

Hosker's Almanack (First Proof)

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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".

¹The 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 plain

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.

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 Ὅμηρος 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 lurking 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 Almanackist 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.

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

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

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*.

made, 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 **YHWH**. 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

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;
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.

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

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.
 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.

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

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

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
 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

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.

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.

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.

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

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

III

III.1.

You meaner beauties of the night,
 Which poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light,
 You common people of the skies –
 What are you, when the moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own –
 What are you, when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood
 That warble forth dame nature's lays,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents – what's your praise
 When *Philomel* her voice doth raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen
 In sweetness of her looks & mind,
 By virtue first, then choice, a queen,
 Tell me, if she were not designed
 Th' eclipse & glory of her kind?

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.1 'Elizabeth of Bohemia', Sir Henry Wotton (1568 – 1639), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*. The poem would seem to be dedicated to Elizabeth, Queen (consort) of Bohemia, wife of Frederick, King of Bohemia, and daughter of James I & VI. ¶5. Where Palgrave reads 'Moon', the best texts consulted read 'Sun'; but the Almanackist finds 'Moon' more pleasing. ¶15. Philomel or Philomela is a poetical term for a nightingale. According to Greek and Roman mythology (see Φιλόμελα XIX.518-23 and many others) Philomela was transformed into a nightingale.

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.

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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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.

IV.2.

Nymphs & shepherds, dance no more
 By sandy Ladon's lilied banks.
 On old Lycæus 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;
 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.

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

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

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

V

V.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 linèd 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.

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;

V.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.

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.

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.

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 excell
Such sacred treasures are the limbs in boys,
In such a soul doth dwell;
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.

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

VI.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.

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.

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.

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,
 Townsman of a stiller town.

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

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

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

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

VII.2.

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

VII.2 'Counsel to Girls', Robert Herrick (1591 – 1674), 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*.

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

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

VIII

VIII.1.

That's my last duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive. I call
 That piece a wonder, now; Frè *Pandolf's* hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said,
 'Fra Pandolf' by design, for never read
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
 The depth & passion of its earnest glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
 How such a glance came there; so, not the first
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot
 Of joy into the duchess' cheek; perhaps
 Frè *Pandolf* chanced to say, 'Her mantle laps
 Over my lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half-flush that dies along her throat.' Such stuff
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
 A heart – how shall I say? – too soon made glad,
 Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
 Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
 The dropping of the daylight in the west,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
 She rode with round the terrace – all & each
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men – good! But thanked
 Somehow – I know not how – as if she ranked
 My gift of a 900-years-old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
 In speech – which I have not – to make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this

VIII.1 'My Last Duchess', Robert Browning (1828 – 1889), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. The narrator of the poem is Alfonso II of Ferrara. It is likely that the duke was homosexual; he fathered no children despite three marriages, nor was he known ever to have kept a mistress. At the time of her death, it was widely believed that he had had his first wife, the sixteen-year-old Lucrezia de' Medici, of whom Bronzino painted an exquisite portrait, poisoned; although later writers have suggested that she more likely succumbed to tuberculosis.

Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
 Or there exceed the mark” – and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse –
 E’en then would be some stooping; and I choose
 Never to stoop. O sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene’er I passed her; but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will’t please you rise? We’ll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your master’s known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretense
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter’s self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we’ll go
 Together down, sir. Notice *Neptune*, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which *Claus of Innsbruck* cast in bronze for me!

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.

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

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

IX

IX.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?

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;

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

IX.2 R 'An Ode', Matthew Prior (1664 – 1721), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

¶16. 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.

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.3.

Now is the accepted time.

X

X.1.

I gently touched her hand: she gave
A look that did my soul enslave;
I pressed to her rebel lips in vain:
They rose up to be pressed again.
Thus happy, I no further meant
Than to be pleased & innocent.

On her soft breasts my hand I laid,
And a quick light impression made;
They with a kindly warmth did glow,
And swelled, & seemed to overflow.
Yet – trust me – I no farther meant
Than to be pleased & innocent.

On her eyes my eyes did stay:
On her smooth limbs my hands did stray;
Each sense was ravished with delight,
And my soul stood prepared for flight.
Blame me not if at last I meant
More to be pleased than innocent.

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!

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

X.1 Anonymous, Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

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

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.

X.3.

The child is father of the man.

XI

XI.1.

I, with whose colours *Myra* dressed her head,
 I, that ware posies of her own hand-making,
 I, that mine own name in the chimneys read
 By *Myra* finely wrought ere I was waking:
 Must I look on, in hope time coming may
 With change bring back my turn again to play?

I, that on sunday at the church-stile found
 A garland sweet, with true-love knots in flowers,
 Which I to wear about mine arm was bound,
 That each of us might know that all was ours:
 Must I now lead an idle life in wishes,
 And follow *Cupid* for his loaves & fishes?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
 I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed,
 I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
 I, who did make her blush when I was named:
 Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,
 Watching with sighs till dead love be awakèd?

I, that, when drowsy *Argus* fell asleep,
 Like jealousy o'erwatchèd with desire,
 Was even warnèd modesty to keep,
 While her breath, speaking, kindled nature's fire:
 Must I look on a-cold, while others warm them?
 Do *Vulcan*'s brothers in such fine nets arm them?

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 Fulke Greville, 1st Baron Brooke (1554 – 1628), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. ¶13. There was an ancient practice of divining the entrance of an unexpected guest by the patterns made by burnt material fluttering up a chimney (which Coleridge also alludes to in 'Frost at Midnight'). ¶19. Argus is a giant from Greek mythology who, having dozens of eyes, is proverbially wakeful and vigilant; however, he was lulled asleep and murdered by Mercury in order to facilitate Jupiter's illicit liaisons with Io. Vulcan, to the best of the Almanackist's knowledge, was said to have had only one full brother, Mars; the allusion here is perhaps to the trap sprung by Vulcan to catch Mars and Venus *in flagrante delicto*.

Was it for this that I might *Myra* see
 Washing the water with her beauties white?
 Yet would she never write her love to me.
 Thinks wit of change, while thoughts are in delight?
 Mad girls must safely love as they may leave;
 No man can print a kiss: lines may deceive.

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.

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.

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.

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

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

XII.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.

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.

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.

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,

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 '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.

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
 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 momently 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 momently 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.

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.**

What have we done? What cruel passion moved thee
 Thus to ruin her that loved thee?
 Me thou'st robbed, but what art thou
 Thyself the richer now?
 Shame succeeds the short-lived pleasure;
 So soon is spent & gone, this thy ill-gotten treasure.

 We've done no harm; nor was it theft in me,
 But noblest charity in thee.
 I'll the well-gotten pleasure
 Safe in my mem'ry treasure;
 What though the flower itself do waste,
 The essence from it drawn does long & sweeter last.

 No: I'm undone; my honour thou hast slain,
 And nothing can restore't again.
 Art & labour to bestow
 Upon the carcass of it now
 Is but t'embalm a body dead;
 The figure may remain; the life & beauty's fled.

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

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

XIV.1 'Dialogue: After Enjoyment', Abraham Cowley (1618 – 1667), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

Never, my dear, was honour yet undone
 By love, but indiscretion.
 To th'wise it all things does allow;
 And cares not what we do, but how.
 Like tapers shut in ancient urns,
 Unless it let in air for ever shines & burns.

Thou first perhaps, who didst the fault commit,
 Wilt make thy wicked boast of it.
 For men, with roman pride, above
 The conquest, do the triumph love:
 Nor think a perfect vict'ry gained
 Unless they through the streets their captive lead enchained.

Whoe'er his secret joys has open laid,
 The bawd to his own wife is made.
 Beside what boast is left for me,
 Whose whole wealth's a gift from thee?
 'Tis you the conqu'ror are; 'tis you
 Who have not only ta'en, but bound & gagged me too.

Though publique pun'shment we escape, the sin
 Will rack & torture us within:
 Guilt & sin our bosom bears;
 And though fair, yet the fruit appears,
 That worm which now the core does waste,
 When long t'as gnawed within will break the skin at last.

That thirsty drink, that hungry food I sought,
 That wounded balm, is all my fault.
 And thou in pity didst apply,
 The kind & only remedy:
 The cause absolves the crime; since me
 So mighty force did move, so mighty goodness thee.

Curse on thine arts. Methinks I hate thee now;
 And yet I'm sure I love thee too!
 I'm angry, but my wrath will prove,
 More innocent than did thy love.
 Thou hast this day undone me quite;
 Yet wilt undo me more should'st thou not come at night.

XIV.2.

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

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.

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.

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.
 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,

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

XV.1 'To His Mistress Going to Bed', Elegy XIX, The 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'.

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?

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.3.

A change is as good as a rest.

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

XVI

XVI.1.

Whilst *Alexis* lay pressed
 In her arms he loved best,
 With his hands round her neck, and his head on her breast,
 He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay,
 And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

When *Celia* saw this,
 With a sigh, and a kiss,
 She cried, 'O my dear, I am robbed of my bliss;
 'Tis unkind to your love, and unfaithfully done,
 To leave me behind you, and die all alone.'

The youth, though in haste,
 And breathing his last,
 In pity died slowly, while she died more fast;
 Till at length she cried, 'Now, my dear, now let us go;
 Now die, my *Alexis*, and I will die too.'

Thus entranced they did lie,
 Till *Alexis* did try
 To recover new breath, that again he might die:
 Then often they died; but the more they did so,
 The nymph died more quick, & the shepherd more slow.

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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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.

XVI.3.

Actions speak louder than words.

XVI.1 John Dryden, Poet Laureate (1631 – 1700), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*. These lines are sung in *Marriage à la Mode* IV.2.

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

XVII

XVII.1.

After the fiercest pangs of hot desire,
 Between *Panthea*'s rising breasts,
 His bending breast *Philander* rests:
 Though vanquished, yet unknowing to retire,
 Close hugs the charmer, and ashamed to yield,
 Though he has lost the day, yet keeps the field.

When with a sigh the fair *Panthea* said,
 'What pity 'tis, ye gods, that all
 The noblest warriors soonest fall!'
 Then with a kiss he gently reared his head,
 Armed him again to fight, for nobly she
 More loved the combat than the victory.

But more enraged, for being beat before,
 With all his strength he does prepare
 More fiercely to renew the war;
 Nor ceased he till the noble prize he bore:
 Ev'n her much wondrous courage did surprise;
 She hugs the dart that wounded her, & dies.

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 & 20,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

XVII.3.

All's fair in love and war.

XVII.1 The Rev Richard Duke (1658 – 1711), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*. The verb *to die* was frequently used in 17th century poetry as a euphemism for *to achieve orgasm*.

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

XVIII

XVIII.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.'

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.

XVIII.3.

Appetite comes with eating.

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

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

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

XIX

XIX.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!'

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,
 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.

XIX.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.

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

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

XX

XX.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
 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,

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

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 aereal 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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.

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

XX.3.

Ask no questions and hear no lies.

XXI**XXI.1.**

Ask me no more where *Jove* bestows,
When june is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when may is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars' light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The *Phoenix* builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

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;

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

XXI.1 Thomas Carew (1595 – 1640), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

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

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

XXI.3.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

XXII

XXII.1.

He carved besides a soft and fruitful field,
Broad & thrice new-tilled in that heavenly shield,
Where many ploughmen turned up here & there
The earth in furrows, and their sovereign near
They strived to work; and every furrow ended
A bowl of sweetest wine he still extended
To him that first had done, then turned they hand,
Desirous to dispatch that piece of land,
Deep & new-eared; black grew the plough with mould
Which looked like blackish earth though forged of gold.
And this he did with miracle adorn.
Then made he grow a field of high-sprung corn,
In which did reapers sharpened sickles ply;
Others, their handles fall'n confusedly,
Laid on the ridge together; others bound
Their gathered handfuls to sheaves hard & round.
Their binders were appointed for the place,
And at their heels did children glean apace,
Whole armfuls to the binders ministering.
Amongst all these all silent stood their king.
Upon a balk, his sceptre in his hand,
Glad at his heart to see his yieldy land.
The heralds then the harvest feast prepare,
Beneath an oak far off, and for their fare,
A mighty ox was slain, and women dressed
Store of white cakes, and mixed the labourers' feast
In it besides a vine ye might behold
Loaded with grapes, the leaves were all of gold.
The bunches black & thick did through it grow
And silver props sustained them from below:
About the vine an azure dyke was wrought
And about it a hedge of tin he brought.
One path went through it, through the which did pass
The vintagers, when ripe their vintage was.
The virgins then, & youths, childishly wise,

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

XXII.1 R George Chapman (1559 – 1634), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. This is a translation of Homer's Ἔκλεος XVIII.541-592. Prof Auden wrote his own poem ('The Shield of Achilles') concerning the same portion of Book XVIII.

For the sweet fruit did painted cups devise,
 And in a circle bore them dancing round,
 In midst whereof a boy did sweetly sound
 His silver harp, and with a piercing voice,
 Sung a sweet song; when each youth with his choice
 Triumphant over earth, quick dances treads.
 A herd of oxen thrusting out their heads
 And bellowing, from their stalls rushing to feed
 Near a swift flood, raging and crowned with reed,
 In gold and tin he carved next the vine
 Four golden herdsmen following: herd-dogs nine
 Waiting on them; in head of all the herd,
 Two lions shook a bull, that bellowing, reared
 In desperate horror, and was dragged away:
 The dogs & youths pursued; but their slain prey,
 The lions rent out of his spacious hide,
 And in their entrails did his flesh divide,
 Lapping his sable blood; the men to fight
 Set on their dogs in vain that durst not bite,
 But barked & backwards flew: he forged beside
 In a fair vale, a pasture sweet & wide
 Of white-fleeced sheep, in which he did impress
 Sheepcots, sheepfolds & covered cottages.
 In this rare shield the famous *Vulcan* cast
 A dancing mace; like that in ages past,
 Which in broad Knossos *Daedalus* did dress
 For *Ariadne* with the golden tress.

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.
 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.

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

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

XXIII

XXIII.1.

Alice is tall & upright as a pine,
 White as blanced almonds, or the falling snow,
 Sweet as the damask roses when they blow,
 And doubtless fruitful as the swelling vine.
 Ripe to be cut, & ready to be pressed,
 Her full cheeked beauties very well appear,
 And a year's fruit she loses every year,
 Wanting a man to improve her to the best.

Full fain she would be husbanded, and yet,
 Alas, she cannot a fit labourer get
 To cultivate her own content:
 Fain she would be (God wot) about her task,
 And yet (forsooth) she is too proud to ask,
 And (which is worse) too modest to consent.

Margaret is of humbler stature by the head
 Is (as oft falls out with yellow hair)
 Than her fair sister, yet so much more fair,
 As her pure white is better mixed with red.
 This, hotter than the other 10 to one,
 Longs to be put into her mother's trade,
 And loud proclaims she lives too long a maid,
 Wishing for one t'untie her virgin zone.

She finds virginity a kind of ware,
 That's very very troublesome to bear,
 And being gone, she thinks will ne'er be missed:
 And yet withal, the girl has so much grace,
 To call for help I know she wants the face,
 Though asked, I know not how she would resist.

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.

XXIII.1 'Two Rural Sisters', Charles Cotton (1630 – 1687), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

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

Awake, awake. Break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

XXIII.3.

Better one house spoiled than two.

XXIV

XXIV.1.

I can love both fair & brown,
Her whom abundance melts, & her whom want betrays,
Her who loves lonesomeness best, & her who masks & plays,
Her whom the country formed, & whom the town,
Her who believes, & her who tries,
Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
And her who is dry cork, & never cries;
I can love her, & her, and you, & you;
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices spent, and now would find out others?
Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?
O we are not; be not you so;
Let me, and do you, 20 know.
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.
Must I, who came to travail thorough you,
Grow your fixed subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song,
And by love's sweetest part, variety, she swore,
She heard not this till now; and that it should be so no more.
She went, examined, and returned ere long,
And said, 'Alas, some two or three
Poor heretics in love there be
Which think to 'stablish dangerous constancy.
But I have told them, "Since you will be true,
You shall be true to them who are false to you."'

XXIV.2.

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.1 'The Indifferent', The Very Rev Dr John Donne (1572 – 1631), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

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.

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.3.

Better the devil you know.

XXV

XXV.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,

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

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

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.

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:
 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.

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

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

XXVI.1 ‘Arabia’, John Falkner (1858 – 1932), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. The poem has the subtitle: ‘[David George] Hogarth’s *Penetration of Arabia*’. ¶9. This poem contains a number of intriguingly obscure references, beginning with a roll-call of significant – though now largely forgotten – European explorers. Jean Louis Burckhardt (1784 – 1817) was a Swiss explorer and the first European to set eyes on the city of Petra in over a thousand years. Joseph Halévy (1827 – 1917) was an Ottoman-French-Jewish orientalist who was most notable for his exploration of the Yemen. Karsten Niebuhr (1733 – 1815) was the cartographer of the Royal Danish Arabian Expedition, and the only member of that group to return to Europe alive. Ulrich Jasper Seetzen (1767 – 1811) was murdered as an infidel by his fellow Muslims – he had undertaken an apparently sincere conversion two years before – while in search of the lost city that Burckhardt would finally rediscover. George Sadleir (1789 – 1859) was a captain in the British Army who, in endeavouring (successfully) to deliver a ceremonial sword to an Egyptian commander on behalf of Queen Victoria, inadvertently became the first European to cross the Arabia Peninsula. Jan Jansz Struys (1630 – 1694) was a Dutch sailor more famous for exploring Russia, but who, as prisoner of war in the Ottoman Empire, must have seen more of the Middle East than most Europeans of his day. The exact Slater being referred to, however, remains unclear. ¶17. The location of Samna is likewise unclear. Is this perhaps an archaic name for – or a garbled version of – Sana’a? ¶24. Zobëide is an archaic romanisation of زَيْبَة, now more commonly transliterated as Zubaidah, the granddaughter, niece and wife of three distinct Abbasid caliphs, famous for constructing a series of aqueducts for Mecca and Medina.

Who are these from the strange ineffable places,
 From the topaz mountain to the desert of doubt,
 With the glow of the Yemen full on their faces,
 And a breath from the spices of Hadramaut?

Travel-apprentices, travel-indenturers,
 Young men, old men, black hair, white,
 Names to conjure with, wild adventurers,
 From the noonday furnace to the purple night.

Burckhardt, Halévy, Niebuhr, Slater,
 Seventeenth, 18th century beys,
Seetzen, Sadleir, Struys and later
 Down to the long victorian days.

A 1000 miles at the back of Aden,
 There they had time to think of things;
 In the outer silence and burnt air laden
 With the shadow of death & a vulture's wings.

There they remembered the last house in Samna,
 Last of the plane-trees, last shepherd & flock,
 Prayed for the heavens to rain down manna,
 Prayed for a *Moses* to strike down the rock.

Famine & fever flagged their forces
 Till they died in a dream of ice & fruit
 In the long-forgotten watercourses
 By the edge of Queen *Zobëide*'s route.

They have left the hope of the green oases,
 The fear of the bleaching bones & the pest,
 They have found the more ineffable places –
Allah has given them rest.

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,

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.

About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

XXVI.3.

Catching's before hanging.

XXVII

XXVII.1.

As I came round the harbour buoy,
The lights began to gleam,
No wave the land-locked water stirred,
The crags were white as cream;
And I marked my love by candlelight
Sewing her long white seam.
It's aye sewing ashore, my dear,
Watch and steer at sea,
It's reef and furl, and haul the line,
Set sail and think of thee.

I climbed to reach her cottage door;
O sweetly my love sings!
Like a shaft of light her voice breaks forth,
My soul to meet it springs
As the shining water leaped of old,
When stirred by angel wings.
Aye longing to list anew,
Awake and in my dream.
But never a song she sang like this,
Sewing her long white seam.

Fair fall the lights, the harbour lights.
That brought me in to thee.
And peace drop down on that low roof
For the sight that I did see,
And the voice, my dear, that rang so clear,
All for the love of me.
For O, for O with brows bent low
By the candle's flickering gleam,
Her wedding gown it was she wrought,
Sewing the long white seam.

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

XXVII.1 'The Long White Seam', Miss Jean Ingelow (1820 – 1897), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

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.

Friends, romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
 I come to bury *Caesar*, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them;
 The good is oft interrèd with their bones;
 So let it be with *Caesar*. The noble *Brutus*
 Hath told you *Caesar* was ambitious:
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
 And grievously hath *Caesar* answered it.
 Here, under leave of *Brutus* & the rest –
 For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
 So are they all, all honourable men –
 Come I to speak in *Caesar*'s funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful & just to me:
 But *Brutus* says he was ambitious;
 And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
 Did this in *Caesar* seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, *Caesar* hath wept:

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 R William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. These lines are spoken by Mark Antony in *Julius Caesar* III.2.

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
 Yet *Brutus* says he was ambitious;
 And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
 You all did see that on the Lupercal
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
 Yet *Brutus* says he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause:
 What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
 O judgment! Thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with *Caesar*,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

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;
 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.

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.

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

XXIX.1 R William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. It is with these lines that Orsino opens *Twelfth Night*.

If music be the food of love, play on;
 Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.
 That strain again! It had a dying fall:
 O it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing & giving odour! Enough; no more:
 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
 O spirit of love! How quick and fresh art thou,
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea; nought enters there,
 Of what validity & pitch soe'er,
 But falls into abatement & low price,
 Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
 That it alone is high fantastical.

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.

XXX

XXX.1.

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.1 R William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. These are the opening lines of *Richard III*, spoken by the eponymous villain, who at this time is Duke of Gloucester. ¶2. The sun in splendour was, with the white rose, one of the symbols of the House of York. There is also a pun here, since Edward IV, the man being praised, was the eldest surviving son of Richard Plantagenet, 3rd Duke of York.

Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of *York*;
 And all the clouds that loured upon our house
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
 Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
 And now, instead of mounting barded steeds
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
 I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce $\frac{1}{2}$ made up,
 And that so lamely & unfashionable
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
 And descant on mine own deformity:
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determined to prove a villain
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels & dreams,
 To set my brother *Clarence* and the King
 In deadly hate the one against the other:
 And if King *Edward* be as true & just
 As I am subtle, false & treacherous,
 This day should *Clarence* closely be mewed up,
 About a prophecy, which says that *G*
 Of *Edward's* heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here *Clarence* comes.

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

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.

As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

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

I

I.1.

I love the jocund dance,
The softly-breathing song,
Where innocent eyes do glance,
And where lisps the maiden's tongue.

I love the laughing vale;
I love the echoing hill,
Where mirth does never fail,
And the jolly swain laughs his fill.

I love the pleasant cot,
I love the innocent bower,
Where white & brown is our lot,
Or fruit in the midday hour.

I love the oaken seat
Beneath the oaken tree,
Where all the old villagers meet,
And laugh our sports to see.

I love our neighbours all,
But, *Kitty*, I better love thee;
And love them I ever shall;
But thou art all to me.

I.2.

Now that the midday heat doth scorch my shame
With lightning of fond lust, I will retire
Under this vine whose arms with wandering spire
Do climb upon the cross, and on the same
Devise a cool repose from lawless flame,
Whose leaves are intertwist with love entire,
That envy's eye cannot transfuse her fire,

I.1 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*.

I.2 R 'Ego Sum Vitis', The Rev Dr William Alabaster (1568 – 1640), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. The title is taken from the Vulgate of John 14.6.

But is rebated on the shady frame;
 And youthful vigour from the leavèd tier,
 Doth stream upon my soul a new desire.
 List, list, the ditties of sublimèd fame,
 Which in the closet of those leaves the choir
 Of heavenly birds do warble to his name.
 Or where was I that was not where I am?

I.3.

Strike while the iron is hot.

II

II.1.

There is no thing in all the world but love,
 No jubilant thing of sun or shade worth one sad tear.
 Why dost thou ask my lips to fashion songs
 Other than this, my song of love to thee?

See where I lie and pluck the thorns of grief,
 Dust on my head and fire, as one who mourns his slain.
 Are they not slain, my treasures of dear peace?
 This their red burial is, sand heaped on sand.

Here came I in the morning of my joys.
 Before the dawn was born, through the dark downs I rode.
 The low stars led me on as with a voice,
 Stars of the scorpion's tail in the deep Ssouth.

Sighing I came, and scattering wide the sand.
 No need had I to urge her speed with hand or heel,
 The creature I bestrode. She knew my haste,
 And knew the road I sought, the road to thee.

Jangling her bells aloud in wantonness,
 And sighing soft, she too, her sighs to my soul's sighs.
 Behind us the wind followed thick with scents
 Of incense blossoms & the dews of night.

The thorn trees caught at us with their crook'd hands;
 The hills in blackness hemmed us in and hid the road;
 The spectres of the desert howled and warned;
 I heeded nothing of their words of woe.

I.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. The *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* lists this saying under 'Proverbs'. Dryden provides an interesting variation in the dedication to his translation of the *Aeneid*: 'We must beat the iron while it is hot, but we may polish it at leisure.'

II.1 'The Camel Rider', Wilfrid Blunt (1840 – 1922), Heath-Stubbs and Wright, *The Faber Book of Twentieth Century Verse*.

Thus till the dawn I sped in my desire,
Breasting the ridges, slope on slope, till morning broke;
And lo, the sun revealed to me no sign,
And lo, the day was widowed of my hope.

Where are the tents of pleasure & dear love,
Set in the vale of thyme, where winds in spring are fain?
The highways of the valley, where they stood
Strong in their flocks, are there. But where are they?

The plain was dumb, as emptied of all voice;
No bleat of herds, no camels roaring far below
Told of their presence in the pastures void,
Of the waste places which had been their homes.

I climbed down from my watch-tower of the rocks,
To where the tamarisks grow, & the dwarf palms, alarmed.
I called them with my voice, as the deer calls,
Whose young the wolves have hunted from their place.

I sought them in the foldings of the hill,
In the deep hollows shut with rocks, where no winds blow.
I sought their footstep under the tall cliffs,
Shut from the storms, where the first lambs are born.

The tamarisk boughs had blossomed in the night,
And the white broom which bees had found, the wild bees' brood.
But no dear signal told me of their life,
No spray was torn in all that world of flowers.

Where are the tents of pleasure & dear love,
For which my soul took ease for its delight in spring,
The black tents of her people beautiful
Beyond the beauty of the sons of kings?

The wind of war has swept them from their place,
Scattering them wide as quails, whom the hawk's hate pursues;
The terror of the sword importunate
Was at their backs, nor spared them as they flew.

The summer wind has passed upon their fields;
The rain has purged their hearth-stones, and made smooth their floors;
Low in the valley lie their broken spears,
And the white bones which are their tale forlorn.

Where are the sons of Saba in the south,
The men of mirth & pride to whom my songs were sung,
The kinsmen of her soul who is my soul,
The brethren of her beauty whom I love?

She mounted her tall camel in the waste,
 Loading it high for flight with her most precious things;
 She went forth weeping in the wilderness,
 Alone with fear on that far night of ill.

She fled mistrusting, as the wild roe flees,
 Turning her eyes behind her, while fear fled before;
 No other refuge knew she than her speed,
 And the black land that lies where night is born.

Under what canopy of sulphurous heaven,
 Dark with the thunderclouds unloosing their mad tongues,
 Didst thou lie down aweary of thy burden,
 In that dread place of silence thou hadst won?

Close to what shelter of what naked rocks,
 Carved with what names of terror of what kings of old,
 Near to what monstrous shapes unmerciful,
 Watching thy death, didst thou give up thy soul?

Or dost thou live by some forgotten well,
 Waiting thy day of ransom to return and smile,
 As the birds come when spring is in the heaven,
 And dost thou watch me near while I am blind?

Blind in my tears, because I only weep,
 Kindling my soul to fire because I mourn my slain,
 My kindred slain, and thee, & my dear peace,
 Making their burial thus, sand heaped on sand.

For see, there nothing is in all the world
 But only love worth any strife or song or tear.
 Ask me not then to sing or fashion songs
 Other than this, my song of love to thee.

II.2.

With what sense is it that the chicken shuns the ravenous hawk?
 With what sense does the tame pigeon measure out the expanse?
 With what sense does the bee form cells? Have not the mouse & frog
 Eyes & ears & sense of touch? Yet are their habitations
 And their pursuits as different as their forms & as their joy.
 Ask the wild ass why he refuses burdens, and the meek camel
 Why he loves man: is it because of eye, ear, mouth or skin,
 Or breathing nostrils? No: for these the wolf & tyger have.
 Ask the blind worm the secrets of the grave and why her spires
 Love to curl around the bones of death: and ask the ravenous snake
 Where she gets poison; and the winged eagle why he loves the sun;
 And then tell me the thoughts of man, that have been hid of old.

II.2 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. This poem constitutes one of the middle sections of *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*.

II.3.

He that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils.

III**III.1.**

O to be in England
Now that april's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs & the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England – now!

And after april, when may follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops – at the bent spray's edge –
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower –
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

III.2.

And thus she sung, all naked as she sat,
Laying the happy lute upon her thigh,
Not thinking any near to wonder at
The bliss of her sweet breasts' divinity.

III.3.

Hope is a good breakfast, but it is a bad supper.

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

III.1 'Home Thoughts, from Abroad', Robert Browning (1828 – 1889), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

III.2 R George Chapman (1559 – 1634), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. These four lines are taken from Chapman's longish poem 'Ovid's Banquet of Sense', in which the English poet imagines the Roman slipping into one of Augustus' palace gardens and watching Julia the Elder take a bath. Chapman identifies this Julia with Corinna, the heroine of Ovid's *Amores*.

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

IV

IV.1.

Room after room,
 I hunt the house through
 We inhabit together.
 Heart, fear nothing, for, heart, thou shalt find her –
 Next time, herself! – not the trouble behind her
 Left in the curtain, the couch's perfume!
 As she brushed it, the cornice-wreath blossomed anew:
 Yon looking-glass gleamed at the wave of her feather.

Yet the day wears,
 And door succeeds door;
 I try the fresh fortune –
 Range the wide house from the wing to the centre.
 Still the same chance! She goes out as I enter.
 Spend my whole day in the quest – who cares?
 But 'tis twilight, you see – with such suites to explore,
 Such closets to search, such alcoves to importune!

IV.2.

The dark-haired girl, who holds my thought entirely
 Yet keeps me from her arms and what I desire,
 Will never take my word for he is proud
 And none may have his way with *Peggy Browne*.

Often I dream that I am in the woods
 At Westport House. She strays alone, blue-hooded,
 Then lifts her flounces, hurries from a shower,
 But sunlight stays all day with *Peggy Browne*.

Her voice is music, every little echo
 My pleasure and O her shapely breasts, I know,
 Are white as her own milk, when taffeta gown
 Is let out, inch by inch, for *Peggy Browne*.

A lawless dream comes to me in the night time,
 That we are stretching together side by side;
 Nothing I want to do can make her frown.
 I wake alone, sighing for *Peggy Browne*.

IV.3.

IV.1 'My Last Duchess', Robert Browning (1828 – 1889), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

IV.2 'Peggy Browne', Austin Clarke (1896 – 1974), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. These lines are a translation of an Irish song by the eighteenth century harper Turlough O'Carolan ¶6. The foundations of Westport House were laid by one Col John Browne, whose descendants, eleven of whom held the title Marquess of Sligo, continue to possess the house into the twenty-first century.

IV.3 Hilaire Belloc (1870 – 1953), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Title: 'On His Books'.

When I am dead, I hope it may be said,
 ‘His sins were scarlet, but his books were read.’

V

V.1.

Hark, all you ladies that do sleep;
 The fairy queen *Proserpina*
 Bids you awake and pity them that weep.
 You may do in the dark
 What the day doth forbid;
 Fear not the dogs that bark;
 Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers moan,
 The fairy queen *Proserpina*
 Will send abroad her fairies ev’ry one,
 That shall pinch black & blue
 Your white hands & fair arms
 That did not kindly rue
 Your paramour’s harms.

In myrtle arbours on the downs
 The fairy queen *Proserpina*,
 This night by moonshine leading merry rounds
 Holds a watch with sweet love,
 Down the dale, up the hill;
 No plaints or groans may move
 Their holy vigil.

All you that will hold watch with love,
 The fairy queen *Proserpina*
 Will make you fairer than *Dione’s* dove;
 Roses red, lilies white,
 And the clear damask hue,
 Shall on your cheeks alight:
 Love will adorn you.

All you that love, or loved before,
 The fairy queen *Proserpina*
 Bids you increase that loving humour more:
 They that yet have not fed
 On delight amorous,

V.1 R Dr Thomas Campion (1567 – 1620), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. ¶24. Dione’s oracle at Dodona was said to have been founded at the command of a black dove. ¶35. Avernus is a volcanic crater in Campania, believed by the Romans to be an entrance into Hades; an obscure proverb states that women who die unwed will have to lead some sort of procession of primates through this netherworld; for instance, one reads in *The London Prodigal* (a Jacobean play of uncertain authorship) that, ‘Tis an old proverb, and you know it well,/ That women dying maids lead apes in hell.’

She vows that they shall lead
Apes in Avernus.

V.2.

When night stirred at sea
And the fire brought a crowd in,
They say that her beauty
Was music in mouth
And few in the candlelight
Thought her too proud,
For the house of the planter
Is known by the trees.

Men that had seen her
Drank deep and were silent;
The women were speaking
Wherever she went –
As a bell that is rung
Or a wonder told shyly,
And O she was the sunday
In every week.

V.3.

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.

VI

VI.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 –

V.2 'The Planter's Daughter', Austin Clarke (1896 – 1974), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

V.3 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. This is one of Blake's 'Proverbs of Hell' from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

VI.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.

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

VI.2.

Pious *Selinda* goes to prayers
If I but ask the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears
When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner.

VI.3.

Dip him in the river who loves water.

VII

VII.1.

'You are old, Father *William*,' the young man said,
'And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head –
Do you think, at your age, it is right?'

'In my youth,' Father *William* replied to his son,
'I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again & again.'

'You are old,' said the youth, 'as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door –
Pray, what is the reason of that?'

VI.2 William Congreve (1670 – 1729), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

VI.3 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. This is one of Blake's 'Proverbs of Hell' from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

VII.1 The Rev Charles Dodgson (1832 – 1898), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. These lines have been parodied many times, and yet they themselves were originally intended as a parody of Robert Southey's "The Old Man's Comforts and How He Gained Them".

‘In my youth,’ said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
 ‘I kept all my limbs very supple
 By the use of this ointment – one shilling the box –
 Allow me to sell you a couple?’

‘You are old,’ said the youth, ‘and your jaws are too weak
 For anything tougher than suet;
 Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak –
 Pray, how did you manage to do it?’

‘In my youth,’ said his father, ‘I took to the law,
 And argued each case with my wife;
 And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
 Has lasted the rest of my life.’

‘You are old,’ said the youth. ‘One would hardly suppose
 That your eye was as steady as ever;
 Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose –
 What made you so awfully clever?’

‘I have answered three questions, and that is enough,’
 Said his father; ‘don’t give yourself airs!
 Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
 Be off, or I’ll kick you downstairs!’

VII.2.

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play;
 Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;
 Love does on both her lips for ever stray
 And sows and reaps a 1000 kisses there.
 In all her outward parts love’s always seen;
 But O he never went within.

VII.3.

He whose face gives no light shall never become a star.

VIII

VIII.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

VII.2 R Abraham Cowley (1618 – 1667), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. This is the first verse of a poem called ‘The Change’.

VII.3 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. This is one of Blake’s ‘Proverbs of Hell’ from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

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

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.
 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.

VIII.2.

Through the open french window the warm sun
 Lights up the polished breakfast table, laid
 Round a bowl of crimson roses, for one –
 A service of worcester porcelain, arrayed
 Near it a melon, peaches, figs, small hot
 Rolls in a napkin, fairy rack of toast,
 Butter in ice, high silver coffee pot,
 And, heaped on a salver, the morning's post.

She comes over the lawn, the young heiress,
 From her early walk in her garden wood,
 Feeling that life's a table set to bless
 Her delicate desires with all that's good,

That even the unopened future lies
 Like a love letter, full of sweet surprise.

VIII.3.

VIII.2 'Still-Life', Mrs Elizabeth Daryush (1887 – 1977), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

VIII.3 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. This is one of Blake's 'Proverbs of Hell' from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

If the fool would persist in his folly he would be wise.

IX

IX.1.

The masters go abroad to view the town,
 And first the churches for devotions' sake;
 And then the monuments of most renown,
 As travellers a common custom take:
 The girl within the chamber sate her down;
 The men are busied; some the beds do make;
 Some care to dress their wearied horse, and some
 Make ready meat against their masters come.

In this same house the girl a greek had spied,
 That in her father's house a boy had been,
 And slept full often sweetly by her side,
 And much good sport had passèd them between;
 Yet fearing lest their love should be descried,
 In open talk they durst not to be seen,
 But when by hap the pages down were gone,
 Old love renewed and thus they talk thereon.

The greek demands her whither she was going,
 And which of these two great estates her keeps.
 She told them all; she needs no further wooing,
 And how a-night between them both she sleeps:
 'Ah!' quoth the greek. 'Thou tellest my undoing,
 My dear *Fiametta*, and with that he weeps;
 With these two lords wilt thou from Spain be banished.
 Are all my hopes thus into nothing vanished?

'My sweet designments turnèd are to sour;
 My service long finds little recompense;
 I made a stock according to my power,
 By hoarding up my wages, and the pence
 That guests did give, that came in lucky hour;

IX.1 \mathbb{R} Sir John Harington (1560 – 1612), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. A good chunk of explanation is perhaps helpful with respect to this poem. Firstly, these lines are from Sir John's translation of Ludovico Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, being XXVIII v.55-65. Before our story begins, two friends, Giocondo and Astolfo (who also happens to be King of Lombardy), go on a kind of lads' holiday, seducing numerous women – they aim for a thousand each – in order to console themselves over their wives' infidelity. Believing no single man of being able to satisfy a woman's lust, they form a kind of polyandrous marriage with an innkeeper's daughter, Fiametta, who sleeps each night between the two men. In the lines here printed, Fiametta happens to bump into her Greek childhood sweetheart. The two wish to start a life together; however, Fiametta, being taken, comes up with a consolation prize. She tells her Greek paramour to sneak into her room and make love to her, and tricks both Giocondo and Astolfo into believing that the other is enjoying her instead. After these lines end, the two friends discover Fiametta's infidelity after the fact, but take being re-cuckolded with a surprisingly robust sense of humour, and allow her and the Greek to get married.

I meant ere long to have departed hence,
 And to have asked thy sires good will to marry thee,
 And that obtained, unto a house to carry thee.'

The wench of her hard fortune doth complain,
 And saith that now she doubts he sues too late;
 The greek doth sigh & sob, and part doth fain.
 'And shall I die,' quoth he, 'in this estate?
 Let me enjoy thy sweetness once again,
 Before my days draw to their doleful date;
 One small refreshing ere we quite depart
 Will make me die with more contented heart.'

The girl with pity mov'd, thus replies,
 'Think not,' quoth she, 'but I desire the same;
 But hard it is among so many eyes,
 Without incurring punishment & shame.'
 'Ah!' quoth the greek, 'some means thou wouldst devise,
 If thou but felt a $\frac{1}{4}$ of my flame,
 To meet this night in some convenient place,
 And be together but a little space.

'Tush!' answered she. 'You sue now out of season,
 For every night I lie betwixt them two
 And they will quickly fear and find the treason,
 Sith still with one of them I have to do.'
 'Well,' quoth the greek, 'I could refute that reason,
 If you would put your helping hand thereto;
 You must,' said he, 'some pretty 'scuse devise,
 And find occasion from them both to rise.'

She first bethinks herself, and after bad
 He should return when all were sound asleep,
 And learnèd him, who was thereof right glad,
 To go & come, what order he should keep.
 Now came the greek, as he his lesson had,
 When all was hushed, as soft as he could creep,
 First to the door, which opened when he pushed,
 Then to the chamber, which was softly rushed.

He takes a long & leisureable stride,
 And longest on the hinder foot he stayed,
 So soft he treads, although his steps were wide,
 As though to tread on eggs he were afraid;
 And as he goes, he gropes on either side
 To find the bed, with hands abroad displayed,
 And having found the bottom of the bed,
 He creepeth in, and forward go'th his head.

Between *Fiametta*'s tender thighs he came,
 That lay upright, as ready to receive;
 At last they fell unto their merry game,
 Embracing sweetly now to take their leave;
 He rode in post, nor can he bait for shame;
 The beast was good, and would not him deceive;
 He thinks her pace so easy & so sure,
 That all the night to ride he could endure.

Giocundo and the king do both perceive
 The bed to rock, as oft it comes to pass,
 And both of them one error did deceive,
 For either thought it his companion was:
 Now hath the greek taken his latter leave,
 And as he came, he back again doth pass,
 And *Phoebus*' beams did now to shine begin;
Fiametta rose and let the pages in.

IX.2.

Let us use it while we may,
 Snatch those joys that haste away.
 Earth her winter coat may cast,
 And renew her beauty past:
 But, our winter come, in vain
 We solicit spring again;
 And when our furrows snow shall cover,
 Love may return but never lover.

IX.3.

No bird soars too high if he soars with his own wings.

X

X.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;

IX.2 'Of Beauty', Sir Richard Fanshaw, 1st Baronet (1608 – 1666), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

IX.3 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. This is one of Blake's 'Proverbs of Hell' from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

X.1 'Man', The Rev George Herbert (1593 – 1633), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

¶8. Other sources put 'no fruit' instead of 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:
 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.

X.2.

Lovers, rejoice. Your pains shall be rewarded,
The god of love himself grieves at your crying:
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of a maid denying.
No more shall virgins sigh, and say, 'We dare not,
For men are false, and what they do they care not.'
All shall be well again; then do not grieve;
Men shall be true, and women shall believe.

Lovers, rejoice. What you shall say henceforth,
When you have caught your sweethearts in your arms,
It shall be accounted oracle & worth:
No more faint-hearted girls shall dream of harms,
And cry they are too young. The god hath said
Fifteen shall make a mother of a maid.
Then, wise men, pull your roses yet unblown;
Love hates the too ripe fruit that falls alone.

X.3.

Prisons are built with stones of law, brothels with bricks of religion.

XI

XI.1.

I dreamed this mortal part of mine
Was metamorphosed to a vine,
Which crawling one & every way
Enthralled my dainty *Lucia*.
Methought her long small legs & thighs
I with my tendrils did surprise;
Her belly, buttocks and her waist
By my soft nervelets were embraced.
About her head I writhing hung,
And with rich clusters (hid among
The leaves) her temples I behung,
So that my *Lucia* seemed to me
Young *Bacchus* ravished by his tree.
My curls about her neck did crawl,

X.2 R 'Lovers Rejoyce', John Fletcher (1579 – 1625), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. This song is appears in *Cupid's Revenge* I.2. ¶3. The word 'regarded' in this context means something closer to "congealed" in modern English.

X.3 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. This is one of Blake's 'Proverbs of Hell' from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

XI.1 'The Vine', Robert Herrick (1591 – 1674), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

And arms & hands they did enthrall,
 So that she could not freely stir
 (All parts there made one prisoner).
 But when I crept with leaves to hide
 Those parts which maids keep unespied,
 Such fleeting pleasures there I took
 That with the fancy I awoke;
 And found (ah me!) this flesh of mine
 More like a stock than like a vine.

XI.2.

Love in her eyes sits playing,
 And sheds delicious death;
 Love on her lips is straying,
 And warbling in her breath.
 Love on her breast sits panting
 And swells with soft desire;
 No grace, no charm is wanting,
 To set the heart on fire.

XI.3.

The weak in courage is strong in cunning.

XII**XII.1.**

If you can keep your head when all about you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
 But make allowance for their doubting too;
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
 Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
 Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream – and not make dreams your master;
 If you can think – and not make thoughts your aim;
 If you can meet with triumph & disaster
 And treat those two impostors just the same;
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
 Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

XI.2 John Gay (1685 – 1732), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. Handel set these words to music in his operetta *Acis and Galatea*.

XI.3 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. This is one of Blake's 'Proverbs of Hell' from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

XII.1 'If –', Rudyard Kipling (1865 – 1936), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
 And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings
 And never breathe a word about your loss;
 If you can force your heart & nerve & sinew
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you
 Except the will which says to them, 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
 Or walk with kings – nor lose the common touch,
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
 If all men count with you, but none too much;
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute
 With 60 seconds' worth of distance run,
 Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
 And – which is more – you'll be a man, my son!

XII.2.

She turned in the high pew, until her sight
 Swept the west gallery, and caught its row
 Of music-men with viol, book, & bow
 Against the sinking sad tower-window light.
 She turned again; and in her pride's despite
 One strenuous viol's inspirer seemed to throw
 A message from his string to her below,
 Which said: 'I claim thee as my own forthright!'

Thus their hearts' bond began, in due time signed.
 And long years thence, when age had scared romance,
 At some old attitude of his or glance
 That gallery-scene would break upon her mind,
 With him as minstrel, ardent, young, & trim,
 Bowing "New Sabbath" or "Mount Ephraim".

XII.3.

What is now proved was once only imagined.

XII.2 'A Church Romance', Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. This poem is subtitled 'Mellstock: circa 1835', Mellstock being a name Hardy coined himself for a village in his semi-fictional Wessex which corresponded to his native Stinsford. The poem describes Hardy's own parents' courtship.

XII.3 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. This is one of Blake's 'Proverbs of Hell' from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

XIII

XIII.1.

The owl & the pussy-cat went to sea
 In a beautiful pea-green boat;
 They took some honey, and plenty of money,
 Wrapped up in a £5 note.
 The owl looked up to the stars above,
 And sang to a small guitar,
 'O lovely pussy! O pussy, my love,
 What a beautiful pussy you are,
 You are,
 You are!
 What a beautiful pussy you are!'

Pussy said to the owl, 'You elegant fowl!
 How charmingly sweet you sing!
 O let us be married! Too long we have tarried:
 But what shall we do for a ring?'
 They sailed away, for a year & a day,
 To the land where the bong tree grows
 And there in a wood a piggy-wig stood
 With a ring at the end of his nose,
 His nose,
 His nose,
 With a ring at the end of his nose.
 'Dear pig, are you willing to sell for 1 s
 Your ring?' Said the piggy, 'I will.
 So they took it away, and were married next day
 By the turkey who lives on the hill.
 They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
 Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
 And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
 They danced by the light of the moon,
 The moon,
 The moon,
 They danced by the light of the moon.'

XIII.2.

She wore a new terracotta dress,
 And we stayed, because of the pelting storm,
 Within the hansom's dry recess,
 Though the horse had stopped; yea, motionless
 We sat on, snug & warm.

XIII.1 'The Owl and the Pussy-Cat', Edward Lear (1812 – 1888), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The Almanackist's (maternal) grandfather had a picture of 'The Owl and the Pussy-Cat', and, while pointing out the said image, used to sing the poem to his grandson.

XIII.2 'A Thunderstorm in Town', Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*. Hardy's subtitle indicates that the poem is based on a memory of his from 1893.

Then the downpour ceased, to my sharp sad pain
 And the glass that had screened our forms before
 Flew up, and out she sprang to her door:
 I should have kissed her if the rain
 Had lasted a minute moor.

XIII.3.

You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough.

XIV

XIV.1.

Why should you swear I am forsworn,
 Since thine I vowed to be?
 Lady, it is already morn,
 And 'twas last night I swore to thee
 That fond impossibility.

Have I not loved thee much & long,
 A tedious 12 hours' space?
 I must all other beauties wrong,
 And rob thee of a new embrace,
 Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair
 By others may be found;
 But I must search the black & fair,
 Like skilful mineralists that sound
 For treasure in unploughed-up ground.

Then if, when I have loved my round,
 Thou prov'st the pleasant she,
 With spoils of meaner beauties crowned
 I laden will return to thee,
 Ev'n sated with variety.

XIV.2.

In our town, people live in rows.
 The only irregular thing in a street is the steeple;
 And where that points to, God only knows,
 And not the poor disciplined people!

XIII.3 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. This is one of Blake's 'Proverbs of Hell' from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

XIV.1 'The Scrutiny', Col Richard Lovelace (1617 – 1657), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

XIV.2 'The Fired Pot', Mrs Edith Hepburn (1883 – 1947), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. Despite these lines, the act of *turning down* a prospective sexual partner doesn't appear to be something the poetess ever practised herself.

And I have watched the women growing old,
 Passionate about pins, & pence, & soap,
 Till the heart within my wedded breast grew cold,
 And I lost hope.

But a young soldier came to our town;
 He spoke his mind most candidly.
 He asked me quickly to lie down,
 And that was very good for me.

For though I gave him no embrace
 – Remembering my duty –
 He altered the expression of my face,
 And gave me back my beauty.

XIV.3.

He that is down needs fear no fall.

XV

XV.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.

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.

XIV.3 John Bunyan (1628 – 1688), Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*. This is a line from the shepherd boy's song in the second part of *Pilgrim's Progress*.

XV.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.

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

XV.2.

Earnest, earthless, equal, attuneable, | vaulty, voluminous... stupendous
 Evening strains to be time's vást, | womb-of-all, home-of-all, hearse-of-all night.
 Her fond yellow hornlight wound to the west, | her wild hollow hoarlight hung to the height
 Waste; her earliest stars, earl-stars, | stárs principal, overbend us,
 Fíre-féaturing heaven. For earth | her being as unbound, her dapple is at an end, as-tray or aswarm, all throughther, in throngs; | self ín self steepéd and páshed – quite
 Disremembering, dísmémbering, | áll now. Heart, you round me right
 With: óur évening is over us; óur night | whélms, whélms, and will end us.
 Only the beak-leaved boughs dragonish | damask the tool-smooth bleak light; black,
 Ever so black on it. Óur tale, O óur oracle! | Lét life, wáned, ah lét life wind
 Off hér once skéined stained véined varíety | upon áll on twó spools; párt, pen, páck
 Now her áll in twó flocks, twó folds – black, white; | right, wrong; reckon but, reck but, mind
 But thése two; wáre of a wórld where bút these | twó tell, each off the óther; of a rack
 Where, selfwrung, selfstrung, sheathe- & shelterless, | thóughts agáinst thoughts ín groans grínd.

XV.3.

Words easy to be understood do often hit the mark; where high and learned ones do only pierce the air.

XV.2 'Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves', Fr Gerard Hopkins (1844 – 1889), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. The title is probably an allusion to the Sibylline Books of ancient Rome.

XV.3 John Bunyan (1628 – 1688), Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*. These words are taken from Bunyan's introduction to *The Holy City*, his commentary on the closing chapters of Revelation.

XVI

XVI.1.

Go, my songs, to the lonely and the unsatisfied;
 Go also to the nerve-racked; go to the enslaved-by-convention.
 Bear to them my contempt for their oppressors.
 Go as a great wave of cool water;
 Bear my contempt of oppressors.

Speak against unconscious oppression;
 Speak against the tyranny of the unimaginative;
 Speak against bonds.
 Go to the ~~bourgeois~~ who is dying of her ennui;
 Go to the women in suburbs.
 Go to the hideously wedded;
 Go to them whose failure is concealed;
 Go to the unluckily mated;
 Go to the bought wife;
 Go to the woman entailed.

Go to those who have delicate lust;
 Go to those whose delicate desires are thwarted;
 Go like a blight upon the dulness of the world;
 Go with your edge against this;
 Strengthen the subtle cords;
 Bring confidence upon the algae & the tentacles of the soul.
 Go in a friendly manner;
 Go with an open speech.
 Be eager to find new evils & new good;
 Be against all forms of oppression.
 Go to those who are thickened with middle age,
 To those who have lost their interest.

Go to the adolescent who are smothered in family –
 O how hideous it is
 To see three generations of one house gathered together!
 It is like an old tree with shoots,
 And with some branches rotted & falling.

Go out and defy opinion;
 Go against this vegetable bondage of the blood.
 Be against all sorts of mortmain.

XVI.1 ‘Commission’, Ezra Pound (1885 – 1972), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*. ¶35. ‘Mortmain’ (literally “dead hand”) is an obscure piece of Anglo-Norman legalese which refers to the manner in which a legal person – as opposed to a literal or “natural” person – owns land. Said legal person was, more often than not, some sort of religious organisation.

XVI.2 ‘Inversnaid’, Fr Gerard Hopkins (1844 – 1889), Read and Dobrée, *The London Book of English Verse*. Inversnaid is a hamlet on the southern edge of the Scottish Highlands, famous for a nearby cave associated with the folk hero Rob Roy, and in more recent times for having a primary school with only two pupils, which subsequently closed for that reason.

XVI.2.

This darksome burn, horseback brown,
 His rollrock highroad roaring down,
 In coop & in comb the fleece of his foam
 Flutes and low to the lake falls home.

A windpuff-bonnet of fáwn-fróth
 Turns and twindles over the broth
 Of a pool so pitchblack, féll-frówning,
 It rounds and rounds despair to drowning.

Degged with dew, dappled with dew
 Are the groins of the braes that the brook treads through,
 Wiry heathpacks, flitches of fern,
 And the beadbony ash that sits over the burn.

What would the world be, once bereft
 Of wet & of wildness? Let them be left;
 O let them be left, wildness & wet;
 Long live the weeds & the wilderness yet.

XVI.3.

Oaths are but words.

XVII**XVII.1.**

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,

XVI.3 Samuel Butler (1612 – 1680), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XVII.1 'The Cloud', Percy Shelley (1792 – 1822), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

This poem may well have been influenced by, and in any case bears a striking likeness to, riddles from the *Exeter Book*.

Lightning my pilot sits;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits;
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes & the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The spirit he loves remains;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead;
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks & swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardours of rest & of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of Heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine aEDDOTry nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer;
 And I laugh to see them whirl & flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till calm the rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel & swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,

Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth & water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean & shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain when with never a stain
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds & sunbeams with their convex gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

XVII.2.

Beauty, I know, is good, and blood is more;
 Riches thought most; but, madam, think what store
 The world hath seen, which all these had in trust
 And now lie in their forgotten dust.
 It is the muse alone, can raise to heaven,
 And at her strong arm's end, hold up, and even
 The souls she loves. Those other glorious notes,
 Inscribed in touch or marble, or the coats
 Painted or carved upon our great men's tombs,
 Or in their windows, do but prove the wombs
 That bred them, graves: when they were born they died
 That had no muse to make their fame abide
 How many equal with the argive queen,
 Have beauty known, yet none so famous seen?

XVII.3.

Good workmen never quarrel with their tools.

XVII.2 R Ben Jonson (1572 – 1637), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. These lines are taken from Jonson's verse letter to Elizabeth, the wife of the 5th Earl of Rutland (of the third creation) and daughter of Sir Philip Sidney.

XVII.3 George Noel, 6th Baron Byron (1788 – 1824), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. This is a line from the first canto of *Don Juan*.

XVIII

XVIII.1.

Yes, contumelious fair, you scorn
 The amorous dwarf, that courts you to his arms,
 But ere you leave him quite forlorn,
 And to some youth gigantic yield your charms,
 Hear him, O hear him, if you will not try,
 And let your judgment check th'ambition of your eye.

Say, is it carnage makes the man?
 Is to be monstrous really to be great?
 Say, is it wise or just to scan
 Your lover's worth by quantity, or weight?
 Ask your mamma & nurse, if it be so;
 Nurse & mamma, I ween, shall jointly answer, no.

The less the body to the view,
 The soul (like springs in closer durance pent)
 Is all exertion, ever new,
 Unceasing, unextinguished, and unspent;
 Still pouring forth executive desire,
 As bright, as brisk, & lasting, as the vestal fire.

Does thy young bosom pant for fame?
 Would'st thou be of posterity the toast?
 The poets shall ensure thy name,
 Who magnitude of mind not body boast.
 Laurels on bulky bards as rarely grow,
 As on the sturdy oak the virtuous misletoe.

Look in the glass, survey that cheek
 Where *Flora* has with all her roses blushed;
 The shape so tender, looks so meek,
 The breasts made to be pressed, not to be crushed –
 Then turn to me – turn with obliging eyes,
 Nor longer nature's works, in miniature, despise.

Young *Ammon* did the world subdue,
 Yet had not more external man than I;
 Ah charmer, should I conquer you,
 With him in fame, as well as size, I'll vie.
 Then, scornful nymph, come forth to yonder grove,
 Where I defy, and challenge, all thy utmost love.

XVIII.1 'The Author Apologizes to a Lady for His Being a Little Man', Christopher Smart (1722 – 1771), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*. Smart affixed two quotations to this poem: one from the *Ἰλιάς* (I.167) – *Ἰλίγον τε φίλον τε*, which means, "A small but dear thing" – and one from Pliny's *Naturalis Historia* – 'Natura nusquam magis, quam in minimis tota est', which means, "Nature is nowhere greater than in the smallest of things".

XVIII.2 John Keats (1795 – 1821), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

XVIII.2.

This living hand, now warm & capable
 Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold
 And in the icy silence of the tomb,
 So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights
 That thou would wish thine own heart dry of blood
 So in my veins red life might stream again,
 And thou be conscience-calmed; see here it is;
 I hold it towards you.

XVIII.3.

Conventionality is not morality.

XIX**XIX.1.**

The lopped tree in time may grow again;
 Most naked plants renew both fruit & flower;
 The sorest wight may find release of pain;
 The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower.
 Times go by turns, and chances change by course:
 From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow;
 She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
 Her tide hath equal times to come & go;
 Her loom doth weave the fine & coarsest web.
 No joy so great, but runneth to an end;
 No hap so hard, but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;
 No endless night, yet not eternal day;
 The saddest birds a season find to sing;
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
 Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
 That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
 The net that holds no great, takes little fish;
 In some things all, in all things none are crossed:
 Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
 Unmeddled joys here to no man befall;
 Who least, hath some, who most, hath never all.

XVIII.3 Mrs Charlotte Nicholls (1816 – 1855), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.
 These words are taken from the author's preface to *Jane Eyre*.

XIX.1 R 'Tymes Goe by Turnes', Saint Robert Southwell (1561 – 1595), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

XIX.2.

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea & the sky,
 And all I ask is a tall ship & a star to steer her by;
 And the wheel's kick & the wind's song & the white sail's shaking,
 And a grey mist on the sea's face, & a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
 Is a wild call & a clear call that may not be denied;
 And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
 And the flung spray & the blown spume, & the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
 To the gull's way & the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
 And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
 And quiet sleep & a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

XIX.3.

To go naked is the best disguise.

XX**XX.1.**

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
 The mother of months in meadow or plain
 Fills the shadows and windy places
 With lisp of leaves & ripple of rain;
 And the brown bright nightingale amorous
 Is $\frac{1}{2}$ assuaged for *Itylus*,
 For the thracian ships & the foreign faces,
 The tongueless vigil, & all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
 Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
 With a noise of winds & many rivers,
 With a clamour of waters, & with might;
 Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
 Over the splendour & speed of thy feet;
 For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
 Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her? How shall we sing to her,
 Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?

XIX.2 'Sea-Fever', Dr John Masefield, Poet Laureate (1878 – 1967), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

XIX.3 William Congreve (1670 – 1729), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XX.1 'Chorus', Algernon Swinburne (1837 – 1909), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. This is a chorus from Swinburne's tragedy *Atalanta in Calydon*. ¶6. According to the ἔθυσσεα XIX.519-24, Aedon killed her own son, Itylus, during a psychotic episode, for which Zeus transformed her into a nightingale – hence the bird's mournful song. ¶44. The terms 'maenad' and 'bassarid' are synonyms.

O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
 Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
 For the stars & the winds are unto her
 As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
 For the risen stars & the fallen cling to her,
 And the southwest wind & the west wind sing.

For winter's rains & ruins are over,
 And all the season of snows & sins;
 The days dividing lover & lover,
 The light that loses, the night that wins;
 And time remembered is grief forgotten,
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
 And in green underwood & cover
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
 Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot,
 The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
 From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
 And fruit & leaf are as gold & fire,
 And the oat is heard above the lyre,
 And the hoofèd heel of a satyr crushes
 The chestnut husk at the chestnut root.

And *Pan* by noon and *Bacchus* by night,
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
 Follows with dancing and fills with delight
 The maenad & the bassarid;
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
 And screen from seeing and leave in sight
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the bacchanal's hair
 Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
 The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
 Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
 The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
 But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
 The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

XX.2.

I so liked spring last year
 Because you were here –
 The thrushes too –

XX.2 Miss Charlotte Mew (1869 – 1928), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

Because it was these you so liked to hear –
I so liked you.

This year's a different thing;
I'll not think of you.
But I'll like the spring because it is simply spring
As the thrushes do.

XX.3.

It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards.

XXI

XXI.1.

Come into the garden, *Maud*,
For the black bat, night, has flown;
Come into the garden, *Maud*;
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dangers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, 'There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance & play.'
Now $\frac{1}{2}$ to the setting moon are gone,
And $\frac{1}{2}$ to the rising day;
Low on the sand & loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes
In babble & revel & wine.

XX.3 The Rev Charles Dodgson (1832 – 1898), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXI.1 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. These are the closing lines of Part I of Lord Tennyson's long poem *Maud*.

Young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
 For one that will never be thine?
 But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose,
 'For ever & ever, mine.'

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
 As the music clashed in the hall;
 And long by the garden lake I stood,
 For I heard your rivulet fall
 From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
 Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
 That whenever a march wind sighs
 He sets the jewel-print of your feet
 In violets blue as your eyes,
 To the woody hollows in which we meet
 And the valleys of paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
 One long milk bloom on the tree;
 The white lake blossom fell into the lake,
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
 But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
 Knowing your promise to me;
 The lilies & roses were all awake.
 They sighed for the dawn & thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
 Come hither; the dances are done,
 In gloss of satin & glimmer of pearls,
 Queen lily & rose in one;
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate.
 She is coming, my dove, my dear;
 She is coming, my life, my fate;
 The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near;'
 And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'
 The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;'
 And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
 Were it ever so airy a tread.
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead,

Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple & red.

XXI.2.

Seventeen years ago you said
Something that sounded like good-by:
And everybody thinks you are dead
But I.

So I as I grow stiff & cold
To this & that say good-by too;
And everybody sees that I am old
But you.

And one fine morning in a sunny lane
Some boy & girl will meet & kiss & swear
That nobody can love their way again
While over there
You will have smiled; I shall have tossed your hair.

XXI.3.

There is plenty of time to win this game, and to thrash the Spaniards too.

XXII

XXII.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;

XXI.2 'A Quoi Bon Dire', Miss Charlotte Mew (1869 – 1928), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. The French title appears to be somewhat untranslatable – the Almanackist only speaks a very broken form of French – but means something like, "What good is there to say?" or, "What's the point of saying?" Mew's title, however, is without a question mark; it's unclear whether this was deliberate or an oversight.

XXI.3 Sir Francis Drake (1540 – 1596), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXII.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 Balacava in 1854.

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
 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.

XXII.2 R George Peele (1556 – 1596), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. ¶12. Chop-cherry was a traditional English children's game in which the player attempts to catch a cherry, perhaps suspended from a thread, between his teeth.

XXII.2.

Whenas the rye reach to the chin,
 And chop-cherry, chop-cherry ripe within,
 Strawberries swimming in the cream,
 And schoolboys playing in the stream;
 Then O, then O, then O, my true love said,
 Till that time come again
 She could not live a maid.

XXII.3.

There must be a beginning of any great matter.

XXIII**XXIII.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.

XXIII.2.

Two or three visits, & two or three bows,
 Two or three civil things, two or three vows,
 Two or three kisses, with two or three sighs,
 Two or three *Jesuses* – & Let me dies –
 Two or three squeezes, & two or three touses,

XXII.3 Sir Francis Drake (1540 – 1596), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXIII.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.

XXIII.2 R 'Two or Three: A Recipe to Make a Cuckold', Alexander Pope (1688 – 1744), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

With two or three £1000 lost at their houses,
Can never fail cuckolding two or three spouses.

XXIII.3.

Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?
For if it prosper none dare call it treason.

XXIV

XXIV.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.

XXIV.2.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments,
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,

XXIII.3 'Of Treason', Sir John Harington (1560 – 1612), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

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

XXIV.2 \mathbb{R} Sonnet 55, William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor *Mars* his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death & all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

XXIV.3.

I play for seasons; not eternities.

XXV

XXV.1.

Could we stop the time that's flying
 Or recall it when 'tis past,
 Put far off the day of dying
 Or make youth for ever last,
 To love would then be worth our cost.

But since we must lose those graces
 Which at first your hearts have won,
 And you seek for in new faces
 When our spring of life is done,
 It would but urge our ruin on.

Free as nature's first intention
 Was to make us, I'll be found,
 Nor by subtle man's invention
 Yield to be in fetters bound
 But one that walks a freer round.

Marriage does but slightly tie men
 Whilst close prisoners we remain;
 They the larger slaves of *Hymen*
 Still are begging love again
 At the full length of all their chain.

XXIV.3 George Meredith (1828 – 1909), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. This is the first line of *Modern Love* XIII.

XXV.1 R 'The Unequal Fetters', Anne Finch, Countess of Winchelsea (1661 – 1720), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

XXV.2.

One word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdained
 For thee to disdain it.
 One hope is too like despair
 For prudence to smother,
 And pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;
 But wilt thou accept not
 The worship the heart lifts above
 And the heavens reject not:
 The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow?

XXV.3.

I dreamt a dream tonight. 'And so did I.'
 Well what was yours? 'That dreamers often lie.'

XXVI**XXVI.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
 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,

XXV.2 'To —', Percy Shelley (1792 – 1822), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*. Shelley, ever the prophet of the new secular post-Christian morality, wrote this poem as a means of propositioning his best friend's wife.

XXV.3 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. This is a dialogue between Romeo and Mercutio from *Romeo and Juliet* I.4.

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

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.

XXVI.2.

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet & mingle.
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:

XXVI.2 'Love's Philosophy', Percy Shelley (1792 – 1822), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me?

XXVI.3.

O brave new world, that has such people in 't!

XXVII

XXVII.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.

XXVI.3 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. This famous line is uttered by Miranda in *The Tempest* V.1. It provided the title for Huxley's dystopia *Brave New World*.

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

XXVII.2.

Your smiles are not, as other women's be,
 Only the drawing of the mouth awry;
 For breasts & cheeks & forehead we may see,
 Parts wanting motion, all stand smiling by:
 Heaven hath no mouth, and yet is said to smile
 After your style:
 No more hath earth, yet that smiles too,
 Just as you do.

No simpering lips nor looks can breed
 Such smiles as from your face proceed:
 The sun must lend his golden beams,
 Soft winds their breath, green trees their shade,
 Sweet fields their flowers, clear springs their streams,
 Ere such another smile be made:
 But these concurring, we may say,
 'So smiles the spring and so smiles lovely may.'

XXVII.3.

The strongest oaths are straw to the fire in the blood.

XXVIII**XXVIII.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.

XXVII.2 R Aurelian Townshend (1583 – 1651), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. This poem is sometimes printed under the title 'To the Lady Mary'.

XXVII.3 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. This line is uttered by Prospero in *The Tempest* IV.1.

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

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
 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.

XXVIII.2.

Tagus, farewell, that westward, with thy streams,
 Turns up the grains of gold already tried,
 For I, with spur & sail, go seek the Thames,
 Gainward the sun that show'th her wealthy pride,
 And to the town which *Brutus* sought by dreams,
 Like bended moon that leans her lusty side.
 My king, my country, I seek for whom I live;
 O mighty *Jove*, the winds for this me give.

