

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 Almanacker
Tickhill, MMXXII

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

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

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

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”.

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

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 Almanacker believes, have a much easier time learning to spell.

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 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, Middle	Early
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 Almanacker 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

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

⁹Here the Almanacker 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 Almanacker can do no better than follow the judgement of the *Norton Anthology*.

¹¹Dating *Beowulf* is a tortuous business.

borrowing from the traditions of those nations. The Almanacker must confess that he himself has little 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 *Ἡλίας* 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 Almanacker now to do the same for the next phase of our literature.

3. British; or, Good-English

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now all these causes were either brought about or embodied by the so-called Tudor Revolution, which itself began on a specific day: 22nd August 1485, in the wake of the Battle of Bosworth Field. Thus the Almanckist defines the Classical period of English poetry as beginning on this day. And, moreover, the Almanacker 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 Almanacker 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:

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.

¹⁵The Almanacker 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".

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 Almanacker 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 Almanacker 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 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:

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

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.

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

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.

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 and the first Roman Emperor were buried together.

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

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 Almanacker has done.

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

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

²¹That is, *offspring*.

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

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:

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

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.

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 very close to 365¼ 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

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 Almanacker has written is correct.

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 Almanacker’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 Almanacker 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 Almanacker 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 Almanacker 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 Almanacker 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

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.

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.

Bunting then goes on to say certain things with which the Almanacker 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 Almanacker 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 Almanacker has come across, the most convincing is, 'A linguistic device for making itself remembered.' Thus we have our next Rule:

3.3. Sources. The Almanacker has endeavoured to only use as sources for the *Almanack* those books which have earned the lasting affection of the British nation

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*.

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.

– 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.

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

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.

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

RULE 3. Burns and 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.

If a word not found in Johnson's *Dictionary* is present in a text, a dagger (\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 (\ddagger) is to be inserted.

The reader will notice that the Almanacker 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 Almanacker 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 Almanacker 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:

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

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 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.

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 (✞).

Future Drafts of the *Almanack*

1. Procedure for Making Suggestions to the Almanacker

To whichever hands this book should fall into: please feel free to contact the Almanacker 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.

2. Final Exhortation

This life is very short, but nonetheless ‘is attended with so many evils’.¹ The Almanacker’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.’² 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.³

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

¹Bunyan, *Pilgrim’s Progress*.

²Dr Johnson, in a review of Soame Jenyns’ *Free Enquiry into the Nature of the Origin of Good and Evil*.

³‘Hymn 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. ¶15. 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 Ὀδύσσεια 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 liliated banks.
 On old LYCAEUS or CYLLENE hoar,
 Trip no more in twilight ranks;
 Though ERYMANTH your loss deplore,
 A better soil shall give ye thanks.
 From the stony MAENALUS,
 Bring your flocks, and live with us;
 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 excel!
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 – 1634), 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! Ánd 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
 Thysel. 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 beguilèd 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 ½ 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 & so,
 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 ½ 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 Ἰλιάς 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, so 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 [℞] 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 ½ 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 ½ 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 Giacondo 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 ¼ 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 – 1633), 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, ánd 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*. ¶135. '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) – 'ὄλιγον 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 Ὀδύσσεια 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 ½ to the setting moon are gone,
And ½ 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 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 ½ oped eye,
 Thy curlèd nose & lip awry,
 Uphoisted 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 charmed 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 & coined 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 Ἰλιάς 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 encase.
 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 \mathbb{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 *Ἠθικά*, 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 – 1633), 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!

XVII.2.

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;

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 of Aphthonius.

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 clear-
 ness,
 He sipped with his straight mouth,
 Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack long body,

Silently.

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

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

XVII.3 Edward Hyde, 1st Earl of Clarendon (1609 – 1674), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. The 'he' in question John Hampden, the Parliamentary general.

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

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.

XVIII.2 'Echoes', Dr William Henley (1849 – 1903), Read and Dobrée, *The London Book of English Verse*. The *London Book of Verse* gives the title of this poem as "Echoes", although it is perhaps better known under the title "Invictus".

XVIII.3 Robert Clive, 1st Baron Clive (1725 – 1774), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Uttered during a parliamentary inquiry into his dealings in India.

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;

XIX.1 'Self-Protection', David Lawrence (1885 – 1930), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XIX.2 Edward Lear (1812 – 1888), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. The Almanackist has omitted some weaker verses.

He drinks a great deal of marsala,
But never gets tipsy at all.

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.

XIX.3 Cuthbert Collingwood, Baron Collingwood (1748 – 1810), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Uttered on the morning of the Battle of Trafalgar.

XX.1 ‘Gloire de Dijon’, David Lawrence (1885 – 1930), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

XX.2 R Andrew Marvell (1621 – 1678), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. These are verses 44 and 45 of Marvell’s longer poem ‘Upon Appleton House’. These two verses are said to describe a kingfisher. ¶4. For ‘eben shuts’ read “ebony shutters”. ¶7. The word ‘horror’ in this context refers to awe, rather than fear and revulsion.

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-wingèd 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.

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

XXI.1 R 'Rosalindes Madrigall', Thomas Lodge (1558 – 1625), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. This lines are taken from Lodge's *Rosalind, Euphues' Golden Legacy*.

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,
 Glistering 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.

XXI.2 R John Milton (1608 – 1674), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

XXI.3 Dr Charles Darwin (1809 – 1882), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

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 ware 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 ware 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, usèd 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.

XXII.1 R Christopher Marlowe (1564 – 1593), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. These lines are taken from the First Sestiad of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*.

XXII.2 'An Argument', Thomas Moore (1779 – 1852), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

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;

XXII.3 Sir Arthur Doyle (1859 – 1930), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. This famous maxim ends with a question mark in *The Sign of Four*, the text in which it first appears.

XXIII.1 \mathbb{R} Christopher Marlowe (1564 – 1593), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. These lines are taken from the First Sestiad of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*.

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 ripener 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.

XXIII.2 \mathbb{R} Sonnet 1, William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

XXIII.3 John Dryden, Poet Laureate (1631 – 1700), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. This is a line from the prologue to *All for Love*.

XXIV.1 'The Sea Similised to Meadows and Pastures: the Mariners, to Shepherds: the Mast, to a May-Pole: the Fish, to Beasts', Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle-upon-Tyne (1623 – 1673), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

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.

XXIV.2 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. These lines are uttered by Caliban in *The Tempest* II.2.

XXIV.3 John Dryden, Poet Laureate (1631 – 1700), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. This is a line from Dryden's translation of Horace's *Odes* III.29.

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,

XXV.1 'The Haystack in the Flood', William Morris (1834 – 1896), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

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 ½ 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

XXV.2 R 'A Complaint by Night of the Lover not Beloved', Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1517–1547), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

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.

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

XXVI.1 'The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast', William Roscoe (1753 – 1831), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

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 ½ 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.2 R 'A Description of the Morning', Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

XXVI.3 Robert Frost, Poet Laureate of Vermont (1874 – 1963), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. This is the first line of Frost's poem "The Gift Outright". As subsequent lines make clear, the primary sense which the poet is trying to convey is that Frost's ancestors possessed the land, as subjects of

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.

XXVII.1 Sir Charles Sedley, 5th Baronet (1639 – 1701), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

XXVII.2 John Synge (1871 – 1909), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

XXVII.3 Gerald Gould (1885 – 1936), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. This is a line from Gould's sonnet which begins 'This is the horror that, night after night'.

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.

XXVIII.1 'Iambicum Trimeter', Edmund Spenser (1552 – 1599), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. 'Iambicum Trimeter' means (presumably) "iambic trimeter", but these lines follow a very different prosody. ¶21. The word 'immerito' is Italian for 'undeserved', although in this poem it seems to be used primarily as a man's name.

XXVIII.2 R 'The Dalliance of the Eagles', Walt Whitman (1819 – 1892), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

XXVIII.3 Wentworth Dillon, 4th Earl of Roscommon (1637 – 1885), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

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 vailleth 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.

XXIX.1 Sir John Suckling (1609 – 1642), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXIX.2 R 'Comparison of Love to a Streame Falling from the Alpes', Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503 – 1542), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

XXIX.3 Samuel Butler (1835 – 1902), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

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;
 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.1 'The Manly Heart', George Wither (1588 – 1667), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

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.

XXX.2 'No Second Troy', William Yeats (1865 – 1939), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

XXX.3 Samuel Butler (1835 – 1902), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

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.

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

'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.'

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

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*,

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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;

Davy Crockett is her name.

Dan Burgess is the captain of her,

And they say that she's a floating hell.

I have sailed with *Burgess* once before;

I think I know him well.

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,

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

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

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, drearily.
Horo Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.

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

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

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

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 òhu, turn ye to me.

The waves are dancing
 Merrily, merrily.
Horo Mhairi òhu, turn ye to me.
 The seabirds are wailing
 Wearily, wearily.
Horo Mhairi òhu, 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 òhu, 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.

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

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

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;

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

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 ¼s 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.'

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tim's friends assembled at the wake,
 And the widow *Finnegan* called for lunch:
 First she brought in tea & cake;
 Then pipes, tobacco and whisky punch.
Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
 'Such a nice, clean corpse, did you ever see?
 O *Tim*, **mo mhúirnin**, 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;
Saíl eille 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!
B'anam don diabhal! Do you think I'm dead?!'

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

X.2.

Tune: Boston Harbour

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

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

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

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

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

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

X.3.

Riches are for spending.

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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:

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

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

Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
 They dwell in the tempests of dark LOCH NA GARR.

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

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

XII.2.

Tune: Sally Racket

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

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

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

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

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

XII.3.

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

XIII

XIII.1.

Tune: Whistle, and I'll Come to You

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

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

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

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

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad!

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

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

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

XIII.2.

Tune: Sally Brown

I shipped onboard of a LIVERPOOL liner.

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

Sally Brown is a nice young lady.

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

Her mother doesn't like no tarry sailor.

She wants her to marry a one-legged captain.

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

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

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

XIII.3.

Love, and do what thou wilt.

XIV

XIV.1.

Tune: Lassie wi' the Lint-White Locks

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XIV.2.

Tune: Haul Away for Rosie

Talk about your harbour girls around the corner, *Sally*,
Away! Haul away! Haul away, me Rosie!
Away! Haul away! Haul away, me Johnny-O!
 But they wouldn't go to tea with the girls from Booble Alley.
Away! Haul away! Haul away, me Rosie!
Away! Haul away! Haul away, me Johnny-O!

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

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

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

Away! Haul away! Haul away, me Rosie!
Away! Haul away! Haul away, me Johnny-O!

XIV.3.

He asked for water and she gave him milk.

XV

XV.1.

Tune: Major Graham

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

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

XV.2.

Tune: South Australia

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XV.3.

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

XVI

XVI.1.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XVI.2.

Tune: Wild Goose Shanty

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

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

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

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

XVI.3.

Out of the strong came forth sweetness.

XVII

XVII.1.

Tune: Jessie the Flower of Dunblane

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

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

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

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

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

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

Is charming young Jessie, &c.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my *Jessie*,
 The sports o' the city seemed foolish & vain;
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
 Till charmed wi' sweet *Jessie*, the flower o' DUNBLANE.
 Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
 And reckon as nothing the height o' its splendour,
 If wanting young *Jessie*, the flower o' DUNBLANE:

If wanting young Jessie,
Lovely young Jessie,
Lovely young Jessie,
The flower o' DUNBLANE.

XVII.2.

Tune: Whup Jamboree

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

XVII.2 'Whip Jamboree', Anonymous, Lloyd and MacColl, *Blow Boys Blow*. Lizard Point and Start Point are lighthouses on the south coast of England, in Cornwall and Devon respectively; they remain important landmarks for a mariner making his way up the English Channel to this day. The Blackwall docks were an important London dockyard, now, sadly, out of use.

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

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

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

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

XVII.3.

Give me chastity and continency, only not yet.

XVIII

XVIII.1.

Tune: Westering Home

*Westering home, and a song in the air,
 Light in the eye & it's goodbye to care;
 Laughter o' love, and a welcoming there,
 Isle of my heart, my own one.*

Tell me o' lands o' the orient gay,
 Speak o' the riches & joys o' Cathay;
 Eh, but it's grand to be wakin' ilk day
 To find yourself nearer to ISLAY.

Where are the folk like the folk o' the west,
 Cauty & couthy & kindly, the best?
 There I would hie me and there I would rest
 At home wi' my own folk in ISLAY.

Now I'm at home and at home I do lay,
 Dreaming of riches that come from Cathay,

XVII.3 The Rev Prof William Shedd (1820 – 1894), Augustine of Hippo, *The Confessions of St Augustine*. Rev Prof Shedd is here translating a passage from St Augustine's *Confessions*.

XVIII.1 Sir Hugh Robertson (1874 – 1952), Saint-Clair, *Highland Songs*. The poet may have been inspired by the Irish folk song 'Trasna na dTonnta'. 'Cathay' is an archaic name for China, while 'Islay' is pronounced to rhyme with 'tiler'.

I'll hop a good ship and be on my way,
And bring back my fortune to ISLAY.

*Westering home, and a song in the air,
Light in the eye & it's goodbye to care;
Laughter o' love, and a welcoming there,
Isle of my heart, my own one.*

XVIII.2.

Tune: New York Girls

As I walked down through CHATHAM STREET a fair maid I did meet.
She asked me to see her home; she lived in BLEEKER STREET.

*And away, you Santy! My dear honey!
O you NEW YORK girls, can't you dance the polka?*

And when we got to BLEEKER STREET we stopped at 44.
Her mother & her sister were to meet her at the door.

And when I got inside the house the drinks were passed around.
The liquor was so awful strong my head went round & round.

And then we had another drink before we sat to eat.
The liquor was so awful strong I quickly fell asleep.

When I awoke next morning I had an aching head.
There was I, *Jack* all alone, stark naked in my bed.

My gold watch & my pocket book & lady friend were gone.
And there was I, *Jack* all alone, stark naked in my room.

On looking round this little room there's nothing I could see
But a woman's shift & apron that were no use to me.

With a flour barrel for a suit of clothes down CHERRY STREET forlorn,
Where *Martin Churchill* took me in and sent me round CAPE HORN.

*And away, you Santy! My dear honey!
O you NEW YORK girls, can't you dance the polka?*

XVIII.3.

Love is like the measles; we can't have it bad but once, and the
later in life we have it the tougher it goes with us.

XVIII.2 Anonymous, Steeleye Span, *Commoners Crown*. It's unclear whether or not this song is a true sea shanty; although it's certainly old enough to be one, and, in any case, it displays a marked influence from more bona fide shanties in terms of structure and subject matter.

XVIII.3 Henry Shaw (1818 – 1885), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIX

XIX.1.

Tune: The Ettrick Lady

As I gaed down the ETTRICK valley
 At the hour of 12 at night,
 Who did I see but a handsome lassie
 Combing her hair by candlelight?
 ‘Lassie, I have come a-courting,
 Your fine favours for to win;
 And, if you’ll but smile upon me,
 Next sunday night I’ll call again.’

Falla talla-roo! Dumma-roo! Dumma-roo-dum!
Falla talla-roo! Dumma-roo-dum-day!

‘So to me you’ve to come your courting,
 My fine favours for to win,
 But it would give me the greatest pleasure
 If you never did call again.
 What would I do when I go to walking,
 Walking out for the ETTRICK view?
 What would I do when I go to walking,
 Walking out with a laddie like you?’

‘Lassie, I have gold & silver.
 Lassie, I have houses & land.
 Lassie, I have ships in the ocean;
 They’ll be all at your command.’
 ‘What do I care for your ships on the ocean?
 What do I care fpr your houses & land?
 What do I care for your gold & silver
 When all I want is a handsome man?’

‘Did you ever see the grass in the morning
 All bedecked with jewels rare?
 Did you ever see a handsome lassie,
 Diamonds sparkling in her hair?
 Did you ever see a copper kettle
 Mended with an old tin can?
 Did you ever see a handsome lassie
 Married off to an ugly man?’

Falla talla-roo! Dumma-roo! Dumma-roo-dum!
Falla talla-roo! Dumma-roo-dum-day!

XIX.2.

Tune: Reuben Ranzo

XIX.1 Anonymous, The Corries, *The Compact Collection*.

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

O poor old *Reuben Ranzo*,
Ranzo, me boys! Ranzo!
 O poor old *Reuben Ranzo*,
Ranzo, me boys! Ranzo!

O *Ranzo* was no sailor,
 So 'e shipped aboard a whaler.

O *Ranzo* was no beauty,
 So 'e couldn't do his duty.

O because 'e was so dirty,
 We gave 'im five & 30.

O the skipper's daughter *Susie*,
 Well she begged 'er dad for mercy.

O she gave 'im wine & water,
 And a bit more than she ought t'.

Well 'e got 'is first-mate papers.
 'E's a terror to the whalers.

Now 'e's known wherever them whale-fish blow
Ranzo, me boys! Ranzo!
 As the hardest bastard on the go.
Ranzo, me boys! Ranzo!

XIX.3.

Nature makes nothing incomplete, and nothing in vain.

XX

XX.1.

Tune: Common Frae the Town
 Coming through the rye, poor body,
 Coming through the rye,
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

Jenny's a' wet, poor body;
Jenny's seldom dry.
She draiglet a' her petticoatie.
Coming through the rye.

XIX.3 Prof Benjamin Jowett (1817 – 1893), Aristotle, *The Politics of Aristotle*. Prof Jowett is here translating a passage from Aristotle's *Politics*.

XX.1 R Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Burns, *Complete Poems*. Cunningham remarks that Burns removed 'some of the coarse chaff' from the old chant in adapting it to this song, but enough remains for the listener to fill in the blanks. Holden Caulfield's innocent misunderstanding of the true meaning of this song is the explanation behind the odd title of Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*.

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body,
 Coming through the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body
 Need the world ken?

*Jenny's a' wet, poor body;
 Jenny's seldom dry.
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie.
 Coming through the rye.*

XX.2.

Tune: Blow Boys Blow

O was you ever on the CONGO river –
Blow, boys! Blow!
 Where fever makes the white man shiver? –
Blow, my bully boys! Blow!

A yankee ship come down the river.
 Her mast & yards they shone like silver.

And who do you think was the skipper of her?
 Why, *Bully Hayes*, the nigger lover.

Who do you think was first mate of her?
 Why, *Shanghai Brown*, the sailor robber.

What do you think she's got for cargo?
 Why, black sheep that have run the embargo.

What do you think they've got for dinner?
 O monkey hearts and donkey's liver.

Yonder comes the **Arrow** packet.
 She fires the gun. Can't you hear the racket?

O blow, my boys, and blow forever.
Blow, boys! Blow!
 O blow me down that CONGO river.
Blow, my bully boys! Blow!

XX.2 Anonymous, Lloyd and MacColl, *Blow Boys Blow*. Lloyd comments in the sleeve-notes: 'This topsail halyard shanty, "Blow Boys Blow", originated on the West African run, during the days of the slave trade. Later, with the Congo River stanzas dropped, it passed into use aboard Atlantic packets. The skipper's name is given variously as Bully Hayes, Bully Sims, and One-Eyed Kelly. The stanza about the packet-ship firing its gun may date from the Civil War, or may refer to an anti-slavery patrol.'

XX.3.

Peace, n. In international affairs, a period of cheating between two periods of fighting.

XXI**XXI.1.**

Tune: I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet

I am my mammy's ae bairn;
 Wi' uncou' folk I weary, sir;
 And lying in a man's bed,
 I'm fleyed it mak' me eerie, sir.

I'm o'er young! I'm o'er young!
I'm o'er young to marry yet!
I'm o'er young! 'Twould be a sin
To tak' me frae my mammy yet!

My mammy coft me a new gown;
 The kirk maun ha'e the gracing o't;
 Were I to lie wi' you, kind sir,
 I'm feared ye'd spoil the lacing o't.

Hallowmass is come & gone;
 The nights are long in winter, sir,
 And you an' I in ae bed,
 In truth, I dare na venture, sir.

Fu' loud an' sh'ill the frosty wind
 Blows through the leafless tim'er, sir;
 But if ye come this gate again
 I'll older be gin simmer, sir.

I'm o'er young! I'm o'er young!
I'm o'er young to marry yet!
I'm o'er young! 'Twould be a sin
To tak' me frae my mammy yet!

XXI.2.

Tune: Santy Anna

O *Santy Anna* gained a day.
Hurray! Santy Ann-O!
 O *Santy Anna* gained a day.
All on the plains of Mexico!

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

XXI.1 \mathbb{R} Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Burns, *Complete Poems*. 'Hallowmass' is an archaic word for All Saints' Day, i.e. the first day of November.

XXI.2 Anonymous, *Sailors' Songs and Sea Shanties*. Santy Anna = Gen Antonio López de Santa Anna.

O Mexico! Mexico!
O Mexico, where I must go!

Them little girls I do adore,
Their shining eyes & long black hair.

Why do them yellow girls love me so?
Because I don't tell 'em all I know.

When I was a young man in my prime,
I knocked them little girls two at a time.

Them LIVERPOOL girls ain't got no coal.
They comb their hair with a kipper backbone.

Times is hard and the wages low.

Hurray! Santy Ann-O!

It's time for us to roll & go.

All on the plains of Mexico!

XXI.3.

We are always doing... something for posterity, but I would fain
see posterity do something for us.

XXII

XXII.1.

Tune: O Where hae You been, Lord Ronald, My Son?

'O where ha'e you been, Lord *Ronald*, my son?
O where ha'e you been, Lord *Ronald*, my son?'
'I ha'e been wi' my sweetheart. Mother, mak' my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' the hunting, and fain would lie doon.'

'What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord *Ronald*, my son?
What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord *Ronald*, my son?'
'I ha'e got deadly poison. Mother, mak' my bed soon,
For life is a burden that soon I'll lay doon.'

XXII.2.

Tune: Whisky Johnny

Whisky is the life of man.

Whisky! Johnny!

O whisky is the life of man.

Whisky for my Johnny-O!

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

XXII.1 R Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Johnson and Burns, *Scots Musical Museum, Vol IV*. In making this short song, Burns has compressed (beautifully) a far longer and older ballad about a young nobleman who is poisoned and killed by his lover.

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

O I drink whisky when I can.
I drink it out from an old tin can.

Whisky gave me a broken nose.
Whisky made me pawn my clothes.

Whisky drove me around CAPE HORN.
It was many a month when I was gone.

I thought I heard the old man say,
'I'll treat my crew in a decent way.

'A glass of grog for every man –'
Whisky! Johnny!
'And a bottle for the shantyman –'
Whisky for my Johnny-O!

XXII.3.

The whole is more than the sum of the parts.

XXIII

XXIII.1.

Tune: The Bonnie Hoose o' Airlie

It fell on a day, and a bonny summer's day,
When the sun shone bright & clearly,
That there fell out a great dispute
Atween *Argyll* and *Airlie*.

Argyll, he has mustered a 1000 o' his men;
He has marched them out right early;
He has marched them in by the back o' DUNKELD,
To plunder the bonny house o' *Airlie*.

Lady *Ogilvie*, she looked from her window so high,
And O but she grat sairly
To see *Argyll* and a' his men
Come to plunder the bonny house o' *Airlie*.

'Come down, come down, Lady *Ogilvie*,' he cried.
'Come down and kiss me fairly,
Or I swear by the hilt o' my good broadsword
That I wi' na leave a stan'in' stone in *Airlie*.'

XXII.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. This is an ancient English paraphrase of a sumblime truth which Aristotle articulated more awkwardly.

XXIII.1 Anonymous, Saint-Clair, *Highland Songs*. This song relates a raid made by 'Argyll' (i.e. the Covenanter Archibald Campbell, 8th Earl of Argyll and Chief of Clan Campbell) on Airlie Castle (seat of the Royalist James Ogilvie, 1st Earl of Airlie and Chief of Clan Ogilvie) in 1640 during the Wars of the Three Kingdoms. In spite of the unhappy ending, the listener may take some comfort in the fact that Lord Argyll died on the scaffold, whereas Lord Airlie died in his bed.

‘I wi’ na come down, ye cruel *Argyll*;
 I wi’ na kiss ye fairly;
 I would na kiss ye, false *Argyll*,
 Though ye should na leave a stan’in’ stone in *Airlie*.’

