

Hosker's Almanack (Fourth Draft)

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Part 1

Introductory Material

General Introduction

I'm conscious of how strange this book must seem to anyone other than its author. So, to sum it up in a few words: my intention was fix and preserve the canon of English poetry in the same way that the canon of Ancient Hebrew was fixed and preserved so magisterially by the Old Testament.

The comparison with the Old Testament is both instructive and problematic. For, on the one hand, a kind of English scripture is precisely what I'm trying to achieve; but, on the other, so much of the source-material for this project is itself translation from the Hebrew (and Greek) sacred texts.

Where would such a canon be closed? And how would it be prevented from growing to such a size that the whole project became self-defeating? The full answer to these questions comes in many parts, all of which are to be given in – no doubt painful – detail in the following pages. But the short answer is this: two poems, a short one and a long one, are to be given for each day of the year. Thus this book is less of an anthology and more of an *Almanack*.

As always, the reader will be the judge. And the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

tom hosker
The Almanackist
Tickhill, MMXIX

A History of the English Language and Its Poetry

This chapter, and, indeed, the entire *Almanack*, is built upon this principle:

Rule 1. Johnsonian Supremacy

Dr Johnson's *Dictionary of the English Language* is authoritative; which is to say, Johnson is always to be treated as being correct, except in those cases where it can be demonstrated that he has made an error of fact.

As a consequence of this first Rule, this chapter shall draw heavily from Johnson's 'History of the English Language', which is to be found within the introductory pages of the aforementioned *Dictionary*.

1. An Early History of the English Language

Though the *Britains* or *Welsh* were the first possessors of this island, whose names are recorded, and are therefore in civil history always considered as the predecessors of the present inhabitants; yet the deduction of the *English* language, from the earliest times of which we have any knowledge to its present state, requires no mention of them: for we have so few words which can, with any probability, be referred to *British* roots, that we justly regard the *Saxon* and *Welsh* as nations totally distinct. It has been conjectured, that when the *Saxons* seized this country, they suffered the *Britains* to live among them in a state of vassalage, employed in the culture of the ground, and other laborious and ignoble services. But it is scarcely possible, that a nation, however depressed, should have been mixed with another in considerable numbers without some communication of their tongue, and therefore, it may, with great reason, be imagined, that those, who were not sheltered in the mountains, perished by the sword.¹

So begins Johnson's essay; and, although his supposition that the ancient Britons were exterminated by the Anglo-Saxons would seem to have been disproved by modern genetics,² nonetheless it remains that, of all the invasions of Great Britain, the Anglo-Saxon conquest has had by far the most profound effect on the language her inhabitants. The language of the Anglo-Saxons provided the canvas onto which all the later developments were painted; thus the same language is appropriately referred to as "Old English".

¹'The History of the English Language'. *A Dictionary of the English Language*.

²A certain Dr Oppenheimer has penned a number of works arguing that the bulk of the British genome comes from neither the Anglo-Saxons nor the Celts, but from a group of very ancient settlers, many centuries before recorded history. Alas, the Almanackist is not sufficiently knowledgeable to judge their veracity.

Our knowledge of the Anglo-Saxons prior to their invasion of Great Britain is frustratingly patchy. They seem to have come to our island from what is now known as Friesland, itself divided between the modern nation-states of the Netherlands, Germany and Denmark. And this hypothesis is supported by the remarkable similarities between modern English and modern Frisian; Frisian *de* corresponds to English *the*, *wyt* to *white*, *ear* to *ear*, etc. We know that, during their stay in Friesland, the Saxons occupied themselves with making seaborne raids on Roman Britain, so much so that the Emperor had to create a “Comes Litoris Saxonici”.³ Prior to this, the Saxons are difficult to distinguish from other Germanic tribes, who themselves emerged during the Iron Age from the Proto-Indo-Europeans, whose language is the ultimate source of all European languages.⁴

Old English had a similar vocabulary to its present-day counterpart, but its grammar would seem strange to a modern Englishman; the language was highly inflected, with the endings of nouns changing in a similar way to Latin or, indeed, modern German. This tendency towards inflection, though, was shed early on – it was more or less gone by the time of the Norman conquest – and it could be conjectured that this shedding was due to speakers of mutually unintelligible languages simplifying their speech in order to be understood.⁵ Dark Age England was a melting pot of Anglo-Saxons, Romans, Britons and Danes.

Not only would Old English *sound* strange to a modern Englishman, in its earliest forms, it would *look* strange too. For the language was originally written in runes, quite unlike the letters of this document, which adorn the many stone crosses the ancient English left to us as an heirloom.⁶ It was only after the arrival of Augustine at Canterbury in 597 – the first serious effort by the Roman Church to convert the Anglo-Saxons – that Christian monks, more used to writing in Latin, attempted to write English using Roman characters. Hence the thousand year nightmare of hammering English spelling into some kind of unity; the language is written using an alphabet which was never intended for that purpose.⁷ The unmitigated fiasco of English spelling aside, Augustine’s arrival ushered in another, more encouraging, development: the commingling of the priests with the poets. Henceforth, any attempt to disentangle the history of the English Church from the history of the English language is a fool’s errand – but more on that theme later.

The Battle of Hastings marks an obvious turning point in English history, but, as Dr Johnson points out, its immediate impact on the English language was surprisingly slight; it’s only by the 1150s that the surviving texts become noticeably closer to French. In the following centuries, the influence of Old French over Old English grew more and more. There will doubtless always be debate over whether poets such as William Langland,⁸ John Gower and Geoffrey Chaucer (d. 1400) were the cause or the effect of the last great wave of Frenchification, but what is

³That is, Count of the Saxon Shore.

⁴Basque and Hungarian are not descended from this Proto-Indo-European language, but these are exceptions to a rule which otherwise holds remarkably well.

⁵And, conversely, the grammatical straightforwardness of English must have been an important factor in its becoming the first global lingua franca.

⁶Alas, there are many fewer crosses left than there might have been; for, in what must constitute the most outrageous example of Protestant hubris in world history, most of these beautiful monuments were deliberately demolished in the seventeenth century.

⁷Italian schoolchildren, the Almanackist believes, have a much easier time learning to spell.

⁸The name William Langland is used here to refer to the author of *Piers Ploughman*, whoever he might have been.

plain for all to see is that the works of these poets are significantly more Frenchified than the works of their predecessors; thus the language in which they wrote is given its own name, “Middle English”. Once, to coin a phrase, the graves of these Middle English poets were filled in, the language transformed into a recognisably “Modern” form.

2. An Early History of English Poetry

Before we proceed any further, it would perhaps be helpful at this point to set out another Rule:⁹

Rule 2. English-Latin Analogy

The history of English poetry is analogous to the history of Latin poetry, inasmuch as both consist of three phases: Early, Classical and Late.

Thus we might construct the following table:

Table. The Phases of English: Its Language & Poetry

Language	Poetry
Old	Early
Middle	
Modern	Classical
Late Modern	Late

In the previous section, a history of Old and Middle English was given. In this section, a history of Early English Poetry is provided, and parallels drawn with the history of Latin literature as appropriate.

The Almanackist has already mentioned that the histories of English poetry and English Christianity ought not to be pulled apart; and, indeed, it is commonly accepted¹⁰ that the earliest English poem is a hymn, composed by an illiterate seventh century farmhand called Caedmon. About a century later,¹¹ *Beowulf* came into being, along with a handful of short poems: riddles, accounts of battles, ‘The Seafarer’ – not forgetting an intriguing praise poem for the city of Durham. After this first harvest, very little poetry was produced about which Dr Johnson has anything kind to say until the time of Chaucer.

Now the poets of Chaucer’s school were of the opinion – rightly or wrongly – that there was something lacking in the literature of their mother tongue, and looked to the continent for a model for improving it. Indeed, Chaucer himself spent a number of years in Italy and France, and his works show a marked and deliberate borrowing from the traditions of those nations. The Almanackist must confess that

⁹Here the Almanackist is deeply indebted to the German philologists of the nineteenth century, especially Wilhelm Teuffel’s *Geschichte der Römischen Literatur*.

¹⁰Since Johnson is silent on this matter, the Almanackist can do no better than follow the judgement of the *Norton Anthology*.

¹¹Dating *Beowulf* is a tortuous business.

he himself has no affection for the poetry of the Late Middle Ages, and hence little to say about it; but no man can deny its importance in the history of our literature.

The change which English literature experienced in the fourteenth century after Christ is strikingly similar to the transformation which Latin literature underwent in the second century before; with the treasures of Classical Greek serving as a model for the early Roman poets in the same way that the treasures of Old French and Italian inspired the Chaucerian school. Indeed, Ennius, the father of Latin literature, is reputed to have considered himself a reincarnation of Homer; and, certainly, he made a conscious effort to emulate the Ἡλιάς in composing his *Annales*. A century later, Horace would sum up this metamorphosis in a famous couplet:

Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
intulit agresti Latio...¹²

Having discussed Early English poetry and drawn the appropriate parallels with Latin, allow the Almanackist now to do the same for the next phase of our literature.

3. British; or, Good-English

3.1. The Golden Age of English Literature. The poetry of Chaucer and his peers would be somewhat intelligible to the average Englishman at the beginning of the twenty-first century – but only somewhat – perhaps just a little more than modern Dutch. Even the poetry of John Skelton (d. 1529) would strike him as essentially foreign. Consider, for instance, these lines:

Though ye suppose all jeperdys ar paste,
And all is done that ye lokyd for before,
Ware yet, I rede you, of Fortunes dowble cast,
For one fals poynt she is wont to kepe in store,
And vnder the fell oft festered is the sore:
That when ye thynke all daunger for to pas,
Ware of the lesard lyeth lurkyng in the gras.¹³

Some words aren't all that hard to decode – 'ware' presumably translates as *beware* – but notice the unfamiliar 'rede'. And what on earth is a 'lesard'?

With Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503 – 1542), on the other hand, we encounter the first instance of a poetry which is unmistakably *ours*:

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek,
With naked foot stalking within my chamber:
Once have I seen them gentle, tame, and meek,
That now are wild, and do not once remember,
That sometime they have put themselves in danger
To take bread at my hand; and now they range
Busily seeking in continual change.¹⁴

¹²That is, 'Captive Greece took her captor captive, and brought the arts to rustic Italy...'. Horace, *Epistulae* II.1.156-157.

¹³From a poem which begins: '*Cuncta licet cecidisse putas discrimina rerum...*'. *The Poetical Works of John Skelton*, Ed. Rev. Alexander Dryce.

¹⁴From 'They Flee from Me'. *The Poetical Works of Sir Thomas Wyatt*, Ed. Sir Nicholas Nicolas.

Now bear in mind that Skelton's and Wyatt's lifetimes actually overlapped by over a quarter-century. How are we to account for such a dramatic change? We might look to a variety of factors, including:

- The introduction of the printing press to England by William Caxton;
- The nascent Protestant Reformation;
- The conclusion of both the Hundred Years War and of the Wars of the Roses; and,
- The ongoing growth of national consciousness in Europe generally.

Now all these causes were either brought about or embodied by the so-called Tudor Revolution, which itself began on a specific day: 22nd August 1485, in the wake of the Battle of Bosworth Field. Thus the Almanckist defines the Classical period of English poetry as beginning on this day. And, moreover, the Almanackist affixes to the particular subspecies of Modern English in which this poetry was written a name of his own making: "Good-English".¹⁵

We might also refer to this Good-English literary language as "British". For, although said language began as an unambiguously English literary movement, it was to absorb the talents and dialects of Wales, Scotland and Ireland in exactly the same way as those territories were to be incorporated into a United Kingdom via the unions of 1535, 1707 and 1801. Thus the Almanackist regards the terms "Good-English" and "British" as being equivalent when referring to the literary language, and he shall make every effort to use them interchangeably.

British came into being under the Tudors, but it reached its apogee under the Stuarts. The *First Folio* of Shakespeare, and, crucially, the Authorised Version of the Bible were both published during the reign of King James; and these two books provided a canon around which the rest of the language could be built. Following the Glorious Revolution, English literature entered a noticeable dry spell; the poets of eighteenth century are dwarfed by both their predecessors and their successors. A second explosion of creativity occurred with the birth of Romanticism and the Revolution in France.

3.2. Latin Analogy, Part I. Latin literature experienced a Golden Age of its own. Indeed, a century after Latin poetry was fathered by Ennius, it reached its apogee under the care of Ovid, Horace, Propertius and, principally, Virgil.

The version of Latin which Wyatt and Shakespeare must have learned at school was quite deliberately and self-consciously created by the poets of this Golden Age. In just the same way, Shakespeare and Wyatt moulded the version of English which schoolchildren will learn in centuries to come.

3.3. *Fin de siècle*. Literary languages are begun by political sea-changes; they are also ended by them. Just as British or Good-English was born at Bosworth Field, it died on the fields of Flanders. Indeed, even as late as September 1914, a good two months into the First World War and subsequent to the bloodletting and stalemate of the Battle of the Frontiers, Laurence Binyon could still write:

¹⁵The Almanackist derives his inspiration here from one of the archaic names of steel: *good-iron*. Note that the stress ought to be on "Good" in the same way that the stress of *blackboard* is on "black".

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
 Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
 There is music in the midst of desolation
 And a glory that shines upon our tears.¹⁶

But after the 1st July 1916, with its sixty thousand British casualties in one morning, and, sixth months later, the slaughterhouse of Passchendaele, it was no longer possible for a serious and sensitive poet to write in that special language. And in any case, the nation to which the language belonged, the same United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, was to cease to exist in 1922. Subsequent to the Great War, the only options available to an Englishman intent on writing poetry were either nostalgia and anachronism, as per John Betjeman and Philip Larkin, or a wilful embrace of deformity and nonsense, as per Thomas Eliot and Geoffrey Hill. Thus we have our next Rule:

Rule 3. Bosworth to Passchendaele

A poem may only be considered to be written in British or Good-English if, and only if, the poet in question flourished between the Battles of Bosworth Field and Passchendaele (but the converse is not true).

Two important caveats to the Rule just outlined ought to be mentioned at this point. Firstly, there are a handful of poets – Hardy and Housman being the two that come to mind – who, having flourished before the War, continued to produce a small quantity of poetry for a few years afterwards. Such poetry ought to be considered as having been written in Good-English. Secondly, there is the literary miracle that is the works of Wystan Auden.

In a sad degenerate age, Auden managed to write poetry which is neither nonsensical nor anachronistic, but which, on the contrary, possesses a compelling clarity and vitality. It could be argued that Auden is surpassed at certain points by Shakespeare. (Personally, the Almanackist feels it's an open question.) But Shakespeare was writing in an age in which poets were turning out masterpieces of world literature almost as a matter of course; Auden was not. Reading, for instance, his epilogue to *The Orators*, it's like someone has managed to knock together a piece of architecture with all the careful beauty of an English cathedral amongst the compulsory ugliness of the Bauhaus. Thus we English ought to consider Auden, and not Shakespeare, as our greatest poet; and thus we have our next Rule:

Rule 4. Wystan Auden

The works of Wystan Auden are exempt from the Bosworth to Passchendaele Rule; they are considered to be written in Good-English.

Does the Almanackist contend that, with the exception of Wystan Auden, there have been no good British poets since the First World War? Yes and no. Of the

¹⁶From 'For the Fallen'. *The Cause: Poems of the War*.

writers who made the attempt, some were very good, but none were really poets. Consider these lines of Ronald Thomas, typical of the best late twentieth century British literature:

There was Dai Puw. He was no good.
They put him in the fields to dock swedes,
And took the knife from him, when he came home
At late evening with a grin
Like the slash of a knife on his face.

There was Llew Puw, and he was no good.
Every evening after the ploughing
With the big tractor he would sit in his chair,
And stare into the tangled fire garden,
Opening his slow lips like a snail.

There was Huw Puw, too. What shall I say?
I have heard him whistling in the hedges
On and on, as though winter
Would never again leave those fields,
And all the trees were deformed.

And lastly there was the girl;
Beauty under some spell of the beast.
Her pale face was the lantern
By which they read in life's dark book
The shrill sentence: God is love.¹⁷

Now, what would happen if we were to tamper with these verses slightly?

There was Dai Puw. He was no good. They put him in the fields to dock swedes, and took the knife from him when he came home at late evening with a grin like the slash of a knife on his face.

There was Llew Puw, and he was no good. Every evening after the ploughing with the big tractor he would sit in his chair, and stare into the tangled fire garden, opening his slow lips like a snail.

There was Huw Puw, too. What shall I say? I have heard him whistling in the hedges on and on, as though winter would never again leave those fields, and all the trees were deformed.

And lastly there was the girl; beauty under some spell of the beast. Her pale face was the lantern by which they read in life's dark book – the shrill sentence – God is love.

By removing the line-breaks, very little, it could be argued, has been removed from the poem.¹⁸ And, conversely, little remains in the prose version to suggest where line-breaks might have been. Conclusion: what Thomas et al. wrote would be more helpfully categorised, not as poetry – at least, not poetry of the Good-English variety – but as elegant fragments of prose.

¹⁷'On the Farm'. Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

¹⁸The heavy caesura in the last sentence is, admittedly, conspicuous in its absence in the prose version. But this one detail can be supplied quite happily in prose by modifying the punctuation – as, indeed, the Almanackist has done.

3.4. Latin Analogy, Part II. Victory in the First World War allowed the British Empire to reach its greatest territorial extent; but, subsequent to the same war, it proved impossible for new poets to write in the British literary language. Likewise, although the Roman Empire was at its most robust under the rule of Augustus (27 BC – 14 AD),¹⁹ the Golden Age of Latin literature was nevertheless buried with him.

As in Hesiod's myth,²⁰ the Golden Age was followed by the Silver, the outstanding poet of which was Martial. Now a good poem is like a good stout; it builds a person up. Martial's verses, on the other hand, have more in common with watered-down lager; their wit offers a certain short-term mollification, but little real nourishment.

The Silver Age is commonly accepted to have come to an end with the death of Trajan in 117. The literary period which followed is known as Late Latin, and this age produced very little good poetry, except for occasional sparks of interest such as Boethius' *Consolatio* or Jerome's translation of the Bible. It is to be noted that the most important Roman prose writers of this period, e.g. Marcus Aurelius and Cassius Dio, elected to write in Greek.

The Late Latin poets are sometimes referred to as the "Epigoni",²¹ about whom Auden wrote an amusing poem:

To their credit, a reader will only perceive
That the language they loved was coming to grief,
Expiring in preposterous mechanical tricks,
Epanaleptics, rhopalics, anacyclic acrostics...²²

Auden no doubt intended said poem as food for thought for the poetry of our own age; but such thoughts are the substance of the next subsection.

3.5. The Future of English Poetry. We've already been over how the Golden Age of English Poetry was born, blossomed and died. Naturally, it was followed by a (brief) Silver Age. This period was dominated, this side of the Atlantic, by a celebrated triumvirate – Philip Larkin, Ted Hughes and Thom Gunn – and, on the other, by Robert Lowell and John Berryman. Lowell and Berryman died in the seventies, Larkin in the eighties; Ted Hughes died in 1998, with whom the Silver Age comes to a close. Thus the period of English literature in which poetry is currently being written could be referred to as "Late".

If the English language continues to trace the same trajectory as Latin, we have every reason to be pessimistic regarding the decades, and indeed the centuries, to come. A handful of interesting poems will be written, a few diverting pieces, but nothing indispensable to the language itself. In the same way, Boethius' *Consolatio* is a well-made book, its poetry not without beauty; but schoolchildren learn Virgil, not Boethius, and a complete understanding of Classical Latin could be put together without that voice.

Thus we can conclude that now, at the close of the Silver Age, is an appropriate time to close the canon of English poetry. And thus we have our next Rule:

¹⁹And in fact the Empire only reached its greatest territorial extent over a century later.

²⁰Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι ("Works and Days"), lines 109–201.

²¹That is, *offspring*.

²²From 'The Epigoni', *Homage to Clio*.

Rule 5. *Crème de la crème*

Only poetry written in Good-English ought to be considered for the *Almanack*.

4. The Calendars of Man

One reads in the first chapter of Genesis:

And God said, ‘Let there be lights in the firmament of the heavens to separate the day from the night; and let them be for signs and for seasons and for days and years...’²³

The Scriptures are apt, for the calendars of man have depended almost exclusively on the habits of two heavenly bodies: the sun and the moon. One might say that the history of mankind’s calendars is a battle between these two bodies for supremacy.

The general trend of this history is a movement away from the moon and towards the sun. In primitive times, the moon’s cycle of twenty-odd days was easily observed, and must have provided a convenient frame of reference for identifying a particular day. The precise day on which a solstice or equinox falls, on the other hand, is much less obvious. However, as convenient as the patterns of the moon might be for an ancient astronomer, their effect on human life is negligible in comparison with the undulations of the sun, particularly at higher latitudes. Thus the vast majority of civilisations begin following a lunar calendar, and then, as scientific knowledge increases, a solar calendar is adopted.

The quintessential example of this process is the Roman calendar. It may well be that the earliest Roman calendars were purely lunar like the Islamic calendar; the Almanckist knows of no compelling evidence either way. In any case, by the time of the late Republic an awkward lunisolar compromise had been reached, wherein a year consisted of the familiar twelve months of our own calendar – these being defined by the phases of the moon – with an additional “intercalary” month being inserted half way through February at the discretion of the College of Pontiffs in order to keep the calendar year from getting too out of kilter with the sun. Such a tortuous calendar might have been feasible in the life of a city-state, but it proved to be a nightmare for the peoples of an intercontinental empire; it would take many weeks for the decisions of the College to be fully disseminated, leaving the provinces thoroughly confused regarding the correct date.²⁴

In 46 BC, Julius Caesar decided that enough was enough, and, like his role-model Alexander, cut the Gordian Knot. Appointing himself *dictator perpetuo*,²⁵ he abolished the old calendar, replacing it with a new one which drew on the best practices of the peoples of the ancient world: the Egyptian custom of deriving the calendar purely from the sun, the Greek insight that the length of a solar year was

²³Verse 14.

²⁴Furthermore, the intrinsic flaws of the old calendar were exacerbated by the College’s tendency to lengthen or shorten the year according to political, and not astronomical, considerations.

²⁵Actually, although he was already dictator, Caesar was only awarded the title *dictator perpetuo* sometime after the adoption of the new calendar. But the spirit, if not quite the letter, of what the Almanckist has written is correct.

very close to $365\frac{1}{4}$ days long, and the old Roman names. This calendar, with only the slightest of tinkering, has gone on to be adopted by the whole world.²⁶

²⁶This potted history of the Julian Calendar is drawn largely from Plutarch's life of Caesar in *Parallel Lives*.

Principles of the *Almanack*

1. The Cyprian Calendar

The Cyprian Calendar is a reconstruction of the Roman lunisolar calendar which preceded the Julian Calendar. It consists of thirteen months:

Primilis	(Thirty days)
Sectilis	(Twenty-nine days)
Tertilis	(Thirty days)
Quartilis	(Twenty-nine days)
Quintilis	(Thirty days)
Sextilis	(Twenty-nine days)
September	(Thirty days)
October	(Twenty-nine days)
November	(Thirty days)
December	(Twenty-nine days)
Unodecember	(Thirty days)
Duodecember	(Twenty-nine or thirty days)
Intercalaris	(Adjusted)

The first day of each year, I Pri, i.e. the first day of Primilis, is defined as beginning at sunset preceding the night of the new moon following the spring equinox. Each subsequent day begins at the following sunset. The length of Intercalaris is adjusted each year to ensure that the next I Pri falls on the correct day.

The “King of Cyprus”¹ determines when I Pri ought to fall. Years are lettered according to the reign of the current King of Cyprus. Thus the first year of Thomas, the Almanackist’s own name, is \mathfrak{T}_1 , the second of the same, \mathfrak{T}_2 , etc. If there was a King of Cyprus called John, the first year of his reign would be lettered \mathfrak{J}_1 ; if Timothy, then \mathfrak{T}_1 . If there was a second King of Cyprus called Thomas, he would be known as Thomas II, and the first year of his reign would be lettered $\mathfrak{T}_1^{\text{II}}$.

Now in the two thousand and fourteenth year of the New Style, the vernal equinox occurred at three minutes to five in the afternoon of the twentieth day of March, i.e. 20 Mar 2014 (NS), and the subsequent new moon and sunset occurred at 1948 30 Mar and 1932 31 Mar respectively. Thus Year \mathfrak{T}_1 of the Cyprian Calendar began at sunset on that day, i.e.

$$\text{I Pri } \mathfrak{T}_1 \begin{cases} \text{began at sunset on 31 Mar 2014 (NS)} \\ \text{ended at sunset on 01 Apr 2014 (NS)} \end{cases}$$

¹The Almanackist has only picked on Cyprus because there was once a Christian noble family which legitimately claimed the title “King of Cyprus”, but the House of Lusignan has since died out.

Thus it can be calculated that the Cyprian Calendar will follow the Hebrew Calendar until at least 2114 (NS), by which time the Almanackist will have occupied his grave a good few years. The Cyprian date of any given day can be calculated using the number of the Hebrew date of that day, and using the following table to convert the month:

Primilis	= Nisan
Sectilis	= Iyar
Tertilis	= Sivan
Quartilis	= Tammuz
Quintilis	= Av
Sextilis	= Elul
September	= Tishrei
October	= Cheshvan
November	= Kislev
December	= Tevet
Unodecember	= Shevat
Duodecember	= Adar <i>or</i> Adar'
Intercalaris	= Adar''

2. Its Structure

The structure of the *Almanack* is the structure of the aforementioned Cyprian Calendar. Now the months are grouped together in accordance with Hippocrates'² notion of the four humours, which, although repudiated from a scientific point of view, retains, the Almanackist believes, a certain insight into the psychology of man. The table on the next page ought to make things clear.

Month	Humour	Mood
Primilis	Yellow bile	Pride, ambition, energy
Sectilis		
Tertilis		
Quartilis	Blood	Joy, friendliness, warmth
Quintilis		
Sextilis		
September	Phlegm	Serenity, faith, acceptance
October		
November		
December	Black bile	Sadness, despair, compassion
Unodecember		
Duodecember		
Intercalaris	None	—

The poetry selected for a given day is to correspond to the mood of the time of year. Furthermore, there is to be a continuity of mood, so that, for example, Tertilis

²Humourism is given what is probably its first comprehensive treatment in *Περὶ Φύσεως Ανθρώπου* ("On the Nature of Man"). This treatise is traditionally attributed to Hippocrates, although Aristotle and others have disputed this attribution.

is to be characterised by energy mixed with a little warmth, whereas Quartilis is to be characterised by warmth mixed with a little energy.

Now the entry in the *Almanack* for each day shall consist of three elements:

1. A longer poem, called the *song*;
2. A shorter poem, called the *sonnet*; and,
3. A proverb.

For the sake of argument, a sonnet is defined as consisting of not more than fourteen standard lines – a standard line being a line of iambic pentameter³ – whereas a song is anything longer.

3. The Selection of Its Contents

3.1. Essay on Criticism. It's a shame that his poetry belongs to the second, and not quite the first, rank of English poetry; for the Almanackist has a great deal of affection for Basil Bunting. Both spent a brief period at a certain Quaker school in the West Riding of Yorkshire⁴ which nevertheless made a permanent and kindly impression on their approaches to literature. Bunting's short essay, 'The Poet's Point of View', expresses such a wise and truthful perspective on literary criticism that it's worthy of extensive quotation:

Poetry, like music, is to be heard. It deals in sound – long sounds and short sounds, heavy beats and light beats, the tone relations of vowels, the relations of consonants to one another which are like instrumental colour in music. Poetry lies dead on the page, until some voice brings it to life, just as music, on the stave, is no more than instructions to the player. A skilled musician can imagine the sound, more or less, and a skilled reader can try to hear, mentally, what his eyes see in print: but nothing will satisfy either of them till his ears hear it as real sound in the air. Poetry must be read aloud.

Reading in silence is the source of half the misconceptions that have caused the public to mistrust poetry. Without the sound, the reader looks at the lines as he looks at prose, seeking a meaning. Prose exists to convey meaning, and no meaning such as prose conveys can be expressed as well in poetry. That is not poetry's business.

Poetry is seeking to create, not meaning, but beauty; or if you insist on misusing words, its "meaning" is of another kind, and lies in the relation to one another of lines and patterns of sound, perhaps harmonious, perhaps contrasting and clashing, which the hearer feels rather than understands, lines of sound drawn in the air which stir deep emotions which may not even have a name in prose. This needs no explaining to an audience which gets its poetry by ear. It has neither time nor inclination to seek a prose meaning in poetry.

Very few artists have clear, analytical minds. They do what they do because they must. Some think about it afterwards in a muddled way and try unskilfully to reason about their art. Thus theories are produced which mislead critics and tyros, and sometimes disfigure the work of artists who try to carry out their own theories.

There is no need of any theory for that which gives pleasure through the ear, music or poetry. The theoreticians will follow the artist and fail to explain him.

³Iambic pentameter being the metre in which the vast majority of Shakespeare's works are written. E.g. 'Now is the winter of our discontent' would be a standard line.

⁴That is, Ackworth School.

Bunting then goes on to say certain things with which the Almanackist cannot agree, and so let's skip ahead to where the two are next of one mind:⁵

Do not let the people who set examinations kid you that you are any nearer to understanding a poem when you have parsed and analysed every sentence, scanned every line, looked up the words in the Oxford Dictionary and the allusions in a library of reference books. That sort of knowledge will make it harder to understand the poem because, when you listen to it, you will be distracted by a multitude of irrelevant scraps of knowledge. You will not hear the meaning, which is in the sound.

All the arts are plagued by charlatans seeking money, or fame, or just an excuse to idle. The less the public understands the art, the easier it is for charlatans to flourish. Since poetry reading became popular, they have found a new field, and it is not easy for an outsider to distinguish a fraud from a poet. But it is a little less difficult when poetry is read aloud. Claptrap work soon bores. Threadbare work soon sounds thin and broken backed.

There were mountebanks at the first Albert Hall meeting, as well as a poet or two, but the worst, most insidious charlatans fill chairs and fellowships at universities, write for the weeklies or work for the BBC or the British Council or some other asylum for obsequious idlers. In the eighteenth century it was the church. If these men had to read aloud in public, their empty lines, without resonance, would soon give them away.

Being Bunting's disciple, the Almanackist must insist that the *Sitz im Leben*⁶ for which this *Almanack* was devised is that the song for a given day should be read aloud – or, where a tune is indicated, sung – in front of a small group of people as a kind of grace before the main meal of the day. (The other material for that day may be read out at some other time.) Hopefully this will allow the poems to be shown off in the best light.

3.2. Permanence. Of all the definitions of a poem that the Almanackist has come across, the most convincing is, 'A linguistic device for making itself remembered.' Thus we have our next Rule:

Rule 1. Permanence

When selecting poetry for the *Almanack*, the primary test for discerning the best poetry is its persistence in the reader's memory.

3.3. Sources. The Almanackist has endeavoured to only use as sources for the *Almanack* those books which have earned the lasting affection of the British nation – e.g. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, the King James Bible, Shakespeare's *Complete Works*, etc – and only, as a last resort, to use less cherished texts.

I've taken the liberty of amending those passages which seemed to cry out for as much. For example, in 1 Corinthians 13 I've substituted *love* where the KJV puts 'charity'. All such amendments are indicated in the footnotes. I've also converted certain unfamiliar proper nouns into more familiar forms. For example, I've substituted *Lebanon* for the BCP's 'Libanus'. In all the amendments I've made,

⁵But for anyone who wishes to read the unexpurgated version of his essay, it can be found in the Bloodaxe Books edition of *Briggflatts* (2009).

⁶That is, *situation in life*.

I've tried to change the original texts as little as possible, only correcting what seemed to be the most egregious faults.

3.4. Religion. Religious poetry of course makes up a sizable portion of the best English literature, but the Almanackist has wished to avoid his work becoming the property of any particular faith. The Almanackist distinguishes between Natural Religion and Revealed Religion; the former arises from the *Urmonotheismus*⁷ which all cultures and times have in common, whereas the latter claims a special knowledge of the divine.

The Almanackist has judged that poetry expressing Natural Religion is to be considered for the *Almanack*, but poetry expressing Revealed Religion is not. This is not to denigrate Revealed Religion, but rather to recognise that great literature concerns the whole world, and not any sect in particular. So we have another Rule:

Rule 2. *Urmonotheismus*

Poetry expressing Natural Religion is to be considered for the *Almanack*, but poetry expressing Revealed Religion is not.

4. Orthography & Typography

4.1. Orthography. In accordance with Rule 1, the spellings followed in the *Almanack* are those of Johnson's *Dictionary*, except where so doing would obviously be barbarous.

This involves, most notably, modifying some of the poems of Robert Burns as they are commonly received. Thus 'auld' becomes 'old' and 'pou'd' becomes 'pu'd', whereas 'tak' stays 'tak' and 'fiere' stays 'fiere'; in the former case, the only divergence from Johnson's spelling is a matter of apostrophes, which are allowed, and, in the latter, 'fiere' is sufficiently different from its Johnsonian equivalent *friend* to count as another word.

None of this has anything to do with belittling the Scots (or any other people); Burns is treated in exactly the same way as Barnes.⁸ Thus we have our last Rule:

Rule 3. Burns & Barnes

The spellings of the *Almanack* are to follow Johnson's *Dictionary*, except in those cases where so doing would clearly inflict violence on the text, i.e. where the spelling is so different that a different word has effectively been formed.

Where the spelling has been altered in the transmission of a text from the source to the *Almanack*, a zeta (ζ) is to be placed in the footnotes for that poem or proverb. If two or more words are altered in a single poem, a xi (ξ) is to be inserted.

⁷This term was coined by anthropologist Wilhelm Schmidt in his twelve volume masterpiece, *Der Ursprung der Gottesidee* ("The Origin of the Idea of God") wherein he concludes that belief in one almighty Sky-Father is intrinsic to human life.

⁸William Barnes was an English poet who wrote in the Dorset dialect.

If a word not found in Johnson's *Dictionary* is present in a text, a dagger (†) is to be placed in the footnotes, with a corresponding entry in the 'Supplement to Johnson's *Dictionary*' found in the back matter of the *Almanack*. If two or more such words are to be found in a single poem, a double dagger (‡) is to be inserted.

The reader will notice that the Almanackist prefers Johnson's *almanack* to the OED's *almanac*, but, otherwise, the spelling in the introductory front matter of the *Almanack* is to follow the OED.

4.2. Typography. The Almanackist has elected to adopt the following conventions in the poetry of the *Almanack*:

- Capitalisation is to be according to the Italian style, i.e. *october* rather than *October*, *english* rather than *English*; but *Matthew*, *Mark* and *England* remain as they are.
- The names of people are to be printed in *italics*.
- The names of places are to be printed in small capitals.
- Names which, in prose, would be printed in italics (such as the names of books) are to be printed in **Old English**.
- Except where it joins two clauses or begins a line or sentence, or where an especially loose or discordant union is indicated, the word *and* is to be replaced with *&*.

Changes to punctuation, except where such a change would alter the meaning of the text, are to pass unremarked.

The tetragrammaton, where it appears in the King James Version of the Holy Bible, I have generally rendered as **YHWH**. This follows a precedent set by the Septuagint, the Vulgate and, indeed, the King James Version itself. Unfortunately, the authors of the Old Testament were wont to use a construction which, translated literally, would be rendered as *the Lord YHWH*. If we were to follow the same rule here as before, we would be left with *the Lord YHWH*, which is gratuitously ugly. In such cases, I have followed the King James Version, and rendered the tetragrammaton as **GOB**. The tetragrammaton also appears in the *Book of Common Prayer*'s translation of the Psalms. However, this translation was made according to a different set of rules than the King James Version's strict word-for-word translation philosophy, and, in any case, the tetragrammaton is not marked in any special way in the original text.

Words attributed to Christ himself in any of the four gospels are printed in **red**.

5. Ecclesiastes and the Song of Songs

The Almanackist has also included a translation⁹ of Ecclesiastes and the Song of Songs. These two marvellous little books are to be read on a shorter cycle than the rest of the *Almanack*, as explained in the following table:

For Ecclesiastes: in months of twenty-nine days, the thirtieth division is to be omitted.

For the Song of Songs: Each Cyprian month is split into four Cyprian weeks, i.e. from the first day to the seventh day, the first week; from the eighth day to the

⁹This is generally the King James Version, but the text has been amended to conform with either the Revised Version or Revised Standard Version where one of those two versions gave a more plausible or more beautiful reading. Any verse which has been amended in this way is marked with a printer's fist (✿) in the margin.

Table. Reading Cycles for Ecclesiastes and the Song of Songs

Book	Divisions	To be read every...
Ecclesiastes	30	Cyprian month
Song of Songs	8	Cyprian week

fourteenth day, the second week; from the fifteenth day to the twenty-first day, the third week; from the twenty-second day to the end of the month, the fourth and final week. The eighth division is only to read during the last week of each Cyprian month. In months of thirty days, i.e. when the last week of the month contains nine days, silent reflection is to be allotted on the ninth day where a portion of the Song of Solomon would otherwise be read.

Future Drafts of the *Almanack*

1. Anticipated Changes

In this third draft, it's only been possible to consult:

- (1) Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*,
- (2) The King James Version of the Holy Bible and the *Book of Common Prayer*,
- (3) *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*, and
- (4) *The Tempest* from Shakespeare's *Complete Works*.¹

So far, as the reader can see, the sources have only yielded enough material to fill five months entirely, rather than a whole year of poems and proverbs. For the fourth draft, I intend to collect poems until absolutely all of the gaps can be filled.

In terms of the aforementioned gaps, I calculate that I need to acquire the following:

Table. Songs, Sonnets and Proverbs Outstanding (A)

Month	Songs	Sonnets	Proverbs
Primilis	0	0	0
Sectilis	25	25	25
Tertilis	28	28	28
Quartilis	28	28	28
Quintilis	0	0	0
Sextilis	28	28	28
September	0	0	0
October	0	0	0
November	30	30	30
December	25	25	25
Unodecember	27	27	27
Duodecember	0	0	0

To put this information another way, I require:

¹This is a list of the “big” publications consulted. For a list of *every* source, please see the “Sources” chapter at the end of this book.

Table. Songs, Sonnets and Proverbs Outstanding (B)

Humour	Songs	Sonnets	Proverbs
Choleric	53	53	53
Sanguine	0	56	56
Phlegmatic	30	30	30
Melancholy	52	52	52

And also 56 folk songs, for Quartilis and Sextilis.

2. Procedure for Making Suggestions to the Almanackist

To whichever hands this book should fall into: please feel free to contact the Almanackist with any general comments or suggestions for the inclusion of a particular poem or song. He can be reached at tomdothosker@gmail.com.

All enquiries will be read sympathetically.

3. Final Exhortation

This life is very short, but nonetheless ‘is attended with so many evils’.² The Almanackist’s hope was, in giving the reader regular and easy exposure to the best of English literature, to help him ‘better to enjoy life, or better to endure it.’³ Or, as the Very Reverend Dr Donne put it:

Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where, with thy choir of saints for evermore,
I shall be made thy music; as I come
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before.⁴

The same score he has in his hand now will be yours and mine soon enough.

²Bunyan, *Pilgrim’s Progress*.

³Dr Johnson, in a review of Soame Jenyns’ *Free Enquiry into the Nature of the Origin of Good and Evil*.

⁴Hymn to God, My God, in My Sickness’, *Poetical Works*, Ed. by Prof. Sir Herbert Grierson.

Part 2

The *Almanack* Proper

Primilis

Dark though the sky may be as storms pass and whiten the ground with falls of snow, there can be no doubt as Primilis moves forward that growth is beginning to gain a vast and increasing momentum urged on by the mounting sun.

It is in the woods that we see most signs of this. The canopy of branches traps radiation of the accumulated day's heat from the earth during cold, clear nights, so that the woodland soil becomes warm earlier than that in the open. Most of the woodland herbs, too, have to get their flowering finished before the leafing of the trees cuts the sunshine off from the forest floor. This is so with both Wordsworth's lesser celandine and wood anemone, which both flower freely and carpet open woods.

Our wood anemone is found growing over a wide area of the northern hemisphere. It is surely one of our loveliest flowers, formed from a ring of large sepals which are coloured by many shades, from white to pinks and blues, instead of the usual green. Another very common plant which breaks away from both the usual yellows and blues of early spring and the habit of early leafing is dog's mercury – though the greenish flower-spikes look more leaf-like than floral. The god Mercury discovered its medicinal properties which mortals have now long forgotten. This abundant but uninteresting-looking herb is related to our own spurge, and the weird euphorbias of other lands. Another striking exception to our spring rules is toothwort, which may now be found in flower under hazel trees, upon whose roots it lives. This obviates the need to grow its own green leaves. The flowers, in a heavy architecturally-designed spike, are a strange colour, usually described, not very accurately, as “flesh”. They soon turn a sombre, purplish brown, and are handsome decorations. Another architectural beauty flowers too, the striking hellebore or setterwort, another all-green plant.

Many trees, mostly catkin-bearers, flower now. Unlike most herbs they do so before their leaves appear, on bare twigs. In the woods wych-elm, and in the hedgerows field-elm, will probably still be flowering. Their large-winged green fruit develop in a matter of days as soon as fertilisation has taken place. In some years this makes the elms look prematurely-leaved. Jolliest of all are several kinds of shrubby osiers, willows, or sallows. The male bushes bear golden, pollen-bearing catkins, and the female more modest silvery ones: golden palm and (the unfortunately-named) pussy-willow. Both are covered with bees on mild days.

The alder, too, is profusely catkined: long, pollen-bearing ones and little cone-like female flowers that become woody. In winter they open and the seed showers down and often floats to its destination. A fine old catkined alder, lit by the sun,

The prose introductions to each month, detailing the flora and fauna one would have observed in England during the age in which the poetry was written, are taken from Miles Hadfield's excellent and learned *English Almanac*, with a handful of amendments and excisions.

overhanging a dark pool, is a lovely sight in its subtle colourings of grey and pinkish browns.

Other trees bearing catkins now are our little native poplar, the aspen, larches – celebrated by Tennyson, abhorred by Wordsworth – and, where it grows in the eastern counties, hornbeam, which looks rather odd, rather like a betasselled beech. Other poplars are also flowering. Undoubtedly the most handsome is our native black – called birch-leaved – poplar in its male form. This tree was once much planted along streams in flat park-land. Its heavy, black, open branches become covered with long crimson tassels. It is a brilliant and rather uncommon sight. Old trees grow top-heavy, and the branches fall apart and break up. They are removed eventually by energetic clearers of watercourses, and nobody thinks to replant them; they are quite useless trees, only beautiful.

In the hedgerows blackthorn will be showing very white against the dark plough, and in orchards, damson: early to flower and late to fruit.

So much for the trees. Of herbs in open places the coltsfoot will still be prominent, while dandelions and daisies are opening their long season. Stream and marsh flowers are mostly late bloomers, but surprisingly the marsh marigold starts now.

You may find other flowers, especially if the season has been mild. Those irrepressibles, chickweed and groundsel, are sure to be busy; ground-ivy – pretty general – a few dog violets, and wild pansies; the smaller speedwells and white deadnettle are sure to be found.

Suburbia becomes jolly. Crocuses, purple, white and orange, cover the ground. They are joined by the clear pink blossoms on the angular, open-branched almond tree. This was brought here, probably from Algeria, early in the sixteenth century; it has not become naturalised and would soon disappear if it were not continually propagated and planted by gardeners.

So much for some of the more obvious excitements that greet the botanist. Bird-watchers are kept equally busy. Robins, blackbirds, hedge-sparrows and thrushes are busy nesting. Blackbirds and chaffinches are two of the many birds now coming into full song. The great drumming contest gets well underway. It is, of course, between the supporters of different theories explaining the peculiar mechanical-sounding noises made by the greater spotted woodpecker as he clings to a tree and the snipe as he swoops through the air.

Migration becomes an important object of study as the spring movements of birds increase. Most welcome are our own early arrivals, such as the wheatear. Some places will see chaff-chaffs at the end of the month, and rather fewer flocks of yellow wagtails. Possible arrivals are willow-wrens and sand-martins. Aristocratic geese and many of the ducks leave us; redwing and brambling move to the north. Puffins cease their wanderings and collect in crowds at their breeding places. At this season of the year they grow their fancy noses, which disappear in the autumn. Most seaside visitors imagine this decoration to be permanent.

The lighter sleepers awake. Fine days bring out queen wasps. The boom of a queen bumble-bee as she starts her energetic year will take the mind forward to hot summer afternoons when the only sound seems to be a murmur of bees' wings. Honey-bees are, of course, out on every fine day searching crocus and shallows.

Both kinds of squirrel will be finishing their nests – or “dreys” – builing in the tops of trees. Badgers are spring-cleaning, turning out the bedding that has kept

them warm during the winter and preparing new chambers in their deep sets, which they line with fern and grass ready to receive a new generation of “earth pigs”.

Most kinds of bat leave their belfries and crevices and take a flight soo after the middle of the month. Lizards awake from their sound sleep and pair. Grass snakes may be out on a fine day. Toads will start their wanderings, and the more active frog may already have started breeding and spawning.

This is the time for hares to go mad. The buck cavorts and plays wild antics as he pursues the doe. The urge of spring makes the peaceful mole ferocious and quarrelsome. Both he and the little shrew will now fight their own kind to the death.

This is also the time for cubs to be born to foxes and whelps to otters. The stags of red deer drop their antlers.

In the fish world miller’s-thumb, perch and pike are spawning, the earliest fish to do so.

A small tortoise-shell butterfly, distracting the attention of the congregation as it flaps in the sunshine on a church window, is often the first reminder of the year that the supremacy of drab moths has ended. The husbands of those apertous, crawling females are soon forgotten when we see the first tortoise-shells, brimstones and peacocks, three butterflies that hibernate so that they can begin the breeding season early. A few cabbage whites usually appear, as well as some slightly jollier moths, such as the yellow underwing. Manuals inform collectors that towards the end of the month they may start sugaring and visiting catkined sallows with a lantern, but warn them that their yields may be meagre. On the other hand, hibernating larvae are getting active, and butterfly breeders may find a good number of caterpillars.

I.

