

The lines which Sir Hugh Evans, "in his trampling of mind and melancholies," misquotes so horribly, form part of a pretty little poem, which we find in after years inserted in Walton's "Complete Angler." Old Isauk, who delighted in the smooth flow and quaint conceits of this "old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good," as he terms it, ascribes the authorship of it to Christopher Marlowe, a contemporary and friend of Shakspeare. This has been confirmed by the discovery of the lines, and of the melody to which they were sung, in a M. S. of the Elizabethan age, by the celebrated Sir John Hawkins.

The latter is given above, harmonised, and the poem itself follows, as it is printed in Percy's "Reliques of English Poetry."

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

"Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield,
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing matrigals:
There will I make three beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold;
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love."

KIND BREATH O' SUMMER.

BY JAMES T. WHITELAW.

"Th' kind breath o' summer blew softly along,
The crawflower an' gowan on ilka knowe sprang;
An' sweet was the air as I wander'd at e'en,
An' wou'd the dear lass wi' the bonnie blue een.

O clear was the burnie that wimpled along,
An' sweet was the strain o' its murmuring sang;
But sweeter that voice, an' far clearer, I ween,
Was the blythe bonnie blink o' her twa laighl' een.

As night in the gloamin we wander'd along,
I speer'd gin she wou'd me, gin she'd be my ain;
Nae word did she speak, but her answer was gien,
Wi' the blush on her cheek, wi' the glint o' her een.

As the autumn leaves fell, my heart it grew sick,
I saw the rose fading that bloom'd on her cheek;
That voice now was ead that sae cheerie had been,
There shone a strange light in her bonnie blue een.

The cauld winter cam', nought that fair flower could
save,

She wither'd awa', she was laid in the grave;
The stane that lies ower her is moss-cover'd green,
But I've ne'er unco forgot the blythe blink o' her een.

TO A BEAUTIFUL APPLE TREE.

BY THE REV. W. PULLING.

WELL I remember, in my being's spring,
That I could watch, dear tree, thy proudest height,
When scarce thy boughs could show one blossom bright
To tempt the honey-seeking murmurer's wing!
Now oft the wildest birds within thee sing:
In May's gay hours thou art one mass of white,
Whereon Pomona looks with fond delight,
And annual boons to her thy riches bring!
I sigh when I with thine my state contrast!
The few fair flow'rets which my youth display'd
Have felt the nippings of affliction's blast.
Too soon their blushing tints were seen to fade;
Leaves void of fruit are all my promise past,
Or wither'd blossoms, chill'd by sorrow's shade.

GEMS FROM THE OLD POETS.

ASK ME NO MORE.

FROM CAMPBELL'S POEMS; MUGGER.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties' orient deep,
These flowers as in their cases sleep.

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

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

Ask me no more if East or West
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest:
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

LOVERS PARTING.

FROM BROWNE'S PASTORALS; MUGGER.

Look as a lover, with a lingering kiss,
About to part with the best half that's his;
Fain would he stay, but that he fears to do it,
And curseth time for so fast hast'ning to it;
Now takes his leave, and yet begins anew
To make less vows than are esteemed true;
Then says, he must be gone, and then doth find
Something he should have spoke that's out of mind;
And while he stands to look for't in her eyes,
Their sad sweet glance so ties his faculties,
To think from what he parts, that he is now
As far from leaving her, or knowing how,
As when he came; begins his former strain,
To kiss, to vow, and take his leave again;
Then turns, comes back, sighs, pants, and yet doth go,
Fain to retire, and loth to leave her so.