‘Come tell me where your dowry is hid;
 Come down and tell me fairly.’
 ‘I wi’ na tell ye where my dowry is hid,
 Though ye should na leave a stan’in’ stone in *Airlie*.’

They sought it up & they sought it down;
 I wat they sought it early;
 And it was below yon bowling green
 They found the dowry o’ *Airlie*.

‘Eleven bairns I ha’e born
 And the 12th ne’er saw his daddy,
 But though I had gotten as many again,
 They should ‘a’ gang to fetch for *Charlie*.

‘Gin my good lord had been at home,
 As he’s awa’ for *Charlie*,
 There dares na a *Campbell* o’ a’ *Argyll*
 Set a foot on the bonny house o’ *Airlie*.’

He’s ta’en her by the milk-white hand,
 But he did na lead her fairly;
 He led her up to the top o’ the hill,
 Where she saw the burnin’ o’ *Airlie*.

The smoke & flame they rose so high;
 The walls they were blackened fairly;
 And the lady laid her down on the green to die
 When she saw the burnin’ o’ *Airlie*.

XXIII.2.

Tune: Eliza Lee

The smartest clipper you can find –
Ho-ay ho! Are you most done?!
 Is the **Margaret Evans** on the Blue Star Line –
Clear away the track and let the bulgine run!

To me aye! Rig a jig in a jolting car!
Ho-ay ho! Are you most done?!
 With *Liza Lee* all on my knee,
Clear away the track and let the bulgine run!

O the **Margaret Evans** on the Blue Star Line,
 She’s never a day behind the time.

XXIII.2 Anonymous, Collins, *Sea Shanties and Songs of the Sea*.

O we're outward bound for NEW YORK town.
We'll dance them BOWERY girls around.

Well we stowed our freight on the WEST CREEK pier.
We'll head right back for some LIVERPOOL beer.

O I thought I heard the old man say,
'We'll leave that brig three points away.'

And when we're back in LIVERPOOL town –
Ho-ay ho! Are you most done?!
I'll stand youse whiskys all around –
Clear away the track and let the bulgine run!

To me aye! Rig a jig in a jolting car!
Ho-ay ho! Are you most done?!
With Liza Lee all on my knee,
Clear away the track and let the bulgine run!

XXIII.3.

Variety is the soul of pleasure.

XXIV

XXIV.1.

Tune: Cameronian Rant

O cam' ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the SHERRAMUIR,
And did the battle see, man?'
I saw the battle, sair & tough;
And reekin' red ran many a sheugh;
My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Who glaumed at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rushed and pushed, and blood out-gushed.
And many a bouk did fa', man:
The great *Argyll* led on his files,
I wat they glanced for 20 miles:

XXIII.3 Mrs Aphra Behn (1640 – 1689), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Mrs Behn, cunning linguist that she was, seems to have lived up to this maxim in her personal life.

XXIV.1 R Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Burns, *Complete Poems*. This song describes the Battle of Sheriffmuir (also called Sherramuir), at which a Government force of six thousand under Archibald Campbell, 2nd Duke of Argyll stood their ground against twelve thousand Jacobites under John Erskine, 23rd Earl of Mar.

They houghed the clans like nine-pin kyles,
 They hacked and hashed, while broadsword clashed.
 And through they dashed, and hewed, and smashed,
 Till fey men died awa', man.

But had you seen the philibegs
 And skyrin tartan trews, man;
 When in the teeth they dared our Whigs
 And covenant true blues, man;
 In lines exten'ed lang & large,
 When bayonets o'erpowered the targe,
 And thousands hastened to the charge,
 Wi' highland wrath, they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
 They fled like frightened doos, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
 Among the highland clans, man;
 I fear my Lord *Panmure* is slain
 Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man:
 Now would ye sing this double fight;
 Some fell for wrong, and some for right;
 And many bade the world goodnight;
 Then ye may tell, how pell & mell,
 By red claymores, & muskets' knell,
 Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell.
 And Whigs to hell did flee, man.

XXIV.2.

Tune: Homeward Bound

O don't youse hear the old man say –
Goodbye, fare ye well! Goodbye, fare ye well!
 O don't youse hear the old man say –
Hurrah, my boys! We're homeward bound!

We're homeward bound to LIVERPOOL town,
 Where all them *Judies*, they will come down.

And when we gets to the WALLASEY gates,
Sally & Oily for their flash-men do wait.

And one to the other ye'll hear them say,
 'Here comes *Johnny* with his 14 months' pay!'

We meet these fly gals and we'll ring the old bell.
 With them *Judies*, we'll raise merry hell.

We're homeward bound to the gals of the town,
 And stamp up my bullies and heave it around.

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

And when we gets home, boys, O won't we fly round?
We'll heave up the anchor to this bully sound.

We're all homeward bound for the old backyard.
Then heave, my bullies. We're all bound homeward.

O heave with a will boys. O heave long and strong.
And sing a good chorus for 'tis a good song.

We're homeward bound, we'll have youse to know –
Goodbye, fare ye well! Goodbye, fare ye well!
And over the water to England must go –
Hurrah, my boys! We're homeward bound!

XXIV.3.

There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion.

XXV

XXV.1.

Tune: O'er the Water to Charlie

Come boat me o'er; come row me o'er;
Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
I'll gi'e *John Ross* another bawbee,
To boat me o'er to *Charlie*.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea;
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather & go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e well my *Charlie's* name,
Though some there be abhor him:
But O, to see *Old Nick* gone hame,
And *Charlie's* foes before him!

I swear & vow by moon & stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had 20,000 lives,
I'd die as oft for *Charlie*.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea;
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;

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

XXV.1 R Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Burns, *Complete Poems*. In Scots poetry the word 'o'er' is pronounced like the English word 'hour'. Old Nick is a euphemism for Satan, and is probably used here figuratively to refer to the Hanoverian kings of Great Britain and Ireland. A 'bawbee' was a kind of coin, peculiar to the Kingdom of Scotland, worth about the same as an English halfpenny; though who John Ross was remains a mystery.

*Come weal, come woe, we'll gather & go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.*

XXV.2.

Tune: Blow the Man Down

As I was out walking down PARADISE STREET –
To me! Way! Hey! Blow the man down!
A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet –
Give me some time to blow the man down!

She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow,
So I took in all sail and cried, 'Way enough now!'

I hailed her in english; she answered me clear,
'I'm from the BLACK ARROW bound to the SHAKESPEARE.'

So I tailed her my flipper and took her in tow,
And yard-arm to yard-arm, away we did go.

But as we were a-going she said unto me,
'There's a spankin' full rigger just ready for sea.'

That spankin' full rigger to NEW YORK was bound.
She was very well mannered and very well found.

But as soon as that packet was clear of the bar,
The mate knocked me down with the end of a spar.

As soon as that packet was out on the sea,
'Twas devilish hard treatment of every degree.

So I give you fair warning before we belay –
To me! Way! Hey! Blow the man down!
Don't never take heed of what pretty girls say –
Give me some time to blow the man down!

XXV.3.

Throughout the greater part of his life George III was a kind of
consecrated obstacle.

XXVI

XXVI.1.

Tune: Come O'er the Stream, Charlie

XXV.2 Anonymous, Davidson and Santelli, *Hard Travelin': The Life and Legacy of Woody Guthrie*.
Paradise Street is in Liverpool, where this sort of thing is not uncommon.

XXV.3 Walter Bagehot (1826 – 1877), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVI.1 Anonymous, The Corries, *The Compact Collection*.

*Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
 Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
 Come o'er the stream Charlie,
 And dine wi' Maclean.
 And, though ye be weary,
 We'll mak' your heart cheery,
 And welcome our Charlie
 And his loyal train.*

We'll bring down the red deer;
 We'll bring down the black steer,
 The lamb frae the bracken
 And the doe frae the glen.
 The salt sea we'll harry
 And bring to our *Charlie*
 The cream frae the bothy,
 The curd frae the pen.

And you shall drink freely
 The dews of GLENSHEERLY
 That stream in the starlight,
 Where kings di' na ken.
 And deep be your meed
 Of the wine that is red,
 To drink to your sire
 And his friend the *Maclean*.

It ought to invite you,
 Or more will delight you:
 'Tis ready; a troop
 Of our bold highland men
 Shall range on the heather,
 With bayonet & feather,
 Strong arms & broad claymores,
 Three hundred and 10.

*Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
 Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
 Come o'er the stream Charlie,
 And dine wi' Maclean.
 And, though ye be weary,
 We'll mak' your heart cheery,
 And welcome our Charlie
 And his loyal train.*

XXVI.2.

Tune: Lowlands Away

XXVI.2 Anonymous, *Sailors' Songs and Sea Shanties*. As with all the best short lyrics, a larger narrative is hinted at in this song – a narrative which, sadly, is now lost.

I dreamed a dream the other night.
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John.
 I dreamed a dream the other night.
Lowlands away.

I dreamed I saw my own true love.
 I dreamed I saw my own true love.

I dreamed my love was drowned & dead.
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John.
 I dreamed my love was drowned & dead.
Lowlands away.

XXVI.3.

To me old age is always fifteen years older than I am.

XXVII

XXVII.1.

Tune: It was A' for Our Rightfu' King

It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We left fair Scotland's strand;
 It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We e'er saw irish land, my dear;
 We e'er saw irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain;
 My love and native land farewell,
 For I maun cross the main, my dear;
 For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right, and round about
 Upon the irish shore;
 And ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
 With adieu for evermore, my dear;
 With adieu for evermore.

The soldier from the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main;
 But I ha'e parted frae my love.
 Never to meet again, my dear;
 Never to meet again.

XXVI.3 Dr Bernard Baruch (1870 – 1965), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVII.1 R Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Burns, *Complete Poems*. This song seems to relate the story of a Scottish Jacobite soldier who fought in the Jacobite-Williamite War in Ireland. The final verse of Burns's original has been omitted.

XXVII.2.

Tune: Rollicking Randy Dandy

Now we are ready to sail for the HORN –

Way hey! Roll & go!

Our boots & our clothes, boys, are all in the pawn –

To me rollicking randy dandy O!

Heave a pawl! O heave away!

Way hey, roll and go!

The anchor's onboard and the cable's all stored!

To me rollicking randy dandy O!

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks,
Where the pretty young girls all come down in their frocks.

Come breast the bars, bullies. Heave her away.

Way hey! Roll & go!

Soon we'll be rolling her way down the bay.

To me rollicking randy dandy O!

Heave a pawl! O heave away!

Way hey, roll and go!

The anchor's onboard and the cable's all stored!

To me rollicking randy dandy O!

XXVII.3.

Conservative, n. A statesman who is enamoured of existing evils,
as distinguished from the liberal, who wishes to replace
them with others.

XXVIII**XXVIII.1.**

Tune: Will Ye No' Come Back?

Bonny *Charlie's* now awa',

Safely o'er the friendly main;

Many a heart will break i' twa,

Should he no' come back again.

Will ye no come back again?

Will ye no come back again?

Better lo'ed ye can na be.

Will ye no come back again?

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

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

XXVIII.1 'Bonnie Charlie', Carolina Nairne, Lady Nairne (1766 – 1845), MacColl, *The Jacobite Rebellions*. Although this song was written several decades after the Jacobite risings, Lady Nairne herself was from a prominent Jacobite family, members of which did actually fight for the House of Stuart.

Many a traitor 'mong the isles
 Brak' the band o' nature's law;
 Many a traitor wi' his wiles
 Sought to wear his life awa'.

Many a gallant soldier fought;
 Many a gallant chief did fa';
 Death itself were dearly bought,
 A' for Scotland's king and law.

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing
 Unto the evening sinking down,
 Or meryl that makes the wood to ring,
 To me they ha'e no other soun'.

Sweet the laverock's note & long,
 Lilting wildly up the glen;
 And aye the o'erworld o' the song:
 Will he no' come back again?

Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye can na be.
Will ye no come back again?

XXVIII.2.

Tune: Roll the Old Chariot

O a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm!
O a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm!
O a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm!
And we'll all hang on behind!

And we'll roll the old chariot along!
We'll roll the old chariot along!
We'll roll the old chariot along!
And we'll all hang on behind!

O a plate of irish stew wouldn't do us any harm! &c.

O a nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm! &c.

O a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm! &c.

O a good night ashore wouldn't do us any harm!
A good night ashore wouldn't do us any harm!

XXVIII.2 Anonymous, Hyde Street Chantey Singers, *Sea Songs and Chanteys*. There's a story, of dubious authority, that, following his death at Trafalgar, Lord Nelson's body was preserved in brandy (which, in itself is almost certainly true). The sailors onboard the *Victory*, not wanting to waste any intoxicating fluid, gradually siphoned off and drank most of said brandy on the journey back to England. Hence the term 'Nelson's blood' was and is used amongst seamen to refer to any kind of hard liquor.

*A good night ashore wouldn't do us any harm!
And we'll all hang on behind!*

*And we'll roll the old chariot along!
We'll roll the old chariot along!
We'll roll the old chariot along!
And we'll all hang on behind!*

XXVIII.3.

He who has seen present things has seen all, both everything
which has taken place from all eternity and everything
which will be for time without end; for all things are of
one kin and of one form.

XXIX

XXIX.1.

Tune: For Old Long Sine, My Jo

Should old acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min'?
Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

*For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.*

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'ed the gowans fine;
But we've wandered many a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidled i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

XXVIII.3 Prof George Long (1800 – 1879), Caesar Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Augustus, *The Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*. Prof Long is here translating a passage from Book VI of Marcus Aurelius's *Meditations*.

XXIX.1 R 'Auld Lang Syne', Robert Burns (1759 – 1796), Fenton, *The New Faber Book of Love Poems*.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gi'e 's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak' a right guid-willie-waught
 For auld lang syne.

XXIX.2.

Tune: Leave Her, Johnny, Leave Her

I thought I heard the old man say –
Leave her, Johnny! Leave her!
 Tomorrow ye will get your pay –
And it's time for us to leave her.

Leave her, Johnny! Leave her!
O leave her, Johnny! Leave her!
For the voyage is long and the winds don't blow,
And it's time for us to leave her!

O the wind was foul and the sea ran high;
 She shipped it green and none went by.

I hate to sail on this rotten tub,
 No grog allowed and rotten grub.

We swear by rote for want of more,
Leave her, Johnny! Leave her!
 But now we're through so we'll go on shore.
And it's time for us to leave her.

Leave her, Johnny! Leave her!
O leave her, Johnny! Leave her!
For the voyage is long and the winds don't blow,
And it's time for us to leave her!

XXIX.3.

Here's to us. Who's like us? Gey few, and they're a' dead.

XXIX.2 Anonymous, Killen, *Assassin's Creed IV: Black Flag*. Stan Hugill, in his *Shanties from the Seven Seas*, comments: 'And now we come to the "Johnny" song that usually ended the voyage – "Leave Her, Johnny, Leave Her!" Collectors give pumps and halyards alike as the job it was used for. Terry and Whall call it a hauling song; Miss Colcord and Doerflinger give it for pumps. I think they are all right. It was probably sung at halyards with two solos and refrains, and when a full chorus was added then it was used at the pumps and even capstan. I learnt it partly from my mother's father, and he always sang the full chorus, and partly from an old Irish sailor, who also used the final chorus. It probably came to life about the time of the Irish potato famine, in the forties, and was originally sung in the Western Ocean Packets in this fashion... The later version "Leave Her, Johnnies" or as some sang it "Leave Her, Bullies" was sometimes sung during the voyage – at the pumps – but its better-known function was that of airing grievances just prior to the completion of the voyage either when warping the vessel in through the locks or at the final spell of the pumps (in wooden ships) after the vessel had docked. Many unprintable stanzas were sung, directed at the afterguard, the grub, and the owners. Bullen writes that "to sing it before the last day or so was almost tantamount to mutiny."'

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

XXX

XXX.1.

Tune: Wild Mountain Thyme

O the summer time has come,
 And the trees are sweetly blooming,
 And wild mountain thyme
 Grows around the purple heather.
 Will you go, lassie, go?

*And we'll all go together
 To pull wild mountain thyme
 All around the purple heather.
 Will you go, lassie, go?*

I will build my love a bower
 By yon clear crystal fountain,
 And on it I will pile
 All the flowers of the mountain.
 Will you go, lassie, go?

I will range through the wilds
 And the deep land so dreary
 And return with the spoils
 To the bower o' my dearie.
 Will ye go, lassie, go?

If my truelove she'll not come,
 Then I'll surely find another
 To pull wild mountain thyme
 All around the purple heather.
 Will you go, lassie, go?

*And we'll all go together
 To pull wild mountain thyme
 All around the purple heather.
 Will you go, lassie, go?*

XXX.2.

Tune: Padstow Farwell

It is time to go now.
Haul away your anchor!
Haul away your anchor!
'Tis our sailing time!

XXX.1 Francis McPeake (1885 – 1971), *The Corries*, *The Corries: In Concert*. McPeake seems to have been inspired to compose this song by a poem of Robert Tannahill's. Some interpreters of this song (Kate Rusby et al.) have been known to render the first line as, 'O the summer time is coming', which, as a certain learned gentleman pointed out to the Almanackist, shows their ignorance. Heather blooms in late summer, and not in the spring.

XXX.2 Anonymous, Killen, *Assassin's Creed IV: Black Flag*. Padstow is a fishing village on the north coast of Cornwall.

Get some sail upon her.

Haul away your halyards! &c.

Get her on her course now.

Haul away your foresheets! &c.

Waves are surging under.

Haul away down-channel!

Haul away down-channel

On the evening tide!

When your sailing's over:

Haul away for heaven!

Haul away for heaven!

God be by your side!

XXX.3.

The sun himself cannot forget his fellow traveller.

XXX.3 Anonymous, Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. The 'fellow traveller' is Sir Francis Drake, who was one of the first men to circumnavigate the globe, thus, in a certain sense, under the geocentric view of things, made the same journey which the sun makes every day.

Sextilis

September

I

I.1.

When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed,
And the great star early drooped in the western sky in the night,

I mourned, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love. ❧

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night – O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappeared – O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless – O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

In the door-yard fronting an old farm-house near the white-
washed palings,
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of
rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume
strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the door-yard,
With delicate-coloured blossoms & heart-shaped leaves of rich
green,
A sprig with its flower I break. ❧

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy & hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song.

I.1 'When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloom'd', Walt Whitman (1819 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This poem is an elegy for Abraham Lincoln, 16th President of the United States.

Song of the bleeding throat,
 Death's outlet song of life, (for well, dear brother, I know,
 If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st surely die). ❧

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
 Amid lanes & through old woods, where lately the violets peeped
 from the ground, spotting the gray debris,
 Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the
 endless grass,
 Passing the yellow-speared wheat, every grain from its shroud in
 the dark-brown fields uprisen,
 Passing the apple-tree blows of white & pink in the orchards,
 Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
 Night & day journeys a coffin. ❧

Coffin that passes through lanes & streets,
 Through day & night with the great cloud darkening the land,
 With the pomp of the inlooped flags with the cities draped in
 black,
 With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veiled women
 standing,
 With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the
 night,
 With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and
 the unbared heads,
 With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,

 With dirges through the night, with the 1000 voices rising strong
 & solemn,
 With all the mournful voices of the dirges poured around the
 coffin,
 The dim-lit churches & the shuddering organs – where amid these
 you journey,
 With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang,
 Here, coffin that slowly passes,
 I give you my sprig of lilac. ❧

(Nor for you, for one alone,
 Blossoms & branches green to coffins all I bring,
 For fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a song for you, O
 sane & sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,
 O death, I cover you over with roses & early lilies,
 But mostly & now the lilac that blooms the first,
 Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,
 With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
 For you and the coffins all of you, O death.) ❧

O western orb sailing the heaven,
Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I walked,

As I walked in silence the transparent shadowy night,
As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night after
night,
As you drooped from the sky low down as if to my side, (while
the other stars all looked on,)
As we wandered together the solemn night, (for something I know
not what kept me from sleep,)
As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west how full
you were of woe,
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the cool trans-
parent night,
As I watched where you passed and was lost in the nether-ward
black of the night,
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where you, sad orb,

Concluded, dropped in the night, and was gone. ❧

Sing on there in the swamp,
O singer bashful & tender. I hear your notes; I hear your call,
I hear, I come presently, I understand you,
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detained me,
The star my departing comrade holds and detains me. ❧

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has
gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east & west,
Blown from the eastern sea and blown from the western sea, till
there on the prairies meeting,
These & with these & the breath of my chant,
I'll perfume the grave of him I love. ❧

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing spring & farms & homes,
With the fourth-month eve at sundown, & the grey smoke lucid
& bright,
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking
sun, burning, expanding the air,
With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, & the pale green leaves
of the trees prolific,
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a
wind-dapple here & there,

With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the
 sky, & shadows,
 And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, & stacks of chim-
 neys,
 And all the scenes of life & the workshops, & the workmen home-
 ward returning. §

Lo, body & soul – this land,
 My own MANHATTAN with spires, and the sparkling & hurrying
 tides, and the ships,
 The varied & ample land, the south and the north in the light,
 OHIO's shores and flashing MISSOURI,
 And ever the far-spreading prairies covered with grass & corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm & haughty,
 The violet & purple morn with just-felt breezes,
 The gentle soft-born measureless light,
 The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfilled noon,
 The coming eve delicious, the welcome night & the stars,
 Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land. §

Sing on, sing on, you gray-brown bird.
 Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant from the
 bushes,
 Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on dearest brother, warble your reedy song,
 Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid & free & tender!
 O wild & loose to my soul – O wondrous singer!
 You only I hear – yet the star holds me, (but will soon depart,)
 Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me. §

Now while I sat in the day and looked forth,
 In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring, and
 the farmers preparing their crops,
 In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes &
 forests,
 In the heavenly aerial beauty (after the perturbed winds and the
 storms)
 Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and
 the voices of children & women,
 The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they sailed,

And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all
 busy with labour,
 And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with
 its meals & minutiae of daily usages,

And the streets how their throbbings throbbed, and the cities
pent – lo, then & there,
Falling upon them all & among them all, enveloping me with the
rest,
Appeared the cloud, appeared the long black trail,
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of
death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the
hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the
dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest received me,
The grey-brown bird I know received us comrades three,
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

Come lovely & soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life & joy, and for objects & knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come
unfalteringly.

Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the
dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
 Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments & feastings
 for thee,
 And the sights of the open landscape & the high-spread sky are
 fitting,
 And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star,
 The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I
 know,
 And the soul turning to thee, O vast & well-veiled death,
 And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
 Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the
 prairies wide,
 Over the dense-packed cities all and the teeming wharves & ways,

I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O death. ❧

To the tally of my soul,
 Loud & strong kept up the grey-brown bird,
 With pure deliberate notes spreading, filling the night.

Loud in the pines & cedars dim,
 Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,
 And I with my comrades there in the night.

While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,
 As to long panoramas of visions.

And I saw askant the armies;
 I saw as in noiseless dreams 100s of battle-flags,
 Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierced with missiles
 I saw them,
 And carried hither & yon through the smoke, and torn & bloody,

And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs, (and all in silence,)

And the staffs all splintered and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
 And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them,
 I saw the debris & debris of all the slain soldiers of the war,
 But I saw they were not as was thought,
 They themselves were fully at rest; they suffered not;
 The living remained and suffered; the mother suffered;
 And the wife & the child & the musing comrade suffered,
 And the armies that remained suffered. ❧

Passing the visions, passing the night,
 Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,
 Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tallying song of my
 soul,
 Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-altering
 song,
 As low & wailing, yet clear the notes, rising & falling, flooding
 the night,
 Sadly sinking & fainting, as warning & warning, and yet again
 bursting with joy,
 Covering the earth & filling the spread of the heaven,
 As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,
 Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
 I leave thee there in the door-yard, blooming, returning with
 spring.

I cease from my song for thee,
 From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, communing
 with thee,
 O comrade lustrous with silver face in the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of the night,
 The song, the wondrous chant of the grey-brown bird,
 And the tallying chant, the echo aroused in my soul,
 With the lustrous & drooping star with the countenance full of
 woe,
 With the holders holding my hand nearing the call of the bird,
 Comrades mine & I in the midst, and their memory ever to keep,
 for the dead I loved so well,
 For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days & lands – and this
 for his dear sake,
 Lilac & star & bird twined with the chant of my soul,
 There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk & dim.

