

## IN A LECTURE-ROOM

Away, haunt thou not me,  
Thou vain Philosophy!  
Little hast thou bestead,  
Save to perplex the head,  
And leave the spirit dead.  
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go.  
While from the secret treasure-depths below,  
Fed by the skye's shower,  
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,  
Wisdom at once, and Power,  
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly?  
Why labor at the dull mechanic oar,  
When the fresh breeze is blowing,  
And the strong current flowing,  
Right onward to the Eternal Shore?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;  
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe.  
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.  
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;  
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.  
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;  
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe.  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS

## FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT

Prune thou thy words; the thoughts control  
That o'er thee swell and throng;—  
They will condense within thy soul,  
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run  
In soft luxurious flow,  
Shrinks when hard service must be done,  
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,  
Where hearts and wills are weighed,  
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,  
Which bloom their hour, and fade.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

## A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,  
Clean forspent, forspent.  
Into the woods my Master came,  
Forspent with love and shame.  
But the olives they were not blind to Him;  
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;  
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him  
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,  
And He was well content.  
Out of the woods my Master came,  
Content with death and shame.  
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,  
From under the trees they drew Him last:  
"T was on a tree they slew Him—last,  
When out of the woods He came.

SIDNEY LANIER

## PEACE

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave.  
Let me once know.  
I sought thee in a secret cave;  
And asked if Peace were there.  
A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No!  
Go, seek elsewhere."

I did; and, going, did a rainbow note:  
"Surely," thought I,  
"This is the lace of Peace's coat.  
I will search out the matter."  
But, while I looked, the clouds immediately  
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy  
A gallant flower, —  
The crown-imperial. "Sure," said I,  
"Peace at the root must dwell."  
But, when I digged, I saw a worm devour  
What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend, good old man;  
Whom when for Peace  
I did demand, he thus began:

"There was a prince of old  
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase  
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save  
His life from foes.  
But, after death, out of his grave  
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;  
Which many wondering at, got some of those  
To plant and set.

"It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse  
Through all the earth.  
For they that taste it do rehearse,  
That virtue lies therein, —  
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,  
By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,  
And grows for you:  
Make bread of it; and that repose  
And peace which everywhere  
With so much earnestness you do pursue,  
Is only there."

GEORGE HERBERT

## A SPINNING SONG

My love to fight the Saxon goes,  
And bravely shines his sword of steel;  
A heron's feather decks his brows,  
And a spur on either heel;  
His steed is blacker than the sloe,  
And fleetier than the falling star;  
Amid the surging ranks he'll go  
And shout for joy of war.  
Tinkle, twinkle, pretty spindle; let the white wool drift and dwindle.  
Oh! we weave a damask doublet for my love's coat of steel.  
Hark! the timid, turning treadle crooning soft, old-fashioned ditties  
To the low, slow murmur of the brown round wheel.

My love is pledged to Ireland's fight;  
My love would die for Ireland's weal,  
To win her back her ancient right,  
And make her foemen reel.  
Oh! close I'll clasp him to my breast  
When homeward from the war he comes;  
The fires shall light the mountain's crest,  
The valley peal with drums.  
Tinkle, twinkle, pretty spindle; let the white wool drift and dwindle.  
Oh! we weave a damask doublet for my love's coat of steel.  
Hark! the timid, turning treadle crooning soft old-fashioned ditties  
To the low, slow murmur of the brown round wheel.

JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL