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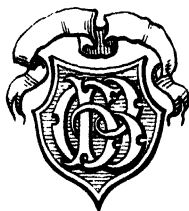
# POETRY OF THE YEAR

PASSAGES FROM THE POETS

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE SEASONS.

WITH TWENTY-TWO COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS

BY EMINENT ARTISTS.



LONDON:

GEORGE BELL, 186 FLEET STREET.

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POETRY OF THE YEAR.

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POE

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HEMANS.

I COME! I come! ye have call'd me long—  
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!  
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth  
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,  
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers  
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,  
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes  
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains;—  
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

I have look'd on the hills of the stormy North,  
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,  
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,  
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,  
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky ;  
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,  
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,  
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain ;  
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,  
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,  
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,  
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,  
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !

Come forth, O ye children of gladness ! come !  
Where the violets lie may be now your home.  
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,  
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly !  
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,  
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,  
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen !  
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,  
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth !  
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,  
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

## SPRING.

But ye! — ~~ye~~ **are** changed since ye met me last!  
There is ~~something~~ bright from your features pass'd!  
There is that ~~come~~ over your brow and eye  
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!  
—Ye smile! but ~~your~~ smile hath a dimness yet:  
Oh! what have ~~you~~ look'd on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye **are** changed! — and I see not here  
All whom I saw in the ~~vanish'd~~ year!  
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,  
Which toss'd in the breeze ~~with~~ a play of light;  
There were eyes in whose glistening laughter lay  
No faint remembrance of dull decay!

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,  
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;  
There were voices that rang through the sapphire sky,  
And had not a sound of mortality!  
Are they gone? is their mirth from the mountains pass'd?  
—Ye have look'd on Death since ye met me last.

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now —  
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!  
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace —  
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,  
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown:  
They are gone from amongst you in silence down!

They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair,  
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!  
But I know of a land where there falls no blight —  
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!  
Where Death midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,  
I tarry no longer — farewell, farewell!



## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne —  
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn !  
For me, I depart to a brighter shore —  
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more :  
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,  
And the flowers are not Death's. — Fare ye well, farewell !

### SPENSER.

YOUNG folk now flock in everywhere,  
To gather May-bushes, and smelling brere.  
And home they hasten, the posts to dight,  
And all the kirk pillars, ere day-light,  
With hawthorn-buds, and sweet eglantine,  
And garlands of roses. —  
Even this morning — no longer ago,  
I saw a shole of shepherds outgo,  
With singing, and shouting, and jolly cheer :  
Before them went a lusty tabourer,  
That unto many a hornpipe play'd,  
Whereto they danced, each one with his maid.  
To see these folk making such joyance  
Made my heart after the pipe to dance.  
Then to the greenwood they speed them all  
To fetch home May, with their musical :  
And home they bring him, in a royal throne,  
Crowned as king ; and his queen — fair one,  
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend  
A fair flock of fairies, and a fresh bend  
Of lovely nymphs. O that I were there,  
To help the ladies their May-bush to bear !

## SPRING.

### EARL OF SURREY.

THE sweet season that bud and bloome 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 fleet with new-repaired scale:  
The adder all her slough away she flings,  
The swift swallow pursues the flies small,  
The busy bee her honey now she mings.  
Winter is worn that was the flower's bale,  
And thus I see, among those pleasant things,  
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

### MILTON.

#### ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.  
Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

POETRY OF THE YEAR.

CLARE.

THE snow has left the cottage-top ;  
The thatch-moss grows in brighter green ;  
And eaves in quick succession drop,  
Where grinning icicles have been,  
Pit-patting with a pleasant noise  
In tubs set by the cottage-door ;  
While ducks and geese, with happy joys,  
Plunge in the yard-pond brimming o'er.  
The sun peeps through the window-pane,  
Which children mark with laughing eye,  
And in the wet streets steal again,  
To tell each other spring is nigh.  
Then as young Hope the past recalls,  
In playing groups they often draw,  
To build beside the sunny walls  
Their spring-time huts of sticks or straw.  
And oft in pleasure's dream they lie  
Round homesteads by the village side,  
Scratching the hedge-row mosses by,  
Where painted pooty shells abide ;  
Mistaking oft the ivy spray  
For leaves that come with budding spring,  
And wondering, in their search for play,  
Why birds delay to build and sing.  
The mavis thrush, with wild delight,  
Upon the orchard's dripping tree  
Mutters, to see the day so bright,  
Fragments of young Hope's poesy ;  
And Dame oft stops her buzzing wheel,  
To hear the robin's note once more,  
Who tootles while he pecks his meal  
From sweet-briar hips beside the door.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

DAY: A PASTORAL.

IN the barn the tenant cock,  
Close to Partlet perch'd on high,  
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock)!  
Jocund that the morning's nigh.



Swiftly from the mountain's brow,  
Shadows, nursed by night, retire:  
And the peeping sunbeam, now,  
Paints with gold the village spire,

Philomel forsakes the thorn,  
Plaintive where she prates at night;  
And the lark, to meet the morn,  
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,  
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;  
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,  
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top  
Gently greets the morning gale!  
Kidlings, now, begin to crop  
Daisies, in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,  
(Restless till her task be done),  
Now the busy bee's employ'd  
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock,  
Where the limpid stream distills,  
Sweet refreshment waits the flock  
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promised corn  
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)  
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,  
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,  
On the white emblossom'd spray!  
Nature's universal song  
Echoes to the rising day.

## SPRING.

HERRICK.

### CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING.

GET up, get up for shame! the blooming Morn  
Upon her wings presents the God unshorn!

See how Aurora throws her fair  
Fresh-quilted colours through the air!—  
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed! and see  
The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east  
Above an hour since, yet you not dress'd!—

Nay, not so much as out of bed,  
When all the birds have matins said,  
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin—  
Nay, profanation, to keep in,

Whereas a thousand virgins on this day  
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May!

Rise! and put on your foliage, and be seen  
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
For jewels for your gown or hair;  
Fear not, for the leaves will strew  
Gems in abundance upon you;—

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,  
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:

Come, and receive them while the light  
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,  
And Titan on the eastern hill

Retires himself, or else stands still  
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:  
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna ! come, and coming, mark  
 How each field turns a street—each street a park,  
     Made green, and trimm'd with trees !—see how  
     Devotion gives each house a bough  
     Or branch !—each porch, each door, ere this  
     An ark, a tabernacle is,  
 Made up of whitehorn neatly interwove,  
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
     Can such delights be in the street  
     And open fields, and we not see 't ?  
     Come, we 'll abroad, and let 's obey  
     The proclamation made for May,  
 And sin no more, as we have done by staying,  
 But, my Corinna ! come, let 's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day  
 But is got up and gone to bring in May.  
     A deal of youth ere this has come  
     Back, and with whitehorn laden home :  
     Some have dispatch'd their cakes and cream  
     Before that we have ceased to dream ;  
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,  
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :  
     Many a green gown has been given ;  
     Many a kiss, both odd and even ;  
     Many a glance, too, has been sent  
     From out the eye, love's firmament ;  
 Many a jest told of the key's betraying  
 This night, and locks pick'd ;—yet we're not a-Maying !

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,  
 And take the harmless folly of the time :  
     We shall grow old apace and die  
     Before we know our liberty.

## SPRING.

Our life is short, and our days run  
As fast away as does the sun :  
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain,  
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,  
So when or you or I are made  
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,  
All love, all liking, all delight,  
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.  
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,  
Come, my Corinna ! come, let's go a-Maying.

## CLARE.

WELCOME, pale primrose ! starting up between  
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strew  
The every lawn, the wood, and spinny through,  
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green ;  
How much thy presence beautifies the ground,  
How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride,  
Glow on the sunny bank, and wood's warm side.  
And when thy fairy flowers in groups are found,  
The school-boy roams enchantedly along,  
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight ;  
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,  
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight ;  
O'erjoy'd to see the flowers that truly bring  
The welcome news of sweet returning Spring.



## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

### ROSCOE.

*(From the German of Conrad of Kirchberg.)*

MAY, sweet May, again is come,—  
May that frees the land from gloom;  
Children, children! up and see  
All her stores of jollity.  
On the laughing hedgerow's side  
She hath spread her treasures wide;  
She is in the greenwood shade,  
Where the nightingale hath made  
Every branch and every tree  
Ring with her sweet melody:  
Hill and dale are May's own treasures,  
Youths, rejoice! In sportive measures  
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!  
Hail this merry, merry May!  
Up! then, children! we will go,  
Where the blooming roses grow;  
In a joyful company,  
We the bursting flowers will see;  
Up, your festal dress prepare!  
Where gay hearts are meeting, there  
May hath pleasures most inviting,  
Heart, and sight, and ear, delighting.  
Listen to the bird's sweet song,  
Hark! how soft it floats along.  
Courtly dames! our pleasure share;  
Never saw I May so fair:  
Therefore, dancing will we go,  
Youths, rejoice! the flow'rets blow!  
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!  
Hail this merry, merry May!

## SPRING.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call,  
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep!  
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall  
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,  
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray  
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!  
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,  
Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours,  
And pencilling the wood anemone:  
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful-eye  
Glow with mute poesy.

But what awakest thou in the heart, O Spring!  
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs?  
Thou that givest back so many a buried thing,  
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!  
Fresh songs and scents break forth, where'er thou art—  
What wakest thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much! We know not well  
Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by thee,  
What fond; strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,  
Gush for the faces we no more may see!  
How are we haunted, in the wind's low tone,  
By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,  
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,  
Past words of welcome to our household door,  
And vanish'd smiles, and sounds of parted feet,—  
Spring! midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,  
Why, why revivest thou these?

## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

Vain longings for the dead!—why come they back  
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms?  
Oh! is it not, that from thine earthly track  
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?  
Yes, gentle Spring! no sorrow dims thine air,  
Breathed by our loved ones *there*!

### THOMSON.

THE hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves  
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,  
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,  
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;  
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,  
And the birds sing conceal'd. 'At once, array'd  
In all the colours of the flushing year,  
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,  
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air  
With lavish fragrance; while the promised fruit  
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,  
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,  
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,  
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,  
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops  
From the bent bush as through the verdant maze  
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;  
Or taste the smell of dairy: or ascend  
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,  
And see the country far diffused around,  
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower  
Of mingled blossoms, where the raptured eye  
Hurries from joy to joy.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

A WALK BY THE WATER.

LET us walk where reeds are growing,  
By the alders in the mead ;  
Where the crystal streams are flowing,  
In whose waves the fishes feed.



There the golden carp is laving,  
With the trout, the perch, and bream ;  
Mark ! their flexile fins are waving,  
As they glance along the stream.

## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

Now they sink in deeper billows,  
Now upon the surface rise;  
Or from under roots of willows,  
Dart to catch the water flies.

Midst the reeds and pebbles hiding,  
See the minnow and the roach;  
Or by water-lilies gliding,  
Shun with fear our near approach.

Do not dread us, timid fishes,  
We have neither net nor hook;  
Wanderers we, whose only wishes  
Are to read in Nature's book.

## LEIGH HUNT.

FOR lo! no sooner has the cold withdrawn,  
Than the bright elm is tufted on the lawn;  
The merry sap has run up in the bowers,  
And burst the windows of the buds in flowers;  
With song the bosoms of the birds run o'er,  
The cuckoo calls, the swallow's at the door,  
And apple-trees at noon, with bees alive,  
Burn with the golden chorus of the hive.  
Now all these sweets, these sounds, this vernal blaze,  
Is but one joy, express'd a thousand ways:  
And honey from the flowers, and song from birds,  
Are from the poet's pen his overflowing words.

COLERIDGE.

ALL is still,  
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,  
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers  
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find  
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.  
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,  
“Most musical, most melancholy” bird!  
A melancholy bird! Oh! idle thought!  
In Nature there is nothing melancholy.

. . . . .  
’Tis the merry Nightingale  
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates  
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,  
As he were fearful that an April night  
Would be too short for him to utter forth  
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul  
Of all its music!

I know a grove  
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,  
Which the great lord inhabits not: and so  
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,  
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,  
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths;  
But never elsewhere in one place I knew  
So many nightingales; and far and near,  
In wood and thicket over the wide grove,  
They answer and provoke each other’s songs—  
With skirmish and capricious passagings,  
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,  
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—  
Stirring the air with such a harmony,  
That, should you close your eyes, you might almost  
Forget it was not day! On moon-lit bushes  
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,

POETRY OF THE YEAR.

You may, perchance, behold them on the twigs,  
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,  
Glistening, while many a glowworm in the shade  
Lights up her love-torch.

. . . . .  
And oft a moment's space,  
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,  
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon  
Emerging, hath awaken'd earth and sky  
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds  
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,  
As if some sudden gale had swept at once  
A hundred airy harps! And I have watch'd  
Many a nightingale perch'd giddily  
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,  
And to that motion tune his wanton song,  
Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head.

CLARE.

THE insect-world, now sunbeams higher climb,  
Oft dream of Spring, and wake before their time.  
Bees stroke their little legs across their wings,  
And venture short flights where the snowdrop brings  
Its silver bell, and winter aconite  
Its buttercup-like flowers that shut at night,  
With green leaf furling round its cup of gold,  
Like tender maiden muffled from the cold;  
They sip, and find their honey-dreams are vain,  
Then feebly hasten to their hives again.  
The butterflies by eager hopes undone,  
Glad as a child come out to greet the sun:  
Beneath the shadow of a sudden shower  
Are lost—nor see to-morrow's April flower.



IZAAK WALTON.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN the flow'ry meads would be :  
These crystal streams should solace me ;  
To whose harmonious bubbling noise  
I with my angle would rejoice,  
    Sit here, and see the turtle-dove  
    Court his chaste mate to acts of love :



POETRY OF THE YEAR.

Or on that bank feel the west wind  
Breathe health and plenty, please my mind  
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,  
And then wash'd off by April showers ;  
    Here hear my Kenna sing a song,  
    There see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a leverock build her nest :  
Here give my weary spirits rest,  
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above  
Earth, or what poor mortals love :  
    Thus free from law-suits, and the noise  
    Of princes' courts, I would rejoice :

Or with my Bryan and a book,  
Loiter long days near Shawford Brook ;  
There sit by him, and eat my meat ;  
There see the sun both rise and set :  
There bid good morning to next day ;  
There meditate my time away ;  
    And angle on, and beg to have  
    A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

SHAKSPEARE.

Now daisies pied, and violets blue,  
    And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
    Do paint the meadows with delight ;  
The cuckoo now on every tree,  
    Sings cuckoo ! cuckoo !

## SPRING.

### CLARE.

#### MAY.

WHEN apple-trees in blossom are,  
And cherries of a silken white;  
And king-cups deck the meadows fair;  
And daffodils in brooks delight;  
When golden wall-flowers bloom around,  
And purple violets scent the ground,  
And lilac 'gins to show her bloom,—  
We then may say the May is come.

When happy shepherds tell their tale  
Under the tender leafy tree;  
And all adown the grassy vale  
The mocking cuckoo chanteth free;  
And Philomel, with liquid throat,  
Doth pour the welcome, warbling note,  
That had been all the Winter dumb,—  
We then may say the May is come.

When fishes leap in silver stream,  
And tender corn is springing high,  
And banks are warm with sunny beam,  
And twittering swallows cleave the sky,  
And forest bees are humming near,  
And cowslips in boys' hats appear,  
And maids do wear the meadow's bloom,—  
We then may say the May is come.

## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

### MOIR.

\*

hither, come hither, and view the face  
Of Nature, enrobed in her vernal grace.  
By the hedgerow wayside flowers are springing;  
On the budding elms the birds are singing;  
And up—up—up to the gates of heaven  
Mounts the lark, on the wings of her rapture driven;  
The voice of the streamlet is fresh and loud;  
On the sky there is not a speck of cloud:  
Come hither, come hither, and join with me,  
In the season's delightful jubilee!

Come hither, come hither, and guess with me,  
How fair and how fruitful the year will be!  
Look into the pasture-grounds o'er the pale,  
And behold the foal with its switching tail,  
About and abroad, in its mirth it flies,  
With its long black forelocks about its eyes;  
Or bends its neck down with a stretch,  
The daisy's earliest flowers to reach.  
See! as on by the hawthorn fence we pass,  
How the sheep are nibbling the tender grass,  
Or holding their heads to the sunny ray,  
As if their hearts, like its smile, were gay;  
While the chattering sparrows, in and out,  
Fly the shrubs, and the trees, and roofs about;  
And sooty rooks, loudly cawing, roam,  
With sticks and straws, to their woodland home.

## SPRING.

To mountain-winds the famish'd fox  
Complains that Sol is slow,  
O'er headlong steep and gushing rocks  
His royal robe to throw.  
But here the lizard seeks the sun,  
Here coils, in light, the snake:  
And here the fire-tuft hath begun  
Its beauteous nest to make.  
Oh! then, while hums the earliest bee  
Where verdure fires the plain,  
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see  
The glories of the lane!  
For oh! I love these banks of rock,  
This roof of sky and tree,  
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,  
And wakes the earliest bee!  
As spirits from eternal day  
Look down on earth, secure,  
Look here, and wonder, and survey  
A world in miniature.  
A world not scorn'd by Him who made  
E'en weakness by His might;  
But solemn in His depth of shade  
And splendid in His sight.

BRUCE.

LOOSED from the bands of frost, the verdant ground  
 Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,  
 Again puts forth her flowers; and all around,  
 Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new-deck their wither'd boughs;  
 Their ample leaves the hospitable plane,  
 The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose:  
 The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,  
 Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun:  
 The birds on ground, or on the branches green,  
 Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,  
 From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;  
 And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;  
 Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms,  
 That fill the air with fragrance all around,  
 The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,  
 While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,  
 Along the greensward, mark'd with Roman mound,  
 Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,  
 The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,  
 Who love to walk in virtue's flowery road,  
 Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,  
 And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

## SPRING.

### WILSON.

THE great Sun,  
Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile,  
Came forth to do thee homage ; a sweet hymn  
Was by the low winds chaunted in the sky ;  
And when thy feet descended on the earth,  
Scarce could they move amid the clustering flowers  
By Nature strewn o'er valley, hill, and field,  
To hail her bless'd deliverer !—Ye fair trees,  
How are ye changed, and changing while I gaze !  
It seems as if some gleam of verdant light  
Fell on you from a rainbow ; but it lives  
Amid your tendrils, brightening every hour  
Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet birds,  
Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,  
Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves ?—  
Yet are ye not,  
Sporting in tree and air, more beautiful  
Than the young lambs, that, from the valley-side,  
Send a soft bleating like an infant's voice,  
Half happy, half afraid ! O blessed things !  
At sight of this your perfect innocence,  
The sterner thoughts of manhood melt away  
Into a mood as mild as woman's dreams.

## HURDIS.

How gay this meadow!—like a gamesome boy  
 New clothed, his locks fresh comb'd and powder'd, he  
 All health and spirits. Scarce so many stars  
 Shine in the azure canopy of heaven,  
 As king-cups here are scatter'd, interspersed  
 With silver daisies.

See, the toiling hind  
 With many a sturdy stroke cuts up at last  
 The tough and sinewy furze. How hard he fought  
 To fell the glory of the barren waste!  
 For what more noble than the vernal furze  
 With golden baskets hung? Approach it not,  
 For ev'ry blossom has a troop of swords  
 Drawn to defend it. 'Tis the treasury  
 Of Fays and Fairies. Here they nightly meet,  
 Each with a burnish'd king-cup in his hand,  
 And quaff the subtil ether. Here they dance  
 Or to the village chimes, or moody song  
 Of midnight Philomel. The ringlet see  
 Fantastically trod. There Oberon  
 His gallant train leads out, the while his torch  
 The glow-worm lights, and dusky night illumines:  
 And there they foot it featly round and laugh.  
 The sacred spot the superstitious ewe  
 Regards, and bites it not in reverence.  
 Anon the drowsy clock tolls one—the cock  
 His clarion sounds, the dance breaks off, the lights  
 Are quench'd, the music hush'd, they speed away  
 Swifter than thought, and still the break of morn  
 Outrun, and chasing midnight as she flies  
 Pursue her round the globe.

THE POETRY OF SUMMER.







TENNYSON.

(From "*The Talking Oak.*")

HER eyelids dropp'd their silken eaves,  
I breathed upon her eyes,  
Through all the summer of my leaves,  
A welcome mix'd with sighs.

Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip  
To light her shaded eye;  
A second flutter'd round her lip,  
Like a golden butterfly.

## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

### KEATS.

I STOOD tiptoe upon a little hill,  
The air was cooling, and so very still,  
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride  
Bent droopingly, in slanting curve aside,  
Their scanty-leaved, and finely-tapering stems,  
Had not yet lost their starry diadems  
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.  
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn,  
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept  
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept  
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,  
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;  
For not the faintest motion could be seen  
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.  
There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,  
To peer about upon variety;  
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,  
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;  
To picture out the quaint and curious bending  
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending:  
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,  
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.  
I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free  
As though the fanning wings of Mercury  
Had play'd upon my heels: I was light-hearted,  
And many pleasures to my vision started;  
So I straightway began to pluck a posy  
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.  
A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them;  
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them!  
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,  
And let long grass grow round the roots, to keep them  
Moist, cool, and green; and shade the violets,  
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