XXVIII.3.

You taught me language; and my profit on 't is, I know how to curse.

XXIX

XXIX.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,

XXVIII.2 R 'On His Returne from Spaine', Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503 – 1542), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. This poem appears in other sources with most of the lines changed subtly; but the Almanackist finds this alternative version much inferior. ¶15. According to Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Regum Britanniae*, Brutus of Troy was inspired to found the city of London in a dream.

XXVIII.3 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. This line is uttered by Caliban in *The Tempest* I.2.

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

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
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.

XXIX.2.

Farewell, love, and all thy laws forever.
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more.
Senec and *Plato* call me from thy lore
To perfect wealth, my wit for to endeavour.
In blind error when I did persevere,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh ay so sore,
Hath taught me to set in trifles no store

XXIX.2 R 'A Renouncing of Love', Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503 – 1542), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. ¶14. Other sources give: 'Me lusteth no lenger rotten boughs to climb.'

And scape forth, since liberty is lever.
Therefore, farewell; go trouble younger hearts
And in me claim no more authority.
With idle youth go use thy property
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts,
For hitherto though I have lost all my time,
Me list no longer rotten boughs to climb.

XXIX.3.

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

XXIX.3 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. This line is uttered by Miranda in *The Tempest* I.2.

Tertilis

I

I.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
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.

I.2.

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

I.2 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. These lines are taken from 'Several Questions Answered'.

The look of love alarms
 Because 'tis filled with fire,
 But the look of soft deceit
 Shall win the lover's hire.

Soft deceit & idleness,
 These are beauty's sweetest dress.

I.3.

Fetters of gold are still fetters.

II

II.1.

Now in thy dazzling $\frac{1}{2}$ oped eye,
 Thy curlèd nose & lip awry,
 Upoisted arms & noddling head,
 And little chin with crystal spread,
 Poor helpless thing, what do I see,
 That I should sing of thee?

From thy poor tongue no accents come,
 Which can but rub thy toothless gum:
 Small understanding boasts thy face,
 Thy shapeless limbs nor step nor grace:
 A few short words thy feats may tell,
 And yet I love thee well.

When wakes the sudden bitter shriek,
 And redder swells thy little cheek
 When rattled keys thy woes beguile,
 And through thine eyelids gleams the smile,
 Still for thy weakly self is spent
 Thy little silly plaint.

But when thy friends are in distress,
 Thou'lt laugh and chuckle ne'er the less,
 Nor with kind sympathy be smitten,
 Though all are sad but thee & kitten;
 Yet puny varlet that thou art,
 Thou twitchest at the heart.

Thy smooth round cheek so soft & warm;
 Thy pinky hand & dimpled arm;
 Thy silken locks that scanty peep,
 With gold tipped ends, where circle deep,

I.3 Miss Mary Astell (1668 – 1731), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

II.1 'A Mother to Her Waking Infant', Miss Joanna Baillie (1762 – 1851), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Around thy neck in harmless grace,
 So soft and sleekly hold their place,
 Might harder hearts with kindness fill,
 And gain our right goodwill.

Each passing clown bestows his blessing,
 Thy mouth is worn with old wives' kissing;
 E'en lighter looks the gloomy eye
 Of surly sense when thou art by;
 And yet, I think, whoe'er they be,
 They love thee not like me.

Perhaps when time shall add a few
 Short years to thee, thou'lt love me too;
 And after that, through life's long way,
 Become my sure and cheering stay;
 Wilt care for me and be my hold,
 When I am weak and old.

Thou'lt listen to my lengthened tale,
 And pity me when I am frail –
 But see, the sweepy spinning fly
 Upon the window takes thine eye.
 Go to thy little senseless play;
 Thou dost not heed my lay.

II.2.

Thou hearest the nightingale begin the song of spring.
 The lark sitting upon his earthy bed, just as the morn
 Appears, listens silent; then springing from the waving cornfield, loud
 He leads the choir of day: trill, trill, trill, trill,
 Mounting upon the wings of light into the great expanse,
 Re-echoing against the lovely blue & shining heavenly shell,
 His little throat labours with inspiration; every feather
 On throat & breast & wings vibrates with the effluence divine
 All nature listens silent to him, & the awful sun
 Stands still upon the mountain looking on this little bird
 With eyes of soft humility & wonder, love & awe,
 Then loud from their green covert all the birds begin their song:
 The thrush, the linnet & the goldfinch, robin & the wren
 Awake the sun from his sweet reverie upon the mountain.
 The nightingale again assays his song, & thro' the day
 And thro' the night warbles luxuriant, every bird of song
 Attending his loud harmony with admiration & love.

II.3.

Money speaks sense in a language all nations understand.

II.2 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. These are lines 28-44 of §31 (in Book the Second) of Blake's long poem *Milton*.

II.3 Mrs Aphra Behn (1640 – 1689), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

III

III.1.

We have bathed, where none have seen us,
 In the lake & in the fountain,
 Underneath the charmèd statue
 Of the timid, bending *Venus*,
 When the water nymphs were counting
 In the waves the stars of night,
 And those maidens started at you,
 Your limbs shone through so soft & bright.
 But no secrets dare we tell,
 For thy slaves unlace thee,
 And he, who shall embrace thee,
 Waits to try thy beauty's spell.

'We have crowned thee queen of women,
 Since love's love, the rose, hath kept her
 Court within thy lips & blushes,
 And thine eye, in beauty swimming,
 Kissing, we rendered up the sceptre,
 At whose touch the startled soul
 Like an ocean bounds & gushes,
 And spirits bend at thy control.
 But no secrets dare we tell,
 For thy slaves unlace thee,
 And he, who shall embrace thee,
 Is at hand, and so farewell.'

III.2.

Why cannot the ear be closed to its own destruction?
 Or the glistening eye to the poison of a smile?
 Why are eyelids stored with arrows ready drawn,
 Where a 1000 fighting men in ambush lie?
 Or an eye of gifts & graces, showering fruits & coinèd gold?
 Why a tongue impressed with honey from every wind?
 Why an ear, a whirlpool fierce to draw creations in?
 Why a nostril wide inhaling terror, trembling, and affright?
 Why a tender curb upon the youthful burning boy?
 Why a little curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire?

III.3.

I'm tired of love: I'm still more tired of rhyme.
 But money gives me pleasure all the time.

III.1 R Dr Thomas Beddoes (1803 – 1849), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. The first verse is to be sung 'By female voices', and the second by male.

III.2 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. These lines are one couplet away from closing Blake's "The Book of Thel".

III.3 'Fatigue', Hilaire Belloc (1870 – 1953), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

IV

IV.1.

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.

IV.2.

'Love seeketh not itself to please,
 Nor for itself hath any care,
 But for another gives its ease,
 And builds a heaven in hell's despair.'

So sung a little clod of clay
 Trodden with the cattle's feet,
 But a pebble of the brook
 Warbled out these metres meet:

'Love seeketh only self to please,
 To bind another to its delight,
 Joys in another's loss of ease,
 And builds a hell in heaven's despite.

IV.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.

IV.2 'The Clod & the Pebble', William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*.

IV.3.

Pale *Ebenezer* thought it wrong to fight,
 But *Roaring Bill* (who killed him) thought it right.

V

V.1.

In the age of gold,
 Free from winter's cold,
 Youth & maiden bright,
 To the holy light,
 Naked in the sunny beams' delight.

Once a youthful pair,
 Filled with softest care,
 Met in garden bright
 Where the holy light
 Had just removed the curtains of the night.

There, in rising day,
 On the grass they play;
 Parents were afar;
 Strangers came not near,
 And the maiden soon forgot her fear.

Tired with kisses sweet,
 They agree to meet
 When the silent sleep
 Waves o'er heaven's deep,
 And the weary tired wanderers weep.

To her father white
 Came the maiden bright;
 But his loving look,
 Like the holy book,
 All her tender limbs with terror shook.

Ona, pale and weak,
 To thy father speak.
 O the trembling fear!
 O the dismal care
 That shakes the blossoms of my hoary hair!

IV.3 Hilaire Belloc (1870 – 1953), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Title: 'The Pacifist'.

V.1 'A Little Girl Lost', William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. Be careful not to confuse this poem with 'The Little Girl Lost'.

V.2.

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet;
 Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet.
 There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
 And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:
 But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
 Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return again.

All that I sung still to her praise did tend,
 Still she was first; still she my songs did end;
 Yet she my love & music both doth fly,
 The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy.
 Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight:
 It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight.

V.3.

Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

VI**VI.1.**

In futurity
 I prophetic see
 That the earth from sleep
 (Grave the sentence deep)

Shall arise and seek
 For her maker meek;
 And in the desert wild
 Become a garden mild.

In the southern clime,
 Where the summer's prime
 Never fades away,
 Lovely *Lyca* lay.

Seven summers old
 Lovely *Lyca* told;
 She had wandered long
 Hearing wild birds' song.

'Sweet sleep, come to me
 Underneath this tree.

V.2 R Dr Thomas Campion (1567 – 1620), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

V.3 Valentine Blacker (1778 – 1826), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Sometimes attributed to Oliver Cromwell.

VI.1 'The Little Girl Lost', William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. Blake also wrote a poem called 'The Little Girl Found'.

Do father, mother weep,
Where can *Lyca* sleep?

‘Lost in desert wild
Is your little child.
How can *Lyca* sleep
If her mother weep?

‘If her heart does ache
Then let *Lyca* wake;
If my mother sleep,
Lyca shall not weep.

‘Frowning, frowning night,
O’er this desert bright,
Let thy moon arise
While I close my eyes.’

Sleeping *Lyca* lay,
While the beasts of prey
Come from caverns deep,
Viewed the maid asleep.

The kingly lion stood
And the virgin viewed,
Then he gambolled round
O’er the hollowed ground.

Leopards, tygers, play
Round her as she lay,
While the lion old
Bowed his mane of gold;

And her bosom lick,
And upon her neck;
From his eyes of flame
Ruby tears there came;

While the lioness
Loosed her slender dress,
And naked they conveyed
To caves the sleeping maid.

VI.2.

Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair,
Then thrice three times tie up this true love’s knot,
And murmur soft, ‘She will, or she will not.’

Go burn these pois'nous weeds in yon blue fire,
 These screech-owl's feathers & this prickling briar,
 This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave,
 That all my fears & cares an end may have.

Then come, you fairies, dance with me a round;
 Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound.
 In vain are all the charms I can devise:
 She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

VI.3.

A dead body revenges not injuries.

VII

VII.1.

Once a dream did weave a shade
 O'er my angel-guarded bed
 That an emmet lost its way
 Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, wildered, and forlorn,
 Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
 Over many a tangle spray,
 All heart-broke, I heard her say:

'Oh my children! Do they cry?
 Do they hear their father sigh?
 Now they look abroad to see,
 Now return and weep for me.'

Pitying, I dropped a tear:
 But I saw a glow-worm near
 Who replied, 'What wailing wight
 Calls the watchman of the night?

'I am set to light the ground
 While the beetle goes his round:
 Follow now the beetle's hum;
 Little wanderer, hie thee home.

VI.3 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. This is one of Blake's 'Proverbs of Hell' from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

VII.1 'A Dream', William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*.

VII.2.

What then is love but mourning?
 What desire, but a self-burning?
 Till she that hates doth love returne,
 Thus will I mourne, thus will I sing:
 Come away, come away, my darling.

Beautie is but a blooming,
 Youth in his glory entombing;
 Time hath a wheel which none can stay:
 Then come away, while thus I sing:
 Come away, come away, my darling.

Summer in winter fadeth;
 Gloomy night heavenly light shadeth;
 Like to the morn are *Venus* flowers;
 Such are her howers: then will I sing:
 Come away, come away, my darling.

VII.3.

He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.

VIII**VIII.1.**

'Twas in heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in hell,
 And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell:
 On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
 And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed;
 'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
 Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.
 'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
 Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death,
 Presides o'er his happiness, honor & health,
 Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
 In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
 But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
 It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
 With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crowned.
 Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
 But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
 In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
 Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.

VII.2 R Dr Thomas Campion (1567 – 1620), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

VII.3 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. This is one of Blake's 'Proverbs of Hell' from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

VIII.1 'A Riddle', Miss Catherine Fanshawe (1765 – 1834), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. The solution to the riddle is the letter H.

'Twill not soften the heart; but though deaf be the ear,
 It will make it acutely & instantly hear.
 Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower;
 Ah breathe on it softly – it dies in an hour.

VIII.2.

Young & simple though I am,
 I have heard of *Cupid's* name;
 Guess I can what thing it is
 Men desire when they do kiss.
 Smoke can never burn they say,
 But the flames that follow may.

VIII.3.

Shame is pride's cloak.

IX

IX.1.

This said, the smith did to his bellows go,
 Set them to fire, and made his cyclops blow:
 Full 20 pair breathed through his furnace holes
 All sorts of blasts t'enflame his tempered coals;
 Now blusterd hard, and now did contrarise,
 As *Vulcan* would, and as his exercise
 Might with perfection serve the dame's desire.
 Hard brass & tin he cast into the fire,
 High-prizèd gold & silver, and did set
 Within the stock an anvil bright & great:
 His massy hammer then his right hand held;
 His other hand his gasping tongs compelled.
 And first he forged a huge & solid shield,
 Which every way did variant artship yield,
 Through which he three ambitious circles cast,
 Round & refulgent; and without he placed
 A silver handle; fivefold proof it was,
 And in it many things with special grace,
 And passing artificial pomp were graven;
 In it was earth's green globe, the sea & heaven,
 Th'unwearied sun; the moon exactly round,
 And all the stars with which the sky is crowned,
 The *Pleiades*, the *Hyads* and the force
 Of great *Orion*; and the *Bear*, whose course

VIII.2 R Dr Thomas Campion (1567 – 1620), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

VIII.3 R William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*.
 This is one of Blake's 'Proverbs of Hell' from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

IX.1 R George Chapman (1559 – 1634), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. This is a translation of Homer's Ἔκλες XVIII.468-95. Prof Auden wrote his own poem ('The Shield of Achilles') concerning the same portion of Book XVIII.

Turns her about his sphere observing him
 Surnamed the *Chariot*, and doth never swim
 Upon the unmeasured oceans' marble face,
 Of all the flames that heaven's blue veil enchase.
 In it two beautiful cities he did build
 Of divers-languaged men; the one was filled
 With sacred nuptials & with solemn feasts,
 And through the streets the fair officious guests
 Lead from their bridal chambers their fair brides
 With golden torches burning by their sides.
Hymen's sweet triumphs were abundant there,
 Of youths & damsels dancing in a sphere;
 Amongst whom masking flutes & harps were heard...

IX.2.

Muses that sing love's sensual empery,
 And lovers kindling your enraged fires
 At *Cupid's* bonfires burning in the eye,
 Blown with the empty breath of vain desires;
 You that prefer the painted cabinet
 Before the wealthy jewels it doth store ye,
 That all your joys in dying figures set,
 And stain the living substance of your glory;
 Abjure those joys, abhor their memory,
 And let my love the honoured subject be
 Of love, and honour's complete history.
 Your eyes were never yet let in to see
 The majesty & riches of the mind,
 But dwell in darkness; for your god is blind.

IX.3.

The cut worm forgives the plough.

X

X.1.

'There is no God,' the wicked saith,
 'And truly it's a blessing,
 For what he might have done with us
 It's better only guessing.'

'There is no God,' a youngster thinks,
 'Or really, if there may be,

IX.2 George Chapman (1559 – 1634), Read and Dobrée, *The London Book of English Verse*. This is the first part of 'A Coronet for His Mistress Philosophy'.

IX.3 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. This is one of Blake's 'Proverbs of Hell' from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

X.1 Arthur Clough (1819 – 1861), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. These lines are from Scene VI of Clough's *Dipsychus*.

He surely did not mean a man
Always to be a baby.'

'There is no God, or if there is,'
The tradesman thinks, 'twere funny
If he should take it ill in me
To make a little money.'

'Whether there be,' the rich man says,
'It matters very little,
For I & mine, thank somebody,
Are not in want of victual.'

Some others, also, to themselves,
Who scarce so much as doubt it,
Think there is none, when they are well,
And do not think about it.

But country folks who live beneath
The shadow of the steeple;
The parson & the parson's wife,
And mostly married people;

Youths green & happy in first love,
So thankful for illusion;
And men caught out in what the world
Calls guilt, in first confusion;

And almost everyone when age,
Disease, or sorrows strike him,
Inclines to think there is a God,
Or something very like him.

X.2.

Thou shalt have one God only; who
Would be at the expense of two?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, except the currency.
Swear not at all; for for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse.
At church on sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend.
Honor thy parents; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall.
Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive.
Do not adultery commit;
Advantage rarely comes of it.

X.2 'The Latest Decalogue', Arthur Clough (1819 – 1861), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. Clough attached a code – mocking Christ's summary of the law – to these lines.

Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
 When it's so lucrative to cheat.
 Bear not false witness; let the lie
 Have time on its own wings to fly.
 Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
 Approves all forms of competition.

X.3.

Hold the fort, for I am coming.

XI

XI.1.

Winds, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
 And fan her with your cooling wings;
 While she her drops of beauty weeps,
 From pure, and yet unrivalled springs.

Glide over beauty's field, her face,
 To kiss her lip & cheek be bold;
 But with a calm & stealing pace;
 Neither too rude, nor yet too cold.

Play in her beams, and crisp her hair
 With such a gale as wings soft love,
 And with so sweet, so rich an air,
 As breathes from the arabian grove.

A breath as hushed as lover's sigh;
 Or that unfolds the morning's door:
 Sweet as the winds that gently fly
 To sweep the spring's enamelled floor.

Murmur soft music to her dreams,
 That pure & unpolluted run
 Like to the new-born crystal streams,
 Under the bright enamoured sun.

But when she walking shall display,
 Her light, retire within your bar;
 Her breath is life, her eyes are day,
 And all mankind her creatures are.

X.3 Philip Bliss (1838 – 1876), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. This is the chorus to a hymn, inspired by a flag message from General Sherman.

XI.1 R 'Laura Sleeping', Charles Cotton (1630 – 1687), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

XI.2.

Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
 In its first birth, when all the year was may;
 Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
 Unfolded bud, swelled by the early dew;
 Smooth as the face of waters first appeared,
 Ere tides began to strive or winds were heard;
 Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
 Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are.
 You that are more than our discreeter fear
 Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here?
 Here, where the summer is so little seen,
 That leaves, her cheapest wealth, scarce reach at green;
 You come, as if the silver planet were
 Misled awhile from her much injured sphere;
 And t'ease the travels of her beams tonight,
 In this small lantern would contract her light.

XI.3.

I call a spade a spade.

XII**XII.1.**

A wet sheet & a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast
 And fills the white & rustling sail
 And bends the gallant mast;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While like the eagle free
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

'O for a soft & gentle wind!
 I heard a fair one cry:
 But give to me the snoring breeze
 And white waves heaving high;
 And white waves heaving high, my lads,
 The good ship tight & free –
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

XI.2 R 'To the Queen, Entertain'd at Night by the Countess of Anglesey', Sir William Davenant (1606 – 1668), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

XI.3 The Rev Robert Burton (1577 – 1640), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. The ultimate source of this idiom seems to be a passage from Plutarch's *Ξθιρά*, specifically the section containing the "Sayings of the Spartans".

XII.1 Allan Cunningham (1784 – 1842), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud:
 But hark the music, mariners!
 The wind is piping loud;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free –
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

XII.2.

Old Father *Ocean* calls my tide:
 Come away; come away.
 The barks upon the billows ride;
 The master will not stay:
 The merry boatswain from his side
 His whistle takes to check & chide
 The lingering lad's delay,
 And all the crew aloud has cried,
 Come away; come away.

See the god of seas attends thee,
 Nymphs divine, a beauteous train;
 All the calmer gales befriend thee
 In thy passage o'er the main:
 Every maid her locks is binding;
 Every *Triton's* horn is winding;
 Welcome to the watery plain.

XII.3.

Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.

XIII

XIII.1.

I wonder, by my troth, what thou & I
 Did, till we loved? Were we not weaned till then?
 But sucked on country pleasures, childishly?
 Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den?
 'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be.
 If ever any beauty I did see,
 Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

XII.2 ℞ 'A Song of the River Thames', John Dryden, Poet Laureate (1631 – 1700), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

XII.3 George Noel, 6th Baron Byron (1788 – 1824), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. This is a line from the third canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

XIII.1 ℞ 'The Good Morrow', The Very Rev Dr John Donne (1572 – 1631), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
 Which watch not one another out of fear;
 For love, all love of other sights controls,
 And makes one little room an everywhere.
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
 Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown,
 Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
 And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
 Where can we find two better hemispheres,
 Without sharp north, without declining west?
 Whatever dies, was not mixed equally;
 If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
 Love so alike, that none do slacken, none can die.

XIII.2.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to april's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
 And time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set today a votive stone;
 That memory may their deed redeem,
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare,
 To die, and leave their children free,
 Bid time & nature gently spare
 The shaft we raise to them & thee.

XIII.3.

No written law has been more binding than unwritten custom
 supported by popular opinion.

XIII.2 'Hymn: Sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument, April 19, 1838', The Rev Prof Ralph Emerson (1803 – 1882), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. The Battles of Lexington and Concord were the first engagements of the American Revolutionary War.

XIII.3 Mrs Carrie Chapman-Catt (1859 – 1947), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIV

XIV.1.

Now the lusty spring is seen;
 Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
 Daintily invite the view:
 Everywhere on every green
 Roses blushing as they blow
 And enticing men to pull,
 Lilies whiter than the snow,
 Woodbines of sweet honey full:
 All love's emblems, and all cry,
 'Ladies, if not plucked, we die.'

Yet the lusty spring hath stayed;
 Blushing red & purest white
 Daintily to love invite
 Every woman, every maid:
 Cherries kissing as they grow,
 And inviting men to taste,
 Apples even ripe below,
 Winding gently to the waist:
 All love's emblems, and all cry,
 'Ladies, if not plucked, we die.'

XIV.2.

Take O take those lips away
 That so sweetly were forsworn,
 And those eyes, like break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn;
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide O hide those hills of snow
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that april wears;
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XIV.3.

A subject and a sovereign are clean different things.

XIV.1 'Love's Emblems', John Fletcher (1579 – 1625), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

XIV.2 R John Fletcher (1579 – 1625), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. This song appears in the play *Bloody Brother*.

XIV.3 Charles by the Grace of God King of England Scotland France and Ireland Defender of the Faith (1600 – 1649), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XV

XV.1.

All such proclivities are tabulated
 By trained pathologists – in detail too –
 The obscener parts of speech compulsively
 Shrouded in classic latin.

But though my pleasure in your feet & hair
 Is ungainsayable, let me protest
 (Dear love) I am no trichomaniac
 And no foot-fetichist.

If it should please you, for your own best reasons,
 To take & flog me with a rawhide whip,
 I might (who knows?) suprisedly accept
 This earnest of affection.

Nothing, agreed, is alien to love
 When pure desire has overflowed its baulks;
 But why must private sportiveness be viewed
 Through public spectacles?

Enough, I will not claim a heart unfluttered
 By these case-histories of aberrancy;
 Nevertheless a long cool draught of water,
 Or a long swim in the bay,

Serves to restore my wholesome appetite
 For you & what we do at night together:
 Which is no more than *Adam* did with *Eve*
 In the quiet glades of Eden.

XV.2.

The rain has come, and the earth must be very glad
 Of its moisture, and the made roads, all dust clad;
 It lets a veil down on the lucent dark,
 And not of any bright ground thing shows its spark.

Tomorrow's gray morning will show cow parsley,
 Hung all with shining drops, and the river will be
 Duller because of the all soddenness of things,
 Till the skylark breaks his reluctance, hangs shaking, and sings.

XV.3.

An injury is much sooner forgotten than an insult.

XV.1 'The Quiet Glades of Eden', Prof Robert Graves (1895 – 1985), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

XV.2 'The Soaking', Ivor Gurney (1890 – 1937), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

XV.3 Philip Stanhope, 4th Earl of Chesterfield (1694 – 1773), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XVI

XVI.1.

Bid me to live, and I will live
 Thy protestant to be;
 Or bid me love, and I will give
 A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
 A heart as sound & free,
 As in the whole world thou canst find,
 That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
 To honour thy decree;
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
 While I have eyes to see;
 And having none, yet I will keep
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
 Under that cypress tree;
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
 The very eyes of me;
 And hast command of every part,
 To live and die for thee.

XVI.2.

As, in a dusky & tempestuous night,
 A star is wont to spread her locks of gold,
 And while her pleasant rays abroad are rolled,
 Some spiteful cloud doth rob us of her sight;
 Fair soul, in this black age so shined thou bright,
 And made all eyes with wonder thee behold,
 Till ugly death, depriving us of light,
 In his grim misty arms thee did enfold.
 Who more shall vaunt true beauty here to see?
 What hope doth more in any heart remain,
 That such perfections shall his reason rein,
 If beauty, with thee born, too died with thee?

XVI.1 R 'To Anthea, who may command him any thing', Robert Herrick (1591 – 1674), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

XVI.2 R William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585 – 1649), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

World, plain no more of love, nor count his harms;
With his pale trophies death hath hung his arms.

XVI.3.

An inconvenience is only an adventure wrongly considered.

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!

XVI.3 Gilbert Chesterton, Knight (1874 – 1936), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

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

XVII.2 R William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585 – 1649), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. ¶1. The word 'idalian' refers to the city of Idalium, located near the more famous city of Nicosia, the former of which was the site a major shrine to Aphrodite. ¶6. In one telling of the ancient and intriguing myth of Venus and Adonis, Venus creates the red rose by shedding her blood on the petals of a white one. The earliest written source for this version is the Προγυμνάσματα

Like the idalian queen,
Her hair about her eyne,
With neck & breasts ripe apples to be seen,
At first glance of the morn
In Cyprus' gardens gathering those fair flowers
Which of her blood were born,
I saw, but fainting saw, my paramours.
The Graces naked danced about the place;
The winds & trees amazed
With silence on her gazed;
The flowers did smile, like those upon her face;
And as their aspen stalks those fingers band,

That she might read my case,
A hyacinth I wished me in her hand.

XVII.3.

When he first drew the sword, he threw away the scabbard.

XVIII**XVIII.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 clearness,
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.
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.

XVIII.2.

Out of the night that covers me
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance,
 I have not winced nor cried aloud.
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath & tears
 Looms but the horror of the shade,
 And yet the menace of the years
 Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate:
 I am the captain of my soul.

XVIII.3.

I stand astonished at my own moderation.

XIX**XIX.1.**

When science starts to be interpretative
 It is more unscientific even than mysticism.

To make self-preservation & self-protection the first law of existence
 Is about as scientific as making suicide the first law of existence,
 And amounts to very much the same thing.

A nightingale singing at the top of his voice
 Is neither hiding himself nor preserving himself nor propagating his species;
 He is giving himself away in every sense of the word;
 And obviously, it is the culminating point of his existence.

A tiger is striped & golden for his own glory.
 He would certainly be much more invisible if he were grey-green.
 And I don't suppose the ichthyosaurus sparkled like the humming-bird.
 No doubt, he was khaki-colored with muddy protective colouration,
 So why didn't he survive?

As a matter of fact, the only creatures that seem to survive
 Are those that give themselves away in flash & sparkle
 And gay flicker of joyful life;
 Those that go glittering abroad
 With a bit of splendor.

Even mice play quite beautifully at shadows,
 And some of them are brilliantly piebald.

I expect the dodo looked like a clod,
 A drab & dingy bird.

XIX.2.

How pleasant to know Mr *Lear*!
 Who has written such volumes of stuff!
 Some think him ill-tempered & queer,
 But a few think him pleasant enough.

His mind is concrete & fastidious;
 His nose is remarkably big;
 His visage is more or less hideous;
 His beard it resembles a wig.

He sits in a beautiful parlour,
 With 100s of books on the wall;
 He drinks a great deal of marsala,
 But never gets tipsy at all.

By the sad waters of separation
Where we have wandered by divers ways,

He has many friends, lay men & clerical;
Old Foss is the name of his cat;
His body is perfectly spherical;
He weareth a runcible hat.

He reads, but he cannot speak, spanish,
He cannot abide ginger beer:
Ere the days of his pilgrimage vanish,
How pleasant to know Mr *Lear*!

XIX.3.

Let us do something today which the world may talk of hereafter.

XX

XX.1.

When she rises in the morning
I linger to watch her;
She spreads the bath-cloth underneath the window
And the sunbeams catch her
Glistening white on the shoulders,
While down her sides the mellow
Golden shadow glows as
She stoops to the sponge, and her swung breasts
Sway like full-blown yellow
Gloire de Dijon roses.

She drips herself with water, and her shoulders
Glisten as silver, they crumple up
Like wet & falling roses, and I listen
For the sluicing of their rain-dishevelled petals.
In the window full of sunlight
Concentrates her golden shadow
Fold on fold, until it glows as
Mellow as the glory roses.

XX.2.

So when the shadows laid asleep
From underneath these banks do creep,
And on the river as it flows
With eben shuts begin to close;
The modest halcyon comes in sight,
Flying betwixt the day & night;
And such an horror calm & dumb,
Admiring nature does benumb;

The viscous air, wheresoe'er she fly,
Follows and sucks her azure dye;
The gellying stream compacts below,
If it might fix her shadow so;
The stupid fishes hang, as plain
As flies in crystal overta'en,
And men the silent scene assist,
Charmed with the sapphire-winged mist.

XX.3.

I know that's a secret, for it's whispered everywhere.

XXI**XXI.1.**

Love in my bosom like a bee
 Doth suck his sweet;
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feet.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast;
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest.
 Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee
 The livelong night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
 He music plays if so I sing;
 He lends me every lovely thing;
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
 Whist, wanton, still ye.

Else I with roses every day
 Will whip you hence,
 And bind you, when you long to play,
 For your offense.
 I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
 I'll make you fast it for your sin,
 I'll count your power not worth a pin.
 Alas! what hereby shall I win
 If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god.
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosom be;
 Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.
 O *Cupid*, so thou pity me,
 Spare not, but play thee.

XXI.2.

With thee conversing I forget all time;
 All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, & flower,
 Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
 With this her solemn bird & this fair moon,

And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
 But neither breath of morn when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
 Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night
 With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering star-light without thee is sweet.

XXI.3.

I feel like an old warhorse at the sound of a trumpet.

XXII

XXII.1.

At Sestos *Hero* dwelt; *Hero* the fair,
 Whom young *Apollo* courted for her hair,
 And offered as a dower his burning throne,
 Where she could sit for men to gaze upon.
 The outside of her garments were of lawn,
 The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
 Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove,
 Where *Venus* in her naked glory strove
 To please the careless & disdainful eyes
 Of proud *Adonis*, that before her lies;
 Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
 Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
 Upon her head she wore a myrtle wreath,
 From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath;
 Her veil was artificial flowers & leaves,
 Whose workmanship both man & beast deceives;
 Many would praise the sweet smell as she passed,
 When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast;
 And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
 And beat from thence, have lighted there again.
 About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
 Which lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.
 She wore no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
 Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind,
 Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
 To play upon those hands, they were so white.
 Buskins of shells, all silvered, used she,
 And branched with blushing coral to the knee;
 Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl & gold,
 Such as the world would wonder to behold:
 Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
 Which as she went, would chirrup through the bills.
 Some say, for her the fairest *Cupid* pined,
 And looking in her face, was strooken blind.
 But this is true; so like was one the other,
 As he imagined *Hero* was his mother;
 And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
 About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
 And laid his childish head upon her breast,
 And with still panting rocked there took his rest.

XXII.2.

I've oft been told by learnèd friars
 That wishing and the crime are one,
 And heaven punishes desires
 As much as if the deed were done.

If wishing damns us, you & I
 Are damned to all our heart's content;
 Come, then, at least we may enjoy
 Some pleasure for our punishment.

XXII.3.

When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.

XXIII**XXIII.1.**

So fair a church as this had *Venus* none:
 The walls were of discoloured jasper stone,
 Wherein was *Proteus* carved; and overhead
 A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
 Where by one hand light-headed *Bacchus* hung,
 And with the other wine from grapes out-wrung.
 Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
 The town of Sestos called it *Venus'* glass:
 There might you see the gods in sundry shapes,
 Committing heady riots, incest, rapes:
 For know, that underneath this radiant flower
 Was *Danae's* statue in a brazen tower,
Jove slyly stealing from his sister's bed,
 To dally with idalian *Ganimed*,
 And for his love *Europa* bellowing loud,
 And tumbling with the rainbow in a cloud;
 Blood-quaffing *Mars* heaving the iron net,
 Which limping *Vulcan* and his cyclops set;
 Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy,
Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy
 That now is turned into a cypress tree,
 Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.
 And in the midst a silver altar stood:
 There *Hero*, sacrificing turtles' blood,
 Veiled to the ground, veiling her eyelids close;
 And modestly they opened as she rose.
 Thence flew love's arrow with the golden head;
 And thus *Leander* was enamourèd.
 Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
 Till with the fire that from his countenance blazed
 Relenting *Hero's* gentle heart was strook:
 Such force & virtue hath an amorous look.

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
 For will in us is overruled by fate.
 When two are stripped, long ere the course begin,
 We wish that one should lose, the other win;
 And one especially do we affect
 Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
 The reason no man knows; let it suffice,

What we behold is censured by our eyes.
 Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
 Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

XXIII.2.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
 But as the ripper should by time decease
 His tender heir might bear his memory:
 But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
 Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
 Making a famine where abundance lies,
 Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,
 Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
 And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
 To eat the world's due, by the grave & thee.

XXIII.3.

He who would search for pearls must dive below.

XXIV

XXIV.1.