I.1.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;

I.1 ‘Ode on a Grecian Urn’, John Keats (1795 – 1821), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal yet, do not grieve;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs, that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 For ever panting, and for ever young;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
 What little town by river or sea shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity: cold pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty – that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'

I.2.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states & kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to *Apollo* hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed *Homer* ruled as his demesne,
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard *Chapman* speak out loud & bold.

I.2 'On First Looking into Chapman's Homer', John Keats (1795 – 1821), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout *Cortez*, when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific – and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise –
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

I.3.

Let the dead bury their dead.

II.

II.1.

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Matched with an aged wife, I mete & dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard & sleep & feed, and know not me.
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
 Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone, on shore, and when
 Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vexed the dim sea: I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honoured of them all;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
 Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
 For ever & forever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
 As though to breathe were life! Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains: but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store & hoard myself,
 And this grey spirit yearning in desire

I.3 Matthew 8.22, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

II.1 'Ulysses', Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The last line of this poem is inscribed on the cross on Observation Hill in the Antarctic, which serves as a memorial to Captain Robert Scott.

To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own *Telemachus*,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle –
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful & the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled & wrought & thought with me –
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder & the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads – you & I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great *Achilles*, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth & heaven, that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

II.2.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

II.2 'The Eagle', Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stall-worthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
 He watches from his mountain walls,
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

II.3.

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine.

III.

III.1.

Half a league, $\frac{1}{2}$ a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of death
 Rode the 600.
 'Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!' he said:
 Into the valley of death
 Rode the 600.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
 Was there a man dismayed?
 Not though the soldier knew
 Someone had blundered.
 Theirs not to make reply;
 Theirs not to reason why;
 Theirs but to do & die:
 Into the valley of death
 Rode the 600.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed & thundered;
 Stormed at with shot & shell,
 Boldly they rode and well;
 Into the jaws of death,
 Into the mouth of hell
 Rode the 600.

Flashed all their sabres bare;
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while

II.3 Matthew 7.6, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

III.1 'The Charge of the Light Brigade', Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The poem relates the famous and, as Lord Tennyson does his best to gloss over, clearly idiotic British cavalry charge at the Battle of Balaclava in 1854.

All the world wondered:
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right through the line they broke;
 Cossack & russian
 Reeled from the sabre stroke
 Shattered & sundered.
 Then they rode back, but not
 Not the 600.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed & thundered;
 Stormed at with shot & shell,
 While horse & hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of death
 Back from the mouth of hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of 600.

When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honour the charge they made,
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble 600.

III.2.

All night, and as the wind lieth among
 The cypress trees, he lay,
 Nor held me save as air that brusheth by one
 Close, and as the petals of flowers in falling
 Waver and seem not drawn to earth, so he
 Seemed over me to hover light as leaves
 And closer me than air,
 And music flowing through me seemed to open
 Mine eyes upon new colours.
 O winds, what wind can match the weight of him?

III.3.

The tree is known by his fruit.

III.2 'Speech for Psyche in the Golden Book of Apuleius', Ezra Pound (1885 – 1972), Schmidt,
The Great Modern Poets.

III.3 Matthew 12.33, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

IV.

IV.1.

Come live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills & valleys, dale & field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
 With coral clasps & amber studs:
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come live with me and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
 As precious as the gods do eat,
 Shall on an ivory table be
 Prepared each day for thee & me.

The shepherd swains shall dance & sing
 For thy delight each may-morning:
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my love.

IV.2.

Nymphs & shepherds, dance no more
 By sandy Ladon's liliated banks.
 On old Lycaeus or Cyllene hoar,
 Trip no more in twilight ranks;
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
 A better soil shall give ye thanks.
 From the stony Maenalus,
 Bring your flocks, and live with us;

IV.1 'The Passionate Shepherd to His Love', Christopher Marlowe (1564 – 1593), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote a poem in which the beloved replies.

IV.2 John Milton (1608 – 1674), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. This song concludes Milton's masque *Arcades*.

Here ye shall have greater grace
 To serve the lady of this place.
 Though syrinx your *Pan*'s mistress were,
 Yet syrinx well might wait on her.
 Such a rural queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

IV.3.

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

V.

V.1.

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow;
 Though thou be black as night,
 And she made all of light,
 Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow.

Follow her whose light thy light depriveth;
 Though here thou liv'st disgraced,
 And she in heaven is placed,
 Yet follow her who light the world reviveth.

Follow those pure beams whose beauty burneth,
 That so have scorched thee,
 That thou still black must be,
 Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her while yet her glory shineth;
 There comes a luckless night,
 That will dim all her light;
 And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still since so thy fates ordained;
 The sun must have his shade,
 Till both at once do fade:
 The sun still proved, the shadow still disdained.

IV.3 Matthew 6.21, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

V.1 Dr Thomas Campion (1567 – 1620), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Prof Auden's 'O lurcher-loving collier, black as night' was clearly written in response to this poem. One can imagine P W Botha approving of these lines, but that – it hardly needs saying – is not what Dr Campion is getting at.

V.2.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of *Jove's* nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

V.3.

Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

VI.

VI.1.

Busy old fool, unruly sun,
 Why dost thou thus,
 Through windows, and through curtains, call on us?
 Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?
 Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide
 Late school boys & sour prentices;
 Go tell court huntsmen that the king will ride;
 Call country ants to harvest offices.
 Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,
 Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams, so reverend & strong
 Why shouldst thou think?
 I could eclipse & cloud them with a wink,
 But that I would not lose her sight so long;
 If her eyes have not blinded thine,
 Look, and tomorrow late, tell me,
 Whether both th' Indias of spice & mine
 Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with me.
 Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
 And thou shalt hear all here in one bed lay.

She's all states, and all princes, I;
 Nothing else is.
 Princes do but play us; compared to this,
 All honour's mimic, all wealth alchemy.

V.2 'To Celia', Ben Jonson (1572 – 1637), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*. Much of this poem is said to be drawn from antiquity, specifically a love letter by the sophist Philostratus. There is a second verse, but the Almanackist finds it much inferior to the first.

V.3 Matthew 5.41, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

VI.1 'The Sun Rising', Very Rev Dr John Donne (1572 – 1631), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Thou, sun, art $\frac{1}{2}$ as happy as we,
 In that the world's contracted thus.
 Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
 To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
 Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;
 This bed thy centre is, these walls thy sphere.

VI.2.

Cupid & my *Campaspe* played
 At cards for kisses; *Cupid* paid:
 He stakes his quiver, bow & arrows,
 His mother's doves & team of sparrows;
 Loses them too; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple on his chin;
 All these did my *Campaspe* win:
 And last he set her both his eyes –
 She won, and *Cupid* blind did rise.
 O love! has she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas! become of me?

VI.3.

In vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird.

VII.

VII.1.

Come, madam, come; all rest my powers defy.
 Until I labour, I in labour lie.
 The foe oft-times having the foe in sight,
 Is tired with standing though he never fight.
 Off with that girdle, like heaven's zone glistening,
 But a far fairer world encompassing.
 Unpin that spangled breastplate that you wear,
 That th'eyes of busy fools may be stopped there.
 Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime
 Tells me from you that now it is bed-time.

VI.2 John Lyly (1553 – 1606), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

VI.3 Proverbs 1.17, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

VII.1 'To His Mistress Going to Bed', Elegy XIX, Very Rev Dr John Donne (1572 – 1631), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. ¶17. Other sources put 'softly' instead of 'safely'. ¶20. Other sources put 'revealed to' instead of 'received by'. ¶24. Be sure not to miss the rather crude, though rather good, joke for which, one presumes, this poem was censored from the 1633 *Poems*. ¶38. Other sources put 'court' instead of covet. ¶41. Other sources put 'bodies' instead of 'books'. ¶46. Other sources put 'Here is no penance much less innocence' instead of 'There is no penance due to innocence'.

Off with that happy busk, which I envy,
 That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
 Your gown going off, such beauteous state reveals,
 As when from flowery meads th'hill's shadow steals.
 Off with that wiry coronet and show
 The hairy diadem which on you doth grow:
 Now off with those shoes, and then safely tread
 In this love's hallowed temple, this soft bed.
 In such white robes, heaven's angels used to be
 Received by men: thou, angel, bring'st with thee
 A heaven like *Mahomet's* paradise; and though
 Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know
 By this these angels from an evil sprite:
 Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.

License my roving hands, and let them go
 Before, behind, between, above, below.
 O my America, my new-found land,
 My kingdom, safeliest when with one man manned,
 My mine of precious stones, my empery,
 How blessed am I in this discovering thee!
 To enter in these bonds is to be free;
 Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.

Full nakedness, all joys are due to thee;
 As souls unbodied, bodies unclothed must be
 To taste whole joys. Gems which you women use
 Are like *Atlanta's* balls, cast in men's views,
 That when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem,
 His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them:
 Like pictures, or like books' gay coverings made
 For laymen, are all women thus arrayed.
 Themselves are mystic books, which only we
 (Whom their imputed grace will dignify)
 Must see revealed. Then, since that I may know,
 As liberally as to a midwife show
 Thyself. Cast all, yea, this white linen hence;
 There is no penance due to innocence.

To teach thee, I am naked first. Why than
 What needst thou have more covering than a man?

VII.2.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old time is still a-flying;

VII.2 'Counsel to Girls', The Rev Robert Herrick (1591 – 1633), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*. 'Counsel to Girls' seems to be Palgrave's bowdlerisation; the original title was 'To the Virgins, to make much of Time' – the premise of a joke in *The Dead Poets Society*.

And this same flower that smiles today,
 Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heav'n, the sun,
 The higher he's a-getting
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
 When youth & blood are warmer;
 But being spent, the worse, & worst
 Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
 And while ye may, go marry:
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

VII.3.

Let us eat and drink; for to morrow we shall die.

VIII.

VIII.1.

I did not live until this time
 Crowned my felicity,
 When I could say without a crime,
 I was not thine, but thee.

This carcass breathed, and walked, and slept,
 So that the world believed
 There was a soul the motions kept;
 But they were all deceived.

For as a watch by art is wound
 To motion, such was mine:
 But never had *Orinda* found
 A soul till she found thine;

Which now inspires, cures and supplies,
 And guides my darkened breast:
 For thou art all that I can prize,
 My joy, my life, my rest.

VII.3 Isaiah 22.13, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

VIII.1 'To my excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship', Mrs Katherine Philips (1632 – 1664), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The Lucasia in question was a certain Anne Owens. Orinda seems to have been the poetess's name for herself.

No bridegroom's nor crown-conqueror's mirth
 To mine compared can be:
 They have but pieces of the earth;
 I've all the world in thee.

Then let our flames still light & shine,
 And no false fear control,
 As innocent as our design,
 Immortal as our soul.

VIII.2.

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time & me
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet & fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired:
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee:
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet & fair!

VIII.3.

My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins.

IX.

IX.1.

VIII.2 Edmund Waller (1606 – 1687), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

VIII.3 1 Kings 12.10, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

IX.1 'To the Fair Clarinda, Who Made Love to Me, Imagined More than Woman', Mrs Aphra Behn (1640 – 1689), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The last line is perhaps a reference to the deity Hermaphroditus.

Fair lovely maid, or if that title be
 Too weak, too feminine for nobler thee,
 Permit a name that more approaches truth:
 And let me call thee lovely charming youth.
 This last will justify my soft complaint,
 While that may serve to lessen my constraint;
 And without blushes I the youth pursue,
 When so much beauteous woman is in view.
 Against thy charms we struggle but in vain
 With thy deluding form thou giv'st us pain,
 While the bright nymph betrays us to the swain.
 In pity to our sex sure thou wert sent,
 That we might love, and yet be innocent:
 For sure no crime with thee we can commit;
 Or if we should – thy form excuses it.
 For who, that gathers fairest flowers believes
 A snake lies hid beneath the fragrant leaves.

Thou beauteous wonder of a different kind,
 Soft *Chloris* with the dear *Alexis* joined;
 When e'er the manly part of thee, would plead
 Thou tempts us with the image of the maid,
 While we the noblest passions do extend
 The love to *Hermes*, *Aphrodite* the friend.

IX.2.

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
 Conveys it in a borrowed name;
Euphalia serves to grace my measure,
 But *Cloe* is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
 Upon *Euphalia*'s dresser lay;
 When *Cloe* noted her desire
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
 But with my numbers mix my sighs;
 And whilst I sing *Euphalia*'s praise,
 I fix my soul on *Cloe*'s eyes.

Fair *Cloe* blushed; *Euphalia* frowned;
 I sung & gazed; I played and trembled;
 And *Venus* to the Loves around
 Remarked how ill we all dissembled.

IX.2 R 'An Ode', Matthew Prior (1664 – 1721), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. ¶6. Where the Almanackist has put 'dresser', the original reads 'toilet', a word which, these days, unfortunately has less pleasant associations. ¶15. The 'Loves' in this context are the three Graces of Graeco-Roman mythology.

IX.3.

Now is the accepted time.

X.

X.1.

If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
 Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,
 I would not marvel that they make men bond
 By service long to purchase their good will;
 But when I see how frail those creatures are,
 I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, & how they change,
 How oft from *Phoebus* they do flee to *Pan*;
 Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range,
 These gentle birds that fly from man to man;
 Who would not scorn & shake them from the fist,
 And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list?

Yet for disport we fawn & flatter both,
 To pass the time when nothing else can please,
 And train them to our lure with subtle oath,
 Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease;
 And then we say when we their fancy try,
 To play with fools, 'O what a fool was I!'

X.2.

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
 dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn falcon, in his riding
 Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
 High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
 In his ecstasy! Then off, off forth on swing,
 As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl & gliding
 Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
 Stirred for a bird – the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty & valour & act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
 Buckle! And the fire that breaks from thee then, a 1,000,000,000
 Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!
 No wonder of it: shéer plód makes plough down sillion
 Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
 Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

IX.3 1 Corinthians 6.2, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

X.1 'A Renunciation', Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford (1550 – 1604), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*. The attribution of this poem to Lord Oxford is uncertain.

X.2 'The Windhover', Fr Gerard Hopkins (1844 – 1889), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

X.3.

The child is father of the man.

XI.**XI.1.**

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still & higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
 Thou dost float & run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth & air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not

X.3 Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This is the seventh of a nine-line poem which begins, 'My heart leaps up when I behold'.

XI.1 'To a Skylark', Percy Shelley (1792 – 1822), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes & fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers & grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-wingèd thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, & clear, & fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest: but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true & deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before & after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, & pride, & fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me $1/2$ the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

XI.2.

I have been here before,
 But when or how I cannot tell:
 I know the grass beyond the door,
 The sweet keen smell,
 The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before.
 How long ago I may not know:
 But just when at that swallow's soar
 Your neck turned so,
 Some veil did fall. I knew it all of yore.

XI.2 'Sudden Light', Gabriel Rossetti (1828 – 1882), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Has this been thus before?
 And shall not thus time's eddying flight
 Still with our lives our love restore
 In death's despite,
 And day & night yield one delight once more?

XI.3.

Where no law is, there is no transgression.

XII.

XII.1.

I believe in you, my soul. The other I am must not abase itself
 to you,
 And you must not be abased to the other.

Loaf with me on the grass; loose the stop from your throat.
 Not words, not music or rhyme I want, not custom or lecture,
 not even the best.
 Only the lull I like, the hum of your valvèd voice.

I mind how once we lay such a transparent summer morning,
 How you settled your head athwart my hips and gently turned
 over upon me,
 And parted the shirt from my bosom-bone, and plunged your
 tongue to my bare-stripped heart,
 And reached till you felt my beard, and reached till you held my
 feet.

Swiftly arose and spread around me the peace & knowledge that
 pass all the argument of the earth,
 And I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own,
 And I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own,
 And that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the
 women my sisters & lovers,
 And that a kelson of the creation is love,
 And limitless are leaves stiff or drooping in the fields,
 And brown ants in the little wells beneath them,
 And mossy scabs of the worm fence, heaped stones, elder, mullein
 & poke-weed.

XI.3 Romans 4.15, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XII.1 Walt Whitman (1819 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. These lines constitute 'Song of Myself' §5.

XII.2.

I remember rooms that have had their part
 In the steady slowing down of the heart.
 The room in Paris, the room at Geneva,
 The little damp room with the seaweed smell,
 And that ceaseless maddening sound of the tide –
 Rooms where for good or for ill – things died.
 But there is the room where we two lie dead,
 Though every morning we seem to wake and might just as well seem to
 sleep again
 As we shall somewhere in the other quieter, dustier bed
 Out there in the sun – in the rain.

XII.3.

Where there is no vision, the people perish.

XIII.**XIII.1.**

I ne'er was struck before that hour
 With love so sudden & so sweet,
 Her face it bloomed like a sweet flower
 And stole my heart away complete.
 My face turned pale as deadly pale,
 My legs refused to walk away,
 And when she looked, what could I ail?
 My life & all seemed turned to clay.

And then my blood rushed to my face
 And took my eyesight quite away,
 The trees & bushes round the place
 Seemed midnight at noonday.
 I could not see a single thing,
 Words from my eyes did start –
 They spoke as chords do from the string,
 And blood burnt round my heart.

Are flowers the winter's choice?
 Is love's bed always snow?
 She seemed to hear my silent voice,
 Not love's appeals to know.
 I never saw so sweet a face

XII.2 'Rooms', Miss Charlotte Mew (1869 – 1928), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XII.3 Proverbs 39.18, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XIII.1 'First Love', John Clare (1793 – 1864), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.
 This poem describes Clare's first meeting with Mary Joyce, the local beauty he could never possess.

As that I stood before.
My heart has left its dwelling-place
And can return no more.

XIII.2.

If he from heaven that filched the living fire
Condemned by *Jove* to endless torment be,
I greatly marvel how you still go free,
That far beyond *Prometheus* did aspire.
The fire he stole, although of heavenly kind,
Which from above he craftily did take,
Of lifeless clods, us living men to make,
He did bestow in temper of the mind.
But you broke into heaven's immortal store,
Where virtue, honour, wit, and beauty lay;
Which taking thence you have escaped away,
Yet stand as free as ere you did before;
Yet old *Prometheus* punished for his rape.
Thus poor thieves suffer while the greater 'scape.

XIII.3.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

XIV.

XIV.1.

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 & towers were girdled round;
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place, as holy & enchanted

XIII.2 Michael Drayton (1563 – 1631), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XIII.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIV.1 'Kubla Khan', Samuel Coleridge (1772 – 1834), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*. Coleridge wrote a lengthy prose introduction to this poem, wherein he describes how he was inspired by laudanum and *Purchas's Pilgrimes*, and how he was prevented from perfecting it by 'a person on business from Purlock'. Xanadu = Shangdu, summer capital of the Yuan dynasty. Kubla Khan = Kublai Khan, fifth Khagan of the Mongol Empire and first Yuan Emperor of China.

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 momentarily was forced:
 Amid whose swift $\frac{1}{2}$ intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
 And mid these dancing rocks at once & ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood & 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 voices 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 & song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
 That with music loud & 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 of paradise.

XIV.2.

 In *Aesop*'s tales an honest wretch we find,
 Whose years & comforts equally declined;
 He in two wives had two domestic ills,

XIV.2 'A Fable', Matthew Prior (1664 – 1721), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.
 Prior supplies a 'Moral' to this poem, wherein he explains that the 'honest wretch' stands for
 William III, and his two wives for the Tories and Whigs.

For different age they had, and different wills;
 One plucked his black hairs out, and one his grey;
 The man for quietness did both obey,
 Till all his parish saw his head quite bare,
 And thought he wanted brains as well as hair.

XIV.3.

A blind man's wife needs no paint.

XV.

XV.1.

My God, I heard this day
 That none doth build a stately habitation,
 But he that means to dwell therein.
 What house more stately hath there been,
 Or can be, than is man, to whose creation
 All things are in decay?

For man is every thing,
 And more: he is a tree, yet bears more fruit;
 A beast, yet is or should be more:
 Reason & speech we only bring.
 Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
 They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
 Full of proportions, one limb to another,
 And all to all the world besides:
 Each part may call the furthest brother;
 For head with foot hath private amity,
 And both with moons & tides.

Nothing hath got so far,
 But man hath caught & kept it, as his prey.
 His eyes dismount the highest star:
 He is in little all the sphere.
 Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
 Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
 The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
 Nothing we see but means our good,
 As our delight or as our treasure:

XIV.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XV.1 'Man', The Rev George Herbert (1593 – 1633), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. ¶8. Other sources put 'no fruit' instead of fruit.

The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed:
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws;
Music & light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent & being; to our mind
In their ascent & cause.

Each thing is full of duty.
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguishèd, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat;
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat?

More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of: in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale & wan.
O might love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built, O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last.
Till then, afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

XV.2.

Whoso list to hunt, I know where is an hind,
But as for me, alas, I may no more:
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore.
I am of them that farthest cometh behind.
Yet may I by no means my wearied mind
Draw from the deer: but as she fleeth afore,
Fainting I follow. I leave off therefore,
Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.
Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt,
As well as I may spend his time in vain:
And, graven with diamonds, in letters plain
There is written her fair neck round about:
Noli me tangere, for *Caesar's* I am;
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.

XV.2 Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503 – 1542), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This poem is a translation of Petrarch's *Rime* 190. The 'hind' is often said to stand for Anne Boleyn and 'Caesar' for Henry VIII. 'Noli me tangere', meaning 'Don't touch me', a phrase from the Vulgate (John 20.17).

XV.3.

A change is as good as a rest.

XVI.**XVI.1.**

Who says that fictions only & false hair
 Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?
 Is all good structure in a winding stair?
 May no lines pass, except they do their duty,
 Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it no verse, except enchanted groves
 And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spun lines?
 Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
 Must all be veiled while he that reads, divines,
 Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people; let them sing:
 Riddle who list, for me, and pull the prime:
 I envy no man's nightingale or spring;
 Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme,
 Who plainly say, 'My God, my King.'

XVI.2.

Like as a huntsman after weary chase,
 Seeing the game from him escaped away,
 Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
 With panting hounds beguiled of their prey:
 So after long pursuit & vain assay,
 When I all weary had the chase forsook,
 The gentle deer returned the selfsame way,
 Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brook.
 There she beholding me with milder look,
 Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide:
 Till I in hand her yet ¹/₂ trembling took,
 And with her own goodwill her firmly tied.
 Strange thing me seemed to see a beast so wild,
 So goodly won with her own will beguiled.

XV.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XVI.1 'Jordan (I)', The Rev George Herbert (1593 – 1633), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XVI.2 R Edmund Spenser (1552 – 1599), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This poem would seem to be a reply or epilogue to Petrarch's *Rime* 190, which was translated by Sir Thomas Wyatt into a sonnet beginning 'Whoso list to hunt'.

XVI.3.

Actions speak louder than words.

XVII.**XVII.1.**

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow;
 Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft
 To give my love good-morrow!
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
 Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
 To give my love good-morrow;
 To give my love good-morrow
 Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-red-breast,
 Sing, birds, in every furrow;
 And from each hill, let music shrill
 Give my fair love good-morrow!
 Blackbird & thrush in every bush,
 Stare, linnet, & cock-sparrow!
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
 Sing my fair love good-morrow;
 To give my love good-morrow
 Sing, birds, in every furrow!

XVII.2.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 O stay & hear! your truelove's coming
 That can sing both high & low;
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
 Journeys end in lovers meeting –
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure:
 In delay there lies no plenty –
 Then come kiss me, sweet & so,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

XVI.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XVII.1 Thomas Heywood (1572 – 1641), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

XVII.2 'Carpe Diem', William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

This song is sung by Feste in *Twelfth Night* II.3.

XVII.3.

All's fair in love and war.

XVIII.**XVIII.1.**

She walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes & starry skies,
 And all that's best of dark & bright
 Meets in her aspect & her eyes;
 Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impaired the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress
 Or softly lightens o'er her face,
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek & o'er that brow
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent –
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent.

XVIII.2.

One face looks out from all his canvases,
 One selfsame figure sits or walks or leans:
 We found her hidden just behind those screens,
 That mirror gave back all her loveliness.
 A queen in opal or in ruby dress,
 A nameless girl in freshest summer-greens,
 A saint, an angel – every canvas means
 The same one meaning, neither more or less.
 He feeds upon her face by day and night,
 And she with true kind eyes looks back on him,
 Fair as the moon and joyful as the light:
 Not wan with waiting, not with sorrow dim;
 Not as she is, but was when hope shone bright;
 Not as she is, but as she fills his dream.

XVII.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XVIII.1 'She Walks in Beauty', George Noel, 6th Baron Byron (1788 – 1824), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

XVIII.2 'In an Artist's Studio', Miss Christina Rossetti (1830 – 1894), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XVIII.3.

Appetite comes with eating.

XIX.**XIX.1.**

The assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple & gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly & chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted & pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of *Ashur* are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of *Baal*;
And the might of the gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

XIX.2.

Standing aloof in giant ignorance,
Of thee I hear and of the Cyclades,
As one who sits ashore and longs perchance
To visit dolphin-coral in deep seas.
So thou wast blind; but then the veil was rent,
For *Jove* uncurtained heaven to let thee live,
And *Neptune* made for thee a spumy tent,

XVIII.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIX.1 'The Destruction of Sennacherib', George Noel, 6th Baron Byron (1788 – 1824), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This poem relates the events described in 2 Kings 19.

XIX.2 'To Homer', John Keats (1795 – 1821), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

And *Pan* made sing for thee his forest-hive;
 Aye on the shores of darkness there is light,
 And precipices show untrodden green,
 There is a budding morrow in midnight,
 There is a triple sight in blindness keen;
 Such seeing hadst thou, as it once befell
 To *Dian*, queen of earth, and heaven, and hell.

XIX.3.

As you sow, so you reap.

XX.

XX.1.

That is no country for old men. The young
 In one another's arms, birds in the trees,
 – Those dying generations – at their song,
 The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
 Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long
 Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.
 Caught in that sensual music all neglect
 Monuments of unageing intellect.

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
 A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
 Soul clap its hands & sing, and louder sing
 For every tatter in its mortal dress,
 Nor is there singing school but studying
 Monuments of its own magnificence;
 And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
 To the holy city of Byzantium.

O sages standing in God's holy fire
 As in the gold mosaic of a wall,
 Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,
 And be the singing-masters of my soul.
 Consume my heart away; sick with desire
 And fastened to a dying animal
 It knows not what it is; and gather me
 Into the artifice of eternity.

Once out of nature I shall never take
 My bodily form from any natural thing,
 But such a form as grecian goldsmiths make
 Of hammered gold & gold enamelling

XIX.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XX.1 'Sailing to Byzantium', William Yeats (1865 – 1939), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

To keep a drowsy emperor awake;
 Or set upon a golden bough to sing
 To lords & ladies of Byzantium
 Of what is passed, or passing, or to come.

XX.2.

I know that I shall meet my fate
 Somewhere among the clouds above;
 Those that I fight I do not hate;
 Those that I guard I do not love;
 My country is Kiltartan Cross,
 My countrymen Kiltartan's poor,
 No likely end could bring them loss
 Or leave them happier than before.
 Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
 Nor public man, nor cheering crowds,
 A lonely impulse of delight
 Drove to this tumult in the clouds;
 I balanced all, brought all to mind,
 The years to come seemed waste of breath,
 A waste of breath the years behind
 In balance with this life, this death.

XX.3.

Ask no questions and hear no lies.

XXI.**XXI.1.**

The unpurged images of day recede;
 The emperor's drunken soldiery are abed;
 Night resonance recedes, night-walkers' song
 After great cathedral gong;
 A starlit or a moonlit dome disdains
 All that man is,
 All mere complexities,
 The fury and the mire of human veins.

Before me floats an image, man or shade,
 Shade more than man, more image than a shade;
 For Hades' bobbin bound in mummy-cloth
 May unwind the winding path;
 A mouth that has no moisture & no breath

XX.2 'An Irish Airman Foresees His Death', William Yeats (1865 – 1939), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XX.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXI.1 'Byzantium', William Yeats (1865 – 1939), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Breathless mouths may summon;
 I hail the superhuman;
 I call it death-in-life and life-in-death.

Miracle, bird or golden handiwork,
 More miracle than bird or handiwork,
 Planted on the starlit golden bough,
 Can like the cocks of Hades crow,
 Or, by the moon embittered, scorn aloud
 In glory of changeless metal
 Common bird or petal
 And all complexities of mire or blood.

At midnight on the Emperor's pavement flit
 Flames that no faggot feeds, nor steel has lit,
 Nor storm disturbs, flames begotten of flame,
 Where blood-begotten spirits come
 And all complexities of fury leave,
 Dying into a dance,
 An agony of trance,
 An agony of flame that cannot singe a sleeve.

Astraddle on the dolphin's mire and blood,
 Spirit after spirit! The smithies break the flood,
 The golden smithies of the Emperor!
 Marbles of the dancing floor
 Break bitter furies of complexity,
 Those images that yet
 Fresh images beget,
 That dolphin-torn, that gong-tormented sea.

XXI.2.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast & quiet mind,
 To war & arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you too shall adore;
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Loved I not honour more.

XXI.2 'To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars', Col Richard Lovelace (1617 – 1657), Palgrave,
The Golden Treasury.

XXI.3.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

XXII.**XXII.1.**

She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From may-time and the cheerful dawn;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too!
 Her household motions light & free,
 And steps of virgin-liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light.

XXII.2.

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty.

XXI.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXII.1 Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

XXII.2 'Upon Westminster Bridge', Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, & temples lie
 Open unto the fields, & to the sky –
 All bright & glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God, the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

XXII.3.

Better be envied than pitied.

XXIII.

XXIII.1.

These little limbs,
 These eyes & hands which here I find,
 These rosy cheeks wherewith my life begins,
 Where have ye been? Behind
 What curtain were ye from me hid so long?
 Where was, in what abyss, my speaking tongue?

When silent I
 So many 1000 1000 years
 Beneath the dust did in a chaos lie,
 How could I smiles or tears,
 Or lips or hands or eyes or ears perceive?
 Welcome ye treasures which I now receive.

I that so long
 Was nothing from eternity,
 Did little think such joys as ear or tongue
 To celebrate or see:
 Such sounds to hear, such hands to feel, such feet,
 Beneath the skies on such a ground to meet.

New burnished joys,
 Which yellow gold & pearls excel!
 Such sacred treasures are the limbs in boys,
 In such a soul doth dwell;

XXII.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXIII.1 'The Salutation', The Rev Thomas Traherne (1636 – 1674), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This poem, as with all the Rev Traherne's verses, was first published more than two centuries after the poet's death.

Their organised joints & azure veins
More wealth include than all the world contains.

From dust I rise,
And out of nothing now awake;
These brighter regions which salute mine eyes,
A gift from God I take.
The earth, the seas, the light, the day, the skies,
The sun & stars are mine if those I prize.

Long time before
I in my mother's womb was born,
A God, preparing, did this glorious store,
The world, for me adorn.
Into this Eden so divine & fair,
So wide and bright, I come his son & heir.

A stranger here
Strange things doth meet, strange glories see;
Strange treasures lodged in this fair world appear,
Strange all and new to me;
But that they mine should be, who nothing was,
That strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

XXIII.2.

The lark now leaves his watery nest
And climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east;
And to implore your light, he sings;
Awake, awake. The morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake. Break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

XXIII.3.

Better one house spoiled than two.

XXIII.2 Sir William Davenant (1606 – 1668), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

XXIII.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. That is, it's better for two objectionable people to marry each other than for each to take a pleasant spouse.

XXIV.

XXIV.1.

To the same purpose: he, not long before
 Brought home from nurse, going to the door
 To do some little thing
 He must not do within,
 With wonder cries,
 As in the skies
 He saw the moon, 'O yonder is the moon,
 Newly come after me to town,
 That shined at Lugwardine but yesternight,
 Where I enjoyed the self-same sight.'

As if it had ev'n 20,000 faces,
 It shines at once in many places;
 To all the earth so wide
 God doth the stars divide,
 With so much art
 The moon impart,
 They serve us all; serve wholly every one
 As if they servèd him alone.
 While every single person hath such store,
 'Tis want of sense which makes us poor.

XXIV.2.

The long love, that in my thought doth harbour,
 And in my heart doth keep his residence,
 Into my face presseth with bold pretense,
 And therein campeth, spreading his banner.
 She that me learneth to love & suffer,
 And wills that my trust & lust's negligence
 Be reined by reason, shame and reverence,
 With his hardiness taketh displeasure.
 Wherewithal, unto the heart's forest he fleeth,
 Leaving his enterprise with pain & cry:
 And there him hideth, and not appeareth.
 What may I do when my master feareth
 But in the field with him to live & die?
 For good is the life, ending faithfully.

XXIV.1 'To the Same Purpose', The Rev Thomas Traherne (1636 – 1674), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Lugwardine (which the *Norton Anthology* spells without an *e*) is a village in Herefordshire.

XXIV.2 Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503 – 1542), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This poem is a translation of Petrarch's *Rime* 140. Another translation of the same sonnet was made by the Earl of Surrey.

XXIV.3.

Better the devil you know.

XXV.**XXV.1.**

Tyger, tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand & what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tyger! tyger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

XXV.2.

I askèd a thief to steal me a peach:
He turned up his eyes.
I asked a lithe lady to lie her down:
Holy & meek, she cries.

As soon as I went
An angel came:

XXIV.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXV.1 'The Tyger', William Blake (1757 – 1827), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXV.2 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

He winked at the thief,
And smiled at the dame;

And without one word said
Had a peach from the tree,
And still as a maid
Enjoyed the lady.

XXV.3.

Better to wear out than rust out.

XXVI.

XXVI.1.

The time you won your town the race
We chaired you through the market-place;
Man & boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

Today, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsmen of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay,
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than cheers
After earth has stopped the ears.

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early-laurelled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,

XXV.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVI.1 'To an Athlete Dying Young', Prof Alfred Housman (1859 – 1936), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

XXVI.2.

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years & 10,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from 70 springs a score,
It only leaves me 50 more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

XXVI.3.

Catching's before hanging.

XXVII.

XXVII.1.

Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn & every night
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please;
Little gossip, blithe & hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue;
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandoned to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush;
Like the linnet in the bush
To the mother-linnet's note

XXVI.2 Prof Alfred Housman (1859 – 1936), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Prof Housman's 'threescore years and ten' is a direct quotation from the King James Version of Psalm 90.10; although, happily, he died at the age of seventy-seven.

XXVI.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVII.1 'To Charlotte Pulteney', Ambrose Philips (1674 – 1749), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

Moduling her slender throat;
 Chirping forth thy petty joys,
 Wanton in the change of toys,
 Like the linnet green, in may
 Flitting to each bloomy spray;
 Wearied then & glad of rest,
 Like the linnet in the nest:—
 This thy present happy lot,
 This in time will be forgot:
 Other pleasures, other cares,
 Ever-busy time prepares;
 And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
 This picture, once, resembled thee.

XXVII.2.

The nurse-life wheat within his green husk growing,
 Flatters our hope, and tickles our desire,
 Nature's true riches in sweet beauties showing,
 Which set all hearts, with labour's love, on fire.

No less fair is the wheat when golden ear
 Shows unto hope the joys of near enjoying:
 Fair & sweet is the bud, more sweet & fair
 The rose, which proves that time is not destroying.

Caelica, your youth, the morning of delight,
 Enamelled o'er with beauties white & red,
 All sense and thoughts did to belief invite,
 That love & glory there are brought to bed:
 And your ripe year's love-noon; he goes no higher,
 Turns all the spirits of man into desire.

XXVII.3.

Councils of war never fight.

XXVIII.**XXVIII.1.**

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
 With brightest sunshine round me spread
 Of spring's unclouded weather,
 In this sequestered nook how sweet

XXVII.2 Fulke Greville, 1st Baron Brooke (1554 – 1628), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXVII.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVIII.1 'The Green Linnet', Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

To sit upon my orchard-seat!
 And birds & flowers once more to greet,
 My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
 In all this covert of the blest:
 Hail to thee, far above the rest
 In joy of voice & pinion!
 Thou, linnet! in thy green array,
 Presiding spirit here today,
 Dost lead the revels of the may;
 And this is thy dominion.

While birds, & butterflies, & flowers,
 Make all one band of paramours,
 Thou, ranging up & down the bowers,
 Art sole in thy employment:
 A life, a presence like the air,
 Scattering thy gladness without care,
 Too blest with any one to pair;
 Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
 Behold him perched in ecstasies,
 Yet seeming still to hover;
 There! where the flutter of his wings
 Upon his back & body flings
 Shadows & sunny glimmerings,
 That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
 A brother of the dancing leaves;
 Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
 Pours forth his song in gushes;
 As if by that exulting strain
 He mocked & treated with disdain
 The voiceless form he chose to feign,
 While fluttering in the bushes.

XXVIII.2.

The sweet season, that bud & bloom forth brings,
 With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
 The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
 The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
 Summer is come, for every spray now springs;

XXVIII.2 Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1517 – 1547), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*. ¶1. Where the Almanackist has put 'sweet', the original reads 'soote', which means the same thing. ¶4. The word 'turtle' in this context means "turtledove". Where the Almanackist has put 'mate', the original reads 'make', which means the same thing.

The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
 The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
 The fishes float with new-repaired scale;
 The adder all her slough away she slings;
 The swift swallows pursueth the flies small;
 The busy bee her honey now she mings.
 Winter is worn, that was the flowers' bale.
 And thus I see among these pleasant things,
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

XXVIII.3.

Dead men tell no tales.

XXIX.

XXIX.1.

A snake came to my water-trough
 On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,
 To drink there.
 In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great dark carob-tree
 I came down the steps with my pitcher
 And must wait, must stand & wait, for there he was at the trough
 before me.

He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the gloom
 And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down, over
 the edge of the stone trough
 And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,
 And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small clear-
 ness,
 He sipped with his straight mouth,
 Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack long body,
 Silently.

Someone was before me at my water-trough,
 And I, like a second comer, waiting.

He lifted his head from his drinking, as cattle do,
 And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do,
 And flickered his two-forked tongue from his lips, and mused a
 moment,
 And stooped and drank a little more,
 Being earth-brown, earth-golden from the burning bowels of the
 earth
 On the day of sicilian july, with Etna smoking.

XXVIII.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXIX.1 'Snake', David Lawrence (1885–1930), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.
 Lawrence's own note indicates that he wrote this poem in Taormina in 1923.

The voice of my education said to me,
'He must be killed,
For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent, the gold are
venomous.'

And voices in me said, 'If you were a man
You would take a stick and break him now, and finish him off.

But must I confess how I liked him,
How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet, to drink at my
water-trough
And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,
Into the burning bowels of this earth?

Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him?
Was it perversity, that I longed to talk to him?
Was it humility, to feel so honoured?
I felt so honoured.

And yet those voices:
If you were not afraid, you would kill him!

And truly I was afraid, I was most afraid,
But even so, honoured still more
That he should seek my hospitality
From out the dark door of the secret earth.

He drank enough
And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,
And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air, so black,
Seeming to lick his lips,
And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,
And slowly turned his head,
And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice adream,
Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round
And climb again the broken bank of my wall-face.

And as he put his head into that dreadful hole,
And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders, and entered farther,
A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his withdrawing into
that horrid black hole,
Deliberately going into the blackness, and slowly drawing himself
after,
Overcame me now his back was turned.

I looked round, I put down my pitcher,
I picked up a clumsy log
And threw it at the water-trough with a clatter.

I think it did not hit him,
But suddenly that part of him that was left behind convulsed in
undignified haste.

Writhed like lightning, and was gone
Into the black hole, the earth-lipped fissure in the wall-front,
At which, in the intense still noon, I stared with fascination.

And immediately I regretted it.
I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean act!
I despised myself & the voices of my accursed human education.

And I thought of the albatross
And I wished he would come back, my snake.

For he seemed to me again like a king,
Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,
Now due to be crowned again.

And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords
Of life.
And I have something to expiate:
A pettiness.

XXIX.2.

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter & rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter & rough weather.

XXIX.3.

Don't cry before you're hurt.

XXIX.2 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*. This song is sung by Amiens in *As You Like It* II.5.

XXIX.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXX.

XXX.1.

April is the cruellest month, breeding
 Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
 Memory and desire, stirring
 Dull roots with spring rain.
 Winter kept us warm, covering
 Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
 A little life with dried tubers.
 Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
 With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
 And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
 And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
 And when we were children, staying at the Archduke's,
 My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
 And I was frightened. He said, 'Marie,
 Marie, hold on tight.' And down we went.
 In the mountains, there you feel free.
 I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
 Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
 You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
 A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
 And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
 And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
 There is shadow under this red rock,
 (Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
 And I will show you something different from either
 Your shadow at morning striding behind you
 Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
 I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

XXX.2.

Come to me in the silence of the night;
 Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
 Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
 As sunlight on a stream;
 Come back in tears,
 O memory, hope, love of finished years.

XXX.1 Prof Thomas Eliot (1888 – 1965), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. These are the opening lines of *The Waste Land*.

XXX.2 'Echo', Miss Christina Rossetti (1830 – 1894), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. There are two more verses to this poem, but the Almanackist finds them much inferior to the first.

XXX.3.

Good fences make good neighbours.

XXX.3 Robert Frost, Poet Laureate of Vermont (1874 – 1963), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This quotation comes at the very end of Frost's 'Mending Wall'.

Sectilis

Tertilis

Quartilis

Quintilis

As if to balance the richness and variety of vegetation, birds become quiet in Quintilis and sing no more. The woods become silent as, perhaps, life becomes easier for them and, ragged and dull, they go into partial retirement. Old cuckoos leave our shores for the south – though the cuckoos departure is much less publicised than his arrival.

The cuckoo's departure is but one sign that bird movement is under way again; the waders are among the first to be on the move. Most birds having finished nesting are dispersing around the countryside, and many kinds may be watchd in quick succession as they pass along hedgerow or through woodland. Quintilis is the month when crossbill invasions occur.

The larger and stronger plants, those able to fight their way through the lush growth of grasses, now flower in the hedgerows. Meadow-sweet and valerian are to be found in the damp places, and round them hovers the demoiselle – the 'blue thread loosened from the sky.' Elsewhere along the roadside coarser umbellifers abound, handsome structures mounted with their umbrellas of dingy-white flowers which, as often as not, are covered with colonies of little beetles and strange flies. Honeysuckle is in the woods, and our more magical herbs are represented by the St John's worts and enchanter's nightshade, for which Linnaeus, displaying his usual perfect taste in apt selection, chose the lovely name of *Circaea lutetiana*, which, from botanical Latin, may, I suppose, be translated into "The Enchantress from Paris".

The blue forget-me-nots are everywhere. The old name of scorpion-grass may hint at the similarity of the uncurling flower stem to a scorpion's tail, but how innocent of sting or anything other than purity it is when uncured and opened ready, we imagine, to give the fatal stab!

This is one of the smaller flowers now open. Others are to be seen on the heaths and hills. The pink glow of the heathers, the delicate harebell, and, where there is limestone, the yellow rock-rose opens in the sunshine for an hour or two before petals tumble away.

Around the edges of pools water plantain, arrow-head, and rushes form, with their clear-cut geometric designs, a margin to the dark mirrors on which float water-lilies – the white one so beautiful that it is dedicated to the nymphs, and the yellow ending its days as a comic brandy bottle. In damp spots there are pink patches of bog pimpernel, and, in some places, the exciting sundew is hard at work catching flies while its flower stems uncurl.

Indeed, the end of Quintilis is the time when the marsh flowers come to their best; the unblossom-like flowers of the bulrush *Typha latifolia* are seen, and also

those of yellow monkey-flower or mimulus – an American that has become naturalised in many damp places, and is related to the musk that so mysteriously lost its scent.

It is the month of the great exodus of the little frogs, no longer admitting that they were once tadpoles, to their ponds. They are often so thick upon the ground that it is impossible to avoid walking on them, and millions must perish when their march to dry land happens at the same time as the mowing of grass.

Two famous weeds, obnoxious, but not without beauty, become ubiquitously prominent towards the end of the month. Both seem to be hand-in-glove with man and his doings, particularly in the waste places that he makes. The first of these to gain a reputation was the ragwort, *Senecio Jacobaea*. With brassy daisy-flowers and fancifully cut, even tattered leaves, it can be seen in every dry desolation, along roadsides, and particularly in poverty-stricken meadows. In any quantity it is poisonous to stock, as is its relative, groundsel, if given in too large doses to canaries. Both belong to the same family as the candlelike succulents of African mountains. Ragwort is a menace to farmers and an increasing nuisance everywhere.

The other pest is the graceful rose-bay willowherb, the townsman's fireweed. This lovely plant, its tall spikes of slender leaves ending in a spire of rose-pink flowers, thrives equally well in ground that man has cleared or left derelict, either in town or country. In autumn the long thin pod splits, and the two parts curl back and scatter innumerable seeds, each with a tuft of down, which float gently in clouds and spread all around. The young plant roots but lightly in the surface, and as soon as it is established sends out runners, each of which will send up another spike. It quickly spreads, forming a mat of choking vegetation. Its increase during recent times has been surprising, and is now alarming. Probably the clear felling of woodlands during and after the Fourteen-Eighteen War gave it a good start. It now colonises clearings so quickly and effectively that it is swamping and perhaps destroying the smaller plants that would usually grow in such a place – probably altering the whole nature of the vegetation. It has spread to spoil-banks and ground that has been cleared of buildings, and seems especially happy in the wake of a fire, for the network of its roots thrive in the arid, crumbly surface that is left. In flower it is a lovely sight, and loved by the honey-bee for the the nectar it carries. The bee-keeper knows when his hives are working the wastelands, for his bees return dusty white from the fireweed's pollen.

The citizen has two other flowers this month. Wherever privet has escaped the clippers it bursts into blossom with rather drab little spikes that look like, and are, very poor relatives of the white lilac. The scent is heavy, sickly, and symptomatic of high summer in suburbia. It is liked by the bees. It is liked by the bees, but their keeper objects to the honey they make from it. The heavy flow of nectar produced by the lime on warm still days – sometimes so freely that it can be shaken from the flowers – is, however, a joy equally to the bee and his owner. In a good year many a town hive's crop is of its dark rich honey. The trees are often golden with the blossom, and the sweet scent of lime avenues, or even single trees, drifts along the city streets as a reminder of old lime walks in country churchyards and parks.