## SUMMER.

A filbert-hedge with wild-brier overtwined,  
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind  
Upon their summer thrones; there too should be  
The frequent-chequer of a youngling tree,  
That with a score of light green brethren shoots  
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots:  
Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters,  
Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters,  
The spreading blue-bells: it may haply mourn  
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn  
From their fresh beds, and scatter'd thoughtlessly  
By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,  
Ye ardent marigolds!  
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,  
For great Apollo bids  
That in these days your praises should be sung  
On many harps, which he has lately strung;  
And when again your dewiness he kisses,  
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses:  
So haply when I rove in some far vale,  
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight:  
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,  
And taper fingers catching at all things,  
To bind them all about with tiny rings.  
Linger awhile upon some bending planks  
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,  
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings:  
They will be found softer than ringdoves' cooings.  
How silent comes the water round that bend!  
Not the minutest whisper does it send  
To the o'erhanging sallows: blades of grass  
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.  
Why you might read two sonnets, ere they reach  
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach

A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds ;  
 Where swarms of minnows show their little heads  
 Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,  
 To taste the luxury of sunny beams  
 Temper'd with coolness. How they ever wrestle  
 With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle  
 Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand !  
 If you but scantily hold out the hand,  
 That very instant not one will remain ;  
 But turn your eye, and they are there again.  
 The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,  
 And cool themselves among the emerald tresses ;  
 The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,  
 And moisture, that the bowery green may live :  
 So keeping up an interchange of favours,  
 Like good men in the truth of their behaviours.  
 Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop  
 From low-hung branches : little space they stop ;  
 But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek ;  
 Then off at once, as in a wanton freak :  
 Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,  
 Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.  
 Were I in such a place, I sure should pray  
 That nought less sweet, might call my thoughts away,  
 Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown  
 Fanning away the dandelion's down ;  
 Than the light music of her nimble toes  
 Patting against the sorrel as she goes.  
 How she would start, and blush, thus to be caught  
 Playing in all her innocence of thought ;  
 O let me lead her gently o'er the brook,  
 Watch her half-smiling lips and downward look ;  
 O let me for one moment touch her wrist ;  
 Let me one moment to her breathing list ;  
 And as she leaves me, may she often turn  
 Her fair eyes looking through her locks auburn.

## SUMMER.

What next? a tuft of evening primroses,  
O'er which the mind may hover till it doses;  
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,  
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap  
Of buds into ripe flowers; or by the flitting  
Of divers moths, that aye their rest are quitting;  
Or by the moon lifting her silver rim  
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim  
Coming into the blue with all her light.  
O Maker of sweet poets! dear delight  
Of this fair world and all its gentle livers;  
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,  
Mingler with leaves, and dew and tumbling streams,  
Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams,  
Lover of loneliness, and wandering,  
Of upcast eye, and tender pondering!  
Thee must I praise above all other glories  
That smile us on to tell delightful stories.  
For what has made the sage or poet write  
But the fair Paradise of Nature's light?  
In the calm grandeur of a sober line,  
We see the waving of the mountain pine;  
And when a tale is beautifully staid,  
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade:  
When it is moving on luxurious wings,  
The soul is lost in pleasant smotherings:  
Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,  
And flowering laurels spring from diamond vases;  
O'erhead we see the jasmine and sweet-brier,  
And bloomy grapes laughing from green attire;  
While at our feet, the voice of crystal bubbles  
Charms us at once away from all our troubles:  
So that we feel uplifted from the world,  
Walking upon the white clouds wreath'd and curl'd.

## HOWITT.

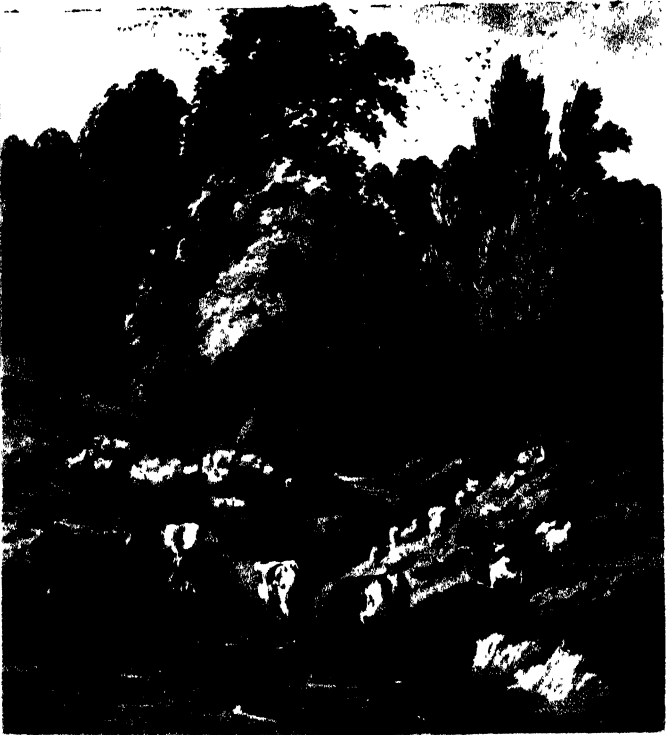
HERE happy would they stray in summer hours,  
 To spy the birds in their green leafy bowers,  
 And learn their various voices ; to delight  
 In the gay tints, and ever-bickering flight  
 Of dragon-flies upon the river's brim ;  
 Or swift king-fisher in his gaudy trim  
 Come skimming past, with a shrill, sudden cry ;  
 Or on the river's sunny marge to lie,  
 And count the insects that meandering trace,  
 In some smooth nook, their circuits on its face.  
 Now gravely ponder on the frothy cells  
 Of insects, hung on flowery pinnacles ;  
 Now, wading the deep grass, exulting trace  
 The corn-crake's curious voice from place to place ;  
 Now here—now there—now distant—now at hand—  
 Now hush'd, just where in wondering mirth they stand.  
 To lie abroad on Nature's lonely breast,

Amidst the music of a summer's sky,  
 Where tall, dark pines the northern bank invest  
 Of a still lake ; and see the long pikes lie  
 Basking upon the shallows ; with dark crest,  
 And threatening pomp, the swan go sailing by ;  
 And many a wild fowl on its breast that shone,  
 Flickering like liquid silver, in the joyous sun ;  
 The duck, deep poring with her downward head,  
 Like a buoy floating on the ocean wave ;  
 The Spanish goose, like drops of crystal, shed  
 The water o'er him, his rich plumes to lave ;  
 The beautiful widgeon, springing upward, spread  
 His clapping wings ; the heron, stalking grave  
 Into the stream ; the coot and water-hen  
 Vanish into the flood, then, far off, rise again :—  
 Such were their joys !

SUMMER.

THOMSON.

AROUND the adjoining brook, that purls along  
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,  
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,  
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now



Gently diffused into a limpid plain;  
A various group the herds and flocks compose,  
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank  
Some ruminating lie; while others stand



## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

Half in the flood, and often bending sip  
The circling surface. In the middle droops  
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,  
Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides  
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,  
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,  
Slumbers the monarch-swain, his careless arm  
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd:  
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;  
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

## KEATS.

To one who has been long in city pent,  
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer  
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.  
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,  
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair  
Of wavy grass, and reads a *debonair*  
And gentle tale of love and languishment?  
Returning home at evening, with an ear  
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye  
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,  
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:  
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear  
That falls through the clear ether silently.

## SUMMER.

THOMSON.

AND soon, observant of approaching day,  
The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews,  
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east;  
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,  
And from before the lustre of her face  
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,  
Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apace,  
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,  
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.  
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;  
And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
Limps, awkward: while along the forest glade  
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze  
At early passenger. Music awakes  
The native voice of undissembled joy;  
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.  
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;  
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives  
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.  
But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,  
Rejoicing in the east! The lessening cloud,  
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach  
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,  
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,  
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;  
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays  
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,  
High-gleaming from afar.

