Teil II.

Englische Gedichte.

Speak the Truth.

The child who learns to hate a lie,
And scorns to feign a false reply,
To cover faults or errors done,
Love and forgiveness both hath won.

5 For truth both gentle is and brave,
But Falsehood is a coward knave,
Who vainly tries his fault to screen
By lying words most base and mean.

The Royal Readers II.

One Thing at a Time.

Work while you work, play while you play;
10 That is the way to be cheerful and gay.
All that you do, do with your might;
Things done by halves are never done right.

One thing at a time, and that done well,
Js a very good rule, as many can tell.
15 Moments are useless trifled away;
So work while you work, play while you play.

M. A. Stodart.

Boys wanted.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything —
20 These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones
That all trouble magnify,
Not the watchword of „J can't“,
But the nobler one „J'll try“.

Do whate'er you have to do,
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

5 Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

At the anvil or the farm,
10 Wheresoever you may be —
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

My Heart's in the Highlands.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer;
15 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe.
My heart's in the Highlands wherever J go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever J wander, wherever J rove,
20 The hills of the Highlands for ever J love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!

25 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever J go.

Robert Burns.

The Evening Bells.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
30 How many a tale their music tells,

Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last J heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are past away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
5 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
10 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

Thomas Moore.

The Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
15 No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
20 To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
25 Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
30 The gems drop away,
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Thomas Moore.

He never smiled again.*

The bark which held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves roll'd on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived — for life may long be borne,
Ere sorrow break its chain; —
Why comes not death to those who mourn?
He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms before his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him pass'd the young and fair,
Jn pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dash'd o'er his son's bright hair —
He never smiled again.

He sat where festal bowls went round;
He heard the minstrel sing;
He saw the tourney's victory crown'd
Amidst the knightly ring;
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep —
He never smiled again!

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly pour'd,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board;
Graves, which true love had bath'd with tears,
Were left to heaven's bright rain;
Fresh hopes were born for other years —
He never smiled again!

Felicia Hemans.

*) In 1120, Prince William, only son of Henry I, was drowned, together with all his companions and the crew of the ship, with the White Ship.

God save the King.

God save our gracions King,
God save our noble King:
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
5 Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
10 And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix:
God save the King!

15 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws;
And ever give us cause,
20 To sing, with heart and voice,
God save the King!

Anonymous.

Rule Britannia.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
25 And guardian angels sung this strain:
Rule Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves!

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall,
30 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak:
5 Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown:
10 Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine!
15 Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Jsle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard thee fair.
20 Rule Britannia, &c.

James Thomson.

Don't give up the Ship.

You 're on the sea of life, boys;
Your ship is stanch and strong;
You 're sailing smoothly now, boys,
But storms will come ere long.
25 Then boldly furl your sail, boys,
And let the tempest „rip";
Stand bravely by the helm, boys,
And *"Don't give up the Ship!"*

Tough clouds o'ercast the sky, boys,
30 The sun is bright behind;
And though the waves roll high, boys,
They'll soon calm down, you'll find.

So always keep up heart, boys,
With cheerful eye and lip;
And let your watchword e'er, boys,
Be, "*Don't give up the Ship!*"

Beyond the raging sea, boys,
You'll find at last a rest,
Jf only on your trip, boys,
You always do your best.
There waits for each a crown, boys,
So take a manly grip;
There waits for all eternal life
Who "*Don't give up the Ship!*"

Hester Hunt.

The Highland Laddie.

The boniest lad that e'er J saw,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw,
Bonie Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
His royal heart was firm and true,
Bonie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonie Lawland lassie.
Glory, Honour, now invite,
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,
For Freedom and my King to fight.
Bonie Lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage shake;
Bonie Highland laddie.

Go, for yoursel' procure renown,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
And for your lawful King his crown,
Bonie Highland laddie!

Robert Burns.

Ye Mariners of England. — A Naval Ode.

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave! —
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below, —
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow.
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell.

Bruce's Adress.

(too his army at the battle of Bannockburn.)

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day and now's the hour.
See the front o'battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power, —
Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Ssotland's king and law?
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Free man stand or free man fa',
Caledonian? on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die!

Robert Burns.

Love of England.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country; and while yet a nook is left
5 Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
10 And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
15 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task;
But I can feel thy fortunes and partake
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
20 Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.

