

Dr. Thomas Campion's Works.

We venture to say that many people who are tolerably familiar with English literature know nothing about Thomas Campion, a contemporary of Shakespeare. Out of a dozen or more anthologies on our shelves, only two mention him; and one of these—Sargent's *Cyclopædia of Poetry*—quotes a short lyric from his *Observations in the Art of English Poesie* (1602) with the remark: "The lines are so graceful, it is a wonder that we have nothing more from the same pen." The editor ought to have lived to see this handsome volume of more than four hundred pages filled with prose and verse—mostly the latter—"from the same pen." The works of the old poet and musician are now first collected, with an introduction and notes, by Mr. A. H. Bullen, whose name is an assurance of scholarly and tasteful editing and publishing. He calls Campion "one of the most distinguished poets of the Elizabethan age," whose "best songs are of almost unequalled excellence," and claims to have been the first in our day "to insist on Campion's merits, which are now recognized by all competent critics." Many of his songs are certainly graceful and musical, though the "Light Conceits of Lovers," as he calls them, strike us as decidedly superior to the "Divine and Moral Songs," in which, however, his enthusiastic editor sees a union of "fine religious exaltation" with "the true lyric faculty." Here, for instance, is part of a version of the 137th Psalm:

Aloft the trees, that spring up there,
Our silent harps we pensive hung;
Said they that captived us, "Let's hear
Some song, which you in Sion sung!"

Is then the song of our God fit
To be profaned in foreign land?
O Salem, thee when I forget
Forget his skill may my right hand!

This reminds one of the old Scotch paraphrases; for ourself we prefer the fine prose of King James's translators. The love-songs are certainly more musical, and now and then we meet with a particularly pretty fancy; like

"What's dancing? Ev'n the mirth of feet."

Our limits forbid extended extracts from these lighter strains.

The book is handsomely printed at the Chiswick Press, and only 400 numbered copies are issued, at a guinea each, with 120 on large paper. Mr. John C. Nimmo, 14 King William Street, Strand, London, is Mr. Bullen's selling agent.