## ELLIOTT.

THY fruit full well the school-boy knows,  
 Wild bramble of the brake!  
 So, put thou forth thy small white rose;  
 I love it for his sake.  
 Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow  
 O'er all the fragrant bowers,  
 Thou need'st not be ashamed to show  
 Thy satin-threaded flowers;  
 For dull the eye, the heart is dull,  
 That cannot feel how fair,  
 Amid all beauty beautiful,  
 Thy tender blossoms are!  
 How delicate thy gauzy frill!  
 How rich thy branchy stem!  
 How soft thy voice, when woods are still,  
 And thou sing'st hymns to them;  
 While silent showers are falling slow,  
 And, 'mid the general hush,  
 A sweet air lifts the little bough,  
 Lone whispering through the bush!  
 The primrose to the grave is gone;  
 The hawthorn flower is dead;  
 The violet by the moss'd grey stone  
 Hath laid her weary head;  
 But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,  
 In all their beauteous power,  
 The fresh green days of life's fair spring,  
 And boyhood's blossomy hour.  
 Scorn'd bramble of the brake! once more  
 Thou bidd'st me be a boy,  
 To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,  
 In freedom and in joy.



## WORDSWORTH.

### AN EVENING VISIT TO WINDERMERE.

BENOLD the shades of afternoon have fallen  
Upon this flowery slope; and see—beyond—  
The silvery lake is streaked with placid blue;  
As if preparing for the peace of evening.  
How tempting the landscape shines! The air  
Breathes invitation; *easy* is the walk  
To the lake's margin, where a boat lies moored  
Beneath her sheltering tree.

## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

### LONGFELLOW.

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch  
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,  
And woods were brighten'd, and soft gales  
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.  
The clouds were far beneath me;—bathed in light,  
They gather'd mid-day round the wooded height,  
And, in their fading glory, shone  
Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,  
Through the gray mist thrust up its shatter'd lance,  
And rocking on the cliff was left  
The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft.  
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below  
Glow'd the rich valley, and the river's flow  
Was darken'd by the forest's shade,  
Or glisten'd in the white cascade;  
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,  
The noisy bittern wheel'd his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,  
I saw the current whirl and flash,—  
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beech,  
The woods were bending with a silent reach.  
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,  
The music of the village bell  
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;  
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,  
Was ringing to the merry shout,  
That faint and far the glen sent out,  
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,  
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

## SUMMER.

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,—  
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

## GRAHAME.

DELIGHTFUL is this loneliness; it calms  
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms  
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.  
Here Nature in her mid-noon whisper speaks;  
How peaceful every sound!—the ring-dove's plaint,  
Moan'd from the forest's gloomiest retreat,  
While every other woodland lay is mute,  
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,  
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear,—  
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp—the buzz,  
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,  
That, soon as loosed booms with full twang away,—  
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal  
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.  
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there  
A glossy fly, skinning in circlets gay  
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout  
Watches his time to spring; or from above,  
Some feather'd dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,  
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood  
Bears off the prize:—sad emblem of man's lot!

## KIRKE WHITE.

DOWN the sultry arc of day  
 The burning wheels have urged their way,  
 And Eve along the western skies  
 Spreads her intermingling dyes ;  
 Down the deep, the miry lane,  
 Creaking comes the empty wain.  
 And driver on the shaft-horse sits,  
 Whistling now and then by fits ;  
 And oft with his accustom'd call,  
 Urging on the sluggish Ball.  
 The barn is still,—the master's gone,—  
 And thresher puts his jacket on ;  
 While Dick upon the ladder tall,  
 Nails the dead kite to the wall.  
 Here comes shepherd Jack at last,  
 He has penned the sheepcot fast ;  
 For 'twas but two nights before  
 A lamb was eaten on the moor ;  
 His empty wallet Rover carries,—  
 Now for Jack, when near home, tarries ;  
 With lolling tongue he runs to try  
 If the horse-trough be not dry.  
 The milk is settled in the pans,  
 And supper messes in the cans ;  
 In the hovel carts are wheel'd,  
 And both the colts are drove a-field :  
 The horses are all bedded up,  
 And the ewe is with the tup.  
 The snare for Mister Fox is set,  
 The leaven laid, the thatching wet,  
 And Bess has slink'd away to talk  
 With Roger in the holly walk.

## SUMMER.

LONGFELLOW.

How beautiful is the rain !  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs !  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout !  
Across the window-pane  
It pours and pours ;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks ;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool ;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion ;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Engulphs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.



In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapours that arise  
From the well-watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures and his fields of grain.  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain,  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.  
These, and far more than these,  
The poet sees !  
He can behold  
Aquarius old

## SUMMER.

Walking the fenceless fields of air ;  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled,  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told,  
Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colours seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Secr,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange,  
Mysterious change,  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning for evermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

### COWPER.

Now roves the eye ;  
And posted on this speculative height,  
Exults in its command. The sheepfold here  
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.  
At first, progressive as a stream, they seek  
The middle field ; but, scatter'd by degrees,  
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.  
There from the sun-burnt hay-field homeward creeps  
The loaded wain ; while, lighten'd of its charge,  
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by ;  
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team  
Vociferous, and impatient of delay.  
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,  
Diversified with trees of every growth,  
Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks  
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,  
Within the twilight of their distant shades ;  
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood  
Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.  
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,  
Though each its hue peculiar ; paler some,  
And of a wannish gray ; the willow such,  
And poplar, that with silver lines its leaf,  
And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm ;  
Of deeper green the elm ; and deeper still,  
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.  
Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,  
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts  
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve  
Diffusing odours : nor unnoted pass  
The sycamore, capricious in attire,  
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet  
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright.

SUMMER.

HOWITT.

A JUNE DAY.

WHO has not dream'd a world of bliss,  
On a bright, sunny noon like this,  
Couch'd by his native brook's green maze,  
With comrade of his boyish days?



While all around them seem'd to be  
Just as in joyous infancy.  
Who has not loved, at such an hour,  
Upon that heath, in birchen bower,

## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

Lull'd in the poet's dreamy mood,  
Its wild and sunny solitude?  
While o'er the waste of purple ling  
You mark'd a sultry glimmering;  
Silence herself there seems to sleep,  
Wrapp'd in a slumber long and deep,  
Where slowly stray those lonely sheep  
Through the tall foxglove's crimson bloom,  
And gleaming of the scatter'd broom.  
Love you not, then, to list and hear  
The crackling of the gorse-flowers near,  
Pouring an orange-scented tide  
Of fragrance o'er the desert wide?  
To hear the buzzard whimpering shrill  
Hovering above you high and still?  
The twittering of the bird that dwells  
Amongst the heath's delicious bells?  
While round your bed, or fern and blade,  
Insects in green and gold array'd,  
The sun's gay tribes have lightly strayed;  
And sweeter sound their humming wings  
Than the proud minstrel's echoing strings.

DYER.

### THE COUNTRY WALK.

THE morning's fair, the lusty sun  
With ruddy cheek begins to run;  
And early birds, that wing the skies,  
Sweetly sing to see him rise.

I am resolved, this charming day,  
In the open field to stray;

## SUMMER.

And have no roof above my head,  
But that whereon the gods do tread.

. . . . .  
A landscape wide salutes my sight,  
Of shady vales, and mountains bright;  
And azure heavens I behold,  
And clouds of silver and of gold.  
And now into the fields I go,  
Where thousand flaming flowers glow;  
And every neighbouring hedge I greet,  
With honeysuckles smelling sweet.  
Now o'er the daisy meads I stray,  
And meet with, as I pace my way,  
Sweetly shining on the eye,  
A rivulet gliding smoothly by;  
Which shows with what an easy tide  
The moments of the happy glide.

. . . . .  
The sun now shows his noontide blaze,  
And sheds around me burning rays;  
A little onward, and I go  
Into the shade that groves bestow;  
And on green moss I lay me down,  
That o'er the root of oak has grown;  
Where all is silent, but some flood  
That sweetly murmurs in the wood;  
But birds that warble in the sprays,  
And charm e'en silence with their lays.

. . . . .  
See! yonder hill, uprising steep,  
Above the river slow and deep:  
It looks from hence a pyramid,  
Beneath a verdant forest hid;

POETRY OF THE YEAR.

On whose high top there rises great,  
The mighty remnant of a seat,  
An old green tower, whose batter'd brow  
Frowns upon the vale below.

Look upon that flowery plain,  
How the sheep surround their swain,—  
How they crowd to hear his strain!  
All careless with his legs across,  
Leaning on a bank of moss,  
He spends his empty hours at play,  
Which fly as light as down away.

And there behold a bloomy mead,  
A silver stream, a willow shade,  
Beneath the shade of fisher stand,  
Who, with the angle in his hand,  
Swings the nibbling fry to land.

In blushes the descending sun  
Kisses the streams, while slow they run;  
And yonder hill remoter grows,  
Or dusky clouds to interpose.  
The fields are left, the labouring hind  
His weary oxen does unbind;  
And vocal mountains, as they low,  
Re-echo to the vales below;  
The jocund shepherds piping come,  
And drive the herd before them home;  
And now begin to light their fires,  
Which send up smoke in curling spires!  
While with light hearts all homeward tend,  
To Abergasney I descend.

## SUMMER.

And sound of swaying branches, and the voice  
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs  
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,  
By the roadsides and borders of the brook,  
Nod gaily to each other; glossy leaves  
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew  
Were on them yet, and silver waters break  
Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes.

## BEATTIE.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?  
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;  
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;  
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried  
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide  
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;  
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;  
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,  
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;  
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;  
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!  
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;  
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs:  
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;  
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;  
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,  
And shrill lark carols clear from her ærial tower.



## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

### WARTON.

OFT when thy season, sweetest queen,  
Has drest the groves in livery green ;  
When in each fair and fertile field  
Beauty begins her bower to build ;  
While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,  
Puts her matron-mantle on,  
And mists in spreading steams convey  
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay.  
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There through the dusk but dimly seen,  
Sweet evening objects intervene :  
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,  
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants.  
The woodman, speeding home, awhile  
Rests him at a shady stile.  
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense  
Refreshment o'er my soothèd sense ;  
Nor tangled woodbine's balmy bloom,  
Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume :  
Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet  
To bathe in dew my roving feet :  
Nor wants there note of Philomel,  
Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell :  
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,  
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot ;  
Rustle the breezes lightly borne  
Or deep embattel'd cars of corn :  
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,  
Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.  
Meantime, a thousand dyes invest  
The ruby chambers of the west !





SUMMER.

That all aslant the village tower  
A mild reflected radiance pour,  
While, with the level-streaming rays  
Far seen its arched windows blaze :



And the tall grove's green top is dight  
In russet tints, and gleams of light:  
So that the gay scene by degrees  
Bathes my blithe heart in ecstasies ;

## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

And fancy to my ravish'd sight  
Portrays her kindred visions bright.  
At length the parting light subdues  
My soften'd soul to calmer views,  
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,  
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,  
Till from the path I fondly stray  
In musings lapt, nor heed the way ;  
Wandering through the landscape still,  
Till melancholy has her fill ;  
And on each moss-wove border damp,  
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

## SHAKSPEARE.

THE moon shines bright ;— In such a night as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise ;— in such a night  
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,  
Upon the wild sea-banks ;— in such a night  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herb. . . .  
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears : soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
. . . . Look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold !  
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,  
But in its motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubin.

THE POETRY OF AUTUMN.





MILLER.

SUMMER's toiling now is past ;  
Harvest now hath sent her last —  
    Her last, last load.  
If the field containeth more,  
Master, give it to the poor,  
    Abroad — abroad.  
Let them through the corn-field roam,  
While we welcome harvest-home —  
    Harvest-home, harvest-home, —  
While we welcome harvest-home :  
Songs shall sound and ale-cups foam  
    While we welcome harvest-home.



## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

### THOMSON.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day;  
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand  
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,  
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate  
By nameless gentle offices her toil.  
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;  
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,  
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,  
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.  
Behind the master walks, builds up the shock;  
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,  
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.

Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling  
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think,  
How good the God of Harvest is to you,  
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;  
While these unhappy partners of your kind  
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
And ask their humble dole.

### LONGFELLOW.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,  
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows;  
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,  
The wild flowers bloom, or kissing the soft air,

## AUTUMN.

The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.  
With what a tender and impassion'd voice  
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,  
When the fast ushering star of morning comes  
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;  
Or when the cowed and dusky-sandall'd Eve,  
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,  
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves  
In the green valley, where the silver brook,  
From its full laver, pours the white cascade;  
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,  
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.  
And frequent, on the everlasting hills,  
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself  
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,  
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid  
The silent majesty of these deep woods,  
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,  
As to the sunshine and the pure bright air  
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards  
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades;  
For them there was an eloquent voice in all  
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,  
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,  
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,—  
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun  
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,—  
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,  
Mountain, and shatter'd cliff, and sunny vale,  
The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,  
In many a lazy syllable repeating  
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

## WILCOX.

THE month is now far spent; and the meridian sun,  
Most sweetly smiling, with attemper'd beams,  
Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth;  
Beneath its yellow lustre, groves and woods,  
Chequer'd by one night's frost with various hues,  
While yet no wind has swept a leaf away,  
Shine doubly rich. It were a sad delight  
Down the smooth stream to glide, and see it tinged  
Upon each brink with all the gorgeous hues,  
The yellow, red, or purple of the trees  
That singly, or in tufts, or forests thick,  
Adorn the shores;—to see, perhaps, the side  
Of some high mount reflected far below,  
With its bright colours intermix'd with spots  
Of darker green. Yes, it were sweetly sad  
To wander in the open fields, and hear,  
E'en at this hour, the noon-day hardly past,  
The lulling insects of the summer's night;  
To hear, where lately buzzing swarms were heard,  
A lonely bee, long roving here and there  
To find a single flower, but all in vain;  
Then rising quick, and with a louder hum,  
In widening circles round and round his head,  
Straight by the listener flying clear away,  
As if to bid the fields a last adieu;  
To hear, within the woodland's sunny side,  
Late full of music, nothing save, perhaps,  
The sound of nut-shells, by the squirrel dropp'd  
From some tall beech, fast falling through the leaves.

## AUTUMN.

And fade, unseen by any human eye ;  
Where fairy waterbreaks do murmur on  
For ever,— and I saw the sparkling foam,  
And with my cheek on one of those green stones  
That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,  
Lay round me, scatter'd like a flock of sheep,  
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,  
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay  
Tribute to ease ; and of its joy secure,  
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,  
Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,  
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,  
And dragg'd to earth both branch and bough, with crash  
And merciless ravage ; and the shady nook  
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,  
Deform'd and sullied, patiently gave up  
Their quiet being : and, unless I now  
Confound my present feelings with the past,  
Even then, when from the bower I turn'd away  
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,  
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
The silent trees and the intruding sky.—  
Then, dearest Maiden ! move along these shades  
In gentleness of heart ! with gentle hand  
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

## THOMSON.

BUT see the fading many-colour'd woods,  
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round  
 Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,  
 Of every hue, from wan declining green  
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,  
 Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,  
 And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm  
 Fleeces unbounded ether: whose least wave  
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn  
 The gentle current: while illumined wide,  
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,  
 And through their lucid veil his softened force  
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,  
 For those whom Virtue and whom Nature charin,  
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,  
 And soar above this little scene of things;  
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;  
 To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;  
 And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,  
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,  
 And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard  
 One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.  
 Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,  
 Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse;  
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,  
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late  
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,  
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit  
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;  
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,  
 And nought save chattering discord in their note.

## AUTUMN.

### JAGO.

THE Sun, whose eastern ray had scarcely gilt  
The mountain's brow, while up the steep ascent  
With early step we climb'd, now wide displays  
His radiant orb, and half his daily stage  
Hath nearly measured. From th' illumined vale  
The soaring mists are drain'd, and o'er the hill  
No more breathes grateful the cool balmy air,  
Cheering our search, and urging on our steps  
Delightful. See, the languid herds forsake  
The burning mead, and creep beneath the shade  
Of spreading tree, or sheltering hedge-row tall :  
Or, in the mantling pool, rude reservoir  
Of wintry rains, and the slow thrifty spring,  
Cool their parch'd limbs, and lave their panting sides.

Let us too seek the shade. Yon airy dome,  
Beneath whose lofty battlements we found  
A covert passage to these sultry realms,  
Invites our drooping strength, and well befriends  
The pleasing comment on fair Nature's book,  
In sumptuous volume, open'd to our view.

. . . . .  
'Tis well ! Here shelter'd from the scorching heat,  
At large we view the subject vale sublime  
And unimpeded. Hence its limits trace  
Stretching, in wanton bound'ry, from the foot  
Of this green mountain, far as human ken  
Can reach,—a theatre immense ! adorn'd  
With ornaments of sweet variety,  
By Nature's pencil drawn—the level meads,  
A verdant floor ! with brightest gems inlaid,  
And richly-painted flowers—the tillaged plain,

Wide-waving to the sun a rival blaze  
 Of gold, best source of wealth!—the prouder hills,  
 With outline fair, in naked pomp display'd,  
 Round, angular, oblong; and others crown'd  
 With graceful foliage. Over all her horn  
 Fair Plenty pours, and cultivation spreads  
 Her heightening lustre. See, beneath her touch  
 The smiling harvests rise, with bending line,  
 And wavy ridge, along the dappled glebe  
 Stretching their lengthen'd beds. Her careful hand  
 Piles up the yellow grain, or rustling hay  
 Adust for wintry store—the long-ridged mow,  
 Or shapely pyramid, with conic roof,  
 Dressing the landscape. She the thick-wave fence  
 Nurses, and adds with care the hedge-row elm.  
 Around her farms and villages she plans  
 The rural garden, yielding wholesome food  
 Of simple viands, and the fragrant herb  
 Medicinal. The well-ranged orchard now  
 She orders, or the sheltering clump, or tuft  
 Of hardy trees, the wintry storms to curb,  
 Or guard the sweet retreat of village swain,  
 With health and plenty crown'd.

AUTUMN.

KEATS.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;  
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel-shells  
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For summer has o'er-brimm'd 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-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,  
While barred 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-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.



## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

### LONGFELLOW.

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,  
With banners, by great gales incessant fann'd,  
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,  
And stately oxen harness'd to thy wain !  
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,  
Upon thy bridge of gold ; thy royal hand  
Outstretch'd with benedictions o'er the land,  
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain.  
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended  
So long beneath the heaven's overhanging eaves ;  
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended,  
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves ;  
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,  
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves !

### THOMSON.

THE pale descending year, yet pleasing still,  
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf  
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,  
Oft startling such as studious walk below,  
And slowly circles through the waving air.  
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs  
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;  
Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower,  
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,  
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.  
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;  
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race  
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remain'd  
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree ;  
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards all around,  
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.



#### BLOOMFIELD.

KEEN blows the blast, or ceaseless rain descends ;  
The half-stript hedge a sorry shelter lends.  
Oh, for a hovel, e'er so small or low,  
Whose roof, repelling winds and early snow,

Might bring home's comforts fresh before his eyes !  
 No sooner thought, than see the structure rise,  
 In some sequester'd nook, embank'd around,  
 Sods for its walls, and straw in burdens bound ;  
 Dried fuel hoarded is his richest store,  
 And circling smoke obscures his little door :  
 Whence creeping forth, to duty's call he yields,  
 And strolls the Crusoe of the lonely fields.  
 On white-thorns tow'ring, and the leafless rose,  
 A frost-nipt feast in bright vermilion glows ;  
 Where clustering sloes in glossy order rise,  
 He crops the loaded branch ; a cumbrous prize :  
 And o'er the flame the sputt'ring fruit he rests,  
 Placing green sods to seat the coming guests ;  
 His guests by promise ; playmates young and gay :  
 But ah ! fresh pastimes lure their steps away !  
 He sweeps his hearth, and homeward looks in vain,  
 Till feeling Disappointment's cruel pain,  
 His fairy revels are exchanged for rage,  
 His banquet marr'd, grown dull in hermitage.  
 The field becomes his prison, till on high  
 Benighted birds to shades and coverts fly.

## AUTUMN.

### LONGFELLOW.

WITH what a glory comes and goes the year;  
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers  
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy  
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;  
And when the silver habit of the clouds  
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with  
A sober gladness the old year takes up  
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,  
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
Its mellow richness on the cluster'd trees,  
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,  
And dipping in warm light the pillar'd clouds.  
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,  
Lifts up her purple wing; and in the vales  
The gentle Wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,  
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life  
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimson'd,  
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,  
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down  
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees  
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,  
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,  
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,  
And pecks by the witch-hazel; whilst aloud  
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings;  
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,  
Sounds from the thrashing-floor the busy flail.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth

Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
 On duties well performed, and days well spent!  
 For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,  
 Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings,  
 He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death  
 Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
 To his long resting-place without a tear.

WILCOX.

'Twas a morn  
 Such as you oft may see at Autumn's close:  
 A calm that might be felt; a brooding calm,  
 Oppressively intense, pervaded all.  
 The yellow leaves, that seem'd to woo the breeze,  
 To lay them with their fellows on the ground,  
 Were dangling from their wither'd, sapless stems;  
 The large, full "beaded drops," half dew, half rain,  
 Seem'd, from the cottage-eaves, to hang self-poised,  
 As in defiance of philosophy.  
 The sullen sky wore one full tint of gray,  
 Through which the imprison'd sun, "shorn of his beams,"  
 Gleam'd like a silver shield; while the still lake  
 Look'd as 'twere changed to crystal by the wand  
 Of wonder-working fairy: not a shrub,  
 Or leaf of feathery fern, or blade of grass,  
 But was reflected with such truthfulness  
 In that calm, waveless mirror, that the eye,  
 Still baffled, still deceived, soon fail'd to trace  
 The limits of the diverse elements,  
 Nor what was liquid, what was solid knew.

## THE POETRY OF WINTER.

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## WINTER.

Deep-plunging cows their rustling feast enjoy,  
And snatch sweet mouthfuls from the passing boy,  
Who moves unseen beneath his trailing load,  
Fills the tall racks, and leaves a scatter'd road;  
Where oft the swine from ambush warm and dry  
Bolt out, and scamper headlong to their sty,  
When Giles, with well-known voice, already there,  
Deigns them a portion of his evening care.  
From the fireside with many a shrug he lies,  
Glad if the full-orb'd moon salute his eyes,  
And through th' unbroken stillness of the night  
Shed on his path her beams of cheering light.  
With saunt'ring step he climbs the distant stile,  
Whilst all around him wears a placid smile;  
There views the white-robed clouds in clusters driven,  
And all the glorious pageantry of Heaven.  
Low, on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,  
The rising vapours catch the silver light;  
Thence Fancy measures, as they parting fly,  
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,  
Passing the source of light; and thence away,  
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.  
Far yet above these wafted clouds are seen  
(In a remoter sky, still more serene,)  
Others, detach'd in ranges through the air,  
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair;  
Scatter'd immensely wide from east to west,  
The beauteous 'semblance of a flock at rest.



## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

### PHILLIPS.

FOR every shrub and every blade of grass,  
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;  
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,  
While through the ice the crimson berries glow;  
The thick-sprung reeds the watery marshes yield  
Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field;  
The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,  
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine;  
The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,  
That wave and glitter in the distant sun;  
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,  
The brittle forest into atoms flies.

### COWPER.

TO-MORROW brings a change,—a total change!  
Which even now, though silently perform'd,  
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face  
Of universal nature undergoes.  
Fast falls a fleecy shower: the downy flakes  
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse,  
Softly alighting upon all below,  
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives  
Gladly the thickening mantle; and the green  
And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blast,  
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

## WINTER.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay, or sportively  
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
To cut across the reflex of a star;  
Image, that, flying still before me, gleam'd  
Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,  
When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
And all the shadowy banks on either side  
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still  
The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopp'd short; yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheel'd by me—even as if the earth had roll'd  
With visible motion her diurnal round!  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watch'd  
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

## SOUTHEY.

THOUGH now no more the musing ear  
Delights to listen to the breeze,  
That lingers o'er the green-wood shade,  
I love thee, Winter! well.  
Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,  
Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,  
And sweet the Autumnal winds that shake  
The many-coloured grove.  
And pleasant to the sober'd soul  
The silence of the wintry scene,  
When Nature shrouds herself, entranced  
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam  
The wild heath sparkling on the sight;  
Not undelightful now to pace

The forest's ample rounds,

And see the spangled branches shine,  
And mark the moss of many a hue  
That varies the old tree's brown bark,

Or o'er the grey stone spreads.

And mark the cluster'd berries bright,  
Amid the holly's gay green leaves;  
The ivy round the leafless oak,

That clasps its foliage close.

So Virtue, diffident of strength,  
Clings to Religion's firmer aid,  
And by Religion's aid upheld,

Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the Spring,  
Whose waters hid from Summer sun,  
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear

With more than melody.

The green moss shines with icy glare,  
The long grass bends its spear-like form,  
And lovely is the silvery scene

When faint the sunbeams smile.

Reflection, too, may love the hour  
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,  
No more expands the bursting bud,

Or bids the flow'ret bloom.

For Nature soon in Spring's best charms,  
Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,  
Expand the bursting bud again,

And bid the flower re-bloom.

THOMSON.

THE cherish'd fields  
Put on their winter robe of purest white:  
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current. . . . .  
The fowls of heaven,  
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around



The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,  
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,  
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,  
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves  
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man

His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first  
 Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights  
 On the warm hearth ; then hopping o'er the floor,  
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is :  
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums  
 Attract his slender feet.

## COWPER.

FORTH goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd  
 The cheerful haunts of man ; to wield the axe  
 And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear,  
 From morn to eve his solitary task.  
 Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd ; with pointed ears,  
 And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,  
 His dog attends him. Close behind his heel  
 Now creeps he slow ; and now, with many a frisk,  
 Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow  
 With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout ;  
 Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.  
 Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl  
 Moves right toward the mark ; nor stops for aught,  
 But now and then with pressure of his thumb  
 To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube  
 That fumes beneath his nose : the trailing cloud  
 Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.

## WINTER.

### LONGFELLOW.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas ! how changed from the fair scene,  
When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
And winds were soft, and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods ! within your crowd ;  
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds ! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song ;  
I hear it in the opening year,—  
I listen, and it cheers me long.

## POETRY OF THE YEAR.

### THOMSON.

AN icy gale, oft shifting o'er the pool,  
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career  
Arrests the bickering storm.  
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects  
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,  
The village dog deters the nightly thief;  
The heifer lows; the distant waterfall  
Swells in the breeze; and with the hasty tread  
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain  
Shakes from afar.

It freezes on,  
Till Morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,  
Lifts her pale eye, unjoyous. Then appears  
The various labour of the silent Night:  
Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,  
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar;  
The pendent icicle, the frost-work fair,  
Where transient hues and fancied figures rise;  
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,  
A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn.

### BRAINARD.

THE dead leaves strew the forest-walk,  
And wither'd are the pale wild flowers;  
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,  
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers,  
Gone are the Spring's green sprouting bowers,  
Gone Summer's rich and mantling vines,  
And Autumn with her yellow hours  
On hill and plain no longer shines.

## WINTER.

### HOWITT.

WE may find it in the wintry boughs, as they cross  
the cold blue sky,  
While soft on icy pool and stream the pencill'd  
shadows lie;  
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy  
frost-work bound,  
Whence the flitting red-breast shakes a shower of  
blossoms to the ground.

One silent night hath pass'd — and lo!  
How beautiful the earth is now!  
All aspect of decay is gone,  
The hills have put their vesture on,  
And clothed is the forest bough.

Say not 'tis an unlovely time;  
Turn to the wide white waste thy view;  
Turn to the silent hills that rise  
In their cold beauty to the skies;  
And to those skies intensely blue.

Walk now among the forest trees; —  
Saidst thou that they were stripp'd and bare?  
Each heavy bough is bending down  
With snowy leaves and flowers — the crown  
Which Winter regally doth wear.  
'Tis well — thy Summer garden ne'er  
Was lovelier with its birds and flowers,  
Than is this silent place of snow,  
With feathery branches drooping low,  
Wreathing around the shadowy bowers!



WORDSWORTH.

THE minstrels play'd their Christmas tune  
To-night beneath my cottage eaves;  
While, smitten by a lofty moon,  
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,  
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,  
That overpower'd their natural green.

Through hill and valley ev'ry breeze  
Had sunk to rest with folded wings;  
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,  
Nor check the music of the strings;  
So stout and hardy were the band  
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listen'd? — till was paid  
Respect to ev'ry inmate's claim;  
The greeting given, the music play'd  
In honour of each household name,  
Duly pronounced with lusty call,  
And "merry Christmas" wish'd to all!