Another forest tree, the sweet or Spanish chestnut, is also in flower. It is often densely covered with white, spreading catkins, thick with pollen. At their bases hide the female flowers with their feeler-like stamens which catch the pollen, are fertilised, and soon develop into chestnuts.

The insect world has a great month. The song of the grasshopper is heard again on sunny days, and at night the first glow-worms may be seen. If the weather is right ants may swarm out of the nest, and the winged generation take to the air and mate. Butterflies abound.

The first home-bred generations of what we might call our own domestic or garden butterflies hatch out – peacock, tortoiseshell, red admiral and painted lady – sometimes while their immigrant parents are still on the wing; the humming-bird hawk-moth hovers in our gardens, and sometimes the newspapers get excited over invasions by the clouded yellow.

The gardener begins to harvest, as do the fruit-eating birds. (Perhaps that is why they are silent.) There are now the finest cherries, red, white and black currants, raspberries, the last of the strawberries, and dessert gooseberries.

Vegetables abound, and though the seasons of the aristocratss of the flower garden is passing, the herbaceous borders are gay with the achievements of nurserymen; the sweet-scented white jasmine of the poets is covered with flowers.

I.

I.1.

Tune: Whisky in the Jar

As I was going over
 The far-famed Kerry mountains,
 I met with Captain *Farrell*
 And his money he was counting.
 I first produced my pistol
 And then produced my rapier
 Said: 'Stand and deliver
 For you are a bold deceiver!'

Musha-ring dumma-do dumma-da!
Wack-fol the daddy-oh!
Wack-fol the daddy-oh!
There's whisky in the jar!

I counted out his money
 And it made a pretty penny.
 I put it in my pocket
 And brought it home to *Jenny*.
 She sighed & she swore
 That she never would deceive me.
 But the devil take the women
 For they never can be easy.

I went up to my chamber
 All for to take a slumber.
 I dreamt of gold & jewels,
 And for sure it was no wonder.

I.1 Anonymous, The Dubliners, *Wild Rover*.

But *Jenny* drew my charges
 And she filled them up with water,
 And sent for Captain *Farrell*
 To ready for the slaughter.

'Twas early in the morning
 Just before I rose to travel.
 Up comes a band of footmen
 And likewise Captain *Farrell*.
 I first produced my pistol
 For she'd stolen away my rapier.
 I couldn't shoot the water,
 So a prisoner I was taken.

If anyone can aid me,
 'Tis my brother in the army.
 If I could find his station
 In Cork or in Killarney.
 And if he'll come with me
 We'll go roamin' in Kilkenny.
 And I'm sure he'll treat me better
 Than my own misportin' Jenny.

Musha-ring dumma-do dumma-da!
Wack-fol the daddy-oh!
Wack-fol the daddy-oh!
There's whisky in the jar!

I.2.

Tune: Outward Bound

To the Liverpool docks we bid adieu,
 To *Suke & Sall & Kitty* too.
 Our anchor's wieghed and our sails unfurled;
 We're off to plough the watery world.

Hurrah! We're outward bound!
Hurrah! We're outward bound!

When the wind it blows from the east-nor'-east,
 Our ship will sail 10kts at least.
 The purser will our wants supply,
 So while we've rum we'll never say die.

And should we touch at Malabar
 Or any other port as far,
 Our purser he will tip the chink
 And just like fishes we will drink.

I.2 Anonymous, Whall, *Ships, Sea Songs and Shanties*. SSS is only the primary source: there are very many versions of this shanty: the Almanackist has done his best to extract the best of each of them.

One day the man on the look-out
 Proclaims a sail with a joyful shout:
 ‘Can you make her out?’ ‘I think I can.
 She’s a pilot standing out from the land.’

Hurrah! We’re homeward bound!
Hurrah! We’re homeward bound!

Now when we get to the Blackwall docks,
 The pretty young girls come down in flocks;
 One to the other you’ll hear them say,
 ‘O here comes *Jack* with his 10 months’ pay.

And when we get to the Dog and Bell,
 It’s there they’ve got good liquor to sell.
 In comes old *Grouse* with a smile,
 Saying, ‘Drink, my boys. It’s worth your while.’

But when the money’s all gone & spent,
 And there’s none to be borrowed and none to be lent,
 In comes old *Grouse* with a frown,
 Saying, ‘Get up, *Jack*. Let *John* sit down.

Then poor old *Jack* must understand
 There’s ships in docks all wanting hands;
 So he goes onboard as he did before,
 And bids adieu to his native shore.

Hurrah! We’re outward bound!
Hurrah! We’re outward bound!

I.3.

Stolen waters are sweet.

II.

II.1.

Tune: The Auld Orange Flute

In the County Tyrone, near the town of Dungannon,
 There was many the ruction that myself had a han’ in.
Bob Williamson lived there, a weaver by trade,
 And all of us thought him a stout orange blade.
 On the 12th of july as it yearly did come,
Bob played on his old flute to the sound of the drum.
 You can talk of your harp, your piano or lute,
 But nothing compared with the old orange flute.

I.3 Proverbs 9.17, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

II.1 Anonymous, *The Dubliners, At Their Best*.

Toora-loo! Toora-loo!
Sure it's six miles from Bangor to Donaghadee!

Ah but *Bob* the deceiver, sure he took us all in,
 And he married a papist called *Bridget McGinn*,
 Turned papist himself, and forsook the old cause
 That gave us our freedom, religion & laws.
 Now the boys of the place made some comment upon it,
 And *Bob* had to flee to the province of Connaught.
 Well he fled with his wife & his fixings to boot;
 And, along with the latter, his old orange flute.

At the chapel on sundays, to atone for past deeds,
 He said paters & aves and he counted his beads;
 Till after some time, at the priest's own desire,
Bob went with his old flute to play in the choir.
 Well he went with his old flute to play in the mass,
 But the instrument shivered & sighed – O alas –
 And blow as he would, though it made a great noise,
 The flute would play only “The Protestant Boys”.

At the council of priests that was held the next day,
 They decided to banish the old flute away.
 They couldn't knock heresy out of its head,
 So they bought *Bob* a new one to play in its stead.
 Now the old flute it was doomed and its fate was pathetic.
 'Twas fastened and burned at the stake as heretic.
 As the flames roared around sure they heard a queer noise;
 'Twas the old flute still playing “The Protestant Boys”.

Toora-loo! Toora-loo!
Sure it's six miles from Bangor to Donaghadee!

II.2.

Tune: Haul on the Bowline

Haul on the bowline; the bully ship's a-rollin'.

Haul on the bowline! The bowline haul!

Haul on the bowline; *Kitty* is me darlin'.

Haul on the bowline; *Kitty* comes from Liverpool.

Haul on the bowline; it's a far cry to pay day.

Haul on the bowline! The bowline haul!

II.3.

Alliance, n: In international politics, the union of two thieves who have their hands so deeply inserted in each other's pocket that they cannot separately plunder a third.

III.**III.1.**

Tune: Home, Boys, Home

O well who wouldn't be a sailor lad, sailing on the main?
To gain the good will of his captain's good name
He came ashore one evening for to see,
And that was the beginning of my own true love & me.

And it's home, boys, home!
Home I'd like to be,
Home for a while in my own count-ry,
Where the oak & the ash & the bonny rowan tree
Are all a-growing green in the north count-ry!

'Well I asked her for a candle for to light my way to bed,
Likewise for a handkerchief to tie around my head.
She tended to my needs like a young maid ought to do,
So then I says to her, "Now won't you jump in with me too?"

'Well she jumped into bed a-making no alarm,
Thinking a young sailor lad could do to her no harm.
I hugged her, I kissed her the whole night long,
Till she wished the short night had been seven years long.'

Well early next morning the sailor lad arose
And into *Mary's* apron threw a handful of gold,
Saying, 'Take this, my dear, for the damage that I've done,
For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son.

'And if it be a girl-child, send her out to nurse
With gold in her pocket & with silver in her purse;
If it be a boy-child, he'll wear the jacket blue
And go climbing up the rigging like his daddy used to do.'

And so come all of you fair maidens, a warning take by me;
Never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee.
I trusted one, and he beguiled me;
He left me with a pair of twins to dangle on my knee.

And it's home, boys, home!
Home I'd like to be,

II.3 Ambrose Bierce (1842 – 1914), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

III.1 Anonymous, The Dubliners, *Wild Rover*.

*Home for a while in my own count-ry,
Where the oak & the ash & the bonny rowan tree
Are all a-growing green in the north count-ry!*

III.2.

*Tune: Paddy Doyle's Boots
To me, way-ay ay-ay-ay yah!*

We'll pay *Paddy Doyle* for 'is boots.

To me, way-ay ay-ay-ay yah!

We'll all drink whisky & gin.

To me, way-ay ay-ay-ay yah!

We'll all shave under the chin.

III.3.

Eureka!

IV.

IV.1.

Tune: Leaving of Liverpool
Farewell, the Prince's Landing Stage;
River Mersey, fare thee well.
I am bound for California,
A place I know right well.

*So fare thee well, my own true love.
When I return united we will be.
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee.*

I've shipped on a yankee clipper ship;
Davy Crockett is her name.
Dan Burgess is the captain of her,
And they say that she's a floating hell.

I have sailed with *Burgess* once before;
I think I know him well.

III.2 Anonymous, *Sailors' Songs and Sea Shanties*. Paddy Doyle seems to have been a Liverpoolian boarding master.

III.3 Prof Morris Morgan (1859 – 1910), Vitruvius Pollo, *The Ten Books on Architecture*. Prof Morgan is here translating a passage by the ancient Roman architect Vitruvius, who in turn was relating a famous (and seemingly apocryphal) anecdote about Archimedes.

IV.1 Anonymous, *The Dubliners, At Their Best*.

If a man's a sailor he will get along;
If not then he's sure in hell.

Farewell to Lower Frederick Street,
Anson Terrace and Park Lane.
I am bound away for to leave you,
And I'll never see you again.

I am bound for California
By way of stormy Cape Horn,
And I will write to thee a letter, love,
When I am homeward bound.

*So fare thee well, my own true love.
When I return united we will be.
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee.*

IV.2.

Tune: Way Me Susiana

We'll heave him up and away we'll go!

Way, my Susiana!

That is where the cocks do crow –

We're all bound over the mountain!

And when the cocks begin to crow,
'Tis time for me to roll & go.

And if we drown while we are young,
It's better to drown than to wait to be hung.

O growl ye may but go ye must.
If ye growl too hard your head they'll bust.

Up socks, you cocks; hand her two blocks,
And go below to your old ditty box.

Oh rock & shake her one more drag.

Way, my Susiana!

O bend your duds and pack your bag.

We're all bound over the mountain!

IV.3.

Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris.

IV.2 Anonymous, Killen, *Assassin's Creed IV: Black Flag*.

IV.3 Thomas Appleton (1812 – 1884), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

V.

V.1.

Tune: Turn Ye To Me

The stars are burning
 Cheerily, cheerily.
Horo Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.
 The sea mew is moaning
 Drearily, drearily.
Horo Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.
 Cold is the stormwind that ruffles his breast,
 But warm are the downy plumes lining his nest.
 Cold blows the storm there;
 Soft falls the snow there.
Horo Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.

The waves are dancing
 Merrily, merrily.
Horo Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.
 The seabirds are wailing
 Wearily, wearily.
Horo Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.
 Hushed be thy moaning, lone bird of the sea;
 Thy home on the rocks is a shelter to thee;
 Thy home is the angry wave,
 Mine but the lonely grave.
Horo Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.

V.2.

Tune: Hanging Johnny

They call me *Hanging Johnny* –
Away, boys! Away!
 But I never hanged nobody –
So hang, boys! Hang!

They says I hanged my graddy,
 And then I hanged my family.

They says I hanged my mother.
 It is they and my brother.

I hanged a rotten liar,
 But I hanged a bloody friar.

They tells I hang for money,
 But hanging's so bloody funny.

V.1 Prof John Wilson (1785 – 1854), The Corries, *The Compact Collection*. 'Horo Mhairi dhu' would seem to be a (slightly archaic) Gallic phrase, meaning 'O black Mary'.

V.2 Anonymous, The Young Tradition, *The Young Tradition Sampler*.

We all will hang together –
Away, boys! Away!
 It's all for better weather –
So hang, boys! Hang!

V.3.

He did not seem to care which way he travelled providing he was
 in the driver's seat.

VI.

VI.1.

Tune: The Mother's Malison

Willie stands in his stable door
 And clapping at his steed,
 And looking o'er his white fingers
 His nose began to bleed.
 'Gi'e corn to my horse, mother,
 And meat to my young man,
 And I'll awa' to *Maggie's* bower;
 I'll win ere she lie down.'

'O 'bide this night wi' me, *Willie*,
 O 'bide this night wi' me;
 The best an cock o' a' the roost
 At your supper shall be.'
 'A' your cocks, and a' your roosts,
 I value not a prin,
 For I'll awa' to *Maggie's* bower;
 I'll win ere she lie down.'

'Stay this night wi' me, *Willie*,
 O stay this night wi' me;
 The best an sheep in a' the flock
 At your supper shall be.'
 'A' your sheep, and a' your flocks,
 I value not a prin,
 For I'll awa' to *Maggie's* bower;
 I'll win ere she lie down.'

'O on ye gang to *Maggie's* bower,
 So sore against my will,
 The deepest pot in Clyde's water,
 My malison ye's feel.'

V.3 William Beaverbrook, 1st Baron Beaverbrook (1879 – 1964), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

VI.1 \mathbb{R} Anonymous, Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. A handful of lines have been removed to make this song singable to the tune with which the Almanackist is familiar.

‘The good steed that I ride upon
 Cost me thrice £30;
 And I’ll put trust in his swift feet
 To ha’e me safe to land.’

As he rode o’er yon high, high hill,
 And down yon dowie den,
 The noise that was in Clyde’s water
 Would feared 500 men.
 ‘O roaring Clyde, ye roar o’er loud,
 Your streams seem wondrous strang;
 Make me your wreck as I come back,
 But spare me as I gang!’

Then he is on to *Maggie*’s bower,
 And tirlèd at the pin.
 ‘O sleep ye, wake ye, *Maggie*,’ he said;
 ‘Ye’ll open, let me come in.’
 ‘O who is this at my bower door,
 That calls me by my name?’
 ‘It is your first love, sweet *Willie*,
 This night newly come hame.’

‘I ha’e few lovers thereout, thereout,
 As few ha’e I therein;
 The best an love that ever I had
 Was here jus’ late yestreen.’
 ‘The worst an bower in a’ your bowers,
 For me to lie therin!
 My boots are fu’ o’ Clyde’s water;
 I’m shivering at the chin.’

‘My barns are fu’ o’ corn, *Willie*;
 My stables are fu’ o’ hay.
 My bowers are fu’ o’ gentlemen;
 They’ll not remove till day.’
 ‘O fare ye well, my false *Maggie*!
 O farewell, and adieu!
 I’ve got my mother’s malison
 This night coming to you.’

As he rode o’er yon high, high hill
 And down yon dowie den,
 The rushing that was in Clyde’s water
 Took *Willie*’s hat from him.
 He leaned him o’er his saddle-bow,
 To catch his hat through force;
 The rushing that was in Clyde’s water
 Took *Willie* from his horse.

His brither stood upo' the bank,
 Says, 'Fye, man, will ye drown?
 Ye'll turn ye to your high horse head
 And learn how to sowm.'
 'How can I turn to my horse head
 And learn how to sowm?
 I've got my mother's malison,
 It's here that I must drown.'

The very hour this young man sank
 Into the pot so deep,
 Up it waked his love *Maggie*
 Out o' her drowsy sleep.
 'Come here, come here, my mother dear,
 And read this dreary dream;
 I dreamed my love was at our gates,
 And none would let him in.'

'Lie still, lie still now, my *Maggie*,
 Lie still & tak' your rest;
 Sin' your truelove was at your gates,
 It's but two ¹/₄s past.'
 Nimble, nimble raise she up,
 And nimble pat she on,
 And the higher that the lady cried,
 The louder blew the win'.

The first an step that she stepped in,
 She stepped to the queet;
 'Ohon! Alas!' said that lady,
 'This water's wondrous deep.'
 The next an step that she wade in,
 She waded to the knee;
 Says she, 'I coud wade farther in,
 If I my love coud see.'

The next an step that she wade in,
 She waded to the chin;
 The deepest pot in Clyde's water
 She got sweet *Willie* in.
 'You've had a cruel mother, *Willie*,
 And I have had another;
 But we shall sleep in Clyde's water
 Like sister an' like brother.'

VI.2.

Tune: Coast of High Barbaree

VI.2 Anonymous, Killen, *Assassin's Creed IV: Black Flag*. This shanty seems to have roots that are quite ancient, going back as far as the sixteenth century, but its most significant source of inspiration was surely the Barbary Wars of the early nineteenth century.

Look ahead; look astern; look the weather in the lee.

Blow high! Blow low! And so sailèd we!

I see a wreck to windward and a lofty ship to lee –

A-sailing down all on the coasts of high Barbary!

‘O are you a pirate or a man-o’-war?’ cried we.

‘O no! I’m not a pirate but a man-o’-war,’ cried he.

‘We’ll back up our topsails and heave our vessel to;

For we have got some letters to be carried home by you.’

For broadside, for broadside they fought all on the main;

Until at last the frigate shot the pirate’s mast away.

With cutlass & gun, O we fought for hours three;

Blow high! Blow low! And so sailèd we!

The ship it was their coffin and their grave it was the sea.

A-sailing down all on the coasts of high Barbary!

VI.3.

You should make a point of trying every experience once, except
incest and folk-dancing.

VII.

VII.1.

Tune: Caledonian Hunt’s Delight

Ye banks & braes o’ bonnie Doon,

How can ye bloom sae fresh & fair?

How can ye chant, ye little birds,

And I sae weary fu’ o’ care?

Thou’lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,

That wantons through the flowering thorn:

Thou ’minds me o’ departed joys,

Departed – never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,

To see the rose & woodbine twine:

And ilka bird sang o’ its love,

And fondly sae did I o’ mine;

Wi’ lightsome heart I pu’d a rose,

Fu’ sweet upon its thorny tree!

VI.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

VII.1 R Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Burns, *Complete Poems*. Although Palgrave includes this song, he prefers the first version; whereas the Almanackist prefers the second. Cunningham reports, ‘An Ayrshire legend says the heroine of this affecting song was Miss Kennedy, of Dalgarrack, a young creature, beautiful and accomplished, who fell a victim to her love for her kinsman, McDoual, of Logan.’

And my false lover sto' my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

VII.2.

Tune: Fish of the Sea

Come all you young sailor-men, listen to me;
I'll sing you a song of the fish in the sea.

*And it's windy weather boys!
Stormy weather, boys!
When the wind blows,
We're all together, boys!
Blow ye winds westerly!
Blow ye winds, blow!
Jolly sou'wester, boys!
Steady she goes!*

Up jumps the eel with his slippery tail,
Climbs up aloft and reefs the topsail.

Then up jumps the shark with his nine rows of teeth,
Saying, 'You eat the dough boys, and I'll eat the beef!'

Up jumps the whale, the largest of all.
'If you want any wind, well, I'll blow ye a squall!'

*And it's windy weather boys!
Stormy weather, boys!
When the wind blows,
We're all together, boys!
Blow ye winds westerly!
Blow ye winds, blow!
Jolly sou'wester, boys!
Steady she goes!*

VII.3.

I am not over-fond of resisting temptation.

VII.2 Anonymous, Killen, *Assassin's Creed IV: Black Flag*. One commentator writes of this shanty: 'According to Hugill, this shanty probably originated as a Scottish fisherman's song. It was also popular with Gloucester fishermen in the American Northeast. Hugill also collected a version in Devonshire, and it was known in Canada... This was a capstan shanty, and sailors would take turns with verses, giving a new fish each time for as long as was necessary.'

VII.3 William Beckford (1759 – 1844), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

VIII.

VIII.1.

Tune: McPherson's Rant

Farewell, ye dungeons dark & strang,
 The wretch's destiny.
Macpherson's time will no' be lang
 On yonder gallows-tree.

It was by a woman's treacherous hand
 That I was condemned to dee.
 She stood above a window ledge
 And a blanket threw over me.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he.
He played a spring, and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dared his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword;
 And there's no' a man in all Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt & strife;
 I die by treachery.
 It burns my heart I must depart
 And not avengèd be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright
 And all beneath the sky.
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he.
He played a spring, and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

VIII.2.

Tune: A Hundred Years Ago

VIII.1 R 'MacPherson's Farewell', Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Burns, *Complete Poems*. A version of this song is said to have been composed by James MacPherson, on the eve of his execution, who (rightly or wrongly) was hanged in the autumn of 1700 for banditry. The second verse is from another version; there are many, although the best known one comes from Burns.

VIII.2 Anonymous, *Sailors' Songs and Sea Shanties*.

A 100 years on the eastern shore,
O! Yes! O!

A 100 years on the eastern shore.
A 100 years ago!

When I sailed across the sea,
 My gal said she'd be true to me.

I promised her a golden ring.
 She promised me that little thing.

O pulley *John* was the boy for me:
 A buck a-land, and a bully at sea.

It's up aloft this yard must go,
 For Mr Mate has told me so.

I thought I heard the skipper say,
O! Yes! O!
 'Just one more pull, and then belay.'
A 100 years ago!

VIII.3.

Thou madest us for thyself, and our heart is restless, until it rest in thee.

IX.

IX.1.

Tune: I'll Tell Me Ma

I'll tell my ma when I get home;
 The boys won't leave the girls alone.
 They pulled my hair; they stole my comb,
 But that's all right till I go home.

She is handsome; she is pretty;
 She is the belle of Belfast city.
 She is a-courting. One, two, three:
 Pray, won't you tell me, who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her.
 All the boys are fighting for her.

VIII.3 The Rev Prof William Shedd (1820 – 1894), Augustine of Hippo, *The Confessions of St Augustine*. Rev Prof Shedd is here translating the opening of St Augustine's *Confessions*. The original translation gives 'repose' instead of 'rest', reflecting the fact that Augustine uses quite different words for 'restless' ('inquietum') and 'rest'/'repose' ('requiescat'); but 'rest' is better.

IX.1 R Anonymous, The Dubliners, *At Their Best*. This nineteenth-century folk song was originally accompanied by a children's game. For largely political reasons, the Dubliners chose to change 'Belfast' to 'Dublin' in their rendition.

They knock at the door and they ring at the bell,
Saying, 'O my true love, are you well?'

Out she comes, as white as snow,
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes.
Old *Jenny Morrissey* says she'll die
If she doesn't get the feller with the roving eye.

Let the wind & the rain & the hail blow high.
Let the snow come travelling through the sky.
She's as sweet as apple pie,
And she'll get her own lad by & by.

When she gets a lad of her own,
She won't tell her ma when she gets home.
Let them all come as they will;
For it's *Albert Mooney* she loves still.

IX.2.

Tune: Stormer Longjohn
Stormy's gone, that good ol' man.
Way! Stormer Longjohn!
Stormy's gone, that good ol' man.
Way-hey! Mr Storm-Along!

They dug 'is grave with a silver spade.
A shroud of finest silk was made.

An able sailor, bold & true,
A good ol' boatswain to 'is crew.

I wish I was ol' *Stormy's* son.
I'd build a ship of a 1000 tonne.

I'd fill 'er with New England rope.
My shell-backs they would all 'ave some.

Ol' *Stormy's* dead an' gone to rest.
Way! Stormer Longjohn!
Of all the sailors, 'e was best.
Way-hey! Mr Storm-Along!

IX.3.

The air of England has long been too pure for a slave, and free
is any man who breathes it.

IX.2 Anonymous, *Sailors' Songs and Sea Shanties*.

IX.3 William Mansfield, 1st Earl of Mansfield (1705 – 1793), Campbell, *The Lives of the Chief Justices of England, Vol II*. Scholars have debated whether or not Lord Mansfield actually uttered these words; but, whatever the truth of the matter, it's a handsome summary of the legal principle which he confirmed in *Somerset's* famous case.

X.

X.1.

Tune: Finnegan's Wake

Tim Finnegan lived in Walking Street,
 A gentleman irish, mighty odd.
 He had a brogue both rich & sweet,
 And to rise in the world he carried a hod.
 Now *Tim* had a bit of a tippling way:
 With a love of the liquor poor *Tim* was born,
 And to help him on with his work each day,
 He'd a drop of the **creatur** every morn.

Whack! Fol-the-da! Will you dance to your partner?
Round the floor your trotters shake!
Wasn't it the truth I told you?
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!

One morning *Tim* was feeling full:
 His head was heavy, and it made him shake.
 He fell off the ladder and broke his skull,
 And they carried him home his corpse to wake.
 They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
 And they laid him out upon the bed,
 With a bucket of whisky at his feet
 And a barrel of porter at his head.

Tim's friends assembled at the wake,
 And the widow *Finnegan* called for lunch:
 First she brought in tea & cake;
 Then pipes, tobacco and whisky punch.
Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
 'Such a nice, clean corpse, did you ever see?
 O *Tim*, **mo mhuirnin**, why did you die?'
 'Ara, hold your gob!' said *Paddy McGee*.

Then *Maggie O'Connor* took up the job:
 'O *Biddy*,' says she, 'you're wrong, I'm sure!'
Biddy fetched her a belt in the gob,
 And she left her sprawling on the floor.
 Then war did soon engage:
 'Twas woman to woman and man to man;

X.1 Anonymous, The Dubliners, *Finnegan Wakes*. James Joyce named one of his infamous emperor's-new-clothes novels after this song. A few Irish words and phrases ought to be explained. The word 'créatúr' is pronounced like the English word "crater", and means liquor. The phrase 'mo mhuirín' is pronounced "mavourneen" as in the Irish folk song 'Kathleen Mavourneen', and it means "my darling"; whereas 'sail éille' (sometimes semi-anglicised as "shillelagh") is pronounced to rhyme with "ukulele", and refers to a kind of blunt weapon typically made from blackthorn wood. 'D'anam don diabhal' is a curse, literally, "Your soul to the devil"; and it's pronounced something like "Denim done dowel".

Sail rille law was all the rage,
And a row and a ruction soon began.

Then *Mickey Maloney* ducked his head
When a noggin of whisky flew at him;
It missed and landed on the bed,
And the liquor scattered over *Tim*!
By God, he revives! See how he rises!
Tim Finnegan rising from the bed,
Saying, 'Whirl your whisky around like blazes!
D'anam don diabhal! Do you think I'm dead?'

*Whack! Fol-the-da! Will you dance to your partner?
Round the floor your trotters shake!
Wasn't it the truth I told you?
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!*

X.2.

Tune: Boston Harbour

From Boston harbour we set sail,
When it was blowin' a devil of a gale,
With a ring-tail set all abaft the mizzen peak
An' the Rule Britannia ploughin' up the deep.

*With a big boe-woe! Toe-roe-roe!
Fol-dee-rol dee-rye doe-day!*

Then up comes the skipper from down below.
It's look aloft, lads; look a-low.
Then it's look a-low, and it's look aloft,
And coil up your ropes, lads, fore & aft.

Then down to 'is cabin well he quickly crawls,
An' to 'is poor old steward balls:
'Go an' mix me a glass that'll make me cough,
For it's better weather here than it is on top.'

Now there's one thing that we 'ave to crave:
That the captain meets with a watery grave.
So we'll throw 'im down into some dark hole
Where the sharks'll 'ave 'is body an' the devil 'ave 'is soul.

*With a big boe-woe! Toe-roe-roe!
Fol-dee-rol dee-rye doe-day!*

X.3.

Riches are for spending.

X.2 Anonymous, *Sailors' Songs and Sea Shanties*.

X.3 Francis Bacon, Viscount St Alban (1561 – 1626), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XI.

XI.1.

Tune: Off to Dublin in the Green

O I am a merry plough-boy,
 And I plough the fields all day,
 Till a sudden thought came to my head
 That I should a-roam away.
 For I'm sick & tired of slavery
 Since the day that I was born,
 And I'm off to join the IRA
 And I'm off tomorrow morn.

*And we're all off to Dublin in the green, in the green,
 Where the helmets glisten in the sun,
 Where the bayonets flash and the rifles crash
 To the rattle of the thompson gun.*

I'll leave aside my pick & spade;
 I'll leave aside my plough.
 I'll leave aside my horse & yoke;
 I no longer need them now.
 I'll leave aside my *Mary* –
 She's the girl that I adore –
 And I wonder if she'll think of me
 When she hears the rifles roar.

And when the war is over,
 And dear old Ireland is free,
 I'll take her to the church to wed
 And a rebel's wife she'll be.
 Well, some men fight for silver,
 And some men fight for gold;
 But the IRA are fighting for
 The land that the saxons stole.

*And we're all off to Dublin in the green, in the green,
 Where the helmets glisten in the sun,
 Where the bayonets flash and the rifles crash
 To the rattle of the thompson gun.*

XI.2.

Tune: Ring Down Shanty

No beef in the market,
Ring down!
 No mutton in the market,
Ring down!

XI.1 Anonymous, The Dubliners, *At Their Best*. IRA = Irish Republican Army.

XI.2 Anonymous, Connolly, *The Man from Fiddlers' Green*. This shanty clearly shares a common ancestor with 'Sally Racket'.

*To me way-hey hey-hey hey O!
We're the boys to ring down!*

Little *Sally Racket*,
She shipped in a packet.

Little *Betty Baker*,
She ran off with a Quaker.

Little *Kitty Carson*,
She ran off with a parson.

No beef in the market,
Ring down!
No mutton in the market,
Ring down!
To me way-hey hey-hey hey O!
We're the boys to ring down!

XI.3.

One Englishman could beat three Frenchmen.

XII.

XII.1.

Tune: Dark Lochnagar

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom & love.
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts form 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah there my young footsteps in infancy wandered;
My cap was the bonnet; my cloak was the plaid.
On chieftains long perished my memory pondered,
As daily I strode through the pine-covered glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory

XI.3 The Rt Hon Joseph Addison (1672 – 1719), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XII.1 'Lachin y Gair', George Noel, 6th Baron Byron (1788 – 1824), Byron, *The Poems and Dramas of Lord Byron*. Byron notes: 'Lachin y Gair, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, Loch na Garr, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain. Be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our "Caledonian Alps". Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near Lachin y Gair I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to these stanzas.'

Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
 For fancy was cheered by traditional story,
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
 And rides on the wind, o'er his own highland vale.
 Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
 Winter presides in his cold icy car:
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

Ill-starred, though brave, did no visions foreboding
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?
 Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,
 Victory crowned not your fall with applause:
 Still were you happy in death's earthly slumber,
 You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar;
 The pibroch resounds to the piper's loud number,
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since I left you;
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again:
 Nature of verdure & flowers has bereft you,
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
 England! thy beauties are tame & domestic,
 To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar;
 Oh for the crags that are wild & majestic!
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr!

XII.2.

Tune: Sally Racket

Little *Sally Racket*,
Haul 'im away!
 She pawned my best jacket,
Haul 'im away!
 An' she lost the ticket –
Haul 'im away!
 An' a haul-ee high-O!
Haul 'im away!

Little *Kitty Carson*
 Got off with a parson;
 Now she's got a little barson –
 An' a haul-ee high-O!

Little *Nancy Dawson*,
 She got a notion
 For a poor old boatswain –
 An’ a haul-ee high-O!

Little *Susie Skinner*
 She said she’s a beginner,
 And she prefers it to ’er dinner,
 So up, lads, an’ win ’er –
 An’ a haul-ee high-O!

Well, me fighting cocks now,
Haul ’im away!
 Haul an’ split ’er blocks now,
Haul ’im away!
 An’ we’ll stretch a luff, boys,
Haul ’im away!
 An’ that’ll be enough, boys.
Haul ’im away!

XII.3.

Man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter.

XIII.

XIII.1.

Tune: Whistle, and I’ll Come to You
O whistle, and I’ll come to you, my lad!
O whistle, and I’ll come to you, my lad!
Tho’ father and mother and a’ should go mad,
Whistle, and I’ll come to you, my lad!

But warily tent, when you come to court me.
 And come na unless the back-yett be ajee;
 Syne up the back-stile and let nobody see,
 And come as you were na comin’ to me,
 And come as you were na comin’ to me.

XII.3 The Rt Hon Joseph Addison (1672 – 1719), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIII.1 R Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Burns, *Complete Poems*. Cunningham remarks: ‘In one of the variations of this song the name of the heroine is Jeanie: the song itself owes some of the sentiments as well as words to an old favourite Nithsdale chant of the same name. “Is ‘Whistle, and I’ll come to you, my lad’,” Burns inquires of Thomson, “one of your airs? I admire it much, and yesterday I set the following verses to it.” The poet, two years afterwards, altered the fourth line thus: “Thy Jeany will venture wi’ ye, my lad,” and assigned this reason: “In fact, a fair dame at whose shrine I, the priest of the Nine, offer up the incense of Parnassus; a dame whom the Graces have attired in witchcraft, and whom the Loves have armed with lightning; a fair one, herself the heroine of the song, insists on the amendment, and dispute her commands if you dare.”’

At kirk, or at market, whene'er you meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a flie;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e;
 Yet look as you were na lookin' at me,
 Yet look as you were na lookin' at me.

Ay vow and protest that you care na for me,
 And whiles you may lightly my beauty a wee;
 But court na another, though jokin' you be,
 For fear that she wile your fancy from me,
 For fear that she wile your fancy from me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad!
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad!
Tho' father and mother and a' should go mad,
Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad!

XIII.2.

Tune: Sally Brown

I shipped onboard of a Liverpool liner.

Way! Hey! Roll & go!
And we rolled all night and we rolled till the day,
To spend my money along with Sally Brown!

Sally Brown is a nice young lady.

She's tall and she's dark but she's not too shady.

Her mother doesn't like no tarry sailor.

She wants her to marry a one-legged captain.

Sally wouldn't wed me, so I shipped across the water.

And now I am courting *Sally's* daughter.

Way! Hey! Roll & go!
And we rolled all night and we rolled till the day,
To spend my money along with Sally Brown!

XIII.3.

Love, and do what thou wilt.

XIII.2 Anonymous, Moore and Planxty, *Christy Moore and Friends*.

XIII.3 Anonymous, Augustine of Hippo, *Homilies on the Gospel According to St John*, and *His First Epistle*. It's unclear whether the translator wished to remain anonymous, or if his work was done by a committee; either way, he was translating a passage from St Augustine's Seventh Homily on the First Letter of John.

XIV.

XIV.1.

Tune: Lassie wi' the Lint-White Locks
Lassie, wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tend the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
 And a' is young & sweet like thee;
 Wilt thou share its joy wi' me,
 And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?

And when the welcome summer shower
 Has cheered ilk drooping little flower.
 We'll to the breathing woodbine lower
 At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

When *Cynthia* lights wi' silver ray,
 The weary shearer's hameward way;
 Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,
 And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

And when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
 Enclaspèd to my faithfu' breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

Lassie, wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tend the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

XIV.2.

Tune: Haul Away for Rosie

Talk about your harbour girls around the corner, *Sally*,
Away! Haul away! Haul away, me Rosie!

XIV.1 R Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Burns, *Complete Poems*. Cunningham comments: “‘Conjugal love,’ says the poet, “is a passion which I deeply feel and highly venerate: but somehow it does not make such a figure in poesie as that other species of the passion, where love is liberty and nature law. Musically speaking, the first is an instrument of which the gamut is scanty and confined, but the tones inexpressibly sweet, while the last has powers equal to all the intellectual modulations of the human soul.” It must be owned that the bard could render very pretty reasons for his rapture about Jean Lorimer.’ Cunningham states that this song ought to be sung to a tune called ‘Rothemurche’s Rant’, but this seems quite a different one from that which the Almanackist is used to singing.

XIV.2 Anonymous, *Sailors’ Songs and Sea Shanties*. ‘Booble Alley’ seems to have been a slang term for one of the roughest parts of town, the slang in question being possibly local to Liverpool (which tells you just how rough it must have been). The term ‘old man’ refers to the captain. There seem to be many more verses to this song, but these are the only ones that are printable.

Away! Haul away! Haul away, me Johnny-O!
 But they wouldn't go to tea with the girls from Booble Alley.
Away! Haul away! Haul away, me Rosie!
Away! Haul away! Haul away, me Johnny-O!

King *Louis* was the king of France before the revolution,
 But the people cut 'is 'ead off and it spoiled 'is constitution.

Well now we're leaving Liverpool bound for the bay of Mexico,
Away! Haul away! Haul away, me Rosie!
Away! Haul away! Haul away, me Johnny-O!
 I thought I heard the old man say, 'It's time for us to roll & go.'
Away! Haul away! Haul away, me Rosie!
Away! Haul away! Haul away, me Johnny-O!

XIV.3.

He asked for water and she gave him milk.

XV.

XV.1.

Tune: Major Graham

O my love's like a red red rose
 That's newly sprung in june!
 O my love's like the melody
 That's sweetly played in tune!
 As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in love am I;
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry –

 Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
 I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.
 And fare thee well, my only love!
 And fare thee well awhile!
 And I will come again, my love,
 Though it were 10,000 mile.

XIV.3 'Judges 5.25', Judges 5.25, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XV.1 R Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*. James Fenton, in his *Faber Book of Love Poems*, calls the tune 'Major Graham', and this would seem to be the commonly-received name; but Cunningham calls it 'Graham's Strathspey'.

XV.2.*Tune: South Australia*

In South Australia I was born,
Heave away! Haul away!
 In South Australia round Cape Horn.
We're bound for South Australia!

Haul away, you rolling king!
Heave away! Haul away!
Haul away! O hear me sing:
We're bound for South Australia!

As I walked out one morning fair,
 There I met Miss *Nancy Blair*.

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind:
 To leave Miss *Nancy Blair* behind.

I ran her all night; I ran her all day,
 Ran her before we sailed away.

I shook her up; I shook her down;
 I shook her round & round & round.

O when we lollop around Cape Horn,
Heave away! Haul away!
 You'll wish to God you'd never been born.
We're bound for South Australia!

Haul away, you rolling king!
Heave away! Haul away!
Haul away! O hear me sing:
We're bound for South Australia!

XV.3.

The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth.

XVI.**XVI.1.***Tune: The Birks of Aberfeldy*

XV.2 Anonymous, Lloyd and MacColl, *Blow Boys Blow*. The Almanackist read a piece of folklore somewhere – far too poetical to be true – stating that dying sailors used to request this shanty be sung over their deathbeds, so as to pass into the next world feeling happy.

XV.3 1 John 2.8, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XVI.1 R Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Burns, *Complete Poems*. Cunningham comments: ‘An old strain, called “The Birks of Aberfeldie”, was the forerunner of this sweet song: it was written, the poet says, standing under the Falls of Aberfeldy, near Moness, in Perthshire, during one of the tours which he made to the north, in the year 1757.’

Now summer blinks on flowery braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
 Come let us spend the lightsome days
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

*Bonnie lassie, will ye go?
 Will ye go? Will ye go?
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?*

The little birdies blithely sing,
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's;
 The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 And rising, wets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee;
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love & thee,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

*Bonnie lassie, will ye go?
 Will ye go? Will ye go?
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?*

XVI.2.

Tune: Wild Goose Shanty

Did you ever see a wild goose sailing on the ocean?
 Ranzo! Ranzo! Way-hey!
 They're just like them pretty girls when they gets the notion.
 Ranzo! Ranzo! Way-hey!

The other morning I was walkin' by the river,
 When I saw a young girl walkin' with her top-sails all aquiver.

XVI.2 Anonymous, Killen, *Assassin's Creed IV: Black Flag*. Albert Lloyd wrote in the sleeve notes to *Blow Boys Blow*: 'One of the great halyard shanties, seemingly better-known in English ships than American ones, though some versions of it have become crossed with the American song called 'Huckleberry Hunting'. From the graceful movement of its melody it is possible that this is an older shanty than most. Perhaps it evolved out of some long-lost lyrical song.'

I said, 'Pretty fair maid, then how are you this mornin'?'
 She said, 'None the better for the seein' of you.'

Did you ever see a wild goose sailin' o'er the ocean?
Ranzo! Ranzo! Way-hey!
 They're just like them pretty girls when they gets the notion.
Ranzo! Ranzo! Way-hey!

XVI.3.

Out of the strong came forth sweetness.

XVII.

XVII.1.

Tune: Jessie the Flower of Dunblane

The sun had gone down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lonely I strayed in the calm summer gloamin'
 To muse on sweet *Jessie*, the flower o' Dunblane.
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its soft folding blossom,
 And sweet is the birch, wi' its mantle o' green;
 Yet sweeter & fairer, & dear to this bosom,
 Is lovely young *Jessie*, the flower o' Dunblane:

Is lovely young Jessie,
Lovely young Jessie,
Lovely young Jessie,
The flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as any, and blithe as she's bonny,
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
 And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
 Who'd blight, in its bloom, the sweet flower o' Dunblane.
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the evening;
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood Glen;
 So dear to this bosom, so artless & winning,
 Is charming young *Jessie*, the flower o' Dunblane:

Is charming young Jessie, &c.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my *Jessie*,
 The sports o' the city seemed foolish & vain;
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
 Till charmed wi' sweet *Jessie*, the flower o' Dunblane.

XVI.3 'Judges 14.14', Judges 14.14, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XVII.1 R 'Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane', Robert Tannahill (1774 – 1810), Tannahill, *The Poems and Songs of Robert Tannahill*. The Almanackist has changed the tense in the first sentence from the present to the past.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
 And reckon as nothing the height o' its splendour,
 If wanting young *Jessie*, the flower o' Dunblane:

*If wanting young Jessie,
 Lovely young Jessie,
 Lovely young Jessie,
 The flower o' Dunblane.*

XVII.2.

Tune: Whup Jamboree

The pilot he looks out ahead,
 With a hand on the chains a-heaving on the lead,
 And the old man roars to wake the dead.
 Come and get your oats, my son!

*Whip jamboree! Whip jamboree!
 You long-tailed black man, come up behind!
 Whip jamboree! Whip jamboree!
 Johnny, get your oats, my son!*

O now we're past the Lizard light;
 And the Start, my boys, we'll heave in sight;
 We'll soon be abreast of the Isle of Wight.
 Come and get your oats, my son!

O when we get to the Blackwall docks,
 Those pretty young girls come down in flocks
 With short-legged drawers & long-tailed frocks.
 Come and get your oats, my son!

*Whip jamboree! Whip jamboree!
 You long-tailed black man, come up behind!
 Whip jamboree! Whip jamboree!
 Johnny, get your oats, my son!*

XVII.3.

Give me chastity and continency, only not yet.

XVII.2 'Whip Jamboree', Anonymous, Lloyd and MacColl, *Blow Boys Blow*. Lizard Point and Start Point are lighthouses on the south coast of England, in Cornwall and Devon respectively; they remain important landmarks for a mariner making his way up the English Channel to this day. The Blackwall docks were an important London dockyard, now, sadly, out of use.

XVII.3 The Rev Prof William Shedd (1820 – 1894), Augustine of Hippo, *The Confessions of St Augustine*. Rev Prof Shedd is here translating a passage from St Augustine's *Confessions*.

XVIII.

XVIII.1.

Tune: Westering Home

*Westering home, and a song in the air,
Light in the eye & it's goodbye to care;
Laughter o' love, and a welcoming there,
Isle of my heart, my own one.*

Tell me o' lands o' the orient gay,
Speak o' the riches & joys o' Cathay;
Eh, but it's grand to be wakin' ilk day
To find yourself nearer to Islay.

Where are the folk like the folk o' the west,
Canty & couthy & kindly, the best?
There I would hie me and there I would rest
At home wi' my own folk in Islay.

Now I'm at home and at home I do lay,
Dreaming of riches that come from Cathay,
I'll hop a good ship and be on my way,
And bring back my fortune to Islay.

*Westering home, and a song in the air,
Light in the eye & it's goodbye to care;
Laughter o' love, and a welcoming there,
Isle of my heart, my own one.*

XVIII.2.

Tune: New York Girls

As I walked down through Chatham Street a fair maid I did meet.
She asked me to see her home; she lived in Bleeker Street.

*And away, you Santy! My dear honey!
O you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?*

And when we got to Bleeker Street we stopped at 44.
Her mother & her sister were to meet her at the door.

And when I got inside the house the drinks were passed around.
The liquor was so awful strong my head went round & round.

And then we had another drink before we sat to eat.
The liquor was so awful strong I quickly fell asleep.

XVIII.1 Sir Hugh Robertson (1874 – 1952), Saint-Clair, *Highland Songs*. The poet may have been inspired by the Irish folk song ‘Trasna na dTonnta’. ‘Cathay’ is an archaic name for China, while ‘Islay’ is pronounced to rhyme with ‘tiler’.

XVIII.2 Anonymous, Steeleye Span, *Commoners Crown*. It's unclear whether or not this song is a true sea shanty; although it's certainly old enough to be one, and, in any case, it displays a marked influence from more bona fide shanties in terms of structure and subject matter.

When I awoke next morning I had an aching head.
There was I, *Jack* all alone, stark naked in my bed.

My gold watch & my pocket book & lady friend were gone.
And there was I, *Jack* all alone, stark naked in my room.

On looking round this little room there's nothing I could see
But a woman's shift & apron that were no use to me.

With a flour barrel for a suit of clothes down Cherry Street forlorn,
Where *Martin Churchill* took me in and sent me round Cape Horn.

And away, you Santy! My dear honey!
O you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?

XVIII.3.

Love is like the measles; we can't have it bad but once, and the
later in life we have it the tougher it goes with us.

XIX.

XIX.1.

Tune: The Ettrick Lady

As I gaed down the Ettrick valley
At the hour of 12 at night,
Who did I see but a handsome lassie
Combing her hair by candlelight?
'Lassie, I have come a-courting,
Your fine favours for to win;
And, if you'll but smile upon me,
Next sunday night I'll call again.'

Falla talla-roo! Dumma-roo! Dumma-roo-dum!
Falla talla-roo! Dumma-roo-dum-day!

'So to me you've to come your courting,
My fine favours for to win,
But it would give me the greatest pleasure
If you never did call again.
What would I do when I go to walking,
Walking out for the Ettrick view?
What would I do when I go to walking,
Walking out with a laddie like you?'

'Lassie, I have gold & silver.
Lassie, I have houses & land.

XVIII.3 Henry Shaw (1818 – 1885), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIX.1 Anonymous, The Corries, *The Compact Collection*.

Lassie, I have ships in the ocean;
 They'll be all at your command.'
 'What do I care for your ships on the ocean?
 What do I care fpr your houses & land?
 What do I care for your gold & silver
 When all I want is a handsome man?

'Did you ever see the grass in the morning
 All bedecked with jewels rare?
 Did you ever see a handsome lassie,
 Diamonds sparkling in her hair?
 Did you ever see a copper kettle
 Mended with an old tin can?
 Did you ever see a handsome lassie
 Married off to an ugly man?'

Falla talla-roo! Dumma-roo! Dumma-roo-dum!
Falla talla-roo! Dumma-roo-dum-day!

XIX.2.

Tune: Reuben Ranzo

O poor old *Reuben Ranzo*,
Ranzo, me boys! Ranzo!
 O poor old *Reuben Ranzo*,
Ranzo, me boys! Ranzo!

O *Ranzo* was no sailor,
 So 'e shipped aboard a whaler.

O *Ranzo* was no beauty,
 So 'e couldn't do his duty.

O because 'e was so dirty,
 We gave 'im five & 30.

O the skipper's daughter *Susie*,
 Well she begged 'er dad for mercy.

O she gave 'im wine & water,
 And a bit more than she ought t'.

Well 'e got 'is first-mate papers.
 'E's a terror to the whalers.

Now 'e's known wherever them whale-fish blow
Ranzo, me boys! Ranzo!
 As the hardest bastard on the go.
Ranzo, me boys! Ranzo!

XIX.3.

Nature makes nothing incomplete, and nothing in vain.

XX.**XX.1.**

Tune: Common Frae the Town

Coming through the rye, poor body,
 Coming through the rye,
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

*Jenny's a' wet, poor body;
 Jenny's seldom dry.
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie.
 Coming through the rye.*

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body,
 Coming through the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body
 Need the world ken?

*Jenny's a' wet, poor body;
 Jenny's seldom dry.
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie.
 Coming through the rye.*

XX.2.

Tune: Blow Boys Blow

O was you ever on the Congo river –
Blow, boys! Blow!
 Where fever makes the white man shiver? –
Blow, my bully boys! Blow!

XIX.3 Prof Benjamin Jowett (1817 – 1893), Aristotle, *The Politics of Aristotle*. Prof Jowett is here translating a passage from Aristotle's *Politics*.

XX.1 R Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Burns, *Complete Poems*. Cunningham remarks that Burns removed 'some of the coarse chaff' from the old chant in adapting it to this song, but enough remains for the listener to fill in the blanks. Holden Caulfield's innocent misunderstanding of the true meaning of this song is the explanation behind the odd title of Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*.

XX.2 Anonymous, Lloyd and MacColl, *Blow Boys Blow*. Lloyd comments in the sleeve-notes: 'This topsail halyard shanty, "Blow Boys Blow", originated on the West African run, during the days of the slave trade. Later, with the Congo River stanzas dropped, it passed into use aboard Atlantic packets. The skipper's name is given variously as Bully Hayes, Bully Sims, and One-Eyed Kelly. The stanza about the packet-ship firing its gun may date from the Civil War, or may refer to an anti-slavery patrol.'

A yankee ship come down the river.
Her mast & yards they shone like silver.

And who do you think was the skipper of her?
Why, *Bully Hayes*, the nigger lover.

Who do you think was first mate of her?
Why, *Shanghai Brown*, the sailor robber.

What do you think she's got for cargo?
Why, black sheep that have run the embargo.

What do you think they've got for dinner?
O monkey hearts and donkey's liver.

Yonder comes the *Arrow* packet.
She fires the gun. Can't you hear the racket?

O blow, my boys, and blow forever.
Blow, boys! Blow!
O blow me down that Congo river.
Blow, my bully boys! Blow!

XX.3.

Peace, n. In international affairs, a period of cheating between two periods of fighting.

XXI.

XXI.1.

Tune: I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet

I am my mammy's ae bairn;
Wi' uncou' folk I weary, sir;
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fleyed it mak' me eerie, sir.

I'm o'er young! I'm o'er young!
I'm o'er young to marry yet!
I'm o'er young! 'Twould be a sin
To tak' me frae my mammy yet!

My mammy coft me a new gown;
The kirk maun ha'e the gracing o't;
Were I to lie wi' you, kind sir,
I'm feared ye'd spoil the lacing o't.

XX.3 Ambrose Bierce (1842 – 1914), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXI.1 R Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Burns, *Complete Poems*. 'Hallowmass' is an archaic word for All Saints' Day, i.e. the first day of November.

Hallowmass is come & gone;
 The nights are long in winter, sir,
 And you an' I in ae bed,
 In truth, I dare na venture, sir.

Fu' loud an' sh'ill the frosty wind
 Blows through the leafless tim'er, sir;
 But if ye come this gate again
 I'll older be gin simmer, sir.

I'm o'er young! I'm o'er young!
I'm o'er young to marry yet!
I'm o'er young! 'Twould be a sin
To tak' me frae my mammy yet!

XXI.2.

Tune: Santy Anna

O *Santy Anna* gained a day.
Hurray! Santy Ann-O!
 O *Santy Anna* gained a day.
All on the plains of Mexico!

O Mexico! Mexico!
 O Mexico, where I must go!

Them little girls I do adore,
 Their shining eyes & long black hair.

Why do them yellow girls love me so?
 Because I don't tell 'em all I know.

When I was a young man in my prime,
 I knocked them little girls two at a time.

Them Liverpool girls ain't got no coal.
 They comb their hair with a kipper backbone.

Times is hard and the wages low.
Hurray! Santy Ann-O!
 It's time for us to roll & go.
All on the plains of Mexico!

XXI.3.

We are always doing... something for posterity, but I would fain
 see posterity do something for us.

XXI.2 Anonymous, *Sailors' Songs and Sea Shanties*. Santy Anna = Gen Antonio López de Santa Anna.

XXI.3 The Rt Hon Joseph Addison (1672 – 1719), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXII.**XXII.1.**

Tune: O Where hae You been, Lord Ronald, My Son?

‘O where ha’e you been, Lord *Ronald*, my son?
 O where ha’e you been, Lord *Ronald*, my son?’
 ‘I ha’e been wi’ my sweetheart. Mother, mak’ my bed soon,
 For I’m weary wi’ the hunting, and fain would lie doon.’

‘What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord *Ronald*, my son?
 What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord *Ronald*, my son?’
 ‘I ha’e got deadly poison. Mother, mak’ my bed soon,
 For life is a burden that soon I’ll lay doon.’

XXII.2.

Tune: Whisky Johnny

Whisky is the life of man.

Whisky! Johnny!

O whisky is the life of man.

Whisky for my Johnny-O!

O I drink whisky when I can.

I drink it out from an old tin can.

Whisky gave me a broken nose.

Whisky made me pawn my clothes.

Whisky drove me around Cape Horn.

It was many a month when I was gone.

I thought I heard the old man say,

‘I’ll treat my crew in a decent way.

‘A glass of grog for every man –’

Whisky! Johnny!

‘And a bottle for the shantyman –’

Whisky for my Johnny-O!

XXII.3.

The whole is more than the sum of the parts.

XXII.1 R Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Johnson and Burns, *Scots Musical Museum*, Vol IV. In making this short song, Burns has compressed (beautifully) a far longer and older ballad about a young nobleman who is poisoned and killed by his lover.

XXII.2 Anonymous, Killen, *Assassin’s Creed IV: Black Flag*.

XXII.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. This is an ancient English paraphrase of a sumblime truth which Aristotle articulated more awkwardly.

XXIII.

XXIII.1.

Tune: The Bonnie Hoose o' Airlie

It fell on a day, and a bonny summer's day,
 When the sun shone bright & clearly,
 That there fell out a great dispute
 Atween *Argyll* and *Airlie*.

Argyll, he has mustered a 1000 o' his men;
 He has marched them out right early;
 He has marched them in by the back o' Dunkeld,
 To plunder the bonny house o' *Airlie*.

Lady *Ogilvie*, she looked from her window so high,
 And O but she grat sairly
 To see *Argyll* and a' his men
 Come to plunder the bonny house o' *Airlie*.

'Come down, come down, Lady *Ogilvie*,' he cried.
 'Come down and kiss me fairly,
 Or I swear by the hilt o' my good broadsword
 That I wi' na leave a stan'in' stone in *Airlie*.'

'I wi' na come down, ye cruel *Argyll*;
 I wi' na kiss ye fairly;
 I would na kiss ye, false *Argyll*,
 Though ye should na leave a stan'in' stone in *Airlie*.'

'Come tell me where your dowry is hid;
 Come down and tell me fairly.'
 'I wi' na tell ye where my dowry is hid,
 Though ye should na leave a stan'in' stone in *Airlie*.'

They sought it up & they sought it down;
 I wat they sought it early;
 And it was below yon bowling green
 They found the dowry o' *Airlie*.

'Eleven bairns I ha'e born
 And the 12th ne'er saw his daddy,
 But though I had gotten as many again,
 They should 'a' gang to fetch for *Charlie*.

XXIII.1 Anonymous, Saint-Clair, *Highland Songs*. This song relates a raid made by 'Argyll' (i.e. the Covenanter Archibald Campbell, 8th Earl of Argyll and Chief of Clan Campbell) on Airlie Castle (seat of the Royalist James Ogilvie, 1st Earl of Airlie and Chief of Clan Ogilvie) in 1640 during the Wars of the Three Kingdoms. In spite of the unhappy ending, the listener may take some comfort in the fact that Lord Argyll died on the scaffold, whereas Lord Airlie died in his bed.

‘Gin my good lord had been at home,
 As he’s awa’ for *Charlie*,
 There dares na a *Campbell* o’ a’ *Argyll*
 Set a foot on the bonny house o’ *Airlie*.’

He’s ta’en her by the milk-white hand,
 But he did na lead her fairly;
 He led her up to the top o’ the hill,
 Where she saw the burnin’ o’ *Airlie*.

The smoke & flame they rose so high;
 The walls they were blackened fairly;
 And the lady laid her down on the green to die
 When she saw the burnin’ o’ *Airlie*.

XXIII.2.

Tune: Eliza Lee

The smartest clipper you can find –
Ho-ay ho! Are you most done?!
 Is the *Margaret Evans* on the Blue Star Line –
Clear away the track and let the bulgine run!

To me aye! Rig a jig in a jolting car!
Ho-ay ho! Are you most done?!
 With *Liza Lee* all on my knee,
Clear away the track and let the bulgine run!

O the *Margaret Evans* on the Blue Star Line,
 She’s never a day behind the time.

O we’re outward bound for New York town.
 We’ll dance them Bowery girls around.

Well we stowed our freight on the West Creek pier.
 We’ll head right back for some Liverpool beer.

O I thought I heard the old man say,
 ‘We’ll leave that brig three points away.’

And when we’re back in Liverpool town –
Ho-ay ho! Are you most done?!
 I’ll stand youse whiskys all around –
Clear away the track and let the bulgine run!

To me aye! Rig a jig in a jolting car!
Ho-ay ho! Are you most done?!
 With *Liza Lee* all on my knee,
Clear away the track and let the bulgine run!

XXIII.2 Anonymous, Collins, *Sea Shanties and Songs of the Sea*.

XXIII.3.

Variety is the soul of pleasure.

XXIV.**XXIV.1.**

Tune: Cameronian Rant

O cam' ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
 Or were ye at the Sherramuir,
 And did the battle see, man?'
 I saw the battle, sair & tough;
 And reekin' red ran many a sheugh;
 My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
 O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
 Who glaumed at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
 To meet them were na slaw, man;
 They rushed and pushed, and blood out-gushed.
 And many a bouk did fa', man:
 The great *Argyll* led on his files,
 I wat they glanced for 20 miles:
 They houghed the clans like nine-pin kyles,
 They hacked and hashed, while broadsword clashed.
 And through they dashed, and hewed, and smashed,
 Till fey men died awa', man.

But had you seen the philibegs
 And skyrin tartan trews, man;
 When in the teeth they dared our Whigs
 And covenant true blues, man;
 In lines exten'ed lang & large,
 When bayonets o'erpowered the targe,
 And thousands hastened to the charge,
 Wi' highland wrath, they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
 They fled like frightened doos, man.

XXIII.3 Mrs Aphra Behn (1640 – 1689), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Mrs Behn, cunning linguist that she was, seems to have lived up to this maxim in her personal life.

XXIV.1 R Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Burns, *Complete Poems*. This song describes the Battle of Sheriffmuir (also called Sherramuir), at which a Government force of six thousand under Archibald Campbell, 2nd Duke of Argyll stood their ground against twelve thousand Jacobites under John Erskine, 23rd Earl of Mar.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
 Among the highland clans, man;
 I fear my Lord *Panmure* is slain
 Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man:
 Now would ye sing this double fight;
 Some fell for wrong, and some for right;
 And many bade the world goodnight;
 Then ye may tell, how pell & mell,
 By red claymores, & muskets' knell,
 Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell.
 And Whigs to hell did flee, man.

XXIV.2.

Tune: Homeward Bound

O don't youse hear the old man say –
Goodbye, fare ye well! Goodbye, fare ye well!
 O don't youse hear the old man say –
Hurrah, my boys! We're homeward bound!

We're homeward bound to Liverpool town,
 Where all them *Judies*, they will come down.

And when we gets to the Wallasey gates,
Sally & Oily for their flash-men do wait.

And one to the other ye'll hear them say,
 'Here comes *Johnny* with his 14 months' pay!'

We meet these fly gals and we'll ring the old bell.
 With them *Judies*, we'll raise merry hell.

We're homeward bound to the gals of the town,
 And stamp up my bullies and heave it around.

And when we gets home, boys, O won't we fly round?
 We'll heave up the anchor to this bully sound.

We're all homeward bound for the old backyard.
 Then heave, my bullies. We're all bound homeward.

O heave with a will boys. O heave long and strong.
 And sing a good chorus for 'tis a good song.

We're homeward bound, we'll have youse to know –
Goodbye, fare ye well! Goodbye, fare ye well!
 And over the water to England must go –
Hurrah, my boys! We're homeward bound!

XXIV.2 Anonymous, Killen, *Assassin's Creed IV: Black Flag*.

XXIV.3.

There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion.

XXV.

XXV.1.

Tune: O'er the Water to Charlie

Come boat me o'er; come row me o'er;
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
 I'll gi'e *John Ross* another bawbee,
 To boat me o'er to *Charlie*.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea;
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather & go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e well my *Charlie's* name,
 Though some there be abhor him:
 But O, to see *Old Nick* gone hame,
 And *Charlie's* foes before him!

I swear & vow by moon & stars,
 And sun that shines so early,
 If I had 20,000 lives,
 I'd die as oft for *Charlie*.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea;
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather & go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

XXV.2.

Tune: Blow the Man Down

As I was out walking down Paradise Street –
To me! Way! Hey! Blow the man down!
 A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet –
Give me some time to blow the man down!

XXIV.3 Francis Bacon, Viscount St Alban (1561 – 1626), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXV.1 R Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Burns, *Complete Poems*. In Scots poetry the word 'o'er' is pronounced like the English word 'hour'. Old Nick is a euphemism for Satan, and is probably used here figuratively to refer to the Hanoverian kings of Great Britain and Ireland. A 'bawbee' was a kind of coin, peculiar to the Kingdom of Scotland, worth about the same as an English halfpenny; though who John Ross was remains a mystery.

XXV.2 Anonymous, Davidson and Santelli, *Hard Travelin': The Life and Legacy of Woody Guthrie*. Paradise Street is in Liverpool, where this sort of thing is not uncommon.

She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow,
So I took in all sail and cried, 'Way enough now!'

I hailed her in english; she answered me clear,
'I'm from the Black Arrow bound to the Shakespeare.'

So I tailed her my flipper and took her in tow,
And yard-arm to yard-arm, away we did go.

But as we were a-going she said unto me,
'There's a spankin' full rigger just ready for sea.'

That spankin' full rigger to New York was bound.
She was very well mannered and very well found.

But as soon as that packet was clear of the bar,
The mate knocked me down with the end of a spar.

As soon as that packet was out on the sea,
'Twas devilish hard treatment of every degree.

So I give you fair warning before we belay –
 To me! Way! Hey! Blow the man down!
Don't never take heed of what pretty girls say –
 Give me some time to blow the man down!

XXV.3.

Throughout the greater part of his life George III was a kind of
consecrated obstacle.

XXVI.

XXVI.1.

Tune: Come O'er the Stream, Charlie

*Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
Come o'er the stream Charlie,
And dine wi' Maclean.
And, though ye be weary,
We'll mak' your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie
And his loyal train.*

We'll bring down the red deer;
We'll bring down the black steer,
The lamb frae the bracken

XXV.3 Walter Bagehot (1826 – 1877), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVI.1 Anonymous, The Corries, *The Compact Collection*.

And the doe frae the glen.
 The salt sea we'll harry
 And bring to our *Charlie*
 The cream frae the bothy,
 The curd frae the pen.

And you shall drink freely
 The dews of Glensheerly
 That stream in the starlight,
 Where kings di' na ken.
 And deep be your meed
 Of the wine that is red,
 To drink to your sire
 And his friend the *Maclean*.

It ought to invite you,
 Or more will delight you:
 'Tis ready; a troop
 Of our bold highland men
 Shall range on the heather,
 With bayonet & feather,
 Strong arms & broad claymores,
 Three hundred and 10.

*Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
 Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
 Come o'er the stream Charlie,
 And dine wi' Maclean.
 And, though ye be weary,
 We'll mak' your heart cheery,
 And welcome our Charlie
 And his loyal train.*

XXVI.2.

Tune: Lowlands Away

I dreamed a dream the other night.
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John.
 I dreamed a dream the other night.
Lowlands away.

I dreamed I saw my own true love.
 I dreamed I saw my own true love.

I dreamed my love was drowned & dead.
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John.
 I dreamed my love was drowned & dead.
Lowlands away.

XXVI.2 Anonymous, *Sailors' Songs and Sea Shanties*. As with all the best short lyrics, a larger narrative is hinted at in this song – a narrative which, sadly, is now lost.

XXVI.3.

To me old age is always fifteen years older than I am.

XXVII.**XXVII.1.**

Tune: It was A' for Our Rightfu' King

It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We left fair Scotland's strand;
 It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We e'er saw irish land, my dear;
 We e'er saw irish land.

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.

He turned him right, and round about
 Upon the irish shore;
 And ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
 With adieu for evermore, my dear;
 With adieu for evermore.

The soldier from the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main;
 But I ha'e parted frae my love.
 Never to meet again, my dear;
 Never to meet again.

XXVII.2.

Tune: Rollicking Randy Dandy

Now we are ready to sail for the Horn –
Way hey! Roll & go!
 Our boots & our clothes, boys, are all in the pawn –
To me rollicking randy dandy O!

Heave a pawl! O heave away!
Way hey, roll and go!
The anchor's onboard and the cable's all stored!
To me rollicking randy dandy O!

XXVI.3 Dr Bernard Baruch (1870 – 1965), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVII.1 R Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Burns, *Complete Poems*. This song seems to relate the story of a Scottish Jacobite soldier who fought in the Jacobite-Williamite War in Ireland. The final verse of Burns's original has been omitted.

XXVII.2 Anonymous, Killen, *Assassin's Creed IV: Black Flag*.

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks,
Where the pretty young girls all come down in their frocks.

Come breast the bars, bullies. Heave her away.

Way hey! Roll & go!

Soon we'll be rolling her way down the bay.

To me rollicking randy dandy O!

Heave a paw! O heave away!

Way hey, roll and go!

The anchor's onboard and the cable's all stored!

To me rollicking randy dandy O!

XXVII.3.

Conservative, n. A statesman who is enamoured of existing evils,
as distinguished from the liberal, who wishes to replace
them with others.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.1.

Tune: Will Ye No' Come Back?

Bonny *Charlie's* now awa',
Safely o'er the friendly main;
Many a heart will break i' twa,
Should he no' come back again.

Will ye no come back again?

Will ye no come back again?

Better lo'ed ye can na be.

Will ye no come back again?

Many a traitor 'mong the isles
Brak' the band o' nature's law;
Many a traitor wi' his wiles
Sought to wear his life awa'.

Many a gallant soldier fought;
Many a gallant chief did fa';
Death itself were dearly bought,
A' for Scotland's king and law.

XXVII.3 Ambrose Bierce (1842 – 1914), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVIII.1 'Bonnie Charlie', Carolina Nairne Lady Nairne (1766 – 1845), MacColl, *The Jacobite Rebellions*. Although this song was written several decades after the Jacobite risings, Lady Nairne herself was from a prominent Jacobite family, members of which did actually fight for the House of Stuart.

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing
 Unto the evening sinking down,
 Or meryl that makes the wood to ring,
 To me they ha'e no other soun'.

Sweet the laverock's note & long,
 Lilting wildly up the glen;
 And aye the o'erworld o' the song:
 Will he no' come back again?

Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye can na be.
Will ye no come back again?

XXVIII.2.

Tune: Roll the Old Chariot

O a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm!
O a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm!
O a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm!
And we'll all hang on behind!

And we'll roll the old chariot along!
We'll roll the old chariot along!
We'll roll the old chariot along!
And we'll all hang on behind!

O a plate of irish stew wouldn't do us any harm! &c.

O a nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm! &c.

O a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm! &c.

O a good night ashore wouldn't do us any harm!
A good night ashore wouldn't do us any harm!
A good night ashore wouldn't do us any harm!
And we'll all hang on behind!

And we'll roll the old chariot along!
We'll roll the old chariot along!
We'll roll the old chariot along!
And we'll all hang on behind!

XXVIII.2 Anonymous, Hyde Street Chantey Singers, *Sea Songs and Chanteys*. There's a story, of dubious authority, that, following his death at Trafalgar, Lord Nelson's body was preserved in brandy (which, in itself is almost certainly true). The sailors onboard the *Victory*, not wanting to waste any intoxicating fluid, gradually siphoned off and drank most of said brandy on the journey back to England. Hence the term 'Nelson's blood' was and is used amongst seamen to refer to any kind of hard liquor.

XXVIII.3.

He who has seen present things has seen all, both everything
 which has taken place from all eternity and everything
 which will be for time without end; for all things are of
 one kin and of one form.

XXIX.**XXIX.1.**

Tune: For Old Long Sine, My Jo

Should old acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to min'?
 Should old acquaintance be forgot,
 And auld lang syne?

*For auld lang syne, my jo,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.*

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
 And surely I'll be mine!
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
 And pu'ed the gowans fine;
 But we've wandered many a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidled i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid ha'e roared
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gi'e 's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak' a right guid-willie-waught
 For auld lang syne.

XXVIII.3 Prof George Long (1800 – 1879), Caesar Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Augustus, *The Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*. Prof Long is here translating a passage from Book VI of Marcus Aurelius's *Meditations*.

XXIX.1 R 'Auld Lang Syne', Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Fenton, *The New Faber Book of Love Poems*.

XXIX.2.

Tune: Leave Her, Johnny, Leave Her

I thought I heard the old man say –

Leave her, Johnny! Leave her!

Tomorrow ye will get your pay –

And it's time for us to leave her.

Leave her, Johnny! Leave her!

O leave her, Johnny! Leave her!

For the voyage is long and the winds don't blow,

And it's time for us to leave her!

O the wind was foul and the sea ran high;

She shipped it green and none went by.

I hate to sail on this rotten tub,

No grog allowed and rotten grub.

We swear by rote for want of more,

Leave her, Johnny! Leave her!

But now we're through so we'll go on shore.

And it's time for us to leave her.

Leave her, Johnny! Leave her!

O leave her, Johnny! Leave her!

For the voyage is long and the winds don't blow,

And it's time for us to leave her!

XXIX.3.

Here's to us. Who's like us? Gey few, and they're a' dead.

XXIX.2 Anonymous, Killen, *Assassin's Creed IV: Black Flag*. Stan Hugill, in his *Shanties from the Seven Seas*, comments: 'And now we come to the "Johnny" song that usually ended the voyage – 'Leave Her, Johnny, Leave Her!' Collectors give pumps and halyards alike as the job it was used for. Terry and Whall call it a hauling song; Miss Colcord and Doerflinger give it for pumps. I think they are all right. It was probably sung at halyards with two solos and refrains, and when a full chorus was added then it was used at the pumps and even capstan. I learnt it partly from my mother's father, and he always sang the full chorus, and partly from an old Irish sailor, who also used the final chorus. It probably came to life about the time of the Irish potato famine, in the forties, and was originally sung in the Western Ocean Packets in this fashion... The later version 'Leave Her, Johnnies' or as some sang it 'Leave Her, Bullies' was sometimes sung during the voyage – at the pumps – but its better-known function was that of airing grievances just prior to the completion of the voyage either when warping the vessel in through the locks or at the final spell of the pumps (in wooden ships) after the vessel had docked. Many unprintable stanzas were sung, directed at the afterguard, the grub, and the owners. Bullen writes that "to sing it before the last day or so was almost tantamount to mutiny."'

XXIX.3 \mathbb{R} Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXX.

XXX.1.

Tune: Wild Mountain Thyme

O the summer time has come,
 And the trees are sweetly blooming,
 And wild mountain thyme
 Grows around the purple heather.
 Will you go, lassie, go?

*And we'll all go together
 To pull wild mountain thyme
 All around the purple heather.
 Will you go, lassie, go?*

I will build my love a bower
 By yon clear crystal fountain,
 And on it I will pile
 All the flowers of the mountain.
 Will you go, lassie, go?

I will range through the wilds
 And the deep land so dreary
 And return with the spoils
 To the bower o' my dearie.
 Will ye go, lassie, go?

If my truelove she'll not come,
 Then I'll surely find another
 To pull wild mountain thyme
 All around the purple heather.
 Will you go, lassie, go?

*And we'll all go together
 To pull wild mountain thyme
 All around the purple heather.
 Will you go, lassie, go?*

XXX.2.

Tune: Padstow Farwell

It is time to go now.
Haul away your anchor!
Haul away your anchor!
'Tis our sailing time!

XXX.1 Francis McPeake (1885 – 1971), *The Corries, The Corries: In Concert*. McPeake seems to have been inspired to compose this song by a poem of Robert Tannahill's. Some interpreters of this song (Kate Rusby et al.) have been known to render the first line as, 'O the summer time is coming', which, as a certain learned gentleman pointed out to the Almanackist, shows their ignorance. Heather blooms in late summer, and not in the spring.

XXX.2 Anonymous, Killen, *Assassin's Creed IV: Black Flag*. Padstow is a fishing village on the north coast of Cornwall.

Get some sail upon her.

Haul away your halyards! &c.

Get her on her course now.

Haul away your foresheets! &c.

Waves are surging under.

Haul away down-channel!

Haul away down-channel

On the evening tide!

When your sailing's over:

Haul away for heaven!

Haul away for heaven!

God be by your side!

XXX.3.

The sun himself cannot forget his fellow traveller.

XXX.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. The 'fellow traveller' is Sir Francis Drake, who was one of the first men to circumnavigate the globe, thus, in a certain sense, under the geocentric view of things, made the same journey which the sun makes every day.

Sectilis

September

This month we can be in no doubt, however warm and sunny the weather, that summer is ending. Everywhere we notice fruits – tufts of down on the composites, berries in the hedgerow, pears and apples in the orchard – all proper to autumn and winter. Even in this month greengages will have ripened, plums will be at their best, some apples will be ready, and William’s Bon Chrétien pear will be picked.

The woodsides and hedgerows are a tangle. We have rose hips, thorn haws, and hazel nuts; below them are the red berries of cuckpp-pint. The whole mass is overgrown by twiners and stagglers, all in fruit. In the dense mass two are almost universal – blackberry and black bryony.

Blackberries – they must be eaten before Michaelmas Day (the twenty-ninth day of September in the Gregorian calendar) when the devil gets into them – have long been studied by botanists who loved to argue over the varying forms they found. Genetecists have now found that attempts to reach finality by the older methods of botanical classification may only lead to bewilderment. The extraordinary variation within the group of plants known as *Rubus fruticosus* is due to hybridisation and involved complexities of fertilisation and seed production. It will be remembered that the long shoots of blackberries generally root when they reach the ground, so that a variation, having once come to maturity, will probably increase and perpetuate itself quite independently of any seed that it produces. Thus we have a “clone” both originated and propagated by nature; usually nature (man often claims to have helped) does the originating and man (sometimes even impeded by nature) does the propagating.

Black bryony is a much simpler plant to study. It is the sole English member of the yam family, which is largely tropical. The only confusion is in its name. Black applies to the root, not the berry, which is scarlet. It is no relation of white bryony. This has a red or orange berry, and is named from the thick white root which is called by some English mandrake, and by them is claimed to have the powers of that magic plant. White bryony is plentiful in many places, though it has not the same wide distribution as the last two plants.

On limestone soils hedges will often be mounded over with a mat of the silky tassels of our only clematis. In flower it is called traveller’s joy; in seed, old man’s beard.

The dearth of wild flowers drives butterflies to our gardens. Buddleias are covered with them. The commonest are the usual whites, red admirals (who love rotting plums even more), tortoiseshells, peacocks, painted ladies and brimstones. At night many handsome moths come to the flowers. In some years the south coast has invasions of the rare striped hawk-moth, which feeds in the evenings on the nectar of petunias. But however crowded the garden may seem, butterflies and

moths decrease in numbers very considerably during the month. Many that we see are about to hibernate.

Ivy flowers provide one of the few sources of food for nectar-sipping insects left among wild plants. Wasps and drone flies in particular swarm around them. Flies, mosquitoes, wasps, hornets, midges and all the more pestilential, stinging and irritating of Pandora's horde seem at their most vicious on a warm September day. A cheerful and harmless little fellow who also reaches his highest population this month is the water whirligig beetle.

September is also a month when we see or feel much of some insect-like animals. Droplets from heavy dews cling on to and display the webs that spiders spin over hedges and grass. Many kinds now achieve their maximum population and are busy egg-laying. The frosts will kill off most of them – the common, and now very abundant, garden spider will be one of the first to die when cold weather comes. The large long-legged house spider, *Tegenaria atrica*, in particular seems to be moving noisily about and mildly alarming us during early autumn. The irritating "harvester", which burrows into our shin for no good reason, and certainly not to its own benefit, is at its most irritating now, particularly where there are limestone or chalky soils. It would surely be better for everybody if it remained among the stubble and bracken. Those strange, long-legged creatures, superficially spider-like, of the order Opiliones, known as harvestmen, are also often seen. Little is known of them or their way of life.

Woodland and inland birds leave in large numbers. Some nightingales may have left in Sextilis, and the rest now follow. Early in the month, garden, grasshopper and reed warblers, as well as redstarts, leave. Then whitethroats and whinchats. Towards the end we lose willow warblers, chiff-chaffs, common sandpipers, spotted flycatchers, tree pipits, wheatears, turtle-dove and yellow wagtails. Swallows and martins congregate, lining telegraph wires and perching on dead trees, ready for their flight.

Arrivals are teal, pintail, jack-snipe and countless waders. The big grey lag geese, which once bred here much more freely than they now do, fly southward to us. If the weather is bad in northern Europe the first redwing and fieldfare may arrive.

But for the robin and twittering of the accumulating swallows, there is little bird song. Enthusiastic sparrows and wood-pigeons may attempt a final nest.

In the longer nights we may now hear the barking of foxes. The strange (it has well been called peacock-like) yelping of the vixen and the sharp yapping of the dog make an unearthly din.

Other migrations are under way. Some eels, specially dressed in a silver travelling livery, no doubt to match the 'golden lamps in a green night', start on their way to Bermuda. There, in one little spot of the whole vast ocean, the long fantastic journey completed, they breed.

In the reverse direction salmon and those trout visiting the sea will be entering our river-mouths and making their astonishing climb up to the fresh waters where they spawn.

Of wild flowers heather and the yellow composites are among the few that persist. The lovely blue chicory, a rather late flowerer, often surprises us in those districts where it grows on the roadsides and edges of fields. The Compositae also give us most of the September garden flowers – Michaelmas daisies, dahlias

and chrysanthemums. These flowers – purples, golds, crimsons, yellows – are the signals warning us that October, and real autumn, is very near.

I.

I.1.

When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed,
And the great star early drooped in the western sky in the night,

I mourned, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love. §

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night – O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappeared – O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless – O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

In the door-yard fronting an old farm-house near the white-
washed palings,
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of
rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume
strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the door-yard,
With delicate-coloured blossoms & heart-shaped leaves of rich
green,
A sprig with its flower I break. §

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy & hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life, (for well, dear brother, I know,
If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st surely die). §

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes & through old woods, where lately the violets peeped
from the ground, spotting the gray debris,

I.1 'When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloom'd', Walt Whitman (1819 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This poem is an elegy for Abraham Lincoln, 16th President of the United States.

Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the
 endless grass,
 Passing the yellow-speared wheat, every grain from its shroud in
 the dark-brown fields uprisen,
 Passing the apple-tree blows of white & pink in the orchards,
 Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
 Night & day journeys a coffin. §

Coffin that passes through lanes & streets,
 Through day & night with the great cloud darkening the land,
 With the pomp of the inlooped flags with the cities draped in
 black,
 With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veiled women
 standing,
 With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the
 night,
 With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and
 the unbared heads,
 With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,

 With dirges through the night, with the 1000 voices rising strong
 & solemn,
 With all the mournful voices of the dirges poured around the
 coffin,
 The dim-lit churches & the shuddering organs – where amid these
 you journey,
 With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang,
 Here, coffin that slowly passes,
 I give you my sprig of lilac. §

(Nor for you, for one alone,
 Blossoms & branches green to coffins all I bring,
 For fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a song for you, O
 sane & sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,
 O death, I cover you over with roses & early lilies,
 But mostly & now the lilac that blooms the first,
 Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,
 With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
 For you and the coffins all of you, O death.) §

O western orb sailing the heaven,
 Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I walked,

As I walked in silence the transparent shadowy night,
 As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night after
 night,

As you drooped from the sky low down as if to my side, (while
the other stars all looked on,)
As we wandered together the solemn night, (for something I know
not what kept me from sleep,)
As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west how full
you were of woe,
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the cool trans-
parent night,
As I watched where you passed and was lost in the nether-ward
black of the night,
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where you, sad orb,

Concluded, dropped in the night, and was gone. ¶

Sing on there in the swamp,
O singer bashful & tender. I hear your notes; I hear your call,
I hear, I come presently, I understand you,
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detained me,
The star my departing comrade holds and detains me. ¶

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has
gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east & west,
Blown from the eastern sea and blown from the western sea, till
there on the prairies meeting,
These & with these & the breath of my chant,
I'll perfume the grave of him I love. ¶

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing spring & farms & homes,
With the fourth-month eve at sundown, & the grey smoke lucid
& bright,
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking
sun, burning, expanding the air,
With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, & the pale green leaves
of the trees prolific,
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a
wind-dapple here & there,
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the
sky, & shadows,
And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, & stacks of chim-
neys,
And all the scenes of life & the workshops, & the workmen home-
ward returning. ¶

Lo, body & soul – this land,
 My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling & hurrying
 tides, and the ships,
 The varied & ample land, the south and the north in the light,
 Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri,
 And ever the far-spreading prairies covered with grass & corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm & haughty,
 The violet & purple morn with just-felt breezes,
 The gentle soft-born measureless light,
 The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfilled noon,
 The coming eve delicious, the welcome night & the stars,
 Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land. ¶

Sing on, sing on, you gray-brown bird.
 Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant from the
 bushes,
 Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on dearest brother, warble your reedy song,
 Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid & free & tender!
 O wild & loose to my soul – O wondrous singer!
 You only I hear – yet the star holds me, (but will soon depart,)
 Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me. ¶

Now while I sat in the day and looked forth,
 In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring, and
 the farmers preparing their crops,
 In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes &
 forests,
 In the heavenly aerial beauty (after the perturbed winds and the
 storms)
 Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and
 the voices of children & women,
 The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they sailed,

And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all
 busy with labour,
 And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with
 its meals & minutiae of daily usages,
 And the streets how their throbbings throbbed, and the cities
 pent – lo, then & there,
 Falling upon them all & among them all, enveloping me with the
 rest,
 Appeared the cloud, appeared the long black trail,
 And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of
 death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the
 hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the
 dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest received me,
The grey-brown bird I know received us comrades three,
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

Come lovely & soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life & joy, and for objects & knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come
 unfalteringly.

Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the
 dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments & feastings
 for thee,
And the sights of the open landscape & the high-spread sky are
 fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star,
 The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I
 know,
 And the soul turning to thee, O vast & well-veiled death,
 And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
 Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the
 prairies wide,
 Over the dense-packed cities all and the teeming wharves & ways,

I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O death. ¶

To the tally of my soul,
 Loud & strong kept up the grey-brown bird,
 With pure deliberate notes spreading, filling the night.

Loud in the pines & cedars dim,
 Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,
 And I with my comrades there in the night.

While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,
 As to long panoramas of visions.

And I saw askant the armies;
 I saw as in noiseless dreams 100s of battle-flags,
 Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierced with missiles
 I saw them,
 And carried hither & yon through the smoke, and torn & bloody,

And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs, (and all in silence,)

And the staffs all splintered and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
 And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them,
 I saw the debris & debris of all the slain soldiers of the war,
 But I saw they were not as was thought,
 They themselves were fully at rest; they suffered not;
 The living remained and suffered; the mother suffered;
 And the wife & the child & the musing comrade suffered,
 And the armies that remained suffered. ¶

Passing the visions, passing the night,
 Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,
 Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tallying song of my
 soul,
 Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-altering
 song,

As low & wailing, yet clear the notes, rising & falling, flooding
 the night,
 Sadly sinking & fainting, as warning & warning, and yet again
 bursting with joy,
 Covering the earth & filling the spread of the heaven,
 As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,
 Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
 I leave thee there in the door-yard, blooming, returning with
 spring.

I cease from my song for thee,
 From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, communing
 with thee,
 O comrade lustrous with silver face in the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of the night,
 The song, the wondrous chant of the grey-brown bird,
 And the tallying chant, the echo aroused in my soul,
 With the lustrous & drooping star with the countenance full of
 woe,
 With the holders holding my hand nearing the call of the bird,
 Comrades mine & I in the midst, and their memory ever to keep,
 for the dead I loved so well,
 For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days & lands – and this
 for his dear sake,
 Lilac & star & bird twined with the chant of my soul,
 There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk & dim.

I.2.

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
 What need you flow so fast?
 Look how the snowy mountains
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste.
 But my sun's heav'nly eyes
 View not your weeping,
 That now lies sleeping,
 Softly, softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets.
 Doth not the sun rise smiling
 When fair at e'en he sets?
 Rest you then, rest, sad eyes;
 Melt not in weeping
 While she lies sleeping,
 Softly, softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

I.3.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

II.**II.1.**

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales & hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company:
 I gazed & gazed, but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

II.2.

It is a beauteous evening, calm & free,
 The holy time is quiet as a nun
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea;
 Listen! The mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder – everlastingly.
 Dear child, dear girl, that walkest with me here,

I.3 Proverbs 15.17, Anonymous, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

II.1 Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

II.2 Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
 Thou liest in *Abraham's* bosom all the year;
 And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

II.3.

Youth would be an ideal state if it came a little later in life.

III.

III.1.

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
 The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
 But now the sun is rising calm & bright;
 The birds are singing in the distant woods;
 Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods;
 The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters;
 And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
 The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
 The grass is bright with rain-drops; on the moors
 The hare is running races in her mirth;
 And with her feet she from the plashy earth
 Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
 Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor;
 I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
 I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
 Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
 The pleasant season did my heart employ:
 My old remembrances went from me wholly;
 And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
 Of joys in minds that can no further go,
 As high as we have mounted in delight
 In our dejection do we sink as low;
 To me that morning did it happen so;
 And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
 Dim sadness – and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could name.

II.3 Herbert Asquith, 1st Earl of Oxford and Asquith (1852 – 1928), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

III.1 'Resolution and Independence', Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;
 And I bethought me of the playful hare:
 Even such a happy child of earth am I;
 Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
 Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
 But there may come another day to me –
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
 As if life's business were a summer mood;
 As if all needful things would come unsought
 To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
 But how can He expect that others should
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
 Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of *Chatterton*, the marvellous boy,
 The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
 Of him who walked in glory and in joy
 Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
 By our own spirits are we deified:
 We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
 But thereof come in the end despondency & madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
 A leading from above, a something given,
 Yet it befell that, in this lonely place,
 When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
 Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
 I saw a man before me unawares:
 The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
 Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
 Wonder to all who do the same espy,
 By what means it could thither come, and whence;
 So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
 Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
 Of rock or sand repositeth, there to sun itself;

Such seemed this man, not all alive nor dead,
 Nor all asleep – in his extreme old age:
 His body was bent double, feet & head
 Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
 As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
 Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
 A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
 Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood:

And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
 Upon the margin of that moorish flood
 Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
 Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,
 As if he had been reading in a book:
 And now a stranger's privilege I took;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
'This morning gives us promise of a glorious day.'

A gentle answer did the old man make,
 In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:
And him with further words I thus bespake,
 'What occupation do you there pursue?'
 This is a lonesome place for one like you.'
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
 But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest –
 Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
 Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come
 To gather leeches, being old and poor:
Employment hazardous and wearisome!
 And he had many hardships to endure:
 From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance;
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old man still stood talking by my side;
 But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
 And the whole body of the Man did seem
 Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills;
 And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
 And mighty poets in their misery dead.

Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
 My question eagerly did I renew,
 'How is it that you live, and what is it you do?'

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
 And said that, gathering leeches, far & wide
 He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
 The waters of the pools where they abide.
 'Once I could meet with them on every side;
 But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
 Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.'

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
 The old man's shape, and speech – all troubled me:
 In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
 About the weary moors continually,
 Wandering about alone and silently.
 While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
 He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
 But stately in the main; and, when he ended,
 I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
 In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
 'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure;
 I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!'

III.2.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
 Yes, to the very end.
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
 From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
 A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
 May not the darkness hide it from my face?
 You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
 Those who have gone before.
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
 They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
 Of labour you shall find the sum.
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
 Yea, beds for all who come.

III.2 'Up-Hill', Miss Christina Rossetti (1830 – 1894), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

III.3.

Fear God, and take your own part.

IV.

IV.1.

Five years have passed; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters, and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
 With a soft inland murmur. Once again
 Do I behold these steep & lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
 Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
 Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
 The hermit sits alone. These beauteous forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
 And passing even into my purer mind
 With tranquil restoration: feelings too
 Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,

III.3 George Borrow (1803 – 1881), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

IV.1 'Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey, On Revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour, July 13, 1798', Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things. If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, O! how oft
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, not any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this

Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows & the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being. Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. O! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold

Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
 And let the misty mountain-winds be free
 To blow against thee: and, in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; O! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance
 If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence – wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service: rather say
 With warmer love – O! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

IV.2.

When you are old & grey & full of sleep,
 And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
 And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
 Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 And loved your beauty with love false or true,
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
 Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
 And paced upon the mountains overhead
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

IV.2 William Yeats (1865 – 1939), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This poem is a translation of a sonnet by the French poet Pierre de Ronsard; the Almanackist is not qualified to judge how faithful it is.

IV.3.

You and I ought not to die before we have explained ourselves to each other.

V.

V.1.

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary highland lass,
 Reaping and singing by herself.
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts & binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 O listen, for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among arabian sands:
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago:
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of today?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending;
 I listened, motionless & still;
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

IV.3 John Adams, 2nd President of the United States (1735 – 1826), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Adams wrote these words in a letter to Thomas Jefferson, 3rd President of the United States.

V.1 Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The poet needs someone to interpret the song for him because the girl is singing in Gallic.

V.2.

Give him the darkest inch your shelf allows,
 Hide him in lonely garrets, if you will,
 But his hard, human pulse is throbbing still
 With the sure strength that fearless truth endows.
 In spite of all fine science disavows,
 Of his plain excellence & stubborn skill
 There yet remains what fashion cannot kill,
 Though years have thinned the laurel from his brows.

Whether or not we read him, we can feel
 From time to time the vigour of his name
 Against us like a finger for the shame
 And emptiness of what our souls reveal
 In books that are as altars where we kneel
 To consecrate the flicker, not the flame.

V.3.

For hearts of truest mettle
 Absence doth join, and time doth settle.

VI.

VI.1.

Here, where the world is quiet;
 Here, where all trouble seems
 Dead winds' & spent waves' riot
 In doubtful dreams of dreams;
 I watch the green field growing
 For reaping folk & sowing,
 For harvest-time & mowing,
 A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
 And men that laugh and weep;
 Of what may come hereafter
 For men that sow to reap:
 I am weary of days & hours,
 Blown buds of barren flowers,

V.2 'George Crabbe', Edwin Robinson (1869 – 1935), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The Rev George Crabbe was an English poet (and also a surgeon and, later, vicar) of the early nineteenth century.

V.3 Anonymous, Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*. This couplet is taken from a longer poem, which Palgrave names 'Present in Absence'. The poem is sometimes attributed to the Rev Dr Donne; Prof Sir Herbert Grierson attributes it to John Hoskins.

VI.1 'The Garden of Proserpine', Algernon Swinburne (1837 – 1909), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Proserpine was the consort of Pluto, lord of the underworld.

Desires & dreams & powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves & wet winds labour,
Weak ships and spirits steer;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of *Proserpine*,
Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves & slumber
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell & heaven unmated,
By cloud & mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds & closes;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch & portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
From many times & lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;

Forgets the earth her mother,
 The life of fruits & corn;
 And spring & seed & swallow
 Take wing for her and follow
 Where summer song rings hollow
 And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
 The old loves with wearier wings;
 And all dead years draw thither,
 And all disastrous things;
 Dead dreams of days forsaken,
 Blind buds that snows have shaken,
 Wild leaves that winds have taken,
 Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
 And joy was never sure;
 To-day will die to-morrow;
 Time stoops to no man's lure;
 And love, grown faint and fretful,
 With lips but half regretful
 Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
 Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
 From hope and fear set free,
 We thank with brief thanksgiving
 Whatever gods may be
 That no life lives for ever;
 That dead men rise up never;
 That even the weariest river
 Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
 Nor any change of light:
 Nor sound of waters shaken,
 Nor any sound or sight:
 Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
 Nor days nor things diurnal;
 Only the sleep eternal
 In an eternal night.