I.2.

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
 What need you flow so fast?
 Look how the snowy mountains
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste.
 But my sun's heav'nly eyes
 View not your weeping,
 That now lies sleeping,
 Softly, softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets.
 Doth not the sun rise smiling

I.2 Anonymous, Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

When fair at e'en he sets?
 Rest you then, rest, sad eyes;
 Melt not in weeping
 While she lies sleeping,
 Softly, softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

I.3.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

II

II.1.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales & hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company:
 I gazed & gazed, but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

I.3 Proverbs 15.17, Anonymous, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

II.1 Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

II.2.

It is a beauteous evening, calm & free,
 The holy time is quiet as a nun
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea;
 Listen! The mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder – everlastingly.
 Dear child, dear girl, that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
 Thou liest in *Abraham's* bosom all the year;
 And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

II.3.

Youth would be an ideal state if it came a little later in life.

III**III.1.**

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
 The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
 But now the sun is rising calm & bright;
 The birds are singing in the distant woods;
 Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods;
 The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters;
 And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
 The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
 The grass is bright with rain-drops; on the moors
 The hare is running races in her mirth;
 And with her feet she from the plashy earth
 Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
 Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor;
 I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
 I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
 Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
 The pleasant season did my heart employ:

II.2 Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

II.3 Herbert Asquith, 1st Earl of Oxford and Asquith (1852 – 1928), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

III.1 'Resolution and Independence', Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

My old remembrances went from me wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joys in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness – and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare:
Even such a happy child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me –
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of *Chatterton*, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
By our own spirits are we deified:
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency & madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a man before me unawares:
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself;

Such seemed this man, not all alive nor dead,
 Nor all asleep – in his extreme old age:
 His body was bent double, feet & head
 Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
 As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
 Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
 A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
 Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood:
 And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
 Upon the margin of that moorish flood
 Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
 That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
 And moveth all together, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
 Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
 Upon the muddy water, which he conned,
 As if he had been reading in a book:
 And now a stranger's privilege I took;
 And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
 'This morning gives us promise of a glorious day.'

A gentle answer did the old man make,
 In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:
 And him with further words I thus bespake,
 'What occupation do you there pursue?
 This is a lonesome place for one like you.'
 Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
 Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
 But each in solemn order followed each,
 With something of a lofty utterance drest –
 Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
 Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
 Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,
 Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come
 To gather leeches, being old and poor:
 Employment hazardous and wearisome!
 And he had many hardships to endure:
 From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;
 Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance;
 And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old man still stood talking by my side;
 But now his voice to me was like a stream

Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
 And the whole body of the Man did seem
 Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
 Or like a man from some far region sent,
 To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills;
 And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
 Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
 And mighty poets in their misery dead.
 Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
 My question eagerly did I renew,
 'How is it that you live, and what is it you do?'

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
 And said that, gathering leeches, far & wide
 He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
 The waters of the pools where they abide.
 'Once I could meet with them on every side;
 But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
 Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.'

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
 The old man's shape, and speech – all troubled me:
 In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
 About the weary moors continually,
 Wandering about alone and silently.
 While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
 He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
 But stately in the main; and, when he ended,
 I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
 In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
 'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure;
 I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!'

III.2.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
 Yes, to the very end.
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
 From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
 A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
 May not the darkness hide it from my face?
 You cannot miss that inn.

III.2 'Up-Hill', Miss Christina Rossetti (1830 – 1894), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
 Those who have gone before.
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
 They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
 Of labour you shall find the sum.
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
 Yea, beds for all who come.

III.3.

Fear God, and take your own part.

IV

IV.1.

Five years have passed; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters, and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
 With a soft inland murmur. Once again
 Do I behold these steep & lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
 Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
 Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
 The hermit sits alone. These beauteous forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;

III.3 George Borrow (1803 – 1881), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

IV.1 'Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey, On Revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour, July 13, 1798', Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration: feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things. If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, O! how oft
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan WYE! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract

Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, not any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows & the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being. Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. O! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead

From joy to joy: for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
 And let the misty mountain-winds be free
 To blow against thee: and, in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; O! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance
 If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence – wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service: rather say
 With warmer love – O! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

IV.2.

When you are old & grey & full of sleep,
 And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
 And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
 Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 And loved your beauty with love false or true,
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

IV.2 William Yeats (1865 – 1939), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This poem is a translation of a sonnet by the French poet Pierre de Ronsard; the Almanackist is not qualified to judge how faithful it is.

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
 Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
 And paced upon the mountains overhead
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

IV.3.

You and I ought not to die before we have explained ourselves to each other.

V

V.1.

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary highland lass,
 Reaping and singing by herself.
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts & binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 O listen, for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among arabian sands:
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago:
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of today?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending;
 I listened, motionless & still;
 And, as I mounted up the hill,

IV.3 John Adams, 2nd President of the United States (1735 – 1826), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Adams wrote these words in a letter to Thomas Jefferson, 3rd President of the United States.

V.1 Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The poet needs someone to interpret the song for him because the girl is singing in Gallic.

The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

V.2.

Give him the darkest inch your shelf allows,
Hide him in lonely garrets, if you will,
But his hard, human pulse is throbbing still
With the sure strength that fearless truth endows.
In spite of all fine science disavows,
Of his plain excellence & stubborn skill
There yet remains what fashion cannot kill,
Though years have thinned the laurel from his brows.

Whether or not we read him, we can feel
From time to time the vigour of his name
Against us like a finger for the shame
And emptiness of what our souls reveal
In books that are as altars where we kneel
To consecrate the flicker, not the flame.

V.3.

For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join, and time doth settle.

VI

VI.1.

Here, where the world is quiet;
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' & spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams;
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk & sowing,
For harvest-time & mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days & hours,

V.2 'George Crabbe', Edwin Robinson (1869 – 1935), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The Rev George Crabbe was an English poet (and also a surgeon and, later, vicar) of the early nineteenth century.

V.3 Anonymous, Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*. This couplet is taken from a longer poem, which Palgrave names 'Present in Absence'. The poem is sometimes attributed to the Rev Dr Donne; Prof Sir Herbert Grierson attributes it to John Hoskins.

VI.1 'The Garden of Proserpine', Algernon Swinburne (1837 – 1909), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Proserpine was the consort of Pluto, lord of the underworld.

Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires & dreams & powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves & wet winds labour,
Weak ships and spirits steer;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of *Proserpine*,
Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves & slumber
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell & heaven unmated,
By cloud & mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds & closes;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch & portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
From many times & lands.

She waits for each and other,
 She waits for all men born;
 Forgets the earth her mother,
 The life of fruits & corn;
 And spring & seed & swallow
 Take wing for her and follow
 Where summer song rings hollow
 And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
 The old loves with wearier wings;
 And all dead years draw thither,
 And all disastrous things;
 Dead dreams of days forsaken,
 Blind buds that snows have shaken,
 Wild leaves that winds have taken,
 Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
 And joy was never sure;
 To-day will die to-morrow;
 Time stoops to no man's lure;
 And love, grown faint and fretful,
 With lips but half regretful
 Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
 Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
 From hope and fear set free,
 We thank with brief thanksgiving
 Whatever gods may be
 That no life lives for ever;
 That dead men rise up never;
 That even the weariest river
 Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
 Nor any change of light:
 Nor sound of waters shaken,
 Nor any sound or sight:
 Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
 Nor days nor things diurnal;
 Only the sleep eternal
 In an eternal night.

VI.2.

Glory be to God for dappled things –
 For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;

VI.2 'Pied Beauty', Fr Gerard Hopkins (1844 – 1889), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
 Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
 Landscape plotted & pieced – fold, fallow, and plough;
 And áll trádes, their gear & tackle & trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
 Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
 With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
 He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
 Praise him.

VI.3.

Where everything is bad it must be good to know the worst.

VII

VII.1.

In a coign of the cliff between lowland & highland,
 At the sea-down's edge between windward & lee,
 Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
 The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
 A girdle of brushwood & thorn encloses
 The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
 Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
 Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt & broken,
 To the low last edge of the long lone land.
 If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
 Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
 So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,
 Through branches & briars if a man make way,
 He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
 Night & day.

The dense hard passage is blind & stifled
 That crawls by a track none turn to climb
 To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
 Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
 The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
 The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
 The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
 These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;
 As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;

VI.3 Francis Bradley (1846 – 1924), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

VII.1 'A Forsaken Garden', Algernon Swinburne (1837 – 1909), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
 Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom & wither
 Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
Only the sun & the rain come hither
 All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
 One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovers & revels
 In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
 Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
 Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, 'Look thither,'
 Did he whisper? 'Look forth from the flowers to the sea;
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
 And men that love lightly may die – but we?'
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
 And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
 Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?
 And were one to the end—but what end who knows?
Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
 As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
 What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them
 Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses & lovers,
 Not known of the cliffs & the fields & the sea.
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
 In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
 Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping & laughter
 We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever;
 Here change may come not till all change end.
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
 Who have left nought living to ravage & rend.
Earth, stones, & thorns of the wild ground growing,
 While the sun & the rain live, these shall be;

Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace & meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.

VII.2.

Márgarét, áre you gríeving
Over GOLDENGROVE unleaving?
Leáves like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah ás the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By & by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wan-wood leaf-meal lie;
And yet you wíll weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sórrów's spríngs áre the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is *Margaret* you mourn for.

VII.3.

I am reminded of a blind man in a dark room – looking for a
black hat – which isn't there.

VIII

VIII.1.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

VII.2 'Spring and Fall', Fr Gerard Hopkins (1844 – 1889), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. There are several places in England and Wales known as Golden Grove (or some variation thereupon), the most famous of which is the Golden Grove estate in Camarthenshire. It's unclear, at least to the Almanackist, which Golden Grove Fr Hopkins had in mind.

VII.3 Charles Bowen, Baron Bowen (1835 – 1894), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

VIII.1 'Light Shining out of Darkness', William Cowper (1731 – 1800), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs
 And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

VIII.2.

They are not long, the weeping & the laughter,
 Love & desire & hate:
 I think they have no portion in us after
 We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine & roses:
 Out of a misty dream
 Our path emerges for a while, then closes
 Within a dream.

VIII.3.

We toil that we may rest, and war that we may be at peace.

VIII.2 'Vita summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam', Ernest Dowson (1867 – 1900), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The title is a quotation from Horace, *Odes* 1.4 – 'The shortness of life forbids us any long-term hopes' – the truth of which Dowson, with his short, occasionally brilliant, mostly miserable life, knew all too well.

VIII.3 The Rev Dr Drummond Chase (1820 – 1902), Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*. The Rev Dr Chase is here translating a remark from Aristotle.

IX

IX.1.

Thou first great cause, least understood:
 Who all my sense confined,
 To know but this – that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind:

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when man receives,
 To enjoy is to obey.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
 One chorus let all being raise!
 All nature's incense rise!

IX.2.

If I should die, think only this of me:
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is forever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
 A body of England's, breathing english air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by the suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less

IX.1 'The Universal Prayer', Alexander Pope (1688 – 1744), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The Almanackist has taken the liberty of removing some of the weaker verses.

IX.2 Rupert Brooke (1887 – 1915), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The Almanackist was encouraged to hate this poem at school as an example of the mindless jingoism that led to the Great War in the first place; and, of course, there is something idiotic about it. But there's something noble and beautiful in it too.

Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
 Her sights & sounds; dreams happy as her day;
 And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
 In hearts at peace, under an english heaven.

IX.3.

History repeats itself; historians repeat one another.

X

X.1.

Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

A 1000 ages in thy sight
 Are like an evening gone,
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust:
 'Return, ye sons of men!'
 All nations rose from earth at first
 And turn to earth again.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly forgotten as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

X.2.

IX.3 Rupert Brooke (1887 – 1915), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

X.1 Isaac Watts (1674 – 1748), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This poem is a paraphrase of Psalm 90.

X.2 'The Hill Summit', Gabriel Rossetti (1828 – 1882), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

This feast-day of the sun, his altar there
 In the broad west has blazed for vesper-song;
 And I have loitered in the vale too long
 And gaze now a belated worshipper.
 Yet may I not forget that I was 'ware,
 So journeying, of his face at intervals
 Transfigured where the fringed horizon falls
 A fiery bush with coruscating hair.
 And now that I have climbed & won this height,
 I must tread downward through the sloping shade
 And travel the bewildered tracks till night.
 Yet for this hour I still may here be stayed
 And see the gold air & the silver fade
 And the last bird fly into the last light.

X.3.

We all labour against our own cure, for death is the cure of all diseases.

XI

XI.1.

Love lives beyond
 The tomb, the earth, which fades like dew –
 I love the fond,
 The faithful, and the true.

Love lives in sleep;
 'Tis happiness of healthy dreams;
 Eve's dew may weep,
 But love delightful seems.

'Tis seen in flowers,
 And in the even's pearly dew,
 On earth's green hours,
 And in the heaven's eternal blue.

'Tis heard in spring
 When light & sunbeams, warm & kind,
 On angels' wing
 Bring love and music to the wind.

And where is voice,
 So young, so beautiful & sweet
 As nature's choice,
 Where spring and lovers meet?

X.3 Sir Thomas Browne (1605 – 1682), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XI.1 'Song: Love Lives Beyond', John Clare (1793 – 1864), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Love lives beyond
 The tomb, the earth, the flowers, & dew.
 I love the fond,
 The faithful, young & true.

XI.2.

I long for scenes, where man hath never trod,
 A place where woman never smiled or wept,
 There to abide with my Creator, God,
 And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
 Untroubling and untroubled where I lie:
 The grass below, above the vaulted sky.

XI.3.

The long habit of living indisposeth us for dying.

XII**XII.1.**

I saw eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright;
 And round beneath it, time in hours, days, years,
 Driven by the spheres
 Like a vast shadow moved; in which the world
 And all her train were hurled.
 The doting lover in his quaintest strain
 Did there complain;
 Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
 Wit's sour delights,
 With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
 Yet his dear treasure
 All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
 Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman hung with weights & woe,
 Like a thick midnight-fog moved there so slow,
 He did not stay, nor go;
 Condemning thoughts (like sad eclipses) scowl
 Upon his soul,
 And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout.
 Yet digged the mole, and lest his ways be found,
 Worked under ground,

XI.2 John Clare (1793 – 1864), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. These are the closing lines of Clare's 'I Am'.

XI.3 Sir Thomas Browne (1605 – 1682), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XII.1 'The World', Dr Henry Vaughan (1621 – 1695), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Dr Vaughan affixed a quotation from John's Gospel (2.16-17) to the end of this poem.

Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see
 That policy;
 Churches & altars fed him; perjuries
 Were gnats & flies;
 It rained about him blood and tears, but he
 Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
 Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
 His own hands with the dust,
 Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
 In fear of thieves;
 Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
 And hugged each one his pelf;
 The downright epicure placed heaven in sense,
 And scorned pretence,
 While others, slipped into a wide excess,
 Said little less;
 The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
 Who think them brave;
 And poor despised truth sate counting by
 Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
 And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the ring;
 But most would use no wing.
 O fools (said I) thus to prefer dark night
 Before true light,
 To live in grots & caves, and hate the day
 Because it shows the way,
 The way, which from this dead & dark abode
 Leads up to God,
 A way where you might tread the sun, and be
 More bright than he.
 But as I did their madness so discuss
 One whispered thus,
 'This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
 But for his bride.'

XII.2.

Let others sing of knights & paladins
 In agèd accents & untimely words;
 Paint shadows in imaginary lines
 Which well the reach of their high wits records:
 But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes
 Authentic shall my verse in time to come,
 When yet th' unborn shall say, 'Lo where she lies
 Whose beauty made him speak that else was dumb.'

XII.2 Samuel Daniel (1562 – 1619), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
 That fortify thy name against old age;
 And these thy sacred virtues must protect
 Against the dark, and time's consuming rage.
 Though th' error of my youth they shall discover,
 Suffice they show I lived and was thy lover.

XII.3.

Generations will pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks.

XIII

XIII.1.

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
 Toward heaven still,
 And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
 Beside it, and there may be two or three
 Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
 But I am done with apple-picking now.
 Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
 The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.
 I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight
 I got from looking through a pane of glass
 I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough
 And held against the world of hoary grass.
 It melted, and I let it fall & break.
 But I was well
 Upon my way to sleep before it fell,
 And I could tell
 What form my dreaming was about to take.
 Magnified apples appear & disappear,
 Stem end & blossom end,
 And every fleck of russet showing clear.
 My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
 It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.
 I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.
 And I keep hearing from the cellar bin
 The rumbling sound
 Of load on load of apples coming in.
 For I have had too much
 Of apple-picking: I am overtired
 Of the great harvest I myself desired.
 There were 10,000 thousand fruit to touch,
 Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall.
 For all

XII.3 Sir Thomas Browne (1605 – 1682), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIII.1 'After Apple Picking', Robert Frost, Poet Laureate of Vermont (1874 – 1963), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

That struck the earth,
 No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,
 Went surely to the cider-apple heap
 As of no worth.
 One can see what will trouble
 This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.
 Were he not gone,
 The woodchuck could say whether it's like his
 Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,
 Or just some human sleep.

XIII.2.

The soul's dark cottage, battered & decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
 As they draw near to their eternal home:
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

XIII.3.

But how shall we expect charity towards others when we are so
 uncharitable to ourselves?

XIV**XIV.1.**

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
 And sorry I could not travel both
 And be one traveler, long I stood
 And looked down one as far as I could
 To where it bent in the undergrowth;

 Then took the other, as just as fair,
 And having perhaps the better claim,
 Because it was grassy & wanted wear;
 Though as for that the passing there
 Had worn them really about the same,

 And both that morning equally lay
 In leaves no step had trodden black.
 O I kept the first for another day!

XIII.2 Edmund Waller (1606 – 1687), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This is the final verse of 'Of the Last Verses in the Book'.

XIII.3 Sir Thomas Browne (1605 – 1682), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIV.1 'The Road Not Taken', Robert Frost, Poet Laureate of Vermont (1874 – 1963), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Frost wrote this poem as a kind of parody, based on an in-joke between himself and his friend Edward Thomas (or, at least, Frost used to claim as much, but poets often have mixed feelings towards their most famous works).

Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages & ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I –
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

XIV.2.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

XIV.3.

A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet
be forced to surrender.

XV

XV.1.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load & bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,

XIV.2 Percy Shelley (1792 – 1822), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This is ‘Ode to the West Wind’ §5.

XIV.3 Sir Thomas Browne (1605 – 1682), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XV.1 ‘To Autumn’, John Keats (1795 – 1821), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers:
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last ooziings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them; thou hast thy music too,
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

XV.2.

Black beauty, which above that common light,
 Whose power can no colours here renew
 But those which darkness can again subdue,
 Dost still remain unvaried to the sight;
 And, like an object equal to the view,
 Art neither changed with day, nor hid with night;
 When all these colours which the world call bright,
 And which old poetry doth so pursue,
 Are with the night so perishèd & gone,
 That of their being there remains no mark,
 Thou still abidest so entirely one,
 That we may know thy blackness is a spark
 Of light inaccessible, and alone
 Our darkness which can make us think it dark.

XV.3.

XV.2 'Sonnet of Black Beauty', Edward Herbert, 1st Baron Herbert of Cherbury (1582 – 1648), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XV.3 Francis Bacon, Viscount St Alban (1561 – 1626), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Lord St Alban is here quoting an anecdote about Alfonso X & IV, King of León and Castile.

Age appears to be best in four things: old wood best to burn,
 old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to
 read.

XVI

XVI.1.

O goddess, hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
 By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
 And pardon that thy secrets should be sung
 Even into thine own soft-conchèd ear:
 Surely I dreamt today, or did I see
 The winged *Psyche* with awakened eyes?
 I wandered in a forest thoughtlessly,
 And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
 Saw two fair creatures, couchèd side by side
 In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring roof
 Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
 A brooklet, scarce espied:
 Mid hushed, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
 Blue, silver-white, and budded tyrian,
 They lay calm-breathing, on the bedded grass;
 Their arms embraced, and their pinions too;
 Their lips touched not, but had not bade adieu,
 As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber,
 And ready still past kisses to outnumber
 At tender eye-dawn of aurorean love:
 The wingèd boy I knew;
 But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?
 His *Psyche* true!

O latest born and loveliest vision far
 Of all OLYMPUS' faded hierarchy!
 Fairer than *Phoebe*'s sapphire-regioned star,
 Or *Vesper*, amorous glow-worm of the sky;
 Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
 Nor altar heaped with flowers;
 Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
 Upon the midnight hours;
 No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
 From chain-swung censer teeming;
 No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
 Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.

XVI.1 'Ode to Psyche', John Keats (1795 – 1821), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.
 Psyche was a minor goddess of the Greco-Roman mythological tradition, whose marriage to Cupid
 ('Love') and subsequent elevation to immortality were most famously related by Apuleius.

O brightest! though too late for antique vows,
 Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
 When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
 Holy the air, the water, and the fire;
 Yet even in these days so far retired
 From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
 Fluttering among the faint olympians,
 I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.
 So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
 Upon the midnight hours;
 Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
 From swingèd censer teeming;
 Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
 Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
 In some untrodden region of my mind,
 Where branchèd thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
 Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:
 Far, far around shall those dark-clustered trees
 Fledge the wild-ridgèd mountains steep by steep;
 And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
 The moss-lain dryads shall be lulled to sleep;
 And in the midst of this wide quietness
 A rosy sanctuary will I dress
 With the wreathed trellis of a working brain,
 With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
 With all the gardener fancy e'er could feign,
 Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same:
 And there shall be for thee all soft delight
 That shadowy thought can win,
 A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
 To let the warm *Love* in!

XVI.2.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee;
 The shooting stars attend thee;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No will-o'-the-wisp mis-light thee,
 Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
 But on, on thy way,

XVI.2 'The Night Piece, to Julia', Robert Herrick (1591 – 1634), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. A 'will-o'-the-wisp' is a phenomenon, which appears as a pale patch of light, sometimes seen by travellers walking through the countryside at night. A *slow-worm*, meanwhile, is an archaic name for an adder, i.e. *Vipera berus*.

Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then *Julia* let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

XVI.3.

Houses are built to live in and not to look on.

XVII

XVII.1.

Not every man has gentians in his house
In soft september, at slow, sad michaelmas.

Bavarian gentians, big & dark, only dark
Darkening the daytime torch-like with the smoking blueness of *Pluto's* gloom,
Ribbed & torch-like, with their blaze of darkness spread blue
Down flattening into points, flattened under the sweep of white day,
Torch-flower of the blue-smoking darkness, *Pluto's* dark-blue daze,
Black lamps from the halls of *Dis*, burning dark-blue,
Giving off darkness, blue darkness, as *Demeter's* pale lamps
Give off light,
Lead me then; lead me the way.

Reach me a gentian; give me a torch!
Let me guide myself with the blue, forked torch of a flower
Down the darker & darker stairs, where blue is darkened on blueness,
Even where *Persephone* goes, just now, from the frosted september
To the sightless realm where darkness is awake upon the dark
And *Persephone* herself is but a voice
Or a darkness invisible enfolded in the deeper dark
Of the arms plutonic, and pierced with the passion of dense gloom,
Among the splendour of torches of darkness, shedding darkness on the lost bride
& her groom.

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

XVII.1 'Bavarian Gentians', David Lawrence (1885 – 1930), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Lawrence wrote this poem only a few months before his own painfully-anticipated death from tuberculosis.

XVII.2.

Be not afraid. I met her deity
 Cutting the clouds towards PAPHOS, and her son
 Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
 Some wanton charm upon this man & maid,
 Whose vows are that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till *Hymen's* torch be lighted – but in vain.
Mars's hot minion is returned again.
 Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows
 And be a boy right out.

‘Highest queen of state,
 Great *Juno*, comes. I know her by her gait.’

XVII.3.

I have breakfasted with you and shall sup with my Lord... this night.

XVIII

XVIII.1.

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead
 I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.
 You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse;
 You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.
 And we went on living in the village of CHOKAN:
 Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.
 At 14 I married my lord, you.
 I never laughed, being bashful.
 Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.
 Called to, a 1000 times, I never looked back.

At 15 I stopped scowling;
 I desired my dust to be mingled with yours
 Forever & forever & forever.
 Why should I climb the look out?

