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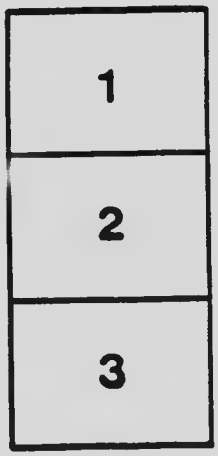

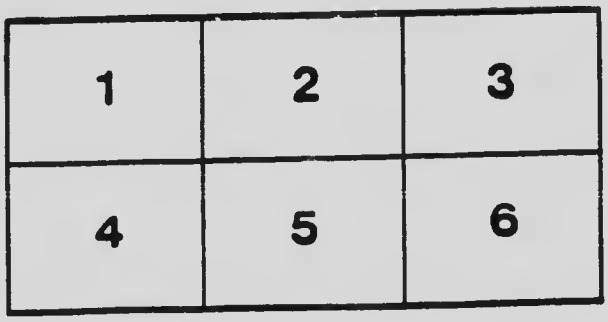

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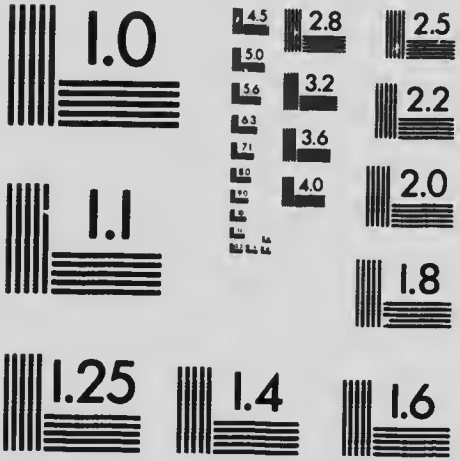

OXFORD GARLANDS

POEMS ON THE ARTS

SELECTED BY

R. M. LEONARD

Fine art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart go together.—RUSKIN

HUMPHREY MILFORD
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INDEX OF AUTHORS

POEMS ON THE ARTS

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
  Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers 5
  There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
  Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art, 10
Killing care and grief of heart
  Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

W. Shakespeare.

APOLLO, PAN, AND MIDAS

To his sweet lute Apollo sung the motions of the spheres;
The wondrous order of the stars, whose course divides the years;
And all the mysteries above:
But none of this could Midas move,
Which purchased him his ass's ears. 5

Then Pan with his rude pipe began the country wealth t' advance,
To boast of cattle, flocks of sheep, and goats on hills that dance;
With much more of this churlish kind,
That quite transported Midas' mind,
And held him rapt as in a trance. 10

This wrong the God of Music scorned from such a sottish judge,
And bent his angry bow at Pan, which made the piper trudge:
Then Midas' head he so did trim
That every age yet talks of him
And Phoebus' right-revengèd grudge. 15

T. Campion.

(1595-162

THE FATE OF MARSYAS

As the sky-brightening south-wind clears the day,
And makes the massed clouds roll,
The music of the lyre blows away
The clouds that wrap the soul.

Oh, that Fate had let me see 5
That triumph of the sweet persuasive lyre!
That famous, final victory
When jealous Pan with Marsyas did conspire!

When, from far Parnassus' side,
Young Apollo, all the pride 10
Of the Phrygian flutes to tame,
To the Phrygian highlands came!
Where the long green reed-beds sway
In the rippled waters grey
Of that solitary lake 15
Where Maeander's springs are born;
Where the ridged pine-wooded roots
Of Messogis westward break,
Mounting westward, high and higher.
There was held the famous strife; 20
There the Phrygian brought his flutes,
And Apollo brought his lyre;
And, when now the westering sun
Touched the hills, the strife was done,
And the attentive Muses said: 25
'Marsyas! thou art vanquished.'

Then Apollo's minister
Hanged upon a branching fir
Marsyas, that unhappy Faun,
And began to whet his knife. 30
But the Maenads, who were there,
Left their friend, and with robes flowing
In the wind, and loose dark hair
O'er their polished bosoms blowing,
Each her ribboned tambourine 35
Flinging on the mountain sod,
With a lovely frightened mien
Came about the youthful God.
But he turned his beauteous face
Haughtily another way, 40
From the grassy sun-warmed place,
Where in proud repose he lay,
With one arm over his head,
Watching how the whetting sped.

But aloof, on the lake strand 45
Did the young Olympus stand,
Weeping at his master's end;
For the Faun had been his friend.
For he taught him how to sing,
And he taught him flute-playing. 50
Many a morning had they gone
To the glimmering mountain lakes,
And had torn up by the roots
The tall crested water reeds
With long plumes, and soft brown seeds, 55

And had carved them into flutes,
Sitting on a tabled stone
Where the shoreward ripple breaks.
And he taught him how to please
The red-snooded Phrygian girls, 60
Whom the summer evening sees
Flashing in the dance's whirls
Underneath the starlit trees
In the mountain villages.
Therefore now Olympus stands, 65
At his master's piteous cries,
Pressing fast with both his hands
His white garment to his eyes,
Not to see Apollo's scorn; 69
Ah, poor Faun, poor Faun! ah, poor Faun!

M. Arnold.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
  Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan 5
  Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet, 10
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose, 15
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won 20
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight 25
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed,
The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire, 31
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung, 35

While the Creator great
His constellations set,
  And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears
  (If ye have power to touch our senses so),
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
  And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
  Time will run back and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
  And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell itself will pass away
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
  The enamelled arras of the rainbow wearing,
And Mercy set between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
  With radiant feet the tissued clouds downsteering,

And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

J. MILTON.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds; and mixed power employ
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce,
And to our high-raised phantasy present 5
That undisturbèd song of pure content,
Ay sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright seraphim in burning row 10
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms 15
Singing everlastingly;
That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made 21
To their great Lord; whose love their motion swayed

In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song, 25
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

J. MILTON.

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
  The King of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which Music hallow'd while she wept
  O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
  Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven! 5
It softened men of iron mould,
  It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
  That felt not, fired not to the tone,
  Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne!

It told the triumphs of our King, 11
  It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladden'd valleys ring,
  The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
  Its sound aspired to heaven and there abode!

Since then, though heard on earth no more, 16
  Devotion and her daughter Love
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
  To sounds that seem as from above,
  In dreams that day's broad light can not remove.

LORD BYRON.

PERPLEXÈD MUSIC

EXPERIENCE, like a pale musician, holds
A dulcimer of patience in his hand,
Whence harmonies we cannot understand,
Of God's will in His worlds, the strain unfolds
In sad, perplexèd minors. Deathly colds 5
Fall on us while we hear and countermand
Our sanguine heart back from the fancy-land
With nightingales in visionary wolds.
We murmur—'Where is any certain tune
Of measured music, in such notes as these?'— 10
But angels, leaning from the golden seat,
Are not so minded; their fine ear hath won
The issue of completed cadences,
And, smiling down the stars, they whisper—SWEET.

E. B. BROWNING.

TWO MUSICS

ARE there not, then, two musics unto men ?—
One loud and bold and coarse,
And overpowering still perforce
All tone and tune beside ;
Yet in despite its pride 5
Only of fumes of foolish fancy bred,
And sounding solely in the sounding head :
The other, soft and low,
Stealing whence we not know,
Painfully heard, and easily forgot, 10
With pauses oft and many a silence strange
(And silent oft it seems, when silent it is not),
Revivals to [illegible] unexpected change :
Haply thou [illegible]nk'st 'twill never be begun,
Or that 't has come, and been, and pa[illegible] way :
Yet turn to other none,— 16
Turn not, oh, turn not thou !
But listen, listen, listen,—if haply be heard it may ;
Listen, listen, listen,—is it not sounding now ?

Yea, and as thought of some departed friend 20
By death or distance parted will descend,
Severing, in crowded rooms ablaze with light,
As by a magic screen, the seër from the sight,
(Palsying the nerves that intervene
The eye and central sense between ;) 25
So may the ear,
Hearing, not hear,

Though drums do roll, and pipes and cymbals ring;
So the bare conscience of the better thing
Unfelt, unseen, unimaged, all unknown, 30
May fix the entrancèd soul 'mid multitudes alone.

A. H. Clough.

MUSIC'S EMPIRE

First was the world as one great cymbal made,
Where jarring winds to infant nature played;
All music was a solitary sound,
To hollow rocks and murmuring fountains bound.

Jubal first made the wilder notes agree, 5
And Jubal tunèd Music's Jubilee;
He called the echoes from their sullen cell,
And built the organ's city, where they dwell.

Each sought a consort in that lovely place,
And virgin trebles wed the manly bass. 10
From whence the progeny of numbers new
Into harmonious colonies withdrew.

Some to the lute, some to the viol went,
And others chose the cornet eloquent;
These practising the wind, and those the wire, 5
To sing men's triumphs, or in Heaven's choir.

Then music, the mosaic of the air,
Did of all these a solemn noise prepare,
With which she gained the empire of the ear,
Including all between the earth and sphere. 20

Victorious sounds! yet here your homage do
Unto a gentler conqueror than you;
Who, though he flies the music of his praise,
Would with you Heaven's hallelujahs raise.

A. MARVELL.

TO MUSIC

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting, 5
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired, 10
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness ruled the hour, 15
Would prove his own expressive power.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside? 20
As in that loved Athenian bower
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart 25
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that god-like age
Fill thy recording Sister's page;— 30
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found, 35
Cecilia's mingled world of sound:—
O bid our vain endeavours cease:
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate! 40

W. Collins.

SOFT MUSIC

The mellow touch of music most doth wound
The soul, when it doth rather sigh than sound.

R. Herrick.

TO MUSIC, TO BECALM HIS FEVER

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers;
That being ravished, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou power that canst sever
From me this ill,
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill,
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire,
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep
My pains asleep,
And give me such reposes,
That I, poor I,
May think, thereby,
I live and die
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers,
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.

Melt, melt my pains,
With thy soft strains;
That having ease me given,
With full delight,
I leave this light;
And take my flight
For heaven.

R. HERRICK.

TO MUSIC. A SONG

MUSIC, thou queen of heaven, care-charming spell,
That strik'st a stillness into hell;
Thou that tam'st tigers, and fierce storms that rise,
With thy soul-melting lullabies;
Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming spheres,
To charm our souls, as thou enchant'st our ears.

R. HERRICK.

TO MUSIC

BEGIN to charm, and as thou strok'st mine ears
With thy enchantment, melt me into tears.
Then let thy active hand scud o'er thy lyre,
And make my spirits frantic with the fire.
That done, sink down into a silvery strain;
And make me smooth as balm and oil again.

R. HERRICK.

HOW SWEET THE MOONLIGHT SLEEPS

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.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven 5
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls; 10
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; 15
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

W. Shakespeare.

MUSIC HAS CHARMS

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound. 5
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than trees or flint? O force of constant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.

W. Congreve.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne; 5
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crowned);
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming eastern bride 10
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair! 15

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky
And heavenly joys inspire. 20
The song began from Jove
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode 25
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And while he sought her snowy breast,

Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound ! 30
A present deity ! they shout around :
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears ;
Assumes the god, 35
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes ; 40
Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face :
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young, 45
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure, 50
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.—

The master saw the madness rise, 55
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse: 60
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood; 65
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate, 70
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see 75
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures. 80
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,

Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning, 85
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
—The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause. 90
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again: 95
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder, 100
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead
And amazed, he stares around. 105
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band, 111
Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew !
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy !

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
—Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown :
He raised a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down.

J. DRYDEN.

SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began :
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead !
Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began :
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound :
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries 'Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!'

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,

An angel heard, and straight appeared
Mistaking earth for heaven !

Grand Chorus

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above ;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

J. DRYDEN.

ON MUSIC

MANY love music but for music's sake,
Many because her touches can awake
Thoughts that repose within the breast half-dead,
And rise to follow where she loves to lead.
What various feelings come from days gone by !
What tears from far-off sources dim the eye !
Few, when light fingers with sweet voices play
And melodies swell, pause, and melt away,
Mind how at every touch, at every tone,
A spark of life hath glistened and hath gone.

W. S. LANDOR.

MASTER HUGUES OF SAXE-GOTHA

Hist, but a word, fair and soft!
  Forth and be judged, Master Hugues!
Answer the question I've put you so oft—
  What do you mean by your mountainous fugues?
See, we're alone in the loft,— 5

I, the poor organist here,
  Hugues, the composer of note—
Dead, though, and done with, this many a year:
  Let's have a colloquy, something to quote,
Make the world prick up its ear! 10

See, the church empties apace:
  Fast they extinguish the lights—
Hallo there, sacristan! five minutes' grace!
  Here's a crank pedal wants setting to rights,
Baulks one of holding the base. 15

See, our huge house of the sounds,
  Hushing its hundreds at once,
Bids the last loiterer back to his bounds!
  —Oh, you may challenge them, not a response
Get the church-saints on their rounds! 20

(Saints go their rounds, who shall doubt?
  —March, with the moon to admire,
Up nave, down chancel, turn transept about,
  Supervise all betwixt pavement and spire,
Put rats and mice to the rout— 25

Aloys and Jurien and Just—
  Order things back to their place,
Have a sharp eye lest the candlesticks rust,
  Rub the church-plate, darn the sacrament-lace,
Clear the desk-velvet of dust.) 30

Here 's your book, younger folks shelve !
  Played I not off-hand and runningly,
Just now, your masterpiece, hard number twelve ?
  Here 's what should strike,—could one handle it cunningly :
Help the axe, give it a helve ! 35

Page after page as I played,
  Every bar's rest, where one wipes
Sweat from one's brow, I looked up and surveyed,
  O'er my three claviers, yon forest of pipes
Whence you still peeped in the shade. 40

Sure you were wishful to speak,
  You, with brow ruled like a score,
Yes, and eyes buried in pits on each cheek,
  Like two great breves as they wrote them of yore
Each side that bar, your straight beak ! 45

Sure you said—' Good, the mere notes !
  Still, couldst thou take my intent,
Know what procured me our Company's votes—
  Masters being lauded and sciolists shent,
Parted the sheep from the goats ! ' 50

Well then, speak up, never flinch!
  Quick, ere my candle 's a snuff
—Burnt, do you see? to its uttermost inch—
  I believe in you, but that 's not enough:
Give my conviction a clinch! 55

First you deliver your phrase
  —Nothing propound, that I see,
Fit in itself for much blame or much praise—
  Answered no less, where no answer needs be:
Off start the Two on their ways! 60

Straight must a Third interpose,
  Volunteer needlessly help—
In strikes a Fourth, a Fifth thrusts in his nose,
  So the cry 's open, the kennel 's a-yelp,
Argument 's hot to the close! 65

One dissertates, he is candid;
  Two must discept,—has distinguished;
Three helps the couple, if ever yet man did;
  Four protests; Five makes a dart at the thing wished:
Back to One, goes the case bandied. 70

One says his say with a difference—
  More of expounding, explaining!
All now is wrangle, abuse, and vociferance—
  Now there 's a truce, all 's subdued, self-restraining—
Fiv. hough, stands out all the stiffer hence. 75

One is incisive, corrosive ;
  Two retorts, nettled, curt, crepitant ;
Three makes rejoinder, expansive, explosive ;
  Four overbears them all, strident and strepitant :
Five . . . O Danaides, O Sieve ! 80

Now, they ply saws and crowbars ;
  Now, they prick pins at a tissue
Fine as a skein of the casuist Escobar's
  Worked on the bone of a lie. To what issue ?
Where is our gain at the Two-bars ? 85

Est fuga, volvitur rota !
  On we drift. Where looms the dim port ?
One, Two, Three, Four, Five, contribute their quota—
  Something is gained, if one caught but the im-
    port—
Show it us, Hugues of Saxe-Gotha ! 90

What with affirming, denying,
  Holding, risposting, subjoining,
All 's like . . . it 's like . . . for an instance I'm trying . . .
  There ! See our roof, its gilt moulding and groining
Under those spider-webs lying ! 95

So your fugue broadens and thickens,
  Greatens and deepens and lengthens,
Till one exclaims—' But where 's music, the dickens ?
  Blot ye the gold, while your spider-web strengthens
—Blacked to the stoutest of tickens ? ' 100

I for man's effort am zealous :
  Prove me such censure 's unfounded !
Seems it surprising a lover grows jealous—
  Hopes 'twas for something his organ-pipes sounded,
Tiring three boys at the bellows ? 105

Is it your moral of Life ?
  Such a web, simple and subtle,
Weave we on earth here in impotent strife,
  Backward and forward each throwing his shuttle,
Death ending all with a knife ? 110

Over our heads Truth and Nature—
  Still our life 's zigzags and dodges,
Ins and outs, weaving a new legislature—
  God's gold just shining its last where that lodges
Palled beneath Man's usurpature. 115

So we o'ershroud stars and roses,
  Cherub and trophy and garland.
Nothings grow something which quietly closes
  Heaven's earnest eye,—not a glimpse of the far land
Gets through our comments and glozes. 120

Ah, but traditions, inventions,
  (Say we and make up a visage)
So many men with such various intentions
  Down the past ages must know more than this age!
Leave the web all its dimensions ! 125

Who thinks Hugues wrote for the deaf,
  Proved a mere mountain in labour ?
Better submit—try again—what 's the clef ?
  'Faith, it 's no trifle for pipe and for tabor—
Four flats, the minor in F. 130

Friend, your fugue taxes the finger :
  Learning it once, who would lose it ?
Yet all the while a misgiving will linger,
  Truth 's golden o'er us although we refuse it—
Nature, thro' dust-clouds we fling her ! 135

Hugues ! I advise *meâ poenâ*
  (Counterpoint glares like a Gorgon)
Bid One, Two, Three, Four, Five, clear the arena !
  Say the word, straight I unstop the Full-Organ,
Blare out the *mode Palestrina.* 140

While in the roof, if I'm right there,
  . . . Lo, you, the wick in the socket !
Hallo, you sacristan, show us a light there !
  Down it dips, gone like a rocket !
What, you want, do you, to come unawares, 145
Sweeping the church up for first morning-prayers,
And find a poor devil has ended his cares
At the foot of your rotten-runged rat-riddled stairs ?
  Do I carry the moon in my pocket ?

R. Browning.

THE DULCIMER

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora. 5
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air, 10
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice, 15
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

S. T. Coleridge.

REMEMBERED MUSIC

A Fragment

Thick-rushing, like an ocean vast
Of bisons the far prairie shaking,
The notes crowd heavily and fast
As surfs, one plunging while the last
Draws seaward from its foamy breaking.
Or in low murmurs they began, 6
Rising and rising momently,

As o'er a harp Aeolian
A fitful breeze, until they ran
  Up to a sudden ecstasy. 10

And then like minute-drops of rain
  Ringing in water silverly,
They lingering dropped and dropped again,
Till it was almost like a pain
  To listen when the next would be. 15

J. R. Lowell.

THE MONOCHORD

(Written during Music)

Is it the moved air or the moving sound
  That is Life's self and draws my life from me,
  And by instinct ineffable decree
Holds my breath quailing on the bitter bound ?
Nay, is it Life or Death, thus thunder-crowned, 5
  That 'mid the tide of all emergency
  Now notes my separate wave, and to what sea
Its difficult eddies labour in the ground ?

Oh ! what is this that knows the road I came,
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame,
  The lifted shifted steeps and all the way ?— 11
That draws round me at last this wind-warm space,
And in regenerate rapture turns my face
  Upon the devious coverts of dismay ?

D. G. Rossetti.

IN PRAISE OF MUSIC AND POETRY

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one and I the other. 4
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes; 10
And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned
When as himself to singing he betakes:
One god is god of both, as poets feign,
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

R. Barnefield.

MARRIED TO IMMORTAL VERSE

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout 5
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony. 10

That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free 15
His half regained Eurydice.

J. MILTON.

OF HEAVENLY RACE

MUSIC, some think, no music is
Unless she sing of clip and kiss.
And bring to wanton tunes 'Fie, fie!'
Or 'Tih-ha tah-ha!' or 'I'll cry!'
But let such rhymes no more disgrace 5
Music sprung of heavenly race.

UNKNOWN.

BLAME NOT MY LUTE

BLAME not my Lute! for he must sound
Of this and that as liketh me;
For lack of wit the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me;
Though my songs be somewhat strange, 5
And speak such words as touch thy change,
Blame not my Lute!

My Lute, alas! doth not offend,
Though that perforce he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend 10
To sing to them that heareth me;

Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my Lute!

My Lute and strings may not deny, 15
But as I strike they must obey;
Break not them then so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some wiser way;
And though the songs which I indite
Do quit thy change with rightful spite, 20
Blame not my Lute!

Blame but thyself that hast misdone,
And well deservèd to have blame;
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,
And then my Lute shall sound that same;
But if till then my fingers play, 26
By thy desert their wonted way,
Blame not my Lute!

Farewell! unknown; for though thou break
My strings in spite with great disdain, 30
Yet have I found out for thy sake,
Strings for to string my Lute again:
And if, perchance, this silly rhyme
Do make thee blush, at any time,
Blame not my Lute! 35

SIR T. WYATT.

