

SO complete and so well bound a book is "Lyric Forms from France" (Harcourt, Brace) that it will "grace any library shelf". Miss Cohen leaves no corner of French versification unexplored. The introduction is informative surely, and fairly entertaining, and the anthology shows that practically everyone who ever wrote verse some time turned to the making of a triolet or a ballade; when the greater muse failed, say we! However, here is beautiful poetry, Rossetti after Villon:

TO DEATH, OF HIS LADY

(Francois Villon)

Death, of thee do I make my moan,
Who hadst my lady away from me,
Nor wilt assuage thine enmity
Till with her life thou hast mine own;
For since that hour my strength has flown.
Lo! what wrong was her life to thee,
Death?

Two we were, and the heart was one;
Which now being dead, dead I must be,
Or seem alive as lifelessly
As in the choir the painted stone,
Death!

—and there are many, many more.
But — and a large BUT — turn to page 92. Jumping Jehoshaphat! Odd's bodikin! All the expletives of the young realists poured into one series of ex-

clamation points! She has, this estimable and painstaking Helen Louise Cohen, given us a table, a table of lines and measures, a table that reminds me of a class in geology, and she calls it, "A Rule of Thumb for the Construction of the 'Forms' in Modern English Verse". Here, good poets, give me your thumbs. You have now a quick and easy guide to success! You have now a table of rhymes to place beside your rhyming dictionaries. So we shall welcome more generations of gay little rhymesters and tum-tee-tum-tum poets! At any rate, it's a convenient book.