

E. J. MOERAN (1894-1950)

COMPLETE SOLO SONGS – CHANDOS CD SET [CHAN 10596(2)]

CD1

Two Robert Bridges songs:

1) Spring Goeth All in White

Spring goeth all in white,
Crowned with milk-white may:
In fleecy flocks of light
O'er heaven the white clouds stray:

White butterflies in the air;
White daisies prank the ground:
The cherry and hoary pear
Scatter their snow around.

2) When June is Come

When June is come, then all the day
I'll sit with my love in the scented hay:
And watch the sunshot palaces high,
That the white clouds build in the breezy sky.

She singeth, and I do make her a song,
And read sweet poems the whole day long:
Unseen as we lie in our haybuilt home.
O life is delight when June is come.

3) Mantle of Blue (Padraic Colum – A Cradle Song)

O, men from the fields!
Come gently within.
Tread softly, softly,
O! men coming in.

Mavourneen is going
From me and from you,
Where Mary will fold him
With mantle of blue!

From reek of the smoke
And cold of the floor,
And the peering of things
Across the half-door.

O, men from the fields!
Soft, softly come thro'.
Mary puts round him
Her mantle of blue.

4) **Twilight** (John Masefield)

Twilight it is, and the far woods are dim, and the rooks cry and call.
Down in the valley the lamps, and the mist, and a star over all,
There by the rick, where they thresh, is the drone at an end,
Twilight it is, and I travel the road with my friend.

I think of the friends who are dead, who were dear long ago in the past,
Beautiful friends who are dead, though I know that death cannot last;
Friends with the beautiful eyes that the dust has defiled,
Beautiful souls who were gentle when I was a child.

Ludlow Town (A. E. Housman – from *A Shropshire Lad*):

5) **When smoke stood up from Ludlow** (Housman - VII)

When smoke stood up from Ludlow,
And mist blew off from Teme,
And blithe afield to ploughing
Against the morning beam
I strode beside my team,

The blackbird in the coppice
Looked out to see me stride,
And hearkened as I whistled
The trampling team beside,
And fluted and replied:

'Lie down, lie down, young yeoman;
What use to rise and rise?
Rise man a thousand mornings
Yet down at last he lies,
And then the man is wise.'

I heard the tune he sang me,
And spied his yellow bill;
I picked a stone and aimed it
And threw it with a will:
Then the bird was still.

Then my soul within me
Took up the blackbird's strain,
And still beside the horses
Along the dewy lane
It sang the song again:

'Lie down, lie down, young yeoman;
The sun moves always west;
The road one treads to labour
Will lead one home to rest,
And that will be the best.'

6) **Farewell to barn and stack and tree** (Housman - VIII)

'Farewell to barn and stack and tree,
Farewell to Severn shore.
Terence, look your last at me,
For I come home no more.

'The sun burns on the half-mown hill,
By now the blood is dried;
And Maurice amongst the hay lies still
And my knife is in his side.

'My mother thinks us long away;
'Tis time the field were mown.
She had two sons at rising day,
Tonight she'll be alone.

['And here's a bloody hand to shake,
And oh, man, here's goodbye;
We'll sweat no more on scythe and rake,
My bloody hands and I.

'I wish you strength to bring you pride,
And a love to keep you clean,
And I wish you luck, come Lammastide,
At racing on the green.]

'Long for me the rick will wait,
And long will wait the fold,
And long will stand the empty plate,
And dinner will be cold.'

7) **Say, lad, have you things to do?** (Housman - XXIV)

Say, lad, have you things to do?
Quick then, while your day's at prime.

Quick, and if 'tis work for two,
Here am I, man: now's your time.

Send me now, and I shall go;
Call me, I shall hear you call;
Use me ere they lay me low
Where a man's no use at all;

Ere the wholesome flesh decay,
And the willing nerve be numb,
And the lips lack breath to say,
'No, my lad, I cannot come.'