WHEN TO HER LUTE CORINNA SINGS

When to her lute Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear,
As any challenged echo clear:
But when she doth of mourning speak, 5
E'en with her sighs, the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,
Led by her passion, so must I;
For when of pleasure she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring, 10
But if she doth of sorrow speak,
E'en from my heart the strings do break.

T. Campion.

PAN'S SONG

Pan's Syrinx was a girl indeed,
Though now she 's turned into a reed.
From that dear reed Pan's pipe does come,
A pipe that strikes Apollo dumb;
Nor flute, nor lute, nor gittern can 5
So chant it, as the pipe of Pan;
Cross-gartered swains, and dairy girls,
With faces smug and round as pearls,
When Pan's shrill pipe begins to play,
With dancing wear out night and day: 10

The bag-pipe's drone his hum lays by,
When Pan sounds up his minstrelsy.
His minstrelsy! O base! This quill
Which at my mouth with wind I fill,
Puts me in mind, though her I miss, 15
That still my Syrinx' lips I kiss.

J. LYLY.

(1554?–1601

LAURA

ROSE-CHEEKED Laura, come;
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow 5
From consent divinely framèd;
Heaven is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for helps to grace them; 10
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord,

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in them- 15
selves eternal.

T. CAMPION.

UPON JULIA'S VOICE

When I thy singing next shall hear,
I'll wish I might turn all to ear,
To drink in notes and numbers, such
As blessèd souls can't hear too much :
Then melted down, there let me lie 5
Entranced, and lost confusedly ;
And by thy music strucken mute,
Die, and be turned into a lute.

R. Herrick.

TO A LADY SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING

Chloris, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That like a spirit with this spell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one, 5
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo, with so sweet a grace,
Narcissus' loud complaints returned, 10
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burned.

E. Waller.

GRATIANA DANCING, AND SINGING

See, with what constant motion,
Even, and glorious as the sun,
  Gratiana steers that noble frame,
    Soft as her breast, sweet as her voice,
    That gave each winding law and poise, 5
  And swifter than the wings of Fame.

She beat the happy pavèment—
By such a star made firmament,
  Which now no more the roof envies!
    But swells up high, with Atlas even, 10
    Bearing the brighter, nobler heaven,
  And, in her, all the deities.

Each step trod out a lover's thought,
And the ambitious hopes he brought
  Chained to her brave feet with such arts, 15
    Such sweet command and gentle awe,
    As, when she ceased, we sighing saw
  The floor lay paved with broken hearts.

So did she move, so did she sing,
Like the harmonious spheres that bring 20
  Unto their rounds their music's aid;
    Which she performèd such a way
    As all the enamoured world will say,
  'The Graces danceèd, and Apollo played!'

R. Lovelace.

WHEN SAPPHO TUNED THE RAPTURED STRAIN

When Sappho tuned the raptured strain
The listening wretch forgot his pain;
With art divine the lyre she strung,
Like thee she played, like thee she sung.

For while she struck the quivering wire, 5
The eager breast was all on fire;
And when she joined the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charmed away.

But had she added still to these
Thy softer, chaster power to please, 10
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth:

She ne'er had pined beneath disdain,
She ne'er had played and sung in vain,
Despair had ne'er her soul possessed 15
To dash on rocks the tender breast.

T. G. Smollett.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain, 5
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands 10
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas 15
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago : 20
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang 25
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;—
I listened, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill, 30
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

W. WORDSWORTH.

TO JANE

The keen stars were twinkling,
And the fair moon was rising among them,
Dear Jane!
The guitar was tinkling,
But the notes were not sweet till you sung them 5
Again.

As the moon's soft splendour
O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown,
So your voice most tender 10
To the strings without soul had then given
Its own.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later,
To-night; 15
No leaf will be shaken
Whilst the dews of your melody scatter
Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with your dear voice revealing 20
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.

P. B. Shelley.

WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE

Ariel to Miranda :—Take
This slave of Music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee,
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou, 5
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turned to pain ;
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand, 10
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken ;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
From life to life, must still pursue
Your happiness ;—for thus alone 15
Can Ariel ever find his own.
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples, he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea, 20
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon,
In her interlunar swoon,
Is not sadder in her cell 25
Than deserted Ariel.
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen star of birth,

Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has tracked your steps and served your will;
Now, in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remembered not;
And now, alas! the poor sprite is
Imprisoned, for some fault of his,
In a body like a grave;—
From you he only dares to crave,
For his service and his sorrow,
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought,
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine;
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love; and so this tree,—
O that such our death may be!—
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again:

From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar,
And taught it justly to reply,
To all who question skilfully, 60
In language gentle as thine own;
Whispering in enamoured tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells;
For it had learned all harmonies 65
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forest and the mountains,
And the many-voicèd fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills, 70
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound, 75
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way.—
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well 80
The Spirit that inhabits it;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before,
By those who tempt it to betray 85
These secrets of an elder day:

But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest, holiest tone
For our belovèd Jane alone. 90

P. B. SHELLEY.

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE

IF music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again ! it had a dying fall :
O ! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound 5
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Enough ! no more :
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love ! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity 10
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute : so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical. 15

W. SHAKESPEARE.

WHY HEAR'ST THOU MUSIC SADLY ?

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy :
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds, 5
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering ; 10
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing :
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee : ' Thou single wilt prove none.'

W. Shakespeare.

WHEN THOU, MY MUSIC, PLAYEST

How oft, when thou, my Music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap 5
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !

To be so tickled they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips, 10
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

THE UNTOUCHED CHORD

LIKE a musician that with flying finger
Startles the voice of some new instrument,
And, though he know that in one string are blent
All its extremes of sound, yet still doth linger
Among the lighter threads, fearing to start 5
The deep soul of that one melodious wire,
Lest it, unanswering, dash his high desire,
And spoil the hopes of his expectant heart;—
Thus, with my mistress oft conversing, I
Stir every lighter theme with careless voice, 10
Gathering sweet music and celestial joys
From the harmonious soul o'er which I fly;
Yet o'er the one deep master-chord I hover,
And dare not stoop, fearing to tell—I love her.

W. C. ROSCOE.

TO MR. HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT COMPOSER OF HIS LYRICS

TOUCH but thy lyre, my Harry, and I hear
From thee some raptures of the rare Gotire.
Then if thy voice commingle with the string,
I hear in thee the rare Laniere to sing,
Or curious Wilson; tell me, canst thou be 5
Less than Apollo, that usurp'st such three?
Three, unto whom the whole world give applause;
Yet their three praises praise but one, that 's Lawes.

R. HERRICK.

TO MR. H. LAWES, ON HIS AIRS

HARRY whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas ears, committing short and long;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for envy to look wan; 6
To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue.
Thou honour'st verse, and verse must send her wing
To honour thee, the priest of Phoebus' quire 10
That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

J. MILTON.

TO MR. HENRY LAWES

WHO HAD THEN NEWLY SET A SONG OF MINE IN THE YEAR 1635

VERSE makes heroic virtue live;
But you can life to verses give.
As when in open air we blow,
The breath, though strained, sounds flat and low;
But if a trumpet takes the blast, 5
It lifts it high and makes it last;
So in your airs our numbers dressed
Make a shrill sally from the breast
Of nymphs, who, singing what we penned,
Our passions to themselves commend; 10
While love, victorious with thy art,
Governs at once their voice and heart.

You by the help of tune and time
Can make that song which was but rhyme.
Nay, pleading, no man doubts the cause, 15
Or questions verses set by Laws.
As a church window thick with paint
Lets in a light but dim and faint;
So others with division hide
The light of sense, the poet's pride, 20
But you alone may truly boast
That not a syllable is lost;
The writer's and the setter's skill
At once the ravished ears do fill.

Let those which only warble long 25
And gargle in their throats a song,
Content themselves with *Ut*, *Re*, *Mi*,
Let words and sense be set by thee.

E. WALLER.

TO THE MUSICIAN

(BEETHOVEN)

MUSIC transcends conception ; God in heaven
Is the musician's father. Wondrous child !
Instinct above the intellect is given
To him the wordless and unlearned : wild
Fancies of heart are his realities, 5
And over them as o'er firm ground he flies
Towards absorption in the unknown skies
Of spirit-land.
Alas ! within the maze
Of the actual world, hills, cattle, ships, and town,
Knowledge accumulative, mace and gown, 10
Wealth, science, law, he like a blind man strays.
Yet be thou proud, poor child ! be not cast down,
Men hear thee like the voice of the dead risen,
And feel they are immortal, souls in prison !

W. BELL SCOTT.

FREE THOUGHTS ON SEVERAL EMINENT COMPOSERS

SOME cry up Haydn, some Mozart,
Just as the whim bites ; for my part,
I do not care a farthing candle
For either of them, or for Handel.—
Cannot a man live free and easy, 5
Without admiring Pergolesi ?
Or through the world with comfort go,
That never heard of Doctor Blow ?
So help me God, I hardly have ;
And yet I eat, and drink, and shave, 10
Like other people, if you watch it,
And know no more of Stave or Crotchet,
Than did the primitive Peruvians ;
Or those old ante-queer-Diluvians
That lived in the unwashed world with Tubal, 15
Before that dirty blacksmith Jubal
By stroke on anvil, or by summ'at,
Found out, to his great surprise, the gamut.
I care no more for Cimarosa,
Than he did for Salvator Rosa, 20
Being no painter ; and bad luck
Be mine, if I can bear that Gluck !
Old Tycho Brahe, and modern Herschel,
Had something in 'em ; but who 's Purcel ?

The devil, with his foot so cloven, 25
For aught I care, may take Beethoven;
And, if the bargain does not suit,
I'll throw him Weber in to boot.
There 's not the splitting of a splinter
To choose 'twixt him last named, and Winter. 30
Of Doctor Pepusch old Queen Dido
Knew just as much, God knows, as I do.
I would not go four miles to visit
Sebastian Bach (or Batch, which is it?);
No more I would for Bononcini. 35
As for Novello, or Rossini,
I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,
Because they're living; so I leave 'em.

C. Lamb.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

Some say, compared to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny:
Others aver, that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange that such difference should be 5
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

Unknown.

TO JOSEPH JOACHIM

BELOV'D of all to whom that Muse is dear
Who hid her spirit of rapture from the Greek,
Whereby our art excelleth the antique,
Perfecting formal beauty to the ear;
Thou that hast been in England many a year 5
The interpreter who left us nought to seek,
Making Beethoven's inmost passion speak,
Bringing the soul of great Sebastian near;

Their music liveth ever, and 'tis just
That thou, good Joachim, so high thy skill, 10
Rank (as thou shalt upon the heavenly hill)
Laurel'd with them, for thy ennobling trust
Remember'd when thy loving hand is still
And every ear that heard thee stopt with dust.