The waves, like ridges of ploughed land, are high;
 Whereat the ship oft stumbling, down doth lie.
 But, in a calm, the sea's like meadows seen
 Level; its saltness makes it look as green.
 When ships thereon a slow soft pace do walk;
 Then mariners, as shepherds, sing & talk:
 Some whistle, and some on their pipes do play;
 And thus, with mirth, they pass their time away.
 And every mast is like a may-pole high,
 Round which they dance, though not so merrily
 As shepherds do, when they their lasses bring
 Garlands, to may-poles tied with a silk string.
 Instead of garlands, they hang on their mast
 Huge sails & ropes, to tie these garlands fast.
 Instead of lasses, they do dance with death;
 And for their music, they have *Boreas*' breath.
 Instead of wine & wassails, drink salt tears;
 And for their meat, they feed on nought but fears.
 For flocks of sheep, great schools of herrings swim;
 The whales, as ravenous wolves, do feed on them.
 As sportful kids skip over hillocks green,
 So dancing dolphins, on the waves are seen.
 The porpoise, like their watchful dogs espies,
 And gives them warning when great winds will rise.
 Instead of barking, he his head doth show
 Above the waters, when they roughly flow:
 And, like as men, in time of showering rain
 And wind, do not in open fields remain;
 But quickly run for shelter to a tree:
 So ships at anchor lie upon the sea.

XXIV.2.

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
 And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts,
 Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
 To snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee
 To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
 Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

XXIV.3.

Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today.

XXV**XXV.1.**

Had she come all the way for this,
 To part at last without a kiss?
 Yea, had she borne the dirt & rain
 That her own eyes might see him slain
 Beside the haystack in the floods?
 Along the dripping leafless woods,
 The stirrup touching either shoe,
 She rode astride as troopers do;
 With kirtle kilted to her knee,
 To which the mud splashed wretchedly;
 And the wet dripped from every tree
 Upon her head & heavy hair,
 And on her eyelids broad & fair;
 The tears & rain ran down her face.
 By fits & starts they rode apace,
 And very often was his place
 Far off from her; he had to ride
 Ahead, to see what might betide
 When the roads crossed; and sometimes, when
 There rose a murmuring from his men,
 Had to turn back with promises;
 Ah me! she had but little ease;
 And often for pure doubt & dread
 She sobbed, made giddy in the head
 By the swift riding; while, for cold,
 Her slender fingers scarce could hold
 The wet reins; yea, and scarcely, too,
 She felt the foot within her shoe
 Against the stirrup : all for this,
 To part at last without a kiss
 Beside the haystack in the floods.
 For when they neared that old soaked hay,
 They saw across the only way
 That *Judas*, *Godmar*, and the three.
 Red running lions dismally
 Grinned from his pennon, under which,
 In one straight line along the ditch,
 They counted thirty heads.

So then,
 While *Robert* turned round to his men,
 She saw at once the wretched end,

And, stooping down, tried hard to rend
 Her coif the wrong way from her head,
 And hid her eyes; while *Robert* said:
 `Nay, love, 'tis scarcely two to one,
 At Poitiers where we made them run
 So fast -- why, sweet my love, good cheer,
 The gascon frontier is so near,
 Nought after this.'

But, `O,' she said,
 `My God! my God! I have to tread
 The long way back without you; then
 The court at Paris; those six men;
 The gratings of the Châtelet;
 The swift Seine on some rainy day
 Like this, and people standing by,
 And laughing, while my weak hands try
 To recollect how strong men swim.
 All this, or else a life with him,
 For which I should be damned at last,
 Would God that this next hour were past!
 He answered not, but cried his cry,
 `St *George* for *Marny*!' cheerily;
 And laid his hand upon her rein.
 Alas! no man of all his train
 Gave back that cheery cry again;
 And, while for rage his thumb beat fast
 Upon his sword-hilts, some one cast
 About his neck a kerchief long,
 And bound him.

Then they went along
 To *Godmar*; who said: `Now, *Jehane*,
 Your lover's life is on the wane
 So fast, that, if this very hour
 You yield not as my paramour,
 He will not see the rain leave off --
 Nay, keep your tongue from gibe & scoff,
 Sir *Robert*, or I slay you now.'
 She laid her hand upon her brow,
 Then gazed upon the palm, as though
 She thought her forehead bled, and -- `No.'
 She said, and turned her head away,
 As there were nothing else to say,
 And everything were settled: red
 Grew *Godmar*'s face from chin to head:
 `Jehane, on yonder hill there stands
 My castle, guarding well my lands:
 What hinders me from taking you,
 And doing that I list to do
 To your fair wilful body, while
 Your knight lies dead?'

A wicked smile
 Wrinkled her face, her lips grew thin,
 A long way out she thrust her chin: go
 `You know that I should strangle you
 While you were sleeping; or bite through

Your throat, by God's help -- ah!' she said,
 `Lord *Jesus*, pity your poor maid!
 For in such wise they hem me in,
 I cannot choose but sin & sin,
 Whatever happens : yet I think
 They could not make me eat or drink,
 And so should I just reach my rest.'
 `Nay, if you do not my behest,
 O *Jehane*! though I love you well,'
 Said *Godmar*, 'would I fail to tell
 All that I know.' `Foul lies,' she said.
 `Eh? lies my *Jehane*? by God's head,
 At Paris folks would deem them true!
 Do you know, *Jehane*, they cry for you,
 ``*Jehane* the brown! *Jehane* the brown!
 Give us *Jehane* to bum or drown!' --
 Eh -- gag me *Robert*! -- sweet my friend,
 This were indeed a piteous end no
 For those long fingers, and long feet,
 And long neck, and smooth shoulders sweet;
 An end that few men would forget
 That saw it. So, an hour yet:
 Consider, *Jehane*, which to take
 Of life or death!'

So, scarce awake,
 Dismounting, did she leave that place,
 And totter some yards : with her face
 Turned upward to the sky she lay,
 Her head on a wet heap of hay,
 And fell asleep: and while she slept,
 And did not dream, the minutes crept
 Round to the 12 again; but she,
 Being waked at last, sighed quietly,
 And strangely childlike came, and said:
 'I will not.' Straightway *Godmar*'s head,
 As though it hung on strong wires, turned
 Most sharply round, and his face burned.

For *Robert* -- both his eyes were dry,
 He could not weep, but gloomily
 He seemed to watch the rain; yea, too,
 His lips were firm; he tried once more
 To touch her lips; she reached out, sore
 And vain desire so tortured them,
 The poor grey lips, and now the hem
 Of his sleeve brush'd them.

With a start
 Up *Godmar* rose, thrust them apart;
 From *Robert*'s throat he loosed the bands
 Of silk & mail; with empty hands
 Held out, she stood & gazed, and saw,
 The long bright blade without a flaw
 Glide out from *Godmar*'s sheath, his hand
 In *Robert*'s hair; she saw him bend
 Back *Robert*'s head; she saw him send
 The thin steel down; the blow told well,

Right backward the knight *Robert* fell,
 And moaned as dogs do, being $1/2$ dead,
 Unwitting, as I deem : so then
Godmar turned grinning to his men,
 Who ran, some five or six, and beat
 His head to pieces at their feet.

Then *Godmar* turned again and said:
 `So, *Jehane*, the first fitte is read!
 Take note, my lady, that your way
 Lies backward to the Châtelet!
 She shook her head and gazed awhile
 At her cold hands with a rueful smile,
 As though this thing had made her mad.

This was the parting that they had
 Beside the haystack in the floods.

XXV.2.

Alas, so all things now do hold their peace.
 Heaven & earth disturbèd in no thing;
 The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease;
 The night's car the stars about doth bring;
 Calm is the sea; the waves work less & less:
 So am not I, whom love, alas, doth wring,
 Bringing before my face the great increase
 Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,
 In joy & woe, as in a doubtful case.
 For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring:
 But by & by, the cause of my disease
 Gives me a pang that inwardly doth sting,
 When that I think what grief it is again
 To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

XXV.3.

A little alarm now and then keeps life from stagnation.

XXVI

XXVI.1.

Come, take up your hats, and away let us haste
 To the butterfly's ball & the grasshopper's feast:
 The trumpeter gad-fly has summoned the crew,
 And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass by the side of a wood
 Beneath a broad oak which for ages has stood,
 See the children of earth & the tenants of air
 For an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the beetle so blind & so black,
 Who carried the emmet his friend on his back;
 And there came the gnat & the dragonfly too,
 And all their relations, green, orange & blue.

And there came the moth in his plumage of down,
 And the hornet in jacket of yellow & brown,

Who with him the wasp his companion did bring;
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

And the sly little dormouse crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind brother the mole;
And the snail, with his horns peeping out from his shell,
Came from a great distance -- the length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a tablecloth made;
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

There close on his haunches, so solemn & wise,
The frog from a corner look'd up to the skies;
And the squirrel, well-pleased such diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in a tree.

Then out came a spider, with fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight-line;
From one branch to another his cobweb he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along.

But just in the middle -- oh, shocking to tell! --
From his rope in an instant poor *Harlequin* fell;
Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the grasshopper came, with a jerk & a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night

With steps quite majestic the snail did advance,
And promis'd the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laughed so loud that he pulled in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the glow-worm, came out with his light;
Then home let us hasten while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you & for me.

XXVI.2.

Now hardly here and there an hackney coach
Appearing, showed the ruddy morn's approach.
Now *Betty* from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own;
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now *Moll* had whirled her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepared to scrub the entry & the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drowned in shriller notes of chimney sweep:
Duns at His Lordship's gate began to meet;
And brickdust *Moll* had screamed through $\frac{1}{2}$ the street.
The turn-key now his flock returning sees,

Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:
 The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
 And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

XXVI.3.

The land was ours before we were the land's.

XXVII**XXVII.1.**

Cloris, I cannot say your eyes
 Did my unwary heart surprise;
 Nor will I swear it was your face,
 Your shape, or any nameless grace:
 For you are so entirely fair,
 To love a part, injustice were;
 No drowning man can know which drop
 Of water his last breath did stop;
 So when the stars in heaven appear,
 And join to make the night look clear;
 The light we no one's bounty call,
 But the obliging gift of all.
 He that does lips or hands adore,
 Deserves them only, & no more;
 But I love all & every part,
 And nothing less can ease my heart.
Cupid, that lover, weakly strikes,
 Who can express what 'tis he likes.

XXVII.2.

Beside a chapel I'd a room looked down,
 Where all the women from the farm & town
 On holy days & sundays used to pass
 To marriages & christenings & to mass.

Then I sat lonely, watching score & score,
 Till I turned jealous of the Lord next door...
 Now by this window, where there's none can see,
 The Lord God's jealous of yourself & me.

XXVII.3.

For God's sake, if you sin, take pleasure in it.

XXVIII**XXVIII.1.**

Unhappy verse, the witness of my unhappy state,
 Make thy self flutt'ring wings of thy fast flying
 Thought, and fly forth unto my love, wheresoever she be:
 Whether lying restless in heavy bed, or else
 Sitting so cheerless at the cheerful board, or else
 Playing alone careless on her heavenly virginals.
 If in bed, tell her, that my eyes can take no rest:
 If at board, tell her, that my mouth can eat no meat:
 If at her virginals, tell her, I can hear no mirth.
 Asked why say: waking love suffereth no sleep:

Say that raging love doth appal the weak stomach:
 Say that lamenting love marreth the musical.
 Tell her, that her pleasures were wont to lull me asleep:
 Tell her, that her beauty was wont to feed mine eyes:
 Tell her, that her sweet tongue was wont to make me mirth.
 Now do I nightly waste, wanting my kindly rest:
 Now do I daily starve, wanting my lively food:
 Now do I always die, wanting thy timely mirth.
 And if I waste, who will bewail my heavy chance?
 And if I starve, who will record my cursèd end?
 And if I die, who will say: `This was *Immerito*'?

XXVIII.2.

Skirting the river road (my forenoon walk, my rest),
 Skyward in air a sudden muffled sound, the dalliance of the eagles,
 The rushing amorous contact high in space together,
 The clinching interlocking claws, a living, fierce, gyrating wheel,
 Four beating wings, two beaks, a swirling mass tight grappling,
 In tumbling turning clustering loops, straight downward falling,
 Till o'er the river poised, the twain yet one, a moment's lull,
 A motionless still balance in the air, then parting, talons loosing,
 Upward again on slow-firm pinions slanting, their separate diverse flight,
 She hers, he his, pursuing.

XXVIII.3.

The multitude is always in the wrong.

XXIX**XXIX.1.**

Of thee, kind boy, I ask no red & white,
 To make up my delight;
 No odd becoming graces,
 Black eyes, or little know-not-whats in faces;
 Make me but made enough, give me good store
 Of love for her I count:
 I ask no more;
 'Tis love in love that makes the sport.

There's no such thing as what we beauty call;
 It is mere cozenage all:
 For though some, long ago,
 Liked certain colours mingled so & so,
 That doth not tie me now from choosing new;
 If I a fancy take
 To black & blue,
 That fancy doth it beauty make.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
 Makes eating a delight;
 And if I like one dish
 More than another, that a pheasant is;
 What in our watches, that in us is found:
 So to the height & nick
 We up be wound,
 No matter by what hand or trick.

XXIX.2.

From these high hills as when a spring doth fall
 It trilleth down with still & subtle course,
 Of this & that it gathers aye and shall
 Till it have just off flowed the stream & force,
 Then at the foot it rageth over all.
 So fareth love when he hath ta'en a source:
 His rein is rage; resistance vaileth none;
 The first eschew is remedy alone.

XXIX.3.

An apology for the devil: it must be remembered that we have only heard one
 side of the case. God has written all the books.

XXX**XXX.1.**

Shall I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowery meads in may --
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
 'Cause I see a woman kind?
 Or a well-disposed nature
 Joinèd with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder, than
 Turtle dove or pelican,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love?
 Or her merits' value known
 Make me quite forget mine own?
 Be she with that goodness blest
 Which may gain her name of Best;
 If she seem not such to me,
 What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high
 Shall I play the fool and die?
 Those that bear a noble mind
 Where they want of riches find,
 Think what with them they would do
 That without them dare to woo;
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair:
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die ere she shall grieve;

I have but the shadow & imitation
Of the old memorial days.

In music I have no consolation;
No roses are pale enough for me;
The sound of the waters of separation
Surpasseth roses & melody.

No man knoweth our desolation;
Memory pales of the old delight;
While the sad waters of separation
Bear us on to the ultimate night.

If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

XXX.2.

Why should I blame her that she filled my days
With misery, or that she would of late
Have taught to ignorant men most violent ways,
Or hurled the little streets upon the great,
Had they but courage equal to desire?
What could have made her peaceful with a mind
That nobleness made simple as a fire,
With beauty like a tightened bow, a kind
That is not natural in an age like this,
Being high & solitary & most stern?
Why, what could she have done, being what she is?
Was there another Troy for her to burn?

XXX.3.

To live is like to love: all reason is against it, and all healthy instinct for it.

IX.3.

Of its beauty is the mind diseased.

Quartilis

Quintilis

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.
 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.

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.

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,
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 Princes 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;

Doug 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.

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.

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

Drearly, dearly.

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.

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.'
 `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 $\frac{1}{4}$ s 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

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!
 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.

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.

O 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

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.
 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.

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 tipling 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 mhúirín~~, 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;
~~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 diabhla!~~ 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.

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!
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
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

X.1.

The way that evening down the Mallerstang --
 Thon was a blizzard, thon, and he was done
 And almost dropping, when he came a bang
 Against a house -- slap-bang, and like to stun.
 Though that just saved his senses: and right there
 He saw a lighted window he'd not seen,
 Although he'd nearly staggered through its glare
 Into a goodwife's kitchen, where she'd been
 Baking hot griddle-cakes upon the peat...
 And he could taste them now, and feel the glow
 Of steady, aching, tingly, drowsy heat
 As he sat there and let the caking snow
 Melt off his boots, staining the sanded floor.
 And that brown jug she took down from the shelf --
 And every time he'd finished fetching more
 And piping, 'Now, reach up and help yourself!'
 'Neece, you're dazed, when did I ever --'
 She was a wonder, then, the gay old wife --
 But no such luck this journey. Things like that
 Could hardly happen every day of life,
 Or no one would be fighting you have taken?
 And oily undertakers, starved to death
 For want of money, and they would soon
 Be giving them a job. It caught your breath,
 That throttling wind. And it was not yet noon.
 Mother, do not hold me so.
 And he'd be travelling through it until dark.
 Dark! 'Twas already dark, and might be night
 For all that he could see. And not a spark
 Of comfort for him, just to strike a light
 And press the waxed tapers into the bowl,
 Keeping the light was cold & frosty and,
 And puff & puff. He'd give his gear to sell.
 For 1/2 a pipe. He couldn't understand
 How he had come to lose it. He'd the rum --
 Ay, the night was frosty.
 Ay, that was safe enough, but it would keep
 A while: Coldly gaped the moon.
 Yet he knew what chance might come
 In such a storm. His second, twistering
 Through Greenboughs of june.
 If he could only through Greenboughs of june.
 Of drifting snow, it made him sleepy-like --
 Drowsy 'Soft & thick the snow lay...'
 If he could only curl under in the sky --
 And sleep & sleep. ... It dazzled him, that white,
 Not all the lambs of may-day
 Drifting & drifting round & round & round...
 Just 1/2 a moment's snooze... He'd be all right.
 It made his head quite dizzy, that dry sound
 Of rustling snow. It made him want to find
 That rustling. Seemed to dance in air, drifting...
 If only he could sleep. He would sleep sound...
 For he looked a ghost or angel
 God, he was nearly gone. The storm was lifting;
 In the star-light there.
 And he'd run into something soft & warm --
 Slap into his own beasts, and never knew.
 Your eyes were frosted star-light;
 Huddled they were, bamboozled by the storm --
 And little wonder either when it blew.
 Your heart, fire & snow.
 A blast who was it? 'I love you' --
 Who was it? 'I love you' --
 They couldn't. Mother, do not hold me so!
 But they were sniffing something in the snow:
 'Twas that had stopped them, something big & white --
 A bundle, nay a woman. And she slept --
 She tells her love while 1/2 asleep,
 But it was death to sleep. He'd nearly dropped
 In the dark hours
 Asleep himself. 'I was well that he had kept
 With 1/2 words, whispered low
 That rum, and lucky that the beasts had stopped.
 Ay, it was well that he had kept the rum:
 He told his and I'll come to you, my lad!
 For looking at him, I'll come to you, my lad!
 The first and mother, and I should go mad,
 Even the best rum could never make
 Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad!

IX.2.

IX.3 George Noel, 6th Baron Darnley (1788-1824). Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.
 This is a line from the fourth canto of *Child Harold's Pilgrimage* a-je;
 X.1 'A Frosty Night', Prof Robert Graves (1895-1985), *Harkin, The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. And come as you were na comin' to me,
 X.2 Prof Robert Graves (1895-1985), *Stellworthy, The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.
 And come as you were na comin' to me.

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;

As earth stirs in her winter sleep
 And puts out grass & flowers
 Despite the snow,
 Despite the falling snow.

X.3.

They died to save their country and they only saved the world.

XI

XI.1.

Hereto I come to view a voiceless ghost;
 Whither, O whither will its whim now draw me?
 Up the cliff, down, till I'm lonely, lost,
 And the unseen waters' ejaculations awe me.
 Where you will next be there's no knowing,
 Facing round about me everywhere,
 With your nut-coloured hair,
 And grey eyes, and rose-flush coming & going.

Yes: I have re-entered your olden haunts at last;
 Through the years, through the dead scenes I have tracked you;
 What have you now found to say of our past –
 Scanned across the dark space wherein I have lacked you?
 Summer gave us sweets, but autumn wrought division?
 Things were not lastly as firstly well
 With us twain, you tell?
 But all's closed now, despite time's derision.

I see what you are doing: you are leading me on
 To the spots we knew when we haunted here together,
 The waterfall, above which the mist-bow shone
 At the then fair hour in the then fair weather,
 And the cave just under, with a voice still so hollow
 That it seems to call out to me from forty years ago,
 When you were all aglow,
 And not the thin ghost that I now frailly follow.

Ignorant of what there is flitting here to see,
 The waked birds preen & the seals flop lazily,
 Soon you will have, dear, to vanish from me,
 For the stars close their shutters & the dawn whitens hazily.
 Trust me, I mind not, though life lours,
 The bringing me here; nay, bring me here again.

X.3 Gilbert Chesterton, Knight (1874 – 1936), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. This is the last line of Chesterton's poem 'English Graves'.

XI.1 R 'After a Journey', Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. The ghost in question is that of Hardy's first wife, Emma.

I am just the same as when
Our days were a joy, & our paths through flowers.

XI.2.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening *Phoebus* lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire;
These ears – alas! – for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain;
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

XI.3.

We first crush people to the earth, and then claim the right of
trampling on them forever, because they are prostrate.

XII

XII.1.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red & white,
The violets, & the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday –
The tree is living yet!

XI.2 'On the Death of Mr Richard West', Prof Thomas Gray (1716 – 1771), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Richard West is an obscure figure, the son of another Richard West, who was briefly Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

XI.3 Mrs Lydia Child (1802 – 1880), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XII.1 Thomas Hood (1799 – 1845), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*. Philip Larkin's own 'I Remember, I Remember' is a sour response Hood's poem.

I remember, I remember,
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing;
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
 The fir trees dark & high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky:
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from heav'n
 Than when I was a boy.

XII.2.

These market-dames, mid-aged, with lips thin-drawn,
 And tissues sere,
 Are they the ones we loved in years ago,
 And courted here?

Are these the muslined pink young things to whom
 We vowed & swore
 In nooks on summer sundays by the Froom,
 Or Budmouth shore?

Do they remember those gay tunes we trod
 Clasped on the green;
 Aye; trod till moonlight set on the beaten sod
 A satin sheen?

They must forget, forget. They cannot know
 What once they were,
 Or memory would transfigure them, and show
 Them always fair.

XII.3.

No crime's so great as daring to excel.

XII.2 'Former Beauties', Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. ¶17. 'Froom' = the river Frome.

XII.3 The Rev Charles Churchill (1732 – 1764), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. This is a line from Churchill's 'Epistle to William Hogarth'.

XIII

XIII.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,
 Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails:
 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

XIII.1 'The Eve of St Agnes', John Keats (1795 – 1821), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

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 spectacted 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 pained 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 stored 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;
 Unclasps 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, stopt,
 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 syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
 Manna & dates, in argosy transferred
 From Fez; & spicèd dainties, every one,
 From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicates 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.

XIII.2.

Ensanguining the skies
 How heavily it dies
 Into the west away;
 Past touch & sight & sound,
 Not further to be found,
 How hopeless under ground
 Falls the remorseful day.

XIII.3.

The present is the funeral of the past, and man the living sepulchre of life.

XIV

XIV.1.

I saw wherein the shroud did lurk
 A curious frame of nature's work.
 A flow'ret crush'd in the bud,
 A nameless piece of babyhood,

XIII.2 Prof Alfred Housman (1859 – 1936), Holden and Holden, *Poems that Make Grown Men Cry*.

XIII.3 John Clare (1793 – 1864), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIV.1 'On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born', Charles Lamb (1775 – 1834), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

Was in a cradle-coffin lying;
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying;
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb!
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then strait up shut
For the long dark: ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.
Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
Shall we say, that nature blind
Checked her hand, & changed her mind,
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finished pattern without fault?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lacked she the promethean fire
(With her nine moons' long workings sickened)
That should thy little limbs have quickened?
Limbs so firm, they seemed to assure
Life of health, and days mature:
Woman's self in miniature!
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make beauty by.
Or did the stern-eyed fate descry,
That babe, or mother, one must die;
So in mercy left the stock,
And cut the branch; to save the shock
Of young years widowed; and the pain,
When single state comes back again
To the lone man who, 'reft of wife,
Thenceforward drags a maimed life?
The economy of heaven is dark;
And wisest clerks have missed the mark,
Why human buds, like this, should fall,
More brief than fly ephemeral,
That has his day; while shrivelled crones
Stiffen with age to stocks & stones;
And crabbèd use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.
Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss.
Rites, which custom does impose,
Silver bells & baby clothes;
Coral redder than those lips,
Which pale death did late eclipse;
Music framed for infants' glee,

Whistle never tuned for thee;
 Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
 Loving hearts were they which gave them.
 Let not one be missing; nurse,
 See them laid upon the hearse
 Of infant slain by doom perverse.
 Why should kings & nobles have
 Pictured trophies to their grave;
 And we, churls, to thee deny
 Thy pretty toys with thee to lie,
 A more harmless vanity?

XIV.2.

Others – I am not the first –
 Have willed more mischief than they durst:
 If in the breathless night I too
 Shiver now, 'tis nothing new.

More than I, if truth were told,
 Have stood and sweated hot & cold,
 And through their reins in ice & fire
 Fear contended with desire.

Agued once like me were they,
 But I like them shall win my way
 Lastly to the bed of mould
 Where there's neither heat nor cold.

But from my grave across my brow
 Plays no wind of healing now,
 And fire & ice within me fight
 Beneath the suffocating night.

XIV.3.

Heaven has no rage, like love to hatred turned;
 Nor hell a fury, like a woman scorned.

XV

XV.1.

XIV.2 Prof Alfred Housman (1859 – 1936), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

XIV.3 William Congreve (1670 – 1729), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XV.1 Walter Landor (1775 – 1864), Read and Dobrée, *The London Book of English Verse*. These are lines 271-93 of Landor's 'Helen and Corythos'. The Helen in question is the same woman whose beauty sparked the Trojan War. Corythos – the name is usually Latinised as Corythus, from the Greek Κόρυθος – was the son of Paris and Oenone; his mother sent the young man to Troy, where he and Helen fell in love with each other; Paris, not recognising his own son, killed him out of jealousy.

Her failing spirits with derisive glee
 And fondness he refreshed: her anxious thoughts
 Followed, and upon *Corythos* they dwelt.
 Often he met her eyes, nor shunned they his.
 For, royal as she was and born of *Zeus*,
 She was compassionate, and bowed her head
 To share her smiles & griefs with those below.
 All in her sight were level, for she stood
 High above all within the sea-girt world.
 At last she questioned *Corythos* what brought
 His early footsteps through such dangerous ways.
 And from abode so peaceable & safe.
 At once he told her why he came: she held
 Her hand to *Corythos*: he stood ashamed
 Not to have hated her: he looked; he sighed.
 He hung upon her words. What gentle words!
 How chaste her countenance.

‘What open brows
 The brave & beauteous ever have!’ thought she,
 ‘But even the hardest, when above their heads
 Death is impending, shudder at the sight
 Of barrows on the sands and bones exposed
 And whitening in the wind, and cypresses
 From Ida waiting for dissevered friends.’

XV.2.

Here, ever since you went abroad,
 If there be change, no change I see;
 I only walk our wonted road;
 The road is only walked by me.

Yes; I forgot; a change there is;
 Was it of that you bade me tell?
 I catch at times, at times I miss
 The sight, the tone, I know so well.

Only two months since you stood here!
 Two shortest months! Then tell me why
 Voices are harsher than they were,
 And tears are longer ere they dry.

XV.3.

The terrorist and the policeman both come from the same basket.

XV.2 R ‘What News’, Walter Landor (1775 – 1864), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

XV.3 Captain Joseph Conrad (1857 – 1924), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XVI

XVI.1.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines & the hemlocks,
 Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
 Stand like druids of old, with voices sad & prophetic,
 Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms
 Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
 Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the hunts-
 man?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of acadian farmers,
 Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
 Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
 Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed.
 Scattered like dust & leaves, when the mighty blasts of october
 Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
 Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Prz.

XVI.2.

And if tonight my soul may find her peace
 In sleep, and sink in good oblivion,
 And in the morning wake like a new-opened flower
 Then I have been dipped again in God, and new-created.

And if, as weeks go round, in the dark of the moon
 My spirit darkens and goes out, and soft strange gloom
 Pervades my movements & my thoughts & words
 Then I shall know that I am walking still
 With God, we are close together now the moon's in shadow.

And if, as autumn deepens & darkens
 I feel the pain of falling leaves, and stems that break in storms
 And trouble & dissolution & distress
 And then the softness of deep shadows folding,
 Folding around my soul & spirit, around my lips
 So sweet, like a swoon, or more like the drowse of a low, sad song
 Singing darker than the nightingale, on, on to the solstice
 And the silence of short days, the silence of the year, the shadow,
 Then I shall know that my life is moving still
 With the dark earth, and drenched
 With the deep oblivion of earth's lapse & renewal.

XVI.1 R Prof Henry Longfellow (1807 – 1882), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XVI.2 'Shadows', David Lawrence (1885 – 1930), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. ¶31. Prof Larkin places the 'of' in this line in square brackets, presumably because of its absence in some manuscript from which the text is ultimately drawn.

And if, in the changing phases of man's life,
 I fall in sickness & in misery;
 My wrists seem broken and my heart seems dead
 And strength is gone, and my life
 Is only the leavings of a life:

And still, among it all, snatches of lovely oblivion, and snatches
 Of renewal
 Odd, wintry flowers upon the withered stem, yet new, strange flowers
 Such as my life has not brought forth before, new blossoms of me

Then I must know that still
 I am in the hands of the unknown God;
 He is breaking me down to his own oblivion
 To send me forth on a new morning, a new man.

XVI.3.

The law has made him equal, but man has not.

XVII

XVII.1.

When thou & I are dead, my dear,
 The earth above us lain,
 When we no more in autumn hear
 The fall of leaves & rain,
 Or round the snow-enshrouded year
 The midnight winds complain;

When we no more in green mid-spring,
 Its sights & sounds may mind;
 The warm wet leaves set quivering
 With touches of the wind,
 The birds at morn, & birds that sing
 When day is left behind;

When over all the moonlight lies,
 Intensely bright & still;
 When some meandering brooklet sighs,
 At parting from its hill;
 And scents from voiceless gardens rise,
 The peaceful air to fill;

When we no more through summer light
 The deep, dim woods discern,

XVI.3 Clarence Darrow (1857 – 1938), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. From a speech concerning 'the Negro race'.

XVII.1 'Inseparable', Philip Marston (1850 – 1887), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*. Other sources give the first line as 'When I and thou are dead, my dearest'.

Nor hear the nightingales at night,
 In vehement singing, yearn
 To stars & moon, that, dumb & bright,
 In nightly vigil burn;

When smiles, & hopes, & joys, and fears,
 And words that lovers say,
 And sighs of love, & passionate tears
 Are lost to us for aye,
 What thing of all our love appears,
 In cold & confined clay?

When all their kisses, sweet & close,
 Our lips shall quite forget;
 When, where the day upon us rose,
 The day shall rise & set,
 While we for love's sublime repose
 Shall have not one regret;

O this true comfort is, I think,
 That, be death near or far,
 When we have crossed the fatal brink,
 And found nor moon nor star –
 To know not, when in death we sink,
 The lifeless things we are.

Yet one thought is, I deem, more kind,
 That when we sleep so well,
 On memories that we leave behind,
 When kindred spirits dwell,
 My name to thine in words they'll bind
 Of love inseparable.

XVII.2.

My love looks like a girl tonight,
 But she is old.
 The plaits that lie along her pillow
 Are not gold,
 But threaded with filigree silver
 And uncanny cold.

She looks like a young maiden, since her brow
 Is smooth & fair;
 Her cheeks are very smooth; her eyes are closed.
 She sleeps a rare
 Still winsome sleep, so still, and so composed.

XVII.2 'The Bride', David Lawrence (1885 – 1930), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

Nay, but she sleeps like a bride, and dreams her dreams
 Of perfect things.
 She lies at last, the darling, in the shape of her dream.
 And her dead mouth sings
 By its shape, like the thrushes in clear evenings.

XVII.3.

It takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place;
 if you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least
 twice as fast as that.

XVIII

XVIII.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,

XVII.3 The Rev Charles Dodgson (1832 – 1898), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XVIII.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.

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.

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.

XVIII.2.

What is the world, O soldiers?
 It is I:
 I, this incessant snow,
 This northern sky;
 Soldiers, this solitude

XVIII.2 'Napoleon', Walter de la Mare (1873 – 1956), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.
 This poem presumably concerns Napoleon's disastrous invasion of Russia.

Through which we go
Is I.

XVIII.3.

Jam tomorrow and jam yesterday – but never jam today.

XIX

XIX.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?

XVIII.3 The Rev Charles Dodgson (1832 – 1898), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIX.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.

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.
 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!

XIX.2.

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
 Between the crosses, row on row,
 That mark our place; and in the sky
 The larks, still bravely singing, fly
 Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
 We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
 Loved & were loved, and now we lie
 In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
 To you from failing hands we throw
 The torch; be yours to hold it high.
 If ye break faith with us who die
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders fields.

XIX.3.

Comfort's a cripple.

XX**XX.1.**

XIX.2 Dr John McCrae (1872 – 1918), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The argument of the poem – that the living should give their lives to avenge the dead – is clearly stupid. Where would the killing end before the whole world was sacrificed to this quasi-religion of military honour? And indeed the First World War provided a kind of answer to that question. But it remains a fine poem, and was popular with the ordinary soldiers of that most terrible of wars.

XIX.3 Michael Drayton (1563 – 1631), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. These words can be found in canto 2 of *The Baron's Wars*.