8) The lads in their hundreds (Housman - XXIII)

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed-at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

Two Songs:

9) The Bean Flower (D. L. Sayers – **Vials Full of Odours**)

The hawthorn brave upon the green
She hath a drooping smell and sad,
But God put scent into the bean
To drive each lass unto her lad.

And woe betide the weary hour,
For my love is in Normandy,
And oh! the scent of the bean-flower
Is like a burning fire in me.

Fair fall the lusty thorn,
She hath no curses at my hand,
But would the man were never born
That sowed the bean along his land!

10) **Impromptu in March** (D. A. E. Wallace)

I will cut you wands of willow,
I will fetch you catkins yellow
For a sign of March....
I've a snowy silken pillow
For my head, you foolish fellow —
I've no love for March!

Get me buckles, bring me laces,
Amber beans and chrysoprases,
Fans and castanets!...
Lady, in the sunny places
I can find you early daisies
And sweet violets.

11) **In Youth is Pleasure** (Robert Wever – from *Lusty Juventus*)

In an arbour green, asleep where as I lay,
The birds sang sweet in the middes of the day;
I dreamed fast of mirth and play:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Methought I walked still to and fro,
And from her company I could not go;
But when I waked it was not so:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Therefore my heart is surely pight
Of her alone to have a sight,
Which is my joy and heart's delight:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

12) **The Merry Month of May** (Thomas Dekker –
The First Three-Man's Song
from *The Shoemaker's Holiday*)

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
O, and then did I unto my true love say:
'Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen.'

Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the forest's choir,

Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale;
Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a briar.

But O, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo;
See where she sitteth; come away, my joy:
Come away, I prithee, I do not like the cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy.

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green:
And then did I unto my true love say:
'Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen.'

13) **A Dream of Death** (W. B. Yeats)

I dreamed that one had died in a strange place
Near no accustomed hand;
And they had nailed the boards above her face,
The peasants of that land,
And, wondering, planted by her solitude
A cypress and a yew:
I came, and wrote upon a cross of wood,
Man had no more to do:
*She was more beautiful than thy first love,
This lady by the trees:*
And gazed upon the mournful stars above,
And heard the mournful breeze.

14) **Come Away, Death** (Shakespeare – **Feste's Song** from *Twelfth Night*)

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

15) **Troll the Bowl** (Thomas Dekker –
The Second Three-Man's Song
from *The Shoemaker's Holiday*)

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Trowl the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee:
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down,
Hey derry derry, down-a-down!
Ho! well done, to me let come!
Ring compass, gentle joy.

(Repeat verses 2 and 3)

[Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.]

Two Sociable Songs:

16) **Can't You Dance the Polka!** (Sea Shanty, anon.)

As I walked down the Broadway,
One evening in July,
I met a maid who asked my trade,
'A sailor John' says I.

Chorus:

And away you Santee,
My dear Annie.
O, you New York girls,
Can't you dance the polka!

To Tiffany's I took her,
I did not mind expense;
I bought her two gold earrings,
They cost me fifty cents.

(Repeat chorus.)

Says she, 'You lime-juice sailor

Now see me home my way';
But when we reached her cottage door,
She unto me did say:

(Repeat chorus.)

'My flash man he's a Yankee
With his hair cut short behind;
He wears a tarry jumper
And he sails in the Blackball Line.'

(Repeat chorus.)

17) **Mrs Dyer, the Baby Farmer** (Victorian Crime Ballad, anon.)

The old baby farmer has been executed -
It's quite time that she was put out of the way.
She was a bad woman, it is not disputed,
Not a word in her favour can anyone say.

Chorus:

The old baby farmer, the wretched Mrs Dyer,
At the Old Bailey her wages is paid.
In times long ago we'd have made a big fyer
And roasted so nicely that wicked old jade.

It seems rather hard to run down a woman,
But this one was hardly a woman at all;
To get a fine living in a way so inhuman,
Carousing in luxury on poor girls' downfall.

(Repeat chorus.)

Poor girls who fell from the straight path of virtue -
What could they do with a child in their arms?
The fault they committed they could not undo,
So the baby was sent to the cruel baby farms.

(Repeat chorus.)

To all these sad crimes there must be an ending -
Secrets like these for ever can't last.
For say as you like, there is no defending
The horrible tales we have read in the past.

(Repeat chorus.)

What did she think as she stood on the gallows,
Poor little victims in front of her eyes?

Her heart, if she had one, must have been callous;
The rope round her neck – how quickly time flies.

(Repeat chorus.)

Down through the trapdoor, quickly disappearing,
The old baby farmer to eternity home.
The sound of her own death-bell she was hearing,
The murderess of children was sent from this world.

(Repeat chorus.)

18) **Maltworms** (William Stevenson (?)) – from *Gammer Gurton's Needle*)

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good:
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

Chorus:

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold:
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nutbrown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapt and throughly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.

(Repeat chorus.)

And Tib my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek.
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm shold;
And saith, 'Sweetheart, I took my part

Of this jolly good ale and old.'

(Repeat chorus.)

Now let them drink till they nod and wink
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to:
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

(Repeat chorus.)

Seven Poems by James Joyce (James Joyce – from *Chamber Music*):

19) **Strings in the Earth and Air** (Joyce – I)

Strings in the earth and air
Make music sweet;
Strings by the river where
The willows meet.

There's music along the river
For Love wanders there,
Pale flowers on his mantle,
Dark leaves on his hair.

All softly playing,
With head to the music bent,
And fingers straying
Upon an instrument.

20) **The Merry Green Wood** (Joyce – VIII)

Who goes amid the green wood
With springtide all adorning her?
Who goes amid the merry green wood
To make it merrier?

Who passes in the sunlight
By ways that know the light footfall?
Who passes in the sweet sunlight
With mien so virginal?

The ways of all the woodland
Gleam with a soft and golden fire –
For whom does all the sunny woodland

Carry so brave attire?

O, it is for my true love
The woods their rich apparel wear –
O, it is for my own true love,
That is so young and fair.

21) **Bright Cap** (Joyce – X)

Bright cap and streamers,
He sings in the hollow:
Come follow, come follow,
All you that love.
Leave dreams to the dreamers
That will not after,
That song and laughter
Do nothing move.

With ribbons streaming
He sings the bolder:
In troop at his shoulder
The wild bees hum.
And the time of dreaming
Dreams is over –
As lover to lover,
Sweetheart, I come.

22) **The Pleasant Valley** (Joyce – XVI)

O cool is the valley now
And there, love, will we go
For many a choir is singing now
Where Love did sometime go.
And hear you not the thrushes calling,
Calling us away?
O cool and pleasant is the valley
And there, love, will we stay.

23) **Donnycarney** (Joyce – XXXI)

O, it was out by Donnycarney
When the bat flew from tree to tree
My love and I did walk together
And sweet were the words she said to me.

Along with us the summer wind
Went murmuring – O, happily! –
But softer than the breath of summer
Was the kiss she gave to me.

24) **Rain Has Fallen** (Joyce – XXXII)

Rain has fallen all the day.
O come among the laden trees:
The leaves lie thick upon the way
Of memories.

Straying a little by the way
Of memories shall we depart.
Come, my beloved, where I may
Speak to your heart.

25) **Now, O Now, in this Brown land** (Joyce – XXXIII)

Now, O now, in this brown land
Where love did so sweet music make
We two shall wander, hand in hand,
Forbearing for old friendship' sake,
Nor grieve because our love was gay
Which now is ended in this way.

A rogue in red and yellow dress
Is knocking, knocking at the tree;
And all around our loneliness
The wind is whistling merrily.
The leaves – they do not sigh at all
When the year takes them in the fall.

Now, O now, we hear no more
The villanelle and roundelay!
Yet will we kiss, sweetheart, before
We take sad leave at close of day.
Grieve not, sweetheart, for anything –
The year, the year is gathering.

CD2

Five Housman Songs (A. E. Housman – from *A Shropshire Lad*):

1) **When I came last to Ludlow** (Housman – LVIII)

When I came last to Ludlow
Amidst the moonlight pale,
Two friends kept step beside me,
Two honest lads and hale.

Now Dick lies long in the churchyard,
And Ned lies long in jail,

And I come home to Ludlow
Amidst the moonlight pale.

2) **'Tis time, I think, by Wenlock town** (Housman – XXXIX)

'Tis time, I think, by Wenlock town
The golden broom should blow;
The hawthorn sprinkled up and down
Should charge the land with snow.

Spring will not wait the loiterer's time
Who keeps so long away;
So others wear the broom and climb
The hedgerows heaped with may.

Oh tarnish late on Wenlock Edge,
Gold that I never see;
Lie long, high snowdrifts in the hedge
That will not shower on me.

3) **Far in a western brookland** (Housman – LII)

Far in a western brookland
That bred me long ago,
The poplars stand and tremble
By pools I used to know.

There, in the windless night-time,
The wanderer, marvelling why,
Halts on the bridge to hearken
How soft the poplars sigh.

He hears: no more remembered
In fields where I was known,
Here I lie down in London
And turn to rest alone.

There, by the starlit fences,
The wanderer halts and hears
My soul that lingers sighing
About the glimmering weirs.

4) **Loveliest of trees** (Housman – II)

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

5-7) **Oh fair enough are sky and plain** (Housman – XX)

Oh fair enough are sky and plain,
But I know fairer far:
Those are as beautiful again
That in the water are;

The pools and rivers wash so clean
The trees and clouds and air,
The like on earth was never seen,
And oh that I were there.
These are the thoughts I often think
As I stand gazing down
In act upon the cressy brink
To strip and dive and drown;

But in the golden-sanded brooks
And azure meres I spy
A silly lad that longs and looks
And wishes he were I.

8) **Weep You No More** (sixteenth century, anon.)

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

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets.
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping,

While she lies sleeping,
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

9) **The Sweet o' the Year** (Shakespeare –
Autolycus's Song from *The Winter's Tale*)

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy, over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

10) **The Day of Palms** (Arthur Symons – **Palm Sunday: Naples**)

Because it is the day of Palms,
Carry a palm for me,
Carry a palm in Santa Chiara,
And I will watch the sea;
There are no palms in Santa Chiara
Today or any day for me.

I sit and watch the little sail
Lean sideways on the sea,
The sea is blue from here to Sorrento,
And the sea-wind comes to me,
And I see the white clouds lift from Sorrento
And the dark sail lean upon the sea.

I have grown tired of all these things,
And what is left for me?
I have no place in Santa Chiara,
There is no peace upon the sea;
But carry a palm in Santa Chiara,
Carry a palm for me.

11) **Blue-eyed Spring** (Robert Nichols –
A Catch for Spring from *A Faun's Holiday*)

Now has the blue-eyed Spring

Sped dancing through the plain.
Girls weave a daisy chain;
Boys race beside the sedge;
Dust fills the blinding lane;
May lies upon the hedge:
All creatures love the spring!

The clouds laugh on, and would
Dance with us if they could;
The larks ascend and shrill;
A woodpecker fills the wood;
Jays laugh crossing the hill:
All creatures love the spring!

The lithe cloud-shadows chase
Over the whole earth's face,
And where winds ruffling veer
O'er wooded streams' dark ways
Mad fish upscudding steer:
All creatures love the spring!

Into the dairy cool
Run, girls, to drink thick cream!
Race, boys, to where the stream
Winds through a rumbling pool,
And your bright bodies fling
Into the foaming cool!
For we'll enjoy our spring!

Three Joyce Songs (James Joyce – from *Pomes Penyeach*):

12) **Rosefrail** (Joyce – **A Flower Given to my Daughter**)

Frail the white rose and frail are
Her hands that gave
Whose soul is sere and paler
Than time's wan wave.

Rosefrail and fair – yet frailest
A wonder wild
In gentle eyes thou veilest,
My blueveined child.

13) **Tilly**

He travels after a winter sun,
Urging the cattle along a cold red road,
Calling to them, a voice they know,
He drives his beasts above Cabra.

The voice tells them home is warm.
They moo and make brute music with their hoofs.
He drives them with a flowering branch before him,
Smoke pluming their foreheads.

Boor, bond of the herd,
Tonight stretch full by the fire!
I bleed by the black stream
For my torn bough!

14) **Rahoon** (Joyce – **She Weeps Over Rahoon**)

Rain on Rahoon falls softly, softly falling,
Where my dark lover lies.
Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling,
At grey moonrise.

Love, hear thou
How soft, how sad his voice is ever calling,
Ever unanswered, and the dark rain falling,
Then as now.

Dark too our hearts, O love, shall lie and cold
As his sad heart has lain
Under the moongrey nettles, the black mould
And muttering rain.

Four English Lyrics:

15) **Cherry Ripe** (Thomas Campion)

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow;
There cherries grow which none may buy,
Till 'Cherry ripe' themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow.
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,
Till 'Cherry ripe' themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill

All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till 'Cherry ripe' themselves do cry.

16) **Willow Song** (Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher–
Aspatia's Song from *The Maid's Tragedy*)

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow-branches bear;
Say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth:
Upon my buried body lay
Lightly, gentle earth!

17) **The Constant Lover** (William Browne – **Song**)

For her gait, if she be walking;
Be she sitting, I desire her
For her state's sake; and admire her
For her wit if she be talking;
Gait and state and wit approve her;
For which all and each I love her.

Be she sullen, I commend her
For a modest. Be she merry,
For a kind one her prefer I.
Briefly everything doth lend her
So much grace, and so approve her,
That for everything I love her.

18) **The Passionate Shepherd** (Christopher Marlowe)

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Four Shakespeare Songs:

19) The Lover and his Lass (from *As You Like It*)

It was a lover and his lass,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
 In the spring time etc.

This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower,
 In the spring time etc.

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
 In the spring time etc.

20) Where the Bee Sucks

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

21) When Daisies Pied (Spring – from *Love's Labour's Lost*)

When daisies pied and violets blue

And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
'Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo' – O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
'Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo' – O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

22) When Icicles Hang by the Wall (Winter – from *Love's Labour's Lost*)

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
'Tu-who;
Tu-whit, Tu-who' – a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
'Tu-who;
Tu-whit, Tu-who' – a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

**23) Diaphenia (Henry Chettle or Henry Constable –
Damelus' Song to his Diaphenia)**

Diaphenia, like the daffodowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs

Are beloved of their dams;
How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power,
For, dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

24) **Rosaline** (Thomas Lodge – from *Rosalynde*)

Like to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame colour is her hair,
Whether unfolded, or in twines;
Heigh ho, fair Rosalind!
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think,
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud,
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud,
That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalind!
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses,
Apt to entice a deity:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

[Her neck like to a stately tower,
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalind!
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where nature moulds the dew of light

To feed perfection with the same:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!]

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalind!
Nature herself her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosalind,
Since for her fair there is fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalind;
Heigh ho, my heart! would God that she were mine!

25) **The Monk's Fancy** (H. J. Hope)

The old monk down by the sea-beach listening,
Thought that the waves were singing a song,
And the wheeling gulls in the sea-spray glistening
Wheeled with the music that bore them along.

Day after day by the sea-beach dreaming,
The old monk heard what the sea-song told,
And he set the tale in the great book gleaming
With beautiful colours and letters of gold.

But one word only he set to flame there,
And naught of the tale but that golden word,
And sadly said all the men that came there
That none could know what the old monk heard.

26) **Invitation in Autumn** (Seumas O'Sullivan)

Come, friend, and feast with me, e'er feasting days be past,
While still the Autumn keeps the best wine for the last.
Here the silvery talk of starlings will call your waking eyes
To where brown beech trees burn on blue October skies,
And ponies wave their flashing tails, where ragwort darts a faint gold ray,
And all the lawn with melted frost shines like the Milky Way.
Come then, beneath the coloured trees, while still the roads are musical,
And white with beech-nuts' milky sap, or red with trodden yew-berries,
And creamy goats move through the red gold of evening when all things are

still,
Or only the beetle, lone winging, sounds under the plum-bloomed hill.
Come, friend, and feast with me, e'er feasting days be past,
While still the Autumn keeps the best wine for the last.

27) If There Be Any Gods (Seumas O'Sullivan)

Wild birds flying across the moon,
Sedges singing beside the pool,
Long hills quiet for mile on mile,
Water ruffled by winter wind,
All that the fields in their silence tell —
These are the gifts of the Gods to men.

Six Poems of Seumas O'Sullivan:

28) Evening

I will go out and meet the evening hours
And greet them one by one as friend greets friend,
Where many a tall poplar summit towers
On summit, shrines of quietness that send
Their silence through the blue air like a wreath
Of sacrificial flame unwavering
In the deep evening stillness, when no breath
Sets the faint tendrils floating on light wing
Over the long dim fields mist-islanded.
I will go out and meet them one by one,
And learn the things old times have left unsaid,
And read the secrets of an age long gone,
And out of twilight and the darkening plain
Build up all that old quiet world again.

29) The Poplars

As I went dreaming
By the grey poplar trees,
They bent down and whispered
Words like these:

"In a far country
There is a lonely glen,
Hushed with the foot-fall
Of shadowy men.

Shadowy, and silent,
And grey amongst the trees
That have long forgotten
The sound of the breeze.

And one tall poplar
Grows in that land;
The chain of God's silence,
Held in his hand."

This I heard
As I went dreaming
By the grey poplars
In the purple evening.

30) **A Cottager**

The rafters blacken year by year,
And the roof beams under that once were green.
'Twas himself that cut them and brought them here,
But who has count of the years between?

And Autumn comes, and its withering,
And Spring again and the fields are green.
Winter and Summer and Autumn and Spring,
Yet who has count of the years between?

The big old clock by the window screen
Keeps count of the hours both day and night.
I mind the time when its face was white,
But who has count of the years between?

31) **The Dustman (from Child's Fancy)**

At night when everyone's asleep,
It must be very late! I creep
Softly down the darkened stairs
To the big room where we have prayers,
And, standing at the window, I
Watch the Dustman going by.
Perched up on his high seat he looks
Like charioteers in those old books,
And his long coat, when the lights are dim,
Makes funny shadows all over him.

32) **Lullaby**

Husheen the herons are crying
Away in the rain and the sleet,
Flying and flying and flying
With never a rest to their feet.

But warm in your coverlet nestle,

Wee bird, till the dawn of the day,
Nor dream of the wild wings that wrestle
In the night and the rain and the gray.

Come, sweetheart, the bright ones would bring you
By the magical meadows and streams,
With the light of your dreaming they build you
A house on the hill of your dreams.

But you stir in your sleep and you murmur,
As though the wild rain and the gray
Wet hills with the winds ever blowing
Had driven your dreams away.

[And dearer the wind in its crying,
And the secrets the wet hills hold,
Than the goldenest place they could find you
In the heart of a country of gold.]

33) **The Herdsman**

O herdsman driving your slow twilight flock
By darkening meadow and hedge and grassy rath;
The trees stand shuddering as you pass by;
The suddenly falling silence is your path.

Over my heart too, the shadows are creeping;
But on my heart forever they will lie;
O happy meadows and trees and rath and hedges,
The twilight and all its flock will pass you by.

