

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY

Dear, secret greenness! nurst below
Tempests and winds and winter nights!
Vex not, that but One sees thee grow;
That One made all these lesser lights.

What needs a conscience calm and bright
Within itself, an outward test?

Who breaks his glass, to take more light,
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
Till the white-winged reapers come!

HENRY VAUGHAN

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS

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

ODE

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,—
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause!
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause,

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Then when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

HENRY TIMROD

EUTHANASIA

Methinks, when on the languid eye
Life's autumn scenes grow dim;
When evening's shadows veil the sky;
And pleasure's siren hymn
Grows fainter on the tuneless ear,
Like echoes from another sphere,
Or dreams of seraphim—
It were not sad to cast away
This dull and cumbrous load of clay.

It were not sad to feel the heart
Grow passionless and cold;
To feel those longings to depart
That cheered the good of old;
To clasp the faith which looks on high,
Which fires the Christian's dying eye,
And makes the curtain-fold
That falls upon his wasting breast,
The door that leads to endless rest.

It seems not lonely thus to lie
On that triumphant bed,
Till the pure spirit mounts on high
By white-winged seraphs led:
Where glories, earth may never know,
O'er "many mansions" lingering glow,
In peerless lustre shed.
It were not lonely thus to soar
Where sin and grief can sting no more.

And though the way to such a goal
Lies through the clouded tomb,
If on the free, unfettered soul
There rest no stains of gloom,
How should its aspirations rise
Far through the blue unpillared skies,
Up to its final home,
Beyond the journeyings of the sun,
Where streams of living waters run!

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK

BREATHES THERE THE MAN?

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!

Whose heart has 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, concentrated 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.

SIR WALTER SCOTT