R. BRIDGES.

THE LAST OF ALL THE BARDS

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses grey,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy, 5
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;

For, welladay! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead; 10
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed, 15
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured to lord and lady gay
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne; 20
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear, 25
The harp a king had loved to hear.

SIR W. SCOTT.

WHITHER IS GONE THE WISDOM AND THE POWER

WHITHER is gone the wisdom and the power
That ancient sages scattered with the notes
Of thought-suggesting lyres? The music floats
In the void air; e'en at this breathing hour,
In every cell and every blooming bower 5
The sweetness of old lays is hovering still:

But the strong soul, the self-constraining will,
The rugged root that bare the winsome flower,
Is weak and withered. Were we like the fays
That sweetly nestle in the fox-glove bells, 10
Or lurk and murmur in the rose-lipped shells
Which Neptune to the earth for quit-rent pays,
Then might our pretty modern Philomels
Sustain our spirits with their roundelays.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

VILLAGE BELLS

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And, as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs, or martial, brisk or grave:
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies. 5
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on! 10
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.

W. COWPER.

CHURCH MUSIC

SWEETEST of sweets, I thank you : when displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure
A dainty lodging me assigned.

Now I in you without a body move,
Rising and falling with your wings ; 5
We both together sweetly live and love,
Yet say sometimes, 'God help poor kings !'

Comfort, I'll die ; for if you post from me,
Sure I shall do so, and much more ; 10
But if I travel in your company,
You know the way to heaven's door.

G. HERBERT.

THE FAIR BRASS

AN effigy of brass
Trodden by careless feet
Of worshippers that pass,
Beautiful and complete,

Lieth in the sombre aisle
Of this old church unwreckt, 5
And still from modern style
Shielded by kind neglect.

It shows a warrior arm'd :
Across his iron breast 10
His hands by death are charm'd
To leave his sword at rest,

Wherewith he led his men
O'ersea, and smote to hell
The astonisht Saracen, 15
Nor doubted he did well.

Would wé could teach our sons
His trust in face of doom,
Or give our bravest ones
A comparable tomb : 20

Such as to look on shrives
The heart of half its care ;
So in each line survives
The spirit that made it fair ;

So fair the characters, 25
With which the dusty scroll,
That tells his title, stirs
A requiem for his soul.

Yet dearer far to me,
And brave as he are they, 30
Who fight by land and sea
For England at this day ;

Whose vile memorials,
In mournful marbles gilt,
Deface the beauteous walls 35
By growing glory built :

Heirs of our antique shrines,
Sires of our future fame,
Whose starry honour shines
In many a noble name 40

Across the deathful days,
Link'd in the brotherhood
That loves our country's praise,
And lives for heavenly good.

R. Bridges.

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense
And glorious Work of fine intelligence! 5
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells, 10
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

What awful pérspective! while from our sight
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
Their Portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite, 5
Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,
Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night!—
But, from the arms of silence—list! O list!
The music bursteth into second life; 10
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam 5
Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path
Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome
Hath typified by reach of daring art
Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest, 10
The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
As now, when She hath also seen her breast
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

W. WORDSWORTH.

THE CONSCIOUS STONE TO BEAUTY GREW

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity; 5
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

R. W. Emerson.

ST. PETER'S AT ROME

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle;—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell 5
The hyaena and the jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have surveyed
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem prayed;

But thou, of temples old, or altars new, 10
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He

Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in his honour piled, 15
Of a sublimer aspect ? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

LORD BYRON.

THE PANTHEON

SIMPLE, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time ;
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods 5
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome !
Shalt thou not last ? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon !—pride of Rome !

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts ! 10
Despoiled yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts—
To art a model ; and to him who treads
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds 14
Her light through thy sole aperture ; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their beads ;
And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honoured forms, whose busts around them close.

LORD BYRON.

COME, LEAVE YOUR GOTHIC

Come, leave your Gothic worn-out story,
San Giorgio and the Redentore,
I from no building gay or solemn
Can spare the shapely Grecian column.
'T is not, these centuries four, for nought, 5
Our European world of thought
Hath made familiar to its home
The classic mind of Greece and Rome;
In all new work that would look forth
To more than antiquarian worth, 10
Palladio's pediments and bases,
Or something such, will find their places;
Maturer optics don't delight
In childish dim religious light;
In evanescent vague effects 15
That shirk, not face one's intellects;
They love not fancies just betrayed,
And artful tricks of light and shade,
But pure form nakedly displayed
And all things absolutely made. 20

A. H. Clough.

LAOCOÖN AND APOLLO

—Turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoön's torture dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending: Vain
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain 5
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long envenomed chain
Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow, 10
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye 15
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above, 21
And maddened in that vision—are exprest
All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood 26
Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a god!

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given 30
Which this poetic marble hath arrayed
With an eternal glory—which, if made
By human hands, is not of human thought;
And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught 35
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which
'twas wrought.

LORD BYRON.

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO

HEARD ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry?
In settled majesty of calm disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heavenly Archer stands—no human birth, 5
No perishable denizen of earth;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A God in strength, with more than godlike grace;
All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But animate with deity alone, 11
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire, 15
And his lip quivers with insulting ire:
Firm fixed his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks the impalpable and pathless sky:
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind, 20
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian! with an eagle's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
Viewed the bright conclave of Heaven's blest abode, 25
And the cold marble leapt to life a God:
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bowed before the work of man.
For mild he seemed, as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours; 30
Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove, 35
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

H. H. Milman.

THE APOLLO OF THE VATICAN

God of the golden locks and beamy brow!
Embodied splendour! Phoebus-Apollo! Thou,
Time-born, but heir of immortality!
Still stand'st thou radiant—like a mighty star,
Darting supernal effluence afar 5
O'er the slow stream of change, that, rolling by,
Hath swept from earth Religions, Peoples, Crowns—
Like vapour down into the silent sea
Of grey Oblivion—leaving uninjured Thee,
Its marble conqueror! Still that proud lip frowns
In scornful triumph o'er thy prostrate foe, 11
The earth-spawned Python, Mutability!
Still from that stern, indomitable eye
The arrowy lightnings flash that laid the reptile low.

J. Noel Paton.

THE VENUS OF MELOS

Goddess, or woman nobler than the God,
No eyes a-gaze upon Aegean seas
Shifting and circling past their Cyclades
Saw thee. The Earth, the gracious Earth, was trod
First by thy feet, while round thee lay her broad 5
Calm harvests, and great kine, and shadowing trees,
And flowers like queens, and a full year's increase,
Clusters, ripe berry, and the bursting pod.

So thy victorious fairness, unallied
To bitter things or barren, doth bestow 10
And not exact; so thou art calm and wise;
Thy large allurement saves: a man may grow
Like Plutarch's men by standing at thy side,
And walk thenceforward with clear-visioned eyes!

E. Dowden.

OBSERVING A VULGAR NAME ON THE PLINTH OF AN ANCIENT STATUE

Barbarians must we always be?
  Wild hunters in pursuit of fame?
Must there be nowhere stone or tree
  Ungashed with some ignoble name?
O Venus! in thy Tuscan dome
  May every God watch over thee!
Apollo! bend thy bow o'er Rome
  And guard thy sister's chastity.
Let Britons paint their bodies blue
  As formerly, but touch not you. 10

W. S. Landor.

A PSALM OF MONTREAL

STOWED away in a Montreal lumber room
The Discobolus standeth and turneth his face to the wall;
Dusty, cobweb-covered, maimed and set at naught,
Beauty crieth in an attic and no man regardeth:
O God! O Montreal! 5

Beautiful by night and day, beautiful in summer and winter,
Whole or maimed, always and alike beautiful—
He preacheth gospel of grace to the skin of owls
And to one who seasoneth the skins of Canadian owls: 9
O God! O Montreal!

When I saw him I was wroth and I said, 'O Discobolus!
Beautiful Discobolus, a Prince both among gods and men!
What dost thou here, how camest thou hither, Discobolus,
Preaching gospel in vain to the skins of owls?'
O God! O Montreal! 15

And I turned to the man of skins and said unto him, 'O thou man of skins,
Wherefore hast thou done thus to shame the beauty of the Discobolus?'

But the Lord had hardened the heart of the man of skins
And he answered, 'My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon.' 19
O God! O Montreal!

'The Discobolus is put here because he is vulgar—
He has neither vest nor pants with which to cover his limbs;
I, Sir, am a person of most respectable connexions—
My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon.'
O God! O Montreal!

Then I said, 'O brother-in-law to Mr. Spurgeon's haberdasher, 26
Who seasonest also the skins of Canadian owls,
Thou callest trousers "pants", whereas I call them "trousers",
Therefore thou art in hell-fire and may the Lord pity thee!'
O God! O Montreal!

'Preferrest thou the gospel of Montreal to the gospel of Hellas, 31
The gospel of thy connexion with Mr. Spurgeon's haberdashery to the gospel of the Discobolus?'
Yet none the less blasphemed he beauty saying, 'The Discobolus hath no gospel,
But my brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon.'
O God! O Montreal!

S. Butler.

HIRAM POWERS'S GREEK SLAVE

THEY say Ideal beauty cannot enter
The house of anguish. On the threshold stands
An alien Image with enshackled hands,
Called the Greek Slave! as if the artist meant her
(That passionless perfection which he lent her, 5
Shadowed not darkened where the sill expands)
To, so, confront man's crimes in different lands
With man's ideal sense. Pierce to the centre,
A 's fiery finger!—and break up ere long
The serfdom of this world! appeal, fair stone, 10
From God's pure heights of beauty against man's wrong!
Catch up in thy divine face, not alone
East griefs but west,—and strike and shame the strong,
By thunders of white silence, overthrown.

E. B. BROWNING.

FROM 'THE STATUE AND THE BUST'

ONE day as the lady saw her youth
Depart, and the silver thread that streaked
Her hair, and, worn by the serpent's tooth,

The brow so puckered, the chin so peaked,—
And wondered who the woman was, 5
Hollow-eyed and haggard-cheeked,

Fronting her silent in the glass—
'Summon here', she suddenly said,
'Before the rest of my old self pass,

'Him, the Carver, a hand to aid, 10
Who fashions the clay no love will change,
And fixes a beauty never to fade.

'Let Robbia's craft so apt and strange
Arrest the remains of young and fair,
And rivet them while the seasons range. 15

'Make me a face on the window there,
Waiting as ever, mute the while,
My love to pass below in the square!

'And let me think that it may beguile
Dreary days which the dead must spend 20
Down in their darkness under the aisle,

'To say, "What matters it at the end?
I did no more while my heart was warm
Than does that image, my pale-faced friend."