VI.2.

Glory be to God for dappled things –
 For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
 For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;

VI.2 'Pied Beauty', Fr Gerard Hopkins (1844 – 1889), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
 Landscape plotted & pieced – fold, fallow, and plough;
 And áll trádes, their gear & tackle & trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
 Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
 With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
 He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
 Praise him.

VI.3.

Where everything is bad it must be good to know the worst.

VII.

VII.1.

In a coign of the cliff between lowland & highland,
 At the sea-down's edge between windward & lee,
 Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
 The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
 A girdle of brushwood & thorn encloses
 The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
 Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
 Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt & broken,
 To the low last edge of the long lone land.
 If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
 Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
 So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,
 Through branches & briars if a man make way,
 He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
 Night & day.

The dense hard passage is blind & stifled
 That crawls by a track none turn to climb
 To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
 Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
 The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
 The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
 The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
 These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;
 As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;

VI.3 Francis Bradley (1846 – 1924), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

VII.1 'A Forsaken Garden', Algernon Swinburne (1837 – 1909), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
 Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
 Over the meadows that blossom & wither
 Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
 Only the sun & the rain come hither
 All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
 One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
 Only the wind here hovers & revels
 In a round where life seems barren as death.
 Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
 Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
 Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
 Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, 'Look thither,'
 Did he whisper? 'Look forth from the flowers to the sea;
 For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
 And men that love lightly may die – but we?'
 And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
 And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
 In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
 Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?
 And were one to the end—but what end who knows?
 Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
 As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
 Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
 What love was ever as deep as a grave?
 They are loveless now as the grass above them
 Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses & lovers,
 Not known of the cliffs & the fields & the sea.
 Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
 In the air now soft with a summer to be.
 Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
 Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
 When as they that are free now of weeping & laughter
 We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever;
 Here change may come not till all change end.
 From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
 Who have left nought living to ravage & rend.
 Earth, stones, & thorns of the wild ground growing,
 While the sun & the rain live, these shall be;

Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace & meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.

VII.2.

Márgarét, áre you grieving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leáves like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah ás the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By & by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wan-wood leaf-meal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sórrów's spríngs áre the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is *Margaret* you mourn for.

VII.3.

I am reminded of a blind man in a dark room – looking for a
black hat – which isn't there.

VIII.

VIII.1.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

VII.2 'Spring and Fall', Fr Gerard Hopkins (1844 – 1889), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. There are several places in England and Wales known as Golden Grove (or some variation thereupon), the most famous of which is the Golden Grove estate in Camarthenshire. It's unclear, at least to the Almanackist, which Golden Grove Fr Hopkins had in mind.

VII.3 Charles Bowen, Baron Bowen (1835 – 1894), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

VIII.1 'Light Shining out of Darkness', William Cowper (1731 – 1800), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs
 And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

VIII.2.

They are not long, the weeping & the laughter,
 Love & desire & hate:
 I think they have no portion in us after
 We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine & roses:
 Out of a misty dream
 Our path emerges for a while, then closes
 Within a dream.

VIII.3.

We toil that we may rest, and war that we may be at peace.

VIII.2 'Vita summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam', Ernest Dowson (1867 – 1900), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The title is a quotation from Horace, *Odes* 1.4 – 'The shortness of life forbids us any long-term hopes' – the truth of which Dowson, with his short, occasionally brilliant, mostly miserable life, knew all too well.

VIII.3 The Rev Dr Drummond Chase (1820 – 1902), Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*. The Rev Dr Chase is here translating a remark from Aristotle.

IX.

IX.1.

Thou first great cause, least understood:
 Who all my sense confined,
 To know but this – that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind:

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when man receives,
 To enjoy is to obey.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
 One chorus let all being raise!
 All nature's incense rise!

IX.2.

If I should die, think only this of me:
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is forever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
 A body of England's, breathing english air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by the suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less

IX.1 'The Universal Prayer', Alexander Pope (1688 – 1744), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The Almanackist has taken the liberty of removing some of the weaker verses.

IX.2 Fulke Greville, 1st Baron Brooke (1554 – 1628), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The Almanackist was encouraged to hate this poem at school as an example of the mindless jingoism that led to the Great War in the first place; and, of course, there is something idiotic about it. But there's something noble and beautiful in it too.

Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
 Her sights & sounds; dreams happy as her day;
 And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
 In hearts at peace, under an english heaven.

IX.3.

History repeats itself; historians repeat one another.

X.

X.1.

Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

A 1000 ages in thy sight
 Are like an evening gone,
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust:
 'Return, ye sons of men!'
 All nations rose from earth at first
 And turn to earth again.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly forgotten as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

IX.3 Fulke Greville, 1st Baron Brooke (1554 – 1628), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

X.1 Isaac Watts (1674 – 1748), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This poem is a paraphrase of Psalm 90.

X.2.

This feast-day of the sun, his altar there
 In the broad west has blazed for vesper-song;
 And I have loitered in the vale too long
 And gaze now a belated worshipper.
 Yet may I not forget that I was 'ware,
 So journeying, of his face at intervals
 Transfigured where the fringed horizon falls
 A fiery bush with coruscating hair.
 And now that I have climbed & won this height,
 I must tread downward through the sloping shade
 And travel the bewildered tracks till night.
 Yet for this hour I still may here be stayed
 And see the gold air & the silver fade
 And the last bird fly into the last light.

X.3.

We all labour against our own cure, for death is the cure of all diseases.

XI.**XI.1.**

 Love lives beyond
 The tomb, the earth, which fades like dew –
 I love the fond,
 The faithful, and the true.

 Love lives in sleep;
 'Tis happiness of healthy dreams;
 Eve's dew may weep,
 But love delightful seems.

 'Tis seen in flowers,
 And in the even's pearly dew,
 On earth's green hours,
 And in the heaven's eternal blue.

 'Tis heard in spring
 When light & sunbeams, warm & kind,
 On angels' wing
 Bring love and music to the wind.

X.2 'The Hill Summit', Gabriel Rossetti (1828 – 1882), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

X.3 Sir Thomas Browne (1605 – 1682), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XI.1 'Song: Love Lives Beyond', John Clare (1793 – 1864), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

And where is voice,
 So young, so beautiful & sweet
 As nature's choice,
 Where spring and lovers meet?

Love lives beyond
 The tomb, the earth, the flowers, & dew.
 I love the fond,
 The faithful, young & true.

XI.2.

I long for scenes, where man hath never trod,
 A place where woman never smiled or wept,
 There to abide with my Creator, God,
 And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
 Untroubling and untroubled where I lie:
 The grass below, above the vaulted sky.

XI.3.

The long habit of living indisposeth us for dying.

XII.

XII.1.

I saw eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright;
 And round beneath it, time in hours, days, years,
 Driven by the spheres
 Like a vast shadow moved; in which the world
 And all her train were hurled.
 The doting lover in his quaintest strain
 Did there complain;
 Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
 Wit's sour delights,
 With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
 Yet his dear treasure
 All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
 Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman hung with weights & woe,
 Like a thick midnight-fog moved there so slow,
 He did not stay, nor go;

XI.2 John Clare (1793 – 1864), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. These are the closing lines of Clare's 'I Am'.

XI.3 Sir Thomas Browne (1605 – 1682), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XII.1 'The World', Dr Henry Vaughan (1621 – 1695), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Dr Vaughan affixed a quotation from John's Gospel (2.16-17) to the end of this poem.

Condemning thoughts (like sad eclipses) scowl
 Upon his soul,
 And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout.
 Yet digged the mole, and lest his ways be found,
 Worked under ground,
 Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see
 That policy;
 Churches & altars fed him; perjuries
 Were gnats & flies;
 It rained about him blood and tears, but he
 Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
 Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
 His own hands with the dust,
 Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
 In fear of thieves;
 Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
 And hugged each one his pelf;
 The downright epicure placed heaven in sense,
 And scorned pretence,
 While others, slipped into a wide excess,
 Said little less;
 The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
 Who think them brave;
 And poor despised truth sate counting by
 Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
 And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the ring;
 But most would use no wing.
 O fools (said I) thus to prefer dark night
 Before true light,
 To live in grots & caves, and hate the day
 Because it shows the way,
 The way, which from this dead & dark abode
 Leads up to God,
 A way where you might tread the sun, and be
 More bright than he.
 But as I did their madness so discuss
 One whispered thus,
 'This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
 But for his bride.'

XII.2.

Let others sing of knights & paladins
 In agè accents & untimely words;

Paint shadows in imaginary lines
 Which well the reach of their high wits records:
 But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes
 Authentic shall my verse in time to come,
 When yet th' unborn shall say, 'Lo where she lies
 Whose beauty made him speak that else was dumb.'
 These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
 That fortify thy name against old age;
 And these thy sacred virtues must protect
 Against the dark, and time's consuming rage.
 Though th' error of my youth they shall discover,
 Suffice they show I lived and was thy lover.

XII.3.

Generations will pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks.

XIII.

XIII.1.

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
 Toward heaven still,
 And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
 Beside it, and there may be two or three
 Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
 But I am done with apple-picking now.
 Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
 The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.
 I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight
 I got from looking through a pane of glass
 I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough
 And held against the world of hoary grass.
 It melted, and I let it fall & break.
 But I was well
 Upon my way to sleep before it fell,
 And I could tell
 What form my dreaming was about to take.
 Magnified apples appear & disappear,
 Stem end & blossom end,
 And every fleck of russet showing clear.
 My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
 It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.
 I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.
 And I keep hearing from the cellar bin
 The rumbling sound

XII.3 Sir Thomas Browne (1605 – 1682), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIII.1 'After Apple Picking', Robert Frost, Poet Laureate of Vermont (1874 – 1963), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Of load on load of apples coming in.
 For I have had too much
 Of apple-picking: I am overtired
 Of the great harvest I myself desired.
 There were 10,000 thousand fruit to touch,
 Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall.
 For all
 That struck the earth,
 No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,
 Went surely to the cider-apple heap
 As of no worth.
 One can see what will trouble
 This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.
 Were he not gone,
 The woodchuck could say whether it's like his
 Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,
 Or just some human sleep.

XIII.2.

The soul's dark cottage, battered & decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
 As they draw near to their eternal home:
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

XIII.3.

But how shall we expect charity towards others when we are so
 uncharitable to ourselves?

XIV.

XIV.1.

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
 And sorry I could not travel both
 And be one traveler, long I stood
 And looked down one as far as I could
 To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
 And having perhaps the better claim,

XIII.2 Edmund Waller (1606 – 1687), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This is the final verse of 'Of the Last Verses in the Book'.

XIII.3 Sir Thomas Browne (1605 – 1682), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIV.1 'The Road Not Taken', Robert Frost, Poet Laureate of Vermont (1874 – 1963), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Frost wrote this poem as a kind of parody, based on an in-joke between himself and his friend Edward Thomas (or, at least, Frost used to claim as much, but poets often have mixed feelings towards their most famous works).

Because it was grassy & wanted wear;
 Though as for that the passing there
 Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
 In leaves no step had trodden black.
 O I kept the first for another day!
 Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
 I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
 Somewhere ages & ages hence:
 Two roads diverged in a wood, and I –
 I took the one less traveled by,
 And that has made all the difference.

XIV.2.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
 My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
 Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
 And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
 Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
 If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

XIV.3.

A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet
 be forced to surrender.

XIV.2 Percy Shelley (1792 – 1822), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This is ‘Ode to the West Wind’ §5.

XIV.3 Sir Thomas Browne (1605 – 1682), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XV.

XV.1.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load & bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozyings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them; thou hast thy music too,
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

XV.2.

Black beauty, which above that common light,
 Whose power can no colours here renew
 But those which darkness can again subdue,
 Dost still remain unvaried to the sight;
 And, like an object equal to the view,
 Art neither changed with day, nor hid with night;

XV.1 'To Autumn', John Keats (1795 – 1821), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XV.2 'Sonnet of Black Beauty', Edward Herbert, 1st Baron Herbert of Cherbury (1582 – 1648), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

When all these colours which the world call bright,
 And which old poetry doth so pursue,
 Are with the night so perishèd & gone,
 That of their being there remains no mark,
 Thou still abidest so entirely one,
 That we may know thy blackness is a spark
 Of light inaccessible, and alone
 Our darkness which can make us think it dark.

XV.3.

Age appears to be best in four things: old wood best to burn,
 old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to
 read.

XVI.

XVI.1.

O goddess, hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
 By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
 And pardon that thy secrets should be sung
 Even into thine own soft-conchèd ear:
 Surely I dreamt today, or did I see
 The winged *Psyche* with awakened eyes?
 I wandered in a forest thoughtlessly,
 And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
 Saw two fair creatures, couchèd side by side
 In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring roof
 Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
 A brooklet, scarce espied:
 Mid hushed, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
 Blue, silver-white, and budded tyrian,
 They lay calm-breathing, on the bedded grass;
 Their arms embraced, and their pinions too;
 Their lips touched not, but had not bade adieu,
 As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber,
 And ready still past kisses to outnumber
 At tender eye-dawn of aureorean love:
 The wingèd boy I knew;
 But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?
 His *Psyche* true!

XV.3 Francis Bacon, Viscount St Alban (1561 – 1626), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Lord St Alban is here quoting an anecdote about Alfonso X & IV, King of León and Castile.

XVI.1 'Ode to Psyche', John Keats (1795 – 1821), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Psyche was a minor goddess of the Greco-Roman mythological tradition, whose marriage to Cupid ('Love') and subsequent elevation to immortality were most famously related by Apuleius.

O latest born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!
Fairer than *Phoebe's* sapphire-regioned star,
Or *Vesper*, amorous glow-worm of the sky;
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
Nor altar heaped with flowers;
Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
Upon the midnight hours;
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
From chain-swung censer teeming;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.

O brightest! though too late for antique vows,
Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
Holy the air, the water, and the fire;
Yet even in these days so far retired
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
Fluttering among the faint olympians,
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.
So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
Upon the midnight hours;
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
From swingèd censer teeming;
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branchèd thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:
Far, far around shall those dark-clustered trees
Fledge the wild-ridgèd mountains steep by steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
The moss-lain dryads shall be lulled to sleep;
And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreathed trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener fancy e'er could feign,
Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same:
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm *Love* in!

XVI.2.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee;
 The shooting stars attend thee;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No will-o'-the-wisp mis-light thee,
 Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
 But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
 Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
 What though the moon does slumber?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like tapers clear without number.

Then *Julia* let me woo thee,
 Thus, thus to come unto me;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silv'ry feet,
 My soul I'll pour into thee.

XVI.3.

Houses are built to live in and not to look on.

XVII.**XVII.1.**

Not every man has gentians in his house
 In soft september, at slow, sad michaelmas.

Bavarian gentians, big & dark, only dark
 Darkening the daytime torch-like with the smoking blueness of *Pluto's* gloom,
 Ribbed & torch-like, with their blaze of darkness spread blue
 Down flattening into points, flattened under the sweep of white day,
 Torch-flower of the blue-smoking darkness, *Pluto's* dark-blue daze,
 Black lamps from the halls of *Dis*, burning dark-blue,

XVI.2 'The Night Piece, to Julia', The Rev Robert Herrick (1591 – 1634), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. A 'will-o'-the-wisp' is a phenomenon, which appears as a pale patch of light, sometimes seen by travellers walking through the countryside at night. A *slow-worm*, meanwhile, is an archaic name for an adder, i.e. *Vipera berus*.

XVI.3 Francis Bacon, Viscount St Alban (1561 – 1626), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XVII.1 'Bavarian Gentians', David Lawrence (1885 – 1930), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Lawrence wrote this poem only a few months before his own painfully-anticipated death from tuberculosis.

Giving off darkness, blue darkness, as *Demeter's* pale lamps
 Give off light,
 Lead me then; lead me the way.

Reach me a gentian; give me a torch!
 Let me guide myself with the blue, forked torch of a flower
 Down the darker & darker stairs, where blue is darkened on blueness,
 Even where *Persephone* goes, just now, from the frosted september
 To the sightless realm where darkness is awake upon the dark
 And *Persephone* herself is but a voice
 Or a darkness invisible enfolded in the deeper dark
 Of the arms plutonic, and pierced with the passion of dense gloom,
 Among the splendour of torches of darkness, shedding darkness on the lost bride
 & her groom.

XVII.2.

Be not afraid. I met her deity
 Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
 Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
 Some wanton charm upon this man & maid,
 Whose vows are that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till *Hymen's* torch be lighted – but in vain.
Mars's hot minion is returned again.
 Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows
 And be a boy right out.
 ‘Highest queen of state,
 Great *Juno*, comes. I know her by her gait.’

XVII.3.

I have breakfasted with you and shall sup with my Lord... this night.

XVIII.

XVIII.1.

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead
 I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.
 You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse;
 You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.

XVII.2 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. These lines are uttered by Iris (1-11) and Ceres (12-13) in *The Tempest* IV.1.

XVII.3 Robert Bruce (1554 – 1631), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Bruce's original gives 'Lord Jesus Christ' instead of 'Lord' on its own.

XVIII.1 'The River-Merchant's Wife: a Letter', Ezra Pound (1885 – 1972), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This poem is a translation of what is sometimes called 'The Song of Chang'an', by the Chinese king of poets, Li Bai (also called Li Po, and known to Pound and various Japanese scholars as Rihaku). Many of the place-names, e.g. Chokan, Ku-to-yen, seem to be a melange of archaism, misunderstanding and poor transliteration.

And we went on living in the village of Chokan:
 Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.
 At 14 I married my lord, you.
 I never laughed, being bashful.
 Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.
 Called to, a 1000 times, I never looked back.

At 15 I stopped scowling;
 I desired my dust to be mingled with yours
 Forever & forever & forever.
 Why should I climb the look out?

At 16 you departed
 You went into far Ku-to-yen, by the river of swirling eddies,
 And you have been gone five months.
 The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.

You dragged your feet when you went out.
 By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses,
 Too deep to clear them away!
 The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.
 The paired butterflies are already yellow with august
 Over the grass in the west garden;
 They hurt me.
 I grow older.
 If you are coming down through the narrows of the river Kiang,
 Please let me know beforehand,
 And I will come out to meet you
 As far as Cho-fu-Sa.

XVIII.2.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
 Now is the time that face should form another;
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
 Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother,
 For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
 Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely april of her prime:
 So thou through windows of thine age shall see
 Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.
 But if thou live, remembered not to be,
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

XVIII.2 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XVIII.3.

Most vices may be committed very genteelly.

XIX.**XIX.1.**

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
 And ye that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing *Neptune* and do fly him
 When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
 Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimmed
 The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea & the azured vault
 Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire and rifted *Jove's* stout oak
 With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
 Have I made shake and by the spurs plucked up
 The pine & cedar: graves at my command
 Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic
 I here abjure, and, when I have required
 Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
 To work mine end upon their senses that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I'll drown my book.

XIX.2.

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds & sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
 Sometimes a 1000 twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
 That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open and show riches
 Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked,
 I cried to dream again.

XVIII.3 Dr Samuel Johnson (1709 – 1784), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIX.1 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. These lines are uttered by Prospero in *The Tempest* V.1.

XIX.2 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. These famous lines are uttered by Caliban in *The Tempest* III.2.

XIX.3.

He that dies pays all debts.

XX.**XX.1.**

Let us go then, you & I,
 When the evening is spread out against the sky
 Like a patient etherised upon a table;
 Let us go, through certain ¹/₂-deserted streets,
 The muttering retreats
 Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
 And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
 Streets that follow like a tedious argument
 Of insidious intent
 To lead you to an overwhelming question...
 O do not ask, 'What is it?'
 Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come & go
 Talking of *Michelangelo*.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
 The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,
 Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
 Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
 Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
 Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
 And seeing that it was a soft october night,
 Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time
 For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
 Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
 There will be time, there will be time
 To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
 There will be time to murder & create,
 And time for all the works & days of hands
 That lift & drop a question on your plate;
 Time for you & time for me,
 And time yet for a 100 indecisions,
 And for a 100 visions & revisions,
 Before the taking of a toast & tea.

XIX.3 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. This is uttered by Stephano in *The Tempest* III.2.

XX.1 R 'The Love Song of J Alfred Prufrock', Prof Thomas Eliot (1888 – 1965), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Prof Eliot begins this poem with a lengthy quotation from Dante, which bears no obvious relation to the text itself – but that's Eliot.

In the room the women come & go
Talking of *Michelangelo*.

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, 'Do I dare?' and, 'Do I dare?'
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair –
(They will say: 'How his hair is growing thin!')
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich & modest, but asserted by a simple pin
(They will say: 'But how his arms & legs are thin!')
Do I dare
Disturb the universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions & revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
I know the voices dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a farther room.
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all –
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days & ways?
And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all –
Arms that are braceleted & white & bare
(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)
Is it perfume from a dress
That makes me so digress?
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.
And should I then presume?
And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows?...

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep... tired... or it malingers,

Stretched on the floor, here beside you & me.
 Should I, after tea & cakes & ices,
 Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
 But though I have wept & fasted, wept & prayed,
 Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,
 I am no prophet – and here's no great matter;
 I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
 And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
 And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
 After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
 Among the porcelain, among some talk of you & me,
 Would it have been worth while,
 To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
 To have squeezed the universe into a ball
 To roll it towards some overwhelming question,
 To say: 'I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
 Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all' –
 If one, settling a pillow by her head
 Should say: 'That is not what I meant at all;
 That is not it, at all.'

And would it have been worth it, after all,
 Would it have been worth while,
 After the sunsets & the dooryards & the sprinkled streets,
 After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor –
 And this, and so much more? –
 It is impossible to say just what I mean!
 But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:
 Would it have been worth while
 If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
 And turning toward the window, should say:
 'That is not it at all,
 That is not what I meant, at all.'

No! I am not Prince *Hamlet*, nor was meant to be;
 Am an attendant lord, one that will do
 To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
 Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
 Deferential, glad to be of use,
 Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
 Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
 At times, indeed, almost ridiculous –
 Almost, at times, the fool.

I grow old... I grow old...
 I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
 I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
 I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
 Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
 When the wind blows the water white & black.
 We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
 By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red & brown
 Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

XX.2.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits and
 Are melted into air, into thin air:
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed...
 If you be pleased, retire into my cell
 And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

XX.3.

There's no harm done.

XXI.

XXI.1.

My head, my heart, mine eyes, my life, nay more,
 My joy, my magazine of earthly store,
 If two be one, as surely thou and I,
 How stayest thou there, whilst I at Ipswich lie?
 So many steps, head from the heart to sever

XX.2 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. These famous lines are uttered by Prospero in *The Tempest* IV.1. The Almanackist has excised two lines after 'Sir, I am vexed...'

XX.3 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. This is uttered by Prospero in *The Tempest* I.2.

XXI.1 'A Letter to Her Husband, Absent upon Public Employment', Mrs Anne Bradstreet (1612 – 1672), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The Ipswich in question would seem to be the one in Massachusetts, and not the one in England. The word 'sol' is Latin for "sun".

If but a neck, soon should we be together:
 I like the earth this season, mourn in black,
 My sun is gone so far in 's zodiack,
 Whom whilst I 'joyed, nor storms, nor frosts I felt,
 His warmth such frigid colds did cause to melt.
 My chillèd limbs now numbèd lie forlorn;
 Return, return sweet ~~sol~~ from Capricorn;
 In this dead time, alas, what can I more
 Then view those fruits which through thy heat I bore,
 Which sweet contentment yield me for a space,
 True living pictures of their father's face?
 O strange effect! now thou art southward gone,
 I weary grow, the tedious day so long;
 But when thou northward to me shalt return,
 I wish my sun may never set, but burn
 Within the Cancer of my glowing breast,
 The welcome house of him my dearest guest.
 Where ever, ever stay, and go not thence,
 Till natures sad decree shall call thee hence;
 Flesh of thy flesh, bone of thy bone,
 I here, thou there, yet both but one.

XXI.2.

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands.
 Curtsied when you have, and kissed
 The wild waves whist.
 Foot it featly here & there,
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
 Hark; hark!
 The watch-dogs bark:
 Hark; hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting *Chanticleer*.

XXI.3.

Some kinds of baseness are nobly undergone.

XXI.2 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. This song is sung by Ariel in *The Tempest*, I.2. Chanticleer is a name given to a cockerel in several English folk-tales.

XXI.3 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. This is uttered by Ferdinand in *The Tempest* III.1.

XXII.

XXII.1.

By night we lingered on the lawn,
 For underfoot the herb was dry;
 And genial warmth; and o'er the sky
 The silvery haze of summer drawn;

And calm that let the tapers burn
 Unwavering: not a cricket chirred:
 The brook alone far-off was heard,
 And on the board the fluttering urn:

And bats went round in fragrant skies,
 And wheeled or lit the filmy shapes
 That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
 And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

While now we sang old songs that pealed
 From knoll to knoll, where, couched at ease,
 The white kine glimmered, and the trees
 Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one,
 Withdrew themselves from me and night,
 And in the house light after light
 Went out, and I was all alone,

A hunger seized my heart; I read
 Of that glad year which once had been,
 In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
 The noble letters of the dead:

And strangely on the silence broke
 The silent-speaking words, and strange
 Was love's dumb cry defying change
 To test his worth; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
 On doubts that drive the coward back,
 And keen through wordy snares to track
 Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,
 The dead man touched me from the past,
 And all at once it seemed at last
 The living soul was flashed on mine,

XXII.1 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This is *In Memoriam A H H* §95.

And mine in this was wound, and whirled
 About empyreal heights of thought,
 And came on that which is, and caught
 The deep pulsations of the world,

Aeonian music measuring out
 The steps of time, the shocks of chance,
 The blows of death. At length my trance
 Was cancelled, stricken through with doubt.

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
 In matter-moulded forms of speech,
 Or ev'n for intellect to reach
 Through memory that which I became:

Till now the doubtful dusk revealed
 The knolls once more where, couched at ease,
 The white kine glimmered, and the trees
 Laid their dark arms about the field:

And sucked from out the distant gloom
 A breeze began to tremble o'er
 The large leaves of the sycamore,
 And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering freshlier overhead,
 Rocked the full-foliaged elms, and swung
 The heavy-folded rose, and flung
 The lilies to & fro, and said,

'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away;
 And east and west, without a breath,
 Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
 To broaden into boundless day.

XXII.2.

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
 So quickly, not as one that weeps
 I come once more; the city sleeps;
 I smell the meadow in the street;

I hear a chirp of birds; I see
 Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn
 A light-blue lane of early dawn,
 And think of early days & thee,

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,
 And bright the friendship of thine eye;

XXII.2 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh
I take the pressure of thine hand.

XXII.3.

We must not let in daylight upon magic.

XXIII.

XXIII.1.

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But though I seem in star & flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less.

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Though mixed with God & nature thou,
I seem to love thee more & more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee though I die.

XXIII.2.

Row us out from Desenzano; to your Sirmione row!
So they rowed, and there we landed – ‘**O venusta** Sirmio’ –
There to me through all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,
Came that ‘**ave atque vale**’ of the poet’s hopeless woe,
Tenderest of roman poets 19 hundred years ago,
‘**Frater, ave atque vale**’ – as we wandered to & fro
Gazing at the lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below
Sweet *Catullus*’s all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio!

XXII.3 Walter Bagehot (1826 – 1877), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXIII.1 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXIII.2 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The title (which means, “Greetings, brother, and farewell”) is a quotation from Catullus 101. The same poet wrote of his affection for Sirmione (which he called Sirmio) in Catullus 31, ‘venusta’ meaning “beautiful”.

XXIII.3.

The devil's most devilish when respectable.

XXIV.**XXIV.1.**

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
 I know that in thy place of rest
 By that broad water of the west,
 There comes a glory on the walls;

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
 As slowly steals a silver flame
 Along the letters of thy name,
 And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away;
 From off my bed the moonlight dies;
 And closing eaves of wearied eyes
 I sleep till dusk is dipped in grey;

And then I know the mist is drawn
 A lucid veil from coast to coast,
 And in the dark church like a ghost
 Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

XXIV.2.

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
 Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
 Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font.
 The firefly wakens; waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,
 And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the earth all *Danaë* to the stars,
 And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
 A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
 And slips into the bosom of the lake.

XXIII.3 Mrs Elizabeth Browning (1806 – 1861), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXIV.1 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXIV.2 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This sonnet is taken from a larger work, *The Princess*. It has been set to music by a number of famous composers.

So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
 Into my bosom and be lost in me.

XXIV.3.

The same principles which at first view lead to scepticism, pursued to a certain point bring men back to common sense.

XXV.

XXV.1.

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall;
 The vapours weep their burthen to the ground;
 Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
 And after many a summer dies the swan.
 Me only cruel immortality
 Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
 Here at the quiet limit of the world,
 A white-haired shadow roaming like a dream
 The ever-silent spaces of the east,
 Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this grey shadow, once a man
 So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
 Who madest him thy chosen, that he seemed
 To his great heart none other than a god!
 I asked thee, 'Give me immortality.'
 Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
 Like wealthy men, who care not how they give.
 But thy strong hours indignant worked their wills,
 And beat me down & marred & wasted me,
 And though they could not end me, left me maimed
 To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
 Immortal age beside immortal youth,
 And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
 Thy beauty, make amends, though even now,
 Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
 Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
 To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
 Why should a man desire in any way
 To vary from the kindly race of men

XXIV.3 The Rt Rev Dr George Berkeley (1685 – 1753), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXV.1 'Tithonus', Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. A figure from Greek mythology, Tithonus was abducted by the goddess of the dawn to be a kind of fancy-man. He was granted everlasting life – but forgot to ask for everlasting youth – cursing him with an eternity of senility. The ancients used to say that the goddess' consequent sexual frustration explained why she rose so early in the morning.

Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renewed.
Thy cheek begins to redden through the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosened manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learned,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
'The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts.'

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
In days far-off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch – if I be he that watched –
The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimsoned all
Thy presence & thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of april, and could hear the lips that kissed
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard *Apollo* sing,
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine east:
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground;
Thou seest all things: thou wilt see my grave:
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;

I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

XXV.2.

Sunset & evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound & foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight & evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of time & place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

XXV.3.

We do not look in great cities for our best morality.

XXVI.

XXVI.1.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight, to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

XXV.2 'Crossing the Bar', Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The 'bar' in question refers to the sandbars which often lurk in the waters near to the breakwaters of ports. Lord Tennyson is said to have written this poem while on a ferry to the Isle of Wight. Shortly before his death, he decreed that all editions of his works should close with these verses.

XXV.3 Miss Jane Austen (1775 – 1817), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVI.1 'To a Waterfowl', William Bryant (1794 – 1878), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise & sink
 On the chafèd ocean side?

There is a Power, whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
 The desert and illimitable air
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
 And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form, yet, on my heart
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must trace alone
 Will lead my steps aright.

XXVI.2.

Only a man harrowing clods
 In a slow silent walk
 With an old horse that stumbles & nods
 Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
 From the heaps of couch-grass;
 Yet this will go onward the same
 Though dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid & her wight
 Come whispering by:
 War's annals will cloud into night
 Ere their story die.

XXVI.2 'In Time of "The Breaking of Nations"', Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This poem might well hold the record in the English canon for the longest gestation; for Hardy began working on it in 1870 following the Battle of Sedan, and only finished it in 1915 during the First World War. The title is an allusion to Jeremiah 51.20.

XXVI.3.

Leave *now* for dogs and apes! Man has forever.

XXVII.**XXVII.1.**

Here is the place; right over the hill
 Runs the path I took;
 You can see the gap in the old wall still,
 And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
 And the poplars tall;
 And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
 And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
 And down by the brink
 Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,
 Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
 Heavy & slow;
 And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
 And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;
 And the june sun warm
 Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
 Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
 From my sunday coat
 I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
 And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed –
 To love, a year;
 Down through the beeches I looked at last
 On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now: the slantwise rain
 Of light through the leaves,
 The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
 The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

XXVI.3 Robert Browning (1828 – 1889), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVII.1 'Telling the Bees', John Whittier (1807 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. It is ancient custom for a beekeeper to tell his bees of significant events in his life, for fear that they might otherwise migrate.

Just the same as a month before,
 The house and the trees,
 The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,
 Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
 Forward & back,
 Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
 Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun
 Had the chill of snow;
 For I knew she was telling the bees of one
 Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, 'My *Mary* weeps
 For the dead today:
 Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
 The fret and the pain of his age away.'

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
 With his cane to his chin,
 The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
 Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
 In my ear sounds on:
 'Stay at home, pretty bees; fly not hence!
 Mistress *Mary* is dead & gone!'

XXVII.2.

She has finished & sealed the letter
 At last, which he so richly has deserved,
 With characters venomous & hatefully curved,
 And nothing could be better.

But even as she gave it
 Saying to the blue-capped functioner of doom,
 'Into his hands,' she hoped the leering groom
 Might somewhere lose & leave it.

Then all the blood
 Forsook the face. She was too pale for tears,
 Observing the ruin of her younger years.
 She went and stood

Under her father's vaunting oak
 Who kept his peace in wind & sun and glistened

XXVII.2 'Parting, without a Sequel', John Ransom (1888 – 1974), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Stoical in the rain; to whom she listened
If he spoke.

And now the agitation of the rain
Rasped his sere leaves, and he talked low & gentle
Reproaching the wan daughter by the lintel;
Ceasing & beginning again.

Away went the messenger's bicycle;
His serpent's track went up the hill forever,
And all the time she stood there hot as fever
And cold as any icicle.

XXVII.3.

Open my heart and you will see graved inside of it, 'Italy.'

XXVIII.

XXVIII.1.

But do not let us quarrel any more,
No, my *Lucrezia*; bear with me for once:
Sit down and all shall happen as you wish.
You turn your face, but does it bring your heart?
I'll work then for your friend's friend, never fear,
Treat his own subject after his own way,
Fix his own time, accept too his own price,
And shut the money into this small hand
When next it takes mine. Will it? tenderly?
O I'll content him, but tomorrow, love!
I often am much wearier than you think,
This evening more than usual, and it seems
As if – forgive now – should you let me sit
Here by the window with your hand in mine
And look a $\frac{1}{2}$ hour forth on Fiesole,
Both of one mind, as married people use,
Quietly, quietly the evening through,
I might get up to-morrow to my work
Cheerful & fresh as ever. Let us try.
Tomorrow, how you shall be glad for this!
Your soft hand is a woman of itself,
And mine the man's bared breast she curls inside.
Don't count the time lost, neither; you must serve

XXVII.3 Robert Browning (1828 – 1889), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVIII.1 'Andrea del Sarto', Robert Browning (1828 – 1889), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Subtitle: 'Called "The Faultless Painter"'. Andrea del Sarto was an artist of the Italian Renaissance. He was thought to be one of the best painters in the world in his own time, but his reputation has fared less well than those of his contemporaries Michelangelo, da Vinci and Raphael. ¶12. Fiesole is a small town overlooking Florence.

For each of the five pictures we require:
It saves a model. So! keep looking so –
My serpentine beauty, rounds on rounds!
How could you ever prick those perfect ears
Even to put the pearl there?! O so sweet –
My face, my moon, my everybody's moon,
Which everybody looks on and calls his,
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,
While she looks – no one's: very dear, no less.
You smile? Why, there's my picture ready made,
There's what we painters call our harmony!
A common greyness silvers everything,
All in a twilight, you & I alike
You, at the point of your first pride in me
(That's gone you know), but I, at every point;
My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned down
To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole.
There's the bell clinking from the chapel-top;
That length of convent-wall across the way
Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;
The last monk leaves the garden; days decrease,
And autumn grows, autumn in everything.
Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape
As if I saw alike my work and self
And all that I was born to be & do,
A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's hand.
How strange now, looks the life he makes us lead;
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel he laid the fetter: let it lie!
This chamber for example – turn your head –
All that's behind us! You don't understand
Nor care to understand about my art,
But you can hear at least when people speak:
And that cartoon, the second from the door
– It is the thing, love! so such things should be –
Behold Madonna! I am bold to say.
I can do with my pencil what I know,
What I see, what at bottom of my heart
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep –
Do easily, too – when I say, perfectly,
I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are judge,
Who listened to the legate's talk last week,
And just as much they used to say in France.
At any rate 'tis easy, all of it!
No sketches first, no studies, that's long past:
I do what many dream of, all their lives,
Dream? strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing. I could count twenty such

On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,
 Who strive – you don't know how the others strive
 To paint a little thing like that you smeared
 Carelessly passing with your robes afloat –
 Yet do much less, so much less, someone says,
 (I know his name, no matter) – so much less!
 Well, less is more, *Lucrezia*: I am judged.
 There burns a truer light of God in them,
 In their vexed beating stuffed & stopped-up brain,
 Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
 This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
 Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
 Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
 Enter and take their place there sure enough,
 Though they come back and cannot tell the world.
 My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.
 The sudden blood of these men! at a word –
 Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils too.
 I, painting from myself and to myself,
 Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame
 Or their praise either. Somebody remarks
Morello's outline there is wrongly traced,
 His hue mistaken; what of that? or else,
 Rightly traced and well ordered; what of that?
 Speak as they please, what does the mountain care?
 Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
 Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-grey,
 Placid & perfect with my art: the worse!
 I know both what I want and what might gain,
 And yet how profitless to know, to sigh,
 'Had I been two, another and myself,
 Our head would have o'erlooked the world!' No doubt.
 Yonder's a work now, of that famous youth
 The urbinate who died five years ago.
 ('Tis copied, *George Vasari* sent it me.)
 Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
 Pouring his soul, with kings & popes to see,
 Reaching, that heaven might so replenish him,
 Above and through his art – for it gives way;
 That arm is wrongly put – and there again –
 A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
 Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
 He means right – that, a child may understand.
 Still, what an arm! and I could alter it:
 But all the play, the insight and the stretch –
 (Out of me, out of me! And wherefore out?
 Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
 We might have risen to *Rafael*, I & you!

Nay, love, you did give all I asked, I think –
 More than I merit, yes, by many times.
 But had you – O with the same perfect brow,
 And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
 And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
 The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare –
 Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
 Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged,
 'God and the glory! never care for gain.
 The present by the future, what is that?
 Live for fame, side by side with *Agnolo*!
Rafael is waiting: up to God, all three!
 I might have done it for you. So it seems:
 Perhaps not. All is as God over-rules.
 Beside, incentives come from the soul's self;
 The rest avail not. Why do I need you?
 What wife had *Rafael*, or has *Agnolo*?
 In this world, who can do a thing, will not;
 And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:
 Yet the will's somewhat – somewhat, too, the power –
 And thus we $\frac{1}{2}$ men struggle. At the end,
 God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.
 'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,
 That I am something underrated here,
 Poor this long while, despised, to speak the truth.
 I dared not, do you know, leave home all day,
 For fear of chancing on the Paris lords.
 The best is when they pass & look aside;
 But they speak sometimes; I must bear it all.
 Well may they speak! That *Francis*, that first time,
 And that long festal year at Fontainebleau!
 I surely then could sometimes leave the ground,
 Put on the glory, *Rafael's* daily wear,
 In that humane great monarch's golden look –
 One finger in his beard or twisted curl
 Over his mouth's good mark that made the smile,
 One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,
 The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,
 I painting proudly with his breath on me,
 All his court round him, seeing with his eyes,
 Such frank french eyes, and such a fire of souls
 Profuse, my hand kept plying by those hearts –
 And, best of all, this, this, this face beyond,
 This in the background, waiting on my work,
 To crown the issue with a last reward!
 A good time, was it not, my kingly days?
 And had you not grown restless... but I know –
 'Tis done & past: 'twas right, my instinct said:

Too live the life grew, golden and not grey,
 And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should tempt
 Out of the grange whose four walls make his world.
 How could it end in any other way?
 You called me, and I came home to your heart.
 The triumph was – to reach and stay there; since
 I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?
 Let my hands frame your face in your hair's gold,
 You beautiful *Lucrezia* that are mine!
 'Rafael did this, *Andrea* painted that;
 The roman's is the better when you pray,
 But still the other's Virgin was his wife' –
 Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge
 Both pictures in your presence; clearer grows
 My better fortune, I resolve to think.
 For, do you know, *Lucrezia*, as God lives,
 Said one day *Agnolo*, his very self,
 To *Rafael*... I have known it all these years...
 (When the young man was flaming out his thoughts
 Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,
 Too lifted up in heart because of it.)
 'Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
 Goes up & down our Florence, none cares how,
 Who, were he set to plan & execute
 As you are, pricked on by your popes & kings,
 Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours!'
 To *Rafael*'s! And indeed the arm is wrong.
 I hardly dare... Yet, only you to see,
 Give the chalk here – quick, thus, the line should go!
 Aye, but the soul! he's *Rafael*! Rub it out!
 Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,
 (What he? why, who but *Michel Agnolo*?
 Do you forget already words like those?)
 If really there was such a chance, so lost –
 Is, whether you're – not grateful – but more pleased.
 Well, let me think so. And you smile indeed!
 This hour has been an hour! Another smile?
 If you would sit thus by me every night
 I should work better, do you comprehend?
 I mean that I should earn more, give you more.
 See, it is settled dusk now; there's a star;
Morello's gone, the watch-lights show the wall,
 The cue-owls speak the name we call them by.
 Come from the window, love; come in, at last,
 Inside the melancholy little house
 We built to be so gay with. God is just.
 King *Francis* may forgive me: oft at nights
 When I look up from painting, eyes tired out,

The walls become illumined, brick from brick
 Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright gold,
 That gold of his I did cement them with!
 Let us but love each other. Must you go?
 That cousin here again? He waits outside?
 Must see you? You, and not with me? Those loans?
 More gaming debts to pay? You smiled for that?
 Well, let smiles buy me! Have you more to spend?
 While hand & eye & something of a heart
 Are left me, work's my ware, and what's it worth?
 I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit
 The grey remainder of the evening out,
 Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly
 How I could paint, were I but back in France,
 One picture, just one more – the Virgin's face,
 Not yours this time! I want you at my side
 To hear them – that is, *Michel Agnolo* –
 Judge all I do and tell you of its worth.
 Will you? Tomorrow, satisfy your friend.
 I take the subjects for his corridor,
 Finish the portrait out of hand – there, there,
 And throw him in another thing or two
 If he demurs; the whole should prove enough
 To pay for this same cousin's freak. Beside,
 What's better and what's all I care about,
 Get you the 13 *scudi* for the ruff!
 Love, does that please you? Ah, but what does he,
 The cousin? What does he to please you more?

I am grown peaceful as old age tonight.
 I regret little; I would change still less.
 Since there my past life lies, why alter it?
 The very wrong to *Francis*! It is true
 I took his coin, was tempted and complied,
 And built this house and sinned, and all is said.
 My father & my mother died of want.
 Well, had I riches of my own? You see
 How one gets rich! Let each one bear his lot.
 They were born poor, lived poor, and poor they died:
 And I have laboured somewhat in my time
 And not been paid profusely. Some good son
 Paint my 200 pictures – let him try!
 No doubt, there's something strikes a balance. Yes,
 You loved me quite enough. it seems to-night.
 This must suffice me here. What would one have?
 In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance –
 Four great walls in the New Jerusalem,
 Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
 For *Leonard*, *Rafael*, *Agnolo* and me

To cover – the three first without a wife,
While I have mine! So – still they overcome
Because there's still *Lucrezia*, as I choose.

Again the cousin's whistle! Go, my love.

XXVIII.2.

My walk home was lengthened by a diversion in the direction of
the kirk. When beneath its walls, I perceived decay had
made progress, even in seven months: many a window
showed black gaps deprived of glass; and slates juttied off
here & there, beyond the right line of the roof, to be
gradually worked off in coming autumn storms.

I sought, and soon discovered, the three headstones on the slope
next the moor: the middle one grey, and $\frac{1}{2}$ buried in the
heath; *Edgar Linton's* only harmonized by the turf and
moss creeping up its foot; *Heathcliff's* still bare.

I lingered round them, under that benign sky: watched the moths
fluttering among the heath & harebells, listened to the soft
wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how any
one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers
in that quiet earth.

XXVIII.3.

Who knows but the world may end tonight?

XXIX.

XXIX.1.

'Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?'

Aye, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

'Is football playing
Along the river shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?'

XXVIII.2 Miss Emily Brontë (1818 – 1848), Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*.

XXVIII.3 Robert Browning (1828 – 1889), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.
These words are taken from Browning's 'Last Ride Together'.

XXIX.1 R Prof Alfred Housman (1859 – 1936), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Ay, the ball is flying;
 The lads play heart & soul;
 The goal stands up, the keeper
 Stands up to keep the goal.

'Is my girl happy,
 That I thought hard to leave,
 And has she tired of weeping
 As she lies down at eve?'

Ay, she lies down lightly;
 She lies not down to weep.
 Your girl is well contented.
 Be still, my lad, and sleep.

'Is my friend hearty,
 Now I am thin & pine,
 And has he found to sleep in
 A better bed than mine?'

Yes, lad, I lie easy;
 I lie as lads would choose;
 I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
 Never ask me whose.

XXIX.2.

When I watch the living meet,
 And the moving pageant file
 Warm & breathing through the street
 Where I lodge a little while,

If the heats of hate & lust
 In the house of flesh are strong,
 Let me mind the house of dust
 Where my sojourn shall be long.

In the nation that is not
 Nothing stands that stood before;
 There revenges are forgot,
 And the hater hates no more;

Lovers lying two & two
 Ask not whom they sleep beside,
 And the bridegroom all night through
 Never turns him to the bride.

XXIX.2 Prof Alfred Housman (1859 – 1936), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXIX.3.

Our interest's on the dangerous edge of things: the honest thief,
the tender murderer, the superstitious atheist.

XXX.**XXX.1.**

As the team's head-brass flashed out on the turn
The lovers disappeared into the wood.
I sat among the boughs of the fallen elm
That strewed an angle of the fallow, and
Watched the plough narrowing a yellow square
Of charlock. Every time the horses turned
Instead of treading me down, the ploughman leaned
Upon the handles to say or ask a word,
About the weather, next about the war.
Scraping the share he faced towards the wood,
And screwed along the furrow till the brass flashed
Once more. The blizzard felled the elm whose crest
I sat in, by a woodpecker's round hole,
The ploughman said. 'When will they take it away?'
'When the war's over.' So the talk began –
One minute & an interval of 10,
A minute more & the same interval.
'Have you been out?' 'No.' 'And don't want to, perhaps?'
'If I could only come back again, I should.
I could spare an arm. I shouldn't want to lose
A leg. If I should lose my head, why, so,
I should want nothing more... Have many gone
From here?' 'Yes.' 'Many lost?' 'Yes, a good few.
Only two teams work on the farm this year.
One of my mates is dead. The second day
In France they killed him. It was back in march,
The very night of the blizzard, too. Now if
He had stayed here we should have moved the tree.'
'And I should not have sat here. Everything
Would have been different. For it would have been
Another world.' 'Ay, & a better, though,
If we could see all, all might seem good.' Then
The lovers came out of the wood again:
The horses started and for the last time
I watched the clods crumble & topple over
After the ploughshare and the stumbling team.

XXIX.3 Robert Browning (1828 – 1889), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.
These words are from Browning's 'Bishop Blougram's Apology'.

XXX.1 Edward Thomas (1878 – 1917), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXX.2.

Thin little leaves of wood fern, ribbed & toothed,
 Long curved sail needles of the green pitch pine,
 With common sandgrass, skirt the horizon line,
 And over these the incorruptible blue!
 Here let me gently lie and softly view
 All world asperities, lightly touched & smoothed
 As by his gracious hand, the great Bestower.
 What though the year be late? some colors run
 Yet through the dry, some links of melody.
 Still let me be, by such, assuaged & soothed
 And happier made, as when, our schoolday done,
 We hunted on from flower to frosty flower,
 Tattered and dim, the last red butterfly,
 Or the old grasshopper molasses-mouthed.

XXX.3.

Nothing matters very much and very few things matter at all.

XXX.2 Frederick Tuckerman (1821 – 1873), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXX.3 Arthur Balfour, 1st Earl of Balfour (1848 – 1930), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

October

Autumn's processes are very subtle and complex. They produce remarkable effects – the brilliant colouring of leaves and fruit and the miracle of hibernation, which may be the almost complete suspension of life. One fundamental difference between this season and spring lies in there being no increase in external structure, nor reproduction. The changes – ripening of fruit, fall of leaf, and hibernation – are internal and, but for a flash of colour, invisible. Perhaps that is why so much attention is given to charting the progress of spring and summer, of which there is abundant superficial evidence, and little to autumn when practically all is hidden – indeed, much life goes out of its way to hide – and so rather mysterious.

Death, a quite universal and unescapable cause of change and, therefore, somewhat displeasing, also plays a great part in autumn. The first frosts kill a myriad insects and other small creatures. It is just too bad if man sweeps up their eggs into a bonfire.

The most spectacular sign of these changes is the colouring and then falling leaves of trees and shrubs. The first of these stages, for some reason known as “the autumn tints”, reaches its gayest during October. At the joint of each leaf-stalk where it joins the twig a thin layer of is formed between the two. The leaf is gradually cut out of the circulatory system of the tree. Its chemical composition undergoes great changes, and this results in bright colours replacing the former green. Finally it becomes so loosely attached to the twig that it falls at a slight touch. On the ground, woven into a carpet of other leaves, it gradually decays and returns some of the energy that has been employed in its creation back to the earth. The scar on the twig has been healed against the entry of fungus or other enemy.

Changes also occur within the ripening fruit. From our and some birds' and animals' point of view, the development of sugars in some kinds which make them palatable is not the least important. It also serves what to us is a secondary end – the distribution of seeds by those who consume the surrounding pulpy mass.

A good number of late-summer plants still flower, particularly annual weeds of cultivated ground. A blaze of dahlias and chrysanthemums remains in the garden until it is blackened by frost. Some of our introduced conifers, such as the cedars, will be opening their catkin-like male flowers and scattering pollen during this month. The arbutus or strawberry-tree, which is believed to have survived as a native of these islands in Ireland during an age when much else perished, bears panicles of little white or pinkish urn-like flowers which turn into strawberries.

But most vegetable vigour is seen in the great army of fungi which throw up their spore-bearing devices – toadstools, shaggy-caps, puff-balls, bracket fungi, and moulds and mildews – in great abundance throughout late summer. It is a numerous and powerful army. In this country it includes some seven thousand species against fifteen hundred of ordinary seed-bearing plants.

Once again migration on a big scale excites bird-watchers. Not only do we greet more winter visitors, but see many birds of passage. It is not, perhaps, realised how many of our common and resident kinds are also migrants.

Swallows, house- and sand-martins, as well as the last of the wheatear, leave us early in the month. Fieldfare, redwing, brambling and widgeon are the principal arrivals – with, of course, geese as the great excitement. It is a month when we may glimpse passing rarities; even osprey have been reported in Surrey. It is also a time when the little birds are flocking. Blackbirds and robins take up their territory.

For many animals it is the month when hibernation begins. In its varying degrees from partial to almost complete lifelessness it is a form of wintering adopted by creatures ranging from butterflies to badgers. Sometimes insect hibernators will be found in colonies – peacock butterflies and queen wasps, or ladybirds, perhaps in some warm space between boarding; at others they will hide singly in cracks between all kinds of odd material.

Bats also hibernate, hanging head downwards, in buildings, caves or hollow trees; sometimes they too are found singly in crevices. Dormice roll up in nests, underground or beneath roots and shrubs, with a good supply of food in case warm spells wake them up. The adder joins with one or two friends in sharing a hollow among feathers or dry grass. Grass snakes collect together in large numbers beneath old roots, under piles of brushwood, or in dry holes. Blindworms burrow with their heads into loose dry soil, or similar material; they do this very early in autumn. Lizards also dig themselves in, often quite deeply, joining together in small colonies. Frogs hibernate in many odd places – holes, under piles of leaves, hayricks, and so on. Toads become comatose only, and prefer dry holes, well away from water. Newts go underground; numbers are often found twined together in a mass.

One other October occurrence is the rut, or mating season of deer. The stags are savage, and will attack people and dogs. They fight for possession of the hinds. With red deer the season usually starts in September (of the Gregorian calendar) and lasts through October (of the same); fallow deer have a shorter period starting rather later. It is the only time when male deer make any noise.

I.

I.1.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God,
and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing
made that was made.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness compre-
hended it not.

That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh
into the world.

I.1 John 1.1-5,9-13, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. A tradition is floating around that this translation of John 1.1 was first suggested by Sir Thomas More – ironically enough, since More was so fanatically opposed to Tyndale, the chief architect of the King James Version – although the Almanackist has been unable to pin down a precise source.

He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the
 world knew him not.
 He came unto his own, and his own received him not.
 But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become
 the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:
 Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor
 of the will of man, but of God.

I.2.

The ~~LORD~~ bless thee,
 And keep thee:
 The ~~LORD~~ make his face shine upon thee,
 And be gracious unto thee:
 The ~~LORD~~ lift up his countenance upon thee,
 And give thee peace.

I.3.

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed:
 for in the image of God made he man.

II.

II.1.

Lord, how are they increased that trouble me;
 Many are they that rise against me.
 Many one there is to say of my soul,
 There is no help for him in his God.
 But thou, O Lord art my defender;
 Thou art my worship, and the lifter up of my head.
 I did call upon the Lord with my voice,
 And he heard me out of his holy hill.
 I laid me down and slept, and rose up again,
 For the Lord sustained me.
 I will not be afraid for 10 thousands of the people
 That have set themselves against me round about.
 Up, Lord, and help me, O my God, for thou smitest all mine enemies
 upon the cheekbone;
 Thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.
 Salvation belongeth unto the Lord,
 And thy blessing is upon thy people.

I.2 Numbers 6.24-26, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

I.3 Genesis 9.6, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

II.1 Psalm 3, Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

II.2.

Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord; and by thy great
mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night.
Amen.

II.3.

What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put assunder.

III.**III.1.**

O Lord, rebuke me not in thine indignation,
Neither chasten me in thy displeasure.
Have mercy on me, O Lord, for I am weak;
O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.
My soul also is sore troubled;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou punish me?
Turn thee, O Lord, and deliver my soul;
O save me for thy mercy's sake.
For in death no man remembereth thee,
And who will give thee thanks in the pit?
I am weary of my groaning; every night I wash my bed,
And water my couch with my tears.
My beauty is gone for very trouble,
And worn away because of all my enemies.
Away from me, all ye that work vanity,
For the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.
The Lord hath heard my petition;
The Lord will receive my prayer.
All my enemies shall be confounded, and sore vexed;
They shall be turned back, and put to shame suddenly.

III.2.

God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just
works do proceed: give unto thy servants that peace which
the world cannot give; that our hearts may be set to obey
thy commandments, and also that by thee we being de-
fended from the fear of our enemies may pass our time in
rest & quietness. Amen.

II.2 'For Aid Against All Perils', Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. The original prayer concludes, 'for the love of thy only Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.'

II.3 Matthew 19.6, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

III.1 Psalm 6, Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

III.2 'For Peace', Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. The original prayer concludes, 'through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.'

III.3.

I am going the way of all the earth.

IV.

IV.1.

I called my servant, and he gave me no answer;
 I entreated him with my mouth.
 My breath is strange to my wife,
 Though I entreated for the children's sake of mine own body.
 Yea, young children despised me;
 I arose, & they spake against me.
 All my inward friends abhorred me:
 And they whom I loved are turned against me.
 My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh,
 And I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.
 Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends;
 For the hand of God hath touched me.

Why do ye persecute me as God,
 And are not satisfied with my flesh?
 O that my words were now written!
 O that they were printed in a book!
 That they were graven with an iron pen & lead
 In the rock for ever!
 For I know that my redeemer liveth,
 And that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:
 And though after my skin worms destroy this body,
 Yet in my flesh shall I see God:
 Whom I shall see for myself,
 And mine eyes shall behold, and not another;
 Though my reins be consumed within me.

But ye should say, 'Why persecute we him,
 Seeing the root of the matter is found in me?'
 Be ye afraid of the sword:
 For wrath bringeth the punishments of the sword,
 That ye may know there is a judgment.

IV.2.

God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image
 of his own eternity.
 Nevertheless, through envy of the devil came death into the
 world: and they that do hold of his side do find it.

III.3 'Joshua 23.14', Joshua 23.14, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

IV.1 Job 19.2-29, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

IV.2 Solomon 2.23-24, 3.1-4,7-8, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there
 shall no torment touch them.
 In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die: and their departure
 is taken for misery,
 And their going from us to be utter destruction: but they are in
 peace.
 For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their
 hope full of immortality.
 In the time of their visitation they shall shine, and run to & fro
 like sparks among the stubble.
 They shall judge the nations, and have dominion over the peoples,
 and their Lord shall reign for ever.

IV.3.

I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil.

V.

V.1.

Then the ~~LORD~~ answered *Job* out of the whirlwind, and said,
 Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?
 Gird up now thy loins like a man;
 For I will demand of thee,
 And answer thou me.
 Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
 Declare, if thou hast understanding.
 Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest?
 Or who hath stretched the line upon it?
 Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened?
 Or who laid the corner stone thereof;
 When the morning stars sang together,
 And all the sons of God shouted for joy?
 Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth,
 As if it had issued out of the womb?
 When I made the cloud the garment thereof,
 And thick darkness a swaddlingband for it,
 And brake up for it my decreed place,
 And set bars and doors,
 And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further:
 And here shall thy proud waves be stayed?

IV.3 Deuteronomy 30.15, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

V.1 Job 38-41, 42.1-6, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. 98-100. Where the Almanackist has put 'ox', the KJV reads 'unicorn'. ¶98. Where the Almanackist has put 'ox', the KJV reads 'unicorn'.

Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days;
And caused the dayspring to know his place;
That it might take hold of the ends of the earth,
That the wicked might be shaken out of it?
It is turned as clay to the seal;
And they stand as a garment.
And from the wicked their light is withholden,
And the high arm shall be broken.

Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea?
Or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?
Have the gates of death been opened unto thee?
Or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?

Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth?
Declare if thou knowest it all.
Where is the way where light dwelleth?
And as for darkness, where is the place thereof,
That thou shouldest take it to the bound thereof,
And that thou shouldest know the paths to the house thereof?
Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born?
Or because the number of thy days is great?

Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?
Or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail,
Which I have reserved against the time of trouble,
Against the day of battle and war?

By what way is the light parted,
Which scattereth the east wind upon the earth?
Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters,
Or a way for the lightning of thunder;
To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is;
On the wilderness, wherein there is no man;
To satisfy the desolate and waste ground;
And to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth?
Hath the rain a father?
Or who hath begotten the drops of dew?
Out of whose womb came the ice?
And the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?

The waters are hid as with a stone,
And the face of the deep is frozen.
Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades,
Or loose the bands of Orion?
Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season?
Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?

Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?
Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?

Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds,
That abundance of waters may cover thee?
Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go,
And say unto thee, Here we are?

Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts?
Or who hath given understanding to the heart?
Who can number the clouds in wisdom?
Or who can stay the bottles of heaven,
When the dust groweth into hardness,
And the clods cleave fast together?

Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lion?
Or fill the appetite of the young lions,
When they couch in their dens,
And abide in the covert to lie in wait?
Who provideth for the raven his food?
When his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat.

Knowest thou the time when the wild goats of the rock bring forth?
Or canst thou mark when the hinds do calve?
Canst thou number the months that they fulfil?
Or knowest thou the time when they bring forth?
They bow themselves, they bring forth their young ones,
they cast out their sorrows.
Their young ones are in good liking, they grow up with corn;
They go forth, and return not unto them.

Who hath sent out the wild ass free?
Or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass?
Whose house I have made the wilderness,
And the barren land his dwellings.
He scorneth the multitude of the city,
Neither regardeth he the crying of the driver.
The range of the mountains is his pasture,
And he searcheth after every green thing.

Will the ox be willing to serve thee,
Or abide by thy crib?
Canst thou bind the ox with his band in the furrow?
Or will he harrow the valleys after thee?
Wilt thou trust him, because his strength is great?
Or wilt thou leave thy labour to him?
Wilt thou believe him, that he will bring home thy seed,
And gather it into thy barn?

Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks?
Or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?
Which leaveth her eggs in the earth,
And warmeth them in dust,

And forgetteth that the foot may crush them,
 Or that the wild beast may break them.
 She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers:
 Her labour is in vain without fear;
 Because God hath deprived her of wisdom,
 Neither hath he imparted to her understanding.
 What time she lifteth up herself on high,
 She scorneth the horse and his rider.

Hast thou given the horse strength?
 Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
 Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?
 The glory of his nostrils is terrible.
 He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength:
 He goeth on to meet the armed men.
 He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted;
 Neither turneth he back from the sword.
 The quiver rattleth against him,
 The glittering spear and the shield.
 He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage:
 Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.
 He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha;
 And he smelleth the battle afar off,
 The thunder of the captains,
 And the shouting.

Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom,
 And stretch her wings toward the south?
 Doth the eagle mount up at thy command,
 And make her nest on high?
 She dwelleth and abideth on the rock,
 Upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place.
 From thence she seeketh the prey,
 And her eyes behold afar off.
 Her young ones also suck up blood:
 And where the slain are, there is she.

Moreover, the **LORD** answered *Job*, and said,
 Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct him?
 He that reproveth God, let him answer it.

Then *Job* answered the **LORD**, and said,
 Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee?
 I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.
 Once have I spoken; but I will not answer:
 Yea, twice; but I will proceed no further.

Then answered the **LORD** unto *Job* out of the whirlwind, and said,

Gird up thy loins now

Like a man:

I will demand of thee,

And declare thou unto me.

Wilt thou also disannul my judgment?

Wilt thou condemn me, that thou mayest be righteous?

Hast thou an arm like God?

Or canst thou thunder with a voice like him?

Deck thyself now with majesty and excellency;

And array thyself with glory and beauty.

Cast abroad the rage of thy wrath:

And behold every one that is proud, and abase him.

Look on every one that is proud, and bring him low;

And tread down the wicked in their place.

Hide them in the dust together;

And bind their faces in secret.

Then will I also confess unto thee

That thine own right hand can save thee.

Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee;

He eateth grass as an ox.

Lo now, his strength is in his loins,

And his force is in the navel of his belly.

He moveth his tail like a cedar:

The sinews of his stones are wrapped together.

His bones are as strong pieces of brass;

His bones are like bars of iron.

He is the chief of the ways of God:

He that made him can make his sword to approach unto him.

Surely the mountains bring him forth food,

Where all the beasts of the field play.

He lieth under the shady trees,

In the covert of the reed, and fens.

The shady trees cover him with their shadow;

The willows of the brook compass him about.

Behold, he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not:

He trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth.

He taketh it with his eyes:

His nose pierceth through snares.

Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook?

Or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?

Canst thou put an hook into his nose?

Or bore his jaw through with a thorn?

Will he make many supplications unto thee?

Will he speak soft words unto thee?

Will he make a covenant with thee?

Wilt thou take him for a servant for ever?

Wilt thou play with him as with a bird?
Or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens?
Shall the companions make a banquet of him?
Shall they part him among the merchants?
Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons?
Or his head with fish spears?
Lay thine hand upon him,
Remember the battle, do no more.
Behold, the hope of him is in vain:
Shall not one be cast down even at the sight of him?
None is so fierce that dare stir him up:
Who then is able to stand before me?
Who hath prevented me, that I should repay him?
Whatsoever is under the whole heaven is mine.
I will not conceal his parts, nor his power,
Nor his comely proportion.
Who can discover the face of his garment?
Or who can come to him with his double bridle?
Who can open the doors of his face?
His teeth are terrible round about.
His scales are his pride,
Shut up together as with a close seal.
One is so near to another,
That no air can come between them.
They are joined one to another,
They stick together, that they cannot be sundered.
By his neesings a light doth shine,
And his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.
Out of his mouth go burning lamps,
And sparks of fire leap out.
Out of his nostrils goeth smoke,
As out of a seething pot or caldron.
His breath kindleth coals,
And a flame goeth out of his mouth.
In his neck remaineth strength,
And sorrow is turned into joy before him.
The flakes of his flesh are joined together:
They are firm in themselves; they cannot be moved.
His heart is as firm as a stone;
Yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone.
When he raiseth up himself, the mighty are afraid:
By reason of breakings they purify themselves.
The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold:
The spear, the dart, nor the habergeon.
He esteemeth iron as straw,
And brass as rotten wood.
The arrow cannot make him flee:
Slingstones are turned with him into stubble.

Darts are counted as stubble:
 He laugheth at the shaking of a spear.
 Sharp stones are under him:
 He spreadeth sharp pointed things upon the mire.
 He maketh the deep to boil like a pot:
 He maketh the sea like a pot of ointment.
 He maketh a path to shine after him;
 One would think the deep to be hoary.
 Upon earth there is not his like,
 Who is made without fear.
 He beholdeth all high things:
 He is a king over all the children of pride.

Then *Job* answered the **LORD**, and said,

I know that thou canst do every thing,
 And that no thought can be withholden from thee.
 Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge?
 Therefore have I uttered that I understood not;
 Things too wonderful for me,
 Which I knew not.
 Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak:
 I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.
 I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear:
 But now mine eye seeth thee.
 Wherefore I abhor myself,
 And repent in dust and ashes.

V.2.

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known,
 and from whom no secrets are hid: cleanse the thoughts
 of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that
 we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy
 name. Amen.

V.3.

The **LORD** gave, and the **LORD** hath taken away; blessed be the
 name of the **LORD**.

VI.

VI.1.

V.2 'For Purity', Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

V.3 Job 1.21, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

VI.1 Psalm 19, Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

The heavens declare the glory of God,
 And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
 One day telleth another,
 And one night certifieth another.
 There is neither speech nor language,
 But their voices are heard among them.
 Their sound is gone out into all lands,
 And their words into the ends of the world.
 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
 Which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and
 rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.
 It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth
 about unto the end of it again,
 And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is an undefiled law, converting the soul;
 The testimony of the Lord is sure, and giveth wisdom unto
 the simple.
 The statutes of the Lord are right, and rejoice the heart;
 The commandment of the Lord is pure, and giveth light unto
 the eyes.
 The fear of the Lord is clean, and endureth for ever;
 The judgements of the Lord are true, and righteous alto-
 gether.
 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold,
 Sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.

VI.2.

God is a righteous judge, strong & patient;
 And God is provoked every day.
 If a man will not turn, he will whet his sword;
 He hath bent his bow, and made it ready.
 He hath prepared for him the instruments of death;
 He ordaineth his arrows against the persecutors.
 Behold, the ungodly travaileth with iniquity;
 He hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood.
 He hath graven & digged up a pit,
 And is fallen himself into the destruction that he made for other.
 For his travail shall come upon his own head,
 And his wickedness shall fall on his own pate.

VI.3.

Great men are not always wise.

VI.2 Psalm 7.12-17, Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.
 VI.3 Job 32.9, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

VII.

VII.1.

The earth is the **LORD**'s, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.
 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.
 Who shall ascend into the hill of the **LORD**? Or who shall stand in his holy place?
 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.
 He shall receive the blessing from the **LORD**, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.
 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. *Selah.*
 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.
 Who is this King of glory? The **LORD** strong and mighty, the **LORD** mighty in battle.
 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.
 Who is this King of glory? The **LORD** of hosts, he is the King of glory. *Selah.*

VII.2.

Why standest thou so far off, O Lord,
 And hidest thy face in the needful time of trouble?
 The ungodly, for his own lust, doth persecute the poor;
 Let them be taken in the crafty wiliness that they have imagined.
 For he hath said in his heart, 'Tush, I shall never be cast down;
 There shall no harm happen unto me.'
 He sitteth lurking in the thievish corners of the streets,
 And privily in his lurking dens doth he murder the innocent; his eyes are set against the poor.
 For he lieth waiting secretly; even as a lion lurketh he in his den,
 That he may ravish the poor.
 Arise, O Lord God, and lift up thine hand;
 Forget not the poor.
 Break thou the power of the ungodly & malicious;
 Search out his ungodliness, until thou find none.

VII.3.

The **LORD** is loving unto every man, and his mercy is over all his works.

VII.1 R Psalm 24, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

VII.2 Psalm 10.1-2,6,8-9,13,17, Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer.*

VII.3 Psalm 145.9, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

VIII.

VIII.1.

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous,
 For it becometh well the just to be thankful.
 Praise the Lord with harp;
 Sing praises unto him with the lute, and instrument of ten strings.
 Sing unto the Lord a new song;
 Sing praises lustily unto him with a good courage.
 For the word of the Lord is true,
 And all his works are faithful.
 He loveth righteousness and judgement;
 The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.
 By the word of the Lord were the heavens made,
 And all the hosts of them by the breath of his mouth.
 He gathereth the waters of the sea together, as it were upon an heap,
 And layeth up the deep, as in a treasure-house.
 Let all the earth fear the Lord;
 Stand in awe of him, all ye that dwell in the world.
 For he spake, and it was done;
 He commanded, and it stood fast.
 The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought,
 And maketh the devices of the people to be of none effect, and casteth out
 the counsels of princes.
 The counsel of the Lord shall endure for ever,
 And the thoughts of his heart from generation to generation.
 Blessed are the people, whose God is the Lord,
 And blessed are the folk, that he hath chosen to him to be his inheritance.

VIII.2.

There be many that say, Who will show us any good?
~~Lord~~, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.
 Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
 More than in the time that their corn & their wine increased.
 I will both lay me down in peace, & sleep:
 For thou, ~~Lord~~, only makest me dwell in safety.

VIII.3.

The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the ~~Lord~~.

VIII.1 Psalm 33.1-11, Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

VIII.2 Psalm 4.6-8, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

VIII.3 Proverbs 16.33, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

IX.

IX.1.

Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks,
 So longeth my soul after thee, O God.
 My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God;
 When shall I come to appear before the presence of God?
 My tears have been my meat day & night,
 While they daily say unto me, Where is now thy God?

Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my heart by myself,
 For I went with the multitude, and brought them forth into
 the house of God;
 In the voice of praise and thanksgiving,
 Among such as keep holy-day.
 Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul
 And why art thou so disquieted within me?
 Put thy trust in God,
 For I will yet give him thanks for the help of his countenance.

My God, my soul is vexed within me,
 Therefore will I remember thee concerning the land of Jordan,
 and the little hill of Hermon.
 One deep calleth another, because of the noise of the water-pipes,

All thy waves & storms are gone over me.
 The Lord hath granted his loving-kindness in the day-time,
 And in the night-season did I sing of him, and made my
 prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto the God of my strength, Why hast thou forgotten
 me?
 Why go I thus heavily, while the enemy oppresseth me?
 My bones are smitten asunder as with a sword,
 While mine enemies that trouble me cast me in the teeth;
 Namely, while they say daily unto me,
 Where is now thy God?
 Why art thou so vexed, O my soul?
 And why art thou so disquieted within me?
 O put thy trust in God,
 For I will yet thank him, which is the help of my countenance,
 and my God.

IX.2.

In the Lord put I my trust;
 How say ye then to my soul, that she should flee as a bird unto the hill?

IX.1 Psalm 42, Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

IX.2 Psalm 11.1-5,7-8, Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

For lo, the ungodly bend their bow, and make ready their arrows within the
 quiver,
 That they may privily shoot at them which are true of heart.
 If the foundations be destroyed,
 What hath the righteous done?
 The Lord is in his holy temple;
 The Lord's seat is in heaven.
 His eyes consider the poor,
 And his eyelids try the children of men.
 Upon the ungodly he shall rain snares, fire & brimstone, storm and tempest:
 This shall be their portion to drink.
 For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness;
 His countenance will behold the thing that is just.

IX.3.

Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting
 up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

X.

X.1.

God is our refuge & strength,
 A very present help in trouble.
 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed,
 And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;
 Though the waters thereof roar & be troubled,
 Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. **Selah.**

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God,
 The holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.
 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:
 God shall help her, and that right early.
 The heathen raged; the kingdoms were moved;
 He uttered his voice; the earth melted.
 The Lord of hosts is with us;
 The God of Jacob is our refuge. **Selah.**

Come, behold the works of the Lord,
 What desolations he hath made in the earth.
 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;
 He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the
 chariot in the fire.
 Be still, and know that I am God:
 I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth.

IX.3 Psalm 141.2, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

X.1 Psalm 46, Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer.*

The Lord of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge. *Selah.*

X.2.

The ~~LORD~~ is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
For thou art with me; thy rod & thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the ~~LORD~~ for ever.

X.3.

Keep me as the apple of an eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings.

XI.

XI.1.

Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness;
According to the multitude of thy mercies do away mine offences.
Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness,
And cleanse me from my sin.
For I acknowledge my faults,
And my sin is ever before me.
Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight,
That thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and clear when thou art judged.

Behold, I was shapen in wickedness,
And in sin hath my mother conceived me.
But lo, thou requirest truth in the inward parts,
And shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly.
Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean;
Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Thou shalt make me hear of joy & gladness,
That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
Turn thy face from my sins,
And put out all my misdeeds.

X.2 Psalm 23, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

X.3 Psalm 18.8, Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer.*

XI.1 Psalm 51, Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer.*

Make me a clean heart, O God,
 And renew a right spirit within me.
 Cast me not away from thy presence,
 And take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
 O give me the comfort of thy help again,
 And stablish me with thy free Spirit.
 Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked,
 And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou that art the God of my health,
 And my tongue shall sing of thy righteousness.
 Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,
 And my mouth shall shew thy praise.
 For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it thee,
 But thou delightest not in burnt-offerings.
 The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit;
 A broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt thou not despise.

XI.2.

The Lord is king for ever & ever,
 And the heathen are perished out of the land.
 Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the poor;
 Thou preparest their heart, and thine ear hearkeneth;
 To help the fatherless & poor unto their right,
 That the man of the earth be no more exalted against them.

XI.3.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

XII.

XII.1.

Bless the ~~Lord~~, O my soul.
 O ~~Lord~~ my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and
 majesty.
 Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment:
 Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:
 Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:
 Who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the
 wind:
 Who maketh his angels spirits;
 His ministers a flaming fire:
 Who laid the foundations of the earth,
 That it should not be removed for ever.
 Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment:

XI.2 Psalm 10.18-20, Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

XI.3 Matthew 6.34, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XII.1 Psalm 104, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

The waters stood above the mountains.
At thy rebuke they fled;
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.
They go up by the mountains;
They go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them.
Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over;
That they turn not again to cover the earth.
He sendeth the springs into the valleys,
Which run among the hills.
They give drink to every beast of the field:
The wild asses quench their thirst.
By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation,
Which sing among the branches.
He watereth the hills from his chambers:
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man:
That he may bring forth food out of the earth;
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine,
And bread which strengtheneth man's heart.
The trees of the ~~LEBANON~~ are full of sap;
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;
Where the birds make their nests:
As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.
The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats;
And the rocks for the conies.
He appointed the moon for seasons:
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness, and it is night:
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.
The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.
The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together,
And lay them down in their dens.
Man goeth forth unto his work
And to his labour until the evening.
O ~~LEBANON~~, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all:
The earth is full of thy riches.
So is this great & wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable,
Both small and great beasts.
There go the ships:
There is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.
These wait all upon thee;
That thou mayest give them their meat in due season.
That thou givest them they gather:
Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.
Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled:
Thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created:
 And thou renewest the face of the earth.
 The glory of the **LORD** shall endure for ever:
 The **LORD** shall rejoice in his works.
 He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth:
 He toucheth the hills, and they smoke.
 I will sing unto the **LORD** as long as I live:
 I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.
 My meditation of him shall be sweet:
 I will be glad in the **LORD**.
 Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked be no more.
 Bless thou the **LORD**, O my soul. Praise ye the **LORD**.

XII.2.

Intreat me not to leave thee,
 Or to return from following after thee:
 For whither thou goest, I will go;
 And where thou lodgest, I will lodge:
 Thy people shall be my people,
 And thy God my God:
 Where thou diest, will I die,
 And there will I be buried:
 The **LORD** do so to me, and more also,
 If ought but death part thee & me.

XII.3.

Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

XIII.

XIII.1.

O Lord, thou hast searched me out & known me;
 Thou knowest my down-sitting & mine up-rising, thou understandest my thoughts long before.
 Thou art about my path, & about my bed,
 And spiest out all my ways.
 For lo, there is not a word in my tongue,
 But thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether.
 Thou hast fashioned me behind & before,

XII.2 Ruth 1.16-17, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. This passage from Ruth often forms part of the Jewish marriage ceremony.

XII.3 Matthew 4.4, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. Christ here is quoting Deuteronomy 8.3.

XIII.1 Psalm 139, Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. ¶19. This seems to be a mis-translation. The full couplet ought to read something like, 'If I say, "Let only darkness cover me,/ And the light about me be night..."' (as the RSV renders it). ¶30. The Almanackist has deleted the couplet immediately following 'And in thy book were all my members written.'

And laid thine hand upon me.
 Such knowledge is too wonderful & excellent for me;
 I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go then from thy Spirit?
 Or whither shall I go then from thy presence?
 If I climb up into heaven, thou art there;
 If I go down to hell, thou art there also.
 If I take the wings of the morning,
 And remain in the uttermost parts of the sea;
 Even there also shall thy hand lead me,
 And thy right hand shall hold me.
 If I say, 'Peradventure the darkness shall cover me,'
 Then shall my night be turned to day.
 Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day;
 The darkness & light to thee are both alike.
 For my reins are thine;
 Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.
 I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made;
 Marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well.
 My bones are not hid from thee,
 Though I be made secretly, and fashioned beneath in the earth.
 Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect,
 And in thy book were all my members written.

How dear are thy counsels unto me, O God!
 O how great is the sum of them!
 If I tell them, they are more in number than the sand;
 When I wake up I am present with thee.

Wilt thou not slay the wicked, O God?
 Depart from me, ye blood-thirsty men.
 For they speak unrighteously against thee,
 And thine enemies take thy Name in vain.
 Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee?
 And am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee?
 Yea, I hate them right sore,
 Even as though they were mine enemies.
 Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart;
 Prove me, and examine my thoughts.
 Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me,
 And lead me in the way everlasting.

XIII.2.

O ~~Lord~~ our governor, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!
 Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

XIII.2 Psalm 8, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. The Almanackist has replaced the KJV's 'our Lord' with the BCP's 'our Governor' in the first and last verses of this psalm.

Out of the mouth of babes & sucklings hast thou ordained strength because
 of thine enemies
 That thou mightest still the enemy & the avenger.
 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
 The moon & the stars, which thou hast ordained;
 What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
 And the son of man, that thou visitest him?
 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,
 And hast crowned him with glory & honour.
 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;
 Thou hast put all things under his feet:
 All sheep & oxen, yea,
 And the beasts of the field;
 The fowl of the air, & the fish of the sea,
 And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
 O ~~LORD~~ our governor,
 How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

XIII.3.

The truth shall make you free.

XIV.

XIV.1.

Praise ye the ~~LORD~~: for it is good to sing praises unto our God;
 For it is pleasant; and praise is comely.
 The ~~LORD~~ doth build up Jerusalem:
 He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.
 He healeth the broken in heart,
 And bindeth up their wounds.
 He telleth the number of the stars;
 He calleth them all by their names.
 Great is our ~~LORD~~, and of great power:
 His understanding is infinite.
 The ~~LORD~~ lifteth up the meek:
 He casteth the wicked down to the ground.
 Sing unto the ~~LORD~~ with thanksgiving;
 Sing praise upon the harp unto our God:
 Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth,
 Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
 He giveth to the beast his food,
 And to the young ravens which cry.
 He delighteth not in the strength of the horse:
 He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.

XIII.3 John 8.32, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XIV.1 Psalm 147.1-11, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

The ~~Lord~~ taketh pleasure in them that fear him,
In those that hope in his mercy.

XIV.2.

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle?
Or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?
Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life,
And doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.
He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour,
And hath not slandered his neighbour.
He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes,
And maketh much of them that fear the Lord.
He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not,
Though it were to his own hindrance.
He that hath not given his money upon usury,
Nor taken reward against the innocent.
Whoso doeth these things
Shall never fall.

XIV.3.

The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.

XV.

XV.1.

O praise the Lord of heaven;
Praise him in the height.
Praise him, all ye angels of his;
Praise him, all his host.
Praise him, sun & moon;
Praise him, all ye stars & light.
Praise him, all ye heavens,
And ye waters that are above the heavens.
Let them praise the name of the Lord;
For he spake the word, and they were made; he commanded, and they were
created.
He hath made them fast for ever & ever;
He hath given them a law which shall not be broken.
Praise the Lord upon earth,
Ye dragons, and all deeps;
Fire & hail, snow & vapours,
Wind & storm, fulfilling his word;
Mountains & all hills,

XIV.2 Psalm 15, Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. For obvious reasons, this psalm is sometimes referred to as the “Gentelman’s Psalm”.

XIV.3 Mark 2.27, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XV.1 Psalm 148.1-13, Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

Fruitful trees & all cedars;
 Beasts & all cattle;
 Worms & feathered fowls;
 Kings of the earth & all people,
 Princes & all judges of the world;
 Young men & maidens, old men & children, praise the name of the Lord,
 For his name only is excellent, and his praise above heaven & earth.

XV.2.

Praise ye the ~~LORE~~. Praise God in his sanctuary:
 Praise him in the firmament of his power.
 Praise him for his mighty acts:
 Praise him according to his excellent greatness.
 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet:
 Praise him with the psaltery & harp.
 Praise him with the timbrel & dance:
 Praise him with stringed instruments & organs.
 Praise him upon the loud cymbals:
 Praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.
 Let every thing that hath breath praise the ~~LORE~~.
 Praise ye the ~~LORE~~.

XV.3.

Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but
 considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

XVI.**XVI.1.**

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
 And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my saviour.
 For he hath regarded:
 The lowliness of his hand-maiden.
 For, behold, from henceforth
 All generations shall call me blessed.
 For he that is mighty hath magnified me,
 And holy is his name.
 And his mercy is on them that fear him
 Throughout all generations.
 He hath showed strength with his arm;
 He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
 He hath put down the mighty from their seat,
 And hath exalted the humble & meek.

XV.2 Psalm 150, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XV.3 Matthew 7.3, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XVI.1 'The Magnificat', Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. This song is a translation of Luke 1.46-55.

He hath filled the hungry with good things:
 And the rich he hath sent empty away.
 He remembering of his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel:
 As he promised to our forefathers, *Abraham* & his seed, for ever.

XVI.2.

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,
 According to thy word.
 For mine eyes have seen
 Thy salvation,
 Which thou hast prepared
 Before the face of all peoples;
 To be a light to lighten the gentiles,
 And the glory of thy people Israel.

XVI.3.

No man can serve two masters.

XVII.**XVII.1.**

Blessèd be the Lord God of Israel:
 For he hath visited and redeemed his people;
 And he hath raised up a mighty salvation for us:
 In the house of his servant *David*;
 As he spoke by the mouth of his holy prophets:
 Which have been since the world began;
 That we should be saved from our enemies:
 And from the hand of all that hate us;
 To perform the mercy promised to our forefathers:
 And to remember his holy covenant;
 To perform the oath which he sware to our forefather *Abraham*:
 That he would give us;
 That we being delivered out of the hands of our enemies:
 Might serve him without fear;
 In holiness & righteousness before him:
 All the days of our life.
 And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest:
 For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways;
 To give knowledge of salvation unto his people:
 For the remission of their sins,
 Through the tender mercy of our God:

XVI.2 'The Nunc Dimittis', Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. These lines are a translation of Luke 2.29-32.

XVI.3 Matthew 6.24, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XVII.1 'Benedictus', Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. This song is a translation of Luke 1.68-79.

Whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us;
 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death:
 To guide our feet into the way of peace.

XVII.2.

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;
 Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven:
 Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive
 them that trespass against us;
 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
 For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever & ever. Amen.

XVII.3.

Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

XVIII.

XVIII.1.

Blessèd are the poor in spirit:
 For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
 Blessèd are they that mourn:
 For they shall be comforted.
 Blessèd are the meek:
 For they shall inherit the earth.
 Blessèd are they which do hunger & thirst after righteousness:
 For they shall be filled.
 Blessèd are the merciful:
 For they shall obtain mercy.
 Blessèd are the pure in heart:
 For they shall see God.
 Blessèd are the peacemakers:
 For they shall be called children of God.
 Blessèd are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
 For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

XVII.2 'The Lord's Prayer', Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. Lines 1-4 are a translation of Matthew 6.9-13. The doxology is of uncertain origin; a version of it appears in the *Διδαχὴ* ("Teaching of the Twelve Apostles"), and in certain (Byzantine) manuscripts of Matthew.

XVII.3 Matthew 6.3, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XVIII.1 Matthew 5.2-10, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. These verses are sometimes called the Beatitudes, a term derived from the Latin word *beatitudo*, meaning *blessedness*, which was sometimes printed in the marginalia of the Vulgate at this point in Matthew's Gospel.

XVIII.2.

Come, ye blessed of my Father,
 Inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:
 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat:
 I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink:
 I was a stranger, and ye took me in:
 Naked, and ye clothed me:
 I was sick, and ye visited me:
 I was in prison, and ye came unto me.
 Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these
 my brethren,
 Ye have done it unto me.

XVIII.3.

Judge not, that ye be not judged.

XIX.**XIX.1.**

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have
 not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling
 cymbal.
 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mys-
 teries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so
 that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am
 nothing.
 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I
 give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth
 me nothing.
 Love suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; love vaun-
 teth not itself, is not puffed up,
 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not
 easily provoked, thinketh no evil;
 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;
 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, en-
 dureth all things.
 Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall
 fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether
 there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.
 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.
 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in
 part shall be done away.

XVIII.2 Matthew 25:34-36,40, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XVIII.3 Matthew 7:1, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XIX.1 1 Corinthians 13, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. The original reads 'charity' where the Almanackist has put 'love'.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

XIX.2.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

Anoint & cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace.
Keep far from foes, give peace at home:
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

XIX.3.

A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country.

XX.

XX.1.

Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.
Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand
against the wiles of the devil.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

XIX.2 ‘Veni Creator Spiritus’, The Rt Rev Dr John Cosin (1594 – 1672), Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. The hymn is ancient, being composed by a Frankish monk, Rabanus Maurus, in the ninth century, and translated into English by the Bishop of Durham. The original hymn concludes with a further verse and a half.

XIX.3 Matthew 13.57, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XX.1 Ephesians 6.10-20, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;
 Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able
 to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.
 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit,
 which is the word of God:
 Praying always with all prayer & supplication in the Spirit, and
 watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication
 for all saints;
 And for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may
 open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the
 gospel,
 For which I am an ambassador in bonds: that therein I may
 speak boldly, as I ought to speak.

XX.2.

Do not err, my beloved brethren.
 Every good gift & every perfect gift is from above, and cometh
 down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variable-
 ness, neither shadow of turning.
 Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we
 should be a kind of first fruits of his creatures.
 Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear,
 slow to speak, slow to wrath:
 For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.
 Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness,
 and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is
 able to save your souls.

XX.3.

Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and
 unto God the things that are God's.

XXI.

XXI.1.

In the year that King *Uzziah* died I saw also the Lord sitting
 upon a throne, high & lifted up, and his train filled the
 temple.
 Above it stood the seraphims: each one had six wings; with
 twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his
 feet, and with twain he did fly.
 And one cried unto another, and said, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the
LORD of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.'

XX.2 James 1.16-21, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XX.3 Matthew 20.21, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XXI.1 Isaiah 6.1-8, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried,
and the house was filled with smoke.
Then said I, 'Woe is me! For I am undone; because I am a man
of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of
unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the ~~Lord~~
of hosts.'
Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in
his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the
altar:
And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, 'Lo, this hath touched
thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin
purged.'
Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, 'Whom shall I send,
and who will go for us?' Then said I, 'Here am I; send
me.'

XXI.2.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they
that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them
hath the light shined.
Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy: they
joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as
men rejoice when they divide the spoil.
For thou hast broken the yoke of his burden, and the staff of his
shoulder, the rod of his oppressor, as in the day of Midian.

For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and gar-
ments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and
fuel of fire.
For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the
government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name
shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God,
the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.
Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no
end, upon the throne of *David*, and upon his kingdom,
to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with
justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the
~~Lord~~ of hosts will perform this.

XXI.3.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than
for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

XXI.2 Isaiah 9.2-7, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXI.3 Matthew 19.24, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXII.**XXII.1.**

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.
 Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not:
 behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God
 with a recompence; he will come and save you.
 Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the
 deaf shall be unstopped.
 Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the
 dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out,
 and streams in the desert.
 And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty
 land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where
 each lay, shall be grass with reeds & rushes.
 And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called
 The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it;
 but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools,
 shall not err therein.
 No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon,
 it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk
 there:
 And the ransomed of the ~~LORD~~ shall return, and come to Zion
 with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they
 shall obtain joy & gladness, and sorrow & sighing shall
 flee away.

XXII.2.

But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of
 the house of the ~~LORD~~ shall be established in the top of
 the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and
 people shall flow unto it.
 And many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up to
 the mountain of the ~~LORD~~, and to the house of the God
 of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will
 walk in his paths: for the law shall go forth of Zion, and
 the word of the ~~LORD~~ from Jerusalem.
 And he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong na-
 tions afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plow-
 shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall
 not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn
 war any more.
 But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig
 tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of
 the ~~LORD~~ of hosts hath spoken it.

XXII.1 Isaiah 35.3-10, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXII.2 Micah 3.1-4, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXII.3.

Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

XXIII.**XXIII.1.**

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the **LORD**'s hand double for all her sins.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the **LORD**, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain:

And the glory of the **LORD** shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the **LORD** hath spoken it.

The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the **LORD** bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!

Behold, the Lord **GOD** will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?

Who hath directed the Spirit of the **LORD**, or being his counsellor hath taught him?

XXII.3 Matthew 5.39, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXIII.1 Isaiah 40, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of judgment, and taught him knowledge, and shewed to him the way of understanding?

Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing.

And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering.

All nations before him are as nothing; and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity.

To whom then will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him?

The workman melteth a graven image, and the goldsmith spreadeth it over with gold, and casteth silver chains.

He that is so impoverished that he hath no oblation chooseth a tree that will not rot; he seeketh unto him a cunning workman to prepare a graven image, that shall not be moved.

Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning? have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth?

It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in:

That bringeth the princes to nothing; he maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.

Yea, they shall not be planted; yea, they shall not be sown: yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth: and he shall also blow upon them, and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble.

To whom then will ye liken me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One.

Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth.

Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the ~~LORD~~, and my judgment is passed over from my God?

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the ~~LORD~~, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding.

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:

But they that wait upon the **LORD** shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

XXIII.2.

Thus saith God the **LORD**, he that created the heavens, and stretched them out; he that spread forth the earth, and that which cometh out of it; he that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein:

I the **LORD** have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the gentiles;

To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house.

I am the **LORD**: that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images.

XXIII.3.

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar.

XXIV.

XXIV.1.

Who hath believed our report? And to whom is the arm of the **LORD** revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the **LORD** hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a

XXIII.2 Isaiah 42.5-8, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXIII.3 1 John 4.20, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXIV.1 Isaiah 53, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the ~~LORD~~ to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the ~~LORD~~ shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

XXIV.2.

But now thus saith the ~~LORD~~ that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

For I am the ~~LORD~~ thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour: I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee.

Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee: therefore will I give men for thee, and people for thy life.

Fear not: for I am with thee: I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west;

I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back: bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth;

Even every one that is called by my name: for I have created him for my glory, I have formed him; yea, I have made him.

XXIV.3.

God is no respecter of persons.

XXIV.2 Isaiah 43.1-7, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXIV.3 Acts 10.34, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXV.

XXV.1.

Seek ye the ~~LORE~~ while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:
 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the ~~LORE~~, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.
 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the ~~LORE~~.
 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:
 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.
 For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the ~~LORE~~ for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

XXV.2.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, 'Thy God reigneth!'
 Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the ~~LORE~~ shall bring again Zion.
 Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the ~~LORE~~ hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.
 The ~~LORE~~ hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

XXV.1 Isaiah 55.6-13, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXV.2 Isaiah 52.7-10, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXV.3.

God is love.

XXVI.**XXVI.1.**

For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind.

But be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create: for, behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy.

And I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in my people: and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying.

There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days: for the child shall die an 100 years old; but the sinner being an 100 years old shall be accursed.

And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them.

They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat: for as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands.

They shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the ~~LORD~~, and their offspring with them.

And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.

The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock: and dust shall be the serpent's meat. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the ~~LORD~~.

XXVI.2.

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the ~~LORD~~ is risen upon thee.