At 16 you departed
 You went into far KU-TO-YEN, by the river of swirling eddies,
 And you have been gone five months.
 The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.

XVII.2 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. These lines are uttered by Iris (1-11) and Ceres (12-13) in *The Tempest* IV.1.

XVII.3 Robert Bruce (1554 – 1631), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Bruce's original gives 'Lord Jesus Christ' instead of 'Lord' on its own.

XVIII.1 'The River-Merchant's Wife: a Letter', Ezra Pound (1885 – 1972), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This poem is a translation of what is sometimes called 'The Song of Chang'an', by the Chinese king of poets, Li Bai (also called Li Po, and known to Pound and various Japanese scholars as Rihaku). Many of the place-names, e.g. Chokan, Ku-to-yen, seem to be a melange of archaism, misunderstanding and poor transliteration.

You dragged your feet when you went out.
 By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses,
 Too deep to clear them away!
 The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.
 The paired butterflies are already yellow with august
 Over the grass in the west garden;
 They hurt me.
 I grow older.
 If you are coming down through the narrows of the river KIANG,
 Please let me know beforehand,
 And I will come out to meet you
 As far as CHO-FU-SA.

XVIII.2.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
 Now is the time that face should form another;
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
 Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother,
 For where is she so fair whose uneared womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
 Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely april of her prime:
 So thou through windows of thine age shall see
 Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.
 But if thou live, remembered not to be,
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

XVIII.3.

Most vices may be committed very genteelly.

XIX

XIX.1.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
 And ye that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing *Neptune* and do fly him
 When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
 Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimmed

XVIII.2 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XVIII.3 Dr Samuel Johnson (1709 – 1784), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XIX.1 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. These lines are uttered by Prospero in *The Tempest* V.1.

The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea & the azured vault
 Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire and rifted *Jove's* stout oak
 With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
 Have I made shake and by the spurs plucked up
 The pine & cedar: graves at my command
 Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic
 I here abjure, and, when I have required
 Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
 To work mine end upon their senses that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I'll drown my book.

XIX.2.

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds & sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
 Sometimes a 1000 twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
 That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open and show riches
 Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked,
 I cried to dream again.

XIX.3.

He that dies pays all debts.

XX

XX.1.

Let us go then, you & I,
 When the evening is spread out against the sky
 Like a patient etherised upon a table;
 Let us go, through certain ½-deserted streets,
 The muttering retreats
 Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
 And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
 Streets that follow like a tedious argument

XIX.2 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. These famous lines are uttered by Caliban in *The Tempest* III.2.

XIX.3 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. This is uttered by Stephano in *The Tempest* III.2.

XX.1 R 'The Love Song of J Alfred Prufrock', Prof Thomas Eliot (1888 – 1965), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Prof Eliot begins this poem with a lengthy quotation from Dante, which bears no obvious relation to the text itself – but that's Eliot.

Of insidious intent
 To lead you to an overwhelming question...
 O do not ask, 'What is it?'
 Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come & go
 Talking of *Michelangelo*.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
 The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,
 Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
 Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
 Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
 Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
 And seeing that it was a soft october night,
 Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time
 For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
 Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
 There will be time, there will be time
 To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
 There will be time to murder & create,
 And time for all the works & days of hands
 That lift & drop a question on your plate;
 Time for you & time for me,
 And time yet for a 100 indecisions,
 And for a 100 visions & revisions,
 Before the taking of a toast & tea.

In the room the women come & go
 Talking of *Michelangelo*.

And indeed there will be time
 To wonder, 'Do I dare?' and, 'Do I dare?'
 Time to turn back and descend the stair,
 With a bald spot in the middle of my hair –
 (They will say: 'How his hair is growing thin!')
 My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
 My necktie rich & modest, but asserted by a simple pin
 (They will say: 'But how his arms & legs are thin!')
 Do I dare
 Disturb the universe?
 In a minute there is time
 For decisions & revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:
 Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
 I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
 I know the voices dying with a dying fall

Beneath the music from a farther room.
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all –
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days & ways?
And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all –
Arms that are braceleted & white & bare
(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)
Is it perfume from a dress
That makes me so digress?
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.
And should I then presume?
And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows?...

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep... tired... or it malingers,
Stretched on the floor, here beside you & me.
Should I, after tea & cakes & ices,
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
But though I have wept & fasted, wept & prayed,
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,
I am no prophet – and here's no great matter;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you & me,
Would it have been worth while,
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it towards some overwhelming question,
To say: 'I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all' –
If one, settling a pillow by her head

Should say: 'That is not what I meant at all;
That is not it, at all.'

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the sunsets & the dooryards & the sprinkled streets,
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor –
And this, and so much more? –
It is impossible to say just what I mean!
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:
Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
And turning toward the window, should say:
'That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant, at all.'

No! I am not Prince *Hamlet*, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
Deferential, glad to be of use,
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous –
Almost, at times, the fool.

I grow old... I grow old...
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white & black.
We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red & brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

XX.2.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,

XX.2 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. These famous lines are uttered by Prospero in *The Tempest* IV.1. The Almanackist has excised two lines after 'Sir, I am vexed...'

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed...
 If you be pleased, retire into my cell
 And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

XX.3.

There's no harm done.

XXI

XXI.1.

My head, my heart, mine eyes, my life, nay more,
 My joy, my magazine of earthly store,
 If two be one, as surely thou and I,
 How stayest thou there, whilst I at IPSWICH lie?
 So many steps, head from the heart to sever
 If but a neck, soon should we be together:
 I like the earth this season, mourn in black,
 My sun is gone so far in 's zodiack,
 Whom whilst I 'joyed, nor storms, nor frosts I felt,
 His warmth such frigid colds did cause to melt.
 My chillèd limbs now numbèd lie forlorn;
 Return, return sweet ~~sol~~ from Capricorn;
 In this dead time, alas, what can I more
 Then view those fruits which through thy heat I bore,
 Which sweet contentment yield me for a space,
 True living pictures of their father's face?
 O strange effect! now thou art southward gone,
 I weary grow, the tedious day so long;
 But when thou northward to me shalt return,
 I wish my sun may never set, but burn
 Within the Cancer of my glowing breast,
 The welcome house of him my dearest guest.
 Where ever, ever stay, and go not thence,
 Till natures sad decree shall call thee hence;
 Flesh of thy flesh, bone of thy bone,
 I here, thou there, yet both but one.

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

XXI.1 'A Letter to Her Husband, Absent upon Public Employment', Mrs Anne Bradstreet (1612 – 1672), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The Ipswich in question would seem to be the one in Massachusetts, and not the one in England. The word 'sol' is Latin for "sun".

XXI.2.

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands.
 Curtsied when you have, and kissed
 The wild waves whist.
 Foot it featly here & there,
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
 Hark; hark!
 The watch-dogs bark:
 Hark; hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting *Chanticleer*.

XXI.3.

Some kinds of baseness are nobly undergone.

XXII**XXII.1.**

By night we lingered on the lawn,
 For underfoot the herb was dry;
 And genial warmth; and o'er the sky
 The silvery haze of summer drawn;

And calm that let the tapers burn
 Unwavering: not a cricket chirred:
 The brook alone far-off was heard,
 And on the board the fluttering urn:

And bats went round in fragrant skies,
 And wheeled or lit the filmy shapes
 That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
 And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

While now we sang old songs that pealed
 From knoll to knoll, where, couched at ease,
 The white kine glimmered, and the trees
 Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one,
 Withdrew themselves from me and night,
 And in the house light after light
 Went out, and I was all alone,

XXI.2 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. This song is sung by Ariel in *The Tempest*, I.2. Chanticleer is a name given to a cockerel in several English folk-tales.

XXI.3 William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616), Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. This is uttered by Ferdinand in *The Tempest* III.1.

XXII.1 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This is *In Memoriam A H H* §95.

A hunger seized my heart; I read
Of that glad year which once had been,
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead:

And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words, and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back,
And keen through wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once it seemed at last
The living soul was flashed on mine,

And mine in this was wound, and whirled
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,

Aeonian music measuring out
The steps of time, the shocks of chance,
The blows of death. At length my trance
Was cancelled, stricken through with doubt.

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or ev'n for intellect to reach
Through memory that which I became:

Till now the doubtful dusk revealed
The knolls once more where, couched at ease,
The white kine glimmered, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field:

And sucked from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rocked the full-foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to & fro, and said,

'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away;
 And east and west, without a breath,
 Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
 To broaden into boundless day.

XXII.2.

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
 So quickly, not as one that weeps
 I come once more; the city sleeps;
 I smell the meadow in the street;

I hear a chirp of birds; I see
 Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn
 A light-blue lane of early dawn,
 And think of early days & thee,

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,
 And bright the friendship of thine eye;
 And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh
 I take the pressure of thine hand.

XXII.3.

We must not let in daylight upon magic.

XXIII

XXIII.1.

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
 I hear thee where the waters run;
 Thou standest in the rising sun,
 And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
 But though I seem in star & flower
 To feel thee some diffusive power,
 I do not therefore love thee less.

My love involves the love before;
 My love is vaster passion now;
 Though mixed with God & nature thou,
 I seem to love thee more & more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
 I have thee still, and I rejoice;

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

XXII.3 Walter Bagehot (1826 – 1877), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXIII.1 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee though I die.

XXIII.2.

Row us out from DESENZANO; to your SIRMIONE row!
So they rowed, and there we landed – ‘~~O~~ **venusta** SIRMIO’ –
There to me through all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,
Came that ‘**ave atque vale**’ of the poet’s hopeless woe,
Tenderest of roman poets 19 hundred years ago,
‘**Frater, ave atque vale**’ – as we wandered to & fro
Gazing at the lydian laughter of the GARDA LAKE below
Sweet *Catullus*’s all-but-island, olive-silvery SIRMIO!

XXIII.3.

The devil’s most devilish when respectable.

XXIV

XXIV.1.

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls;

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o’er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away;
From off my bed the moonlight dies;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipped in grey;

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

XXIII.2 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The title (which means, “Greetings, brother, and farewell”) is a quotation from Catullus 101. The same poet wrote of his affection for Sirmione (which he called Sirmio) in Catullus 31, ‘venusta’ meaning “beautiful”.

XXIII.3 Mrs Elizabeth Browning (1806 – 1861), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXIV.1 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXIV.2.

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
 Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
 Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font.
 The firefly wakens; waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,
 And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the earth all *Danaë* to the stars,
 And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
 A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
 And slips into the bosom of the lake.
 So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
 Into my bosom and be lost in me.

XXIV.3.

The same principles which at first view lead to scepticism, pursued to a certain point bring men back to common sense.

XXV**XXV.1.**

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall;
 The vapours weep their burthen to the ground;
 Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
 And after many a summer dies the swan.
 Me only cruel immortality
 Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
 Here at the quiet limit of the world,
 A white-haired shadow roaming like a dream
 The ever-silent spaces of the east,
 Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this grey shadow, once a man
 So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,

XXIV.2 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This sonnet is taken from a larger work, *The Princess*. It has been set to music by a number of famous composers.

XXIV.3 George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne (1685 – 1753), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXV.1 ‘Tithonus’, Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. A figure from Greek mythology, Tithonus was abducted by the goddess of the dawn to be a kind of fancy-man. He was granted everlasting life – but forgot to ask for everlasting youth – cursing him with an eternity of senility. The ancients used to say that the goddess’ consequent sexual frustration explained why she rose so early in the morning.

Who madest him thy chosen, that he seemed
To his great heart none other than a god!
I asked thee, 'Give me immortality.'
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men, who care not how they give.
But thy strong hours indignant worked their wills,
And beat me down & marred & wasted me,
And though they could not end me, left me maimed
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, though even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renewed.
Thy cheek begins to redden through the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosened manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learned,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
'The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts.'

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
In days far-off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch – if I be he that watched –
The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimsoned all
Thy presence & thy portals, while I lay,

Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
 With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
 Of april, and could hear the lips that kissed
 Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
 Like that strange song I heard *Apollo* sing,
 While ILION like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine east:
 How can my nature longer mix with thine?
 Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
 Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
 Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
 Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
 Of happy men that have the power to die,
 And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
 Release me, and restore me to the ground;
 Thou seest all things: thou wilt see my grave:
 Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
 I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
 And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

XXV.2.

Sunset & evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound & foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight & evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of time & place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

XXV.3.

We do not look in great cities for our best morality.

XXV.2 'Crossing the Bar', Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. The 'bar' in question refers to the sandbars which often lurk in the waters near to the breakwaters of ports. Lord Tennyson is said to have written this poem while on a ferry to the Isle of Wight. Shortly before his death, he decreed that all editions of his works should close with these verses.

XXV.3 Miss Jane Austen (1775 – 1817), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVI

XXVI.1.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight, to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise & sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form, yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must trace alone
Will lead my steps aright.

XXVI.2.

XXVI.1 'To a Waterfowl', William Bryant (1794 – 1878), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXVI.2 'In Time of "The Breaking of Nations"', Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This poem might well hold the record in the English canon for the longest gestation; for Hardy began working on it in 1870 following the Battle of Sedan, and only finished it in 1915 during the First World War. The title is an allusion to Jeremiah 51.20.

Only a man harrowing clods
 In a slow silent walk
 With an old horse that stumbles & nods
 Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
 From the heaps of couch-grass;
 Yet this will go onward the same
 Though dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid & her wight
 Come whispering by:
 War's annals will cloud into night
 Ere their story die.

XXVI.3.

Leave *now* for dogs and apes! Man has forever.

XXVII

XXVII.1.

Here is the place; right over the hill
 Runs the path I took;
 You can see the gap in the old wall still,
 And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
 And the poplars tall;
 And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
 And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
 And down by the brink
 Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,
 Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
 Heavy & slow;
 And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
 And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;
 And the june sun warm
 Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
 Setting, as then, over FERNSIDE farm.

XXVI.3 Robert Browning (1828 – 1889), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVII.1 'Telling the Bees', John Whittier (1807 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. It is ancient custom for a beekeeper to tell his bees of significant events in his life, for fear that they might otherwise migrate.

I mind me how with a lover's care
 From my sunday coat
 I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
 And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed –
 To love, a year;
 Down through the beeches I looked at last
 On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now: the slantwise rain
 Of light through the leaves,
 The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
 The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,
 The house and the trees,
 The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,
 Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
 Forward & back,
 Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
 Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun
 Had the chill of snow;
 For I knew she was telling the bees of one
 Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, 'My *Mary* weeps
 For the dead today:
 Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
 The fret and the pain of his age away.'

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
 With his cane to his chin,
 The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
 Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
 In my ear sounds on:
 'Stay at home, pretty bees; fly not hence!
 Mistress *Mary* is dead & gone!'

XXVII.2.

She has finished & sealed the letter
 At last, which he so richly has deserved,

XXVII.2 'Parting, without a Sequel', John Ransom (1888 – 1974), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

With characters venomous & hatefully curved,
And nothing could be better.

But even as she gave it
Saying to the blue-capped functioner of doom,
'Into his hands,' she hoped the leering groom
Might somewhere lose & leave it.

Then all the blood
Forsook the face. She was too pale for tears,
Observing the ruin of her younger years.
She went and stood

Under her father's vaunting oak
Who kept his peace in wind & sun and glistened
Stoical in the rain; to whom she listened
If he spoke.

And now the agitation of the rain
Rasped his sere leaves, and he talked low & gentle
Reproaching the wan daughter by the lintel;
Ceasing & beginning again.

Away went the messenger's bicycle;
His serpent's track went up the hill forever,
And all the time she stood there hot as fever
And cold as any icicle.

XXVII.3.

Open my heart and you will see graved inside of it, 'Italy.'

XXVIII

XXVIII.1.

But do not let us quarrel any more,
No, my *Lucrezia*; bear with me for once:
Sit down and all shall happen as you wish.
You turn your face, but does it bring your heart?
I'll work then for your friend's friend, never fear,
Treat his own subject after his own way,
Fix his own time, accept too his own price,
And shut the money into this small hand
When next it takes mine. Will it? tenderly?

XXVII.3 Robert Browning (1828 – 1889), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

XXVIII.1 'Andrea del Sarto', Robert Browning (1828 – 1889), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Subtitle: 'Called "The Faultless Painter"'. Andrea del Sarto was an artist of the Italian Renaissance. He was thought to be one of the best painters in the world in his own time, but his reputation has fared less well than those of his contemporaries Michelangelo, da Vinci and Raphael.

¶12. Fiesole is a small town overlooking Florence.

O I'll content him, but tomorrow, love!
I often am much wearier than you think,
This evening more than usual, and it seems
As if – forgive now – should you let me sit
Here by the window with your hand in mine
And look a ½ hour forth on FIESOLE,
Both of one mind, as married people use,
Quietly, quietly the evening through,
I might get up to-morrow to my work
Cheerful & fresh as ever. Let us try.
Tomorrow, how you shall be glad for this!
Your soft hand is a woman of itself,
And mine the man's bared breast she curls inside.
Don't count the time lost, neither; you must serve
For each of the five pictures we require:
It saves a model. So! keep looking so –
My serpentining beauty, rounds on rounds!
How could you ever prick those perfect ears
Even to put the pearl there?! O so sweet –
My face, my moon, my everybody's moon,
Which everybody looks on and calls his,
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,
While she looks – no one's: very dear, no less.
You smile? Why, there's my picture ready made,
There's what we painters call our harmony!
A common greyness silvers everything,
All in a twilight, you & I alike
You, at the point of your first pride in me
(That's gone you know), but I, at every point;
My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned down
To yonder sober pleasant FIESOLE.
There's the bell clinking from the chapel-top;
That length of convent-wall across the way
Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;
The last monk leaves the garden; days decrease,
And autumn grows, autumn in everything.
Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape
As if I saw alike my work and self
And all that I was born to be & do,
A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's hand.
How strange now, looks the life he makes us lead;
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel he laid the fetter: let it lie!
This chamber for example – turn your head –
All that's behind us! You don't understand
Nor care to understand about my art,
But you can hear at least when people speak:
And that cartoon, the second from the door

– It is the thing, love! so such things should be –
 Behold Madonna! I am bold to say.
 I can do with my pencil what I know,
 What I see, what at bottom of my heart
 I wish for, if I ever wish so deep –
 Do easily, too – when I say, perfectly,
 I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are judge,
 Who listened to the legate's talk last week,
 And just as much they used to say in France.
 At any rate 'tis easy, all of it!
 No sketches first, no studies, that's long past:
 I do what many dream of, all their lives,
 Dream? strive to do, and agonize to do,
 And fail in doing. I could count twenty such
 On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,
 Who strive – you don't know how the others strive
 To paint a little thing like that you smeared
 Carelessly passing with your robes afloat –
 Yet do much less, so much less, someone says,
 (I know his name, no matter) – so much less!
 Well, less is more, *Lucrezia*: I am judged.
 There burns a truer light of God in them,
 In their vexed beating stuffed & stopped-up brain,
 Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
 This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
 Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
 Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
 Enter and take their place there sure enough,
 Though they come back and cannot tell the world.
 My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.
 The sudden blood of these men! at a word –
 Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils too.
 I, painting from myself and to myself,
 Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame
 Or their praise either. Somebody remarks
Morello's outline there is wrongly traced,
 His hue mistaken; what of that? or else,
 Rightly traced and well ordered; what of that?
 Speak as they please, what does the mountain care?
 Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
 Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-grey,
 Placid & perfect with my art: the worse!
 I know both what I want and what might gain,
 And yet how profitless to know, to sigh,
 'Had I been two, another and myself,
 Our head would have o'erlooked the world!' No doubt.
 Yonder's a work now, of that famous youth
 The urbate who died five years ago.

('Tis copied, *George Vasari* sent it me.)
 Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
 Pouring his soul, with kings & popes to see,
 Reaching, that heaven might so replenish him,
 Above and through his art – for it gives way;
 That arm is wrongly put – and there again –
 A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
 Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
 He means right – that, a child may understand.
 Still, what an arm! and I could alter it:
 But all the play, the insight and the stretch –
 (Out of me, out of me! And wherefore out?
 Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
 We might have risen to *Rafael*, I & you!
 Nay, love, you did give all I asked, I think –
 More than I merit, yes, by many times.
 But had you – O with the same perfect brow,
 And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
 And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
 The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare –
 Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
 Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged,
 'God and the glory! never care for gain.
 The present by the future, what is that?
 Live for fame, side by side with *Agnolo*!
Rafael is waiting: up to God, all three!'

I might have done it for you. So it seems:
 Perhaps not. All is as God over-rules.
 Beside, incentives come from the soul's self;
 The rest avail not. Why do I need you?
 What wife had *Rafael*, or has *Agnolo*?
 In this world, who can do a thing, will not;
 And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:
 Yet the will's somewhat – somewhat, too, the power –
 And thus we ½ men struggle. At the end,
 God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.
 'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,
 That I am something underrated here,
 Poor this long while, despised, to speak the truth.
 I dared not, do you know, leave home all day,
 For fear of chancing on the PARIS lords.
 The best is when they pass & look aside;
 But they speak sometimes; I must bear it all.
 Well may they speak! That *Francis*, that first time,
 And that long festal year at FONTAINEBLEAU!
 I surely then could sometimes leave the ground,
 Put on the glory, *Rafael's* daily wear,
 In that humane great monarch's golden look –

One finger in his beard or twisted curl
 Over his mouth's good mark that made the smile,
 One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,
 The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,
 I painting proudly with his breath on me,
 All his court round him, seeing with his eyes,
 Such frank french eyes, and such a fire of souls
 Profuse, my hand kept plying by those hearts –
 And, best of all, this, this, this face beyond,
 This in the background, waiting on my work,
 To crown the issue with a last reward!
 A good time, was it not, my kingly days?
 And had you not grown restless... but I know –
 'Tis done & past: 'twas right, my instinct said:
 Too live the life grew, golden and not grey,
 And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should tempt
 Out of the grange whose four walls make his world.
 How could it end in any other way?
 You called me, and I came home to your heart.
 The triumph was – to reach and stay there; since
 I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?
 Let my hands frame your face in your hair's gold,
 You beautiful *Lucrezia* that are mine!
 'Rafael did this, *Andrea* painted that;
 The roman's is the better when you pray,
 But still the other's Virgin was his wife' –
 Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge
 Both pictures in your presence; clearer grows
 My better fortune, I resolve to think.
 For, do you know, *Lucrezia*, as God lives,
 Said one day *Agnolo*, his very self,
 To *Rafael*... I have known it all these years...
 (When the young man was flaming out his thoughts
 Upon a palace-wall for ROME to see,
 Too lifted up in heart because of it.)
 'Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
 Goes up & down our FLORENCE, none cares how,
 Who, were he set to plan & execute
 As you are, pricked on by your popes & kings,
 Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours!'
 To *Rafael*'s! And indeed the arm is wrong.
 I hardly dare... Yet, only you to see,
 Give the chalk here – quick, thus, the line should go!
 Aye, but the soul! he's *Rafael*! Rub it out!
 Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,
 (What he? why, who but *Michel Agnolo*?
 Do you forget already words like those?)
 If really there was such a chance, so lost –

Is, whether you're – not grateful – but more pleased.
 Well, let me think so. And you smile indeed!
 This hour has been an hour! Another smile?
 If you would sit thus by me every night
 I should work better, do you comprehend?
 I mean that I should earn more, give you more.
 See, it is settled dusk now; there's a star;
Morello's gone, the watch-lights show the wall,
 The cue-owls speak the name we call them by.
 Come from the window, love; come in, at last,
 Inside the melancholy little house
 We built to be so gay with. God is just.
 King *Francis* may forgive me: oft at nights
 When I look up from painting, eyes tired out,
 The walls become illumined, brick from brick
 Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright gold,
 That gold of his I did cement them with!
 Let us but love each other. Must you go?
 That cousin here again? He waits outside?
 Must see you? You, and not with me? Those loans?
 More gaming debts to pay? You smiled for that?
 Well, let smiles buy me! Have you more to spend?
 While hand & eye & something of a heart
 Are left me, work's my ware, and what's it worth?
 I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit
 The grey remainder of the evening out,
 Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly
 How I could paint, were I but back in France,
 One picture, just one more – the Virgin's face,
 Not yours this time! I want you at my side
 To hear them – that is, *Michel Agnolo* –
 Judge all I do and tell you of its worth.
 Will you? Tomorrow, satisfy your friend.
 I take the subjects for his corridor,
 Finish the portrait out of hand – there, there,
 And throw him in another thing or two
 If he demurs; the whole should prove enough
 To pay for this same cousin's freak. Beside,
 What's better and what's all I care about,
 Get you the 13 *scudi* for the ruff!
 Love, does that please you? Ah, but what does he,
 The cousin? What does he to please you more?