XX.1 R 'On the Welsh Language', Mrs Katherine Philips (1632 – 1664), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

If honour to an ancient name be due,
Or riches challenge it for one that's new,
The british language claims in either sense
Both for its age, and for its opulence.
But all great things must be from us removed,
To be with higher reverence beloved.
So landscapes which in prospects distant lie,
With greater wonder draw the pleasèd eye.
Is not great Troy to one dark ruin hurled?
Once the famed scene of all fighting world.
Where's Athens now, to whom Rome learning owes,
And the safe laurels that adorned her brows?
A strange reverse of fate she did endure,
Never once greater, than she's now obscure.
Even Rome herself can but some footsteps show
Of *Scipio's* times, or those of *Cicero*.
And as the roman & the grecian state,
The british fell, the spoil of time & fate.
But though the language hath the beauty lost,
Yet she has still some great remains to boast.
For 'twas in that, the sacred bards of old,
In deathless numbers did their thoughts unfold.
In groves, by rivers, and on fertile plains,
They civilized & taught the listening swains;
Whilst with high raptures, and as great success,
Virtue they clothed in music's charming dress.
This *Merlin* spoke, who in his gloomy cave,
Even destiny herself seemed to enslave.
For to his sight the future time was known,
Much better than to others is their own;
And with such state, predictions from him fell,
As if he did decree, and not foretell.
This spoke King *Arthur*, who, if fame be true,
Could have compelled mankind to speak it too.
In this once *Boadicca* valour taught,
And spoke more nobly than her soldiers fought:
Tell me what hero could be more than she,
Who fell at once for fame & liberty?
Nor could a greater sacrifice belong,
Or to her children's, or her country's wrong.
This spoke *Caractacus*, who was so brave,
That to the roman fortune check he gave:
And when their yoke he could decline no more,
He it so decently & nobly wore,
That Rome herself with blushes did believe,
A briton would the law of honour give;
And hastily his chains away she threw,
Lest her own captive else should her subdue.

XX.2.

I am the ghost of Shadwell Stair.
 Along the wharves by the waterhouse,
 And through the cavernous slaughterhouse,
 I am the shadow that walks there.

Yet I have flesh both firm & cool,
 And eyes tumultuous as the gems
 Of moons & lamps in the full Thames
 When dusk sails wavering down the pool.

Shuddering the purple street arc burns
 Where I watch always; from the banks
 Dolorously the shipping clanks
 And after me a strange tide turns.

I walk till the stars of London wane
 And dawn creeps up the Shadwell Stair.
 But when the crowing sirens blare
 I with another ghost am lain.

XX.3.

Good men starve for want of impudence.

XXI**XXI.1.**

See from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings;
 Short is his joy. He feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
 His purple crest, & scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold;
 His painted wings, & breast that flames with gold?
 Nor yet, when moist *Arcturus* clouds the sky,
 The woods & fields their pleasing toils deny.
 To plains with well-breathed beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare.
 (Beasts, urged by us, their fellow beasts pursue,

XX.2 ‘Shadwell Stair’, Wilfred Owen (1893 – 1918), Heath-Stubbs and Wright, *The Faber Book of Twentieth Century Verse*. Shadwell Stair is an obscure alleyway leading down to the Thames, in Rotherhithe, a district on the outskirts of London proper. The place is said to have been, in Owen’s time, one of those spots where gay men pick each other up for sexual encounters; although it has to be countered that the same could be said of a great many locations.

XX.3 John Dryden, Poet Laureate (1631 – 1700), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. This is a line from the epilogue to *Constantine the Great*.

XXI.1 R Alexander Pope (1688 – 1744), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. These are lines 37-60 of Pope’s longer poem, “Windsor-Forest”.

And learn of man each other to undo.)
 With slaughtering guns th'unwearied fowler roves,
 When frosts have whitened all the naked groves;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky.
 Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death:
 Oft as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

XXI.2.

Two separate divided silences,
 Which, brought together, would find loving voice;
 Two glances which together would rejoice
 In love, now lost like stars beyond dark trees;
 Two hands apart whose touch alone gives ease;
 Two bosoms which, heart-shrined with mutual flame,
 Would, meeting in one clasp, be made the same;
 Two souls, the shore wave-mocked of sundering seas:
 Such are we now. Ah may our hope forecast
 Indeed one hour again, when on this stream
 Of darkened love once more the light shall gleam?
 An hour how slow to come – how quickly past –
 Which blooms & fades, and only leaves at last,
 Faint as shed flowers, the attenuated dream.

XXI.3.

Whores and silver in one age were born.

XXII

XXII.1.

No more with overflowing light
 Shall fill the eyes that now are faded,
 Nor shall another's fringe with night
 Their woman-hidden world as they did.
 No more shall quiver down the days
 The flowing wonder of her ways,
 Whereof no language may requite
 The shifting & the many-shaded.

XXI.2 Gabriel Rossetti (1828 – 1882), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*. This sonnet is from Rossetti's sequence, *The House of Life*.

XXI.3 John Dryden, Poet Laureate (1631 – 1700), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. This is from line 35 of Dryden's *Sixth Satyr of Juvenal*.

XXII.1 'For a Dead Lady', Edwin Robinson (1869 – 1935), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

The grace, divine, definitive,
 Clings only as a faint forestalling;
 The laugh that love could not forgive
 Is hushed, and answers to no calling;
 The forehead & the little ears
 Have gone where *Saturn* keeps the years;
 The breast where roses could not live
 Has done with rising and with falling.

The beauty, shattered by the laws
 That have creation in their keeping,
 No longer trembles at applause,
 Or over children that are sleeping;
 And we who delve in beauty's lore
 Know all that we have known before
 Of what inexorable cause
 Makes time so vicious in his reaping.

XXII.2.

'Good morning! Good morning!' the General said
 When we met him last week on our way to the line.
 Now the soldiers he smiled at are most of 'em dead,
 And we're cursing his staff for incompetent swine.
 'He's a cheery old card,' grunted *Harry* to *Jack*
 As they slogged up to Arras with rifle & pack.

But he did for them both by his plan of attack.

XXII.3.

A nation is not to be governed, which is perpetually to be conquered.

XXIII

XXIII.1.

Why, *Damon*, with the forward day
 Dost thou thy little spot survey,
 From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,
 Pursue the progress of the year,
 What winds arise, what rains descend,
 When thou before that year shalt end?

What do thy noontide walks avail,
 To clear the leaf, & pick the snail,

XXII.2 'The General', Siegfried Sassoon (1886 – 1967), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. Arras was the site of a battle between the British and German Empires in 1917, which resulted in some three hundred thousand casualties.

XXII.3 The Rt Hon Edmund Burke (1729 – 1797), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXIII.1 'The Dying Man in His Garden', Dr George Sewall (1687 – 1726), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

Then wantonly to death decree
 An insect usefuller than thee?
 Thou & the worm are brother-kind,
 As low, as earthy, & as blind.

Vain wretch! canst thou expect to see
 The downy peach make court to thee?
 Or that thy sense shall ever meet
 The bean-flower's deep-embosomed sweet
 Exhaling with an evening blast?
 Thy evenings then will all be past!

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green
 (For vanity's in little seen),
 All must be left when death appears,
 In spite of wishes, groans, & tears;
 Nor one of all thy plants that grow
 But rosemary will with thee go.

XXIII.2.

Proud *Maisie* is in the wood,
 Walking so early;
 Sweet robin sits on the bush,
 Singing so rarely.

'Tell me, thou bonny bird,
 When shall I marry me?' –
 'When six braw gentlemen
 Kirk-ward shall carry ye.'

'Who makes the bridal bed,
 Birdie, say truly?' –
 'The gray-headed sexton
 That delves the grave duly.

'The glowworm o'er grave & stone
 Shall light thee steady;
 The owl from the steeple sing,
 Welcome, proud lady.'

XXIII.3.

It is a general popular error to imagine that the loudest complainers for the public to be the most anxious for its welfare.

XXIII.2 'The Pride of Youth', Sir Walter Scott, 1st Baronet (1771 – 1832), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

XXIII.3 The Rt Hon Edmund Burke (1729 – 1797), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXIV

XXIV.1.

I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way,
 Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
 And gentle odours led my steps astray,
 Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
 Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
 Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
 But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers & violets,
 Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
 The constellated flower that never sets;
 Faint oxlips; tender bluebells, at whose birth
 The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets –
 Like a child, $\frac{1}{2}$ in tenderness & mirth –
 Its mother's face with heaven's collected tears,
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
 Green cowbind & the moonlight-coloured may,
 And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
 Was the bright dew, yet drained not by the day;
 And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
 With its dark buds & leaves, wandering astray;
 And flowers azure, black, & streaked with gold,
 Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
 There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with white,
 And starry river buds among the sedge,
 And floating water-lilies, broad & bright,
 Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
 With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
 And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
 As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
 That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
 Were mingled or opposed, the like array
 Kept these imprisoned children of the hours
 Within my hand – and then, elate & gay,
 I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
 That I might there present it! O! to whom?

XXIV.1 'A Dream of the Unknown', Percy Shelley (1792 – 1822), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

XXIV.2.

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And *Dick* the shepherd blows his nail,
 And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit;
 Tu-who, a merry note,
 While greasy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And *Marian's* nose looks red & raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit;
 Tu-who, a merry note,
 While greasy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

XXIV.3.

Kings will be tyrants from policy when subjects are rebels from principle.

XXV**XXV.1.**

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
 A dismal picture of the general doom;
 Where souls distracted when the trumpet blows
 And half unready with their bodies come.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair,
 To a last lodging call their wandering friends:
 Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
 To look how near their own destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
 And with full eyes each wonted room require:
 Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
 As murdered men walk where they did expire.

XXIV.2 \mathbb{R} William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. This song is sung in *Love's Labours Lost* V.2. ¶12. Blowing one's nail means breathing on one's hands to warm them up. ¶11. The parson's saw is more likely his sermon than an implement for cutting wood; likewise the crabs hissing in the bowl are more likely crab apples than sea creatures.

XXIV.3 The Rt Hon Edmund Burke (1729 – 1797), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXV.1 \mathbb{R} Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1517 – 1547), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. These are verses 254-259 of Dryden's longer poem *Annus Mirabilis*.

Some stir up coals, and watch the vestal fire,
 Others in vain from sight of ruin run;
 And while through burning labyrinths they retire,
 With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
 To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;
 And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
 Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

While by the motion of the flames they guess
 What streets are burning now, and what are near,
 An infant waking to the paps would press,
 And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

XXV.2.

Leave me, O love, which reachest but to dust;
 And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
 Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
 Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
 Draw in thy beams and humble all thy might
 To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
 Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light,
 That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
 O take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
 In this small course which birth draws out to death,
 And think how evil becometh him to slide,
 Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.
 Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I see:
 Eternal love, maintain thy life in me.

XXV.3.

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

XXVI

XXVI.1.

Calm is the morn without a sound,
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
 And only through the faded leaf,
 The chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm & deep peace on this high wold,
 And on these dews that drench the furze.

XXV.2 R 'A Complaint by Night of the Lover not Beloved', Sir Philip Sidney (1554 – 1586), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

XXV.3 The Rt Hon Edmund Burke (1729 – 1797), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVI.1 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green & gold:

Calm & still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms & lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main:

Calm & deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, & silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

XXVI.2.

Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasped no more –
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly through the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

XXVI.3.

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

XXVII

XXVII.1.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,

XXVI.2 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXVI.3 Alexander Pope (1688 – 1744), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. This is line 215 of Pope's *Essay on Criticism*.

XXVII.1 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah sad & strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of $\frac{1}{2}$ awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O death in life, the days that are no more.

XXVII.2.

Out in the dark over the snow
The fallow fawns invisible go
With the fallow doe;
And the winds blow
Fast as the stars are slow.

Stealthily the dark haunts round
And, when the lamp goes, without sound
At a swifter bound
Than the swiftest hound,
Arrives, and all else is drowned;

And star & I & wind & deer
Are in the dark together – near,
Yet far – and fear
Drums on my ear
In that sage company drear.

How weak & little is the light,
All the universe of sight,
Love & delight,
Before the might,
If you love it not, of night.

XXVII.3.

XXVII.2 Edward Thomas (1878 – 1917), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

XXVII.3 Oscar Wilde (1854 – 1900), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. The original, in Wilde's preface to his *Portrait of Dorian Gray*, begins, 'The nineteenth century dislike of realism...'

Dislike of realism is the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in the glass.

XXVIII

XXVIII.1.

The Danube to the Severn gave
 The darkened heart that beat no more;
 They laid him by the pleasant shore,
 And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
 The salt sea-water passes by,
 And hushes half the babbling Wye,
 And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hushed nor moved along,
 And hushed my deepest grief of all,
 When filled with tears that cannot fall,
 I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
 Is vocal in its wooded walls;
 My deeper anguish also falls,
 And I can speak a little then.

XXVIII.2.

A slumber did my spirit seal;
 I had no human fears:
 She seemed a thing that could not feel
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
 She neither hears nor sees;
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
 With rocks, & stones, & trees.

XXVIII.3.

Each man kills the thing he loves.

XXVIII.1 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXVIII.2 Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

XXVIII.3 Oscar Wilde (1854 – 1900), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. This is a line from *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*.

XXIX

XXIX.1.

Late in the lowering sky red fiery streaks
 Begin to flush about; the reeling clouds
 Stagger with dizzy aim, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey: while rising, slow,
 Sad, in the leaden-coloured east, the moon
 Wears a black circle round her sullied orb.
 Then issues forth the storm, with loud control,
 And the thin fabrick of the pillared air
 O'erturns, at once. Prone, on th'uncertain main,
 Descends th'ethereal force, and ploughs its waves,
 With dreadful rift: from the mid-deep appears
 Surge after surge, the rising watery war.
 Whitening, the angry billows rowl immense,
 And roar their rerrors, through the shuddering soul
 Of feeble man, amidst their fury caught,
 And dashed upon his fate: then, o'er the cliff,
 Where dwells the sea-mew, unconfined, they fly,
 And, hurrying, swallow up the sterile shore.

The mountain growls; and all its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade:
 Lone on its midnight side, and all aghast,
 The dark wayfaring stranger, breathless, toils
 And climbs against the blast –
 Low waves the rooted forest, vexed, and sheds
 What of its leafy honours yet remains.
 Thus, struggling through the dissipated grove,
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
 And, on the cottage thatched, or lordly dome,
 Keen-fastening, shakes 'em to the solid base.
 Sleep, frightened, flies; the hollow chimney howls,
 The windows rattle, and the hinges creak.

XXIX.2.

From low to high doth dissolution climb,
 And sink from high to low, along a scale
 Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
 A musical but melancholy chime,
 Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
 Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
 Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
 The longest date do melt like frosty rime,

XXIX.1 James Thomson (1700 – 1748), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. These lines are from Thomson's longer poem, "Winter", which seems to exist in several versions.

XXIX.2 'Mutability', Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

That in the morning whitened hill & plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of time.

XXIX.3.

It is well for his peace that the saint goes to his martyrdom; he
is spared the sight of the horror of his harvest.

XXIX.3 Oscar Wilde (1854 – 1900), Wilde, *The Critic as Artist*.

Unodecember

I

I.1.

Since I no more do see your face
Up stairs or down below,
I'll sit me in the lonesome place
Where flat-boughed beech do grow;
Below the beeches' bough, my love,
Where you did never come,
An' I don't look to meet ye now
As I do look at home.

Since you no more be at my side
In walks in summer het
I'll go alone where mist do ride,
Through trees a-drippin' wet;
Below the rain-wet bough, my love,
Where you did never come,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now
As I do grieve at home.

Since now beside my dinner-board
Your voice do never sound,
I'll eat the bit I can afford,
A-yield upon the ground;
Below the darksome bough, my love,
Where you did never dine,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now
As I at home do pine.

Since I do miss your voice an' face
In prayer at eventide,
I'll pray wi' one sad voice for grace
To go where you do bide;
Above the tree an' bough, my love,
Where you be gone afore,

I.1 \mathbb{R} 'The Wife A-Lost', The Rev William Barnes (1801 – 1886), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

An' be a waitin' for me now
To come for evermore.

I.2.

Cruel were my parents to tear my love from me.
Cruel were the press-gang that took him off to sea.
Cruel was the little ship that rowed him off the strand,
And cruel was the great big ship that sailed from the land.

I.3.

I shall go to him but he shall not return to me.

II

II.1.

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill; death august & royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle; they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady & aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted;
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun & in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are & our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,

I.2 R 'Oh! Cruel', Anonymous, *Bodleian 8227*. This is the first verse in a ballad; sadly the others are much inferior. The 'Oh!' has been excised from the front of the first line, and the 'And' has been excised from the front of the middle two lines.

I.3 2 Samuel 22.22, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. King David says this of his dead son, the first child Bathsheba bore him.

II.1 'For the Fallen', Prof Laurence Binyon (1869 – 1943), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
 As the stars are known to the night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
 Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
 As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
 To the end, to the end, they remain.

II.2.

Alone at the shut of day was I,
 With a star or two in a frost-clear sky,
 And the byre smell in the air.
 I'd tramped the length & breadth of the fen;
 But never a farmer wanted men;
 Naught doing anywhere.

A great calm moon rose back of the mill,
 And I told myself it was God's will
 Who went hungry and who went fed.
 I tried to whistle; I tried to be brave;
 But the new-ploughed fields smelt dank as the grave;
 And I wished I were dead.

II.3.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

III

III.1.

All things within this fading world hath end;
 Adversity doth still our joys attend;
 No ties so strong, no friends so dear & sweet,
 But with death's parting blow is sure to meet.
 The sentence past is most irrevocable,
 A common thing, yet O inevitable.
 How soon, my dear, death may my steps attend
 How soon't may be thy lot to lose thy friend,
 We are both ignorant, yet love bids me
 These farewell lines to recommend to thee,
 That when that knot's untied that made us one,
 I may seem thine, who in effect am none.
 And if I see not $1/2$ my days that's due,
 What nature would, God grant to yours & you;

II.2 'Out of Work', Kenneth Ashley (1885 – 1969), Holden and Holden, *Poems that Make Grown Men Cry*.

II.3 Matthew 27.46, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. Christ is quoting here the first line of Psalm 22. The Aramaic, following the KJV's transliteration, is 'Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?'.

III.1 'Before the Birth of One of Her Children', Mrs Anne Bradstreet (1612 – 1672), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

The many faults that well you know I have
 Let be interred in my oblivious grave;
 If any worth or virtue were in me,
 Let that live freshly in thy memory
 And when thou feel'st no grief, as I no harms,
 Yet love thy dead, who long lay in thine arms.
 And when thy loss shall be repaid with gains,
 Look to my little babes, my dear remains.
 And if thou love thyself, or loved'st me,
 These O protect from step-dames' injury.
 And if chance to thine eyes shall bring this verse,
 With some sad sighs honour my absent hearse;
 And kiss this paper for thy loves dear sake,
 Who with salt tears this last farewell did take.

III.2.

I come among the peoples like a shadow.
 I sit down by each man's side.

None sees me, but they look on one another,
 And know that I am there.

My silence is like the silence of the tide
 That buries the playground of children;

Like the deepening of frost in the slow night,
 When birds are dead in the morning.

Armies trample, invade, destroy,
 With guns roaring from earth & air.

I am more terrible than armies;
 I am more feared than the cannon.

Kings and chancellors give commands;
 I give no command to any;

But I am listened to more than kings
 And more than passionate orators.

I unswear words, and undo deeds.
 Naked things know me.

III.3.

Summer is ended, and we are not saved.

III.2 'Hunger', Prof Laurence Binyon (1869 – 1943), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. Prof Binyon was clearly inspired by the Old English riddles, such as are found in the *Exeter Book*. The Almanackist has excised the last two lines, since these give the game away.

III.3 Jeremiah 8.20, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

IV

IV.1.

When we two parted
 In silence & tears,
 Half broken-hearted
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek & cold,
 Colder thy kiss;
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow –
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.
 Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame;
 I hear thy name spoken,
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear;
 A shudder comes o'er me –
 Why wert thou so dear?
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well –
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met –
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee?
 With silence & tears.

IV.2.

I am ashes where once I was fire,
 And the bard in my bosom is dead;
 What I loved I now merely admire,
 And my heart is as grey as my head.

My life is not dated by years –
 There are moments which act as a plough;

IV.1 George Noel, 6th Baron Byron (1788 – 1824), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

IV.2 ‘To the Countess of Blessington’, George Noel, 6th Baron Byron (1788 – 1824), Byron, *The Poems and Dramas of Lord Byron*. The Almanackist has excised the first two verses.

And there is not a furrow appears
 But is deep in my soul as my brow.

Let the young & the brilliant aspire
 To sing what I gaze on in vain;
 For sorrow has torn from my lyre
 The string which was worthy the strain.

IV.3.

The axe is laid unto the root of the trees.

V

V.1.

Now winter nights enlarge
 The number of their hours;
 And clouds their storms discharge
 Upon the airy towers.
 Let now the chimneys blaze
 And cups o'erflow with wine;
 Let well-turned words amaze
 With harmony divine.
 Now yellow waxen lights
 Shall wait on honey love
 While youthful revels, masques & courtly sights
 Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense
 With lovers' long discourse;
 Much speech hath some defense,
 Though beauty no remorse.
 All do not all things well;
 Some measures comely tread,
 Some knotted riddles tell,
 Some poems smoothly read.
 The summer hath his joys,
 And winter his delights;
 Though love & all his pleasures are but toys,
 They shorten tedious nights.

IV.3 Matthew 3.10, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. The KJV's rendering of Matthew 3.10 in full: 'And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.'

V.1 Dr Thomas Campion (1567 – 1620), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

V.2.

So we'll go no more a roving
 So late into the night,
 Though the heart be still as loving,
 And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
 And the soul wears out the breast,
 And the heart must pause to breathe,
 And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
 And the day returns too soon,
 Yet we'll go no more a roving
 By the light of the moon.

V.3.

They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind.

VI

VI.1.

I was a stricken deer that left the herd
 Long since, with many an arrow deep infixed
 My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
 To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
 There was I found by one who had himself
 Been hurt by th'archers. In his side he bore,
 And in his hands & feet, the cruel scars.
 With gentle force soliciting the darts,
 He drew them forth, and healed and bade me live.
 Since then, with few associates, in remote
 And silent woods I wander, far from those,
 My former partners of the peopled scene;
 With few associates, and not wishing more.
 Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
 With other views of men and manners now
 Than once, and others of a life to come.
 I see that all are wanderers, gone astray
 Each in his own delusions; they are lost

V.2 George Noel, 6th Baron Byron (1788 – 1824), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Here Lord Byron is codifying, in a manner not dissimilar to Burns, an ancient English folk song, known in one of its variations as 'The Maid of Amsterdam'.

V.3 Hosea 8.7, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

VI.1 R 'The Stricken Deer', William Cowper (1731 – 1800), Read and Dobrée, *The London Book of English Verse*. ¶144. Pilgrims to the oracle at Delphi would first wash themselves in the Castalian spring. Drinking therefrom was said to induce poetical inspiration. ¶150. Themis was a Greek goddess of prophecy, named in some sources as the mother of Prometheus. ¶151. 'Immortal Hale' = Sir Matthew Hale.

In chase of fancied happiness, still wooed
 And never won. Dream after dream ensues,
 And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
 And still are disappointed. Rings the world
 With the vain stir. I sum up $\frac{1}{2}$ mankind
 And add two thirds of the remaining $\frac{1}{2}$,
 And find the total of their hopes & fears
 Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay,
 As if created only like the fly,
 That spreads his motley wings in the eye of noon
 To sport their season and be seen no more.
 The rest aro sober dreamers, grave & wise
 And pregnant with discoveries new & rare.
 Somo write a narrative of wars & feats,
 Of heroes little known, and call the rant
 A history; describe the man, of whom
 His own coevals took but little note,
 And paint his person, character, & views,
 As they had know him from his mother womb.
 They disentangle from the puzzled skein
 In which obscurity has wrapped them up,
 The threads of politic & shrewd design
 That ran through all his purposes, and charge
 His mind with meanings that he never had
 Or having, kept concealed. Some drill & bore
 The solid earth, and from the strata there
 Extract a register, by which we learn
 That he, who made it and revealed its date
 To *Moses*, was mistaken in its age.
 Some, more acute & more industrious still,
 Contrive creation, travel nature up
 To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,
 Tell us whence the stars, why some are fixed,
 And planetary some, what gave them first
 Rotation, from what fountain flowed their light.
 Great contest follows, and much learned dust
 Involves the combatants, each claiming truth,
 And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
 The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp
 In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
 To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.
 Is't not a pity now, that tickling rheums
 Should ever tease the lungs, and blear the sight
 Of oracles like these. Great pity too
 That having wielded the elements, and built
 A 1000 systems, each in his own way,
 They should go out in fame and be forgot!
 Ah what is life thus spent? And what are they

But frantic who thus spend it? All for smoke –
 Eternity for bubbles proves at last
 A senseless bargain. When I see such games
 Played by the creatures of a power who swears
 That he will judge the earth, and call the fool
 To a sharp reckoning that has lived in vain;
 And when I weigh this seeming wisdom well,
 And prove it the infallible result
 So hollow and so false – I feel my heart
 Dissolve in pity, and account the learned,
 If this be learning, most of all deceived.
 Great crimes alarm the conscience, but it sleeps
 While thoughtful man is plausibly amused.
 Defend me therefore, common sense, say I,
 From reveries so airy, from the toil
 Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
 And growing old in drawing nothing up!

'Twere well says one sage erudite, profound,
 Terribly arched & aquiline his nose,
 And overbuilt with most impending brows,
 'Twere well could you permit the world to live
 As the world pleases. What's the world to you?
 Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk,
 As sweet as charity, from human breasts.
 I think, articulate; I laugh and weep
 And exercise all functions of a man.
 How then should I and any man that lives
 Be strangers to each other? Pierce my vein;
 Take of the crimson stream meandering there,
 And catechise it well. Apply your glass,
 Search it, and prove now if it be not blood
 Congenial with thine own: and if it be,
 With edge of subtlety canst thou suppose
 Keen enough, wise & skilful as thou art,
 To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
 One common maker bound me to the kind.
 True; I am no proficient, I confess,
 In arts like yours I cannot call the swift
 And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,
 And bid them hide themselves in th'earth beneath;
 I cannot analyse the air, nor catch
 The parallax of yonder luminous point
 That seems $1/2$ quenched in the immense abyss;
 Such powers I boast not – neither can I rest
 A silent witness of the headlong rage,
 Or heedless folly by which thousands die,
 Bone of my bone, & kindred souls to mine.

God never meant that man should scale the heavens
 By strides of human wisdom. In his works,
 Though wondrous, he commands us in his word
 To seek him rather where his mercy shines.
 The mind indeed, enlightened from above,
 Views him in all; ascribes to the grand cause
 The grand effect, acknowledges with joy
 His manner, and with rapture tastes his style.
 But never yet did philosophic tube
 That brings the planets home into the eye
 Of observation, and discovers, else
 Not visible, his family of worlds,
 Discover him that rules them: such a veil
 Hangs oyer mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
 And dark in things divine. Full often too
 Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
 Of nature, overlooks her author more;
 From instrumental causes proud to draw
 Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake.
 But if his word once teach us, shoot a ray
 Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
 Truths undiscern'd but by that holy light,
 Then all is plain. Philosophy baptised
 In the pure fountain of eternal love
 Has eyes indeed; and viewing all she sees,
 As meant to indicate a God to man,
 Gives him his praise, and forfeits not her own.
 Learning has borne such fruit in other days
 On all her branches: piety has found
 Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
 Has flowed from lips wet with castalian dews.
 Such was thy wisdom, *Newton*, childlike sage,
 Sagacious reader of the works of God,
 And in his word sagacious. Such too thine,
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
 And fed on manna. And such thine, in whom
 Our british *Themis* gloried with just cause,
 Immortal *Hale*, for deep discernment praised,
 And sound integrity not more, than famed
 For sanctity of manners undefiled.

VI.2.

VI.2 Catherine Dyer, Lady Dyer (1590 – 1654), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*. Lady Dyer had this remarkable epitaph inscribed on the monument of her late husband, Sir William Dyer (1583 – 1621), which can be found in St Denys' Church in the village of Colmworth, Bedfordshire. This sonnet is actually just the second half of the complete epitaph. ¶12. There is some ambiguity in this line: some books gives 'my blood grows cold', while others give 'my beloved grows' cold. The Almanackist is no scholar of seventeenth century English orthography, but he has seen the original monument himself, and can report that it reads 'MY BLOVD GROWES COLD', and thus he concludes that either interpretation may be correct.

My dearest dust, could not thy hasty day
 Afford thy drowsy patience leave to stay
 One hour longer: so that we might either
 Sit up, or gone to bed together?
 But since thy finished labour hath possessed
 Thy weary limbs with early rest,
 Enjoy it sweetly: and thy widow bride
 Shall soon repose her by thy slumb'ring side.
 Whose business, now, is only to prepare
 My nightly dress, and call to prayer:
 Mine eyes wax heavy and the day grows old.
 The dew falls thick; my blood grows cold.
 Draw, draw the closèd curtains: and make room:
 My dear, my dearest dust; I come, I come.

VI.3.

Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting.

VII

VII.1.

Farewell, too little & too lately known,
 Whom I began to think & call my own;
 For sure our souls were near allied; and thine
 Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.
 One common note on either lyre did strike,
 And knaves & fools we both abhorred alike:
 To the same goal did both our studies drive,
 The last set out the soonest did arrive.
 Thus *Nisus* fell upon the slippery place,
 While his young friend performed and won the race.
 O early ripe! to thy abundant store
 What could advancing age have added more?
 It might (what nature never gives the young)
 Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue.
 But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
 Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
 A noble error, and but seldom made,
 When poets are by too much force betrayed.
 Thy generous fruits, though gathered ere their prime

VI.3 Daniel 5.27, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. This is a portion of Daniel's interpretation of the famous writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast.

VII.1 'To the Memory of Mr Oldham', John Dryden, Poet Laureate (1631 – 1700), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. ¶10. Nisus is a character from the *Aeneid*, who, having slipped and fallen during a race, and seeing that he can't recover his lead, tackles one of the other competitors to ensure his friend's victory. ¶23. The name Marcellus refers to a number of figures from Roman history, although Dryden is probably referring here to Marcus Claudius Marcellus, the nephew and proposed heir of Augustus, whose death at nineteen years of age is a good example of a man who died before his youthful promise could be realised – just like John Oldham, the subject of this elegy.

Still showed a quickness; and maturing time
 But mellow what we write to the dull sweets of rhyme.
 Once more, hail & farewell; farewell thou young,
 But ah too short, *Marcellus* of our tongue;
 Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
 But fate & gloomy night encompass thee around.

VII.2.

The sheep get up and make their many tracks
 And bear a load of snow upon their backs,
 And gnaw the frozen turnip to the ground
 With sharp quick bite, and then go noising round
 The boy that pecks the turnips all the day
 And knocks his hands to keep the cold away
 And laps his legs in straw to keep them warm
 And hides behind the hedges from the storm.
 The sheep, as tame as dogs, go where he goes
 And try to shake their fleeces from the snows.
 Then leave their frozen meal and wander round
 The stubble stack that stands beside the ground,
 And lie all night and face the drizzling storm
 And shun the hovel where they might be warm.

VII.3.

Beware of too much explaining, lest we end by too much excusing.

VIII

VIII.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.

VII.2 John Clare (1793 – 1864), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

VII.3 John Dalberg-Acton, 1st Baron Acton (1834 – 1902), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

VIII.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'.

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.

VIII.2.

Why were you born when the snow was falling?
 You should have come to the cuckoo's calling,
 Or when grapes are green in the cluster,
 Or, at least, when lithe swallows muster
 For their far off flying
 From summer dying.

Why did you die when the lambs were cropping?
 You should have died at the apples' dropping,
 When the grasshopper comes to trouble,
 And the wheat-fields are sodden stubble,
 And all winds go sighing
 For sweet things dying.

VIII.3.

Every harlot was a virgin once.

IX

IX.1.

VIII.2 'A Dirge', Miss Christina Rossetti (1830 – 1894), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

VIII.3 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. This is one of Blake's 'Proverbs of Hell' from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

IX.1 'Birches', Robert Frost, Poet Laureate of Vermont (1874 – 1963), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

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
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.

IX.2.

Care-charmer sleep, son of the sable night,
 Brother to death, in silent darkness born:
 Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
 With dark forgetting of my cares, return;
 And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth:
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the torment of the night's untruth.
 Cease dreams, th'imagery of our day-desires,
 To model forth the passions of the morrow;
 Never let rising sun approve you liars,
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

IX.3.

One law for the lion and ox is oppression.

X

X.1.

He talked of Delhi brothels $\frac{1}{2}$ the night,
 Quaking with fever; and then, dragging tight
 The frouzy blankets to his chattering chin,
 Cursed for an hour because they were so thin
 And nothing would keep out that gnawing cold –
 Scarce 40 years of age, and yet so old,
 Haggard and worn with burning eyes set deep –
 Until at last he cursed himself asleep.

IX.2 R Samuel Daniel (1562 – 1619), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. This is one of Daniel's sonnets 'To Delia'. ¶ Beaumont and Fletcher borrowed heavily from these lines in writing one of the songs in their play *Valentinian*.

IX.3 William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. This is one of Blake's 'Proverbs of Hell' from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

X.1 R 'Long Tom', Wilfrid Gibson (1878 – 1962), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

Before I'd shut my eyes reveille came;
 And as I dressed by the one candle-flame
 The mellow golden light fell on his face
 Still sleeping, touching it to tender grace,
 Rounding the features life had scarred so deep,
 Till youth came back to him in quiet sleep:
 And then what women saw in him I knew
 And why they'd love him all his brief life through.

X.2.

We who are left, how shall we look again
 Happily on the sun or feel the rain
 Without remembering how they who went
 Ungrudgingly and spent
 Their lives for us loved, too, the sun & rain?

A bird among the rain-wet lilac sings –
 But we, how shall we turn to little things
 And listen to the birds & winds & streams
 Made holy by their dreams,
 Nor feel the heart-break in the heart of things?

X.3.

The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you
 may also hear the beating of his wings.

XI

XI.1.