For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the ~~LORD~~ shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

And the gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

XXV.3 1 John 4.8, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXVI.1 Isaiah 65.17-25, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXVI.2 Isaiah 60.1-5, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from

far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.

Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the gentiles shall come unto thee.

XXVI.3.

Some have entertained angels unawares.

XXVII.

XXVII.1.

Behold, I will make Jerusalem a cup of trembling unto all the people round about, when they shall be in the siege both against Judah and against Jerusalem.

And in that day will I make Jerusalem a burdensome stone for all people: all that burden themselves with it shall be cut in pieces, though all the people of the earth be gathered together against it.

In that day, saith the **LORD**, I will smite every horse with astonishment, and his rider with madness: and I will open mine eyes upon the house of Judah, and will smite every horse of the people with blindness.

And the governors of Judah shall say in their heart, The inhabitants of Jerusalem shall be my strength in the **LORD** of hosts their God.

In that day will I make the governors of Judah like an hearth of fire among the wood, and like a torch of fire in a sheaf; and they shall devour all the people round about, on the right hand & on the left: and Jerusalem shall be inhabited again in her own place, even in Jerusalem.

The **LORD** also shall save the tents of Judah first, that the glory of the house of *David* and the glory of the inhabitants of Jerusalem do not magnify themselves against Judah.

In that day shall the **LORD** defend the inhabitants of Jerusalem; and he that is feeble among them at that day shall be as *David*; and the house of *David* shall be as God, as the angel of the **LORD** before them.

And it shall come to pass in that day, that I will seek to destroy all the nations that come against Jerusalem.

And I will pour upon the house of *David*, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace & of supplications:

XXVI.3 Hebrew 13.2, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XXVII.1 Zechariah 12, 13.1,14.1-12, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn.

In that day shall there be a great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon.

And the land shall mourn, every family apart; the family of the house of *David* apart, and their wives apart; the family of the house of *Nathan* apart, and their wives apart;

The family of the house of *Levi* apart, and their wives apart; the family of *Shimei* apart, and their wives apart;

All the families that remain, every family apart, and their wives apart.

Behold, the day of the **LORD** cometh, and thy spoil shall be divided in the midst of thee.

For I will gather all nations against Jerusalem to battle; and the city shall be taken, and the houses rifled, and the women ravished; and half of the city shall go forth into captivity, and the residue of the people shall not be cut off from the city.

Then shall the **LORD** go forth, and fight against those nations, as when he fought in the day of battle.

And his feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east, and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south.

And ye shall flee to the valley of the mountains; for the valley of the mountains shall reach unto Azal: yea, ye shall flee, like as ye fled from before the earthquake in the days of *Uzziah*, King of Judah: and the **LORD** my God shall come, and all the saints with thee.

And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark:

But it shall be one day which shall be known to the **LORD**, not day, nor night: but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light.

And it shall be in that day, that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem; half of them toward the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea: in summer and in winter shall it be.

And the **LORD** shall be king over all the earth: in that day shall there be one **LORD**, and his name one.

All the land shall be turned as a plain from Geba to Rimmon south of Jerusalem: and it shall be lifted up, and inhabited in her place, from Benjamin's Gate unto the place of

the first gate, unto the corner gate, and from the Tower of Hananeel unto the king's winepresses.
 And men shall dwell in it, and there shall be no more utter destruction; but Jerusalem shall be safely inhabited.
 And this shall be the plague wherewith the **LORD** will smite all the people that have fought against Jerusalem; their flesh shall consume away while they stand upon their feet, and their eyes shall consume away in their holes, and their tongue shall consume away in their mouth.

XXVII.2.

The Spirit of the Lord **GOD** is upon me; because the **LORD** hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;
 To proclaim the acceptable year of the **LORD**, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn;
 To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the **LORD**, that he might be glorified.
 And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

XXVII.3.

The love of money is the root of all evil.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.1.

Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, he shall come, saith the **LORD** of hosts.
 But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap:
 And he shall sit as a refiner & purifier of silver: and he shall purify the sons of *Levi*, and purge them as gold & silver, that they may offer unto the **LORD** an offering in righteousness.

XXVII.2 Isaiah 61.1-4, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXVII.3 1 Timothy 6.10, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXVIII.1 Malachi 3-4, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

Then shall the offering of Judah & Jerusalem be pleasant unto the **LORD**, as in the days of old, and as in former years.

And I will come near to you to judgement; and I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers, and against the adulterers, and against false swearers, and against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow, and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the **LORD** of hosts.

For I am the **LORD**, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.

Even from the days of your fathers ye are gone away from mine ordinances, and have not kept them. Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the **LORD** of hosts. But ye said, Wherein shall we return?

Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes & offerings.

Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation.

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the **LORD** of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the **LORD** of hosts.

And all nations shall call you blessed: for ye shall be a delightful-
some land, saith the **LORD** of hosts.

Your words have been stout against me, saith the **LORD**. Yet ye say, What have we spoken so much against thee?

Ye have said, It is vain to serve God: and what profit is it that we have kept his ordinance, and that we have walked mournfully before the **LORD** of hosts?

And now we call the proud happy; yea, they that work wickedness are set up; yea, they that tempt God are even delivered.

Then they that feared the **LORD** spake often one to another: and the **LORD** hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the **LORD**, and that thought upon his name.

And they shall be mine, saith the **LORD** of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.

Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not.

For, behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the **LORD** of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall.

And ye shall tread down the wicked; for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet in the day that I shall do this, saith the **LORD** of hosts.

Remember ye the law of *Moses* my servant, which I commanded unto him in Horeb for all Israel, with the statutes & judgments.

Behold, I will send you *Elijah* the prophet before the coming of the great & dreadful day of the **LORD**:

And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.

XXVIII.2.

Thus saith the **LORD**: the heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool: where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest?

For all those things hath mine hand made, and all those things have been, saith the **LORD**: but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.

XXVIII.3.

How great a matter a little fire kindleth.

XXIX.

XXIX.1.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I *John* saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with

XXVIII.2 Isaiah 66.1-2, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XXVIII.3 James 3.5, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XXIX.1 Revelation 21,22.1-5, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.

And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.

And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife.

And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God,

Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;

And had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel:

On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates.

And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.

And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof.

And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.

And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel.

And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was

jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald;
 The fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chryso-prasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst.

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.
 And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.
 And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.
 And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.
 And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.
 And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.
 And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.
 And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.
 In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.
 And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:
 And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.
 And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

XXIX.2.

These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God;
 I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot.
 So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.
 Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art

wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked:

I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see.

As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne.

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.

XXIX.3.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.

November

December

Unodecember

Duodecember

Many as are the signs that stir the botanist, it is the ornithologist who must have pride of place in Duodecember. The increased activity of birds is audible; the great-tit now makes a screeching din; the missel-thrush sings more powerfully, the song-thrush more frequently; during the middle of the month the chaffinch and wren usually join the singers. Wood-pigeons murmur and the lark sings more and more as he finds in his ascending that the sun is a little nearer.

Great crested gees will be performing their courting antics on the water and pairing; lapwings will be doing the same in the air; the rook, too, will be at the rookery, conversationally tinkering about with his nest and displaying himself in courtship fights. Partridge pair, and rook, raven, heron and missel-thrush may have got as far as egg-laying.

Bird movements begin, though when chiff-chaffs and blackcaps are reported they are usually birds that have wintered with us in the south-western counties.

In the southern counties or in mild weather animal life stirs. Frogs and newts may wake up; in some places the frog may even be spawning at the end of the month. Toads, lizards and snakes of all kinds may take an airing though they are not really on the move yet. Moles come up from their deep winter tunnels, and fresh mole workings are seen again.

One of the most universal Duodecember flowers is coltsfoot, opening its yellow flowers on scaly stems before the leaves unfold. It is a coloniser and lover of waste places, which it makes not only gay, but useful, for it is one of the first nectar-bearing flowers visited by bees. The plant has a long, popular and botanical history. Its old country name was “sons before fathers”, while its botanical name *Tussilago* comes from *tussis*, which means “cough”, since a cough-syrup was made from coltsfoot and tobacco leaves in days gone by.

In the woods the green rosettes and earliest leaves of many plants are noticeable. Celandine may be out, and where snowdrops are naturalised they may be flowering.

We shall notice the catkins on those trees that are formed before winter are loosening. The little flowers of the yew-tree are quite often open on a fine day and a gust of wind will raise clouds of their yellow dust. The crimson flowers of the wych-elm are also seen this month.

There is little insect life; though the beekeeper may be annoyed if his bees become too active. A few other dingy moths may appear: one is aptly named the Quaker.

But remember: Duodecember can be nearly all real winter, and in some years little is seen of what was told above.

I.

I.1.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness –
 That thou, light-wingèd dryad of the trees
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, & shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
 Tasting of *Flora* & the country green,
 Dance, & provencal song, & sunburnt mirth!
 O for a beaker full of the warm south,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stainèd mouth;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, & the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, & spectre-thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs,
 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by *Bacchus* & his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes & retards:
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms & winding mossy ways.

I.1 R 'Ode to a Nightingale', John Keats (1795 – 1821), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.
 Where the Almanackist gives 'foreign', Palgrave gives 'alien'; 'foreign' is the Almanackist's invention, but 'alien' is an intolerable metrical sin.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, & the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, & the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
 And mid-may's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been ¹/₂ in love with easeful death,
 Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain –
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor & clown:
 Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of *Ruth*, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the foreign corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! The very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! The fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! Adieu! Thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music. Do I wake or sleep?

I.2.

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
 My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy.

I.2 'On My First Son', Ben Jonson (1572 – 1637), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The name Benjamin, the name of the departed child, means "son of my right side".

Seven years tho' wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
 Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
 O could I lose all father now! For why
 Will man lament the state he should envy?
 To have so soon 'scaped world's & flesh's rage,
 And if no other misery, yet age?
 Rest in soft peace, and, asked, say, 'Here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry' –
 For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such,
 As what he loves may never like too much.

I.3.

A nightingale... dies for shame if another bird sings better.

II.

II.1.

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
 Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
 Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed
 By nightshade, ruby grape of *Proserpine*;
 Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
 Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
 Your mournful *Psyche*, nor the downy owl
 A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
 For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
 And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
 That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
 And hides the green hill in an april shroud;
 Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
 Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
 Or on the wealth of globèd peonies;
 Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
 Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
 And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with beauty – beauty that must die;
 And joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
 Bidding adieu; and aching pleasure nigh,
 Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
 Ay, in the very temple of delight
 Veiled melancholy has her sov'reign shrine,

I.3 The Rev Robert Burton (1577 – 1640), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

II.1 'Ode on Melancholy', John Keats (1795 – 1821), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
 Can burst joy's grape against his palate fine;
 His soul shalt taste the sadness of her might,
 And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

II.2.

Here lies, to each her parents' ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth;
 Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
 It makes the father less to rue.
 At six months' end she parted hence
 With safety of her innocence;
 Whose soul heaven's queen, whose name she bears,
 In comfort of her mother's tears,
 Hath placed amongst her virgin-train:
 Where, while that severed doth remain,
 This grave partakes the fleshly birth;
 Which cover lightly, gentle earth.

II.3.

In the groves of their academy, at the end of every vista, you see
 nothing but the gallows.

III.

III.1.

St *Agnes'* Eve – ah bitter chill it was!
 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
 The hare limped, trembling through the frozen grass,
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
 Numb were the beadsman's fingers, while he told
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
 Like pious incense from a censer old,
 Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a death,
 Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
 Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
 And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
 Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
 The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
 Imprisoned in black, purgatorial rails:

II.2 'On My First Daughter', Ben Jonson (1572 – 1637), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

II.3 The Rt Hon Edmund Burke (1729 – 1797), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

III.1 'The Eve of St Agnes', John Keats (1795 – 1821), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
 He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
 To think how they may ache in icy hoods & mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
 And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue
 Flattered to tears this agèd man & poor;
 But no – already had his deathbell rung;
 The joys of all his life were said & sung:
 His was harsh penance on St *Agnes'* Eve:
 Another way he went, and soon among
 Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
 And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude soft;
 And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
 From hurry to & fro. Soon, up aloft,
 The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
 The level chambers, ready with their pride,
 Were glowing to receive a 1000 guests:
 The carvèd angels, ever eager-eyed,
 Star, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
 With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
 With plume, tiara, & all rich array,
 Numerous as shadows haunting faerily
 The brain, new-stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay
 Of old romance. These let us wish away,
 And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there,
 Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
 On love, and winged St *Agnes'* saintly care,
 As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St *Agnes'* Eve,
 Young virgins might have visions of delight,
 And soft adorings from their loves receive
 Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
 If ceremonies due they did aright;
 As, supperless to bed they must retire,
 And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
 Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful *Madeline*:
 The music, yearning like a God in pain,
 She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
 Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
 Pass by – she heeded not at all: in vain
 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,

And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,
 But she saw not: her heart was elsewhere:
 She sighed for *Agnes*' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick & short:
 The hallowed hour was near at hand: she sighs
 Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
 Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
 'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, & scorn,
 Hoodwinked with faery fancy; all amorn,
 Save to St *Agnes* & her lambs unshorn,
 And all the bliss to be before tomorrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
 She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
 Had come young *Porphyro*, with heart on fire
 For *Madeline*. Beside the portal doors,
 Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores
 All saints to give him sight of *Madeline*,
 But for one moment in the tedious hours,
 That he might gaze & worship all unseen;
 Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss – in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell:
 All eyes be muffled, or a 100 swords
 Will storm his heart, love's fev'rous citadel:
 For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
 Hyena foemen, & hot-blooded lords,
 Whose very dogs would execrations howl
 Against his lineage: not one breast affords
 Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
 Save one old beldame, weak in body & in soul.

Ah – happy chance! – the agèd creature came,
 Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
 To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
 Behind a broad half-pillar, far beyond
 The sound of merriment & chorus bland:
 He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
 And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
 Saying, 'Mercy, *Porphyro*! hie thee from this place;
 They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

'Get hence! Get hence! There's dwarfish *Hildebrand*;
 He had a fever late, and in the fit
 He cursèd thee & thine, both house & land:
 Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
 More tame for his gray hairs – Alas me! Flit!
 Flit like a ghost away.' 'Ah, gossip dear,

We're safe enough; here in this armchair sit,
 And tell me how' – 'Good saints! Not here, not here;
 Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier.'

He followed through a lowly archèd way,
 Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,
 And as she muttered, 'Well-a—well-a-day!'
 He found him in a little moonlight room,
 Pale, latticed, chill, & silent as a tomb.
 'Now tell me where is *Madeline*,' said he,
 'O tell me, *Angela*, by the holy loom
 Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
 When they *St Agnes*' wool are weaving piously.'

'*St Agnes*! Ah! It is *St Agnes*' Eve –
 Yet men will murder upon holy days:
 Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
 And be liege-lord of all the elves & fays,
 To venture so: it fills me with amaze
 To see thee, *Porphyro*! *St Agnes*' Eve!
 God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
 This very night: good angels her deceive!
 But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve.'

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
 While *Porphyro* upon her face doth look,
 Like puzzled urchin on an agèd crone
 Who keepeth closed a wond'rous riddle-book,
 As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
 But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
 His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
 Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
 And *Madeline* asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
 Flushing his brow, and in his painèd heart
 Made purple riot: then doth he propose
 A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
 'A cruel man & impious thou art:
 Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, & dream
 Alone with her good angels, far apart
 From wicked men like thee. Go! Go! I deem
 Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem.'

'I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,'
 Quoth *Porphyro*: 'O may I ne'er find grace
 When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
 If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
 Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
 Good *Angela*, believe me by these tears;

Or I will, even in a moment's space,
 Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
 And beard them, though they be more fanged than wolves & bears.'

'Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
 A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
 Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
 Whose prayers for thee, each morn & evening,
 Were never missed.' Thus plaining, doth she bring
 A gentler speech from burning *Porphyro*;
 So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
 That *Angela* gives promise she will do
 Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
 Even to *Madeline's* chamber, and there hide
 Him in a closet, of such privacy
 That he might see her beauty unespied,
 And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
 While legioned faeries paced the coverlet,
 And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
 Never on such a night have lovers met,
 Since *Merlin* paid his demon all the monstrous debt.

'It shall be as thou wishest,' said the dame:
 'All cates & dainties shall be storèd there
 Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
 Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
 For I am slow & feeble, and scarce dare
 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
 Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
 The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
 Or may I never leave my grave among the dead.'

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
 The lover's endless minutes slowly passed;
 The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
 To follow her; with agèd eyes aghast
 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
 The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed, & chaste;
 Where *Porphyro* took covert, pleased amain.
 His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
 Old *Angela* was feeling for the stair,
 When *Madeline*, St *Agnes'* charmèd maid,
 Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware:
 With silver taper's light, & pious care,
 She turned, and down the agèd gossip led

To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
 Young *Porphyro*, for gazing on that bed;
 She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed & fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin
 To spirits of the air, & visions wide:
 No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high & triple-arched there was,
 All garlanded with carven imag'ries
 Of fruits, & flowers, & bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains & splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong 1000 heraldries,
 And twilight saints, & dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens & kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on *Madeline's* fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace & boon;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly dressed,
 Save wings, for heaven: *Porphyro* grew faint:
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees;
 Uncasps her warmèd jewels one by one;
 Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
 In fancy, fair St Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft & chilly nest,
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
 Until the poppièd warmth of sleep oppressed
 Her soothèd limbs, & soul fatigued away;
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
 Blissfully havened both from joy & pain;

Clasped like a missal where swart paynims pray;
 Blinded alike from sunshine & from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
 And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
 To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
 Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
 And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,
 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
 And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,
 And 'tween the curtains peeped, where – lo! – how fast she slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
 Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
 A table, and, $\frac{1}{2}$ anguished, threw thereon
 A cloth of woven crimson, gold, & jet:
 O for some drowsy morphean amulet!
 The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
 The kettle-drum, & far-heard clarinet,
 Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:
 The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
 In blanchèd linen, smooth, & lavendered,
 While he forth from the closet brought a heap
 Of candied apple, quince, & plum, & gourd;
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
 And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
 Manna & dates, in argosy transferred
 From Fez; & spicèd dainties, every one,
 From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicacies he heaped with glowing hand
 On golden dishes & in baskets bright
 Of wreathèd silver: sumptuous they stand
 In the retirèd quiet of the night,
 Filling the chilly room with perfume light.
 'And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
 Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
 Open thine eyes, for meek St *Agnes*' sake,
 Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.'

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm
 Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
 By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm
 Impossible to melt as icèd stream:
 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:

It seemed he never, never could redeem
 From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes;
 So mused awhile, entailed in woofèd phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,
 Tumultuous, and, in chords that tenderest be,
 He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
 In Provence called, "La belle dame sans mercy":
 Close to her ear touching the melody;
 Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan:
 He ceased – she panted quick – and suddenly
 Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone:
 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
 Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
 There was a painful change, that nigh expelled
 The blisses of her dream so pure & deep
 At which fair *Madeline* began to weep,
 And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
 While still her gaze on *Porphyro* would keep;
 Who knelt, with joinèd hands & piteous eye,
 Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

'Ah, *Porphyro*!' said she, 'But even now
 Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
 Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
 And those sad eyes were spiritual & clear:
 How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, & drear!
 Give me that voice again, my *Porphyro*,
 Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
 O leave me not in this eternal woe,
 For if thy diest, my love, I know not where to go.'

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
 At these voluptuous accents, he arose
 Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
 Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
 Into her dream he melted, as the rose
 Blendeth its odour with the violet –
 Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
 Like love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
 Against the window-panes; St *Agnes*' moon hath set.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
 'This is no dream, my bride, my *Madeline*!
 'Tis dark: the icèd gusts still rave & beat:
 'No dream, Alas! Alas! And woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade & pine.
 Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?

I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
 Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;
 A dove forlorn & lost with sick unpruned wing.'

'My *Madeline*! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
 Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
 Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped & vermeil-dyed?
 Ah silver shrine, here will I take my rest
 After so many hours of toil & quest,
 A famished pilgrim, saved by miracle.
 Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
 Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
 To trust, fair *Madeline*, to no rude infidel.

'Hark! 'Tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
 Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
 Arise! Arise! the morning is at hand;
 The bloated wassaillers will never heed:
 Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
 There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,
 Drowned all in rhenish & the sleepy mead:
 Awake! Arise, my love, and fearless be,
 For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee.'

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
 For there were sleeping dragons all around,
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears,
 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.
 In all the house was heard no human sound.
 A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;
 The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, & hound,
 Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
 And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
 Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;
 Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
 With a huge empty flaggon by his side:
 The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
 By one, & one, the bolts full easy slide:
 The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
 These lovers fled away into the storm.
 That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,
 And all his warrior-guests, with shade & form
 Of witch, & demon, & large coffin-worm,
 Were long be-nightmared. *Angela* the old

Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform;
 The beadsman, after 1000 aves told,
 For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

III.2.

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
 Lately made of flesh & blood,
 Who as soon fell fast asleep
 As her little eyes did peep.
 Give her strewings, but not stir
 The earth that lightly covers her.

III.3.

Justice brings knowledge within the reach of those who have suffered.

IV.

IV.1.

When I see birches bend to left & right
 Across the lines of straighter darker trees,
 I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
 But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay
 As ice-storms do. Often you must have seen them
 Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
 After a rain. They click upon themselves
 As the breeze rises, and turn many-coloured
 As the stir cracks & crazes their enamel.
 Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells
 Shattering & avalanching on the snow-crust –
 Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
 You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.
 They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,
 And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed
 So low for long, they never right themselves:
 You may see their trunks arching in the woods
 Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
 Like girls on hands & knees that throw their hair
 Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.
 But I was going to say when truth broke in
 With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm
 I should prefer to have some boy bend them

III.2 'Upon a Child that Died', The Rev Robert Herrick (1591 – 1633), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This little poem was clearly influenced by Ben Jonson's 'On My First Daughter'.

III.3 Prof William Goodwin (1831 – 1912), Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*. Professor Goodwin is here translating a line from Aeschylus's .

IV.1 'Birches', Robert Frost, Poet Laureate of Vermont (1874 – 1963), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

As he went out & in to fetch the cows –
 Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
 Whose only play was what he found himself,
 Summer or winter, and could play alone.
 One by one he subdued his father's trees
 By riding them down over & over again
 Until he took the stiffness out of them,
 And not one but hung limp, not one was left
 For him to conquer. He learned all there was
 To learn about not launching out too soon
 And so not carrying the tree away
 Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
 To the top branches, climbing carefully
 With the same pains you use to fill a cup
 Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
 Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
 Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
 So was I once myself a swinger of birches.
 And so I dream of going back to be.
 It's when I'm weary of considerations,
 And life is too much like a pathless wood
 Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
 Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
 From a twig's having lashed across it open.
 I'd like to get away from earth awhile
 And then come back to it and begin over.
 May no fate wilfully misunderstand me
 And $\frac{1}{2}$ grant what I wish & snatch me away
 Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:
 I don't know where it's likely to go better.
 I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
 And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
 Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
 But dipped its top and set me down again.
 That would be good both going & coming back.
 One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

IV.2.

He's gone, and all our plans
 Are useless indeed.
 We'll walk no more on Cotswold
 Where the sheep feed
 Quietly and take no heed.

His body that was so quick
 Is not as you
 Knew it, on Severn River

IV.2 'To His Love', Ivor Gurney (1890 – 1937), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Under the blue
Driving our small boat through.

You would not know him now...
But still he died
Nobly, so cover him over
With violets of pride
Purple from Severn side.

Cover him! Cover him soon!
And with thick-set
Masses of memoried flowers
Hide that red wet
Thing I must somehow forget.

IV.3.

Men talk of killing time, while time quietly kills them.

V.

V.1.

Out walking in the frozen swamp one grey day,
I paused and said, 'I will turn back from here.
No, I will go on farther – and we shall see.'
The hard snow held me, save where now & then
One foot went through. The view was all in lines
Straight up & down of tall slim trees
Too much alike to mark or name a place by
So as to say for certain I was here
Or somewhere else: I was just far from home.
A small bird flew before me. He was careful
To put a tree between us when he lighted,
And say no word to tell me who he was
Who was so foolish as to think what he thought.
He thought that I was after him for a feather –
The white one in his tail; like one who takes
Everything said as personal to himself.
One flight out sideways would have undeceived him.
And then there was a pile of wood for which
I forgot him and let his little fear
Carry him off the way I might have gone,
Without so much as wishing him good night.
He went behind it to make his last stand.
It was a cord of maple, cut & split

IV.3 Dion Boursiquot (1820 – 1890), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

V.1 'The Wood-Pile', Robert Frost, Poet Laureate of Vermont (1874 – 1963), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

And piled – and measured, four by four by eight.
 And not another like it could I see.
 No runner tracks in this year's snow looped near it.
 And it was older sure than this year's cutting,
 Or even last year's or the year's before.
 The wood was grey & the bark warping off it
 And the pile somewhat sunken. Clematis
 Had wound strings round & round it like a bundle.
 What held it though on one side was a tree
 Still growing, and on one a stake & prop,
 These latter about to fall. I thought that only
 Someone who lived in turning to fresh tasks
 Could so forget his handiwork on which
 He spent himself, the labor of his axe,
 And leave it there far from a useful fireplace
 To warm the frozen swamp as best it could
 With the slow smokeless burning of decay.

V.2.

Whose woods these are I think I know.
 His house is in the village though;
 He will not see me stopping here
 To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
 To stop without a farmhouse near
 Between the woods & frozen lake
 The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
 To ask if there is some mistake.
 The only other sound's the sweep
 Of easy wind & downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark & deep,
 But I have promises to keep,
 And miles to go before I sleep,
 And miles to go before I sleep.

V.3.

My life will be sour grapes and ashes without you.

V.2 'Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening', Robert Frost, Poet Laureate of Vermont (1874 – 1963), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

V.3 Mrs Daisy Devlin (1881 – 1972), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

VI.

VI.1.

It was too lonely for her there,
 And too wild,
 And since there were but two of them,
 And no child,

And work was little in the house,
 She was free,
 And followed where he furrowed field,
 Or felled tree.

She rested on a log and tossed
 The fresh chips,
 With a song only to herself
 On her lips.

And once she went to break a bough
 Of black alder.
 She strayed so far she scarcely heard
 When he called her –

And didn't answer – didn't speak –
 Or return.
 She stood, and then she ran & hid
 In the fern.

He never found her, though he looked
 Everywhere,
 And he asked at her mother's house
 Was she there.

Sudden & swift & light as that
 The ties gave,
 And he learned of finalities
 Besides the grave.

VI.2.

She had no saying dark enough
 For the dark pine that kept
 Forever trying the window latch
 Of the room where they slept.

The tireless but ineffectual hands
 That with every futile pass

VI.1 'The Impulse', Robert Frost, Poet Laureate of Vermont (1874 – 1963), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This is part of a sequence of poems called 'The Hill Wife'.

VI.2 'The Oft-Repeated Dream', Robert Frost, Poet Laureate of Vermont (1874 – 1963), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This is part of a sequence of poems called 'The Hill Wife'.

Made the great tree seem as a little bird
Before the mystery of glass.

It never had been inside the room,
And only one of the two
Was afraid in an oft-repeated dream
Of what the tree might do.

VI.3.

Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

VII.

VII.1.

The frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud – and hark, again, loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed, so calm that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, & wood,
This populous village! Sea, & hill, & wood,
With all the numberless goings-on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! The thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps & freaks the idling spirit
By its own moods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of thought.

But O how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering stranger, and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt

VI.3 John Dalberg-Acton, 1st Baron Acton (1834 – 1902), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

VII.1 'Frost at Midnight', Samuel Coleridge (1772 – 1834), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. In folklore, the flakes of ash floating up the flue were said to predict the arrival of strangers, and thus Coleridge refers to them as such.

Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
 Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
 From morn to evening, all the hot fair-day,
 So sweetly, that they stirred & haunted me
 With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
 Most like articulate sounds of things to come.
 So gazed I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,
 Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams.
 And so I brooded all the following morn,
 Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
 Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:
 Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
 A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
 For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,
 Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
 My play-mate when we both were clothed alike.

Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
 Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
 Fill up the intersperséd vacancies
 And momentary pauses of the thought.
 My babe so beautiful, it thrills my heart
 With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
 And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
 And in far other scenes. For I was reared
 In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
 And saw nought lovely but the sky & stars.
 But thóu, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
 By lakes & sandy shores, beneath the crags
 Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
 Which image in their bulk both lakes & shores
 And mountain crags: so shalt thou see & hear
 The lovely shapes & sounds intelligible
 Of that eternal language, which thy God
 Utters, who from eternity doth teach
 Himself in all, and all things in himself.
 Great universal Teacher, he shall mould
 Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
 Whether the summer clothe the general earth
 With greenness, or the redbreast sit & sing
 Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
 Of mossy apple-tree, while the night-thatch
 Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
 Heard only in the trances of the blast,
 Or if the secret ministry of frost
 Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
 Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

VII.2.

Here dead lie we because we did not choose
 To live and shame the land from which we sprung.
 Life, to be sure, is nothing much to lose,
 But young men think it is, and we were young.

VII.3.

The fate of love is that it always seems too little or too much.

VIII.**VIII.1.**

Part I

It is an ancient mariner
 And he stoppeth one of three.
 'By thy long grey beard & glittering eye,
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

 'The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
 And I am next of kin;
 The guests are met; the feast is set:
 May'st hear the merry din.'

 He holds him with his skinny hand,
 'There was a ship,' quoth he.
 'Hold off! Unhand me, grey-beard loon!
 Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

 He holds him with his glittering eye –
 The wedding-guest stood still,
 And listens like a three years' child:
 The mariner hath his will.

 The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
 He cannot choose but hear;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed mariner.

 'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the lighthouse-top.

VII.2 Prof Alfred Housman (1859 – 1936), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

VII.3 Mrs Amelia Barr (1831 – 1919), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

VIII.1 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner', Samuel Coleridge (1772 – 1834), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Coleridge kicks off his 'Rime' with a lengthy quotation from a seventeenth century theologian, Thomas Burnet, and the original text is peppered with margin-notes throughout.

‘The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he.
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

‘Higher & higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon –’
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

‘The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

‘The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

‘And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous & strong:
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

‘With sloping masts & dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell & blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

‘And now there came both mist & snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

‘And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken –
The ice was all between.

‘The ice was here; the ice was there;
The ice was all around:
It cracked & growled, and roared & howled,
Like noises in a swound!

‘At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a christian soul,
We hailed it in God’s name.

‘It ate the food it ne’er had eat,
 And round & round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
 The helmsman steered us through.

‘And a good south wind sprung up behind;
 The albatross did follow,
 And every day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariner’s hollo!

‘In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
 It perched for vespers nine;
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
 Glimmered the white Moon-shine.’

‘God save thee, ancient Mariner!
 From the fiends, that plague thee thus!
 Why look’st thou so?’ ‘With my cross-bow
 I shot the albatross.

Part II

‘The sun now rose upon the right:
 Out of the sea came he,
 Still hid in mist, and on the left
 Went down into the sea.

‘And the good south wind still blew behind,
 But no sweet bird did follow,
 Nor any day for food or play
 Came to the mariner’s hollo.

‘And I had done a hellish thing,
 And it would work ’em woe:
 For all averred, I had killed the bird
 That made the breeze to blow.
 “Ah wretch!” said they, “The bird to slay,
 That made the breeze to blow!”

‘Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head,
 The glorious sun uprist:
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird
 That brought the fog and mist.
 “’Twas right,” said they, “Such birds to slay,
 That bring the fog & mist.”

‘The fair breeze blew; the white foam flew;
 The furrow followed free;
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea.

‘Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropt down;
 ’Twas sad as sad could be;

And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

‘All in a hot & copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

‘Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

‘Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

‘The very deep did rot: O *Christ!*
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

‘About, about, in reel & rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch’s oils,
Burnt green, and blue & white.

‘And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist & snow.

‘And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

‘Ah well a-day what evil looks
Had I from old & young!
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.

Part III

‘There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

‘At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved & moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

‘A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared & neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged & tacked & veered.

‘With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood.
I bit my arm; I sucked the blood,
And cried, “A sail! A sail!”

‘With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
“Gramercy!” they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in.
As they were drinking all.

““See! See!” I cried. “She tacks no more
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!”

‘The western wave was all aflame.
The day was well nigh done.
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

‘And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven’s mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad & burning face.

““Alas!” thought I, and my heart beat loud,
“How fast she nears & nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?”

““Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a death? and are there two?
Is death that woman’s mate?”

‘Her lips were red; her looks were free;
 Her locks were yellow as gold:
 Her skin was as white as leprosy;
 The nightmare life-in-death was she,
 Who thicks man’s blood with cold.

‘The naked hulk alongside came,
 And the twain were casting dice;
 “The game is done! I’ve won! I’ve won!”
 Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

‘The sun’s rim dips; the stars rush out;
 At one stride comes the dark;
 With far-heard whisper, o’er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

‘We listened & looked sideways up!
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 My life-blood seemed to sip!
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,
 The steersman’s face by his lamp gleamed white;
 From the sails the dew did drip –
 Till clomb above the eastern bar
 The hornèd moon, with one bright star
 Within the nether tip.

‘One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
 Too quick for groan or sigh,
 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
 And cursed me with his eye.

‘Four times 50 living men,
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 They dropped down one by one.

‘The souls did from their bodies fly –
 They fled to bliss or woe!
 And every soul, it passed me by,
 Like the whizz of my cross-bow!’

Part IV

‘I fear thee, ancient mariner!
 I fear thy skinny hand!
 And thou art long, & lank, & brown,
 As is the ribbed sea-sand.

‘I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
 And thy skinny hand, so brown.’
 ‘Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest!
 This body dropped not down.

‘Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

‘The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a 1000 1000 slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

‘I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

‘I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

‘I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky & the sea, and the sea & the sky
Lay dead like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

‘The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

‘An orphan’s curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But O more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man’s eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

‘The moving moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside –

‘Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like april hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship’s huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still & awful red.

‘Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:

They moved in tracks of shining white,
 And when they reared, the elfish light
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

‘Within the shadow of the ship
 I watched their rich attire:
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
 They coiled & swam; and every track
 Was a flash of golden fire.

‘O happy living things, no tongue
 Their beauty might declare:
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,
 And I blessed them unaware:
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I blessed them unaware.

‘The selfsame moment I could pray;
 And from my neck so free
 The albatross fell off, and sank
 Like lead into the sea.

Part V

‘O sleep, it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole!
 To *Mary* Queen the praise be given!
 She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
 That slid into my soul.

‘The silly buckets on the deck,
 That had so long remained,
 I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
 And when I awoke, it rained.

‘My lips were wet; my throat was cold;
 My garments all were dank;
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank.

‘I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
 I was so light – almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost.

‘And soon I heard a roaring wind:
 It did not come anear;
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin & sere.

‘The upper air burst into life!
 And a 100 fire-flags sheen,
 To & fro they were hurried about!

And to & fro, and in & out,
The wan stars danced between.

‘And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge,
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

‘The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep & wide.

‘The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

‘They groaned; they stirred; they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

‘The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up-blew;
The mariners all ’gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools –
We were a ghastly crew.

‘The body of my brother’s son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body & I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.’

‘I fear thee, ancient mariner!’
‘Be calm, thou wedding-guest!’
’Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

‘For when it dawned – they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

‘Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

‘Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

‘And now ’twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel’s song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

‘It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of june,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

‘Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly & smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

‘Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist & snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

‘The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she ’gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion –
Backwards & forwards $\frac{1}{2}$ her length
With a short uneasy motion.

‘Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

‘How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

“‘Is it he?” quoth one, “Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,

With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

“The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist & snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.”

‘The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, “The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.”

Part VI
First Voice

“But tell me! Tell me! Speak again,
Thy soft response renewing –
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?”

Second Voice

“Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast –

“If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.”

First Voice

“But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?”

Second Voice

“The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

“Fly, brother, fly! More high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow & slow that ship will go,
When the mariner’s trance is abated.”

‘I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
’Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

‘All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

‘The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:

I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

‘And now this spell was snapped: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen –

‘Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear & dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

‘But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

‘It raised my hair; it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring –
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

‘Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze –
On me alone it blew.

‘O dream of joy, is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? Is this the kirk?
Is this mine own country?

‘We drifted o’er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray –
“O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.”

‘The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn.
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

‘The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

‘And the bay was white with silent light,
 Till rising from the same,
 Full many shapes, that shadows were,
 In crimson colours came.

‘A little distance from the prow
 Those crimson shadows were:
 I turned my eyes upon the deck –
 O *Christ!* What saw I there!

‘Each corse lay flat, lifeless & flat,
 And, by the holy rood!
 A man all light, a seraph-man,
 On every corse there stood.

‘This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
 It was a heavenly sight!
 They stood as signals to the land,
 Each one a lovely light;

‘This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
 No voice did they impart –
 No voice; but O the silence sank
 Like music on my heart.

‘But soon I heard the dash of oars,
 I heard the pilot’s cheer;
 My head was turned perforce away
 And I saw a boat appear.

‘The pilot & the pilot’s boy,
 I heard them coming fast:
 Dear Lord in Hhaven! it was a joy
 The dead men could not blast.

‘I saw a third – I heard his voice:
 It is the hermit good!
 He singeth loud his godly hymns
 That he makes in the wood.
 He’ll shrive my soul, he’ll wash away
 The albatross’s blood.

Part VII

‘This hermit good lives in that wood
 Which slopes down to the sea.
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
 He loves to talk with marineres
 That come from a far country.

‘He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve –
 He hath a cushion plump:

It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

‘The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
“Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many & fair,
That signal made but now?”

““Strange, by my faith!” the hermit said,
“And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! And see those sails,
How thin they are & sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

““Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf’s young.”

““Dear Lord, it hath a fiendish look –”
The pilot made reply,
“I am afeared.” “Push on! Push on!”
Said the hermit cheerily.

‘The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

‘Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder & more dread:
It reached the ship; it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

‘Stunned by that loud & dreadful sound,
Which sky & ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot’s boat.

‘Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round & round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

‘I moved my lips – the pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;

The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

‘I took the oars: the pilot’s boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud & long, and all the while
His eyes went to & fro.
“Ha ha!” quoth he, “Full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row.”

‘And now, all in my own country,
I stood on the firm land.
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

“O shrieve me! Shrieve me, holy man!”
The hermit crossed his brow.
“Say quick,” quoth he, “I bid thee say –
What manner of man art thou?”

‘Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

‘Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

‘I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

‘What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

‘O wedding-guest, this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely ’twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

‘O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
’Tis sweeter far to me,

To walk together to the kirk
 With a goodly company!

‘To walk together to the kirk,
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends
 And youths & maidens gay!

‘Farewell, farewell! But this I tell
 To thee, thou wedding-guest!
 He prayeth well, who loveth well
 Both man & bird & beast.

‘He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great & small;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made & loveth all.’

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone: and now the wedding-guest
 Turned from the bridegroom’s door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
 And is of sense forlorn:
 A sadder & a wiser man,
 He rose the morrow morn.

VIII.2.

With rue my heart is laden
 For golden friends I had,
 For many a rose-lipped maiden
 And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
 The lightfoot boys are laid;
 The rose-lipped girls are sleeping
 In fields where roses fade.

VIII.3.

The post of honour is a private station.

VIII.2 Prof Alfred Housman (1859 – 1936), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

VIII.3 The Rt Hon Joseph Addison (1672 – 1719), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

IX.

IX.1.

Three summers since I chose a maid,
 Too young maybe – but more's to do
 At harvest-time than bide & woo.

When us was wed she turned afraid
 Of love & me & all things human;
 Like the shut of a winter's day
 Her smile went out, and 'twasn't a woman –
 More like a little frightened fay.

One night, in the fall, she runned away.

'Out 'mong the sheep, her be,' they said;
 'Should properly have been abed;
 But sure enough she wasn't there
 Lying awake with her wide brown stare.

So over seven-acre field & up-along across the down

We chased her, flying like a hare
 Before out lanterns. To Church-Town

All in a shiver & a scare

We caught her, fetched her home at last
 And turned the key upon her, fast.

She does the work about the house

As well as most, but like a mouse:

Happy enough to chat & play

With birds & rabbits & such as they,

So long as men-folk keep away.

'Not near, not near!' her eyes beseech

When one of us comes within reach.

The women say that beasts in stall

Look round like children at her call.

I've hardly heard her speak at all.

Shy as a leveret, swift as he,

Straight & slight as a young larch tree,

Sweet as the first wild violets, she,

To her wild self. But what to me?

The short days shorten & the oaks are brown;

The blue smoke rises to the low grey sky;

One leaf in the still air falls slowly down;

A magpie's spotted feathers lie

On the black earth spread white with rime;

The berries redden up to Christmas-time.

IX.1 'The Farmer's Bride', Miss Charlotte Mew (1869 – 1928), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Miss Mew never married, and was fond of wearing male clothing.

What's Christmas-time without there be
Some other in the house than we!

She sleeps up in the attic there
Alone, poor maid. 'Tis but a stair
Betwixt us. Oh! my God! the down,
The soft young down of her, the brown,
The brown of her – her eyes, her hair, her hair!

IX.2.

When thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admirèd guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White *Iope*, blithe *Helen*, & the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques & revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys & great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

IX.3.

The public... takes in its milk on the principle that it is cheaper
to do this than to keep a cow. So it is, but the milk is
more likely to be watered.

X.

X.1.

It is the clay what makes the earth stick to his spade;
He fills in holes like this year after year;
The others have gone; they were tired, and $1/2$ afraid
But I would rather be standing here;

There is nowhere else to go. I have seen this place
From the windows of the train that's going past
Against the sky. This is rain on my face;
It was raining here when I saw it last.

There is something horrible about a flower;
This, broken in my hand, is one of those

IX.2 Dr Thomas Campion (1567 – 1620), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

IX.3 Samuel Butler (1835 – 1902), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

X.1 R 'In Nunhead Cemetery', Miss Charlotte Mew (1869 – 1928), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

He threw it in just now; it will not live another hour;
There are 1000s more; you do not miss a rose.

One of the children hanging about
Pointed at the whole dreadful heap and smiled
This morning after that was carried out;
There is something terrible about a child.

We were like children last week, in the Strand;
That was the day you laughed at me
Because I tried to make you understand
The cheap, stale chap I used to be
Before I saw the things you made me see.

This is not a real place; perhaps by & by
I shall wake – I am getting drenched with all this rain:
Tomorrow I will tell you about the eyes of the Crystal Palace train
Looking down on us, and you will laugh & I shall see what you see again.

Not here, not now. We said, 'Not yet
Across our low stone parapet
Will the quick shadows of the sparrows fall.'

But still it was a lovely thing
Through the grey months to wait for spring
With the birds that go a-gypsying
In the parks till the blue seas call.
And next to these, you used to care
For the lions in Trafalgar Square,
Who'll stand & speak for London when her bell of judgement tolls –
And the gulls at Westminster that were
The old sea-captains' souls.
Today again the brown tide splashes step by step, the river-stair,
And the gulls are there!

By a month we have missed our day:
The children would have hung about
Round the carriage & over the way
As you & I came out.

We should have stood on the gulls' black cliffs & heard the sea
And seen the moon's white track;
I would have called; you would have come to me
And kissed me back.

You have never done that: I do not know
Why I stood staring at your bed
And heard you, though you spoke so low,
But could not reach your hands, your little head;

There was nothing we could not do, you said,
And you went, and I let you go!

Now I will burn you back; I will burn you through,
Though I am damned for it we two will lie
And burn, here where the starlings fly
To these white stones from the wet sky;
Dear, you will say this is not I –
It would not be you! It would not be you!

If for only a little while
You will think of it you will understand;
If you will touch my sleeve & smile
As you did that morning in the Strand
I can wait quietly with you
Or go away if you want me to –
God! What is God? But your face has gone & your hand!
Let me stay here too.

When I was quite a little lad
At Christmas time we went ¹/₂ mad
For joy of all the toys we had,
And then we used to sing about the sheep
The shepherds watched by night;
We used to pray to *Christ* to keep
Our small souls safe till morning light;
I am scared; I am staying with you tonight –
Put me to sleep.

I shall stay here: here you can see the sky;
The houses in the street are much too high;
There is no one left to speak to there;
Here they are everywhere,
And just above them fields & fields of roses lie –
If he would dig it all up again they would not die.

X.2.

Ah what avails the sceptred race,
Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories & of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

X.2 'Rose Aylmer', Walter Landor (1775 – 1864), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Landor was inspired to write these verses by the Hon Rose Aylmer, daughter of the fourth Baron Aylmer; she is an obscure character, who appears to have died in 1800.

X.3.

All poets are mad.

XI.**XI.1.**

By this he knew she wept with waking eyes:
 That, at his hand's light quiver by her head,
 The strange low sobs that shook their common bed
 Were called into her with a sharp surprise,
 And strangled mute, like little gaping snakes,
 Dreadfully venomous to him. She lay
 Stone-still, and the long darkness flowed away
 With muffled pulses. Then, as midnight makes
 Her giant heart of memory & tears
 Drink the pale drug of silence, and so beat
 Sleep's heavy measure, they from head to feet
 Were moveless, looking through their dead black years,
 By vain regret scrawled over the blank wall.
 Like sculptured effigies they might be seen
 Upon their marriage-tomb, the sword between;
 Each wishing for the sword that severs all.

XI.2.

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I $1\frac{1}{2}$ turn to go yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you planned:
 Only remember me; you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
 For if the darkness & corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
 Better by far you should forget, and smile
 Than that you should remember & be sad.

X.3 The Rev Robert Burton (1577 – 1640), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XI.1 George Meredith (1828 – 1909), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This is taken from *Modern Love*, Meredith's sequence of poems describing the breakdown of his first marriage, to an older woman named Mary.

XI.2 Miss Christina Rossetti (1830 – 1894), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XI.3.

Naught so sweet as melancholy.

XII.**XII.1.**

At dinner, she is hostess; I am host.
 Went the feast ever cheerfuller? She keeps
 The topic over intellectual deeps
 In buoyancy afloat. They see no ghost.
 With sparkling surface-eyes we ply the ball:
 It is in truth a most contagious game:
 "Hiding the Skeleton" shall be its name.
 Such play as this the devils might appal!
 But here's the greater wonder; in that we,
 Enamoured of an acting nought can tire,
 Each other, like true hypocrites, admire;
 Warm-lighted looks, love's ephemerae,
 Shoot gaily o'er the dishes & the wine.
 We waken envy of our happy lot.
 Fast, sweet, & golden, shows the marriage-knot.
 Dear guests, you now have seen love's corpse-light shine.