I am grown peaceful as old age tonight.
 I regret little; I would change still less.
 Since there my past life lies, why alter it?
 The very wrong to *Francis*! It is true
 I took his coin, was tempted and complied,
 And built this house and sinned, and all is said.

My father & my mother died of want.
 Well, had I riches of my own? You see
 How one gets rich! Let each one bear his lot.
 They were born poor, lived poor, and poor they died:
 And I have laboured somewhat in my time
 And not been paid profusely. Some good son
 Paint my 200 pictures – let him try!
 No doubt, there's something strikes a balance. Yes,
 You loved me quite enough. it seems to-night.
 This must suffice me here. What would one have?
 In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance –
 Four great walls in the NEW JERUSALEM,
 Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
 For *Leonard, Rafael, Agnolo* and me
 To cover – the three first without a wife,
 While I have mine! So – still they overcome
 Because there's still *Lucrezia*, as I choose.

Again the cousin's whistle! Go, my love.

XXVIII.2.

My walk home was lengthened by a diversion in the direction of
 the kirk. When beneath its walls, I perceived decay had
 made progress, even in seven months: many a window
 showed black gaps deprived of glass; and slates jutted off
 here & there, beyond the right line of the roof, to be
 gradually worked off in coming autumn storms.

I sought, and soon discovered, the three headstones on the slope
 next the moor: the middle one grey, and $\frac{1}{2}$ buried in the
 heath; *Edgar Linton's* only harmonized by the turf and
 moss creeping up its foot; *Heathcliff's* still bare.

I lingered round them, under that benign sky: watched the moths
 fluttering among the heath & harebells, listened to the
 soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how
 any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleep-
 ers in that quiet earth.

XXVIII.3.

Who knows but the world may end tonight?

XXVIII.2 Miss Emily Brontë (1818 – 1848), Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*.

XXVIII.3 Robert Browning (1828 – 1889), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. These words are taken from Browning's 'Last Ride Together'.

XXIX

XXIX.1.

‘Is my team ploughing,
 That I was used to drive
 And hear the harness jingle
 When I was man alive?’

Aye, the horses trample,
 The harness jingles now;
 No change though you lie under
 The land you used to plough.

‘Is football playing
 Along the river shore,
 With lads to chase the leather,
 Now I stand up no more?’

Ay, the ball is flying;
 The lads play heart & soul;
 The goal stands up, the keeper
 Stands up to keep the goal.

‘Is my girl happy,
 That I thought hard to leave,
 And has she tired of weeping
 As she lies down at eve?’

Ay, she lies down lightly;
 She lies not down to weep.
 Your girl is well contented.
 Be still, my lad, and sleep.

‘Is my friend hearty,
 Now I am thin & pine,
 And has he found to sleep in
 A better bed than mine?’

Yes, lad, I lie easy;
 I lie as lads would choose;
 I cheer a dead man’s sweetheart,
 Never ask me whose.

XXIX.2.

When I watch the living meet,
 And the moving pageant file
 Warm & breathing through the street
 Where I lodge a little while,

XXIX.1 \mathbb{R} Prof Alfred Housman (1859 – 1936), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXIX.2 Prof Alfred Housman (1859 – 1936), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

If the heats of hate & lust
 In the house of flesh are strong,
 Let me mind the house of dust
 Where my sojourn shall be long.

In the nation that is not
 Nothing stands that stood before;
 There revenges are forgot,
 And the hater hates no more;

Lovers lying two & two
 Ask not whom they sleep beside,
 And the bridegroom all night through
 Never turns him to the bride.

XXIX.3.

Our interest's on the dangerous edge of things: the honest thief,
 the tender murderer, the superstitious atheist.

XXX

XXX.1.

As the team's head-brass flashed out on the turn
 The lovers disappeared into the wood.
 I sat among the boughs of the fallen elm
 That strewed an angle of the fallow, and
 Watched the plough narrowing a yellow square
 Of charlock. Every time the horses turned
 Instead of treading me down, the ploughman leaned
 Upon the handles to say or ask a word,
 About the weather, next about the war.
 Scraping the share he faced towards the wood,
 And screwed along the furrow till the brass flashed
 Once more. The blizzard felled the elm whose crest
 I sat in, by a woodpecker's round hole,
 The ploughman said. 'When will they take it away?'
 'When the war's over.' So the talk began –
 One minute & an interval of 10,
 A minute more & the same interval.
 'Have you been out?' 'No.' 'And don't want to, perhaps?'
 'If I could only come back again, I should.
 I could spare an arm. I shouldn't want to lose
 A leg. If I should lose my head, why, so,
 I should want nothing more... Have many gone
 From here?' 'Yes.' 'Many lost?' 'Yes, a good few.

XXIX.3 Robert Browning (1828 – 1889), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. These words are from Browning's 'Bishop Blougram's Apology'.

XXX.1 Edward Thomas (1878 – 1917), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

Only two teams work on the farm this year.
 One of my mates is dead. The second day
 In France they killed him. It was back in march,
 The very night of the blizzard, too. Now if
 He had stayed here we should have moved the tree.'
 'And I should not have sat here. Everything
 Would have been different. For it would have been
 Another world.' 'Ay, & a better, though,
 If we could see all, all might seem good.' Then
 The lovers came out of the wood again:
 The horses started and for the last time
 I watched the clods crumble & topple over
 After the ploughshare and the stumbling team.

XXX.2.

Thin little leaves of wood fern, ribbed & toothed,
 Long curved sail needles of the green pitch pine,
 With common sandgrass, skirt the horizon line,
 And over these the incorruptible blue!
 Here let me gently lie and softly view
 All world asperities, lightly touched & smoothed
 As by his gracious hand, the great Bestower.
 What though the year be late? some colors run
 Yet through the dry, some links of melody.
 Still let me be, by such, assuaged & soothed
 And happier made, as when, our schoolday done,
 We hunted on from flower to frosty flower,
 Tattered and dim, the last red butterfly,
 Or the old grasshopper molasses-mouthed.

XXX.3.

Nothing matters very much and very few things matter at all.

XXX.2 Frederick Tuckerman (1821 – 1873), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

XXX.3 Arthur Balfour, 1st Earl of Balfour (1848 – 1930), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

October

I

I.1.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God,
and the Word was God.
The same was in the beginning with God.
All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing
made that was made.
In him was life; and the life was the light of men.
And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.
That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh
into the world.
He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the
world knew him not.
He came unto his own, and his own received him not.
But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become
the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:
Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor
of the will of man, but of God.

I.2.

The ~~LORD~~ bless thee,
And keep thee:
The ~~LORD~~ make his face shine upon thee,
And be gracious unto thee:
The ~~LORD~~ lift up his countenance upon thee,
And give thee peace.

I.3.

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed:
for in the image of God made he man.

I.1 John 1.1-5,9-13, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. A tradition is floating around that this translation of John 1.1 was first suggested by Sir Thomas More – ironically enough, since More was so fanatically opposed to Tyndale, the chief architect of the King James Version – although the Almanackist has been unable to pin down a precise source.

I.2 Numbers 6.24-26, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

I.3 Genesis 9.6, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

II

II.1.

Lord, how are they increased that trouble me;
 Many are they that rise against me.
 Many one there is to say of my soul,
 There is no help for him in his God.
 But thou, O Lord art my defender;
 Thou art my worship, and the lifter up of my head.
 I did call upon the Lord with my voice,
 And he heard me out of his holy hill.
 I laid me down and slept, and rose up again,
 For the Lord sustained me.
 I will not be afraid for 10 thousands of the people
 That have set themselves against me round about.
 Up, Lord, and help me, O my God, for thou smitest all mine enemies
 upon the cheekbone;
 Thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.
 Salvation belongeth unto the Lord,
 And thy blessing is upon thy people.

II.2.

Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord; and by thy great
 mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night.
 Amen.

II.3.

What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put assunder.

III

III.1.

O Lord, rebuke me not in thine indignation,
 Neither chasten me in thy displeasure.
 Have mercy on me, O Lord, for I am weak;
 O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.
 My soul also is sore troubled;
 But, Lord, how long wilt thou punish me?
 Turn thee, O Lord, and deliver my soul;
 O save me for thy mercy's sake.
 For in death no man remembereth thee,
 And who will give thee thanks in the pit?
 I am weary of my groaning; every night I wash my bed,
 And water my couch with my tears.

II.1 Psalm 3, Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

II.2 'For Aid Against All Perils', Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. The original prayer concludes, 'for the love of thy only Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.'

II.3 Matthew 19.6, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

III.1 Psalm 6, Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

My beauty is gone for very trouble,
 And worn away because of all my enemies.
 Away from me, all ye that work vanity,
 For the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.
 The Lord hath heard my petition;
 The Lord will receive my prayer.
 All my enemies shall be confounded, and sore vexed;
 They shall be turned back, and put to shame suddenly.

III.2.

God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed: give unto thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be set to obey thy commandments, and also that by thee we being defended from the fear of our enemies may pass our time in rest & quietness. Amen.

III.3.

I am going the way of all the earth.

IV

IV.1.

I called my servant, and he gave me no answer;
 I entreated him with my mouth.
 My breath is strange to my wife,
 Though I entreated for the children's sake of mine own body.
 Yea, young children despised me;
 I arose, & they spake against me.
 All my inward friends abhorred me:
 And they whom I loved are turned against me.
 My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh,
 And I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.
 Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends;
 For the hand of God hath touched me.

 Why do ye persecute me as God,
 And are not satisfied with my flesh?
 O that my words were now written!
 O that they were printed in a book!
 That they were graven with an iron pen & lead
 In the rock for ever!
 For I know that my redeemer liveth,
 And that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:

III.2 'For Peace', Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. The original prayer concludes, 'through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.'

III.3 'Joshua 23.14', Joshua 23.14, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

IV.1 Job 19.2-29, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

And though after my skin worms destroy this body,
 Yet in my flesh shall I see God:
 Whom I shall see for myself,
 And mine eyes shall behold, and not another;
 Though my reins be consumed within me.

But ye should say, 'Why persecute we him,
 Seeing the root of the matter is found in me?'
 Be ye afraid of the sword:
 For wrath bringeth the punishments of the sword,
 That ye may know there is a judgment.

IV.2.

God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image
 of his own eternity.
 Nevertheless, through envy of the devil came death into the
 world: and they that do hold of his side do find it.
 But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there
 shall no torment touch them.
 In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die: and their departure
 is taken for misery,
 And their going from us to be utter destruction: but they are in
 peace.
 For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their
 hope full of immortality.
 In the time of their visitation they shall shine, and run to & fro
 like sparks among the stubble.
 They shall judge the nations, and have dominion over the peoples,
 and their Lord shall reign for ever.

IV.3.

I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil.

V

V.1.

Then the ~~Lord~~ answered *Job* out of the whirlwind, and said,
 Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?
 Gird up now thy loins like a man;
 For I will demand of thee,
 And answer thou me.

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
 Declare, if thou hast understanding.

IV.2 Solomon 2.23-24, 3.1-4,7-8, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

IV.3 Deuteronomy 30.15, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

V.1 Job 38-41, 42.1-6, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. 98-100. Where the Almanackist has put 'ox', the KJV reads 'unicorn'. ¶98. Where the Almanackist has put 'ox', the KJV reads 'unicorn'.

Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest?

Or who hath stretched the line upon it?

Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened?

Or who laid the corner stone thereof;

When the morning stars sang together,

And all the sons of God shouted for joy?

Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth,

As if it had issued out of the womb?

When I made the cloud the garment thereof,

And thick darkness a swaddlingband for it,

And brake up for it my decreed place,

And set bars and doors,

And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further:

And here shall thy proud waves be stayed?

Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days;

And caused the dayspring to know his place;

That it might take hold of the ends of the earth,

That the wicked might be shaken out of it?

It is turned as clay to the seal;

And they stand as a garment.

And from the wicked their light is withholden,

And the high arm shall be broken.

Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea?

Or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?

Have the gates of death been opened unto thee?

Or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?

Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth?

Declare if thou knowest it all.

Where is the way where light dwelleth?

And as for darkness, where is the place thereof,

That thou shouldest take it to the bound thereof,

And that thou shouldest know the paths to the house thereof?

Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born?

Or because the number of thy days is great?

Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?

Or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail,

Which I have reserved against the time of trouble,

Against the day of battle and war?

By what way is the light parted,

Which scattereth the east wind upon the earth?

Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters,

Or a way for the lightning of thunder;

To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is;

On the wilderness, wherein there is no man;

To satisfy the desolate and waste ground;
And to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth?
Hath the rain a father?
Or who hath begotten the drops of dew?
Out of whose womb came the ice?
And the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?

The waters are hid as with a stone,
And the face of the deep is frozen.
Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades,
Or loose the bands of Orion?
Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season?
Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?

Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?
Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?
Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds,
That abundance of waters may cover thee?
Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go,
And say unto thee, Here we are?

Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts?
Or who hath given understanding to the heart?
Who can number the clouds in wisdom?
Or who can stay the bottles of heaven,
When the dust groweth into hardness,
And the clods cleave fast together?

Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lion?
Or fill the appetite of the young lions,
When they couch in their dens,
And abide in the covert to lie in wait?
Who provideth for the raven his food?
When his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat.

Knowest thou the time when the wild goats of the rock bring forth?
Or canst thou mark when the hinds do calve?
Canst thou number the months that they fulfil?
Or knowest thou the time when they bring forth?
They bow themselves, they bring forth their young ones,
they cast out their sorrows.
Their young ones are in good liking, they grow up with corn;
They go forth, and return not unto them.

Who hath sent out the wild ass free?
Or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass?
Whose house I have made the wilderness,
And the barren land his dwellings.
He scorneth the multitude of the city,
Neither regardeth he the crying of the driver.

The range of the mountains is his pasture,
And he searcheth after every green thing.

Will the ox be willing to serve thee,
Or abide by thy crib?
Canst thou bind the ox with his band in the furrow?
Or will he harrow the valleys after thee?
Wilt thou trust him, because his strength is great?
Or wilt thou leave thy labour to him?
Wilt thou believe him, that he will bring home thy seed,
And gather it into thy barn?

Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks?
Or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?
Which leaveth her eggs in the earth,
And warmeth them in dust,
And forgetteth that the foot may crush them,
Or that the wild beast may break them.
She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers:
Her labour is in vain without fear;
Because God hath deprived her of wisdom,
Neither hath he imparted to her understanding.
What time she lifteth up herself on high,
She scorneth the horse and his rider.

Hast thou given the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?
The glory of his nostrils is terrible.
He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength:
He goeth on to meet the armed men.
He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted;
Neither turneth he back from the sword.
The quiver rattleth against him,
The glittering spear and the shield.
He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage:
Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.
He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha;
And he smelleth the battle afar off,
The thunder of the captains,
And the shouting.

Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom,
And stretch her wings toward the south?
Doth the eagle mount up at thy command,
And make her nest on high?
She dwelleth and abideth on the rock,
Upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place.
From thence she seeketh the prey,

And her eyes behold afar off.
Her young ones also suck up blood:
And where the slain are, there is she.

Moreover, the ~~LORE~~ answered *Job*, and said,
Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct him?
He that reproveth God, let him answer it.

Then *Job* answered the ~~LORE~~, and said,
Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee?
I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.
Once have I spoken; but I will not answer:
Yea, twice; but I will proceed no further.

Then answered the ~~LORE~~ unto *Job* out of the whirlwind, and said,
Gird up thy loins now
Like a man:
I will demand of thee,
And declare thou unto me.

Wilt thou also disannul my judgment?
Wilt thou condemn me, that thou mayest be righteous?
Hast thou an arm like God?
Or canst thou thunder with a voice like him?
Deck thyself now with majesty and excellency;
And array thyself with glory and beauty.
Cast abroad the rage of thy wrath:
And behold every one that is proud, and abase him.
Look on every one that is proud, and bring him low;
And tread down the wicked in their place.
Hide them in the dust together;
And bind their faces in secret.
Then will I also confess unto thee
That thine own right hand can save thee.

Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee;
He eateth grass as an ox.
Lo now, his strength is in his loins,
And his force is in the navel of his belly.
He moveth his tail like a cedar:
The sinews of his stones are wrapped together.
His bones are as strong pieces of brass;
His bones are like bars of iron.
He is the chief of the ways of God:
He that made him can make his sword to approach unto him.
Surely the mountains bring him forth food,
Where all the beasts of the field play.

He lieth under the shady trees,
In the covert of the reed, and fens.
The shady trees cover him with their shadow;
The willows of the brook compass him about.
Behold, he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not:
He trusteth that he can draw up JORDAN into his mouth.
He taketh it with his eyes:
His nose pierceth through snares.

Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook?
Or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?
Canst thou put an hook into his nose?
Or bore his jaw through with a thorn?
Will he make many supplications unto thee?
Will he speak soft words unto thee?
Will he make a covenant with thee?
Wilt thou take him for a servant for ever?
Wilt thou play with him as with a bird?
Or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens?
Shall the companions make a banquet of him?
Shall they part him among the merchants?
Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons?
Or his head with fish spears?
Lay thine hand upon him,
Remember the battle, do no more.
Behold, the hope of him is in vain:
Shall not one be cast down even at the sight of him?
None is so fierce that dare stir him up:
Who then is able to stand before me?
Who hath prevented me, that I should repay him?
Whatsoever is under the whole heaven is mine.
I will not conceal his parts, nor his power,
Nor his comely proportion.
Who can discover the face of his garment?
Or who can come to him with his double bridle?
Who can open the doors of his face?
His teeth are terrible round about.
His scales are his pride,
Shut up together as with a close seal.
One is so near to another,
That no air can come between them.
They are joined one to another,
They stick together, that they cannot be sundered.
By his neesings a light doth shine,
And his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.
Out of his mouth go burning lamps,
And sparks of fire leap out.
Out of his nostrils goeth smoke,
As out of a seething pot or caldron.

His breath kindleth coals,
 And a flame goeth out of his mouth.
 In his neck remaineth strength,
 And sorrow is turned into joy before him.
 The flakes of his flesh are joined together:
 They are firm in themselves; they cannot be moved.
 His heart is as firm as a stone;
 Yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone.
 When he raiseth up himself, the mighty are afraid:
 By reason of breakings they purify themselves.
 The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold:
 The spear, the dart, nor the habergeon.
 He esteemeth iron as straw,
 And brass as rotten wood.
 The arrow cannot make him flee:
 Slingstones are turned with him into stubble.
 Darts are counted as stubble:
 He laugheth at the shaking of a spear.
 Sharp stones are under him:
 He spreadeth sharp pointed things upon the mire.
 He maketh the deep to boil like a pot:
 He maketh the sea like a pot of ointment.
 He maketh a path to shine after him;
 One would think the deep to be hoary.
 Upon earth there is not his like,
 Who is made without fear.
 He beholdeth all high things:
 He is a king over all the children of pride.

Then *Job* answered the ~~Lord~~, and said,

I know that thou canst do every thing,
 And that no thought can be withholden from thee.
 Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge?
 Therefore have I uttered that I understood not;
 Things too wonderful for me,
 Which I knew not.
 Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak:
 I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.
 I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear:
 But now mine eye seeth thee.
 Wherefore I abhor myself,
 And repent in dust and ashes.

V.2.

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known,
 and from whom no secrets are hid: cleanse the thoughts
 of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that

V.2 'For Purity', Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name. Amen.

V.3.

The ~~Lord~~ gave, and the ~~Lord~~ hath taken away; blessed be the name of the ~~Lord~~.

VI

VI.1.

The heavens declare the glory of God,
 And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
 One day telleth another,
 And one night certifieth another.
 There is neither speech nor language,
 But their voices are heard among them.
 Their sound is gone out into all lands,
 And their words into the ends of the world.
 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
 Which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and
 rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.
 It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth
 about unto the end of it again,
 And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is an undefiled law, converting the soul;
 The testimony of the Lord is sure, and giveth wisdom unto
 the simple.
 The statutes of the Lord are right, and rejoice the heart;
 The commandment of the Lord is pure, and giveth light unto
 the eyes.
 The fear of the Lord is clean, and endureth for ever;
 The judgements of the Lord are true, and righteous alto-
 gether.
 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold,
 Sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.

VI.2.

God is a righteous judge, strong & patient;
 And God is provoked every day.
 If a man will not turn, he will whet his sword;
 He hath bent his bow, and made it ready.
 He hath prepared for him the instruments of death;
 He ordaineth his arrows against the persecutors.
 Behold, the ungodly travaileth with iniquity;

V.3 Job 1.21, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

VI.1 Psalm 19, Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

VI.2 Psalm 7.12-17, Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

He hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood.
 He hath graven & digged up a pit,
 And is fallen himself into the destruction that he made for other.
 For his travail shall come upon his own head,
 And his wickedness shall fall on his own pate.

VI.3.

Great men are not always wise.

VII

VII.1.

The earth is the **LORD**'s, and the fulness thereof; the world, and
 they that dwell therein.
 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon
 the floods.
 Who shall ascend into the hill of the **LORD**? Or who shall stand
 in his holy place?
 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted
 up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.
 He shall receive the blessing from the **LORD**, and righteousness
 from the God of his salvation.
 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face,
 O Jacob. *Selah.*
 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting
 doors; and the King of glory shall come in.
 Who is this King of glory? The **LORD** strong and mighty, the
LORD mighty in battle.
 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting
 doors; and the King of glory shall come in.
 Who is this King of glory? The **LORD** of hosts, he is the King of
 glory. *Selah.*

VII.2.

Why standest thou so far off, O Lord,
 And hidest thy face in the needful time of trouble?
 The ungodly, for his own lust, doth persecute the poor;
 Let them be taken in the crafty wiliness that they have imagined.
 For he hath said in his heart, 'Tush, I shall never be cast down;
 There shall no harm happen unto me.'
 He sitteth lurking in the thievish corners of the streets,
 And privily in his lurking dens doth he murder the innocent; his eyes are
 set against the poor.
 For he lieth waiting secretly; even as a lion lurketh he in his den,
 That he may ravish the poor.

VI.3 Job 32.9, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

VII.1 R Psalm 24, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

VII.2 Psalm 10.1-2,6,8-9,13,17, Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer.*

Arise, O Lord God, and lift up thine hand;
 Forget not the poor.
 Break thou the power of the ungodly & malicious;
 Search out his ungodliness, until thou find none.

VII.3.

The **LORD** is loving unto every man, and his mercy is over all his works.

VIII

VIII.1.

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous,
 For it becometh well the just to be thankful.
 Praise the Lord with harp;
 Sing praises unto him with the lute, and instrument of ten strings.
 Sing unto the Lord a new song;
 Sing praises lustily unto him with a good courage.
 For the word of the Lord is true,
 And all his works are faithful.
 He loveth righteousness and judgement;
 The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.
 By the word of the Lord were the heavens made,
 And all the hosts of them by the breath of his mouth.
 He gathereth the waters of the sea together, as it were upon an heap,
 And layeth up the deep, as in a treasure-house.
 Let all the earth fear the Lord;
 Stand in awe of him, all ye that dwell in the world.
 For he spake, and it was done;
 He commanded, and it stood fast.
 The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought,
 And maketh the devices of the people to be of none effect, and casteth out
 the counsels of princes.
 The counsel of the Lord shall endure for ever,
 And the thoughts of his heart from generation to generation.
 Blessed are the people, whose God is the Lord,
 And blessed are the folk, that he hath chosen to him to be his inheritance.

VIII.2.

There be many that say, Who will show us any good?
LORD, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.
 Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
 More than in the time that their corn & their wine increased.
 I will both lay me down in peace, & sleep:
 For thou, **LORD**, only makest me dwell in safety.

VII.3 Psalm 145-9, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

VIII.1 Psalm 33.1-11, Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

VIII.2 Psalm 4.6-8, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

VIII.3.

The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the ~~Lord~~.