'Where is the use of the lip's red charm, 25
The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,
And the blood that blues the inside arm—

'Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,
The earthly gift to an end divine?
A lady of clay is as good, I trow.' 30

But long ere Robbia's cornice, fine
With flowers and fruits which leaves enlace,
Was set where now is the empty shrine—

(And, leaning out of a bright blue space,
As a ghost might lean from a chink of sky, 35
The passionate pale lady's face—

Eyeing ever with earnest eye
And quick-turned neck at its breathless stretch,
Some one who ever is passing by—)

The Duke had sighed like the simplest wretch 40
In Florence, 'Youth—my dream escapes!
Will its record stay?' And he bade them fetch

Some subtle moulder of brazen shapes—
'Can the soul, the will, die out of a man
Ere his body find the grave that gapes? 45

'John of Douay shall effect my plan,
Set me on horseback here aloft,
Alive, as the crafty sculptor can,

'In the very square I have crossed so oft!
That men may admire, when future suns 50
Shall touch the eyes to a purpose soft,

'While the mouth and the brow stay brave in bronze—
Admire and say, "When he was alive,
How he would take his pleasure once!"

'And it shall go hard but I contrive 55
To listen the while and laugh in my tomb
At idleness which aspires to strive.'

R. Browning.

STATUES IN VERSE

One was the Tishbite whom the raven fed,
As when he stood on Carmel-steeps,
With one arm stretched out bare, and mocked and said,
'Come cry aloud—he sleeps.'

Tall, eager, lean and strong, his cloak windborne 5
Behind, his forehead heavenly-bright
From the clear marble pouring glorious scorn,
Lit as with inner light.

One was Olympias: the floating snake
Rolled round her ankles, round her waist 10
Knotted, and folded once about her neck,
Her perfect lips to taste

Round by the shoulder moved: she seeming blithe
Declined her head: on every side
The dragon's curves melted and mingled with 15
The woman's youthful pride

Of rounded limbs.

Lord Tennyson.

ON A SEPULCHRAL STATUE OF AN INFANT SLEEPING

(FROM THE LATIN OF VINCENT BOURNE)

BEAUTIFUL Infant, who dost keep
Thy posture here, and sleep'st a marble sleep,
May the repose unbroken be,
Which the fine Artist's hand hath lent to thee,
While thou enjoy'st along with it 5
That which no art, or craft, could ever hit,
Or counterfeit to mortal sense,
The heaven-infusèd sleep of Innocence.

C. LAMB.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both, 6
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard 11
  Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
  Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare; 16
    Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
    She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
  For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair! 20

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
  Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearièd,
  For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love! 25
  For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
    For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
  That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
    A burning forehead, and a parching tongue. 30

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
  To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
  And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore, 35
  Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
    Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
  Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
    Why thou art desolate, can e'er return. 40

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
  Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
  Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral! 45
  When old age shall this generation waste,
    Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
  'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
    Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know. 50

J. Keats.

THE TEARS OF A PAINTER

(From the Latin of Vincent Bourne)

Apelles, hearing that his boy
Had just expired—his only joy!
Although the sight with anguish tore him,
Bade place his dear remains before him.
He seized his brush, his colours spread; 5
And—'Oh! my child, accept'—he said,
'('Tis all that I can now bestow)
This tribute of a father's woe!'
Then, faithful to the two-fold part,
Both of his feelings and his art, 10
He closed his eyes, with tender care,
And formed at once a fellow pair.
His brow, with amber locks beset,
And lips he drew, not livid yet;

And shaded all, that he had done, 15
To the just image of his son,
  Thus far is well. But view again
The cause of thy paternal pain !
Thy melancholy task fulfil !
It needs the last, last touches still. 20
Again his pencil's powers he tries,
For on his lips a smile he spies :
And still his cheek unfaded shows
The deepest damask of the rose.
Then, heedful to the finished whole, 25
With fondest eagerness he stole,
Till scarce himself distinctly knew
The cherub copied from the true.
  Now, painter, cease ! Thy task is done.
Long lives this image of thy son ; 30
Nor short-lived shall the glory prove,
Or of thy labour, or thy love.

W. Cowper.

FROM 'ONE WORD MORE'

Rafael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas : 4
These the world might view—but One, the volume.
Who that one, you ask ? Your heart instructs you.

Did she live and love it all her life-time ?
Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow
Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory, 10
Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving—
Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,
Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's ?

You and I would rather read that volume
(Taken to his beating bosom by it), 15
Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,
Would we not ? than wonder at Madonnas—
Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,
Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
Her, that 's left with lilies in the Louvre— 20
Seen by us and all the world in circle.

Dante once prepared to paint an angel :
Whom to please ? You whisper ' Beatrice.'
While he mused and traced it and retraced it,
(Peradventure with a pen corroded 25
Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,
When, his left-hand i' the hair o' the wicked,
Back he held the brow and pricked its stigma,
Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment, 29
Loosed him, laughed to see the writing ra ıkle,
Let the wretch go festering through Florence)—
Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving,
Dante standing, studying his angel,—
In there broke the folk of his Inferno. 35

You and I would rather see that angel,
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
Would we not ?—than read a fresh Inferno.

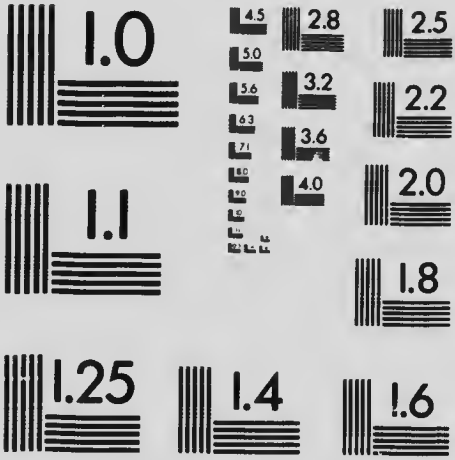
What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture ?
This : no artist lives and loves, that longs not 40
Once, and only once, and for One only,
(Ah, the prize !) to find his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—
Using nature that 's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that 's turned his nature. 45
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forgo his proper dowry,—
Does he paint ? he fain would write a poem,—
Does he write ? he fain would paint a picture,
Put to proof art alien to the artist's, 50
Once, and only once, and for One only,
So to be the man and leave the artist,
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno, 55
Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it,
Drew one angel—borne, see, on my bosom !

R. Browning.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



SAINT LUKE THE PAINTER

GIVE honour unto Luke Evangelist;
  For he it was (the aged legends say)
  Who first taught Art to fold her hands and pray.
Scarcely at once she dared to rend the mist
Of devious symbols; but soon having wist 5
  How sky-breadth and field-silence and this day
  Are symbols also in some deeper way,
She looked through these to God and was God's
    priest.

And if, past noon, her toil began to irk,
And she sought talismans, and turned in vain 10
  To soulless self-reflections of man's skill,—
  Yet now, in this the twilight, she might still
Kneel in the latter grass to pray again,
Ere the night cometh and she may not work.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

A VIRGIN AND CHILD

BY HANS MEMMELING (IN THE ACADEMY OF BRUGES)

MYSTERY: God, Man's Life, born into man
  Of woman. There abideth on her brow
  The ended pang of knowledge, the which now
Is calm assured. Since first her task began, 4
She hath known all. What more of anguish than
  Endurance oft hath lived through, the whole space
  Through night till night, passed weak upon her
    face

While like a heavy flood the darkness ran ?
All hath been told her touching her dear Son, 9
And all shall be accomplished. Where he sits
Even now, a babe, he holds the symbol fruit
Perfect and chosen. Until God permits,
His soul's elect still have the absolute
Harsh nether darkness, and make painful moan.

D. G. Rossetti.

A MARRIAGE OF ST. KATHERINE

BY THE SAME (IN THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN AT BRUGES)

Mystery : Katherine the bride of Christ.
She kneels, and on her hand the holy Child
Setteth the ring. Her life is sad and mild,
Laid in God's knowledge—ever unenticed
From Him, and in the end thus fitly priced. 5
Awe, and the music that is near her, wrought
Of Angels, hath possessed her eyes in thought :
Her utter joy is hers, and hath sufficed.
There is a pause while Mary Virgin turns
The leaf, and reads. With eyes on the spread book, 10
That damsel at her knees reads after her.
John whom He loved and John His harbinger
Listen and watch. Whereon soe'er thou look,
The light is starred in gems, and the gold burns.

D. G. Rossetti.

FOR ONE OF GIAN BELLINI'S LITTLE ANGELS

My task it is to stand beneath the throne,
  To stand and wait, while those grave presences,
Prophet and priest and saint and seraph, zone
  Our Lady with the Child upon her knees :
  They from mild lips receive the messages 5
Of peace and love, which thence to men below
They shower soft-falling like pure flakes of snow.

I meanwhile wait ; and very mute must be
  My music, lest I break the golden trance
Of bliss celestial, or with childish glee 10
  Trouble the fount of divine utterance.
  Yet when those lips are tired of speech, perchance
It may be that the royal babe will lie
And slumber to my whispered lullaby :

Then all those mighty brows will rest, and peace 15
  Descend like dew on that high company.
Therefore I stand and wait, but do not cease
  To clasp my lute, that silver melody,
  When our dear Lady bends her smile on me,
Forth from my throat and from these thrilling strings
Dove-like may soar and spread ethereal wings. 21

J. A. Symonds.

THE LAST SUPPER

By Leonardo da Vinci

Tho' searching damps and many an envious flaw
Have marred this Work; the calm ethereal grace,
The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
The Elements; as they do melt and thaw 5
The heart of the Beholder—and erase
(At least for one rapt moment) every trace
Of disobedience to the primal law.
The annunciation of the dreadful truth
Made to the Twelve, survives: lip, forehead, cheek,
And hand reposing on the board in ruth 11
Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek
Unquestionable meanings—still bespeak
A labour worthy of eternal youth!

W. Wordsworth.

'OUR LADY OF THE ROCKS'

By Leonardo da Vinci

Mother, is this the darkness of the end,
  The Shadow of Death? and is that outer sea
  Infinite imminent Eternity?
And does the death-pang by man's seed sustained
In Time's each instant cause thy face to bend 5
  Its silent prayer upon the Son, while he
  Blesses the dead with his hand silently
To his long day which hours no more offend?

Mother of grace, the pass is difficult,
  Keen as these rocks, and the bewildered souls 10
    Throng it like echoes, blindly shuddering through.
  Thy name, O Lord, each spirit's voice extols,
    Whose peace abides in the dark avenue
Amid the bitterness of things occult.