William Cowper.

Prayer for Scotland.

(The two last stanzas of the Cotter's Saturday Night.)

(On a tour to the south of Scotland, in May 1787, Burns, having crossed the Tweed over Coldstream bridge, knelt down on the English side and poured forth, uncovered, and with strong emotion, the prayer for Scotland.)

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
25 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, Oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile;

Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Jsle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
Jn bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

Robert Burns.

Home.

(written in the West-Jndies.)

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and toxe-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.

Jn every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer sweeter spot than all the rest.
„Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?"
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — — look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

Montyomery.

To a Mountain Daisy.

(on turning one down with the plough.)

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For J maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r.
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east!

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
Jn humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies! . . . . .

Robert Burns.

The Daffodils.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
5 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
10 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;
15 A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed and gazed, but little thought,
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie
20 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.

Wordsworth.

By the Rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept.

25 We sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slanghters!
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye, o her desolate daughters!
30 Were scatter'd all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Wich roll'd on in freedom below,
They demanded the song, but, oh never

That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be wither'd for ever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,
O Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee:
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me!

Lord Byron.

Ave Maria.

When evening shades are falling
O'er Ocean's sunny sleep,
To pilgrims' hearts recalling
Their home beyond the deep;
When, rest o'er all descending,
The shores with gladness smile,
And lutes, their echoes blending,
Are heard from isle to isle,
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray to thee!

The noon-day tempest over,
Now Ocean toils no more,
And wings of halcyons hover,
Where all was strife before.
Oh thus may life, in closing
Its short tempestuous day,
Beneath heaven's smile reposing,
Shine all its storms away:
Thus Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray to thee!

Thomas Moore.

The Village Blacksmith.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,

With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
5 His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

10 Week in, week-out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
15 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
20 And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a thrashing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
25 He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

Longfellow.

The Love of Country.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
30 This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;

For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf
5 The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

10 O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
15 Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as J view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
20 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus J love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
25 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot-stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

Walter Scott.

The Drachenfels.

Childe Harold. Canto III. 55.

30 The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
35 And fields which promise corn and wine,

And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which J should see
With double joy wert thou with me.

5 And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
10 And many a rock which steeply lowers;
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine, —
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

15 J send the lilies given to me;
Though, long before thy hand they touch,
J know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such:
For J have cherish'd them as dear;
20 Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gatter'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

25 The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
30 Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine.

Lord Byron.

Rome.

Childe Harold. Canto IV. 78—81. (1818).

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
5 What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day —
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

10 The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now;
15 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood and Fire,
20 Have dwelt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride:
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarch ride,
Where the car climb'd the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site: —
25 Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, „Here was, or is", where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Jgnorance, hath wrapt, and wrap
30 All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
35 Our hands, and cry „Eureka!" it is clear —
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Lord Byron.

Highland Mary.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
5 There simmer first unfald her robes,
And there they langest tarry;
For there J tcok the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
10 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
J clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
15 For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary,

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parties was fu'tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
20 We tore oursels asunder;
But oh; fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

25 O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
J aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
30 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Robert Burns.

To Mary in Heaven.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
Thou lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day,
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green,
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still, o'er this scene my mem'ry wakes
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th'impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Robert Burns.

Oft, in the Stilly Night.

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
They eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

When J remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
J've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wint'ry weather;
J feel like one,
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral-note,
As his corpse to the ramparts 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,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

Whe thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and 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; —
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
Jn the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone, —
But we left him alone with his glory.

Charles Wolff.

Song.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good-morrow,
But sweeter to hark in the twinkling dark
To the soothing song of sorrow.

Oh nightingale! What doth she ail!
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

5 The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.
As sweet a lay, as loud as gay,
10 The nightingale is thrilling;
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling;

Yet ever and anon a sigh,
Peers through her lavish mirth:
15 For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And her's is of the earth.
By night and day she tunes her lay
To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,
20 And woe may come to-morrow.

Coleridge.

The Path by which we twain did go.

In Memoriam.

The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:

25 And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walk'd began
30 To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended, following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold;
30 And wrapp'd thee formless in the fold,
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip;

And bore thee where J could not see
Nor follow, though J walk in haste;
And think that, somewhere in the waste,
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

Tennyson.