IX**IX.1.**

Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks,
 So longeth my soul after thee, O God.
 My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God;
 When shall I come to appear before the presence of God?
 My tears have been my meat day & night,
 While they daily say unto me, Where is now thy God?

Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my heart by myself,
 For I went with the multitude, and brought them forth into
 the house of God;
 In the voice of praise and thanksgiving,
 Among such as keep holy-day.
 Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul
 And why art thou so disquieted within me?
 Put thy trust in God,
 For I will yet give him thanks for the help of his countenance.

My God, my soul is vexed within me,
 Therefore will I remember thee concerning the land of JOR-
 DAN, and the little hill of HERMON.
 One deep calleth another, because of the noise of the water-pipes,

All thy waves & storms are gone over me.
 The Lord hath granted his loving-kindness in the day-time,
 And in the night-season did I sing of him, and made my
 prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto the God of my strength, Why hast thou forgotten
 me?
 Why go I thus heavily, while the enemy oppresseth me?
 My bones are smitten asunder as with a sword,
 While mine enemies that trouble me cast me in the teeth;
 Namely, while they say daily unto me,
 Where is now thy God?
 Why art thou so vexed, O my soul?
 And why art thou so disquieted within me?
 O put thy trust in God,
 For I will yet thank him, which is the help of my countenance,
 and my God.

VIII.3 Proverbs 16.33, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

IX.1 Psalm 42, Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

IX.2.

In the Lord put I my trust;
 How say ye then to my soul, that she should flee as a bird unto the hill?
 For lo, the ungodly bend their bow, and make ready their arrows within the
 quiver,
 That they may privily shoot at them which are true of heart.
 If the foundations be destroyed,
 What hath the righteous done?
 The Lord is in his holy temple;
 The Lord's seat is in heaven.
 His eyes consider the poor,
 And his eyelids try the children of men.
 Upon the ungodly he shall rain snares, fire & brimstone, storm and tempest:
 This shall be their portion to drink.
 For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness;
 His countenance will behold the thing that is just.

IX.3.

Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting
 up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

X**X.1.**

God is our refuge & strength,
 A very present help in trouble.
 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed,
 And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;
 Though the waters thereof roar & be troubled,
 Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. **Selah.**

 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God,
 The holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.
 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:
 God shall help her, and that right early.
 The heathen raged; the kingdoms were moved;
 He uttered his voice; the earth melted.
 The Lord of hosts is with us;
 The God of Jacob is our refuge. **Selah.**

 Come, behold the works of the Lord,
 What desolations he hath made in the earth.
 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;
 He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the
 chariot in the fire.

IX.2 Psalm 11.1-5,7-8, Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

IX.3 Psalm 141.2, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

X.1 Psalm 46, Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

Be still, and know that I am God:
 I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth.
 The Lord of hosts is with us;
 The God of Jacob is our refuge. **Selah.**

X.2.

The **LORD** is my shepherd;
 I shall not want.
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
 He leadeth me beside the still waters.
 He restoreth my soul:
 He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no
 evil:
 For thou art with me; thy rod & thy staff they comfort me.

 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
 Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
 And I will dwell in the house of the **LORD** for ever.

X.3.

Keep me as the apple of an eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings.

XI

XI.1.

Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness;
 According to the multitude of thy mercies do away mine offences.
 Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness,
 And cleanse me from my sin.
 For I acknowledge my faults,
 And my sin is ever before me.
 Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight,
 That thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and clear when thou art judged.

 Behold, I was shapen in wickedness,
 And in sin hath my mother conceived me.
 But lo, thou requirest truth in the inward parts,
 And shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly.
 Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean;
 Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
 Thou shalt make me hear of joy & gladness,
 That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

X.2 Psalm 23, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

X.3 Psalm 18.8, Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer.*

XI.1 Psalm 51, Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer.*

Turn thy face from my sins,
 And put out all my misdeeds.
 Make me a clean heart, O God,
 And renew a right spirit within me.
 Cast me not away from thy presence,
 And take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
 O give me the comfort of thy help again,
 And stablish me with thy free Spirit.
 Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked,
 And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou that art the God of my health,
 And my tongue shall sing of thy righteousness.
 Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,
 And my mouth shall shew thy praise.
 For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it thee,
 But thou delightest not in burnt-offerings.
 The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit;
 A broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt thou not despise.

XI.2.

The Lord is king for ever & ever,
 And the heathen are perished out of the land.
 Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the poor;
 Thou preparest their heart, and thine ear hearkeneth;
 To help the fatherless & poor unto their right,
 That the man of the earth be no more exalted against them.

XI.3.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

XII**XII.1.**

Bless the ~~LORD~~, O my soul.
 O ~~LORD~~ my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with
 honour and majesty.
 Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment:
 Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:
 Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:
 Who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the
 wings of the wind:
 Who maketh his angels spirits;
 His ministers a flaming fire:
 Who laid the foundations of the earth,
 That it should not be removed for ever.

XI.2 Psalm 10.18-20, Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

XI.3 Matthew 6.34, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XII.1 Psalm 104, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment:
The waters stood above the mountains.
At thy rebuke they fled;
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.
They go up by the mountains;
They go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast
founded for them.
Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over;
That they turn not again to cover the earth.
He sendeth the springs into the valleys,
Which run among the hills.
They give drink to every beast of the field:
The wild asses quench their thirst.
By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation,
Which sing among the branches.
He watereth the hills from his chambers:
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the
service of man:
That he may bring forth food out of the earth;
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make
his face to shine,
And bread which strengtheneth man's heart.
The trees of the ~~world~~ are full of sap;
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;
Where the birds make their nests:
As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.
The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats;
And the rocks for the conies.
He appointed the moon for seasons:
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness, and it is night:
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.
The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.
The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together,
And lay them down in their dens.
Man goeth forth unto his work
And to his labour until the evening.
O ~~world~~, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made
them all:
The earth is full of thy riches.
So is this great & wide sea, wherein are things creeping innum-
erable,
Both small and great beasts.
There go the ships:
There is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee;
 That thou mayest give them their meat in due season.
 That thou givest them they gather:
 Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.
 Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled:
 Thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their
 dust.
 Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created:
 And thou renewest the face of the earth.
 The glory of the **LORD** shall endure for ever:
 The **LORD** shall rejoice in his works.
 He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth:
 He toucheth the hills, and they smoke.
 I will sing unto the **LORD** as long as I live:
 I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.
 My meditation of him shall be sweet:
 I will be glad in the **LORD**.
 Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked
 be no more.
 Bless thou the **LORD**, O my soul. Praise ye the **LORD**.

XII.2.

Intreat me not to leave thee,
 Or to return from following after thee:
 For whither thou goest, I will go;
 And where thou lodgest, I will lodge:
 Thy people shall be my people,
 And thy God my God:
 Where thou diest, will I die,
 And there will I be buried:
 The **LORD** do so to me, and more also,
 If ought but death part thee & me.

XII.3.

Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

XIII

XIII.1.

XII.2 Ruth 1.16-17, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. This passage from Ruth often forms part of the Jewish marriage ceremony.

XII.3 Matthew 4.4, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. Christ here is quoting Deuteronomy 8.3.

XIII.1 Psalm 139, Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. ¶19. This seems to be a mistranslation. The full couplet ought to read something like, 'If I say, "Let only darkness cover me,/ And the light about me be night..."' (as the RSV renders it). ¶30. The Almanackist has deleted the couplet immediately following 'And in thy book were all my members written.'

O Lord, thou hast searched me out & known me;
Thou knowest my down-sitting & mine up-rising, thou understandest my
thoughts long before.
Thou art about my path, & about my bed,
And spiest out all my ways.
For lo, there is not a word in my tongue,
But thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether.
Thou hast fashioned me behind & before,
And laid thine hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful & excellent for me;
I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go then from thy Spirit?
Or whither shall I go then from thy presence?
If I climb up into heaven, thou art there;
If I go down to hell, thou art there also.
If I take the wings of the morning,
And remain in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there also shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, 'Peradventure the darkness shall cover me,'
Then shall my night be turned to day.
Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day;
The darkness & light to thee are both alike.
For my reins are thine;
Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.
I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made;
Marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well.
My bones are not hid from thee,
Though I be made secretly, and fashioned beneath in the earth.
Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect,
And in thy book were all my members written.

How dear are thy counsels unto me, O God!
O how great is the sum of them!
If I tell them, they are more in number than the sand;
When I wake up I am present with thee.

Wilt thou not slay the wicked, O God?
Depart from me, ye blood-thirsty men.
For they speak unrighteously against thee,
And thine enemies take thy Name in vain.
Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee?
And am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee?
Yea, I hate them right sore,
Even as though they were mine enemies.
Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart;
Prove me, and examine my thoughts.

Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me,
And lead me in the way everlasting.

XIII.2.

O ~~LORD~~ our governor, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!
Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.
Out of the mouth of babes & sucklings hast thou ordained strength because
of thine enemies
That thou mightest still the enemy & the avenger.
When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon & the stars, which thou hast ordained;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?
For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,
And hast crowned him with glory & honour.
Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his feet:
All sheep & oxen, yea,
And the beasts of the field;
The fowl of the air, & the fish of the sea,
And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
O ~~LORD~~ our governor,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

XIII.3.

The truth shall make you free.

XIV

XIV.1.

Praise ye the ~~LORD~~: for it is good to sing praises unto our God;
For it is pleasant; and praise is comely.
The ~~LORD~~ doth build up Jerusalem:
He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.
He healeth the broken in heart,
And bindeth up their wounds.
He telleth the number of the stars;
He calleth them all by their names.
Great is our ~~LORD~~, and of great power:
His understanding is infinite.
The ~~LORD~~ lifteth up the meek:
He casteth the wicked down to the ground.
Sing unto the ~~LORD~~ with thanksgiving;
Sing praise upon the harp unto our God:

XIII.2 Psalm 8, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. The Almanackist has replaced the KJV's 'our Lord' with the BCP's 'our Governor' in the first and last verses of this psalm.

XIII.3 John 8:32, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XIV.1 Psalm 147:1-11, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth,
 Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
 He giveth to the beast his food,
 And to the young ravens which cry.
 He delighteth not in the strength of the horse:
 He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.
 The ~~Lord~~ **Lord** taketh pleasure in them that fear him,
 In those that hope in his mercy.

XIV.2.

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle?
 Or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?
 Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life,
 And doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.
 He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour,
 And hath not slandered his neighbour.
 He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes,
 And maketh much of them that fear the Lord.
 He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not,
 Though it were to his own hindrance.
 He that hath not given his money upon usury,
 Nor taken reward against the innocent.
 Whoso doeth these things
 Shall never fall.

XIV.3.

The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.

XV

XV.1.

O praise the Lord of heaven;
 Praise him in the height.
 Praise him, all ye angels of his;
 Praise him, all his host.
 Praise him, sun & moon;
 Praise him, all ye stars & light.
 Praise him, all ye heavens,
 And ye waters that are above the heavens.
 Let them praise the name of the Lord;
 For he spake the word, and they were made; he commanded, and they
 were created.
 He hath made them fast for ever & ever;
 He hath given them a law which shall not be broken.

XIV.2 Psalm 15, Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. For obvious reasons, this psalm is sometimes referred to as the “Gentelman’s Psalm”.

XIV.3 Mark 2.27, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XV.1 Psalm 148.1-13, Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*.

Praise the Lord upon earth,
 Ye dragons, and all deeps;
 Fire & hail, snow & vapours,
 Wind & storm, fulfilling his word;
 Mountains & all hills,
 Fruitful trees & all cedars;
 Beasts & all cattle;
 Worms & feathered fowls;
 Kings of the earth & all people,
 Princes & all judges of the world;
 Young men & maidens, old men & children, praise the name of the Lord,
 For his name only is excellent, and his praise above heaven & earth.

XV.2.

Praise ye the **LORD**. Praise God in his sanctuary:
 Praise him in the firmament of his power.
 Praise him for his mighty acts:
 Praise him according to his excellent greatness.
 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet:
 Praise him with the psaltery & harp.
 Praise him with the timbrel & dance:
 Praise him with stringed instruments & organs.
 Praise him upon the loud cymbals:
 Praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.
 Let every thing that hath breath praise the **LORD**.
 Praise ye the **LORD**.

XV.3.

Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but
 considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

XVI**XVI.1.**

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
 And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my saviour.
 For he hath regarded:
 The lowliness of his hand-maiden.
 For, behold, from henceforth
 All generations shall call me blessed.
 For he that is mighty hath magnified me,
 And holy is his name.
 And his mercy is on them that fear him
 Throughout all generations.

XV.2 Psalm 150, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XV.3 Matthew 7.3, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XVI.1 'The Magnificat', Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. This song is a translation of Luke 1.46-55.

He hath showed strength with his arm;
 He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
 He hath put down the mighty from their seat,
 And hath exalted the humble & meek.
 He hath filled the hungry with good things:
 And the rich he hath sent empty away.
 He remembering of his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel:
 As he promised to our forefathers, *Abraham* & his seed, for ever.

XVI.2.

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,
 According to thy word.
 For mine eyes have seen
 Thy salvation,
 Which thou hast prepared
 Before the face of all peoples;
 To be a light to lighten the gentiles,
 And the glory of thy people Israel.

XVI.3.

No man can serve two masters.

XVII**XVII.1.**

Blessèd be the Lord God of Israel:
 For he hath visited and redeemed his people;
 And he hath raised up a mighty salvation for us:
 In the house of his servant *David*;
 As he spoke by the mouth of his holy prophets:
 Which have been since the world began;
 That we should be saved from our enemies:
 And from the hand of all that hate us;
 To perform the mercy promised to our forefathers:
 And to remember his holy covenant;
 To perform the oath which he sware to our forefather *Abraham*:
 That he would give us;
 That we being delivered out of the hands of our enemies:
 Might serve him without fear;
 In holiness & righteousness before him:
 All the days of our life.
 And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest:
 For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways;

XVI.2 'The Nunc Dimittis', Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. These lines are a translation of Luke 2.29-32.

XVI.3 Matthew 6.24, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XVII.1 'Benedictus', Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. This song is a translation of Luke 1.68-79.

To give knowledge of salvation unto his people:
 For the remission of their sins,
 Through the tender mercy of our God:
 Whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us;
 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death:
 To guide our feet into the way of peace.

XVII.2.

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;
 Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven:
 Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive
 them that trespass against us;
 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
 For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever & ever. Amen.

XVII.3.

Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

XVIII

XVIII.1.

Blessèd are the poor in spirit:
 For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
 Blessèd are they that mourn:
 For they shall be comforted.
 Blessèd are the meek:
 For they shall inherit the earth.
 Blessèd are they which do hunger & thirst after righteousness:
 For they shall be filled.
 Blessèd are the merciful:
 For they shall obtain mercy.
 Blessèd are the pure in heart:
 For they shall see God.
 Blessèd are the peacemakers:
 For they shall be called children of God.
 Blessèd are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
 For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

XVII.2 'The Lord's Prayer', Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. Lines 1-4 are a translation of Matthew 6.9-13. The doxology is of uncertain origin; a version of it appears in the *Διδαχὴ* ("Teaching of the Twelve Apostles"), and in certain (Byzantine) manuscripts of Matthew.

XVII.3 Matthew 6.3, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XVIII.1 Matthew 5.2-10, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. These verses are sometimes called the Beatitudes, a term derived from the Latin word *beatitudo*, meaning *blessedness*, which was sometimes printed in the marginalia of the Vulgate at this point in Matthew's Gospel.

XVIII.2.

Come, ye blessed of my Father,
 Inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:
 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat:
 I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink:
 I was a stranger, and ye took me in:
 Naked, and ye clothed me:
 I was sick, and ye visited me:
 I was in prison, and ye came unto me.
 Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these
 my brethren,
 Ye have done it unto me.

XVIII.3.

Judge not, that ye be not judged.

XIX**XIX.1.**

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have
 not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling
 cymbal.
 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mys-
 teries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so
 that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am
 nothing.
 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I
 give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth
 me nothing.
 Love suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; love vaun-
 teth not itself, is not puffed up,
 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not
 easily provoked, thinketh no evil;
 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;
 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, en-
 dureth all things.
 Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall
 fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether
 there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.
 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.
 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in
 part shall be done away.

XVIII.2 Matthew 25:34-36,40, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XVIII.3 Matthew 7:1, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XIX.1 \mathbb{R} 1 Corinthians 13, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*. The original reads 'charity' where the Almanackist has put 'love'.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

XIX.2.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

Anoint & cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of thy grace.
Keep far from foes, give peace at home:
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

XIX.3.

A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country.

XX

XX.1.

Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.
Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand
against the wiles of the devil.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

XIX.2 'Veni Creator Spiritus', John Cosin, Bishop of Durham (1594 – 1672), Thomas Cranmer, *The Book of Common Prayer*. The hymn is ancient, being composed by a Frankish monk, Rabanus Maurus, in the ninth century, and translated into English by the Bishop of Durham. The original hymn concludes with a further verse and a half.

XIX.3 Matthew 13.57, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XX.1 Ephesians 6.10-20, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able
to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.
And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit,
which is the word of God:
Praying always with all prayer & supplication in the Spirit, and
watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication
for all saints;
And for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may
open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the
gospel,
For which I am an ambassador in bonds: that therein I may
speak boldly, as I ought to speak.

XX.2.

Do not err, my beloved brethren.
Every good gift & every perfect gift is from above, and cometh
down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variable-
ness, neither shadow of turning.
Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we
should be a kind of first fruits of his creatures.
Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear,
slow to speak, slow to wrath:
For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.
Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness,
and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is
able to save your souls.

XX.3.

Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and
unto God the things that are God's.

XXI

XXI.1.

In the year that King *Uzziah* died I saw also the Lord sitting
upon a throne, high & lifted up, and his train filled the
temple.
Above it stood the seraphims: each one had six wings; with
twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his
feet, and with twain he did fly.
And one cried unto another, and said, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the
~~LORD~~ of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.'
And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried,
and the house was filled with smoke.

XX.2 James 1.16-21, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XX.3 Matthew 20.21, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XXI.1 Isaiah 6.1-8, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

Then said I, 'Woe is me! For I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the ~~LORD~~ of hosts.'

Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar:

And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, 'Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.'

Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' Then said I, 'Here am I; send me.'

XXI.2.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy: they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.

For thou hast broken the yoke of his burden, and the staff of his shoulder, the rod of his oppressor, as in the day of Midian.

For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of *David*, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the ~~LORD~~ of hosts will perform this.

XXI.3.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

XXI.2 Isaiah 9.2-7, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XXI.3 Matthew 19.24, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XXII

XXII.1.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not:
 behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God
 with a recompence; he will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the
 deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the
 dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out,
 and streams in the desert.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty
 land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where
 each lay, shall be grass with reeds & rushes.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called
 The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it;
 but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools,
 shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon,
 it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk
 there:

And the ransomed of the ~~LORD~~ shall return, and come to ZION
 with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they
 shall obtain joy & gladness, and sorrow & sighing shall
 flee away.

XXII.2.

But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain
 of the house of the ~~LORD~~ shall be established in the top
 of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills;
 and people shall flow unto it.

And many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up
 to the mountain of the ~~LORD~~, and to the house of the
 God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we
 will walk in his paths: for the law shall go forth of ZION,
 and the word of the ~~LORD~~ from JERUSALEM.

And he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong na-
 tions afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plow-
 shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall
 not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn
 war any more.

But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig
 tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of
 the ~~LORD~~ of hosts hath spoken it.

XXII.1 Isaiah 35:3-10, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXII.2 Micah 3:1-4, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXII.3.

Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

XXIII**XXIII.1.**

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

Speak ye comfortably to JERUSALEM, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the **LORD**'s hand double for all her sins.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the **LORD**, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain:

And the glory of the **LORD** shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the **LORD** hath spoken it.

The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the **LORD** bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

O ZION, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O JERUSALEM, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!

Behold, the Lord **GOD** will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?

Who hath directed the Spirit of the **LORD**, or being his counsellor hath taught him?

XXII.3 Matthew 5.39, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXIII.1 Isaiah 40, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of judgment, and taught him knowledge, and shewed to him the way of understanding?

Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing.

And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering.

All nations before him are as nothing; and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity.

To whom then will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him?

The workman melteth a graven image, and the goldsmith spreadeth it over with gold, and casteth silver chains.

He that is so impoverished that he hath no oblation chooseth a tree that will not rot; he seeketh unto him a cunning workman to prepare a graven image, that shall not be moved.

Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning? have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth?

It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in:

That bringeth the princes to nothing; he maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.

Yea, they shall not be planted; yea, they shall not be sown: yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth: and he shall also blow upon them, and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble.

To whom then will ye liken me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One.

Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth.

Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the ~~LORD~~, and my judgment is passed over from my God?

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the ~~LORD~~, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding.

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:

But they that wait upon the **LORD** shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

XXIII.2.

Thus saith God the **LORD**, he that created the heavens, and stretched them out; he that spread forth the earth, and that which cometh out of it; he that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein:

I the **LORD** have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the gentiles;

To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house.

I am the **LORD**: that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images.

XXIII.3.

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar.

XXIV

XXIV.1.

Who hath believed our report? And to whom is the arm of the **LORD** revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the **LORD** hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a

XXIII.2 Isaiah 42:5-8, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XXIII.3 1 John 4:20, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XXIV.1 Isaiah 53, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the ~~Lord~~ to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the ~~Lord~~ shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

XXIV.2.

But now thus saith the ~~Lord~~ that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

For I am the ~~Lord~~ thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour: I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee. Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee: therefore will I give men for thee, and people for thy life.

Fear not: for I am with thee: I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west;

I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back: bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth;

Even every one that is called by my name: for I have created him for my glory, I have formed him; yea, I have made him.

XXIV.3.

God is no respecter of persons.

XXIV.2 Isaiah 43.1-7, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXIV.3 Acts 10.34, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXV

XXV.1.

Seek ye the **LORD** while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the **LORD**, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the **LORD**.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the **LORD** for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

XXV.2.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto ZION, 'Thy God reigneth!'

Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the **LORD** shall bring again ZION.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of JERUSALEM: for the **LORD** hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed JERUSALEM.

The **LORD** hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

XXV.1 Isaiah 55,6-13, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XXV.2 Isaiah 52,7-10, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XXV.3.

God is love.

XXVI**XXVI.1.**

For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind.

But be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create: for, behold, I create JERUSALEM a rejoicing, and her people a joy.

And I will rejoice in JERUSALEM, and joy in my people: and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying.

There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days: for the child shall die an 100 years old; but the sinner being an 100 years old shall be accursed.

And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them.

They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat: for as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands.

They shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the ~~LORE~~, and their offspring with them.

And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.

The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock: and dust shall be the serpent's meat. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the ~~LORE~~.

XXVI.2.

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the ~~LORE~~ is risen upon thee.

For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the ~~LORE~~ shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

And the gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

XXV.3 1 John 4.8, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XXVI.1 Isaiah 65.17-25, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XXVI.2 Isaiah 60.1-5, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from
 far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.
 Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall
 fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea
 shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the gentiles
 shall come unto thee.

XXVI.3.

Some have entertained angels unawares.

XXVII

XXVII.1.

Behold, I will make JERUSALEM a cup of trembling unto all the
 people round about, when they shall be in the siege both
 against Judah and against JERUSALEM.
 And in that day will I make JERUSALEM a burdensome stone for
 all people: all that burden themselves with it shall be cut
 in pieces, though all the people of the earth be gathered
 together against it.
 In that day, saith the ~~LORD~~, I will smite every horse with as-
 tonishment, and his rider with madness: and I will open
 mine eyes upon the house of Judah, and will smite every
 horse of the people with blindness.
 And the governors of Judah shall say in their heart, The inhabi-
 tants of JERUSALEM shall be my strength in the ~~LORD~~ of
 hosts their God.
 In that day will I make the governors of Judah like an hearth of
 fire among the wood, and like a torch of fire in a sheaf; and
 they shall devour all the people round about, on the right
 hand & on the left: and JERUSALEM shall be inhabited
 again in her own place, even in JERUSALEM.
 The ~~LORD~~ also shall save the tents of Judah first, that the glory
 of the house of *David* and the glory of the inhabitants of
 JERUSALEM do not magnify themselves against Judah.
 In that day shall the ~~LORD~~ defend the inhabitants of JERUSALEM;
 and he that is feeble among them at that day shall be as
David; and the house of *David* shall be as God, as the
 angel of the ~~LORD~~ before them.
 And it shall come to pass in that day, that I will seek to destroy
 all the nations that come against JERUSALEM.
 And I will pour upon the house of *David*, and upon the inhabi-
 tants of JERUSALEM, the spirit of grace & of supplications:

XXVI.3 Hebrew 13.2, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XXVII.1 Zechariah 12, 13.1,14.1-12, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn.