D. G. Rossetti.

LEONARDO'S 'MONNA LISA'

Make thyself known, Sibyl, or let despair
Of knowing thee be absolute; I wait
Hour-long and waste a soul. What word of fate
Hides 'twixt the lips which smile and still forbear?
Secret perfection! Mystery too fair! 5
Tangle the sense no more lest I should hate
Thy delicate tyranny, the inviolate
Poise of thy folded hands, thy fallen hair.
Nay, nay,—I wrong thee with rough words; still be
Serene, victorious, inaccessible; 10
Still smile but speak not; lightest irony
Lurk ever 'neath thine eyelids' shadow; still
O'ertop our knowledge; Sphinx of Italy
Allure us and reject us at thy will!

E. Dowden.

A VENETIAN PASTORAL

By Giorgione

(In the Louvre)

Water, for anguish of the solstice :—nay,
  But dip the vessel slowly,—nay, but lean
  And hark how at its verge the wave sighs in
Reluctant. Hush ! Beyond all depth away
The heat lies silent at the brink of day : 5
  Now the hand trails upon the viol-string
  That sobs, and the brown faces cease to sing,
Sad with the whole of pleasure. Whither stray
Her eyes now, from whose mouth the slim pipes creep 9
  And leave it pouting, while the shadowed grass
    Is cool against her naked side ? Let be :—
Say nothing now unto her lest she weep,
  Nor name this ever. Be it as it was,—
    Life touching lips with Immortality.

D. G. Rossetti.

AN ALLEGORICAL DANCE OF WOMEN

By Andrea Mantegna

(In the Louvre)

Scarcely, I think ; yet it indeed *may* be
  The meaning reached him, when this music rang
  Clear through his frame, a sweet possessive pang,
And he beheld these rocks and that ridged sea.
But I believe that, leaning towards them, he 5

Just felt their hair carried across his face
As each girl passed him ; nor gave ear to trace
How many feet ; nor bent assuredly
His eyes from the blind fixedness of thought
To know the dancers. It is bitter glad 10
Even unto tears. Its meaning filleth it,
A secret of the wells of Life : to wit :—
The heart's each pulse shall keep the sense it had
With all, though the mind's labour run to nought.

D. G. Rossetti.

RUGGIERO AND ANGELICA

By Ingres

I

A remote sky, prolonged to the sea's brim :
One rock-point standing buffeted alone,
Vexed at its base with a foul beast unknown,
Hell-birth of geomaunt and teraphim :
A knight, and a winged creature bearing him, 5
Reared at the rock : a woman fettered there,
Leaning into the hollow with loose hair
And throat let back and heartsick trail of limb.

The sky is harsh, and the sea shrewd and salt :
Under his lord the griffin-horse ramps blind 10
With rigid wings and tail. The spear's lithe stem
Thrills in the roaring of those jaws : behind,
That evil length of body chafes at fault.
She doth not hear nor see—she knows of them.

II

Clench thine eyes now,—'tis the last instant, girl :
  Draw in thy senses, set thy knees, and take
  One breath for all : thy life is keen awake,—
Thou mayst not swoon. Was that the scattered whirl 4
Of its foam drenched thee ?—or the waves that curl
  And split, bleak spray wherein thy temples ache ?
  Or was it his the champion's blood to flake
Thy flesh ?—or thine own blood's anointing, girl ?

Now, silence : for the sea's is such a sound
  As irks not silence ; and except the sea, 10
    All now is still. Now the dead thing doth cease
  To writhe, and drifts. He turns to her : and she,
Cast from the jaws of Death, remains there, bound,
    Again a woman in her nakedness.

D. G. Rossetti.

VENUS VERTICORDIA

(for rossetti's own picture)

She hath the apple in her hand for thee,
  Yet almost in her heart would hold it back ;
  She muses, with her eyes upon the track
Of that which in thy spirit they can see.
Haply, ' Behold, he is at peace,' saith she ; 5
  ' Alas ! the apple for his lips,—the dart
  That follows its brief sweetness to his heart,—
The wandering of his feet perpetually ! '

A little space her glance is still and coy;
  But if she give the fruit that works her spell, 10
Those eyes shall flame as for her Phrygian boy.
  Then shall her bird's strained throat the woe foretell,
  And her far seas moan as a single shell,
And her grove glow with love-lit fires of Troy.

D. G. Rossetti.

TO THE ARTISTS CALLED P. R. B.

I THANK you, brethren in sincerity!—
I, who, within the circle of this Art,
The charmed circle, humbly stand apart,
Scornfully also, with a listless eye,
Sick of conventional vitality; 5
For ye have shown, with youth's brave confidence,
The honesty of true speech, that intense
Reality uniting soul and sense.

When Faith is strong, Art strikes its roots far down,
And bears both flower and fruit with seeded core;
When Faith dies out, the fruit appears no more,
But the flower bears a worm within its crown:
Rejoice and shrink not; once again Art's way
Shall be made odorous with new showers of May!

W. Bell Scott.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE

PRAISED be the Art whose subtle power could stay
Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape;
Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape,
Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the day; 4
Which stopped that band of travellers on their way,
Ere they were lost within the shady wood;
And showed the bark upon the glassy flood
For ever anchored in her sheltering bay.
Soul-soothing Art! whom morning, noontide, even,
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry; 10
Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast given
To one brief moment caught from fleeting time
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

W. WORDSWORTH.

TO B. R. HAYDON

HIGH is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part, 5
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.

And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward, 11
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

W. WORDSWORTH.

TO VAN DYCK

RARE Artisan, whose pencil moves
Not our delights alone, but loves!
From thy shop of beauty we
Slaves return, that entered free.
The heedless lover does not know 5
Whose eyes they are that wound him so:
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old wound bleed fresh again, 10
With dear remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hopes of grace;
Nor scorn, nor cruelty does find:
But gladly suffers a false wind
To blow the ashes of despair 15
From the reviving brand of care:
Fool, that forgets her stubborn look
This softness from thy finger took.
Strange! that thy hand should not inspire
The beauty only, but the fire: 20

Not the form alone, and grace,
But act, and power, of a face.
May'st thou yet thyself as well,
As all the world besides, excel !
So you the unfeigned truth rehearse, 25
(That I may make it live in verse)
Why thou could'st not, at one assay,
That face to after-times convey,
Which this admires. Was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee sit ? 30
Confess, and we'll forgive thee this :
For who would not repeat that bliss ?
And frequent sight of such a dame
Buy, with the hazard of his fame ?
Yet who could tax thy blameless skill, 35
Though thy good hand had failed still,
When nature's self so often errs ?
She for this many thousand years
Seems to have practised with much care,
To frame the race of women fair ; 40
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before, to grace the earth :
Which waxed old, ere it could see
Her that amazed thy art, and thee.
But now 'tis done, O let me know 45
Where those immortal colours grow,
That could this deathless piece compose ?—
In lilies ? or the fading rose ?
No ; for this theft thou hast climbed higher
Than did Prometheus for his fire. 50

E. WALLER.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

HERE Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a better or wiser behind :
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;
Still born to improve us in every part, 5
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing :
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff. 10

O. GOLDSMITH.

TO T. STOTHARD, ESQ.

ON HIS ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE POEMS OF MR. ROGERS

CONSUMMATE Artist, whose undying name
With classic Rogers shall go down to fame,
Be this thy crowning work ! In my young days
How often have I with a child's fond gaze
Pored on the pictured wonders thou hadst done : 5
Clarissa mournful, and prim Grandison !
All Fielding's, Smollett's heroes, rose to view ;
I saw, and I believed the phantoms true.

But, above all, that most romantic tale
Did o'er my raw credulity prevail, 10
Where Glums and Gawries wear mysterious things,
That serve at once for jackets and for wings.
Age, that enfeebles other men's designs,
But heightens thine, and thy free draught refines.
In several ways distinct you make us feel— 15
Graceful as Raphael, as Watteau *genteel.*
Your lights and shades, as Titianesque, we praise;
And warmly wish you Titian's length of days.

C. LAMB.

THE GLORIOUS PORTRAIT

THE glorious portrait of that Angel's face,
Made to amaze weak men's confusèd skill
And this world's worthless glory to embase,
What pen, what pencil can express her fill?
For though he colours could devize at will, 5
And eke his learnèd hand at pleasure guide,
Lest, trembling, it his workmanship should spill,
Yet many wondrous things there are beside.
The sweet eye-glances, that like arrows glide,
The charming smiles, that rob sense from the heart,
The lovely pleasance and the lofty pride, 11
Cannot expressèd be by any art.
A greater craftsman's hand thereto doth need,
That can express the life of things indeed.

E. SPENSER.

MINE EYE HATH PLAYED THE PAINTER

MINE eye hath played the painter and hath stelled
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill, 5
To find where your true image pictured lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazèd with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done :
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ; 12
  Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
  They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

THE PORTRAIT

O LORD of all compassionate control,
  O Love ! let this my lady's picture glow
  Under my hand to praise her name, and show
Even of her inner self the perfect whole :
That he who seeks her beauty's furthest goal, 5
  Beyond the light that the sweet glances throw
  And refluent wave of the sweet smile, may know
The very sky and sea-line of her soul.

Lo ! it is done. Above the long lithe throat
The mouth's mould testifies of voice and kiss, 10
The shadowed eyes remember and foresee.
Her face is made her shrine. Let all men note
That in all years (O Love, thy gift is this !)
They that would look on her must come to me.

D. G. Rossetti.

ON HIS MOTHER'S PORTRAIT

Oh that those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say, 5
' Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away ! '
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same. 10
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
Oh welcome guest, though unexpected, here !
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone, 15
But gladly, as the precept were her own ;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm in my relief—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she. 20

W. Cowper.

MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

THAT 's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive ; I call
That piece a wonder, now : Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will 't please you sit and look at her ? I said 5
' Frà Pandolf ' by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I) 10
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there ; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek : perhaps 15
Frà Pandolf chanced to say ' Her mantle laps
Over my Lady's wrist too much ', or ' Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat ' ; such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough 20
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart . . . how shall I say ? . . . too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed ; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one ! My favour at her breast, 25
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule

She rode with round the terrace—all and each 29
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good ; but thanked
Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling ? Even had you skill 35
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say ' Just this
Or that in you disgusts me ; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark '—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set 40
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
—E'en then would be some stooping, and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, Sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her ; but who passed without
Much the same smile ? This grew ; I gave commands ; 45
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will 't please you rise ? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your Master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence 50
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed ;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, Sir ! Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity, 55
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.

R. Browning.

FROM 'OLD PICTURES IN FLORENCE'

WHEREVER a fresco peels and drops,
  Wherever an outline weakens and wanes
Till the latest life in the painting stops,
  Stands One whom each fainter pulse-tick pains!
One, wishful each scrap should clutch the brick, 5
  Each tinge not wholly escape the plaster,
—A lion who dies of an ass's kick,
  The wronged great soul of an ancient Master.