In a solitude of the sea
 Deep from human vanity,
 And the pride of life that planned her, stilly couches she.

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.

X.2 'Lament', Wilfrid Gibson (1878 – 1962), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. Although Gibson joined the British Army during the First World War, he never served abroad. Due to some kind of medical defect, possibly poor eyesight, he ultimately served as a clerk, which – when one compares his lifespan to that of Edward Thomas, who was born in the same year – turned out to be a good career move.

X.3 The Rt Hon John Bright (1811 – 1889), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XI.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.

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.

XI.2.

I suppose France this morning is as white as here:
 High white clouds veiling the sun, and the mere
 Cabbage fields & potato plants lovely to see,
 Back behind at Robecq there with the day free.

In the **estaminets** I suppose the air as cool, and the floor
 Grateful dark red; the beer and the different store
 Of citron, grenadine, red wine as surely delectable
 As in 1916; with the round stains on the dark table.

Journals Français tell the same news and the queer
 Black printed columns give news, but no longer the fear
 Of shrapnel or any evil metal torments.
 High white morning as here one is sure is on France.

XI.2 'Behind the Line', Ivor Gurney (1890 – 1937), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. ¶15.
 An *estimanet* is a French word for a kind of café which serves alcohol.

XI.3.

Sweet love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee.

XII**XII.1.**

Not a line of her writing have I,
 Not a thread of her hair,
 No mark of her late time as dame in her dwelling, whereby
 I may picture her there;
 And in vain do I urge my unsight
 To conceive my lost prize
 At her close, whom I knew when her dreams were upbrimming with
 light,
 And with laughter her eyes.

What scenes spread around her last days,
 Sad, shining, or dim?
 Did her gifts & compassions enray & enarch her sweet ways
 With an aureat nimb?
 Or did life-light decline from her years,
 And mischances control
 Her full day-star; unease, or regret, or forebodings, or fears
 Disennoble her soul?

Thus I do but the phantom retain
 Of the maiden of yore
 As my relic; yet haply the best of her – fined in my brain
 It may be the more
 That no line of her writing have I,
 Nor a thread of her hair,
 No mark of her late time as dame in her dwelling, whereby
 I may picture her there.

XII.2.

When you shall see me in the toils of time,
 My lauded beauties carried off from me,
 My eyes no longer stars as in their prime,
 My name forgot of maiden fair & free;
 When, in your being, heart concedes to mind,

XI.3 Miss Emily Brontë (1818 – 1848), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. This is a line from Miss Brontë's poem "Remembrance".

XII.1 'Thoughts of Phena', Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. Subtitle: 'At News of Her Death'. The Phena in question was a Tryphena Sparks, Hardy's probable lover and cousin (or possibly niece) and at one time his intended bride. Prof Larkin commented once that reading this poem brought about his conversion to the genuinely English tradition of poetry, and away from Yeats's shoddy school.

XII.2 She to Him 1, Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

And judgment, though you scarce its process know,
 Recalls the excellencies I once enshrined,
 And you are irked that they have withered so;
 Remembering mine the loss is, not the blame,
 That sportsman time but rears his brood to kill,
 Knowing me in my soul the very same
 One who would die to spare you touch of ill,
 Will you not grant to old affection's claim
 The hand of friendship down life's sunless hill?

XII.3.

One leak will sink a ship.

XIII

XIII.1.

As I drive to the junction of lane & highway,
 And the drizzle bedrenches the waggonette,
 I look behind at the fading byway,
 And see on its slope, now glistening wet,
 Distinctly yet

Myself and a girlish form benighted
 In dry march weather. We climb the road
 Beside a chaise. We had just alighted
 To ease the sturdy pony's load
 When he sighed & slowed.

What we did as we climbed, and what we talked of
 Matters not much, nor to what it led –
 Something that life will not be balked of
 Without rude reason till hope is dead,
 And feeling fled.

It filled but a minute. But was there ever
 A time of such quality, since or before,
 In that hill's story ? To one mind never,
 Though it has been climbed, foot-swift, foot-sore,
 By 1000s more.

Primeval rocks form the road's steep border,
 And much have they faced there, first & last,

XII.3 John Bunyan (1628 – 1688), Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*. The quotation continues: 'and one sin will destroy a sinner.' Bunyan was no sailor, or else he would have written: one *flood* will cause a ship to *founder*.

XIII.1 R 'At Castle Boterel', Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Holden and Holden, *Poems that Make Grown Men Cry*. Kastel Boterel is the Cornish-language name for the English village of Boscastle. The village is named after a nearby castle (of which very little survives) which itself was named after the Barons Botreaux (pronounced like the English word *buttery*), a title in the Peerage of England in abeyance at the time of writing.

Of the transitory in earth's long order;
 But what they record in colour & cast
 Is – that we two passed.

And to me, though time's unflinching rigour,
 In mindless rote, has ruled from sight
 The substance now, one phantom figure
 Remains on the slope, as when that night
 Saw us alight.

I look & see it there, shrinking, shrinking;
 I look back at it amid the rain
 For the very last time; for my sand is sinking,
 And I shall traverse old love's domain
 Never again.

XIII.2.

I well remember how some threescore years
 And 10 ago, a helpless babe, I toddled
 From chair to chair about my mother's chamber,
 Feeling, as 'twere, my way in the new world
 And foolishly afraid of, or, as 't might be,
 Foolishly pleased with, th' unknown objects round me.
 And now with stiffened joints I sit all day
 In one of those same chairs, as foolishly
 Hoping or fearing something from me hid
 Behind the thick, dark veil which I see hourly
 And minutely on every side round closing
 And from my view all objects shutting out.

XIII.3.

You should have a softer pillow than my heart.

XIV

XIV.1.

We kissed at the barrier; and passing through
 She left me, and moment by moment got
 Smaller & smaller, until to my view
 She was but a spot;

A wee white spot of muslin fluff
 That down the diminishing platform bore

XIII.2 'Very Old Man', Dr James Henry (1798 – 1876), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

XIII.3 George Noel, 6th Baron Byron (1788 – 1824), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.
 Lord Byron is said to have uttered these words to his wife.

XIV.1 'On the Departure Platform', Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

Through hustling crowds of gentle & rough
To the carriage door.

Under the lamplight's fitful glowers,
Behind dark groups from far & near,
Whose interests were apart from ours,
She would disappear,

Then show again, till I ceased to see
That flexible form, that nebulous white;
And she who was more than my life to me
Had vanished quite.

We have penned new plans since that fair fond day,
And in season she will appear again
– Perhaps in the same soft white array –
But never as then.

'And why, young man, must eternally fly
A joy you'll repeat, if you love her well?'
O friend, nought happens twice thus; why,
I cannot tell.

XIV.2.

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which starlike sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud that you can see
All hearts your captives, yours yet free;
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the lovesick air;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

XIV.3.

The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible
worlds; and the pessimist fears this is true.

XV

XV.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.

XIV.2 'To Dianeme', Robert Herrick (1591 – 1633), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

XIV.3 James Cabell (1879 – 1958), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XV.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.

XV.2.

It is not death, that sometime in a sigh
 This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;
 That sometime these bright stars, that now reply
 In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night;
 That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,
 And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;
 That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal spright
 Be lapped in alien clay and laid below;
 It is not death to know this – but to know
 That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
 In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
 So duly and so oft – and when grass waves
 Over the past-away, there may be then
 No resurrection in the minds of men.

XV.3.

Experience is the best of schoolmasters, only the school fees are heavy.

XVI

XVI.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.'

XV.2 'Sonnet', Thomas Hood (1799 – 1845), Read and Dobrée, *The London Book of English Verse*.

XV.3 Thomas Carlyle (1795 – 1881), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XVI.1 'Afterwards', Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

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'?

XVI.2.

Into my heart an air that kills
 From yon far country blows:
 What are those blue remembered hills?
 What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content
 – I see it shining plain –
 The happy highways where I went
 And cannot come again.

XVI.3.

The heart of another is a dark forest.

XVII

XVII.1.

What is a woman that you forsake her,
 And the hearth-fire and the home-acre,
 To go with the old grey widow-maker?

She has no house to lay a guest in –
 But one chill bed for all to rest in,
 That the pale suns & the stray bergs nest in.

She has no strong white arms to fold you,
 But the 10-times-fingering weed to hold you –
 Out on the rocks where the tide has rolled you.

XVI.2 Prof Alfred Housman (1859 – 1936), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

XVI.3 Miss Wilella Cather (1873 – 1947), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XVII.1 'Harp Song of the Dane Women', Rudyard Kipling (1865 – 1936), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. These lines are found in Kipling's story "The Knights of the Joyous Venture", which is in the collection *Puck of Pook's Hill*.

Yet, when the signs of summer thicken,
 And the ice breaks, and the birch-buds quicken,
 Yearly you turn from our side, and sicken –

Sicken again for the shouts & the slaughters.
 You steal away to the lapping waters,
 And look at your ship in her winter quarters.

You forget our mirth, and talk at the tables,
 The kine in the shed & the horse in the stables –
 To pitch her sides and go over her cables.

Then you drive out where the storm clouds swallow,
 And the sound of your oar-blades, falling hollow,
 Is all we have left through the months to follow.

Ah what is woman that you forsake her,
 And the hearth-fire and the home-acre,
 To go with the old grey widow-maker?

XVII.2.

Stand close around, ye stygian set,
 With *Dirce* in one boat conveyed;
 Or *Charon*, seeing, may forget
 That he is old and she a shade.

XVII.3.

Nothing to be done without a bribe I find, in love as well as law.

XVIII

XVIII.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;

XVII.2 ‘Dirce’, Walter Landor (1775 – 1864), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. Dirce is an obscure figure in Greek mythology, the wicked aunt – according to Pseudo-Apollodorus – of Zeus’ twin sons Amphion and Zethus. The myth seems to have only a tangential connection to this poem.

XVII.3 Mrs Susanna Centlivre (1669 – 1723), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XVIII.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.

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.

XVIII.2.

Violets from Plug Street Wood,
 Sweet, I send you from oversea.
 (It is strange they should be blue,
 Blue, when his soaked blood was red,
 For they grew around his head:
 It is strange they should be blue.)

Violets from Plug Street Wood,
 Think what they have meant to me –
 Life & hope & love & you.
 (And you did not see them grow,
 Where his mangled body lay,
 Hiding horror from the day;
 Sweetest it was better so.)

Violets from oversea,
 To your dear, far, forgetting land,
 These I send in memory,
 Knowing you will understand.

XVIII.3.

There is no hope but we will try to have no fear.

XIX

XIX.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

XVIII.2 'Villanelle', Roland Leighton (1895 – 1915), Caitlin, *Testament of Youth*. The Almanackist heard this poem recited over Leighton's grave when he was sixteen. ¶1. Plug Street was the name adopted by the British soldiers for Ploegsteert, a Belgian village.

XVIII.3 Mrs Mary Chesnut (1823 – 1886), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIX.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.

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.

XIX.2.

I saw the ramparts of my native land,
 One time so strong, now dropping in decay,
 Their strength destroyed by this new age's way
 That has worn out and rotted what was grand.
 I went into the fields: there I could see
 The sun drink up the waters newly thawed,
 And on the hills the moaning cattle pawed;
 Their miseries robbed the day of light for me.

 I went into my house: I saw how spotted,
 Decaying things made that old home their prize.
 My withered walking-staff had come to bend;
 I felt the age had won; my sword was rotted,
 And there was nothing on which I set my eyes
 That was not a reminder of the end.

XIX.3.

It isn't that they can't see the solution; it is that they can't see the problem.

XX

XX.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.

XIX.2 'Sonnet', Dr John Masefield, Poet Laureate (1878 – 1967), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. This is a translation of a poem by Don Francisco de Quevedo.

XIX.3 Gilbert Chesterton, Knight (1874 – 1936), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XX.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.

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.

XX.2.

Methought I saw my late espousèd saint
 Brought to me, like *Alcestis*, from the grave,
 Whom *Jove*’s great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force, though pale & faint.
 Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint
 Purification in the old law did save,
 And such as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind;
 Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
 So clear as in no face with more delight.
 But O as to embrace me she inclined,
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

XX.3.

The poor have sometimes objected to being governed badly; the
 rich have always objected to being governed at all.

XXI

XXI.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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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
 He threw it in just now; it will not live another hour;
 There are 1000s more; you do not miss a rose.

XX.2 Sonnet 23, John Milton (1608 – 1674), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. ¶2.
 Alcestis was the wife of Admetus. Having given her life to ensure her husband’s survival, Heracles broke
 into the underworld and returned her to her home.

XX.3 Gilbert Chesterton, Knight (1874 – 1936), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXI.1 ¶ ‘In Nunhead Cemetery’, Miss Charlotte Mew (1869 – 1928), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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.

XXI.2.

Here lies wise and valiant dust
 Huddled up 'twixt fit & just,
Strafford, who was hurried hence
 'Twixt treason & convenience.
 He spent his time here in a mist,
 A papist, yet a calvinist;
 His prince's nearest joy & grief,
 He had, yet wanted all relief;
 The prop & ruin of the state;
 The people's violent love & hate;
 One in extremes loved & abhorred.
 Riddles lie here, or in a word,

XXI.2 'Epitaph on the Earl of Strafford', The Rev Dr Clement Paman (1612 – 1664), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. Strafford, one of the Charles I's ministers, offered himself up to the king as a sacrifice to appease a certain faction in the House of Commons, and was duly beheaded. Sir Christopher notes that others have attributed this poem to John Cleveland.

Here lies blood; and let it lie
Speechless still and never cry.

XXI.3.

What we all dread most... is a maze with no centre.

XXII

XXII.1.

Down the close, darkening lanes they sang their way
To the siding-shed,
And lined the train with faces grimly gay.

Their breasts were stuck all white with wreath & spray
As men's are, dead.

Dull porters watched them, and a casual tramp
Stood staring hard,
Sorry to miss them from the upland camp.
Then, unmoved, signals nodded, and a lamp
Winked to the guard.

So secretly, like wrongs hushed-up, they went.
They were not ours:
We never heard to which front these were sent.

Nor there if they yet mock what women meant
Who gave them flowers.

Shall they return to beatings of great bells
In wild trainloads?
A few, a few, too few for drums & yells,
May creep back, silent, to still village wells
Up $\frac{1}{2}$ known roads.

XXII.2.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

XXI.3 Gilbert Chesterton, Knight (1874 – 1936), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXII.1 'The Send-Off', Wilfred Owen (1893 – 1918), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

XXII.2 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*. This song is sung by Feste in *Twelfth Night* II.4.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
 A thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me O where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there.

XXII.3.

Ignorance more frequently begets confidence than does knowledge.

XXIII**XXIII.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.

XXII.3 Dr Charles Darwin (1809 – 1882), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXIII.1 'The Mill', Edwin Robinson (1869 – 1935), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXIII.2.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
 Golden lads & girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe & eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak:
 The sceptre, learning, physic must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
 Fear not slander, censure rash;
 Thou hast finished joy & moan:
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

XXIII.3.

The good die early, and the bad die late.

XXIV**XXIV.1.**

The quality of mercy is not strained;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest;
 It blesseth him that gives & him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown:
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe & majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread & fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
 It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings;
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,

XXIII.2 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*. These lines are sung by the king's two sons in *Cymbeline* IV.2.

XXIII.3 Daniel Defoe (1660 – 1731), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXIV.1 R William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. These lines are spoken by Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* IV.1

That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

XXIV.2.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
 What old december's bareness everywhere!

 And yet this time removed was summer's time:
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime
 Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease:

 Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
 But hope of orphans, & unfathered fruit;
 For summer & his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute;

 Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XXIV.3.

A conscience is a more expensive encumbrance than a wife or a carriage.

XXV

XXV.1.

What says my brother? 'Death is a fearful thing.'
 And shamèd life a hateful.
 'Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
 To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling region of thick-ribbèd ice;
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
 Of those that lawless & incertain thought

XXIV.2 Sonnet 97, William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

XXIV.3 Thomas de Quincey (1785 – 1859), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXV.1 R William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. This is a dialogue between Isabella and Claudio from *Measure for Measure* III.1.

Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!
 The weariest & most loathèd worldly life
 That age, ache, penury & imprisonment
 Can lay on nature is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.'

XXV.2.

She should have died hereafter;
 There would have been a time for such a word.
 Tomorrow & tomorrow & tomorrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of recorded time,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts & frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound & fury,
 Signifying nothing.

XXV.3.

Parting is all who know of heaven, and all we need of hell.

XXVI

XXVI.1.

When the lamp is shattered
 The light in the dust lies dead –
 When the cloud is scattered
 The rainbow's glory is shed.
 When the lute is broken,
 Sweet tones are remembered not;
 When the lips have spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music & splendor
 Survive not the lamp & the lute,
 The heart's echoes render
 No song when the spirit is mute:–
 No song but sad dirges,
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,
 Or the mournful surges
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

XXV.2 R William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. These lines form the eponymous villain's lament for his wife from *Macbeth* V.5.

XXV.3 Charles Dickens (1812 – 1870), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. These words are last two lines of Miss Dickinson's poem beginning 'My life closed twice before its close'.

XXVI.1 'The Flight of Love', Percy Shelley (1792 – 1822), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

When hearts have once mingled
 Love first leaves the well-built nest;
 The weak one is singled
 To endure what it once possessed.
 O love! who bewailest
 The frailty of all things here,
 Why choose you the frailest
 For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
 As the storms rock the ravens on high;
 Bright reason will mock thee,
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.
 From thy nest every rafter
 Will rot, and thine eagle home
 Leave thee naked to laughter,
 When leaves fall & cold winds come.

XXVI.2.

A widow bird sate mourning for her love
 Upon a wintry bough;
 The frozen wind crept on above,
 The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare.
 No flower upon the ground,
 And little motion in the air
 Except the mill-wheel's sound.

XXVI.3.

There are strings... in the human heart that had better not be vibrated.

XXVII

XXVII.1.

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
 How restlessly they speed, & gleam, & quiver,
 Streaking the darkness radiantly – yet soon
 Night closes round, and they are lost forever:

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
 Give various response to each varying blast,

XXVI.2 Percy Shelley (1792 – 1822), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

XXVI.3 Charles Dickens (1812 – 1870), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. These words are uttered by Mr Tappertit in *Barnaby Rudge*, chapter 22.

XXVII.1 'The third and fourth verses of this poem appear in Mrs Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, without attribution to her husband; it is unclear whether or not she was their genuine author.', Percy Shelley (1792 – 1822), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

To whose frail frame no second motion brings
 One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest. A dream has power to poison sleep;
 We rise. One wandering thought pollutes the day;
 We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;
 Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away:

It is the same. For, be it joy or sorrow,
 The path of its departure still is free:
 Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
 Nought may endure but mutability.

XXVII.2.

Lift not the painted veil which those who live
 Call life: though unreal shapes be pictured there,
 And it but mimic all we would believe
 With colours idly spread – behind, lurk fear
 And hope, twin destinies; who ever weave
 Their shadows, o'er the chasm, sightless & drear.
 I knew one who had lifted it – he sought,
 For his lost heart was tender, things to love,
 But found them not, alas, nor was there aught
 The world contains, the which he could approve.
 Through the unheeding many he did move,
 A splendour among shadows, a bright blot
 Upon this gloomy scene, a spirit that strove
 For truth, and like the preacher found it not.

XXVII.3.

You will be damned if you do, and you will be damned if you don't.

XXVIII

XXVIII.1.

Nothing is better, I well think,
 Than love; the hidden well-water
 Is not so delicate to drink:
 This was well seen of me & her.

I served her in a royal house;
 I served her wine & curious meat.

XXVII.2 'A Complaint by Night of the Lover not Beloved', Percy Shelley (1792 – 1822), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. The title Somerset Maugham's novel *The Painted Veil* is drawn from this sonnet.

XXVII.3 Lorenzo Dow (1777 – 1834), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Dow was speaking specifically about the Calvinist doctrine of

XXVIII.1 'The Leper', Algernon Swinburne (1837 – 1909), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. As Swinburne's own note indicates, this poem is a retelling of a digression in the *Grand Chroniques de France*, 1505.

For will to kiss between her brows,
 I had no heart to sleep or eat.

Mere scorn God knows she had of me,
 A poor scribe, nowise great or fair,
 Who plucked his clerk's hood back to see
 Her curled-up lips & amorous hair.

I vex my head with thinking this.
 Yea, though God always hated me,
 And hates me now that I can kiss
 Her eyes, plait up her hair to see

How she then wore it on the brows,
 Yet am I glad to have her dead
 Here in this wretched wattled house
 Where I can kiss her eyes & head.

Nothing is better, I well know,
 Than love; no amber in cold sea
 Or gathered berries under snow:
 That is well seen of her & me.

Three thoughts I make my pleasure of:
 First I take heart & think of this:
 That knight's gold hair she chose to love,
 His mouth she had such will to kiss.

Then I remember that sundawn
 I brought him by a privy way
 Out at her lattice, and thereon
 What gracious words she found to say.

(Cold rushes for such little feet —
 Both feet could lie into my hand.
 A marvel was it of my sweet
 Her upright body could so stand.)

'Sweet friend, God give you thank & grace;
 Now am I clean & whole of shame,
 Nor shall men burn me in the face
 For my sweet fault that scandals them.'

I tell you over word by word.
 She, sitting edgewise on her bed,
 Holding her feet, said thus. The third,
 A sweeter thing than these, I said.

God, that makes time and ruins it
 And alters not, abiding God,

Changed with disease her body sweet,
 The body of love wherein she abode.

Love is more sweet & comelier
 Than a dove's throat strained out to sing.
 All they spat out and cursed at her
 And cast her forth for a base thing.

They cursed her, seeing how God had wrought
 This curse to plague her, a curse of his.
 Fools were they surely, seeing not
 How sweeter than all sweet she is.

He that had held her by the hair,
 With kissing lips blinding her eyes,
 Felt her bright bosom, strained & bare,
 Sigh under him, with short mad cries

Out of her throat & sobbing mouth
 And body broken up with love,
 With sweet hot tears his lips were loth
 Her own should taste the savour of,

Yea, he inside whose grasp all night
 Her fervent body leapt or lay,
 Stained with sharp kisses red & white,
 Found her a plague to spurn away.

I hid her in this wattled house,
 I served her water & poor bread.
 For joy to kiss between her brows
 Time upon time I was nigh dead.

Bread failed; we got but well-water
 And gathered grass with dropping seed.
 I had such joy of kissing her,
 I had small care to sleep or feed.

Sometimes when service made me glad
 The sharp tears leapt between my lids,
 Falling on her, such joy I had
 To do the service God forbids.

'I pray you let me be at peace;
 Get hence, make room for me to die.'
 She said that: her poor lip would cease,
 Put up to mine, and turn to cry.

I said, 'Bethink yourself how love
 Fared in us twain, what either did;

Shall I unclothe my soul thereof?
That I should do this, God forbid.'

Yea, though God hateth us, he knows
That hardly in a little thing
Love faileth of the work it does
Till it grow ripe for gathering.

Six months, and now my sweet is dead
A trouble takes me; I know not
If all were done well, all well said,
No word or tender deed forgot.

Too sweet, for the least part in her,
To have shed life out by fragments; yet,
Could the close mouth catch breath and stir,
I might see something I forget.

Six months, and I sit still and hold
In two cold palms her cold two feet.
Her hair, $\frac{1}{2}$ grey $\frac{1}{2}$ ruined gold,
Thrills me and burns me in kissing it.

Love bites and stings me through, to see
Her keen face made of sunken bones.
Her worn-off eyelids madden me,
That were shot through with purple once.

She said, 'Be good with me; I grow
So tired for shame's sake, I shall die
If you say nothing;' even so.
And she is dead now, and shame put by.

Yea, and the scorn she had of me
In the old time, doubtless vexed her then.
I never should have kissed her. See
What fools God's anger makes of men!

She might have loved me a little too,
Had I been humbler for her sake.
But that new shame could make love new
She saw not – yet her shame did make.

I took too much upon my love,
Having for such mean service done
Her beauty & all the ways thereof,
Her face & all the sweet thereon.

Yea, all this while I tended her,
I know the old love held fast his part:

I know the old scorn waxed heavier,
Mixed with sad wonder, in her heart.

It may be all my love went wrong –
A scribe's work writ awry and blurred,
Scrawled after the blind evensong –
Spoilt music with no perfect word.

But surely I would fain have done
All things the best I could. Perchance
Because I failed, came short of one,
She kept at heart that other man's.

I am grown blind with all these things:
It may be now she hath in sight
Some better knowledge; still there clings
The old question. Will not God do right?

XXVIII.2.

Call for the robin-redbreast & the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover
And with leaves & flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, & the mole
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm:
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

XXVIII.3.

Where there is no imagination there is no horror.

XXIX

XXIX.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,

XXVIII.2 "A Land Dirge", John Webster (1580 – 1634), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

XXVIII.3 Sir Arthur Doyle (1859 – 1930), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXIX.1 'Rain', Edward Thomas (1878 – 1917), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

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.

XXIX.2.

The world is too much with us; late & soon,
 Getting & spending, we lay waste our powers;
 Little we see in nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of *Proteus* rising from the sea;
 Or hear old *Triton* blow his wreathèd horn.

XXIX.3.

Where are the snows of yesteryear?

XXIX.2 Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. ¶13. Proteus and Triton are minor aquatic deities from Greek mythology who appear in Homer's *Ἰδύσσεια* and Hesiod's *Θεογονία* respectively.

XXIX.3 Gabriel Rossetti (1828 – 1882), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. This quotation forms the refrain of a ballad, which was translated from a French poem, 'Ballad des dames du temps jadis', by François Villon. The French is, 'Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?'

Duodecember

I

I.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

I.1 'A Nocturnal upon St Lucy's Day, Being the Shortest Day', The 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.

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.

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.

I.2.

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
 My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy.
 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

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".

I.3 The Rev Robert Burton (1577 – 1640), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

II.1 The Very Rev Dr John Donne (1572 – 1631), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. 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?

II.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,
 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.

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.

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*.

In the groves of their academy, at the end of every vista, you see
nothing but the gallows.

III

III.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;
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.

III.1 'The Relic', The 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.

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.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few & short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe & the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him –

III.2 'Upon a Child that Died', Robert Herrick (1591 – 1674), 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 ἄγχι μὲν.

IV.1 The Rev Charles Wolfe (1791 – 1823), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*. Lieutenant General Sir John Moore died of wounds, having led his men into battle, at the battle of Corunna in the Peninsular War.

But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a briton has laid him.

But $\frac{1}{2}$ of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant & random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly & sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh & gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

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
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.

IV.2 'To His Love', Ivor Gurney (1890 – 1937), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

IV.3 Dion Boursiquot (1820 – 1890), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

V.1 'Another: A Black patch on Lucasta's Face', Col Richard Lovelace (1617 – 1657), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

As I beheld a winter's evening air,
 Curled in her court false locks of living hair,
 Buttered with jessamine the sun left there.

Galliard & clinquant she appeared to give,
 A serenade or ball to us that grieve,
 And teach us *à la mode* more gently live.

But as a moor, who to her cheeks prefers
 White spots, t'allure her black idolaters,
 Me thought she looked all o'er bepatched with stars.

Like the dark front of some ethiopian queen,
 Veiled all o'er with gems of red, blue, green,
 Whose ugly night seemed masked with days' skreen.

Whilst the fond people offered sacrifice
 To sapphires, 'stead of veins & arteries,
 And bowed unto the diamonds, not her eyes.

Behold *Lucasta's* face, how't glows like noon!
 A sun entire is her complexion,
 And formed of one whole constellation.

So gently shining, so serene, so clear,
 Her look doth universal nature cheer;
 Only a cloud or two hangs here & there.

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.2 'Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening', Robert Frost, Poet Laureate of Vermont (1874 – 1963), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

V.3.

My life will be sour grapes and ashes without you.

VI

VI.1.

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
 Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
 Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
 And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
 Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
 But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
 Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
 Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

‘Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!’ An ecstasy of fumbling
 Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
 But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
 And flound’ring like a man in fire or lime.
 Dim through the misty panes & thick green light,
 As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight,
 He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
 Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
 And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
 His hanging face, like a devil’s sick of sin;
 If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
 Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
 Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
 Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues –
 My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
 To children ardent for some desperate glory
 The old lie: **Dulce et decorum est**
Pro patria mori.

VI.2.

V.3 Mrs Daisy Devlin (1881 – 1972), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

VI.1 ‘Dulce et Decorum Est’, Wilfred Owen (1893 – 1918), Holden and Holden, *Poems that Make Grown Men Cry*. The Latin phrase is from Horace (*Carmina* III.2). It means, ‘It is sweet and fitting to die for one’s country.’ Although credited to Owen, the poem was written in close collaboration with Siegfried Sassoon. It is sometimes said to be a response to the poetry of Jessie Pope.

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’.

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
 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.

He sat in a wheeled chair, waiting for dark,
 And shivered in his ghastly suit of grey,
 Legless, sewn short at elbow. Through the park
 Voices of boys rang saddening like a hymn,
 Voices of play & pleasure after day,
 Till gathering sleep had mothered them from him.

About this time town used to swing so gay
 When glow-lamps budded in the light blue trees,
 And girls glanced lovelier as the air grew dim –
 In the old times, before he threw away his knees.
 Now he will never feel again how slim
 Girls' waists are, or how warm their subtle hands.
 All of them touch him like some queer disease.

There was an artist silly for his face,
 For it was younger than his youth, last year.
 Now, he is old; his back will never brace;
 He's lost his colour very far from here,
 Poured it down shell-holes till the veins ran dry,
 And $\frac{1}{2}$ his lifetime lapsed in the hot race
 And leap of purple spurted from his thigh.

VI.3 John Dalberg-Acton, 1st Baron Acton (1834 – 1902), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

VII.1 'Disabled', Wilfred Owen (1893 – 1918), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. ¶12. Owen is generally considered to have been a homosexual, but this line forces the Almanackist to doubt – to reconsider at least – this hypothesis. ¶19. Nineteen was a significant age, since this was the youngest age at which a soldier could be sent to the front line.

One time he liked a blood-smear down his leg,
 After the matches, carried shoulder-high.
 It was after football, when he'd drunk a peg,
 He thought he'd better join. He wonders why.
 Someone had said he'd look a god in kilts,
 That's why; and maybe, too, to please his *Meg*,
 Aye, that was it, to please the giddy jilts
 He asked to join. He didn't have to beg;
 Smiling they wrote his lie: aged 19 years.
 Germans he scarcely thought of; all their guilt,
 And Austria's, did not move him. And no fears
 Of fear came yet. He thought of jewelled hilts
 For daggers in plaid socks; of smart salutes;
 And care of arms; and leave; and pay arrears;
Esprit de corps; and hints for young recruits.
 And soon, he was drafted out with drums & cheers.

Some cheered him home, but not as crowds cheer, 'Goal!'
 Only a solemn man who brought him fruits
 Thánked him; and then enquired about his soul.

Now, he will spend a few sick years in institutes,
 And do what things the rules consider wise,
 And take whatever pity they may dole.
 Tonight he noticed how the women's eyes
 Passed from him to the strong men that were whole.
 How cold & late it is. Why don't they come
 And put him into bed? Why don't they come?

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.

They flee from me that sometime did me seek
 With naked foot stalking in my chamber.
 I have seen them gentle, tame and meek
 That now are wild and do not remember.

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 Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503 – 1542), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

That sometime they put themselves in danger
 To take bread at my hand; and now they range
 Busily seeking with a continual change.

Thanked be fortune, it hath been otherwise
 Twenty times better, but once in special
 In thin array after a pleasant guise
 When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall,
 And me she caught in her arms long & small;
 Therewithal sweetly did me kiss,
 And softly said, 'Dear heart, how like you this?'

It was no dream: I lay broad waking.
 But all is turned thorough my gentleness
 Into a strange fashion of forsaking;
 And I have leave to go of her goodness
 And she also to use newfangledness.
 But since that I so kindly am served,
 I would fain know what she hath deserved.

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.

IX

IX.1.

The sea is calm tonight.
 The tide is full; the moon lies fair
 Upon the straits; on the french coast the light
 Gleams & is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
 Glimmering & vast, out in the tranquil bay.
 Come to the window; sweet is the night-air.
 Only, from the long line of spray
 Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,

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.1 'Dover Beach', Prof Matthew Arnold (1822 – 1888), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Listen. You hear the grating roar
 Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
 At their return, up the high strand,
 Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
 Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
 Into his mind the turbid ebb & flow
 Of human misery; we
 Find also in the sound a thought,
 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
 But now I only hear
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
 Retreating, to the breath
 Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
 And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
 To one another, for the world, which seems
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
 And we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle & flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

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.

The rain set early in tonight;
 The sullen wind was soon awake;
 It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
 And did its worst to vex the lake:
 I listened with heart fit to break.
 When glided in *Porphyria*; straight
 She shut the cold out & the storm,
 And kneeled and made the cheerless grate
 Blaze up, & all the cottage warm;
 Which done, she rose, and from her form
 Withdrew the dripping cloak & shawl,
 And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
 Her hat & let the damp hair fall,
 And, last, she sat down by my side
 And called me. When no voice replied,
 She put my arm about her waist,
 And made her smooth white shoulder bare,
 And all her yellow hair displaced,
 And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,
 And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair,
 Murmuring how she loved me – she
 Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,
 To set its struggling passion free
 From pride, & vainer ties dissever,
 And give herself to me for ever.
 But passion sometimes would prevail,
 Nor could tonight's gay feast restrain
 A sudden thought of one so pale
 For love of her, and all in vain:
 So, she was come through wind & rain.
 Be sure I looked up at her eyes
 Happy & proud; at last I knew
Porphyria worshipped me; surprise
 Made my heart swell, and still it grew
 While I debated what to do.

IX.3 Samuel Butler (1835 – 1902), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

X.1 'Porphyria's Lover', Robert Browning (1828 – 1889), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Porphyria is a blood disorder commonly thought to induce madness, although this complication is actually very rare, even when one takes into account the rarity of the disease itself.

That moment she was mine, mine, fair,
 Perfectly pure & good: I found
 A thing to do, and all her hair
 In one long yellow string I wound
 Three times her little throat around,
 And strangled her. No pain felt she;
 I am quite sure she felt no pain.
 As a shut bud that holds a bee,
 I warily oped her lids: again
 Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.
 And I untightened next the tress
 About her neck; her cheek once more
 Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss:
 I propped her head up as before,
 Only, this time my shoulder bore
 Her head, which droops upon it still:
 The smiling rosy little head,
 So glad it has its utmost will,
 That all it scorned at once is fled,
 And I, its love, am gained instead!
Porphyria's love: she guessed not how
 Her darling one wish would be heard.
 And thus we sit together now,
 And all night long we have not stirred,
 And yet God has not said a word!

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.3.

All poets are mad.

XI

XI.1.

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 The Rev Robert Burton (1577 – 1640), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XI.1 Anonymous, Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

She lay all naked in her bed,
 And I myself lay by;
 No veil but curtains about her spread,
 No covering but I:
 Her head upon her shoulders seeks
 To hang in careless wise,
 And full of blushes was her cheeks,
 And of wishes were her eyes.

Her blood still fresh into her face,
 As on a message came,
 To say that in another place
 It meant another game;
 Her cherry lip moist, plump & fair,
 Millions of kisses crown,
 Which ripe & uncropped dangle there,
 And weigh the branches down.

Her breasts, that welled so plump & high,
 Bred pleasant pain in me;
 For all the world I do defy
 The like felicity;
 Her thighs & belly, soft & fair,
 To me were only shown:
 To have seen such meat, and not to have eat,
 Would have angered any stone.

Her knees lay upward gently bent,
 And all lay hollow under,
 As if on easy terms, they meant
 To fall unforced asunder;
 Just so the cyprian queen did lie,
 Expecting in her bower;
 When too long stay had kept the boy
 Beyond his promised hour.

‘Dull clown,’ quoth she; ‘why dost delay
 Such proffered bliss to take?
 Canst thou find out no other way
 Similitudes to make?’
 Mad with delight I thundering
 Throw my arms about her,
 But – pox upon’t – ’twas but a dream;
 And so I lay without her.

XI.2.

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;

XI.2 Miss Christina Rossetti (1830 – 1894), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

When you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I $1/2$ 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.

XI.3.

Naught so sweet as melancholy.

XII**XII.1.**

Now is the time for the burning of the leaves.
 They go to the fire; the nostril pricks with smoke
 Wandering slowly into a weeping mist.
 Brittle & blotched, ragged & rotten sheaves.
 A flame seizes the smouldering ruin and bites
 On stubborn stalks that crackle as they resist.

The last hollyhock's fallen tower is dust;
 All the spices of june are a bitter reek,
 All the extravagant riches spent & mean.
 All burns. The reddest rose is a ghost;
 Sparks whirl up, to expire in the mist: the wild
 Fingers of fire are making corruption clean.

Now is the time for stripping the spirit bare,
 Time for the burning of days ended & done,
 Idle solace of things that have gone before:
 Rootless hope & fruitless desire are there;
 Let them go to the fire, with never a look behind.
 The world that was ours is a world that is ours no more.

They will come again, the leaf & the flower, to arise
 From squalor of rottenness into the old splendour,
 And magical scents to a wondering memory bring;
 The same glory, to shine upon different eyes.

XI.3 The Rev Robert Burton (1577 – 1640), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XII.1 Prof Laurence Binyon (1869 – 1943), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. Prof Larkin calls these four verses 'The Burning of the Leaves', although in other books they are simply the first of five parts of a longer poem of the same name.

Earth cares for her own ruins, naught for ours.
 Nothing is certain, only the certain spring.

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.

XII.3.

One was never married, and that's his hell; another is, and that's his...

XIII**XIII.1.**

Let us go hence, my songs; she will not hear.
 Let us go hence together without fear;
 Keep silence now, for singing-time is over,
 And over all old things & all things dear.
 She loves not you nor me as all we love her.
 Yea, though we sang as angels in her ear,
 She would not hear.

Let us rise up and part; she will not know.
 Let us go seaward as the great winds go,
 Full of blown sand & foam; what help is here?
 There is no help, for all these things are so,
 And all the world is bitter as a tear.
 And how these things are, though ye strove to show,
 She would not know.

XII.2 Miss Christina Rossetti (1830 – 1894), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XII.3 The Rev Robert Burton (1577 – 1640), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIII.1 R 'A Leave-Taking', Algernon Swinburne (1837 – 1909), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

Let us go home & hence; she will not weep.
 We gave love many dreams & days to keep,
 Flowers without scent, and fruits that would not grow,
 Saying, 'If thou wilt, thrust in thy sickle and reap.'
 All is reaped now; no grass is left to mow;
 And we that sowed, though all we fell on sleep,
 She would not weep.

Let us go hence and rest; she will not love.
 She shall not hear us if we sing hereof,
 Nor see love's ways, how sore they are & steep.
 Come hence, let be, lie still; it is enough.
 Love is a barren sea, bitter & deep;
 And though she saw all heaven in flower above,
 She would not love.

Let us give up, go down; she will not care.
 Though all the stars made gold of all the air,
 And the sea moving saw before it move
 One moon-flower making all the foam-flowers fair;
 Though all those waves went over us, and drove
 Deep down the stifling lips & drowning hair,
 She would not care.

Let us go hence, go hence; she will not see.
 Sing all once more together; surely she,
 She too, remembering days & words that were,
 Will turn a little toward us, sighing; but we,
 We are hence, we are gone, as though we had not been there.
 Nay, and though all men seeing had pity on me,
 She would not see.

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.

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.**

To see a world in a grain of sand
 And a heaven in a wild flower,
 Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
 And eternity in an hour:
 A robin redbreast in a cage
 Puts all heaven in a rage.
 A dove-house filled with doves & pigeons
 Shudders hell through all its regions.
 A dog starved at his master's gate
 Predicts the ruin of the state.
 A horse misused upon the road
 Calls to heaven for human blood.
 A skylark wounded in the wing,
 A cherubim does cease to sing.
 The game cock clipped & armed for fight
 Does the rising sun affright.
 Every wolf's & lion's howl
 Raises from hell a human soul.
 The wild deer, wandering here & there
 Keeps the human soul from care.
 The lamb misused breeds public strife
 And yet forgives the butcher's knife.
 The bat that flits at close of eve
 Has left the brain that won't believe.
 The owl that calls upon the night
 Speaks the unbeliever's fright.
 He who shall hurt the little wren
 Shall never be beloved by men.
 He who the ox to wrath has moved
 Shall never be by woman loved.
 The wanton boy that kills the fly
 Shall feel the spider's enmity.
 He who torments the chafer's sprite
 Weaves a bower in endless night.
 The beggar's dog & widow's cat,
 Feed them & thou wilt grow fat.
 The gnat that sings his summer's song
 Poison gets from slander's tongue.

XIII.3 The Rev Robert Burton (1577 – 1640), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIV.1 R 'Auguries of Innocence', William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*.

The poison of the snake & newt
 Is the sweat of envy's foot.
 The poison of the honey bee
 Is the artist's jealousy.
 The prince's robes & beggar's rags
 Are toadstools on the miser's bags.
 A truth that's told with bad intent
 Beats all the lies you can invent.
 The soldier armed with sword & gun
 Palsied strikes the summer's sun.
 The poor man's farthing is worth more
 Than all the gold on Afric's shore.
 One mite wrung from the lab'rer's hands
 Shall buy & sell the miser's lands,
 Or if protected from on high
 Does that whole nation sell & buy.
 He who mocks the infant's faith
 Shall be mocked in age & death.
 He who shall teach the child to doubt
 The rotting grave shall ne'er get out.
 He who respects the infant's faith
 Triumphs over hell & death.
 The child's toys & the old man's reasons
 Are the fruits of the two seasons.
 The questioner who sits so sly
 Shall never know how to reply.
 He who replies to words of doubt
 Doth put the light of knowledge out.
 The strongest poison ever known
 Came from caesar's laurel crown.
 Nought can deform the human race
 Like to the armour's iron brace.
 When gold & gems adorn the plough
 To peaceful arts shall envy bow.
 A riddle or the cricket's cry
 Is to doubt a fit reply.
 The emmet's inch & eagle's mile
 Make lame philosophy to smile.
 He who doubts from what he sees
 Will ne'er believe do what you please.
 God appears & God is light
 To those poor souls who dwell in night,
 But does a human form display
 To those who dwell in realms of day.

XIV.2.

XIV.2 'Farewell', John Clare (1793 – 1864), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

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.

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men & women merely players;
 They have their exits & their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling & puking in the nurse's arms.
 Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden & quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe & beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws & modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean & slippered pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose & pouch on side;
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide

XIV.3 The Rev Robert Burton (1577 – 1640), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XV.1 R William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. These lines are spoken by Jaques in *As You Like It*, II.7.

For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness & mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

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.

XVI

XVI.1.

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul.
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars;
 It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow
 And smooth as monumental alabaster.
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
 Put out the light, and then put out the light.
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore
 Should I repent me. But once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that promethean heat
 That can thy light relume. When I have plucked thy rose
 I cannot give it vital growth again,

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.1 R William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. These lines are spoken by Othello over the sleeping Desdemona in *Othello* V.2.

It must needs wither. I'll smell thee on the tree.
 O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.
 Be thus when thou art dead and I will kill thee
 And love thee after. One more, and that's the last.
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly,
 It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

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.

XVII

XVII.1.

In our old shipwrecked days there was an hour,
 When, in the firelight steadily aglow,
 Joined slackly, we beheld the red chasm grow
 Among the clicking coals. Our library-bower
 That eve was left to us: and hushed we sat
 As lovers to whom time is whispering.
 From sudden-opened doors we heard them sing:
 The nodding elders mixed good wine with chat.
 Well knew we that life's greatest treasure lay
 With us, and of it was our talk. 'Ah, yes!
 Love dies!' I said: I never thought it less.
 She yearned to me that sentence to unsay.
 Then when the fire domed blackening, I found
 Her cheek was salt against my kiss, and swift
 Up the sharp scale of sobs her breast did lift:
 Now am I haunted by that taste, that sound.

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.1 George Meredith (1828 – 1909), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*. This is from Meredith's sequence about the breakdown of his first marriage, *Modern Love*.

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.

Hell is empty, and all the devils are here.

XVIII**XVIII.1.**

Farewell, ungrateful traitor;
 Farewell, my perjured swain.
 Let never injured creature
 Believe a man again.
 The pleasure of possessing
 Surpasses all expressing,
 But 'tis too short a blessing,
 And love too long a pain.

'Tis easy to deceive us
 In pity of your pain,
 But when we love you leave us
 To rail at you in vain.
 Before we have descried it,
 There is no bliss beside it,
 But she that once has tried it
 Will never love again.

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.

XVIII.1 John Dryden, Poet Laureate (1631 – 1700), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

The passion you pretended
 Was only to obtain,
 But when the charm is ended
 The charmer you disdain.
 Your love by ours we measure
 Till we have lost our treasure,
 But dying is a pleasure,
 When living is a pain.

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
 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.

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.

XVIII.2 Sonnet 12, William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

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 '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 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.

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?

XIX.3.

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud.

XX**XX.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:

XIX.2 ‘To the Moon’, Percy Shelley (1792 – 1822), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

XIX.3 ‘This is a line from Sonnet 35.’, William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XX.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.

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.

XXI**XXI.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.'

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.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.

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.

'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 blessèd 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 corpses 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.

XXI.2.

XXI.2 ‘Résumé’, Mrs Dorothy Parker (1893 – 1967), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

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.

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

XXI.3 Sir Thomas Browne (1605 – 1682), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXII.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.

With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
 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.

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.

XXIII

XXIII.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.

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 Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

XXIII.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.

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 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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?

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.

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*;

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 'Ode on Melancholy', John Keats (1795 – 1821), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

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,
 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.

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.

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

XXV.1.

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept
 When we remembered thee, O Zion.
 As for our harps, we hanged them up
 Upon the trees that are therein.
 For they that led us away captive required of us then a song, and melody in
 our heaviness:
 Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song
 In a strange land?
 If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
 Let my right hand forget her cunning.
 Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I do not remember thee;
 Yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth.

Remember the children of Edom, O Lord,
 In the day of Jerusalem,
 How they said, Down with it, down with it,
 Even to the ground.
 O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery,
 Yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee, as thou hast served us.
 Blessed shall he be that taketh thy children
 And dasheth them against the stones.

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.

XXV.1 \mathbb{R} Psalm 137, Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. ¶11. The Almanackist has reversed the order of the clauses in this line. ¶18. The *BCP* gives 'throweth' in this line, but the Almanackist prefers the KJV's 'dasheth'.

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

XXVI.1.

In the vaulted way, where the passage turned
 To the shadowy corner that none could see,
 You paused for our parting – plaintively:
 Though overnight had come words that burned
 My fond frail happiness out of me.

And then I kissed you – despite my thought
 That our spell must end when reflection came
 On what you had deemed me, whose one long aim
 Had been to serve you; that what I sought
 Lay not in a heart that could breathe such blame.

But yet I kissed you: whereon you again
 As of old kissed me. Why, why was it so?
 Do you cleave to me after that light-tongued blow?
 If you scorned me at eventide, how love then?
 The thing is dark, dear. I do not know.

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.

XXVI.1 Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

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 Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*. ¶16.
 Grey's Bridge is a bridge over the River Frome just outside of Dorchester, and Durnover Lea is a nearby meadow.

In the black winter morning
 No light will be struck near my eyes
 While the clock in the stairway is warning
 For five, when he used to rise.

*Leave the door unbarred,
 The clock unwound;
 Make my lone bed hard;
 Would 'twere underground!*

When the summer dawns clearly,
 And the apple tree tops seem alight,
 Who will undraw the curtain and cheerly
 Call out that the morning is bright?

When I tarry at market
 No form will cross Durnover Lea
 In the gathering darkness, to hark at
 Grey's Bridge for the pit-pat o' me.

When the supper crock's steaming,
 And the time is the time of his tread,
 I shall sit by the fire and wait dreaming
 In a silence as of the dead.

*Leave the door unbarred,
 The clock unwound;
 Make my lone bed hard;
 Would 'twere underground!*

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.

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.2 R 'Anthem for Doomed Youth', Wilfred Owen (1893 – 1918), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXVII.3.

You do well to weep as a woman over what you could not defend as a man.

XXVIII**XXVIII.1.**

He paused on the sill of a door ajar
That screened a lively liquor-bar,
For the name had reached him through the door
Of her he had married the week before.

‘We called her the Hack of the Parade;
But she was discreet in the games she played;
If slightly worn, she’s pretty yet,
And gossips, after all, forget.

‘And he knows nothing of her past;
I am glad the girl’s in luck at last;
Such ones, though stale to native eyes,
Newcomers snatch at as a prize.’

‘Yes, being a stranger he sees her blent
Of all that’s fresh & innocent,
Nor dreams how many a love-campaign
She had enjoyed before his reign!’

That night there was the splash of a fall
Over the slimy harbour-wall:
They searched, and at the deepest place
Found him with crabs upon his face.

XXVIII.2.

Move him into the sun –
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields $\frac{1}{2}$ -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

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 peninsula.

XXVIII.1 ‘The Newcomer’s Wife’, Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

XXVIII.2 ‘Futility’, Wilfred Owen (1893 – 1918), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

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 nigh
 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.

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 plume,
 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

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.

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

I

I.1.

About suffering they were never wrong,
The Old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position; how it takes place;
While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along;
How, when the agèd are reverently, passionately waiting
For the miraculous birth, there must always be
Children who did not specially want it to happen, skating
On a pond at the edge of the wood:
They never forgot
That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course
Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the torturer's horse
Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In *Bruegel's Icarus*, for instance: how everything turns away
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green
Water; and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,
Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

I.2.

Carry her over the water,
And set her down under a tree,
Where the culvers white all day & all night
And the winds from every $\frac{1}{4}$
Sing agreeably, agreeably, agreeably of love.

Put a gold ring on her finger
And press her close to your heart,
While the fish in the lake their snapshots take,

I.1 'Musée des Beaux Arts', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*. The Musée des Beaux Arts in questions is to be found in Brussels.

I.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*.

And the frog, that sanguine singer,
Sings agreeably, agreeably, agreeably of love.

The streets shall flock to your marriage,
The houses turn round to look,
The tables & chairs say suitable prayers,
And the horses drawing your carriage
Sing agreeably, agreeably, agreeably of love.

I.3.

Heroes are buried who did not believe in death.

II

II.1.

As I listened from a beach-chair in the shade
To all the noises that my garden made,
It seemed to me only proper that words
Should be withheld from vegetables & birds.

A robin with no christian name ran through
The robin-anthem which was all it knew,
While rustling flowers for some third party waited
To say which pairs, if any, should get mated.

Not one of them was capable of lying;
There was not one of them which knew that it was dying,
Or could have with a rhythm or a rhyme
Assumed responsibility for time.

Let them leave language to their lonely betters
Who count some days and long for certain letters;
We, too, make noises when we laugh or weep:
Words are for those with promises to keep.

II.2.

Control of the passes was, he saw, the key
To this new district, but who would get it?
He, the trained spy, had walked into the trap
For a bogus guide, seduced with the old tricks.

At Greenhearth was a fine site for a dam
And easy power, had they pushed the rail

I.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. These are two lines taken from Auden's early poem "Missing".

II.1 'Their Lonely Betters', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*.

II.2 'The Secret Agent', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*. The text here follows that of the earliest published version. In later editions, Auden amended the final line to read: 'Parting easily two that were never joined.'

Some stations nearer. They ignored his wires.
The bridges were unbuilt and trouble coming.

The street music seemed gracious now to one
For weeks up in the desert. Woken by water
Running away in the dark, he often had
Reproached the night for a companion
Dreamed of already. They would shoot, of course,
Parting easily who were never joined.

II.3.

There could be no question of living if we did not win.

III

III.1.

For us who, from the moment
We are first worlded,
Lapse into disarray,

Who seldom know exactly
What we are up to,
And, as a rule, don't want to,

What a joy to know,
Even when we can't see or hear you,
That you are around,

Though very few of you
Find us worth looking at,
Unless we come too close.

To you all scents are sacred
Except our smell & those
We manufacture.

How promptly & ably
You execute nature's policies,
And are never

Lured into misconduct
Except by some unlucky
Chance imprinting.

II.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. These words are drawn from two lines of Auden's early poem "Let History Be My Judge".

III.1 'Address to the Beasts', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*.

Endowed from birth with good manners,
You wag no snobbish elbows,
Don't leer,

Don't look down your nostrils,
Nor poke them into another
Creature's business.

Your own habitations
Are cosy & private, not
Pretentious temples.

Of course, you have to take lives
To keep your own, but never
Kill for applause.

Compared with even your greediest,
How non-U
Our hunting gentry seem.

Exempt from taxation,
You have never felt the need
To become literate,

But your oral cultures
Have inspired our poets to pen
Dulcet verses,

And, though unconscious of God,
Your sung eucharists
Are more hallowed than ours.

Instinct is commonly said
To rule you: I would call it
Common sense.

If you cannot engender
A genius like *Mozart*,
Neither can you

Plague the earth
With brilliant sillies like *Hegel*
Or clever nasties like *Hobbes*.

Shall we ever become adulated,
As you all soon do?
It seems unlikely.

Indeed, one balmy day,
We might all become
Not fossils, but vapour.

Distinct now,
 In the end we shall join you
 (How soon all corpses look alike),

But you exhibit no signs
 Of knowing that you are sentenced.
 Now, could that be why

We upstarts are often
 Jealous of your innocence,
 But never envious.

III.2.

I woke. You were not there. But as I dressed
 Anxiety turned to shame, feeling all three
 Intended one rebuke. For had not each
 In its own way tried to teach
 My will to love you that it cannot be,
 As I think, of such consequence to want
 What anyone is given, if they want?

III.3.

I'm afraid there's many a spectacled sod
 Prefers the British Museum to God.

IV

IV.1.

I can't imagine anything
 That I would less like to be
 Than a disincarnate spirit,
 Unable to chew or sip
 Or make contact with surfaces
 Or breathe the scents of summer
 Or comprehend speech or music
 Or gaze at what lies beyond.
 No, God has placed me exactly
 Where I'd have chosen to be:
 The sub-lunar world is such fun,
 Where man is male or female
 And gives proper names to all things.

I can, however, conceive
 That the organs nature gave me,

III.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*. This is the last verse of 'The Lesson'.

III.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

IV.1 'No, Plato, No', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*.

My ductless glands for instance,
 Slaving 24 hours a day
 With no show of resentment
 To gratify me, their master,
 And keep me in proper shape,
 (Not that I give them their orders;
 I wouldn't know what to yell)
 Dream of another existence
 Than that they have known so far.
 Yes, it could well be that my flesh,
 Is praying for 'him' to die,
 So setting her free to become
 Irresponsible matter.

IV.2.

No one now imagines you answer idle questions
 – How long shall I live? How long remain single?
 Will butter be cheaper? – nor does your shout make
 Husbands uneasy.

Compared with arias by the great performas
 Such as the merle, your two-note act is kid-stuff:
 Our most hardened crooks are sincerely shocked by
 Your nesting habits.

Science, aesthetics, ethics may huff & puff but they
 Cannot extinguish your magic: you marvel
 The commuter as you wondered the savage.
 Hence, in my diary,

Where I normally enter nothing but social
 Engagements and, lately, the death of friends, I
 Scribble year after year when I first hear you,
 Of a holy moment.

IV.3.

One doubts the virtue, one the beauty of his wife.

V

V.1.

IV.2 'Short Ode to the Cuckoo', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*.

IV.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is a line from Prof Auden's sonnet 'The Ship'.

V.1 'In Praise of Limestone', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*.

If it form the landscape that we, the inconstant ones,
 Are constantly homesick for, this is chiefly
 Because it dissolves in water. Mark these rounded slopes
 With their surface fragrance of thyme and, beneath,
 A secret system of caves & conduits; hear the springs
 That spurt out everywhere with a chuckle,
 Each filling a private pool for its fish and carving
 Its own little ravine whose cliffs entertain
 The butterfly & the lizard; examine this region
 Of short distances & definite places:
 What could be more like mother or a fitter background
 For her son, the flirtatious male who lounges
 Against a rock in the sunlight, never doubting
 That for all his faults he is loved; whose works are but
 Extensions of his power to charm? From weathered outcrop
 To hill-top temple, from appearing waters to
 Conspicuous fountains, from a wild to a formal vineyard,
 Are ingenious but short steps that a child's wish
 To receive more attention than his brothers, whether
 By pleasing or teasing, can easily take.

Watch, then, the band of rivals as they climb up & down
 The steep stone gennels in twos & threes, at times
 Arm in arm, but never, thank God, in step; or engaged
 On a shady side of a square at midday in
 Voluble discourse, knowing each other too well to think
 There are any important secrets, unable
 To conceive a god whose temper-tantrums are moral
 And not to be pacified by a clever line
 Or a good lay: for, accustomed to a stone that responds,
 They have never had to veil their faces in awe
 Of a crater whose blazing fury could not be fixed;
 Adjusted to the local needs of valleys
 Where everything can be touched or reached by walking,
 Their eyes have never looked into infinite space
 Through the lattice-work of a nomad's comb; born lucky,
 Their legs have never encountered the fungi
 And insects of the jungle, the monstrous forms & lives
 With which we have nothing, we like to think, in common.
 So, when one of them goes to the bad, the way his mind works
 Remains comprehensible: to become a pimp
 Or deal in fake jewellery or ruin a fine tenor voice
 For effects that bring down the house, could happen to all
 But the best & the worst of us... That is why, I suppose,
 The best & worst never stayed here long but sought
 Immoderate soils where the beauty was not so external,
 The light less public and the meaning of life
 Something more than a mad camp. 'Come!' cried the granite wastes,
 'How evasive is your humour, how accidental

Your kindest kiss, how permanent is death.' (Saints-to-be
 Slipped away sighing.) 'Come!' purred the clays & gravels,
 'On our plains there is room for armies to drill; rivers
 Wait to be tamed and slaves to construct you a tomb
 In the grand manner: soft as the earth is mankind and both
 Need to be altered.' (Intendant Caesars rose and
 Left, slamming the door.) But the really reckless were fetched
 By an older colder voice, the oceanic whisper:
 'I am the solitude that asks & promises nothing;
 That is how I shall set you free. There is no love;
 There are only the various envies, all of them sad.

They were right, my dear; all those voices were right
 And still are; this land is not the sweet home that it looks,
 Nor its peace the historical calm of a site
 Where something was settled once & for all: a backward
 And dilapidated province, connected
 To the big busy world by a tunnel, with a certain
 Seedy appeal, is that all it is now? Not quite:
 It has a worldly duty which in spite of itself
 It does not neglect, but calls into question
 All the great powers assume; it disturbs our rights. The poet,
 Admired for his earnest habit of calling
 The sun the sun, his mind puzzle, is made uneasy
 By these marble statues which so obviously doubt
 His anti-mythological myth; and these gamins,
 Pursuing the scientist down the tiled colonnade
 With such lively offers, rebuke his concern for nature's
 Remotest aspects: I, too, am reproached, for what
 And how much you know. Not to lose time, not to get caught,
 Not to be left behind, not – please! – to resemble
 The beasts who repeat themselves or a thing like water
 Or stone whose conduct can be predicted, these
 Are our **Common Prayer**, whose greatest comfort is music
 Which can be made anywhere, is invisible,
 And does not smell. In so far as we have to look forward
 To death as a fact, no doubt we are right: but if
 Sins can be forgiven, if bodies rise from the dead,
 These modifications of matter into
 Innocent athletes & gesticulating fountains,
 Made solely for pleasure, make a further point:
 The blessed will not care what angle they are regarded from,
 Having nothing to hide. Dear, I know nothing of
 Either, but when I try to imagine a faultless love
 Or the life to come, what I hear is the murmur
 Of underground streams, what I see is a limestone landscape.

V.2 'Epitaph on a Tyrant', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected*
 by John Fuller.

V.2.

Perfection, of a kind, was what he was after,
 And the poetry he invented was easy to understand;
 He knew human folly like the back of his hand,
 As was greatly interested in armies & fleets;
 When he laughed, respectable senators burst with laughter,
 And when he cried the little children died in the streets.

V.3.

Churches alongside brothels testify that faith can pardon natural behaviour.

VI**VI.1.**

Ladies & gentlemen, you have made most remarkable
 Progress, and progress, I agree, is a boon;
 You have built more automobiles than are parkable,
 Crashed the sound-barrier, and may very soon
 Be setting up juke-boxes on the moon:
 But I beg to remind you that, despite all that,
 I, death, am & will always be cosmocrat.

Still I sport with the young & daring; at my whim
 The climber steps upon the rotten boulder;
 The undertow catches boys as they swim;
 The speeder steers onto the slippery shoulder:
 With others I wait until they are older,
 Before assigning, according to my humour,
 To one a coronary, to another a tumour.

Liberal my views on religion & race;
 Tax-posture, credit-rating, social ambition
 Cut no ice with me. We shall meet face to face
 Despite the drugs & lies of your physician,
 The costly euphemisms of the mortician:
 Westchester matron and Bowery bum,
 Both shall dance with me when I rattle my drum.

VI.2.

The ogre does what ogres can,
 Deeds quite impossible for man,
 But one prize is beyond his reach;
 The ogre cannot master speech.

V.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. These are two lines from Prof Auden's sonnet 'Macao'.

VI.1 'Recitative by Death', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*.

VI.2 'August 1968', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*. The Soviet-led invasion of Czechoslovakia occurred in August 1968.

About a subjugated plain,
 Among its desperate & slain,
 The ogre stands with hands on hips,
 While drivel gushes from his lips.

VI.3.

And nothing serious can happen here.

VII

VII.1.

On a mid-december day,
 Frying sausages
 For myself, I abruptly
 Felt under fingers
 Thirty years younger the rim
 Of a steering-wheel,
 On my cheek the parching wind
 Of an august noon,
 As passenger beside me
 You as then you were.

Slap across a veg'-growing
 Alluvial plain
 We raced in clouds of white dust,
 And geese fled screaming
 As we missed them by inches,
 Making a bee-line
 For mountains gradually
 Enlarging eastward,
 Joyfully certain nightfall
 Would occasion joy.

It did. In a flagged kitchen
 We were served broiled trout
 And a rank cheese: for a while
 We talked by the fire,
 Then, carrying candles, climbed
 Steep stairs. Love was made
 Then & there: so halcyoned,
 Soon we fell asleep
 To the sound of a river
 Swabbling through a gorge.

VI.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is the last line of Prof Auden's sonnet 'Macao'.

VII.1 'Since', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*.

Since then, other enchantments
 Have blazed & faded,
 Enemies changed their address,
 And war made ugly
 An uncountable number
 Of unknown neighbours,
 Precious as us to themselves:
 But round your image
 There is no fog, and the earth
 Can still astonish.

Of what, then, should I complain,
 Pottering about
 A neat suburban kitchen?
 Solitude? Rubbish!
 It's social enough with real
 Faces & landscapes
 For whose friendly countenance
 I at least can learn
 To live with obesity
 And a little fame.

VII.2.

This lunar beauty
 Has no history,
 Is complete & early;
 If beauty later
 Bear any feature,
 It had a lover
 And is another.

This like a dream
 Keeps other time,
 And daytime is
 The loss of this;
 For time is inches
 And the heart's changes
 Where ghost has haunted,
 Lost & wanted.

But this was never
 A ghost's endeavour
 Nor, finished this,
 Was ghost at ease;
 And till it pass
 Love shall not near

VII.2 'This Lunar Beauty', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. Prof Auden made minor, but semantically helpful, amendments to the punctuation of this poem in later editions.

The sweetness here
Nor sorrow take
His endless look.

VII.3.

Another time has other lives to live.

VIII

VIII.1.

O what is that sound which so thrills the ear
Down in the valley drumming, drumming?
Only the scarlet soldiers, dear,
The soldiers coming.

O what is that light I see flashing so clear
Over the distance brightly, brightly?
Only the sun on their weapons, dear,
As they step lightly.

O what are they doing with all that gear?
What are they doing this morning, this morning?
Only the usual manoeuvres, dear,
Or perhaps a warning.

O why have they left the road down there;
Why are they suddenly wheeling, wheeling?
Perhaps a change in the orders, dear;
Why are you kneeling?

O haven't they stopped for the doctor's care;
Haven't they reined their horses, their horses?
Why, they are none of them wounded, dear,
None of these forces.

O is it the parson they want with white hair;
Is it the parson, is it, is it?
No, they are passing his gateway, dear,
Without a visit.

O it must be the farmer who lives so near;
It must be the farmer so cunning, so cunning.
They have passed the farm already, dear,
And now they are running.

VII.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is the last line of Prof Auden's 'Another Time'.

VIII.1 'O What Is That Sound', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*. Note that Prof Auden consistently declined to add a question mark to the title of this poem.

O where are you going? Stay with me here!
 Were the vows you swore me deceiving, deceiving.
 No, I promised to love you, dear,
 But I must be leaving.

O it's broken the lock & splintered the door;
 O it's the gate where they're turning, turning;
 Their feet are heavy on the floor
 And their eyes are burning.

VIII.2.

Pick a quarrel, go to war,
 Leave the hero in the bar;
 Hunt the lion, climb the peak:
 No one guesses you are weak.

VIII.3.

Any heaven we think it decent to enter
 Must be ptolemaic with ourselves at the centre.

IX

IX.1.

'O where are you going?' said reader to rider.
 'That valley is fatal where furnaces burn;
 Younder's the midden whose odours will madden;
 That gap is the grave where the tall return.'

'O do you imagine,' said fearer to farer,
 'That dusk will delay on your path to the pass,
 Your diligent looking discover the lacking
 Your footsteps feel from granite to grass?'

'O what was that bird?' said horror to hearer.
 'Did you see that shape in the twisted trees?
 Behind you swiftly the figure comes softly;
 That spot on your skin is a shocking disease.'

'Out of this house,' said rider to reader;
 'Yours never will,' said farer to fearer;
 'They're looking for you,' said hearer to horror
 As he left him there, as he left him there.

VIII.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

VIII.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This couplet was taken from one of the 'Shorts' Prof Auden composed around 1940.

IX.1 'Epilogue', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*. Prof Auden was certainly inspired by the third Child Ballad ('The Fause Knight on the Road') in writing this poem. It is an epilogue in the sense that it is the final piece in *The Orators*, the most enigmatic of his anthologies.

IX.2.

I'm beginning to lose patience
 With my personal relations:
 They are not deep,
 And they are not cheap.

IX.3.

Look if you like, but you will have to leap.

X**X.1.**

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
 Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
 Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
 Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle, moaning overhead,
 Scribbling on the sky the message, He is dead;
 Put **crêpe** bows round the white necks of the public doves;
 Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my north, my south, my east & west,
 My working week and my sunday rest,
 My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
 I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,
 Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
 Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;
 For nothing now can ever come to any good.

X.2.

Let us honour if we can
 The vertical man,
 Though we value none
 But the horizontal one.

X.3.

Music is international.

IX.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

IX.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is a line from Prof Auden's 'Leap Before You Look'.

X.1 'Funeral Blues', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*.

X.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. The terms 'vertical' and 'horizontal' in this short poem refer to the living and the dead respectively.

X.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is the title of a poem.

XI

XI.1.

Taller today, we remember similar evenings, evenings,
Walking together in the windless orchard
Where the brook runs over the gravel, far from the glacier.

Again in the room with the sofa hiding the grate,
Look down to the river when the rain is over,
See him turn to the window, hearing our last
Of Captain *Ferguson*.

It is seen how excellent hands have turned to commonness.
One staring too long, went blind in a tower,
One sold all his manors to fight, broke through, and faltered.

Nights come bringing the snow, and the dead howl
Under the headlands in their windy dwelling
Because the Adversary put too easy questions
On lonely roads

But happy now, though no nearer each other,
We see the farms lighted all along the valley;
Down at the mill-shed the hammering stops
And men go home.

Noises at dawn will bring
Freedom for some, but not this peace
No bird can contradict: passing, but is sufficient now
For something fulfilled this hour, loved or endured.

XI.2.

These had stopped seeking
But went on speaking,
Have not contributed,
But have diluted.

These ordered light
But had no right,
And handed on
War & a son.

XI.3.

To save your world, you asked this man to die:
Would this man, could he see you now, ask why?

XI.1 'Taller Today', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*. The text here follows that of the earliest published version. In later editions, Auden excised the second and third verses.

XI.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

XI.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This was Prof Auden's suggestion for an epitaph for a tomb of the unknown soldier.

XII

XII.1.

The piers are pummelled by the waves;
 In a lonely field the rain
 Lashes an abandoned train;
 Outlaws fill the mountain caves.

Fantastic grow the evening gowns;
 Agents of the Fisc pursue
 Absconding tax-defaulters through
 The sewers of provincial towns.

Private rites of magic send
 The temple prostitutes to sleep;
 All the literati keep
 An imaginary friend.

Cerebrotonic *Cato* may
 Extol the ancient disciplines,
 But the muscle-bound marines
 Mutiny for food & pay.

Caesar's double bed is warm
 While an unimportant clerk
 Writes, 'I do not like my work,'
 On a pink official form.

Unendowed with wealth or pity,
 Little birds with scarlet legs,
 Sitting on their speckled eggs,
 Eye each flu-infected city.

Altogether elsewhere, vast
 Herds of reindeer move across
 Miles & miles of golden moss,
 Silently and very fast.

XII.2.

That night when joy began
 Our narrowest veins to flush,
 We waited for the flash
 Of morning's levelled gun.

XII.1 'The Fall of Rome', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*. Prof Auden dedicated the poem to Cyril Connolly. Each verse seems to consider a reason frequently given by historians for the collapse of the Roman Empire. In particular, the last verse concerns the following theory: changes in the climate forced the migration of certain species (amongst them, reindeer) on the steppes of Eastern Europe, which in turn forced the migration of those tribes which depended on said species. This led to a chain of tribal migrations, culminating in the barbarian invasions of Late Antiquity which brought about the Empire's demise.

XII.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

But morning let us pass,
 And day by day relief
 Outgrows his nervous laugh,
 Grown credulous of peace,

As mile by mile is seen
 No trespasser's reproach,
 And love's best glasses reach
 No fields but are his own.

XII.3.

Hindsight as foresight makes no sense.

XIII

XIII.1.

Time that is intolerant
 Of the brave & innocent,
 And indifferent in a week
 To a beautiful physique,

Worships language and forgives
 Everyone by whom it lives.;
 Pardons cowardice, conceit,
 Lays its honours at their feet.

Time that which this strange excuse
 Pardoned *Kipling* & his views,
 And will pardon *Paul Claudel*,
 Pardons him for writing well.

In the nightmare of the dark
 All the dogs of Europe bark,
 And the living nations wait,
 Each sequestered in its hate;

Intellectual disgrace
 Stares from every human face,
 And the seas of pity lie
 Locked & frozen in each eye.

Follow, poet, follow right
 To the bottom of the night;
 With your unconstraining voice
 Still persuade us to rejoice;

XII.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is a line from Prof Auden's 'Secondary Epic'.

XIII.1 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *W H Auden: Poems Selected by John Fuller*. These lines constitute the third section of Prof Auden's 'In Memory of W B Yeats', omitting the first verse. They were written shortly after Yeats's death in 1939.

With the farming of a verse
 Make a vineyard of the curse;
 Sing of human unsuccess
 In a rapture of distress;

In the deserts of the heart
 Let the healing fountain start;
 In the prison of his days
 Teach the free man how to praise.

XIII.2.

Having abdicated with comparative ease
 And dismissed the greater part of your friends,
 Escaping by submarine
 In a false beard, $\frac{1}{2}$ hoping the ports were watched,
 You have got here, and it isn't snowing:
 How shall we celebrate your arrival?

XIII.3.

The truest poetry is the most feigning.

XIV

XIV.1.

Who stands, the crux left of the watershed,
 On the wet road between the chafing grass
 Below him sees dismantled washing-floors,
 Snatches of tramline running to a wood,
 An industry already comatose,
 Yet sparsely living. A ramshackle engine
 At Cashwell raises water; for 10 years
 It lay in flooded workings until this,
 Its latter office, grudgingly performed.
 And, further, here and there, though many dead
 Lie under the poor soil, some acts are chosen,
 Taken from recent winters; two there were
 Cleaned out a damaged shaft by hand, clutching
 The winch a gale would tear them from; one died
 During a storm, the fells impassable,
 Not at his village, but in wooden shape
 Through long abandoned levels nosed his way
 And in his final valley went to ground.

XIII.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. These lines constitute the first verse of 'Half Way'.

XIII.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is the title of one of Prof Auden's poems.

XIV.1 'The Watershed', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

Go home, now, stranger, proud of your young stock,
 Stranger, turn back again, frustrate & vexed:
 This land, cut off, will not communicate,
 Be no accessory content to one
 Aimless for faces rather there than here.
 Beams from your car may cross a bedroom wall,
 They wake no sleeper; you may hear the wind
 Arriving driven from the ignorant sea
 To hurt itself on pane, on bark of elm
 Where sap unbaffled rises, being spring;
 But seldom this. Near you, taller than the grass,
 Ears poise before decision, scenting danger.

XIV.2.

A shilling life will give you all the facts:
 How father beat him, how he ran away,
 What were the struggles of his youth, what acts
 Made him the greatest figure of his day;
 Of how he fought, fished, hunted, worked all night,
 Though giddy, climbed new mountains; named a sea;
 Some of the last researchers even write
 Love made him weep his pints like you & me.
 With all his honours on, he sighed for one
 Who, say astonished critics, lived at home;
 Did little jobs about the house with skill
 And nothing else; could whistle; would sit still
 Or potter round the garden; answered some
 Of his long marvellous letters but kept none.

XIV.3.

Good poets have a weakness for bad puns.

XV

XV.1.

Since you are going to begin today
 Let us consider what it is you do.
 You are the one whose part it is to lean,
 For whom it is not good to be alone.
 Laugh warmly turning shyly in the hall
 Or climb with bare knees the volcanic hill,
 Acquire that flick of wrist and after strain
 Relax in your darling's arms like a stone,

XIV.2 'Who's Who', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

XIV.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is a line from Prof Auden's 'The Truest Poetry is the Most Feigning'.

XV.1 'Venus Will Now Say a Few Words', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

Remembering everything you can confess,
 Making the most of firelight, of hours and fuss;
 But joy is mine not yours – to have come so far,
 Whose cleverest invention was lately fur;
 Lizards my best once who took years to breed,
 Could not control the temperature of blood.
 To reach that shape for your face to assume,
 Pleasure to many and despair to some,
 I shifted ranges, lived epochs handicapped
 By climate, wars, or what the young men kept,
 Modified theories on the types of dross,
 Altered desire and history of dress.
 You in the town now call the exile fool
 That writes home once a year as last leaves fall,
 Think – romans had a language in their day
 And ordered roads with it, but it had to die:
 Your culture can but leave – forgot as sure
 As place-name origins in favorite shire –
 Jottings for stories, some often-mentioned *Jack*,
 And references in letters to a private joke,
 Equipment rusting in unweeded lanes,
 Virtues still advertised on local lines;
 And your conviction shall help none to fly,
 Cause rather a perversion on next floor.

Nor even in despair your own, when swiftly
 Comes general assault on your ideas of safety:
 That sense of famine, central anguish felt
 For goodness wasted at peripheral fault,
 Your shutting up the house and taking prow
 To go into the wilderness to pray,
 Means that I wish to leave and to pass on,
 Select another form, perhaps your son;
 Though he reject you, join opposing team
 Be late or early at another time,
 My treatment will not differ – he will be tipped,
 Found weeping, signed for, made to answer, topped.
 Do not imagine you can abdicate;
 Before you reach the frontier you are caught;
 Others have tried it and will try again
 To finish that which they did not begin:
 Their fate must always be the same as yours,
 To suffer the loss they were afraid of, yes,
 Holders of one position, wrong for years.

XV.2.

XV.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is the first verse of Auden's 'Danse Macabre'.

It's farewell to the drawing room's mannerly cry,
 The professor's logical whereto & why,
 The frock-coated diplomat's polished aplomb,
 Now matters are settled with gas & with bomb.

XV.3.

You need not see what someone is doing to know if it is his
 vocation; you have only to watch his eyes.

XVI

XVI.1.

It is time for the destruction of error.
 The chairs are being brought in from the garden,
 The summer talk stopped on that savage coast
 Before the storms, after the guests & birds:
 In sanatoriums they laugh less & less,
 Less certain of cure; and the loud madman
 Sinks now into a more terrible calm.

The falling leaves know it, the children,
 At play on the fuming alkali-tip
 Or by the flooded football ground, know it –
 This is the dragon's day, the devourer's:
 Orders are given to the enemy for a time
 With underground proliferation of mould,
 With constant whisper & the casual question,
 To haunt the poisoned in his shunned house,
 To destroy the efflorescence of the flesh,
 To censor the play of the mind, to enforce
 Conformity with the orthodox bone,

With organised fear, the articulated skeleton.
 You whom I gladly walk with, touch,
 Or wait for as one certain of good,
 We know it, we know that love
 Needs more than the admiring excitement of union,
 More than the abrupt self-confident farewell,
 The heel on the finishing blade of grass,
 The self-confidence of the falling root,
 Needs death, death of the grain, our death.
 Death of the old gang; would leave them
 In sullen valley where is made no friend,
 The old gang to be forgotten in the spring,

XV.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. These are three lines from Prof Auden's 'Horae Canonicae'.

XVI.1 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is the fourth and final section of Auden's "1929", written in the autumn of that year.

The hard bitch and the riding-master,
 Stiff underground; deep in clear lake
 The lolling bridegroom, beautiful, there.

XVI.2.

They noticed that virginity was needed
 To trap the unicorn in every case,
 But not that, of those virgins who succeeded,
 A high percentage had an ugly face.

XVI.3.

Though one cannot always remember exactly why one has been
 happy, there is no forgetting that one was.

XVII

XVII.1.

What's in your mind, my dove, my coney?
 Do thoughts grow like feathers, the dead end of life?
 Is it making of love or counting of money,
 Or raid on the jewels, the plans of a thief?

Open your eyes, my dearest dallier;
 Let hunt with your hands for escaping me;
 Go through the motions of exploring the familiar;
 Stand on the brink of the warm white day.

Rise with the wind, my great big serpent;
 Silence the birds and darken the air;
 Change me with terror, alive in a moment;
 Strike for the heart and have me there.

XVII.2.

My second thoughts condemn
 And wonder how I dare
 To look you in the eye.
 What right have I to swear
 Even at one AM
 To love you till I die?

Earth meets too many crimes
 For fibs to interest her;

XVI.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is the first verse of the tenth sonnet in Prof Auden's sequence 'The Quest'. The rest of the poem, sadly, does not live up to the promise of these marvellous first four lines.

XVI.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. These are the closing words of Prof Auden's 'Good-Bye to the Mezzogiorno'.

XVII.1 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. The first of Prof Auden's "Five Songs".

XVII.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

If I can give my word,
 Forgiveness can recur
 Any number of times
 In time. Which is absurd.

Tempus fugit. Quite.
 So finish up your drink.
 ‘All flesh is grass.’ It is.
 But who on earth can think
 With heavy heart or light
 Of what will come of this?

XVII.3.

Money cannot buy the fuel of love: but is excellent kindling.

XVIII

XVIII.1.

Consider this and in our time
 As the hawk sees it or the helmeted airman:
 The clouds rift suddenly – look there
 At cigarette-end smouldering on a border
 At the first garden party of the year.
 Pass on, admire the view of the massif
 Through plate-glass windows of the Sport Hotel;
 Join there the insufficient units
 Dangerous, easy, in furs, in uniform
 And constellated at reserved tables
 Supplied with feelings by an efficient band
 Relayed elsewhere to farmers and their dogs
 Sitting in kitchens in the stormy fens.

Long ago, supreme antagonist,
 More powerful than the great northern whale
 Ancient and sorry at life’s limiting defect,
 In Cornwall, Mendip, or the Pennine moor
 Your comments on the highborn mining-captains,
 Found they no answer, made them wish to die
 - Lie since in barrows out of harm.
 You talk to your admirers every day
 By silted harbours, derelict works,
 In strangled orchard, and the silent comb
 Where dogs have worried or a bird was shot.
 Order the ill that they attack at once:
 Visit the ports and, interrupting

XVII.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. These words are a haiku from Prof Auden’s ‘Thanksgiving for a Habitat’.

XVIII.1 ‘Consider’, Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

The leisurely conversation in the bar
 Within a stone's throw of the sunlit water,
 Beckon your chosen out. Summon
 Those handsome and diseased youngsters, those women
 Your solitary agents in the country parishes;
 And mobilise the powerful forces latent
 In soils that make the farmer brutal
 In the infected sinus, and the eyes of stoats.
 Then, ready, start your rumour, soft
 But horrifying in its capacity to disgust
 Which, spreading magnified, shall come to be
 A polar peril, a prodigious alarm,
 Scattering the people, as torn up paper
 Rags and utensils in a sudden gust,
 Seized with immeasurable neurotic dread.

Seekers after happiness, all who follow
 The convolutions of your simple wish,
 It is later than you think; nearer that day
 Far other than that distant afternoon
 Amid rustle of frocks and stamping feet
 They gave the prizes to the ruined boys.
 You cannot be away, then, no
 Not though you pack to leave within an hour,
 Escaping humming down arterial roads:
 The date was yours; the prey to fugues,
 Irregular breathing and alternate ascendancies
 After some haunted migratory years
 To disintegrate on an instant in the explosion of mania
 Or lapse forever into a classic fatigue.

XVIII.2.

Looking up at the stars, I know quite well
 That, for all they care, I can go to hell,
 But on earth indifference is the least
 We have to dread from man or beast.

How should we like it were stars to burn
 With a passion for us we could not return?
 If equal affection cannot be,
 Let the more loving one be me.

Admirer as I think I am
 Of stars that do not give a damn,
 I cannot, now I see them, say
 I missed one terribly all day.

XVIII.2 'The More Loving One', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

Were all stars to disappear or die,
 I should learn to look at an empty sky
 And feel its total dark sublime,
 Though this might take me a little time.

XVIII.3.

No one hears his own remarks as prose.

XIX

XIX.1.

You are the town & we are the clock.
 We are the guardians of the gate in the rock,
 The two.
 On your left & on your right,
 In the day & in the night,
 We are watching you.

Wiser not to ask just what has occurred
 To them who disobeyed our word;
 To those
 We were the whirlpool, we were the reef,
 We were the formal nightmare, grief
 And the unlucky rose.

Climb up the crane, learn the sailor's words
 When the ships from the islands laden with birds
 Come in.
 Tell your stories of fishing & other men's wives:
 The expansive moments of constricted lives
 In the lighted inn.

But do not imagine we do not know
 Nor that what you hide with such care won't show
 At a glance.
 Nothing is done, nothing is said,
 But don't make the mistake of believing us dead:
 I shouldn't dance.

We're afraid in that case you'll have a fall.
 We've been watching you over the garden wall
 For hours.
 The sky is darkening like a stain;
 Something is going to fall like rain
 And it won't be flowers.

XVIII.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is a line from Prof Auden's 'At the Party'.

XIX.1 'The Two', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

When the green field comes off like a lid
 Revealing what was much better hid:
 Unpleasant.
 And look, behind you without a sound
 The woods have come up and are standing round
 In deadly crescent.

The bolt is sliding in its groove;
 Outside the window is the black remov-
 -er's van.
 And now with sudden swift emergence
 Come the hooded women, humpbacked surgeons
 And the scissor man.

This might happen any day;
 So be careful what you say
 And do:
 Be clean, be tidy, oil the lock,
 Trim the garden, wind the clock;
 Remember the two.

XIX.2.

Why thén, why thére,
 Why thús, we cry, did he die?
 The heavens are silent.

What he was, he was:
 What he is fated to become
 Depends on us.

Remembering his death,
 How we choose to live
 Will decide its meaning.

When a just man dies,
 Lamentation & praise,
 Sorrow & joy, are one.

XIX.3.

To some, ill health is a way to be important, others are stoics, a
 few fanatics who won't feel happy until they are cut open.

XIX.2 'Elegy for JFK', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

XIX.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is a verse from Prof Auden's 'The Art of Healing', an elegy for a doctor.

XX

XX.1.

Hearing of harvests rotting in the valleys,
 Seeing at end of street the barren mountains,
 Round corners coming suddenly on water,
 Knowing them shipwrecked who were launched for islands,
 We honour founders of these starving cities
 Whose honour is the image of our sorrow,

Which cannot see its likeness in their sorrow
 That brought them desperate to the brink of valleys;
 Dreaming of evening walks through learned cities
 They reined their violent horses on the mountains,
 Those fields like ships to castaways on islands,
 Visions of green to them who craved for water.

They built by rivers and at night the water
 Running past windows comforted their sorrow;
 Each in his little bed conceived of islands
 Where every day was dancing in the valleys
 And all the green trees blossomed on the mountains
 Where love was innocent, being far from cities.

But dawn came back and they were still in cities;
 No marvellous creature rose up from the water;
 There was still gold & silver in the mountains
 But hunger was a more immediate sorrow,
 Although to moping villagers in valleys
 Some waving pilgrims were describing islands...

‘The gods,’ they promised, ‘visit us from islands,
 Are stalking, head-up, lovely, through our cities;
 Now is the time to leave your wretched valleys
 And sail with them across the lime-green water,
 Sitting at their white sides, forget your sorrow,
 The shadow cast across your lives by mountains.’

So many, doubtful, perished in the mountains,
 Climbing up crags to get a view of islands;
 So many, fearful, took with them their sorrow
 Which stayed them when they reached unhappy cities;

XX.1 ‘Paysage Moralisé’, Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. According to an article by one Harry Eyres, published in the *Financial Times* in 2012: ‘The art historian Erwin Panofsky coined the phrase *paysage moralisé* to describe the kind of renaissance painting in which aspects of landscape have moral significance. The example he took was Piero di Cosimo’s *The Discovery of Honey by Bacchus*, “where the antithesis between Virtue and Pleasure is symbolised by the contrast between an easy road winding through beautiful country and a steep stony path leading up to a forbidding rock”. Panofsky was apparently rather chuffed that his coinage provided W. H. Auden with the title for one of his most anthologised poems’.

So many, careless, dived & drowned in water;
 So many, wretched, would not leave their valleys.

It is our sorrow. Shall it melt? Ah water
 Would gush, flush, green these mountains & these valleys,
 And we rebuild our cities, not dream of islands.

XX.2.

God never makes knots,
 But is expert, if asked to,
 At untying them.

XX.3.

An adventure it would not have occurred to women to think worth while.

XXI

XXI.1.

Now from my window-sill I watch the night,
 The church clock's yellow face, the green pier light
 Burn for a new imprudent year;
 The silence buzzes in my ear;
 The lights of near-by families are out.

Under the darkness nothing seems to stir;
 The lilac bush like a conspirator
 Shams dead upon the lawn, and there
 Above the flagstaff the great bear
 Hangs as a portent over Helensburgh.

O lords of limit, training dark & light
 And setting a taboo 'twixt left & right,
 The influential quiet twins
 From whom all property begins,
 Look leniently upon us all to-night.

No one has seen you: none can say, 'Of late –
 Here. You can see the marks. They lay in wait,'
 But in my thoughts to-night you seem
 Forms which I saw once in a dream,
 The stocky keepers of a wild estate.

With guns beneath your arms, in sun & wet,
 At doorways posted or on ridges set,
 By cope or bridge we know you there

XX.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

XX.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. These words are taken from Prof Auden's 'Moon Landing'. The correctness of 'worth while' as two separate words in this context is not universally acknowledged.

XXI.1 R 'The Watchers', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

Whose sleepless presences endear
Our peace to us with a perpetual threat.

Look not too closely, be not over-quick;
We have no invitation, but we are sick,
Using the mole's device, the carriage
Of peacock or rat's desperate courage,
And we shall only pass you by a trick.

Deeper towards the summer the year moves on.
What if the starving visionary have seen
The carnival within our gates,
Your bodies kicked about the streets,
We need your power still: use it, that none,

O, from their tables break uncontrollably away,
Lunging, insensible to injury,
Dangerous in a room or out wild-
-ly spinning like a top in the field,
Mopping & mowing through the sleepless day.

XXI.2.

As the poets have mournfully sung,
Death takes the innocent young,
The rolling in money,
The screamingly funny,
And those who are very well hung.

XXI.3.

Both God and the Accuser speak very softly.

XXII

XXII.1.

At last the secret is out,
As it always must come in the end;
The delicious story is ripe
To tell to the intimate friend;
Over the tea-cups & in the square
The tongue has its desire;
Still waters run deep, my dear;
There's never smoke without fire.

Behind the corpse in the reservoir,
Behind the ghost on the links,

XXI.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

XXI.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. These words are taken from one of Prof Auden's 'Shorts'.

XXII.1 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

Behind the lady who dances and
 The man who madly drinks,
 Under the look of fatigue,
 The attack of migraine & the sigh
 There is always another story;
 There is more than meets the eye.

For the clear voice suddenly singing,
 High up in the convent wall,
 The scent of the elder bushes,
 The sporting prints in the hall,
 The croquet matches in summer,
 The handshake, the cough, the kiss,
 There is always a wicked secret,
 A private reason for this.

XXII.2.

A poet's hope: to be,
 Like some valley cheese,
 Local, but prized elsewhere.

XXII.3.

Friendship never ages.

XXIII

XXIII.1.

As I walked out one evening,
 Walking down Bristol Street,
 The crowds upon the pavement
 Were fields of harvest wheat.

And down by the brimming river
 I heard a lover sing
 Under an arch of the railway:
 'Love has no ending.

'I'll love you, dear, I'll love you
 Till China & Africa meet,
 And the river jumps over the mountain
 And the salmon sing in the street;

XXII.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

XXII.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is a line from one of Prof Auden's 'Shorts'.

XXIII.1 'As I Walked Out One Evening', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. ¶2. The Bristol Street which Prof Auden had in mind is probably the one in Birmingham – and the Birmingham in England, not the one in Alabama. ¶12. This is likely an allusion to Burns's famous love lyric: 'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,/ And the rocks melt wi' the sun'.

'I'll love you till the ocean
Is folded & hung up to dry
And the seven stars go squawking
Like geese about the sky.

'The years shall run like rabbits,
For in my arms I hold
The flower of the ages,
And the first love of the world.'

But all the clocks in the city
Began to whirr & chime:
'O let not time deceive you;
You cannot conquer time.

'In the burrows of the nightmare
Where justice naked is,
Time watches from the shadow
And coughs when you would kiss.

'In headaches & in worry
Vaguely life leaks away,
And time will have his fancy
To-morrow or to-day.

'Into many a green valley
Drifts the appalling snow;
Time breaks the threaded dances
And the diver's brilliant bow.

'O plunge your hands in water,
Plunge them in up to the wrist;
Stare, stare in the basin
And wonder what you've missed.

'The glacier knocks in the cupboard,
The desert sighs in the bed,
And the crack in the tea-cup opens
A lane to the land of the dead.

'Where the beggars raffle the banknotes
And the giant is enchanting to *Jack*,
And the lily-white boy is a roarer,
And *Jill* goes down on her back.

'O look, look in the mirror,
O look in your distress:
Life remains a blessing
Although you cannot bless.

‘O stand, stand at the window
 As the tears scald & start;
 You shall love your crooked neighbour
 With your crooked heart.’

It was late, late in the evening;
 The lovers they were gone;
 The clocks had ceased their chiming,
 And the deep river ran on.

XXIII.2.

Give me a doctor, partridge-plump,
 Short in the leg & broad in the rump,
 An endomorph with gentle hands
 Who’ll never make absurd demands
 That I abandon all my vices,
 Nor pull a long face in a crisis,
 But with a twinkle in his eye
 Will tell me that I have to die.

XXIII.3.

Goodness is timeless.

XXIV

XXIV.1.

Underneath an abject willow,
 Lover, sulk no more:
 Act from thought should quickly follow.
 What is thinking for?
 Your unique and moping station
 Proves you cold;
 Stand up and fold
 Your map of desolation.

Bells that toll across the meadows
 From the sombre spire
 Toll for these unloving shadows
 Love does not require.
 All that lives may love; why longer
 Bow to loss
 With arms across?
 Strike and you shall conquer.

XXIII.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

XXIII.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is the last line in Prof Auden’s ‘Archaeology’, and thus the last line in his *Collected Poems*.

XXIV.1 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

Geese in flocks above you flying.
 Their direction know,
 Icy brooks beneath you flowing,
 To their ocean go.
 Dark & dull is your distraction:
 Walk then, come,
 No longer numb
 Into your satisfaction.

XXIV.2.

River, sooner or later,
 All reach some ocean,
 And in due season all men
 Arrive at a death bed, but
 Neither on purpose.

XXIV.3.

Sad is *Eros*, builder of cities,
 And weeping anarchic *Aphrodite*.

XXV

XXV.1.

May with its light behaving
 Stirs vessel, eye & limb,
 The singular & sad
 Are willing to recover,
 And to each swan-delighting river
 The careless picnics come
 In living white & red.

Our dead, remote & hooded,
 In hollows rest, but we
 From their vague woods have broken,
 Forests where children meet
 And the white angel-vampires flit,
 Stand now with shaded eye,
 The dangerous apple taken.

The real world lies before us,
 Brave motions of the young,
 Abundant wish for death,
 The pleasing, pleased, haunted:
 A dying master sinks tormented

XXIV.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

XXIV.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is a couplet from Prof Auden's 'In Memory of Sigmund Freud'.

XXV.1 'May', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

In his admirers' ring,
The unjust walk the earth.

And love that makes impatient
Tortoise & roe, that lays
The blonde beside the dark,
Urges upon our blood,
Before the evil & the good
How insufficient is
Touch, endearment, look.

XXV.2.

Although you be, as I am, one of those
Who feel a christian ought to write in prose,
For poetry is magic: born in sin, you
May read them to exorcise the gentile in you.

XXV.3.

History marched to the drums of a clear idea.

XXVI

XXVI.1.

Dear, though the night is gone,
Its dream still haunts today,
That brought us to a room
Cavernous, lofty as
A railway terminus,
And crowded in that gloom
Were beds, and we in one
In a far corner lay.

Our whisper woke no clocks,
We kissed and I was glad
At everything you did,
Indifferent to those
Who sat with hostile eyes
In pairs on every bed,
Arms round each other's neck,
Inert & vaguely sad.

XXV.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This dedication to Christopher Isherwood and Chester Kallman appears at the beginning of at least two collections of Prof Auden's poetry.

XXV.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is a line from Prof Auden's 'Memorial for the City'.

XXVI.1 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is probably the strongest of Prof Auden's love lyrics. ¶17. Earlier versions give: 'O but what worm of guilt'.

What hidden worm of guilt
 Or what malignant doubt
 Am I the victim of,
 That you then, unabashed,
 Did what I never wished,
 Confessed another love;
 And I, submissive, felt
 Unwanted and went out?

XXVI.2.

The emperor's favourite concubine
 Was in the eunuch's pay.
 The wardens of the marches turned
 Their spears the other way.
 The vases crack; the ladies die;
 The oracles are wrong.
 We suck our thumbs or sleep; the show
 Is gamey & too long.

But – music ho! – at last it comes,
 The transformation scene:
 A rather scruffy-looking god
 Descends in a machine,
 And, gabbling off his rustic rhymes,
 Misplacing one or two,
 Commands the prisoners to walk,
 The enemies to screw.

XXVI.3.

History to the defeated
 May say alas but cannot help nor pardon.

XXVII

XXVII.1.

Only their hands are living, to the wheel attracted,
 Are moved, as deer trek desperately towards a creek
 Through the dust & scrub of a desert, or gently,
 As sunflowers turn to the light,

 And, as night takes up the cries of feverish children,
 The cravings of lions in dens, the loves of dons,
 Gathers them all and remains the night, the
 Great room is full of their prayers.

XXVI.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

XXVI.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. These are the last words of Prof Auden's 'Spain 1937'. He quoted them disapprovingly in the introduction to his *Collected Poems*.

XXVII.1 'Casino', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

To a last feast of isolation self-invited,
 They flock, and in a rite of disbelief are joined;
 From numbers all their stars are recreated,
 The enchanted, the worldly, the sad.

Without, calm rivers flow among the wholly living
 Quite near their trysts, and mountains part them, and birds,
 Deep in the greens & moistures of summer,
 Sing towards their work.

But here no nymph comes naked to the youngest shepherd;
 The fountain is deserted; the laurel will not grow;
 The labyrinth is safe but endless, and broken
 Is *Ariadne's* thread,

As deeper in these hands is grooved their fortune: lucky
 Were few, and it is possible that none was loved,
 And what was god-like in this generation
 Was never to be born.

XXVII.2.

Wishing no harm
 But to be warm,
 These fell asleep
 On the burning heap.

XXVII.3.

We must love one another or die.

XXVIII

XXVIII.1.

He was found by the Bureau of Statistic to be
 One against whom there was no official complaint,
 And all the reports on his conduct agree
 That, in the modern sense of an old-fashioned word, he was a saint,
 For in everything he did he served the Greater Community.
 Except for the war till the day he retired
 He worked in a factory and never got fired,
 But satisfied his employers, Fudge Motors Inc.
 Yet he wasn't a scab or odd in his views,
 For his union reports that he paid his dues,
 (Our report on his union shows it was sound)

XXVII.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*.

XXVII.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Another Time*. This is a line from Prof Auden's 'September 1. 1939'. He later amended the line to read, 'We must love one another *and* die', and later still omitted the poem altogether from collections of his poems.

XXVIII.1 'The Unknown Citizen', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. Prof Auden's subtitle: 'To JS/07/M/378 This Marble Monument Is Erected by the State'

And our Social Psychology workers found
 That he was popular with his mates & liked a drink.
 The press are convinced that he bought a paper every day
 And that his reactions to advertisements were normal in every way.
 Policies taken out in his name prove that he was fully insured,
 And his health card shows he was once in hospital but left it cured.
 Both Producers Research and High Grade Living declare
 He was fully sensible to the advantages of the Installment Plan
 And had every thing necessary to the Modern Man,
 A phonograph, a radio, a car & a frigidaire.
 Our research ers into Public Opinion are content
 That he held the proper opinions for the time of year;
 When there was peace, he was for peace; when there was war, he went.
 He was married and added five children to the population,
 Which our eugenist says was the right number for a parent of his generation,
 And our teachers report that he never interfered with their education.
 Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:
 Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard.

XXVIII.2.

Over the heather the wet wind blows.
 I've lice in my tunic & a cold in my nose.

The rain comes pattering out of the sky,
 I'm a wall soldier. I don't know why.

The mist creeps over the hard grey stone.
 My girl's in Tungria; I sleep alone.

Aulus goes hanging around her place.
 I don't like his manners; I don't like his face.

Piso's a christian; he worships a fish;
 There'd be no kissing if he had his wish.

She gave me a ring but I diced it away;
 I want my girl and I want my pay.

When I'm a veteran with only one eye
 I shall do nothing but look at the sky.

XXVIII.3.

Those to whom evil is done
 Do evil in return.

XXVIII.2 'Roman Wall Blues', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. ¶6. The Tungrians were an ancient people within the Roman Empire, who inhabited an ill-defined region centred around the later settlement of Liège.

XXVIII.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Another Time*. This is a couplet from Prof Auden's 'September 1. 1939'.

XXIX

XXIX.1.

Generally, reading palms or handwriting or faces
 Is a job of translation, since the kind
 Gentleman often is
 A seducer, the frowning schoolgirl may
 Be dying to be asked to stay;
 But the body of this old lady exactly indicates her mind;

Rorschach or *Binet* could not add to what a fool can see
 From the plain fact that she is alive & well;
 For when one is 80
 Even a teeny-weeny bit of greed
 Makes one very ill indeed,
 And a touch of despair is instantaneously fatal:

Whether the town once drank bubbly out of her shoes or whether
 She was a governess with a good name
 In church circles, if her
 Husband spoiled her or if she lost her son,
 Is by this time all one.
 She survived whatever happened; she forgave; she became.

So the painter may please himself; give her an english park,
 Rice-fields in China, or a slum tenement;
 Make the sky light or dark;
 Put green plush behind her or a red brick wall.
 She will compose them all,
 Centering the eye on their essential human element.

XXIX.2.

Look in your heart and see:
 There lies the answer,
 Though the heart like a clever
 Conjuror or dancer
 Deceive you with many
 A curious sleight,
 And motives like stowaways
 Are found too late.

XXIX.3.

We would rather be ruined than changed

XXIX.1 'The Model', Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. Whether Prof Auden had a specific model and/or painting in mind is unclear.

XXIX.2 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. These lines are a verse from Prof Auden's 'The Witnesses'.

XXIX.3 Prof Wystan Auden (1907 – 1973), Auden, *Collected Poems*. This is a line from the epilogue to Prof Auden's *The Age of Anxiety*.

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 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 longeth 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.