In that day shall there be a great mourning in JERUSALEM, as the mourning of HADADRIMMON in the valley of MEGIDDON. And the land shall mourn, every family apart; the family of the house of *David* apart, and their wives apart; the family of the house of *Nathan* apart, and their wives apart; The family of the house of *Levi* apart, and their wives apart; the family of *Shimei* apart, and their wives apart; All the families that remain, every family apart, and their wives apart.

Behold, the day of the **LORD** cometh, and thy spoil shall be divided in the midst of thee.

For I will gather all nations against JERUSALEM to battle; and the city shall be taken, and the houses rifled, and the women ravished; and half of the city shall go forth into captivity, and the residue of the people shall not be cut off from the city.

Then shall the **LORD** go forth, and fight against those nations, as when he fought in the day of battle.

And his feet shall stand in that day upon the MOUNT OF OLIVES, which is before JERUSALEM on the east, and the MOUNT OF OLIVES shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south.

And ye shall flee to the valley of the mountains; for the valley of the mountains shall reach unto AZAL: yea, ye shall flee, like as ye fled from before the earthquake in the days of *Uzziah*, King of Judah: and the **LORD** my God shall come, and all the saints with thee.

And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark:

But it shall be one day which shall be known to the **LORD**, not day, nor night: but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light.

And it shall be in that day, that living waters shall go out from JERUSALEM; half of them toward the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea: in summer and in winter shall it be.

And the **LORD** shall be king over all the earth: in that day shall there be one **LORD**, and his name one.

All the land shall be turned as a plain from GEBA to RIMMON south of JERUSALEM: and it shall be lifted up, and inhabited in her place, from BENJAMIN'S GATE unto the

place of the first gate, unto the corner gate, and from the TOWER OF HANANEEL unto the king's winepresses.
 And men shall dwell in it, and there shall be no more utter destruction; but JERUSALEM shall be safely inhabited.
 And this shall be the plague wherewith the **LORD** will smite all the people that have fought against JERUSALEM; their flesh shall consume away while they stand upon their feet, and their eyes shall consume away in their holes, and their tongue shall consume away in their mouth.

XXVII.2.

The Spirit of the Lord **GOD** is upon me; because the **LORD** hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;
 To proclaim the acceptable year of the **LORD**, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn;
 To appoint unto them that mourn in ZION, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the **LORD**, that he might be glorified.
 And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

XXVII.3.

The love of money is the root of all evil.

XXVIII

XXVIII.1.

Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, he shall come, saith the **LORD** of hosts.
 But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap:
 And he shall sit as a refiner & purifier of silver: and he shall purify the sons of *Levi*, and purge them as gold & silver, that they may offer unto the **LORD** an offering in righteousness.

XXVII.2 Isaiah 61.1-4, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXVII.3 1 Timothy 6.10, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

XXVIII.1 Malachi 3-4, *The Holy Bible, King James Version.*

Then shall the offering of Judah & JERUSALEM be pleasant unto the **LORD**, as in the days of old, and as in former years.

And I will come near to you to judgement; and I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers, and against the adulterers, and against false swearers, and against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow, and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the **LORD** of hosts.

For I am the **LORD**, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.

Even from the days of your fathers ye are gone away from mine ordinances, and have not kept them. Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the **LORD** of hosts. But ye said, Wherein shall we return?

Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes & offerings.

Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation.

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the **LORD** of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the **LORD** of hosts.

And all nations shall call you blessed: for ye shall be a delightful land, saith the **LORD** of hosts.

Your words have been stout against me, saith the **LORD**. Yet ye say, What have we spoken so much against thee?

Ye have said, It is vain to serve God: and what profit is it that we have kept his ordinance, and that we have walked mournfully before the **LORD** of hosts?

And now we call the proud happy; yea, they that work wickedness are set up; yea, they that tempt God are even delivered.

Then they that feared the **LORD** spake often one to another: and the **LORD** hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the **LORD**, and that thought upon his name.

And they shall be mine, saith the **LORD** of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.

Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not.

For, behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the **LORD** of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall.

And ye shall tread down the wicked; for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet in the day that I shall do this, saith the **LORD** of hosts.

Remember ye the law of *Moses* my servant, which I commanded unto him in HOREB for all Israel, with the statutes & judgments.

Behold, I will send you *Elijah* the prophet before the coming of the great & dreadful day of the **LORD**:

And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.

XXVIII.2.

Thus saith the **LORD**: the heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool: where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest?

For all those things hath mine hand made, and all those things have been, saith the **LORD**: but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.

XXVIII.3.

How great a matter a little fire kindleth.

XXIX

XXIX.1.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I *John* saw the holy city, NEW JERUSALEM, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with

XXVIII.2 Isaiah 66.1-2, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XXVIII.3 James 3.5, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

XXIX.1 Revelation 21,22.1-5, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.

And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.

And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife.

And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy JERUSALEM, descending out of heaven from God,

Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;

And had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel:

On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates.

And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.

And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof.

And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.

And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel.

And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was

jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald;
 The fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chryso-prasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst.

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.

And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.

And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:

And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

XXIX.2.

These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God;

I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot.

So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.

Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art

wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked:

I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see.

As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne.

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.

XXIX.3.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.

XXIX.3 ¹ Timothy 6.7, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*.

November

December

I

I.1.

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no. Never can it be.
Never, never can it be.

And can he who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief & care,
Hear the woes that infants bear

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night & day,
Wiping all our tears away?
O no. Never can it be.
Never, never can it be.

He doth give his joy to all:
He becomes an infant small:
He becomes a man of woe:
He doth feel the sorrow too.

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

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
 And thy Maker is not by:
 Think not thou canst weep a tear,
 And thy Maker is not near.

O he gives to us his joy
 That our grief he may destroy:
 Till our grief is fled & gone
 He doth sit by us and moan.

I.2.

A flower was offered to me,
 Such a flower as may never bore.
 But I said I've a pretty rose tree,
 And I passed the sweet flower o'er.

Then I went to my pretty rose tree,
 To tend her by day and by night.
 But my rose turned away with jealousy,
 And her thorns were my only delight.

I.3.

If it could weep, it could arise and go.

II

II.1.

I wonder whether the girls are mad,
 And I wonder whether they mean to kill,
 And I wonder if *William Bond* will die,
 For assuredly he is very ill.

He went to church in a may morning,
 Attended by fairies, one, two & three;
 But the angels of providence drove them away,
 And he returned home in misery.

He went not out to the field nor fold,
 He went not out to the village nor town,
 But he came home in a black, black cloud,
 And took to his bed & there lay down.

And an angel of providence at his feet,
 And an angel of providence at his head,

I.2 'My Pretty Rose Tree', William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*.

I.3 Mrs Elizabeth Browning (1806 – 1861), Read and Dobrée, *The London Book of English Verse*. This is the final line of Mrs Browning's sonnet 'Grief'; 'it' is a statue.

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

And in the midst a black, black cloud,
 And in the midst the sick man on his bed.

And on his right hand was *Mary Green*,
 And on his left hand was his sister *Jane*,
 And their tears fell through the black, black cloud
 To drive away the sick man's pain.

'O *William*, if thou dost another love,
 Dost another love better than poor *Mary*,
 Go & take that other to be thy wife,
 And *Mary Green* shall her servant be.'

'Yes, *Mary*, I do another love,
 Another I love far better than thee,
 And another I will have for my wife;
 Then what have I to do with thee?

'For thou art melancholy pale,
 And on thy head is the cold moon's shine,
 But she is ruddy & bright as day,
 And the sunbeams dazzle from her eyne.'

Mary trembled & *Mary* chilled,
 And *Mary* fell down on the right-hand floor,
 That *William Bond* & his sister *Jane*
 Scarce could recover *Mary* more.

When *Mary* woke & found her laid
 On the right hand of her *William* dear,
 On the right hand of his loved bed,
 And saw her *William Bond* so near,

The fairies that fled from *William Bond*
 Danc'd around her shining head;
 They danc'd over the pillow white,
 And the angels of providence left the bed.

I thought love lived in the hot sunshine,
 But O he lives in the moony light!
 I thought to find love in the heat of day,
 But sweet love is the comforter of night.

Seek love in the pity of others' woe,
 In the gentle relief of another's care,
 In the darkness of night and the winter's snow;
 In the naked & outcast, seek love there!

II.2.

II.2 'The Chimney Sweeper', William Blake (1757 – 1827), Blake, *William Blake: Poems selected by James Fenton*. The Almanackist has omitted the first verse.

Because I was happy upon the heath,
 And smiled among the winter's snow,
 They clothed me in the clothes of death,
 And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

And because I am happy & dance & sing,
 They think they have done me no injury,
 And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King,
 Who make up a heaven of our misery.

II.3.

Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.

III

III.1.

When men were all asleep the snow came flying,
 In large white flakes falling on the city brown,
 Stealthily & perpetually settling & loosely lying,
 Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town;
 Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing;
 Lazily & incessantly floating down & down:
 Silently sifting & veiling road, roof & railing;
 Hiding difference, making unevenness even,
 Into angles & crevices softly drifting & sailing.
 All night it fell, and when full inches seven
 It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness,
 The clouds blew off from a high & frosty heaven;
 And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed brightness
 Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly glare:
 The eye marvelled – marvelled at the dazzling whiteness;
 The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn air;
 No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling,
 And the busy morning cries came thin & spare.
 Then boys I heard, as they went to school, calling,
 They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze
 Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snowballing;
 Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees;
 Or peering up from under the white-mossed wonder,
 ‘O look at the trees!’ they cried, ‘O look at the trees!’
 With lessened load a few carts creak and blunder,
 Following along the white deserted way,
 A country company long dispersed asunder:
 When now already the sun, in pale display

II.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*.

III.1 ‘London Snow’, Dr Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate (1844 – 1930), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

Standing by PAUL's high dome, spread forth below
 His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day.
 For now doors open, and war is waged with the snow;
 And trains of sombre men, past tale of number,
 Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil they go:
 But even for them awhile no cares encumber
 Their minds diverted; the daily word is unspoken,
 The daily thoughts of labour & sorrow slumber
 At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the charm they have
 broken.

III.2.

O rose, thou art sick.
 The invisible worm
 That flies in the night
 In the howling storm

 Has found out thy bed
 Of crimson joy:
 And his dark secret love
 Does thy life destroy.

III.3.

The great mistake is that of looking upon men as virtuous.

IV

IV.1.

To him who in the love of nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language; for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
 Into his darker musings, with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;
 Go forth, under the open sky, and list

III.2 'The Sick Rose', William Blake (1757 – 1827), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

III.3 Henry St John, 1st Viscount Bolingbroke (1678 – 1751), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

IV.1 'Thanatopsis', William Bryant (1794 – 1878), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. A *thanatopsis* is a meditation on death. ¶52. Barca is the name of an ancient city in Libya, hence 'barcan wilderness'. ¶54. Oregon was the original name of the Columbia river in the State of Oregon.

To nature's teachings, while from all around –
Earth & her waters, & the depths of air –
Comes a still voice –

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, & hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed & ancient as the sun, the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods – rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's grey & melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the OREGON, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings – yet the dead are there:
And 1,000,000s in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh

When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth & their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron & maid,
 The speechless babe, and the grey-headed man
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
 By those, who in their turn shall follow them.
 So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, which moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained & soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

IV.2.

Winter uncovers distances, I find;
 And so the cold and so the wintry mind
 Takes leaves away, till there is left behind
 A wide cold world. And so the heart grows blind
 To the earth's green motions lying warm below
 Field upon field, field upon field, of snow.

IV.3.

Truth lies within a little and certain compass, but error is immense.

V

V.1.

The cypress curtain of the night is spread,
 And over all a silent dew is cast.
 The weaker cares by sleep are conquerèd.
 But I alone with hideous grief aghast,
 In spite of *Morpheus'* charms a watch do keep
 Over mine eyes to banish careless sleep.

Yet oft my trembling eyes through faintness close;
 And then the map of hell before me stands,

IV.2 Witter Bynner (1881 – 1968), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

IV.3 Henry St John, 1st Viscount Bolingbroke (1678 – 1751), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

V.1 Dr Thomas Campion (1567 – 1620), Read and Dobrée, *The London Book of English Verse*.

Which ghosts do see and I am one of those
 Ordained to pine in sorrow's endless bands,
 Since from my wretched soul all hopes are reft,
 And now no cause of life to me is left.

Grief, sieze my soul for that will still endure
 When my crazed body is consumed and gone;
 Bear it to thy black den; there keep it sure,
 Where thou 10,000 souls dost tire upon:
 Yet all do not afford such food to thee
 All this poor one, the worser part of me.

V.2.

As a white candle
 In a holy place,
 So is the beauty
 Of an aged face.

As the spent radiance
 Of the winter sun,
 So is a woman
 With her travail done,

Her brood gone from her,
 And her thoughts as still
 As the waters
 Under a ruined mill.

V.3.

Everybody favours free speech in the slack moments when no
 axes are being ground.

VI

VI.1.

When midnight comes a host of dogs & men
 Go out and track the badger to his den,
 And put a sack within the hole, and lie
 Till the old grunting badger passes by.
 He comes and hears. They let the strongest loose.
 The old fox hears the noise and drops the goose.
 The poacher shoots and hurries from the cry,
 And the old hare half wounded buzzes by.
 They get a forked stick to bear him down
 And clap the dogs and take him to the town,

V.2 'The Old Woman', Joseph Campbell (1879 – 1944), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

V.3 Heywood Broun (1888 – 1939), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

VI.1 'Badger', John Clare (1793 – 1864), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

And bait him all the day with many dogs,
 And laugh & shout & fright the scampering hogs.
 He runs along and bites at all he meets:
 They shout & hollo down the noisy streets.

He turns about to face the loud uproar
 And drives the rebels to their very door.
 The frequent stone is hurled where'er they go;
 When badgers fight, then everyone's a foe.
 The dogs are clapped and urged to join the fray;
 The badger turns and drives them all away.
 Though scarcely half as big, demure & small,
 He fights with dogs for bones and beats them all.
 The heavy mastiff, savage in the fray,
 Lies down and licks his feet and turns away.
 The bulldog knows his match and waxes cold,
 The badger grins and never leaves his hold.
 He drives the crowd and follows at their heels
 And bites them through; the drunkard swears & reels.

The frightened women take the boys away,
 The blackguard laughs and hurries on the fray.
 He tries to reach the woods, an awkward race,
 But sticks & cudgels quickly stop the chase.
 He turns againn and drives the noisy crowd
 And beats the many dogs in noises loud.
 He drives away and beats them every one,
 And then they loose them all and set them on.
 He falls as dead and kicked by boys & men,
 Then starts and grins and drives the crowd again;
 Till kicked & torn & beaten out he lies
 And leaves his hold and cackles, groans, & dies.

VI.2.

To these, whom death again did wed,
 This grave's their second marriage bed.
 For though the hand of fate could force
 'Twixt soul & body a divorce,
 It could not sunder man & wife,
 Because they both lived but one life.
 Peace, good reader. Do not weep.
 Peace, the lovers are asleep.
 They, sweet turtles, folded lie
 In the last knot that love could tie.

VI.3.

VI.2 \mathbb{R} 'Upon a Young Married Couple Dead and Buryed Together', The Rev Canon Richard Crashaw (1613 – 1649), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. There is another, somewhat longer, version of this poem.

VI.3 Heywood Broun (1888 – 1939), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

Posterity is as likely to be wrong as anybody else.

VII

VII.1.

Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
 With lights by clear reflection multiplied
 From many a mirror (in which he of GATH,
Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk
 Whole without stooping, tow'ring crest & all),
 My pleasures too begin. But me perhaps
 The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile
 With faint illumination that uplifts
 The shadow to the ceiling, there by fits
 Dancing uncouthly to the quiv'ring flame.
 Not undelightful is an hour to me
 So spent in parlour twilight; such a gloom
 Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
 The mind contemplative, with some new theme
 Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.
 Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial pow'rs
 That never feel a stupor, know no pause
 Nor need one. I am conscious, and confess
 Fearless, a soul that does not always think.
 Me oft has fancy ludicrous & wild
 Soothed with a waking dream of houses, tow'rs,
 Trees, churches, & strange visages expressed
 In the red cinders, while with poring eye
 I gazed, myself creating what I saw.
 Nor less amused have I quiescent watched
 The sooty films that play upon the bars –
 Pendulous, & foreboding in the view
 Of superstition, prophesying still,
 Though still deceived, some stranger's near approach.
 'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
 In indolent vacuity of thought,
 And sleeps & is refreshed. Meanwhile the face
 Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
 Of deep deliberation, as the man
 Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed & lost.
 Thus oft reclined at ease, I lose an hour
 At evening, till at length the freezing blast
 That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home
 The recollected powers and, snapping short
 The glassy threads with which the fancy weaves

VII.1 William Cowper (1731 – 1800), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. This is an excerpt from a long poem, *The Task*, a series of urbane reflections.

Her brittle toys, restores me to myself.
 How calm is my recess, and how the frost
 Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear
 The silence & the warmth enjoyed within.
 I saw the woods & fields at close of day,
 A variegated show; the meadows green
 Though faded, and the lands where lately waved
 The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
 Upturned so lately by the forceful share.
 I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
 With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
 By flocks fast-feeding & selecting each
 His fav'rite herb; while all the leafless groves
 That skirt th'horizon wore a sable hue
 Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.
 Tomorrow brings a change, a total change
 Which even now – though silently performed
 And slowly, and by most unfelt – the face
 Of universal nature undergoes.
 Fast falls a fleecy show'r. The downy flakes
 Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
 Softly alighting upon all below,
 Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
 Gladly the thick'ning mantle, & the green
 And tender blade that feared the chilling blast
 Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

VII.2.

Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew;
 Whose short refresh upon the tender green,
 Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth show:
 And straight 'tis gone, as it had never been.
 Soon doth it fade, that makes the fairest flourish;
 Short is the glory of the blushing rose:
 The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish;
 Yet which, at length, thou must be forced to lose.
 When thou, surcharged with burden of thy years,
 Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth;
 When time hath made a passport for thy fears,
 Dated in age, the Kalends of our death:
 But, ah, no more. This hath been often told;
 And women grieve to think they must be old.

VII.3.

In you come with your cold music till I creep through every nerve.

VII.2 R Samuel Daniel (1562 – 1619), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. This is one of Daniel's sonnets 'To Delia'.

VII.3 Robert Browning (1828 – 1889), Knowles, *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. This is a line from 'A Toccata of Galuppi's'.

VIII

VIII.1.

Out walking in the frozen swamp one grey day,
 I paused and said, 'I will turn back from here.
 No, I will go on farther – and we shall see.'
 The hard snow held me, save where now & then
 One foot went through. The view was all in lines
 Straight up & down of tall slim trees
 Too much alike to mark or name a place by
 So as to say for certain I was here
 Or somewhere else: I was just far from home.
 A small bird flew before me. He was careful
 To put a tree between us when he lighted,
 And say no word to tell me who he was
 Who was so foolish as to think what he thought.
 He thought that I was after him for a feather –
 The white one in his tail; like one who takes
 Everything said as personal to himself.
 One flight out sideways would have undeceived him.
 And then there was a pile of wood for which
 I forgot him and let his little fear
 Carry him off the way I might have gone,
 Without so much as wishing him good night.
 He went behind it to make his last stand.
 It was a cord of maple, cut & split
 And piled – and measured, four by four by eight.
 And not another like it could I see.
 No runner tracks in this year's snow looped near it.
 And it was older sure than this year's cutting,
 Or even last year's or the year's before.
 The wood was grey & the bark warping off it
 And the pile somewhat sunken. Clematis
 Had wound strings round & round it like a bundle.
 What held it though on one side was a tree
 Still growing, and on one a stake & prop,
 These latter about to fall. I thought that only
 Someone who lived in turning to fresh tasks
 Could so forget his handiwork on which
 He spent himself, the labor of his axe,
 And leave it there far from a useful fireplace
 To warm the frozen swamp as best it could
 With the slow smokeless burning of decay.

VIII.2.

VIII.1 'The Wood-Pile', Robert Frost, Poet Laureate of Vermont (1874 – 1963), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

VIII.2 R 'The Philosopher and the Lover; to a Mistress dying', Sir William Davenant (1606 – 1668), Ricks, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

Your beauty, ripe & calm & fresh
 As eastern summers are,
 Must now, forsaking time and flesh,
 Add light to some small star.

‘Whilst she yet lives, were stars decayed,
 Their light by hers relief might find;
 But death will lead her to a shade
 Where love is cold and beauty blind.’

Lovers, whose priests all poets are,
 Think every mistress, when she dies,
 Is changed at least into a star:
 And who dares doubt the poets wise?

‘But ask not bodies doomed to die
 To what abode they go;
 Since knowledge is but sorrow’s spy,
 It is not safe to know.’

VIII.3.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.

IX

IX.1.

’Twas going to snow. ’Twas snowing. Curse his luck.
 And 15 mile to travel. Here was he
 With nothing but an empty pipe to suck,
 And ½ a flask of rum – but that would be
 More welcome later on. He’d had a drink
 Before he left, and that would keep him warm
 A tidy while; and ’twould be good to think
 He’d something to fall back on if the storm
 Should come to much. You never knew with snow.
 A sup of rain he didn’t mind at all,
 But snow was different with so far to go –
 Full 15 mile, and not a house of call.
 Ay, snow was quite another story, quite –
 Snow on the fell-tops with a north-east wind
 Behind it, blowing steadily with a bite
 That made you feel that you were stark & skinned.
 And those poor beasts – and they just off the boat
 A day or so, and hardly used to land –

VIII.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*.

IX.1 ‘The Drove-Road’, Wilfrid Gibson (1878 – 1962), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. ¶23. The term ‘Irish Channel’ is an archaic name for the North Channel which connects the Irish Sea with the Atlantic.