XII.2.

When I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad songs for me;
 Plant thou no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress tree:
 Be the green grass above me
 With showers & dewdrops wet;
 And if thou wilt, remember,
 And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows;
 I shall not feel the rain;
 I shall not hear the nightingale
 Sing on, as if in pain:
 And dreaming through the twilight
 That doth not rise nor set,
 Haply I may remember,
 And haply may forget.

XI.3 The Rev Robert Burton (1577 – 1640), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XII.1 R George Meredith (1828 – 1909), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This is taken from *Modern Love*, Meredith's sequence of poems describing the breakdown of his first marriage, to an older woman named Mary.

XII.2 Miss Christina Rossetti (1830 – 1894), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XII.3.

One was never married, and that's his hell; another is, and that's his...

XIII.**XIII.1.**

He found her by the ocean's moaning verge,
 Nor any wicked change in her discerned;
 And she believed his old love had returned,
 Which was her exultation, & her scourge.
 She took his hand, and walked with him, and seemed
 The wife he sought, though shadow-like & dry.
 She had one terror, lest her heart should sigh,
 And tell her loudly that she no longer dreamed.
 She dared not say, 'This is my breast: look in.'
 But there's a strength to help the desperate weak.
 That night he learned how silence best can speak
 The awful things when pity pleads for sin.
 About the middle of the night her call
 Was heard, and he came wondering to the bed.
 'Now kiss me, dear! It may be, now!' she said.
 Lethe had passed those lips, and he knew all.

XIII.2.

On a starred night Prince *Lucifer* uprose.
 Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend
 Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,
 Where sinners hugged their spectre of repose.
 Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
 And now upon his western wing he leaned;
 Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careened;
 Now the black planet shadowed arctic snows.
 Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars
 With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
 He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
 Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.
 Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
 The army of unalterable law.

XII.3 The Rev Robert Burton (1577 – 1640), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIII.1 George Meredith (1828 – 1909), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This is taken from *Modern Love*, Meredith's sequence of poems describing the breakdown of his first marriage, to an older woman named Mary.

XIII.2 'Lucifer in Starlight', George Meredith (1828 – 1909), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XIII.3.

The pen is worse than the sword.

XIV.**XIV.1.**

When midnight comes a host of dogs & men
 Go out and track the badger to his den,
 And put a sack within the hole, and lie
 Till the old grunting badger passes by.
 He comes and hears. They let the strongest loose.
 The old fox hears the noise and drops the goose.
 The poacher shoots and hurries from the cry,
 And the old hare half wounded buzzes by.
 They get a forked stick to bear him down
 And clap the dogs and take him to the town,
 And bait him all the day with many dogs,
 And laugh & shout & fright the scampering hogs.
 He runs along and bites at all he meets:
 They shout & hollo down the noisy streets.

He turns about to face the loud uproar
 And drives the rebels to their very door.
 The frequent stone is hurled where'er they go;
 When badgers fight, then everyone's a foe.
 The dogs are clapped and urged to join the fray;
 The badger turns and drives them all away.
 Though scarcely half as big, demure & small,
 He fights with dogs for bones and beats them all.
 The heavy mastiff, savage in the fray,
 Lies down and licks his feet and turns away.
 The bulldog knows his match and waxes cold,
 The badger grins and never leaves his hold.
 He drives the crowd and follows at their heels
 And bites them through; the drunkard swears & reels.

The frightened women take the boys away,
 The blackguard laughs and hurries on the fray.
 He tries to reach the woods, an awkward race,
 But sticks & cudgels quickly stop the chase.
 He turns againn and drives the noisy crowd
 And beats the many dogs in noises loud.
 He drives away and beats them every one,
 And then they loose them all and set them on.
 He falls as dead and kicked by boys & men,

XIII.3 The Rev Robert Burton (1577 – 1640), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIV.1 'Badger', John Clare (1793 – 1864), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Then starts and grins and drives the crowd again;
 Till kicked & torn & beaten out he lies
 And leaves his hold and cackles, groans, & dies.

XIV.2.

Farewell to the bushy clump close to the river
 And the flags where the butter-bump hides in for ever;
 Farewell to the weedy nook, hemmed in by waters;
 Farewell to the miller's brook & his three bonny daughters;
 Farewell to them all while in prison I lie –
 In the prison a thrall sees nought but the sky.

Shut out are the green fields and birds in the bushes;
 In the prison yard nothing builds, blackbirds or thrushes.
 Farewell to the old mill & dash of the waters,
 To the miller &, dearer still, to his three bonny daughters.

In the nook, the large burdock grows near the green willow;
 In the flood, round the moorcock dashes under the billow;
 To the old mill farewell, to the lock, pens, & waters,
 To the miller himsel', & his three bonny daughters.

XIV.3.

All places are distant from heaven alike.

XV.

XV.1.

'Is there anybody there?' said the traveller,
 Knocking on the moonlit door;
 And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
 Of the forest's ferny floor:
 And a bird flew up out of the turret,
 Above the traveller's head:
 And he smote upon the door again a second time;
 'Is there anybody there?' he said.
 But no one descended to the traveller;
 No head from the leaf-fringed sill
 Leaned over & looked into his grey eyes,
 Where he stood perplexed & still.
 But only a host of phantom listeners
 That dwelt in the lone house then
 Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
 To that voice from the world of men:

XIV.2 'Farewell', John Clare (1793 – 1864), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XIV.3 The Rev Robert Burton (1577 – 1640), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XV.1 'The Listeners', Walter de la Mare (1873 – 1956), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This poem was said to be a favourite of St Teresa of Calcutta.

Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
 That goes down to the empty hall,
 Harkening in an air stirred & shaken
 By the lonely traveller's call.
 And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
 Their stillness answering his cry,
 While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
 'Neath the starred & leafy sky;
 For he suddenly smote on the door, even
 Louder, and lifted his head:
 'Tell them I came, and no one answered,
 That I kept my word,' he said.
 Never the least stir made the listeners,
 Though every word he spake
 Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
 From the one man left awake:
 Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
 And the sound of iron on stone,
 And how the silence surged softly backward,
 When the plunging hoofs were gone.

XV.2.

The snow falls deep; the forest lies alone:
 The boy goes hasty for his load of brakes,
 Then thinks upon the fire and hurries back;
 The gypsy knocks his hands and tucks them up,
 And seeks his squalid camp, $\frac{1}{2}$ hid in snow,
 Beneath the oak, which breaks away the wind,
 And bushes close, with snow like hovel warm:
 There stinking mutton roasts upon the coals,
 And the $\frac{1}{2}$ -roasted dog squats close and rubs,
 Then feels the heat too strong and goes aloof;
 He watches well, but none a bit can spare,
 And vainly waits the morsel thrown away:
 'Tis thus they live – a picture to the place;
 A quiet, pilfering, unprotected race.

XV.3.

Were it not that they are loath to lay out money for a rope, they
 would be hanged forthwith.

XV.2 'Gypsies', John Clare (1793 – 1864), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XV.3 The Rev Robert Burton (1577 – 1640), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XVI.

XVI.1.

When I lie where shades of darkness
 Shall no more assail mine eyes,
 Nor the rain make lamentation
 When the wind sighs;
 How will fare the world whose wonder
 Was the very proof of me?
 Memory fades; must the remembered
 Perishing be?

O when this my dust surrenders
 Hand, foot, lip, to dust again,
 May these loved & loving faces
 Please other men.
 May the rusting harvest hedgerow
 Still the traveller's joy entwine,
 And as happy children gather
 Posies once mine.

Look thy last on all things lovely,
 Every hour. Let no night
 Seal thy sense in deathly slumber
 Till to delight
 Thou have paid thy utmost blessing;
 Since that all things thou wouldst praise
 Beauty took from those who loved them
 In other days.

XVI.2.

Full fathom five thy father lies:
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich & strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Hark! now I hear them –
 Ding-dong, bell.

XVI.3.

Good wombs have borne bad sons.

XVI.1 Walter de la Mare (1873 – 1956), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The term 'traveller's joy' is one of several traditional English names for the climbing shrub *Clematis vitalba*.

XVI.2 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*. This song is sung by Ariel in *The Tempest* I.2.

XVI.3 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. This is uttered by Miranda in *The Tempest* I.2.

XVII.

XVII.1.

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the silvery Tay!
 Alas! I am very sorry to say
 That 90 lives have been taken away
 On the last sabbath day of eighteen seventy-nine,
 Which will be remembered for a very long time.

'Twas about seven o'clock at night,
 And the wind it blew with all its might,
 And the rain came pouring down,
 And the dark clouds seemed to frown,
 And the demon of the air seemed to say,
 'I'll blow down the Bridge of Tay.'

When the train left Edinburgh
 The passengers' hearts were light & felt no sorrow,
 But *Boreas* blew a terrific gale,
 Which made their hearts for to quail,
 And many of the passengers with fear did say,
 'I hope God will send us safe across the Bridge of Tay.'

But when the train came near to Wormit Bay,
Boreas he did loud & angry bray,
 And shook the central girders of the Bridge of Tay
 On the last sabbath day of eighteen seventy-nine,
 Which will be remembered for a very long time.

So the train sped on with all its might,
 And bonny Dundee soon hove in sight,
 And the passengers' hearts felt light,
 Thinking they would enjoy themselves on the New Year,
 With their friends at home they loved most dear,
 And wish them all a happy New Year.

So the train moved slowly along the Bridge of Tay,
 Until it was about midway,
 Then the central girders with a crash gave way,
 And down went the train & passengers into the Tay!
 The storm fiend did loudly bray,
 Because 90 lives had been taken away,
 On the last sabbath day of eighteen seventy-nine,
 Which will be remembered for a very long time.

XVII.1 Sir William McGonagall (1825 – 1902), McGonagall, Knight of the White Elephant, Burmah, *McGonagall: A Selection*. William McGonagall (his knighthood would seem to have been self-bestowed; but where's the harm in that?) is often said to be the worst poet in the English language, and this his worst poem. Yet the Almanackist cannot help but discern a particular kind of genius in his works, rarely seen outside of the writings of Joseph Smith and L Ron Hubbard. The disaster described was indeed a genuine tragedy, and remains the most lethal British railway disaster to this day.

As soon as the catastrophe came to be known
 The alarm from mouth to mouth was blown,
 And the cry rang out all o'er the town:
 Good Heavens! The Tay Bridge is blown down,
 And a passenger train from Edinburgh,
 Which filled all the people's hearts with sorrow,
 And made them for to turn pale,
 Because none of the passengers were saved to tell the tale
 How the disaster happened on the last sabbath day of eighteen seventy-
 nine,
 Which will be remembered for a very long time.

It must have been an awful sight,
 To witness in the dusky moonlight,
 While the storm fiend did laugh, and angry did bray,
 Along the Railway Bridge of the silvery Tay.
 O ill-fated Bridge of the silvery Tay,
 I must now conclude my lay
 By telling the world fearlessly without the least dismay,
 That your central girders would not have given way,
 At least many sensible men do say,
 Had they been supported on each side with buttresses,
 At least many sensible men confesses,
 For the stronger we our houses do build,
 The less chance we have of being killed.

XVII.2.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Foiled by those rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?

Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:—

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men;
 And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

XVII.3.

XVII.2 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

XVII.3 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. This is uttered by Ariel in *The Tempest* I.2.

Hell is empty, and all the devils are here.

XVIII.

XVIII.1.

The miller's wife had waited long;
 The tea was cold; the fire was dead;
 And there might yet be nothing wrong
 In how he went & what he said:
 'There are no millers any more,'
 Was all that she had heard him say;
 And he had lingered at the door
 So long that it seemed yesterday.

Sick with a fear that had no form
 She knew that she was there at last;
 And in the mill there was a warm
 And mealy fragrance of the past.
 What else there was would only seem
 To say again what he had meant;
 And what was hanging from a beam
 Would not have heeded where she went.

And if she thought it followed her,
 She may have reasoned in the dark
 That one way of the few there were
 Would hide her & would leave no mark:
 Black water, smooth above the weir
 Like starry velvet in the night,
 Though ruffled once, would soon appear
 The same as ever to the sight.

XVIII.2.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
 Borne on the bier with white & bristly beard,
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets & beauties do themselves forsake

XVIII.1 'The Mill', Edwin Robinson (1869 – 1935), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XVIII.2 Sonnet 12, William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

And die as fast as they see others grow;
 And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence
 Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XVIII.3.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.

XIX.

XIX.1.

Downhill I came, hungry, and yet not starved;
 Cold, yet had heat within me that was proof
 Against the north wind; tired, yet so that rest
 Had seemed the sweetest thing under a roof.

Then at the inn I had food, fire, & rest,
 Knowing how hungry, cold, & tired was I.
 All of the night was quite barred out except
 An owl's cry, a most melancholy cry

Shaken out long & clear upon the hill,
 No merry note, nor cause of merriment,
 But one telling me plain what I escaped
 And others could not, that night, as in I went.

And salted was my food, and my repose,
 Salted & sobered, too, by the bird's voice
 Speaking for all who lay under the stars,
 Soldiers & poor, unable to rejoice.

XIX.2.

Art thou pale for weariness
 Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
 Wandering companionless
 Among the stars that have a different birth –
 And ever-changing, like a joyless eye
 That finds no object worth its constancy?

XVIII.3 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. This is uttered by Trinculo in *The Tempest* II.2.

XIX.1 'The Owl', Edward Thomas (1878 – 1917), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XIX.2 'To the Moon', Percy Shelley (1792 – 1822), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

XIX.3.

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud.

XX.**XX.1.**

Rain, midnight rain, nothing but the wild rain
 On this bleak hut, & solitude, and me
 Remembering again that I shall die
 And neither hear the rain nor give it thanks
 For washing me cleaner than I have been
 Since I was born into solitude.
 Blessèd are the dead that the rain rains upon:
 But here I pray that none whom once I loved
 Is dying tonight or lying still awake
 Solitary, listening to the rain,
 Either in pain or thus in sympathy
 Helpless among the living and the dead,
 Like a cold water among broken reeds,
 Myriads of broken reeds all still & stiff,
 Like me who have no love which this wild rain
 Has not dissolved except the love of death,
 If love it be towards what is perfect and
 Cannot, the tempest tells me, disappoint.

XX.2.

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife:
 Nature I loved, and, next to nature, art:
 I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
 It sinks; and I am ready to depart.

XX.3.

There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

XIX.3 'This is a line from Sonnet 35.', William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XX.1 'Rain', Edward Thomas (1878 – 1917), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XX.2 'Dying Speech of an Old Philosopher', Walter Landor (1775 – 1864), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XX.3 The Rt Hon Joseph Addison (1672 – 1719), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXI.

XXI.1.

What bright soft thing is this?
 Sweet *Mary*, the fair eyes' expense?
 A moist spark it is,
 A wat'ry diamond; from whence
 The very term, I think, was found
 The water of a diamond.

O 'tis not a tear,
 'Tis a star about to drop
 From thine eye its sphere;
 The sun will stoop & take it up.
 Proud will his sister be to wear
 This thine eyes' jewel in her ear.

O 'tis a tear,
 Too true a tear; for no sad eyne,
 How sad so e'er,
 Rain so true a teare as thine;
 Each drop leaving a place so dear,
 Weeps for itself, is its own tear.

Such a pearl as this is,
 (Slipped from *Aurora's* dewy breast)
 The rosebud's sweet lip kisses;
 And such the rose itself, when vexed
 With ungentle flames, does shed,
 Sweating in too warm a bed.

Such the maiden gem,
 By the wanton spring put on,
 Peeps from her parent stem,
 And blushes on the manly sun:
 This wat'ry blossom of thy eyne,
 Ripe, will make the richer wine.

Fair drop, why quak'st thou so?
 'Cause thou straight must lay thy head
 In the dust? O no;
 The dust shall never be thy bed:
 A pillow for thee will I bring,
 Stuffed with down of angels' wing.

Thus carried up on high,
 (For to heaven thou must go)
 Sweetly shalt thou lie

XXI.1 R 'The Tear', The Rev Richard Crashaw (1613 – 1649), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

And in soft slumbers bathe thy woe;
Till the singing orbs awake thee,
And one of their bright chorus make thee.

There thy self shalt be
An eye, but not a weeping one,
Yet I doubt of thee,
Whether th'hadst rather there have shone
An eye of heaven; or still shine here,
In th'heaven of *Mary's* eye, a tear.

XXI.2.

Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramp.
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.

XXI.3.

For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital, and a place,
not to live, but to die in.

XXII.

XXII.1.

Go & catch a falling star;
Get with child a mandrake root;
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot;
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,

XXI.2 'Résumé', Mrs Dorothy Parker (1893 – 1967), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXI.3 Sir Thomas Browne (1605 – 1682), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXII.1 'The line about the 'mandrake root' is puzzling. Surely it should be, "Get with child *by* mandrake root" since mandrakes were once believed to have aphrodisiac and fertilising qualities (as per Genesis 30), an old wives' tale similar to the legends about Ulysses and the sirens or, indeed, a faithful beautiful woman? Or is the Very Rev Dr Donne genuinely inviting the reader to ejaculate into a plant?', Very Rev Dr John Donne (1572 – 1631), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Ride 10,000 days & nights,
 Till age snow white hairs on thee;
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me,
 All strange wonders that befell thee,
 And swear:
 Nowhere
 Lives a woman true, and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
 Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
 Yet do not; I would not go,
 Though at next door we might meet;
 Though she were true when you met her,
 And last till you write your letter,
 Yet she
 Will be
 False, ere I come, to two, or three.

XXII.2.

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
 A gentle face – the face of one long dead –
 Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
 The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.
 Here in this room she died; and soul more white
 Never through martyrdom of fire was led
 To its repose; nor can in books be read
 The legend of a life more benedight.
 There is a mountain in the distant west
 That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
 Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
 Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
 These 18 years, through all the changing scenes
 And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

XXII.3.

There was never any thing by the wit of man so well devised, or
 so sure established, which in continuance of time hath not
 been corrupted.

XXII.2 'The Cross of Snow', Prof Henry Longfellow (1807 – 1882), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Prof Longfellow survived both of his wives. The first, Elizabeth, died at twenty-two following a miscarriage. The second, Frances, having given him six children, died in an horrific accident; her dress caught fire while she was sealing envelopes with melted wax, and, although Prof Longfellow heroically tried to smother the flames with his own body, she was burned to death. Naturally, the professor was badly burned himself, which perhaps explains the 'cross of snow... I wear upon my breast'.

XXII.3 Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

XXIII.

XXIII.1.

'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
Lucy's, who scarce seven hours herself unmasks;
 The sun is spent, and now his flasks
 Send forth light squibs, no constant rays;
 The world's whole sap is sunk;
 The general balm th'hydroptic earth hath drunk,
 Whither, as to the bed's feet, life is shrunk,
 Dead & interred; yet all these seem to laugh,
 Compared with me, who am their epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
 At the next world, that is, at the next spring;
 For I am every dead thing,
 In whom love wrought new alchemy.
 For his art did express
 A quintessence even from nothingness,
 From dull privations, and lean emptiness;
 He ruined me, and I am re-begot
 Of absence, darkness, death: things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
 Life, soul, form, spirit, whence they being have;
 I, by love's limbeck, am the grave
 Of all that's nothing. Oft a flood
 Have we two wept, and so
 Drowned the whole world, us two; oft did we grow
 To be two chaoses, when we did show
 Care to aught else; and often absences
 Withdrew our souls, and made us carcasses.

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
 Of the first nothing the elixir grown;
 Were I a man, that I were one
 I needs must know; I should prefer,
 If I were any beast,
 Some ends, some means; yea plants, yea stones detest,
 And love; all, all some properties invest;
 If I an ordinary nothing were,
 As shadow, a light and body must be here.

XXIII.1 'A Nocturnal upon St Lucy's Day, Being the Shortest Day', Very Rev Dr John Donne (1572 – 1631), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. St Lucy's day falls on the thirteenth day of December in both the Julian and Gregorian calendars. Christmas, the twenty-fifth of December, being a kind of successor to a Roman festival in honour of the sun, was intended to fall on (or very close to) the winter solstice; however, due to the slight failings of the Julian calendar, by the seventeenth century the solstice actually occurred on the thirteenth. The Gregorian reforms essentially rectified the situation, although they've also anachronised a rather beautiful poem. ¶39. The 'goat' refers primarily to Aries, the sign of the zodiac corresponding to spring.

But I am none; nor will my sun renew.
 You lovers, for whose sake the lesser sun
 At this time to the goat is run
 To fetch new lust, and give it you,
 Enjoy your summer all;
 Since she enjoys her long night's festival,
 Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
 This hour her vigil, and her eve, since this
 Both the year's, and the day's deep midnight is.

XXIII.2.

It was evening all afternoon.
 It was snowing
 And it was going to snow.
 The blackbird sat
 In the cedar-limbs.

XXIII.3.

Come away; poverty's catching.

XXIV.

XXIV.1.

When my grave is broke up again,
 Some second guest to entertain
 (For graves have learned that womanhead,
 To be to more than one a bed)
 And he that digs it spies
 A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
 Will he not let us alone,
 And think that there a loving couple lies,
 Who thought that this device might be some way
 To make their souls, at the last busy day,
 Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
 Where misdevotion doth command,
 Then he, that digs us up, will bring
 Us to the bishop & the king,
 To make us relics; then
 Thou shalt be a *Mary Magdalen*, and I
 A something else thereby;

XXIII.2 Wallace Stevens (1879 – 1955), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This is the thirteenth of Stevens's famous 'Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird'.

XXIII.3 Mrs Aphra Behn (1640 – 1689), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXIV.1 'The Relic', Very Rev Dr John Donne (1572 – 1631), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. ¶80. The Almanackist cannot help noticing that "Jesus Christ" would scan just as well as 'something else', though this is pure speculation.

All women shall adore us, and some men;
 And since at such time miracles are sought,
 I would have that age by this paper taught
 What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First, we loved well and faithfully,
 Yet knew not what we loved, nor why;
 Difference of sex no more we knew
 Than our guardian angels do;
 Coming & going, we
 Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals;
 Our hands ne'er touched the seals
 Which nature, injured by late law, sets free;
 These miracles we did, but now alas,
 All measure, and all language, I should pass,
 Should I tell what a miracle she was.

XXIV.2.

Long neglect has worn away
 Half the sweet enchanting smile;
 Time has turned the bloom to grey;
 Mould & damp the face defile.

But that lock of silky hair,
 Still beneath the picture twined,
 Tells what once those features were,
 Paints their image on the mind.

Fair the hand that traced that line,
 'Dearest, ever deem me true';
 Swiftly flew the fingers fine
 When the pen that motto drew.

XXIV.3.

Proud people breed sad sorrows for themselves.

XXV.

XXV.1.

XXIV.2 Miss Emily Brontë (1818 – 1848), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXIV.3 Miss Emily Brontë (1818 – 1848), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXV.1 'Tichborne's Lament', Chidiock Tichborne (1562 – 1586), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The ultimate written source for this poem is a letter which Tichborne wrote to his wife on the night before he was hanged, drawn and quartered for his part in a conspiracy against Elizabeth I. Tichborne was part of the same family which provided the fourteen Tichborne baronets (of Tichborne in the County of Hampshire) who held the title from its creation in 1621 until its extinction in 1968. He was also a distant cousin of Henry Tichborne, 1st Baron Ferrard and 1st Baronet (of Beaulieu in the County of Meath), who sadly left no heirs to his titles. ¶17. The word 'glass' refers here to an hourglass, rather than a drinking vessel.

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares;
 My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;
 My crop of corn is but a field of tares;
 And all my good is but vain hope of gain;
 The day is past, and yet I saw no sun,
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

My tale was heard and yet it was not told;
 My fruit is fallen, and yet my leaves are green;
 My youth is spent and yet I am not old;
 I saw the world and yet I was not seen;
 My thread is cut and yet it is not spun,
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death and found it in my womb;
 I looked for life and saw it was a shade;
 I trod the earth and knew it was my tomb,
 And now I die, and now I was but made;
 My glass is full, and now my glass is run,
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

XXV.2.

The silver swan, who, living, had no note,
 When death approached, unlocked her silent throat.
 Leaning her breast upon the reedy shore,
 Thus sang her first & last, and sang no more:
 'Farewell, all joys! O death, come close mine eyes!
 More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.'

XXV.3.

The tyrant grinds down his slaves and they don't turn against
 him; they crush those beneath them.

XXVI.

XXVI.1.

We stood by a pond that winter day,
 And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,
 And a few leaves lay on the starving sod;
 They had fallen from an ash, and were grey.

XXV.2 'The Silver Swan', This brief poem was made into a famous madrigal by Orlando Gibbons. The identity of the author of the words is unclear, although it may have been Gibbons himself or his patron Sir Christopher Hatton., Anonymous, Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXV.3 Miss Emily Brontë (1818 – 1848), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVI.1 'Neutral Tones', Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove
 Over tedious riddles of years ago;
 And some words played between us to & fro
 On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadest thing
 Alive enough to have strength to die;
 And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
 Like an ominous bird a-wing...

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives,
 And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
 Your face, and the God-cursed sun, & a tree,
 And a pond edged with greyish leaves.

XXVI.2.

I look into my glass
 And view my wasting skin,
 And say, 'Would God it came to pass
 My heart had shrunk as thin!'

For then, I, undistressed
 By hearts grown cold to me,
 Could lonely wait my endless rest
 With equanimity.

But time, to make me grieve,
 Part steals, lets part abide;
 And shakes this fragile frame at eve
 With throbbings of noontide.

XXVI.3.

All men would be tyrants if they could.

XXVII.

XXVII.1.

In a solitude of the sea
 Deep from human vanity,
 And the pride of life that planned her, stilly couches she.

XXVI.2 Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXVI.3 Abigail Adams, First Lady of the United States (1744 – 1818), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVII.1 'The Convergence of the Twain', Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Hardy wrote this poem in response to the sinking of the RMS *Titanic*. His ideas about the 'immanent will' seem to owe a debt to the philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer.

Steel chambers, late the pyres
 Of her salamandrine fires,
 Cold currents thrid, and turn to rhythmic tidal lyres.

Over the mirrors meant
 To glass the opulent
 The sea-worm crawls – grotesque, slimed, dumb, indifferent.

Jewels in joy designed
 To ravish the sensuous mind
 Lie lightless, all their sparkles bleared & black & blind.

Dim moon-eyed fishes near
 Gaze at the gilded gear
 And query: 'What does this vaingloriousness down here?'

Well: while was fashioning
 This creature of cleaving wing,
 The immanent will that stirs & urges everything

Prepared a sinister mate
 For her – so gaily great –
 A shape of ice, for the time far & dissociate.

And as the smart ship grew
 In stature, grace, & hue,
 In shadowy silent distance grew the iceberg too.

Alien they seemed to be;
 No mortal eye could see
 The intimate welding of their later history,

Or sign that they were bent
 By paths coincident
 On being anon twin halves of one august event,

Till the spinner of the years
 Said 'Now!' And each one hears,
 And consummation comes, and jars two hemispheres.

XXVII.2.

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
 Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
 Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
 Can patter out their hasty orisons.
 No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;
 Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,
 The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
 And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

XXVII.2 R 'Anthem for Doomed Youth', Wilfred Owen (1893 – 1918), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

What candles may be held to speed them all?
 Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
 Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-bys.
 The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
 Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
 And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

XXVII.3.

You do well to weep as a woman over what you could not defend as a man.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.1.

When the present has latched its postern behind my tremulous stay,
 And the may month flaps its glad green leaves like wings,
 Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the neighbours say,
 'He was a man who used to notice such things'?

If it be in the dusk when, like an eyelid's soundless blink,
 The dewfall-hawk comes crossing the shades to alight
 Upon the wind-warped upland thorn, a gazer may think,
 'To him this must have been a familiar sight.'

If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy & warm,
 When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,
 One may say, 'He strove that such innocent creatures should come to no harm,

But he could do little for them; and now he is gone.'

If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they stand at the door,
 Watching the full-starred heavens that winter sees,
 Will this thought rise on those who will meet my face no more,
 'He was one who had an eye for such mysteries'?

And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in the gloom,
 And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its outrollings,
 Till they rise again, as they were a new bell's boom,
 'He hears it not now, but used to notice such things'?

XXVII.3 Washington Irving (1783 – 1859), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Irving attributed this quotation to Ayesha, the mother of Sultan Muhammad XII of Granada (called Boabdil by the Spanish), the last Muslim ruler on the Iberian peninsular.

XXVIII.1 'Afterwards', Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXVIII.2.

Move him into the sun –
 Gently its touch awoke him once,
 At home, whispering of fields ¹/₂-sown.
 Always it woke him, even in France,
 Until this morning & this snow.
 If anything might rouse him now
 The kind old sun will know.

Think how it wakes the seeds –
 Woke once the clays of a cold star.
 Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are sides
 Full-nerved, still warm, too hard to stir?
 Was it for this the clay grew tall?
 O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
 To break earth's sleep at all?

XXVIII.3.

All animals, except man, know that the principal business of life is to enjoy it.

XXIX.**XXIX.1.**

I leant upon a coppice gate
 When frost was spectre-grey,
 And winter's dregs made desolate
 The weakening eye of day.
 The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
 Like strings of broken lyres,
 And all mankind that haunted night
 Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
 The century's corpse outleant,
 His crypt the cloudy canopy,
 The wind his death-lament.
 The ancient pulse of germ & birth
 Was shrunken hard & dry,
 And every spirit upon earth
 Seemed fervourless as I.

XXVIII.2 'Futility', Wilfred Owen (1893 – 1918), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXVIII.3 Samuel Butler (1835 – 1902), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXIX.1 'The Darkling Thrush', Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Hardy began writing this poem on the thirty-first day of December (of the New Style) of 1900.

At once a voice arose among
 The bleak twigs overhead
 In a full-hearted evensong
 Of joy illimited;
 An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, & small,
 In blast-beruffled plumage,
 Had chosen thus to fling his soul
 Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
 Of such ecstatic sound
 Was written on terrestrial things
 Afar or nigh around,
 That I could think there trembled through
 His happy good-night air
 Some blessed hope, whereof he knew
 And I was unaware.

XXIX.2.

And I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year,
 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.'
 And he replied:
 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God.
 That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way.'
 So I went forth, and finding the hand of God, trod gladly into the night.
 And he led me towards the hills & the breaking of day in the lone east.

XXIX.3.

Then I saw that there was a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven.

XXIX.2 'God Knows', Miss Minnie Haskins (1875 – 1957), Haskins, *The Desert*. The Almanackist has excised all but the first verse. George VI recited the first five lines of this poem in the Royal Christmas Message of 1939.

XXIX.3 'This is the penultimate line of *Pilgrim's Progress* (or, more precisely, the first part thereof – the second part being a kind of sequel). The remaining prose reads: 'as well as from the City of Destruction. So I awoke, and behold it was a dream.', John Bunyan (1628 – 1688), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

Intercalaris

Part 3

Other Material

Ecclesiastes

I of the month

The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity.

What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun?

One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth for ever.

The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose.

The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits.

All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.

All things are full of labour; man cannot utter it: the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun.

Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us.

There is no remembrance of former things; neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come with those that shall come after.

II of the month

I the Preacher was king over Israel in Jerusalem.

And I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven: this sore travail hath God given to the sons of man to be exercised therewith.

I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

That which is crooked cannot be made straight: and that which is wanting cannot be numbered.

III of the month

I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem: yea, my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge.

And I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit.

For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

IV of the month

I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure: and, behold, this also is vanity.

I said of laughter, It is mad: and of mirth, What doeth it?

I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom; and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life.

I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards:

I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits:

I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees:

I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me:

I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces: I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, concubines very many.

So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem: also my wisdom remained with me.

And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labour: and this was my portion of all my labour.

Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.

V of the month

And I turned myself to behold wisdom, and madness, and folly: for what can the man do that cometh after the king? even that which hath been already done.

Then I saw that wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness.

The wise man's eyes are in his head; but the fool walketh in darkness: and I myself perceived also that one event happeneth to them all.

Then said I in my heart, As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me; and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity.

For there is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool for ever; seeing that which now is in the days to come shall all be forgotten. And how dieth the wise man? as the fool.

Therefore I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me: for all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

VI of the month

☞ I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun: because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me.

And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? yet shall he have rule over all my labour wherein I have laboured, and wherein I have shewed myself wise under the sun. This is also vanity.

Therefore I went about to cause my heart to despair of all the labour which I took under the sun.

For there is a man whose labour is in wisdom, and in knowledge, and in equity; yet to a man that hath not laboured therein shall he leave it for his portion. This also is vanity and a great evil.

For what hath man of all his labour, and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath laboured under the sun?

For all his days are sorrows, and his travail grief; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. This is also vanity.

VII of the month

There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour. This also I saw, that it was from the hand of God.

For who can eat, or who else can hasten hereunto, more than I?

For God giveth to a man that is good in his sight wisdom, and knowledge, and joy: but to the sinner he giveth travail, to gather and to heap up, that he may give to him that is good before God. This also is vanity and vexation of spirit.

VIII of the month

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;

A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

A time to love, and a time to hate; a time for war, and a time for peace.

IX of the month

What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboureth?

I have seen the travail, which God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised in it.

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: also he hath set eternity in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.

I know that there is no good in them, but for a man to rejoice, and to do good in his life.

And also that every man should eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labour, it is the gift of God.

I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before him.

That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God seeketh again that which is ~~is~~ passed away.

X of the month

And moreover I saw under the sun the place of judgment, that wickedness was there; and the place of righteousness, that iniquity was there.

I said in mine heart, God shall judge the righteous and the wicked: for there is a time there for every purpose and for every work.

I said in mine heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts.

For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast: for all is vanity.

All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.

Who knoweth the spirit of man, whether it goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast, whether it goeth downward to the earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?

XI of the month

So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter.

Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive.

Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.

XII of the month

Again, I considered all travail, and every right work, that for this a man is envied of his neighbour. This is also vanity and vexation of spirit.

The fool foldeth his hands together, and eateth his own flesh.

Better is an handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit.

XIII of the month

Then I returned, and I saw vanity under the sun.

There is one alone, and there is not a second; yea, he hath neither child nor brother: yet is there no end of all his labour; neither is his eye satisfied with riches; neither saith he, For whom do I labour, and bereave my soul of good? This is also vanity, yea, it is a sore travail.

XIV of the month

Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour.

For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up.

Again, if two lie together, then they have heat: but how can one be warm alone?

And if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him; and a threefold cord is not quickly broken.

XV of the month

Better is a poor and a wise child than an old and foolish king, who will no more be admonished.

For out of prison he cometh to reign; whereas also he that is born in his kingdom becometh poor.

I considered all the living which walk under the sun, with the second child that shall stand up in his stead.

There is no end of all the people, even of all that have been before them: they also that come after shall not rejoice in him. Surely this also is vanity and vexation of spirit.

XVI of the month

Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools: for they consider not that they do evil.

Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter any thing before God: for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few.

For a dream cometh through the multitude of business; and a fool's voice is known by multitude of words.

When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it; for he hath no pleasure in fools: pay that which thou hast vowed.

Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay.

Suffer not thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin; neither say thou before the angel, that it was an error: wherefore should God be angry at thy voice, and destroy the work of thine hands?

For in the multitude of dreams and many words there are also divers vanities: but fear thou God.

XVII of the month

If thou seest the oppression of the poor, and violent perverting of judgment and justice in a province, marvel not at the matter: for he that is higher than the highest regardeth; and there be higher than they.

Moreover the profit of the earth is for all: the king himself is served by the field.

He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase: this is also vanity.

When goods increase, they are increased that eat them: and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?

The sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much: but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.

There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt.

But those riches perish by evil travail: and he begetteth a son, and there is nothing in his hand.

As he came forth of his mother's womb, naked shall he return to go as he came, and shall take nothing of his labour, which he may carry away in his hand.

And this also is a sore evil, that in all points as he came, so shall he go: and what profit hath he that hath laboured for the wind?

All his days also he eateth in darkness, and he hath much sorrow and wrath with his sickness.

Behold that which I have seen: it is good and comely for one to eat and to drink, and to enjoy the good of all his labour that he taketh under the sun all the days of his life, which God giveth him: for it is his portion.

Every man also to whom God hath given riches and wealth, and hath given him power to eat thereof, and to take his portion, and to rejoice in his labour; this is the gift of God.

For he shall not much remember the days of his life; because God answereth him in the joy of his heart.

XVIII of the month

There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men:

A man to whom God hath given riches, wealth, and honour, so that he wanteth nothing for his soul of all that he desireth, yet God giveth him not power to eat thereof, but a stranger eateth it: this is vanity, and it is an evil disease.

If a man beget an hundred children, and live many years, so that the days of his years be many, and his soul be not filled with good, and also that he have no burial; I say, that an untimely birth is better than he.

For he cometh in with vanity, and departeth in darkness, and his name shall be covered with darkness.

Moreover he hath not seen the sun, nor known any thing: this hath more rest than the other.

Yea, though he live a thousand years twice told, yet hath he seen no good: do not all go to one place?

XIX of the month

All the labour of man is for his mouth, and yet the appetite is not filled.

For what hath the wise more than the fool? what hath the poor, that knoweth to walk before the living?

Better is the sight of the eyes than the wandering of the desire: this is also vanity and vexation of spirit.

Whatsoever hath been, the name thereof was given long ago, and it is known what man is; neither may he contend with him that is mightier than he.

Seeing there be many things that increase vanity, what is man the better?

For who knoweth what is good for man in this life, all the days of his vain life which he spendeth as a shadow? for who can tell a man what shall be after him under the sun?

XX of the month

A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth.

It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting: for that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to his heart.

Sorrow is better than laughter: for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.

The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning; but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.

It is better to hear the rebuke of the wise, than for a man to hear the song of fools.

For as the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool: this also is vanity.

Surely oppression maketh a wise man mad; and a bribe destroyeth the heart.

Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof: and the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit.

Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry: for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.

Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this.

Wisdom is good with an inheritance: and by it there is profit to them that see the sun.

For wisdom is a defence, and money is a defence: but the excellency of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it.

Consider the work of God: for who can make that straight, which he hath made crooked?

In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider: God also hath set the one over against the other, to the end that man should find nothing after him.

XXI of the month

All things have I seen in the days of my vanity: there is a just man that perisheth in his righteousness, and there is a wicked man that prolongeth his life in his wickedness.

Be not righteous over much; neither make thyself over wise: why shouldest thou destroy thyself?

Be not over much wicked, neither be thou foolish: why shouldest thou die before thy time?

It is good that thou shouldest take hold of this; yea, also from this withdraw not thine hand: for he that feareth God shall come forth of them all.

Wisdom strengtheneth the wise more than ten mighty men which are in the city.

For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not.

Also take no heed unto all words that are spoken; lest thou hear thy servant curse thee:

For oftentimes also thine own heart knoweth that thou thyself likewise hast cursed others.

All this have I proved by wisdom: I said, I will be wise; but it was far from me.

That which is far off, and exceeding deep, who can find it out?

I applied mine heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the reason of things, and to know the wickedness of folly, even of foolishness and madness:

And I find more bitter than death the woman, whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands: whoso pleaseth God shall escape from her; but the sinner shall be taken by her.

Behold, this have I found, saith the preacher, counting one by one, to find out the account:

Which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not: one man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found.

Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.

XXII of the month

Who is as the wise man? and who knoweth the interpretation of a thing? a man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the boldness of his face shall be changed.

I counsel thee to keep the king's commandment, and that in regard of the oath of God.

Be not hasty to go out of his sight: stand not in an evil thing; for he doeth whatsoever pleaseth him.

Where the word of a king is, there is power: and who may say unto him, What doest thou?

Whoso keepeth the commandment shall feel no evil thing: and a wise man's heart discerneth both time and judgment.

Because to every purpose there is time and judgment, therefore the misery of man is great upon him.

For he knoweth not that which shall be: for who can tell him when it shall be?

There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death: and there is no discharge in that war; neither shall wickedness deliver those that are given to it.

All this have I seen, and applied my heart unto every work that is done under the sun: there is a time wherein one man ruleth over another to his own hurt.

XXIII of the month

And so I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy, and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done: this is also vanity.

Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.

Though a sinner do evil an hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before him:

But it shall not be well with the wicked, neither shall he prolong his days, which are as a shadow; because he feareth not before God.

There is a vanity which is done upon the earth; that there be just men, unto whom it happeneth according to the work of the wicked; again, there be wicked men, to whom it happeneth according to the work of the righteous: I said that this also is vanity.

Then I commended mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry: for that shall abide with him of his labour the days of his life, which God giveth him under the sun.

When I applied mine heart to know wisdom, and to see the business that is done upon the earth: (for also there is that neither day nor night seeth sleep with his eyes:)

Then I beheld all the work of God, that a man cannot find out the work that is done under the sun: because though a man labour to seek it out, yet he shall not find it; yea farther; though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it.

XXIV of the month

For all this I considered in my heart even to explore all this, that the righteous, and the wise, and their works, are in the hand of God: no man knoweth whether it be love or hatred; all is before them.

All things come alike to all: there is one event to the righteous, and to the wicked; to the good and to the clean, and to the unclean; to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not: as is the good, so is the sinner; and he that sweareth, as he that feareth an oath.

This is an evil among all things that are done under the sun, that there is one event unto all: yea, also the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead.

For to him that is joined to all the living there is hope: for a living dog is better than a dead lion.

For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten.

Their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever in any thing that is done under the sun.

Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works.

Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment.

Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity, which he hath given thee under the sun, all the days of thy vanity: for that is thy portion in this life, and in thy labour which thou takest under the sun.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.

I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

For man also knoweth not his time: as the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare; so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them.

XXV of the month

This wisdom have I seen also under the sun, and it seemed great unto me:

There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it:

Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man.

Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength: nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.

The words of wise men are heard in quiet more than the cry of him that ruleth among fools.

Wisdom is better than weapons of war: but one sinner destroyeth much good.

XXVI of the month

Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour.

A wise man's heart is at his right hand; but a fool's heart at his left.

Yea also, when he that is a fool walketh by the way, his wisdom faileth him, and he saith to every one that he is a fool.

If the spirit of the ruler rise up against thee, leave not thy place; for yielding pacifieth great offences.

There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, as an error which proceedeth from the ruler:

Folly is set in great dignity, and the rich sit in low place.

I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking as servants upon the earth.

He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it; and whoso breaketh an hedge, a serpent shall bite him.

Whoso removeth stones shall be hurt therewith; and he that cleaveth wood shall be endangered thereby.

If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength: but wisdom is profitable to direct.

If the serpent bite before it is enchanted, then is there no advantage in the charmer.

The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious; but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself.

The beginning of the words of his mouth is foolishness: and the end of his talk is mischievous madness.

A fool also is full of words: a man cannot tell what shall be; and what shall be after him, who can tell him?

The labour of the foolish wearieth every one of them, because he knoweth not how to go to the city.

Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes eat in the morning!

Blessed art thou, O land, when thy king is the son of nobles, and thy princes eat in due season, for strength, and not for drunkenness!

By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through.

A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry: but money answereth all things.

Curse not the king, no not in thy thought; and curse not the rich in thy bed-chamber: for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.

XXVII of the month

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.

Give a portion to seven, and also to eight; for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth.

If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth: and if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.

As thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child: even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.

XXVIII of the month

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun:

But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity.

XXIX of the month

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his everlasting home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.

XXX of the month

And moreover, because the preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs.

The preacher sought to find out acceptable words: and that which was written was upright, even words of truth.

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd.

And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

The Song of Solomon

First-day (I, VIII, XV and XXII of the month)

The song of songs, which is Solomon's.

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine.

Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee.

Draw me, we will run after thee: the king hath brought me into his chambers: we will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love more than wine: rightly do they love thee.

I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.

Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept.

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?

If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.

I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.

Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold.

We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver.

While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.

A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.

My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi.

Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes.

Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: also our bed is green.

The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir.

Second-day (II, IX, XVI and XXII of the month)

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.

As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.

As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick from love.

His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.

The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;

The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle dove is heard in our land;

The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.

My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

Third-day (III, X, XVII and XXIV of the month)

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

The watchmen that go about the city found me: to whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?

It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.

Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?

Behold his bed, which is Solomon's; threescore valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel.

They all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.

King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.

He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.

Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

Fourth-day (IV, XI, XVIII and XXV of the month)

Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead.

Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them.

Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.

Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.

Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.

Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.

Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon: look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.

Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.

How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! how much better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thine ointments than all spices!

Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb: honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.

A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard,

Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices:

A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.

Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.

Fifth-day (V, XII, XIX and XXVI of the month)

I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.

I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.

I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?

My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my heart was moved for him.

I rose up to open to my beloved; and my hands dropped with myrrh, and my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.

I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone: my soul failed when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.

The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick ~~from~~ love.

What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? what is thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?

My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven.

His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set.

His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers: his lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.

His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl: his belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.

His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.

His mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

Sixth-day (VI, XIII, XX and XXVII of the month)

Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with thee.

My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine: he feedeth among the lilies.

Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.

Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead.

Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them.

As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.

There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number.

My dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her. The daughters saw her, and blessed her; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.

Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?

I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished and the pomegranates budded.

Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadib.

Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee. What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies.

Seventh-day (VII, XIV, XXI and XXVIII of the month)

How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! the joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman.

Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies.

Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins.

Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bathrabbim: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.

Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple; the king is held in the galleries.

How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!

This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters of grapes.

I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof: now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy breath like apples;

And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine for my beloved, that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.

I am my beloved's, and his desire is toward me.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages.

Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves.

The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

Eighth-day (XXIX of the month)

O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised.

I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, who would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate.

His left hand should be under my head, and his right hand should embrace me.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, until he please.

Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee up under the apple tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there she brought thee forth that bare thee.

Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?

If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver: and if she be a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.

I am a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.

Solomon had a vineyard at Baalhamon; he let out the vineyard unto keepers; every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.

My vineyard, which is mine, is before me: thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand, and those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.

Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice: cause me to hear it.

Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.

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I only give here the details of those texts which provided material for the *Almanack* proper. Details of other texts, such as those quoted in the Introduction, are to be found in the relevant footnotes.