For oh, this world and the wrong it does!
  They are safe in heaven with their backs to it, 10
The Michaels and Rafaels, you hum and buzz
  Round the works of, you of the little wit!
Do their eyes contract to the earth's old scope,
  Now that they see God face to face,
And have all attained to be poets, I hope? 15
  'Tis their holiday now, in any case.

Much they reek of your praise and you!
  But the wronged great souls—can they be quit
Of a world where their work is all to do,
  Where you style them, you of the little wit, 20
Old Master this and Early the Other,
  Not dreaming that Old and New are fellows:
A younger succeeds to an elder brother,
  Da Vincis derive in good time from Dellos.

But at any rate I have loved the season 25
  Of Art's spring-birth so dim and dewy,
My sculptor is Nicolo the Pisan,
  And painter—who but Cimabue?

Nor ever was man of them all indeed,
  From these to Ghiberti and Ghirlandajo, 30
Could say that he missed my critic-meed.
  So now to my special grievance—heigh ho!

Their ghosts now stand, as I said before,
  Watching each fresco flaked and rasped,
Blocked up, knocked out, or whitewashed o'er 35
  —No getting again what the church has grasped!
The works on the wall must take their chance;
  'Works never conceded to England's thick clime!'
(I hope they prefer their inheritance
  Of a bucketful of Italian quick-lime.) 40

Not that I expect the great Bigordi
  Nor Sandro to hear me, chivalric, bellicose;
Nor the wronged Lippino; and not a word I
  Say of a scrap of Fra Angelico's:
But are you too fine, Taddeo Gaddi, 45
  To grant me a taste of your intonaco—
Some Jerome that seeks the Heaven with a sad eye?
  Not a churlish saint, Lorenzo Monaco?

Could not the ghost with the close red cap,
  My Pollajolo, the twice a craftsman, 50
Save me a sample, give me the hap
  Of a muscular Christ that shows the draughtsman?
No Virgin by him, the somewhat petty,
  Of finical touch and tempera crumbly—
Could not Alesso Baldovinetti 55
  Contribute so much, I ask him humbly?

Margheritone of Arezzo,
  With the grave-clothes garb and swaddling barret,
(Why purse up mouth and beak in a pet so,
  You bald, old, saturnine, poll-clawed parrot ?)
Not a poor glimmering Crucifixion, 61
  Where in the foreground kneels the donor ?
If such remain, as is my conviction,
  The hoarding it does you but little honour.

They pass : for them the panels may thrill, 65
  The tempera grow alive and tinglish—
Their pictures are left to the mercies still
  Of dealers and stealers, Jews and the English,
Who, seeing mere money's worth in their prize,
  Will sell it to somebody calm as Zeno 70
At naked High Art, and in ecstasies
  Before some clay-cold, vile Carlino !

R. Browning.

THE MUNICH GALLERIES

There, the long dim galleries threading,
  May the artist's eye behold,
Breathing from the ' deathless canvas '
  Records of the years of old :

Pallas there, and Jove, and Juno, 5
  ' Take ' once more ' their walks abroad ',
Under Titian's fiery woodlands
  And the saffron skies of Claude .

There the Amazons of Rubens
  Lift the failing arm to strike, 10
And the pale light falls in masses
  On the horsemen of Vandyke;

And in Berghem's pools reflected
  Hang the cattle's graceful shapes,
And Murillo's soft boy-faces 15
  Laugh amid the Seville grapes;

And all purest, loveliest fancies
  That in poets' souls may dwell
Started into shape and substance
  At the touch of Raphael.— 20

Lo! her wan arms folded meekly,
  And the glory of her hair
Falling as a robe around her,
  Kneels the Magdalene in prayer;

And the white-robed Virgin-mother 25
  Smiles, as centuries back she smiled,
Half in gladness, half in wonder,
  On the calm face of her Child:—

And that mighty Judgement-vision
  Tells how man essayed to climb 30
Up the ladder of the ages,
  Past the frontier-walls of Time;

Heard the trumpet-echoes rolling
  Through the phantom-peopled sky,
And the still voice bid this mortal 35
  Put on immortality.

C. S. Calverley.

NUREMBERG

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold, 5
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand; 10

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone, 15
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air. 20

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies; 25
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Master-singers, chanting rude poetic strains. 30

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom 35
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door; 40

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye 45
Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay: 50

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labour,—the long pedigree of toil.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

PICTURES IN 'THE PALACE OF ART'

FULL of great rooms and small the palace stood,
All various, each a perfect whole
From living Nature, fit for every mood
And change of my still soul.

For some were hung with arras green and blue, 5
Showing a gaudy summer-morn,
Where with puffed cheek the belted hunter blew
His wreathèd bugle-horn.

One seemed all dark and red—a tract of sand,
And some one pacing there alone, 10
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
Lit with a low large moon.

One showed an iron coast and angry waves.
You seemed to hear them climb and fall
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves, 15
Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow-streaks of rain. 20

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil.
In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
And hoary to the wind.

And one, a foreground black with stones and slags,
  Beyond, a line of heights, and higher 26
All barred with long white cloud the scornful crags,
    And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home—grey twilight poured
  On dewy pastures, dewy trees, 30
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
    A haunt of ancient Peace.

Nor these alone, but every landscape fair,
  As fit for every mood of mind,
Or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern, was there, 35
    Not less than truth designed.

Or the maid-mother by a crucifix,
  In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,
Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx
    Sat smiling, babe in arm. 40

Or in a clear-walled city on the sea,
  Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily;
    An angel looked at her.

Or thronging all one porch of Paradise, 45
  A group of Houris bowed to see
The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes
    That said, We wait for thee.

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son
  In some fair space of sloping greens 50
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,
    And watched by weeping queens.

Or hollowing one hand against his ear,
  To list a foot-fall, ere he saw
The wood-nymph, stayed the Ausonian king to hear
    Of wisdom and of law. 56

Or over hills with peaky tops engrailed,
  And many a tract of palm and rice,
The throne of Indian Cama slowly sailed
    A summer fanned with spice. 60

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasped,
  From off her shoulder backward borne:
From one hand drooped a crocus: one hand grasped
    The mild bull's golden horn.

Or else flushed Ganymede, his rosy thigh 65
  Half-buried in the Eagle's down,
Sole as a flying star shot through the sky
    Above the pillared town.

Nor these alone: but every legend fair
  Which the supreme Caucasian mind 70
Carved out of Nature for itself, was there,
    Not less than life, designed.

LORD TENNYSON.

REALISTIC PICTURES

Dost thou love pictures ? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind. 5
We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguilèd and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep, 11
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

W. Shakespeare.

PREFERENCES

First bring me Raffael, who alone hath seen
In all her purity Heaven's virgin queen,
Alone hath felt true beauty ; bring me then
Titian, ennobler of the noblest men ;
And next the sweet Correggio, nor chastise 5
His little Cupids for those wicked eyes.
I want not Rubens's pink puffy bloom,
Nor Rembrandt's glimmer in a dusty room.
With those, and Poussin's nymph-frequented woods,
His templed heights and long-drawn solitudes 10
I am content, yet fain would look abroad
On one warm sunset of Ausonian Claude.

W. S. Landor.

RUBENS AND RAPHAEL

NATURE and art in this together suit ;
What is most grand is always most minute.
Rubens thinks tables, chairs, and stools are grand,
But Raphael thinks a head, a foot, a hand.

Raphael, sublime, majestic, graceful, wise,— 5
His executive power must I despise ?
Rubens, low, vulgar, stupid, ignorant—
His power of execution I must grant,
Learn the laborious stumble of a fool !
And from an idiot's actions form my rule ?— 10
Go send your children to the slobbering school !

W. BLAKE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

YOU say their pictures w .il painted be,
And yet they are blockheads you all agree :
Thank God ! I never was sent to school
To be flogged into following the style of a fool.
The errors of a wise man make your rule, 5
Rather than the perfections of a fool.

W. BLAKE.

THE MEZZOTINT

All that I own is a print,
An etching, a mezzotint ;
'Tis a study, a fancy, a fiction,
Yet a fact (take my conviction)
Because it has more than a hint 5
Of a certain face, I never
Saw elsewhere touch or trace of
In women I've seen the face of :
Just an etching, and, so far, clever.
I keep my prints, an imbroglio, 10
Fifty in one portfolio.
When somebody tries my claret,
We turn round chairs to the fire,
Chirp over days in a garret,
Chuckle o'er increase of salary, 15
Taste the good fruits of our leisure,
Talk about pencil and lyre,
And the National Portrait Gallery :
Then I exhibit my treasure.
After we've turned over twenty, 20
And the debt of wonder my crony owes
Is paid to my Marc Antonios,
He stops me—' *Festina lentè !*
What 's that sweet thing there, the etching ? '
How my waistcoat-strings want stretching, 25
How my cheeks grow red as tomatoes,
How my heart leaps ! But hearts, after leaps, ache.
' By the by, you must take, for a keepsake,
That other, you praised, of Volpato's.'

The fool! would he try a flight further and say 30
He never saw, never before to-day,
What was able to take his breath away,
A face to lose youth for, to occupy age
With the dream of, meet death with,—why, I'll not engage
But that, half in a rapture and half in a rage, 35
I should toss him the thing's self—' 'Tis only a duplicate,
A thing of no value! Take it, I supplicate!'

R. Browning.

TO BERNARD BARTON

WITH A COLOURED PRINT

When last you left your Woodbridge pretty,
To stare at sights, and see the City,
If I your meaning understood,
You wished a Picture, cheap, but good;
The colouring? decent; clear, not muddy; 5
To suit a Poet's quiet study,
Where Books and Prints for delectation
Hang, rather than vain ostentation.
The subject? what I pleased, if comely;
But something scriptural and homely: 10
A sober Piece, not gay or wanton,
For winter fire-sides to descant on;

The theme so scrupulously handled,
A Quaker might look on unscandalled;
Such as might satisfy Ann Knight, 15
And classic Mitford just not fright.
Just such a one I've found, and send it;
If liked, I give—if not, but lend it.
The moral? nothing can be sounder.
The fable? 'tis its own expounder— 20
A Mother teaching to her Chit
Some good book, and explaining it.
He, silly urchin, tired of lesson,
His learning lays no mighty stress on,
But seems to hear not what he hears; 25
Thrusting his fingers in his ears,
Like Obstinate, that perverse funny one,
In honest parable of Bunyan.
His working sister, more sedate,
Listens; but in a kind of state, 30
The painter meant for steadiness,
But has a tinge of sullenness;
And, at first sight, she seems to brook
As ill her needle, as he his book.
This is the Picture. For the Frame— 35
'Tis not ill-suited to the same;
Oak-carved, not gilt, for fear of falling;
Old-fashioned; plain, yet not appalling;
And sober, as the Owner's Calling.