Still dizzy with the sea, their wits afloat.
 When they first reached the dock they scarce could stand,
 They'd been so joggled. It's gey bad to cross,
 After a long day's jolting in the train,
 Thon Irish Channel, always pitch & toss –
 And, heads or tails, not much for them to gain.
 And then the market, and the throng & noise
 Of yapping dogs; and they stung mad with fear,
 Weltd with switches by those senseless boys –
 He'd like to dust their jackets. But 'twas queer,
 A beast's life, when you came to think of it,
 From start to finish – queerer, ay, a lot
 Than any man's, and chancier a good bit.
 With his ash-sapling at their heels they'd got
 To travel before night those 15 miles
 Of hard fell road against the driving snow,
 Half-blinded, on & on. He thought at whiles
 'Twas just as well for them they couldn't know...
 Though, as for that, 'twas little that he knew
 Himself what was in store for him. He took
 Things as they came: 'twas all a man could do;
 And he'd kept going somehow by hook or crook.
 And here he was, with 15 mile of fell,
 And snow and... God, but it was blowing stiff.
 And no tobacco. Blessed if he could tell
 Where he had lost it – but for ½ a whiff
 He'd swop the very jacket off his back –
 Not that he'd miss the cobweb of old shreds
 That held the holes together. Thon cheap-jack
 Who'd sold it him had said it was Lord *Ted's*,
 And london-cut: but *Teddy* had grown fat
 Since he'd been made an alderman... His bid?
 And did the gentleman not want a hat
 To go with it, a topper? If he did,
 Here was the very... Hell, but it was cold,
 And driving dark it was – nigh dark as night.
 He'd almost think he must be getting old
 To feel the wind so. And long out of sight
 The beasts had trotted. Well, what odds. The way
 Ran straight for 10 miles on, and they'd go straight:
 They'd never heed a by-road. Many a day
 He'd had to trudge on, trusting them to fate,
 And always found them safe. They scamper fast,
 But in the end a man could walk them down:
 They're showy trotters, but they cannot last:
 He'd race the fastest beast for half-a-crown
 On a day's journey. Beasts were never made
 For steady travelling – drive them 20 mile

And they were done; while he was not afraid
To travel twice that distance with a smile.
But not a day like this. He'd never felt
A wind with such an edge. 'Twas like the blade
Of the rasper in the pocket of his belt
He kept for easy shaving. In his trade
You'd oft to make your toilet under a dyke –
And he was always one for a clean chin,
And carried soap. He'd never felt the like –
That wind, it cut clean through you to the skin.
He might be mother-naked, walking bare,
For all the use his clothes were, with the snow
Half blinding him and clagging to his hair
And trickling down his spine. He'd like to know
What was the sense of pegging steadily,
Chilled to the marrow, after a daft herd
Of draggled beasts he couldn't even see.
But that was him all over – just a word,
A nod, a wink, the price of $\frac{1}{2}$ & $\frac{1}{2}$,
And he'd be setting out for God-knows-where
With no more notion than a yearling calf
Where he would find himself when he got there.
And he'd been travelling hard on 60 year
The same old road, the same old giddy gait;
And he'd be walking, for a pint of beer,
Into his coffin one day, soon or late –
But not with such a tempest in his teeth,
Half-blinded and $\frac{1}{2}$ dothered, that he hoped.
He'd met a sight of weather on the heath,
But this beat all. 'Twas worse than when he'd groped
His 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!'
She was a wonder, thon, 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 dying but the fat
And oily undertakers, starved to death
For want of custom... Hell, but he would soon
Be giving them a job... It caught your breath,
That throttling wind. And it was not yet noon.
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 kindling shag down in the bowl,
Keeping the flame well shielded with his hand,
And puff & puff! He'd give his very soul
For ½ a pipe. He couldn't understand
How he had come to lose it. He'd the rum –
Ay, that was safe enough, but it would keep
A while: you never knew what chance might come
In such a storm... If he could only sleep...
If he could only sleep... That rustling sound
Of drifting snow, it made him sleepy-like –
Drowsy & dizzy, dithering round & round...
If he could only curl up under a dyke
And sleep & sleep. ... It dazzled him, that white,
Drifting & drifting round & round & round...
Just ½ a moment's snooze... He'd be all right.
It made his head quite dizzy, that dry sound
Of rustling snow: it made his head go round,
That rustling in his ears... and drifting, drifting...
If only he could sleep... He would sleep sound...
God, he was nearly gone... The storm was lifting;
And he'd run into something soft & warm –
Slap into his own beasts, and never knew.
Huddled they were, bamboozled by the storm –
And little wonder either when it blew
A blasted blizzard. Still, they'd got to go:
They couldn't stand there snoozing until night.
But they were sniffing something in the snow:
'Twas that had stopped them, something big & white –
A bundle – nay, a woman... And she slept –
But it was death to sleep. He'd nearly dropped
Asleep himself. 'Twas well that he had kept
That rum, and lucky that the beasts had stopped.
Ay, it was well that he had kept the rum:
He liked his drink, but he had never cared
For soaking by himself & sitting mum:
Even the best rum tasted better shared.

IX.2.

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

IX.3.

Of its beauty is the mind diseased.

X

X.1.

Alice, dear, what ails you,
 Dazed & lost & shaken?
 Has the chill night numbed you?
 Is it fright you have taken?

‘Mother, I am very well;
 I was never better.
 Mother, do not hold me so,
 Let me write my letter.’

Sweet, my dear, what ails you?
 ‘No, but I am well.
 The night was cold & frosty –
 There’s no more to tell.’

Ay, the night was frosty,
 Coldly gaped the moon,
 Yet the birds seemed twittering
 Through green boughs of june.

IX.2 ‘Exile’, Ernest Dowson (1867 – 1900), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*. The Almanackist has excised the third and fourth verses. Dowson dedicated this poem to the Anglo-Irish dramatist and novelist known as Conal Holmes O’Connell O’Riordan, who outlived him by almost a half-century.

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

X.1 ‘A Frosty Night’, Prof Robert Graves (1895 – 1985), Larkin, *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*.

‘Soft & thick the snow lay;
 Stars danced in the sky –
 Not all the lambs of may-day
 Skip so bold & high.’

Your feet were dancing, *Alice*,
 Seemed to dance on air,
 You looked a ghost or angel
 In the star-light there.

Your eyes were frosted star-light;
 Your heart, fire & snow.
 Who was it said, ‘I love you’?
 ‘Mother, let me go!’

X.2.

She tells her love while $\frac{1}{2}$ asleep,
 In the dark hours,
 With $\frac{1}{2}$ -words whispered low:
 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?

X.2 Prof Robert Graves (1895 – 1985), Stallworthy, *The New Penguin Book of Love Poetry*.

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.

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 fitting 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.
 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.

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

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!

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?

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.

XII.2 'Former Beauties', Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*. ¶7. 'Froom' = the river Frome.

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.

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;

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

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 carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
 Star, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
 With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
 With plume, tiara, & all rich array,
 Numerous as shadows haunting faerily
 The brain, new-stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay
 Of old romance. These let us wish away,
 And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there,
 Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
 On love, and winged St *Agnes'* saintly care,
 As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St *Agnes'* Eve,
 Young virgins might have visions of delight,
 And soft adorings from their loves receive
 Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
 If ceremonies due they did aright;
 As, supperless to bed they must retire,
 And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
 Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful *Madeline*:
 The music, yearning like a God in pain,
 She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
 Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
 Pass by – she heeded not at all: in vain
 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
 And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,
 But she saw not: her heart was elsewhere:
 She sighed for *Agnes'* dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick & short:
 The hallowed hour was near at hand: she sighs
 Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort

Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
 'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, & scorn,
 Hoodwinked with faery fancy; all amorn,
 Save to St *Agnes* & her lambs unshorn,
 And all the bliss to be before tomorrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
 She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
 Had come young *Porphyro*, with heart on fire
 For *Madeline*. Beside the portal doors,
 Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores
 All saints to give him sight of *Madeline*,
 But for one moment in the tedious hours,
 That he might gaze & worship all unseen;
 Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss – in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell:
 All eyes be muffled, or a 100 swords
 Will storm his heart, love's fev'rous citadel:
 For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
 Hyena foemen, & hot-blooded lords,
 Whose very dogs would execrations howl
 Against his lineage: not one breast affords
 Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
 Save one old beldame, weak in body & in soul.

Ah – happy chance! – the agèd creature came,
 Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
 To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
 Behind a broad half-pillar, far beyond
 The sound of merriment & chorus bland:
 He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
 And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
 Saying, 'Mercy, *Porphyro*! hie thee from this place;
 They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

'Get hence! Get hence! There's dwarfish *Hildebrand*;
 He had a fever late, and in the fit
 He cursèd thee & thine, both house & land:
 Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
 More tame for his gray hairs – Alas me! Flit!
 Flit like a ghost away.' 'Ah, gossip dear,
 We're safe enough; here in this armchair sit,
 And tell me how' – 'Good saints! Not here, not here;
 Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier.'

He followed through a lowly archèd way,
 Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,
 And as she muttered, 'Well-a—well-a-day!'
 He found him in a little moonlight room,

Pale, latticed, chill, & silent as a tomb.
 'Now tell me where is *Madeline*,' said he,
 'O tell me, *Angela*, by the holy loom
 Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
 When they *St Agnes*' wool are weaving piously.'

'*St Agnes*! Ah! It is *St Agnes*' Eve –
 Yet men will murder upon holy days:
 Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
 And be liege-lord of all the elves & fays,
 To venture so: it fills me with amaze
 To see thee, *Porphyro*! *St Agnes*' Eve!
 God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
 This very night: good angels her deceive!
 But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve.'

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
 While *Porphyro* upon her face doth look,
 Like puzzled urchin on an agèd crone
 Who keepeth closed a wond'rous riddle-book,
 As 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 storèd there
 Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
 Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
 For I am slow & feeble, and scarce dare
 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
 Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
 The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
 Or may I never leave my grave among the dead.'

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
 The lover's endless minutes slowly passed;
 The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
 To follow her; with agèd eyes aghast
 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
 The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed, & chaste;
 Where *Porphyro* took covert, pleased amain.
 His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
 Old *Angela* was feeling for the stair,
 When *Madeline*, St *Agnes'* charmèd maid,
 Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware:
 With silver taper's light, & pious care,
 She turned, and down the agèd gossip led
 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
 Young *Porphyro*, for gazing on that bed;
 She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed & fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin
 To spirits of the air, & visions wide:

No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high & triple-arched there was,
 All garlanded with carven imag'ries
 Of fruits, & flowers, & bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains & splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong 1000 heraldries,
 And twilight saints, & dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens & kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on *Madeline's* fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace & boon;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly dressed,
 Save wings, for heaven: *Porphyro* grew faint:
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees;
 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, ½ anguished, threw thereon
 A cloth of woven crimson, gold, & jet:
 O for some drowsy morphean amulet!
 The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
 The kettle-drum, & far-heard clarinet,
 Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:
 The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
 In blanchèd linen, smooth, & lavendered,
 While he forth from the closet brought a heap
 Of candied apple, quince, & plum, & gourd;
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
 And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
 Manna & dates, in argosy transferred
 From FEZ; & spicèd dainties, every one,
 From silken SAMARCAND to cedared Lebanon.

These delicacies he heaped with glowing hand
 On golden dishes & in baskets bright
 Of wreathèd silver: sumptuous they stand
 In the retirèd quiet of the night,
 Filling the chilly room with perfume light.
 'And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
 Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
 Open thine eyes, for meek St *Agnes*' sake,
 Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.'

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm
 Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
 By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm
 Impossible to melt as icèd stream:
 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
 It seemed he never, never could redeem
 From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes;
 So mused awhile, entailed in woofèd phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,
 Tumultuous, and, in chords that tenderest be,
 He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
 In Provence called, "La belle dame sans mercy":

Close to her ear touching the melody;
 Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan:
 He ceased – she panted quick – and suddenly
 Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone:
 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
 Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
 There was a painful change, that nigh expelled
 The blisses of her dream so pure & deep
 At which fair *Madeline* began to weep,
 And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
 While still her gaze on *Porphyro* would keep;
 Who knelt, with joinèd hands & piteous eye,
 Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

‘Ah, *Porphyro*!’ said she, ‘But even now
 Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
 Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
 And those sad eyes were spiritual & clear:
 How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, & drear!
 Give me that voice again, my *Porphyro*,
 Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
 O leave me not in this eternal woe,
 For if thy diest, my love, I know not where to go.’

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
 At these voluptuous accents, he arose
 Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
 Seen ’mid the sapphire heaven’s deep repose;
 Into her dream he melted, as the rose
 Blendeth its odour with the violet –
 Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
 Like love’s alarum pattering the sharp sleet
 Against the window-panes; St *Agnes*’ moon hath set.

’Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
 ‘This is no dream, my bride, my *Madeline*!’
 ’Tis dark: the icèd gusts still rave & beat:
 ‘No dream, Alas! Alas! And woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade & pine.
 Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
 I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
 Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;
 A dove forlorn & lost with sick unpruned wing.’

‘My *Madeline*! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
 Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
 Thy beauty’s shield, heart-shaped & vermeil-dyed?
 Ah silver shrine, here will I take my rest

After so many hours of toil & quest,
 A famished pilgrim, saved by miracle.
 Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
 Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
 To trust, fair *Madeline*, to no rude infidel.

'Hark! 'Tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
 Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
 Arise! Arise! the morning is at hand;
 The bloated wassaillers will never heed:
 Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
 There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,
 Drowned all in rhenish & the sleepy mead:
 Awake! Arise, my love, and fearless be,
 For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee.'

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
 For there were sleeping dragons all around,
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears,
 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.
 In all the house was heard no human sound.
 A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;
 The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, & hound,
 Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
 And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
 Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;
 Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
 With a huge empty flaggon by his side:
 The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
 By one, & one, the bolts full easy slide:
 The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
 These lovers fled away into the storm.
 That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,
 And all his warrior-guests, with shade & form
 Of witch, & demon, & large coffin-worm,
 Were long be-nightmared. *Angela* the old
 Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform;
 The beadsman, after 1000 aves told,
 For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

XIII.2.

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

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 crushèd in the bud,
 A nameless piece of babyhood,
 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;

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*.

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

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

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.

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.’

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.

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.

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 huntsman?

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-PRZZ.

XV.2 \mathbb{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.1 \mathbb{R} Prof Henry Longfellow (1807 – 1882), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

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.

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.

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.

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

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,
 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,

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'.

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.

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.

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

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.

Beautiful RAILWAY BRIDGE of the silvery TAY!
Alas! I am very sorry to say
That 90 lives have been taken away
On the last sabbath day of eighteen seventy-nine,
Which will be remembered for a very long time.

'Twas about seven o'clock at night,
And the wind it blew with all its might,
And the rain came pouring down,
And the dark clouds seemed to frown,
And the demon of the air seemed to say,
'I'll blow down the BRIDGE OF TAY.'

When the train left EDINBURGH
The passengers' hearts were light & felt no sorrow,
But *Boreas* blew a terrific gale,
Which made their hearts for to quail,
And many of the passengers with fear did say,
'I hope God will send us safe across the BRIDGE OF TAY.'

But when the train came near to WORMIT BAY,
Boreas he did loud & angry bray,
And shook the central girders of the BRIDGE OF TAY
On the last sabbath day of eighteen seventy-nine,
Which will be remembered for a very long time.

So the train sped on with all its might,
And bonny DUNDEE soon hove in sight,
And the passengers' hearts felt light,
Thinking they would enjoy themselves on the New Year,
With their friends at home they loved most dear,
And wish them all a happy New Year.

So the train moved slowly along the BRIDGE OF TAY,
Until it was about midway,
Then the central girders with a crash gave way,
And down went the train & passengers into the TAY!
The storm fiend did loudly bray,
Because 90 lives had been taken away,
On the last sabbath day of eighteen seventy-nine,
Which will be remembered for a very long time.

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
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.

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.

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.

'Out 'mong the sheep, her be,' they said;
 'Should properly have been abed;
 But sure enough she wasn't there
 Lying awake with her wide brown stare.
 So over seven-acre field & up-along across the down
 We chased her, flying like a hare
 Before out lanterns. To CHURCH-TOWN
 All in a shiver & a scare
 We caught her, fetched her home at last
 And turned the key upon her, fast.

She does the work about the house
 As well as most, but like a mouse:
 Happy enough to chat & play
 With birds & rabbits & such as they,
 So long as men-folk keep away.
 'Not near, not near!' her eyes beseech
 When one of us comes within reach.
 The women say that beasts in stall
 Look round like children at her call.
 I've hardly heard her speak at all.

Shy as a leveret, swift as he,
 Straight & slight as a young larch tree,
 Sweet as the first wild violets, she,
 To her wild self. But what to me?

The short days shorten & the oaks are brown;
 The blue smoke rises to the low grey sky;
 One leaf in the still air falls slowly down;
 A magpie's spotted feathers lie
 On the black earth spread white with rime;
 The berries redden up to Christmas-time.
 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,

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.

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.

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.

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*.

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.

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.

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,
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:

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".

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*.

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.

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.

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*.

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,
 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.

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*.

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.

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 pearly 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, ½ in tenderness & mirth –
 Its mother’s face with heaven’s collected tears,
 When the low wind, its playmate’s voice, it hears.

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.1 ‘A Dream of the Unknown’, Percy Shelley (1792 – 1822), Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*.

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.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;

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.

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.

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

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

XXV.1 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*.

XXV.2 R 'A Complaint by Night of the Lover not Beloved', Sir Philip Sidney (1554 – 1586), Hayward, *The Penguin Book of English Verse*.

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.
 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.

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*.

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,
 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 ½ 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,

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*.

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.

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.

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...'

XXVIII.1 Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, Poet Laureate (1809 – 1892), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

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.

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,

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.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.

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,
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.2 'Mutability', Dr William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate (1770 – 1850), Stallworthy, *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*.

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-yeild 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 ½ 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 are sober dreamers, grave & wise
And pregnant with discoveries new & rare.
Some 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 known 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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 o'er 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 dew.
 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 mellows 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 ½ 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 ½ 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 ½ 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 R ‘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 ½ 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 ½ 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 loathed 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 *Ὀδύσσεια* 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 Ἀγαμέμνων.

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 ½ 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 ½ 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 ½ 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, ½ 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 ½-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 ½ 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 shrieve 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 ½ 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 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, ½ 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*.

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 prolongeth his life in his wickedness.

Be not righteous over much; neither make thyself over wise: why shouldest thou destroy thyself ?

Be not over much wicked, neither be thou foolish: why shouldest thou die before thy time?

It is good that thou shouldest take hold of this; yea, also from this withdraw not thine hand: for he that feareth God shall come forth of them all.

Wisdom strengtheneth the wise more than ten mighty men which are in the city.

For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not.

Also take no heed unto all words that are spoken; lest thou hear thy servant curse thee:

For oftentimes also thine own heart knoweth that thou thyself likewise hast cursed others.

All this have I proved by wisdom: I said, I will be wise; but it was far from me.

That which is far off, and exceeding deep, who can find it out?

I applied mine heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the reason of things, and to know the wickedness of folly, even of foolishness and madness:

And I find more bitter than death the woman, whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands: whoso pleaseth God shall escape from her; but the sinner shall be taken by her.

Behold, this have I found, saith the preacher, counting one by one, to find out the account:

Which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not: one man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found.

Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.

XXII of the month

Who is as the wise man? and who knoweth the interpretation of a thing? a man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the boldness of his face shall be changed.

I counsel thee to keep the king's commandment, and that in regard of the oath of God.

Be not hasty to go out of his sight: stand not in an evil thing; for he doeth whatsoever pleaseth him.

Where the word of a king is, there is power: and who may say unto him, What doest thou?

Whoso keepeth the commandment shall feel no evil thing: and a wise man's heart discerneth both time and judgment.

Because to every purpose there is time and judgment, therefore the misery of man is great upon him.

For he knoweth not that which shall be: for who can tell him when it shall be?

There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death: and there is no discharge in that war; neither shall wickedness deliver those that are given to it.

All this have I seen, and applied my heart unto every work that is done under the sun: there is a time wherein one man ruleth over another to his own hurt.

XXIII of the month

And so I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy, and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done: this is also vanity.

Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.

Though a sinner do evil an hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before him:

But it shall not be well with the wicked, neither shall he prolong his days, which are as a shadow; because he feareth not before God.

There is a vanity which is done upon the earth; that there be just men, unto whom it happeneth according to the work of the wicked; again, there be wicked men, to whom it happeneth according to the work of the righteous: I said that this also is vanity.

Then I commended mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry: for that shall abide with him of his labour the days of his life, which God giveth him under the sun.

When I applied mine heart to know wisdom, and to see the business that is done upon the earth: (for also there is that neither day nor night seeth sleep with his eyes:)

Then I beheld all the work of God, that a man cannot find out the work that is done under the sun: because though a man labour to seek it out, yet he shall not find it; yea farther; though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it.

XXIV of the month

☞ For all this I considered in my heart even to explore all this, that the righteous, and the wise, and their works, are in the hand of God: no man knoweth whether it be love or hatred; all is before them.

All things come alike to all: there is one event to the righteous, and to the wicked; to the good and to the clean, and to the unclean; to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not: as is the good, so is the sinner; and he that sweareth, as he that feareth an oath.

This is an evil among all things that are done under the sun, that there is one event unto all: yea, also the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead.

For to him that is joined to all the living there is hope: for a living dog is better than a dead lion.

For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten.

☞ Their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever in any thing that is done under the sun.

Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works.

Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment.

Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity, which he hath given thee under the sun, all the days of thy vanity: for that is thy portion in this life, and in thy labour which thou takest under the sun.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.

I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

For man also knoweth not his time: as the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare; so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them.

XXV of the month

This wisdom have I seen also under the sun, and it seemed great unto me:

There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it:

Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man.

Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength: nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.

The words of wise men are heard in quiet more than the cry of him that ruleth among fools.

Wisdom is better than weapons of war: but one sinner destroyeth much good.

XXVI of the month

Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour.

A wise man's heart is at his right hand; but a fool's heart at his left.

Yea also, when he that is a fool walketh by the way, his wisdom faileth him, and he saith to every one that he is a fool.

If the spirit of the ruler rise up against thee, leave not thy place; for yielding pacifieth great offences.

There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, as an error which proceedeth from the ruler:

Folly is set in great dignity, and the rich sit in low place.

I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking as servants upon the earth.

He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it; and whoso breaketh an hedge, a serpent shall bite him.

Whoso removeth stones shall be hurt therewith; and he that cleaveth wood shall be endangered thereby.

If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength: but wisdom is profitable to direct.

☞ If the serpent bite before it is enchanted, then is there no advantage in the charmer.

The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious; but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself.

The beginning of the words of his mouth is foolishness: and the end of his talk is mischievous madness.

A fool also is full of words: a man cannot tell what shall be; and what shall be after him, who can tell him?

The labour of the foolish wearieth every one of them, because he knoweth not how to go to the city.

Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes eat in the morning!

Blessed art thou, O land, when thy king is the son of nobles, and thy princes eat in due season, for strength, and not for drunkenness!

By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through.

A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry: but money answereth all things.

Curse not the king, no not in thy thought; and curse not the rich in thy bed-chamber: for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.

XXVII of the month

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.

Give a portion to seven, and also to eight; for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth.

If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth: and if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.

As thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child: even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.

XXVIII of the month

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun:

But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity.

XXIX of the month

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his everlasting home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.

XXX of the month

And moreover, because the preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs.

The preacher sought to find out acceptable words: and that which was written was upright, even words of truth.

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd.

And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

The Song of Solomon

First-day (I, VIII, XV and XXII of the month)

The song of songs, which is Solomon's.

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine.

Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee.

Draw me, we will run after thee: the king hath brought me into his chambers: we will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love more than wine: rightly do they love thee.

I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.

Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept.

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?

If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.

I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.

Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold.

We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver.

While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.

A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.

My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi.

Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes.

Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: also our bed is green.

The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir.

Second-day (II, IX, XVI and XXII of the month)

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.

As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.

As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick from love.

His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.

The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;

The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle dove is heard in our land; ❧

The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.

My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

Third-day (III, X, XVII and XXIV of the month)

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

The watchmen that go about the city found me: to whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?

It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.

Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?

Behold his bed, which is Solomon's; threescore valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel.

They all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.

King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.

He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.

Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

Fourth-day (IV, XI, XVIII and XXV of the month)

Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead.

Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them.

Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.

Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.

Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.

Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.

Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon: look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.

Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.

How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! how much better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thine ointments than all spices!

Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb: honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.

A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard,

Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices:

A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.

Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.

Fifth-day (V, XII, XIX and XXVI of the month)

I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.

I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.

I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?

My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my heart was moved for him.

I rose up to open to my beloved; and my hands dropped with myrrh, and my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.

I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone: my soul failed when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.

The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick from love.

What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? what is thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?

My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven.

His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set.

His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers: his lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.

His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl: his belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.

His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.

His mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

Sixth-day (VI, XIII, XX and XXVII of the month)

Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with thee.

My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine: he feedeth among the lilies.

Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.

Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead.

Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them.

As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.

There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number.

My dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her. The daughters saw her, and blessed her; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.

Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?

I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished and the pomegranates budded.

Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadib.

Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee. What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies.

Seventh-day (VII, XIV, XXI and XXVIII of the month)

How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! the joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman.

Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies.

Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins.

Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bathrabbim: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.

Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple; the king is held in the galleries.

How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!

This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters of grapes.

I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof: now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy breath like apples;

And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine for my beloved, that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.

I am my beloved's, and his desire is toward me.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages.

Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves.

The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

Eighth-day (XXIX of the month)

O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised.

I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, who would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate.

His left hand should be under my head, and his right hand should embrace me.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, until he please.

Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee up under the apple tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there she brought thee forth that bare thee.

Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?

If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver: and if she be a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.

I am a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.

Solomon had a vineyard at Baalhamon; he let out the vineyard unto keepers; every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.

My vineyard, which is mine, is before me: thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand, and those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.

Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice: cause me to hear it.

Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.

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NOTE: 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.