Now tell us what t'was all about,
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.

VI.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,

That put the French to route;

But what they kill'd each other for,

I could not well make out,

But everybody said, quoth he,

That 'twas a famous victory.

Virtue, how frail it is!

Friendship too rare!

Love, how it sells poor bliss

For proud despair!

But we, though soon they fall,

Survive their joy and all

Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

THE FAREWELL.

Robert Burns. 1759-1796.

T.

It was a' for our rightfu' King,
We left fair Scotlands' strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' King
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

11

Now a' is done that men can do,

And a' is done in vain;

My love and native land farewell,

For I maun cross the main, my dear,

For I maun cross the main.

III.

He turned him right, round about,

Upon the Irish shore;

And gae his bridle-reins a shake,

With adieu for evermore, my dear,

With adieu for evermore.

IV.

The sodger frae the wars returns,

The sailor frae the main;

But I hae parted frae my love,

Never to meet again, my dear,

Never to meet again.

V

When day is gane, and night is come.

And a' folk bound to sleep;

I think on him that's far awa,

The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,

The lee-lang night and weep.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover! A savage place! as holy and enchanted As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted By woman wailing for her demon-lover! And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething, As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing, A mighty fountain momently was forced; Amid whose swift-half-intermitted burst Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail, Or chaffy grain beneath thresher's flail; And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever It flung up momently the sacred river. Five miles meadering with a mazy motion Through wood and dale the sacred river ran, Then reached the caverns measureless to man, And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean: And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far Ancestral voice prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves,
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:

It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,

And drunk the milk af Paradice.

MUTABILITY.

P. B. Shelley. 1792-1821.

The flower that smiles to-day

To-morrow dies;

All that we wish to stay,

Tempts and then flies;

What is this world's delight?

Lightning that mocks the night,

Brief even as bright.

Go to!" say the children,—"Up in Heaven,

Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.

Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving—
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."

Do you hear the children weeping and disproving, O my brothers, what ye preach?

For God's possible is taught by His world's loving—
And the children doubt of each.

XII.

And well may the children weep before you;

They are weary ere they run;

They have never seen the sunshine, not the glory Which is brighter than the sun:

They know the grief of man, but not the wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm—

Are slaves, without the liberty in Chrisdom,—

Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,—

Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly

No dear remembrance keep,—

Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly:

Let them weep! let them weep!

XIII.

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,

And their look is dread to see,

For they mind you of their angels in their places,

With eyes meant for Deity;—

"How long," they say, "how long, cruel nation,

Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—

Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,

And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?

Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants,

And your purple shows your path;

But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence

Than the strong man in his wrath!"

KUBLA KHAN;

OR,

A VISION IN A DREAM.

A FRAGMENT.

S. T. Coleridge.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure-dome decree:

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran

Through caverns measureless to man

Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright and sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—

Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—

Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—

All are turning, all the day, and we with all,—

All, all day, the iron wheels are drowing,

'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning)
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

And sometimes we could pray,

VIII.

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing

For a moment, mouth to mouth—

Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing Of their tender human youth!

Let them fell that this cold metalic motion

Is not all the life God fashions or reveals—

Let them prove their inward souls against the notion That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—

Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward, Grinding life down from its mark;

And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

IX.

Now, tell the poor young children, my brothers,

To look up to Him and pray—

So the blessed One, who blesseth all the others,

Will bless them another day.

They answer. "Who is God that He should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word!
And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angel singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more?

X.

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember;
And at midnights hour of harm,

'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber.
We say softly for a charm.

We know no other word except, 'Our Father,'
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,

God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold hoth within His right hand which is strong.

'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would surely

(For they call Him good and mild)

Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,

XI.

"But no!" say the children, weeping faster,

"He is speechless as a stone;

And they tell us, of His image is the master

Who commands us to work on.

'Come and rest with me, my child.'

Ask the old why they weep, and not the children, For the outside earth is cold,—

And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old.

IV.

"True," say the young children, "it may happen That we die before our time.

Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen Like a snowball, in the rime.

We looked into the pit prepared to take her—
Was no room for any work in the close clay;

From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her, Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day!'

If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries!—

Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,

For the smile has time for growing in her eyes,—

And merry go her moment, lulled and stilled in The shroud, by the kirk-chime!

It is good when it happens," say the children, "That we die before our time."

V.

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking

Death in life, as best to have!

They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,

With a cerement from the grave.

Go out, children, from the mine and from the city—
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do—
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty—
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?

Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

VI.

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—

If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.

Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.

For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark, under-ground—

Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

VII.

"For, all day, the wheels are drowing, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn,—our head, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places—

Sleep, little ladies!

Wake not soon!

Echo on echo

Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars

Peep'd into the shell.

"What are they dreaming of?

Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies,
The sun is aloft.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

E. B. Browning.

I.

Do ye hear the children weeping, my brothers,—

Ere the sorrow comes with years?

They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,—

And that cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;

The young birds are chirping in the nest;

The young fawns are playing with the shadows;

The young flowers are blowing toward the west—

But the young, young children, O my brothers,

They are weeping bitterly!—

They are weeping in the playtime of the others,

In the country of the free.

II.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,

Why their tears are falling so?—

The old man may weep for his to-morrow

Which is lost in Long Ago—

The old tree is leafless in the forest—

The old year is ending in the frost—

The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest—

The old hope is hardest to be lost:

But the young, young children, O my brothers,

Do you ask them why they stand

Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,

In our happy Fatherland?

III.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,

And their looks are sad to see,

For the man's grief abhorrent, draws and presses

Down the cheeks of infancy—

"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;"

"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!

Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—

Our grave-rest is very far to seek.

XV.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling steel and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

XVI.

And ever the fitful gusts between

A sound came from the land;

It was the sound of the trampling surf,

On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

XVII

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

XVIII.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

XIX.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

XX.

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,

A fisherman stood aghast,

To see the form of a maiden fair,

Lashed close to a drifting mast.

XXI.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,

The salt tears in her eyes;

And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,

On the billows fall and rise.

XXII.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,

In the midnight and the snow!

Christ save us all from a death like this,

On the reef of Norman's Woe!

MINNIE AND WINNIE.

Lord Tennyson 1809-1292.

Minnie and Winnie
Slept in a shell.
Sleep, little ladies!
And they slept well.

Pinks was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wander'd about.

V.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"

The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

VI.

Colder and louder blew the wind,

A gale from the north-east;

The snow fell hissing in the brine,

And the billows frothed like yeast.

VII.

Down came the storm, and smote amain.

The vessel in its strength;

The shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,

Then leaped her cable's length.

VIII.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

IX.

He wrapped her warm in his seamen's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

X.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say what may it be?"

"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"

XI.

And he steered for the open sea."

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

XII.

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,—
A frozen corpse was he.

XIII.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,

With his face turned to the skies,

The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow

On his fixed and glassy eyes.

XIV.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed

That saved she might be;

And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave

On the Lake of Galilee.

Yet on the rose's humble bed

The sweetest dews of night are shed,

As if she wept the waste to see—

But none shall weep a tear for me!

II.

My life is like the autumn leaf,

That trembles in the moon's pale ray,

Its hold is frail—its date is brief,

Restless—and soon to pass away!

Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,

The parent tree will mourn its shade,

The wind bewail the leafless tree,

But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

III.

My life is like the print which feet

Have left on Tampa's desert strand;

Soon as the rising tide shall beat,

All trace will vanish from the sand;

Yet, as if grieving to efface

All vestige of the human race,

On that lone shore loud moans the sea,

But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

H. W. Longfellow. 1807-1882.

T

It was the schooner Hesperus,

That sailed the wintry sea;

And the skipper had taken his little daughter,

To bear him company.

II

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,

Her cheek like the dawn of day,

And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds

That ope in the month of May.

III.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,

His pipe was in his mouth,

And he watched how the veering flaw did blow

The smoke now west, now south.

IV.

Then up and spoke an old sailor,

Had sailed the Spanish Main,

"I pray thee put into yonder port,

For I fear a hurricane.

I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze Beside thee ceased to shine; It could not match the living rays That filled that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive A deep and mellow dye, Which scarce the shade of coming eve Can banish from the sky, Those smiles unto the moodiest mind Their own pure joy impart; Their sunshine leaves a glow behind That lightens o'er the heart.

THE ROSE.

program to the sufference to the SERF

S. T. Coleridge.

As late each flower that sweetest blows I plucked, the garden's pride: Within the petals of a rose A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath Of many a lucent hue; All purple glowed his cheek, beneath, Inebriate with dew.

I softy seized th' unguarded power, Nor scared his balmy rest; And placed him, caged within the flower, On spotless Sara's breast.

But when unweeting of the guile Awoke the prisoner sweet, He struggled to escape awhile And stamped his faery feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight; Subdued th' impatient boy! He gazed! he thrilled with deep delight! Then clapped his wings for joy.

And oh! he cried-'Of magic kind What charms this throne endear! Some other Love let Venus find-I'll fix my empire here!

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

Richard Henry Wilde. 1789-1847.

t brown to a cold delener three court the

My life is like the summer rose. That opens to the morning sky, But ere the shades of evening close, Is scattered on the ground—to die

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer.

"Piper, pipe that song again!"
So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe; Sing thy song of happy cheer!" So I sung the same again, While he wept with joy to hear.

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

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

THE APOLOGY.

When yet in that I hand not why:

R. Waldo Emerson. 1803-1882.

Think me not unkind and rude,

That I walk alone in grove and glen;
I go to the god of the wood

To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I

Fold my arms beside the brook;

Each cloud that floated in the sky

Writes a letter in my book.

Ghide me not, laborious band,

For the idle flowers I brought;

Every aster in my hand

Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery

But 'tis figured in the flowers;

Was never secret history

But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field

Homeward brought the oxen strong
A second crop thy acres yield,

Which I gather in a song.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

Lord Byron. 1788-1824.

I saw thee weep—the big bright tear

Came o'er that eye of blue:

And then methought it did appear

A violet dropping dew:

"I AM PLEASED, AND YET I'M SAD."

H. Kirke White. 1785-1806.

When twilight steals along the ground, And all the bells are ringing round, One, two, three, four, and five; I at any study window sit, And wrapt in many a musing fit, To bliss am all alive.

IN HER CARDEN.

But though impressions calm and sweet, Thrill round my heart a holy heat, And I am inly glad; The tear-drop stand in either eye, And yet I cannot tell thee why, I am pleased, and yet I'm sad. Thou, our demained the at this or time time they.

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The silvery rack that flies away, Like mortal life or pleasure's ray, Does that disturb my breast? Nay what have I, a studious men, To do with life's unstable plan, Or pleasure's fading vest?

I I dancil IV. soda para a cqi'i "

Is it that here I must not stop, But o'er you blue hills' woody top, Must bend my lonely way? Now, surely no, for give but me My own fire-side, and I shall be At home where'er I stray.

Then is it that you steeple there, With music sweet shall fill the air, When thou no more canst hear? Oh no! oh no! for then forgiven, I shall be with my God in Heaven, Released from every fear.

Then whence it is I cannot tell, But there is some mysterious spell That holds me when I'm glad; And the tear-drop fills my eye, When yet in truth I know not why, Or wherefore I am sad.

REEDS OF INNOCENCE.

William Blake. 1759-1828. Piping down the valleys wild, Piping songs of pleasant glee, On a cloud I saw a child, And he laughing said to me:

"Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renown'd,

Tramples on a thousand states;

Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—

Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

And bade it bloscom there

"Other Romans shall arise,

Heedless of a soldier's name;

Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,

Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,

Pregnant with celestial fire,

Bending as he swept the chords

Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,

Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;

Dying hurl'd them at foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,

Heaven awards the vengeance due;

Empire is on us bestow'd,

Shame and ruin wait for you."

TO MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. IN HER GARDEN.

E. B. Browning.

What time I lay these rhymes anear thy feet,
Benignant friend! I will not proudly say
As better poets use, "These flowers I lay,"
Because I would not wrong thy roses sweet,
By spoiling so their name. And yet, repeat
Thou, overleaning them this spring time day,
With heart as wide to love as theirs to May,—
"Low-rooted verse may reach some heavenly heat,
Even like my blossoms, if as nature-true,
Though not as precious." Thou art unperplext,
Dear friend, in whose dear writings drops the dew
And blow the natural airs; thou, who art next
To nature's self in cheering the worlds' view,
To preach a sermon on so known a text!

Ah, Sweet, be free to love and go!

For if I do not hear thy foot,

The frozen river is as mute,—

The flowers have dried down to the root;

And why, since these be changed since May,

Shouldst thou change less than they?

· Appoint another II.s., sobber nd amnote dynou! I

And slow, slow, as the winter snow,

age as falling or many time plant were never them till

The tears have drifted to mine eyes;

And my poor cheeks, five months ago,

Set blushing at thy praises so,

Put paleness on for a disguise.

Ah, Sweet, be free to praise and go!

For if my face is turned so pale,

It was thine oath that first did fail,—

It was thy love proved false and frail!

And why, since these be changed, enow,

Should I change less than thou?

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

S. T. Coleridge. 1772-1832.

Its balmy lips the infant blest
Relaxing from its mother's breast,
How sweet it heaves the happy sigh
Of innocent satiety!

And such my infant's latest sigh!

O tell, rude stone! the passer by,

That here the pretty babe doth lie,

Death sang to sleep with Lullaby.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,

Death came with friendly care;

The opening bud to Heaven conveyed

And bade it blossom there.

BOADICEA.

I seems a rollier's name;

"Other Romans shall seize,

William Cowper. 1731-1800.

When the British warrior queen,

Bleeding from the Roman rods,

Sought, with an indignant mien,

Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak

Sat the Druid, hoary chief;

Every burning word he spoke

Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

For sore dismayed through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,

"Across this stormy water;

And I'll forgive your Highland chief,

My daughter!—Oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THREE FISHERS.

Rev. Charles Kingsley. 1819-1875.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,

Out into the west, as the sun went down,

Each thought of the woman who loved him best,

And the children stood watching them out of the town;

For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,

And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;

They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,

And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;

The tears have deliced to mise

But men must work, and women must weep,

Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,

And the harbour-bar be moaning.

In the morning gleam, as the tide goes down,

And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,

For those who will never come home to the town.

For men must work, and women must weep,

And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,

And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHANGE UPON CHANGE.

And why, since these be changed, enoug,

E. B. Browning. 1806-1861.

I

Five months ago, the stream did flow,

The lilies bloomed along the edge;

And we were ligering to and fro,—

Where none will track thee in this snow,

Along the stream, beside the hedge.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

Thomas Campbell. 1777-1844.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound, Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry! And I'll give thee a silver pound To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"

"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy island wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—

It is not for your silver bright;

But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

But this the storm grew loud apace,

The water-wraith was shrieking;

And in the scowl of heaven each face

Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,

And as the night grew drearer,

Adown the glen rode armed men,

Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather

I'll meet the raging of the skies,

But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,

A stormy sea before her,—

When, Oh! too strong for human hand,

The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar

Of waters fast prevailing;

Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,

His wrath was changed to wailing.

RUTH.

Thomas Hood. 1798-1845.

She stood breast high amid the corn,

Clasped by the golden light of morn,

Like the sweetheart of the sun,

Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush

Deeply ripened—such a blush

In the midst of brown was born—

Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too light.

And her hat, with shady brim,

Made her tressy forehead dim:—

Thus she stood amid the stooks,

Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay the sheaf adown and come
Share my harvest and my home.



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