C. Lamb.

ON ART-UNIONS

THAT picture-raffles will conduce to nourish
Design, or cause good colouring to flourish,
Admits of logic-chopping and wise-sawing,
But surely lotteries encourage drawing!

T. HOOD.

TO HIS FRIEND ON THE UNTUNEABLE TIMES

PLAY I could once; but, gentle friend, you see
My harp hung up here on the willow-tree.
Sing I could once; and bravely, too, inspire,
With luscious numbers, my melodious lyre. 4
Draw I could once, although not stocks or stones,
Amphion-like, men made of flesh and bones,
Whether I would; but, ah! I know not how
I feel in me this transmutation now.
Grief, my dear friend, has first my harp unstrung,
Withered my hand, and palsy-struck my tongue. 10

R. HERRICK.

NOTES

P. 5. *Shakespeare.*—From *King Henry VIII*, III. i.

P. 6. *Campion.*—From *The fovrth Booke of Ayres.* A severe punishment for preferring the flute to the lyre.

P. 7. *Arnold.*—From *Empedocles on Etna*, Callicles heard singing from below.

P. 9. *Milton.*—Stanzas VIII to XV of the Hymn 'On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.'

P. 14. *E. B. Browning.*—'Affectionately inscribed to E. J.'

P. 15. *Clough.*—From *Ambarvalia.*

P. 17. *Collins.*—The beginning and end of *The Passions.*

P. 21. *Shakespeare.*—From *The Merchant of Venice*, V.

P. 21. *Congreve.*—From *The Mourning Bride* I. i.

P. 22–29. *Dryden.*—For many years—from 1683, the anniversary of St. Cecilia (martyred in the third century and reputed, by some, to have invented the organ) was celebrated in the Stationers' Hall, London. Dryden's song was written and performed, the music by Draghi, an Italian, in 1687.

The 'Ode' (*Alexander's Feast*) was written ten years later at one sitting, when Dryden was 66 years old, and he considered it 'the best of all his poetry'. It was reserved for Handel in 1736 to compose music considered to be worthy the words.

Timotheus of Miletus added strings to the lyre and invented new forms of melody. Dryden committed an anachronism in introducing him.

P. 30. *Browning.*—Hugues is only a fiction. 'We must no more think of Mr. Browning', Mrs. Sutherland Orr says, 'as indifferent to the possible merits of a fugue than as indifferent to the beauties of a Greek statue. But the dramatic situation has a strong basis of personal truth.'

P. 36. *Coleridge.*—The concluding lines of *Kubla Khan.*

P. 38. *Barnefield.*—This afterwards appeared in the first edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim.*

P. 38. *Milton.*—From the last part of *L'Allegro.*

P. 39. 'Music, some think'. The author of this Elizabethan fragment is unknown.

P. 42. *Campion.*—'Rose-cheeked Laura' is given as an

illustration of 'lyrical numbers' in the author's *Observations in the Art of English Poesie*.

P. 47. *Shelley*.—Jane was Mrs. Williams. 'All the verses Shelley addressed to her', Mr. J. A. Symonds wrote, 'passed through her husband's hands without the slightest interruption to their intercourse; and Mrs. Shelley, who was not unpardonably jealous of her Ariel, continued to be Mrs. Williams's warm friend.'

P. 48. *Shelley*.—The guitar of this poem is now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

P. 51. *Shakespeare*.—From *Twelfth Night*, I. 1.

P. 54. *Herrick*.—Gotire cannot be identified; Laniere was Master of the King's Music in 1625 and 1660; Wilson was an Oxford Mus. Doc., who set to music 'Take, O take those lips away', and was a skilled player of the lute.

Lawes (1596–1662), whom three poets thus celebrate, suggested to Milton the composition of *Comus*, and is said in the *D. N. B.* to have been 'the first Englishman who studied and practised with success the proper accentuation of words, and made the sense of the poem of paramount importance.'

P. 57. *Lamb*.—Mary Lamb penned the following comment on these lines :—

> THE reason why my brother's so severe,
> Vincentio, is—my brother has no *ear*;
> And Caradori her mellifluous throat
> Might stretch in vain to make him learn a note.
> Of common tunes he knows not anything,
> Nor *Rule Britannia* from *God save the King*.
> He rail at Handel! He the gamut quiz!
> I'd lay my life he knows not what it is.
> His spite at music is a pretty whim—
> He loves not it because it loves not him.

P. 58. *Unknown*.—The authorship of this is variously attributed to Byrom, Swift, and Pope.

Giovanni Battista Bononcini (1672–1750), a composer of opera who settled in London, where he had a great vogue. Handel was born in 1685 and died in 1759.

P. 59. *Bridges*.—By kind permission of the Poet Laureate and Messrs. Smith, Elder. The 'great Sebastian' is, of course, Bach. Mr. Bridges has written two odes for music—one for the bicentenary commemoration of Henry Purcell, and the other entitled 'A Hymn of Nature', Sir Hubert Parry having composed the music to both.

P. 59. *Scott.*—From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

P. 61. *Cowper.*—From *The Task*, Book VI.

P. 62. *Herbert.*—Izaak Walton tells us that George Herbert's 'love to musick was such that he went usually twice every week on certain appointed days to the Cathedral Church in Salisbury, and at his return would say: "That his time spent in prayer and Cathedral Music elevated his soul and was his Heaven upon Earth."'

P. 62. By kind permission of the Poet Laureate and Messrs. Smith, Elder.

P. 64. *Wordsworth.*—These sonnets were written when the poet was on a visit to his brother Christopher, Master of Trinity, Cambridge, Nov.–Dec., 1820.

P. 66. *Emerson.*—From *The Problem.*

P. 66. *Byron.*—These extracts are from *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*; St. Peter's, Canto IV, stanzas CLIII and CLIV; The Pantheon, stanzas CXLVI and CXLVII.

P. 68. *Clough.*—From *At Venice.*

P. 69. *Byron.*—From *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto IV, stanzas CLX–III.

P. 70. *Milman.*—The last fourteen lines of this poem have been omitted.

P. 72. *Dowden.*—By kind permission of Mrs. Dowden.

P. 74. *Butler.*—Taken from *The Notebooks of Samuel Butler*, by kind permission of Mr. A. C. Fifield. This was written in Canada in 1875. Butler often recited it and gave copies to his friends. One copy given to Mr. Edward Clodd came into the hands of Matthew Arnold while he was school-inspecting, and he lent it to R. H. Hutton, who printed it in the *Spectator* in 1878.

P. 76. *E. B. Browning.*—Hiram Powers (1805–73) was an American farmer's son, who was apprenticed to a clockmaker. He lived in Florence from 1837 onward, and in 1843 produced his 'Greek Slave', which is known the world over.

P. 76. *Browning.*—This poem is founded on fact. The lady who was married and the Grand Duke Frederick the First were victims of love and vacillation. When youth had passed and love's ardour cooled, they continued to perpetuate the memory of what might have been, as the poet describes. John of Douay is known as Giovanni of Bologna.

P. 79. *Tennyson.*—These lines appeared in the 1833 edition of *The Palace of Art* as a note, and were not included in the author's final edition. Tennyson wrote, 'When I first conceived the plan of *The Palace of Art* I intended to have introduced both sculptures and paintings into it; but it is the

most difficult of all things to *devise* a statue in verse. Judge whether I have succeeded in the statues of Elijah and Olympias.' See p. 112.

P. 83. *Browning.*—The dedication of *Men and Women* to E. B. B., dated London, Sept., 1855.

P. 86. *Rossetti.*—This and the sonnets which follow have to do with the subject of the pictures rather than the pictures themselves, but they find a place in this book on their merits as poetry which is typical of verses that would fill volumes. The artists are :—Hans Memline, died in 1494. His 'Marriage of St. Catherine' is one of his most famous pictures. Leonardo da Vinci, 1452–1519 ; Giorgione (Giorgio Barbarelli), 1477–1510 ; Andrea Mantegna, 1431–1506 ; and Ingres, the French painter, 1780–1867.

P. 88. *Symonds.*—By kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder. From *Many Moods.*

P. 89. *Wordsworth.*—From *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*, 1820. The poet notes, 'This picture of the Last Supper (in the refectory of the Convent of Maria Della Grazia, Milan) has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs.' Now, nearly a century later, the damage to Leonardo's masterpiece is more than ever obvious.

P. 89. *Rossetti.*—No doubt the poet had in mind the Louvre picture, of which there is a variant in the English National Gallery.

P. 90. By permission of Mrs. Dowden.

P. 94. *Bell Scott.*—The Pre-Raphaelites Holman Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti, held their first exhibition in 1849, and their work at first provoked great hostility which culminated in 1851 in the suggestion that their pictures should be removed from the walls of the Royal Academy, and in their defence by Ruskin.

P. 95. *Wordsworth.*—Haydon's portrait of Wordsworth was praised by Mrs. Browning in a sonnet beginning 'Wordsworth upon Helvellyn.'

P. 98. *Goldsmith.*—This is taken from *Retaliation.*

P. 98. *Lamb.*—This was printed in *The Athenaeum*, Dec. 21, 1833. The allusion in line 5 is to *Illustrations of the British Novelists.*

P. 99. *Spenser.*—From *Amoretti.* Embase = to humiliate.

P. 101. *Cowper.*—The opening lines only of those 'On the receipt of my mother's picture out of Norfolk : the gift of my cousin Ann Bodham ;' written when the poet was 58 years old.

P. 104. *Browning.*—Stanzas VI–VIII, XXIII, XXIV, XXVI–XXIX.—Bigordi was the family name of Domenico, called Ghirlandajo; Sandro is Botticelli; Lippino, the son of Fra Lippo Lippi, wronged because deprived of the credit of some of his best work by false attributions; Lorenzo Monaco was a monk like Fra Angelico, but more severe in his art; Pollajolo was painter and sculptor too; Margheritone is said to have died chagrined at the success of Giotto.

P. 106. *Calverley.*—Stanzas from *Dover to Munich.*

P. 108. *Longfellow.*—Nuremberg remains a shrine of the arts—sculpture, painting, and music.

P. 112. *Tennyson.*—Stanzas from *The Palace of Art*—'I built my soul a lordly pleasure house.' See the 'Statues in Verse' on p. 79, and the note thereon.

P. 115. *Shakespeare.*—From *The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, Sc. 2.

P. 117. *Browning.*—From *A Likeness.*

P. 118. *Lamb.*—Barton, who was of Quaker origin and in business at Woodbridge, was an intimate friend of Lamb and his circle, and himself a writer of verses.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES