

Classic Poetry Series

Anonymous Americas

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Anonymous Americas(1000-1950)

1919

Before the threat
And dismal cold gray
of mourning
Came the sun.

And Charlie Comiskey
should've turned in his sleep
should've turned in his sleep
shoud've turned...

Insane Sun
Floating above the earth
Like some extravagant madman
Spending next year's allowance.

The same burning sun
In the same afternoons
In all the cities
East
and somewhat
West
of the
Great Mississippi.

should've turned in his sleep

Too many
Suns
In too many
Cities
Too many faces
Faces
in the face of it
All.

How much grief?
Too
Much
Grief.

Too many faces
Too many suns
Far too many of too many things
Far too many of too many things.

should've turned in his sleep

More like Dali,
less Victoria.
The playing field becomes a landscape
Fixed and isolated and trapped
Between the borders of its own fabrication.

The stadium faces
Blur
in the afternoon sun.
The celebration
Ends
in the afternoon sun
The victory becomes
Defeat
in the afternoon sun.

Morality
Victoria Escaped
Insane sun.

How many of how many things.

The death of honor
The end of a fading
And final trust.

should've turned in his sleep

And as
The unsettling dust
Settles in the throat of all men
There are not enough beers
In all the bars
In all the world
To flush out the stale bitterness

Of too many afternoons
In too many suns.

And Charlie Comiskey
woke up
and deposited the nightmare
in the pillow of his dream.

Anonymous Americas

A Cattleman's Prayer

Now O Lord please lend thine ear,
The prayer of the Cattleman to hear;
No doubt many prayers to thee seem strange,
But won't you bless this cattle range?

Bless the round-up year by year
And don't forget the growing steer;
Water the land with brooks and rills
For my cattle that roam a thousand hills.

Now, O Lord, won't you be good
And give our livestock plenty of food;
And to avert a winter's woe
Give Italian skies and little snow.

Prairie fires won't you please stop,
Let thunder roll and water drop,
It frightens me to see the smoke,
Unless it's stopped, I'll go dead broke.

As you, O Lord, our herds behold-
Which represents a sack of gold-
I think at least five cents per pound
Should be the price of beef year round.

One more thing and then I'm through,
Instead of one calf, give my cows two.
I may pray different than some others, but then
I've had my say, and now amen.

Anonymous Americas

A Classroom Assignment

On Freedom

By Thomas S. Sidney, aged 12 Years
October 21st, 1828

Freedom will break the tyrant's chains,
And shatter all his whole domain;
From slavery she will always free
And all her aim is liberty.

On Slavery

By George E. Allen, aged 12 Years
October 21st, 1828

Slavery, oh, thou cruel stain,
Thou does fill my heart with pain;
See my brother, here he stands
Chained by slavery's cruel hands.

Could we not feel a brother's woes,
Relieve the wants he undergoes?
Snatch him from slavery's cruel smart,
And to him freedom's joy impart?

Anonymous Americas

A Goblin Christmas

The little Man, and tiny Maid,
Who love the Fairies in the glade,
Who see them in the tangled grass
The Gnomes and Brownies, as they pass,
Who hear the Sprites from Elf-land call
Go, frolic with these Brownies small,
And join these merry sporting Elves,
But ever be your own sweet selves.

The big bright Moon hung high and round,
In a densely darkened sky;
The tall pines swayed, and mocked, and groaned;
The mountains grew so high
That the Man-in-the-Moon came out and said,
'Ho! Spooks, for a merry dance.'
The winds blow hard, the caverns roar,
While o'er the earth they prance.

A Witch and a Goblin led the sprites;
Out from the sky they sprung;
And down the milky way they slid,
And over a chasm swung.
The streams around ran witches' broth,
The fumes were strong and rank.
These Elfin creatures all were wroth,
While of the stuff they drank.

The cunning Moon looked on and laughed
With a shrill and sneering jibe;
Her soul grew fat to see them chaffed,
This mad and elfish tribe.
The big black caldron boiled so high
With food for these queer mites,
That it lit the world throughout the sky,
And down came all the Sprites.

Their mad career upset a star,

As through the air they flew:
It cringed in fear, and shot afar,
And fell where no one knew.
Orion's sword was broke in bits,
Corona's crown was gone,
Capella seemed to lose her wits,
While all so longed for dawn.

Then from the night there came a sound
Of sleigh-bells ringing sweet;
Out of the chaos came a man—
Kris Kringle—for his Christmas treat.
'Ho! Kris!' they cried, 'We'll have some fun,
We'll bind the old man down,
We'll tie him up, and toss him o'er
Into our Goblin-town.'

They climbed the sleigh with shout and din,
To bind his hands and feet;
A hundred strong they clambered in
Our good old Kris to meet.
He sat quite still, with twinkling eyes,
Then seized his mystic wand,
He raised it up, and waved it round
Stilled was this chattering band.

Stiffly stark and still they stood,
Clad in elfish clothes;
Some were wax, and some were wood,
One had crushed his nose.
'Playthings rare,' he said and smiled,
'For children rich and poor;
Some I'll leave the crippled child,
And some at the orphan's door.'

He shook his reins, and called his steed
To bear him swiftly on.
Full well it knew its Master's need
To hurry e'er the dawn.
From house to house they scampered down,
Their sleigh-bells ringing clear,
Through chimneys in the sleepy town—

Good Kris and his reindeer.

The windows rattled, the moonbeams tattled
A tale so strange and queer.
They told how at night, in dire affright
The Moon had hid in fear.

That he'd called in sport his elfish court
Of spooks and witches gay,
Each Elfin child, by glee beguiled,
Brought scores of others, they say.
Then a man appeared, with flowing beard,
In a sled with a reindeer fleet;
They gathered about with din and shout,
To bind him hands and feet.

Then the Moon laughed loud at the gathering crowd,
While he held his sides in mirth,
To see old Kris in a plight like this,
Toiling o'er the earth.

But alas for the Moon, he had laughed like a loon,
For Kris is a hero of old,
Yes, Kris is a seer; with his small reindeer,
He captured the Goblins bold.
And he changed them, they say in a wonderful way,
To toys, for his Christmas cheer.
The big dolls stare with a goblin air,

While the moonbeams prattle, I hear a rattle
Of hoofs on the chimney side;
Then out on the snow I gaze below,
'Hurrah! it's Kris Kringle,' I cried.
Then, sly as a mouse, he entered the house,
And hung up his treasures so gay.
Then out with a dash, he sped like a flash,
Into the night, and away.

Anonymous Americas

A Jest Of Robin Hood

Lyth and lystyn, gentilmen,
All that nowe be here;
Of Litell Johnn, that was the knighes man,
Goode myrth ye shall here.

It was upon a mery day
That yonge men wolde go shete;
Lytell Johnn fet his bowe anone,
And sayde he wolde them mete.

Thre tymes Litell Johnn shet aboute,
And alwey he slet the wande;
The proud sherif of Notingham
By the marks can stande.

The sherif swore a full greate othe:
'By hym that dyede on a tre,
This man is the best arschére
That ever yet sawe I me.

'Say me nowe, wight yonge man,
What is nowe thy name?
In what countre were thou borne,
And where is thy wonynge wane?'

'In Holdernes, sir, I was borne,
I-wys al of my dame;
Men cal me Reynolde Grenlef
Whan I am at home.'

'Sey me, Reynolde Grenelefe,
Wolde thou dwell with me?
And every yere I woll the gyve
Twenty marke to thy fee.'

'I have a maister,' sayde Litell Johnn,
'A curteys knight is he;
May ye lev gete of hym,
The better may it be.'

The sherif gate Litell John
Twelve moneths of the knight;
Therefore he gave him right anone
A gode hors and a wight.

Nowe is Litell John the sherifs man,
God lende vs well to spede!
But alwey thought Lytell John
To quyte hym wele his mede.

'Nowe so God me help,' sayde Litell John,
'And by my true leutye,
I shall be the worst servaunt to hym
That ever yet had he.'

It fell upon a Wednesday
The sherif on huntynge was gone,
And Litel John lay in his bed,
And was foriete at home.

Therefore he was fastinge
Til it was past the none;
'Gode sir stuarde, I pray to the,
Gyve me my dynere,' saide Litell John.

'It is longe for Grenlefe
Fastinge thus for to be;
Therfor I pray the, sir stuarde,
Mi dyner gif me.'

'Shalt thou never ete ne drynke,' saide the stuarde,
'Tyll my lorde be come to towne:'
'I make myn avowe to God,' saide Litell John,
'I had lever to crake thy crowne.'

The boteler was full uncurteys,
There he stode on flore;
He start to the botery
And shet fast the dore.

Lytell Johnn gave the boteler suche a tap

His backe went nere in two;
Though he lived an hundred ier,
The wors shuld he go.

He sporned the dore with his fote;
It went open wel and fyne;
And there he made large lyveray,
Bothe of ale and of wyne.

'Sith ye wol nat dyne,' sayde Litell John,
'I shall gyve you to drinke;
And though ye lyve an hundred wynter,
On Lytel Johnn ye shall thinke.'

Litell John ete, and Litel John drank,
The whil that he wolde;
The sherife had in his kechyn a coke,
A stoute man and a bolde.

'I make myn avowe to God,' saide the coke,
'Thou arte a shrewde hynde
In ani hous for to dwel,
For to aske thus to dyne.'

And there he lent Litell John
God strokis thre;
'I make myn avowe to God,' sayde Lytell John,
'These strokis lyked well me.

'Thou arte a bolde man and hardy,
And so thinketh me;
And or I pas fro this place
Assayed better shalt thou be.'

Lytell Johnn drew a ful gode sworde,
The coke toke another in hande;
They thought no thyng for to fle,
But stifly for to stande.

There they faught sore togedere
Two myl way and well more;
Myght neyther other harme done,

The mounnaunce of an owre.

'I make myn avowe to God,' sayde Litell Johnn,
'And by my true lewté,
Thou art one of the best sworde-men
That ever yit sawe I me.

'Cowdest thou shote as well in a bowe,
To gren wode thou shuldest with me,
And two times in the yere thy clothinge
Chaunged shuld be;

'And every yere of Robyn Hode
Twenty merke to thy fe:'
'Put up thy swerde,' saide the coke,
'And felowes woll we be.'

Thanne he fet to Lytell Johnn
The nowmbles of a do,
Gode brede, and full gode wyne,
They ete and drank theretoo.

And when they had dronkyn well,
Theyre trouths togeder they plight
That they wolde be with Robyn
That ylk same nyght.

They dyd them to the tresoure-hows,
As fast as they myght gone;
The lokks, that were of full gode stele,
They brake them everichone.

They toke away the silver vessell,
And all that thei might get;
Pecis, masars, ne sponis,
Wolde thei not forget.

Also they toke the gode pens,
Thre hundred ponde and more,
And did them streyte to Robyn Hode,
Under the gren wode hore.

'God the save, my dere mayster,
And Criste the save and se!
And thanne sayde Robyn to Litel Johnn,
Welcome myght thou be.

'Also be that fayre yeman
Thou bryngest there with the;
What tydyngs fro Notyngham?
Lytell Johnn, tell thou me.'

'Well the gretith the proud sheryf,
And sendeth the here by me
His coke and his silver vessell,
And thre hundred ponde and thre.'

'I make myne avowe to God,' sayde Robyn,
'And to the Trenyté,
It was never by his gode wyll
This gode is come to me.'

Lytyll Johnn there hym bethought
On a shrewde wyle;
Fyve myle in the forest he ran,
Hym happed all his wyll.

Than he met the proud sheref,
Huntyng with houndes and horne;
Lytell Johnn coude of curtesye,
And knelyd hym beforne.

'God the save, my der mayster,
And Criste the save and se!
'Reynolde Grenlefe,' sayde the shryef,
'Where hast thou nowe be?'

'I have be in this forest;
A fayre syght can I se;
It was one of the fayrest syghtes
That ever yet sawe I me.

'Yonder I sawe a ryght fayre harte,
His coloure is of grene;

Seven score of dere upon a herde
Be with hym all bydene.

'Their tynds are so sharpe, maister,
Of sixty, and well mo,
That I durst not shote for drede,
Lest they wolde me slo.'

'I make myn avowe to God,' sayde the shyref,
'That syght wolde I fayne se:'
'Buske you thyderwarde, mi der mayster,
Anone, and wende with me.'

The sherif rode, and Litell Johnn
Of fote he was full smerte,
And whane they came before Robyn,
'Lo, sir, here is the mayster-herte.'

Still stode the proud sherief,
A sory man was he;
'Wo the worthe, Raynolde Grenlefe,
Thou hast betrayed nowe me.'

'I make myn avowe to God,' sayde Litell Johnn,
'Mayster, ye be to blame;
I was mysserved of my dynere
Whan I was with you at home.'

Sone he was to souper sette,
And served well with silver white,
And whan the sherif sawe his vessell,
For sorowe he myght nat ete.

'Make glad chere,' sayde Robyn Hode,
'Sherif, for charité,
And for the love of Litill Johnn
Thy lyfe I graunt to the.'

Whan they had souped well,
The day was al gone;
Robyn commaunded Litell Johnn
To drawe of his hosen and his shone;

His kirtell and his cote of pie,
That was fured well and fine,
And toke hym a grene mantel,
To lap his body therin.

Robyn commaundyd his wight yonge men,
Under the gren-wode tree,
They shulde lye in that same sute,
That the sherif myght them see.

All nyght lay the proud sherif
In his breche and in his schert;
No wonder it was, in gren wode,
Though his syds gan to smerte.

'Makeglade chere,' sayde Robyn Hode,
'Sheref, for charité;
For this is our ordre i-wys,
Under the gren-wode tree.'

'This is harder order,' sayde the sherief,
'Than any ankir or frere;
For all the golde in mery Englonde
I wolde nat longe dwell her.'

'All this twelve monthes,' sayde Robin,
'Thou shalt dwell with me;
I shall the tech, proud sherif,
An outlaw for to be.'

'Or I be here another nyght,' sayde the sherif,
'Robyn, nowe pray I the,
Smyte of mijn hede rather to-morowe,
And I forgyve it the.

'Lat me go,' than sayde the sherif.
'For saynt charité,
And I woll be the best frende
That ever yet had ye.'

'Thou shalt swere me an othe,' sayde Robyn,

'On my bright bronde;
Shalt thou never awayte me scathe,
By water ne by lande.

'And if thou fynde any of my men,
By nyght or by day,
Upon thyn oth thou shalt swere
To helpe them that thou may.'

Nowe hathe the sherif sworne his othe,
And home he began to gone;
He was as full of gren wode
As ever was hepe of stone.

Anonymous Americas

A Riddle

Legs I have got, yet seldom do I walk;
I backbite many, yet I never talk:
In secret places most I seek to hide me,
For he who feeds me never can abide me.

Anonymous Americas

A Soldier's Dream

Last night as I toasted
My wet feet and roasted
A small bit of beef by a similar blaze,
While nought but the wheezings,
The snorings, and sneezings
Of comrades grouping in Dreamland's haze
Disturbed the fine vision -
The picture Elysian -
That Fancy's weird wand conjured up to my thought,
As she stood like a spooke,
In a garb of blue smoke,
And amid the hot embers her wonders she wrought.

Adown a highway
We were marching so gay
An army with banners bedecked o'er and o'er
With the brightest garlands
Wove by fairest of hands,
While a flaming bouquet stuck in each musket bore.
Each triumphal arch
It met on the march
Was blazoned with 'Peace'; 'Welcome home each loved one';
While maid, wife, and mother
Would with rapture discover
And rush out to meet lover, husband, and son!

I forgot all my sore toes -
Nay, all of my woes -
As I sprang to the threshold and clasped her dear waist;
And every campaign
I'd gone over again
To get from those ripe lips another such taste.
But as I flew to her
I dropped my fine skewer,
And with it my supper. I mastered my grief
As the vanishing vision
of joy's Elysian,
But I couldn't get over the loss of the beef!

Anonymous Americas

A Son Of A Gun

I wish I had a barrel of rum
and sugar three hundred pound.
I'd put it in the College bell
and stir it `round and `round.
Let ev'ry honest fellow
drink his glass of hearty cheer,
For I'm a student of old Dartmouth
and a son of a gun for beer.

I'm a son of a, son of a, son of a,
son of a gun for beer.
I'm a son of a, son of a, son of a,
son of a gun for beer,
Like ev'ry honest fellow I like my whiskey clear.
For I'm a student of Old Dartmouth
and a son of a gun for beer.

And if I had a daughter, sir,
I'd dress her up in green;
I'd put her on the campus
just to coach the freshman team.
And if I had a son, sir,
I'll tell you what he'd do
He'd yell, 'To Hell with Harvard!'
like his Daddy used to do.

(Chorus)

Anonymous Americas

A Song For Freedom

Come all ye bondmen far and near,
Let's put a song in massa's ear,
It is a song for our poor race,
Who're whipped and trampled with disgrace.

Chorus.

My old massa tells me O
This is a land of freedom O;
Let's look about and see if't is so,
Just as massa tells me O.

He tells us of that glorious one,
I think his name was Washington,
How he did fight for liberty,
To save a threepence tax on tea.

Chorus.

My old massa, &c.

And then he tells us that there was
A Constitution, with this clause,
That all men equal were created,
How often have we heard it stated.

Chorus.

My old massa, &c.

But now we look about and see,
That we poor blacks are not so free;
We 're whipped and thrashed about like fools,
And have no chance at common schools.

Chorus.

Still, my old massa, &c.

They take our wives, insult and mock,
And sell our children on the block,
Then choke us if we say a word,
And say that 'niggers' shan't be heard.

Chorus.

Still, my old massa, &c.

Our preachers, too, with whip and cord,
Command obedience in the Lord;
They say they learn it from the book,
But for ourselves we dare not look.

Chorus.

Still, my old massa tells me O,
This is a
Christian
country O, &c.

There is a country far away,
Friend Hopper says 't is Canada,
And if we reach Victoria's shore,
He says that we are slaves no more.

Chorus.

Now hasten all bondmen, let us go
And leave this Christian country O;
Haste to the land of the British Queen,
Where whips for negroes are not seen.

Now if we go, we must take the night-
We're sure to die if we come in sight-
The blood-hounds will be on our track,
And wo to us if they fetch us back.

Chorus.

Now haste all bondmen, let us go,
And leave this
Christian
country O;
God help us to Victoria's shore,
Where we are free and slaves no more.

Anonymous Americas

A Sonnet Upon The Pitiful Burning Of The Globe Playhouse In

Now sit thee down, Melpomene,
Wrapp'd in a sea-coal robe,
And tell the doleful tragedy
That late was play'd at Globe;
For no man that can sing and say
But was scar'd on St. Peter's Day.
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

All you that please to understand,
Come listen to my story,
To see Death with his raking brand
'Mongst such an auditory;
Regarding neither Cardinal's might,
Nor yet the rugged face of Henry the Eight.
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

This fearful fire began above,
A wonder strange and true,
And to the stage-house did remove,
As round as tailor's clew;
And burnt down both beam and snag,
And did not spare the silken flag.
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

Out run the knights, out run the lords,
And there was great ado;
Some lost their hats and some their swords,
Then out run Burbage too;
The reprobates, though drunk on Monday,
Prayed for the fool and Henry Condye.
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

The periwigs and drum-heads fry,
Like to a butter firkin;
A woeful burning did betide
To many a good buff jerkin.
Then with swoll'n eyes, like drunken Flemings,

Distressed stood old stuttering Hemings.
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

...

Be warned, you stage strutters all,
Lest you again be caught,
And such a burning do befall
As to them whose house was thatched;
Forbear your whoring, breeding biles,
And lay up that expense for tiles.
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

Go draw you a petition,
And do you not abhor it,
And get, with low submission,
A license to beg for it
In churches, sans churchwardens' checks,
In Surrey and in Middlesex.
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

Anonymous Americas

A Woman's Complaint

I know that deep within your heart of hearts
You hold me shrined apart from common things,
And that my step, my voice, can bring to you
A gladness that no other pleasure brings.

And yet, dear love, through all the weary days
You never speak one word of tenderness,
Nor stroke my hair, nor softly clasp my hand
Within your own in loving mute caress.

You think, perhaps, I should be all content
To know so well the loving place I hold
Within your life, and so you do not dream
How much I long to hear the story told.

You cannot know, when we two sit alone,
And tranquil thoughts within your mind are stirred,
My heart is crying like a tire child
For one fond look, one gentle, loving word.

It may be when your eyes look into mine
You only say, 'How dear she is to me!'
Oh, could I read it in you softened glance.
How radiant this plain world would be!

Perhaps, sometimes, you breathe a secret prayer
That choicest blessings unto me be given;
But if you said aloud, 'God bless thee, dear!'
I should not ask a greater boon from Heaven.

I weary sometimes of the rugged way;
But should you say, 'Through thee my life is sweet,'
The dreariest desert that our path could cross
Would suddenly grow green beneath my feet.

'Tis not the boundless waters ocean holds
That give refreshment to the thirsty flowers,
But just the drops that, rising to the skies,
From thence descend in softly falling showers.

What matter that our granaries are filled
With all the richest harvest's golden stores,
If we who own them cannot enter in,
But famished stand before the close-barred doors?

And so 'tis sad that those who should be rich
In that true love that crowns our earthly lot,
Go praying with white lips from day to day
For love's sweet tokens, and receive them not.

Anonymous Americas

Adam Lay Ibounden

Adam lay ibounden,
Bounden in a bond.
Four thousand winter
Thought he not too long.
And all was for an appil,
And appil that he tok,
As clerkes finden
Wreten in here book.
Ne hadde the appil take ben,
The appil taken ben,
Ne hadde never our lady
A ben hevene quene.

Blessed be the time
That appil take was,
Therefore we moun singen
Deo gracias.

Anonymous Americas

Aladdin

Aladdin poor the wizard found,
Who moved from cavern's mouth a stone;
Then bade him go beneath the ground,
And pace through unknown realms alone,
Till from a niche he bore away
A lamp—extinguishing its ray.

The youth obedient instant hied,
When fruits luxuriant met his sight;
The white were pearls in snowy pride,
Diamonds the clear—of brilliant light;
For red the rubies dazzling blazed,
Whereof Aladdin gathered store;
Then on the lamp in rapture gazed,
And from its niche the treasure bore.

Regained his home, he seized anon
The lamp, and cried "straight bring me food;"
The Genii instantly was gone,
But soon again before him stood.
The youth his fear-struck mother bore,
As plates of silver met his view;
Of viands choice, containing store,
And cups, with wine of rosy hue.

Aladdin next by chance descried,
The Sultan's daughter, witching fair;
Love's high control was not denied—
He sought to gain the beauty rare.
Before the Sultan lowly bent
His mother, and the jewels spread;
The Prince, astonished, gave consent,
And all Aladdin's terrors fled.

In gorgeous robes the youth arrayed,

Vaulted anon his prancing steed;
And of the glittering, gay parade,
Right joyous smiling took the lead.
With loud huzzas then rang the air,
Which louder pealed, as gold amain
By slaves was cast, for mob to share,
That glittered on the vasty plain

Ne'er dreaming lamp so worn and old
More worth commanded than Peru,
Our Princess bartered wealth untold,
For the Magician's lamp quite new:
So when this change the eunuch made
In scorn the rabble 'gan to shout;
Beholding such a silly trade,
They deemed the wizard fool and lout.

O'erwhelmed with grief, Aladdin prayed
Once more the Genii life would spare;
Beseeching he might be conveyed
Where late had stood his palace fair.
Then swift as thought, the spirit bore
The youth through airy realms above;
Who lighted safe on Afric's shore,
And gained the chamber of his love

His foe the poison quaffed and fell—
A writhing form the wizard lay;
Aladdin knew how worked the spell,
And tore from vest the lamps, his prey.
The Princess with a panting heart,
Flew to receive affection's kiss:
Thus met they, never more to part;
From that hour sealed their lasting blis

Anonymous Americas

Alysoun

An hendy hap ichabbe yhent;
Ichot, from hevене it is me sent;
From alle wymmen mi loue is lent,
And lyght on Alysoun.

Bytuen{.e} Mersh and Averil,
When spray biginneth to spring{.e},
The lutel foul hath hir{.e} wyl
On hyr{.e} lud to syng{.e}.
Ich libbe in love longing{.e}
For semlokest of all{.e} thing{.e}.
He may me bliss{.e} bring{.e};
Icham in hire baundoun.

On heu hire her is fayr ynoh,
Hire brow{.e} broune, hire ey{.e} blak{.e};
With lossum chere he on me loh;
With middel smal, and wel ymak{.e}.
Bote he me woll{.e} to hire tak{.e},
Fort{.e} buen hire owen mak{.e},
Longe to lyven ichulle forsak{.e},
And fey{.e} fallen adoun.

Niht{.e}s when y wende and wak{.e},
Forthi myn wong{.e}s waxeth won;
Levedi, al for thin{.e} sak{.e}
Longinge is ylent me on.
In world nis non so wyter mon,
That al hire bounté tell{.e} con.
Hire swyre is whittore then the swon,
And feyrest may in toune.

Icham for wowyng al forwake,
Wery so water in wor{.e}.
Lest eny rev{.e} me my mak{.e},
Ychabbe y-yern{.e}d yor{.e}.
Betere is tholien whyl{.e} sor{.e}
Then mournen evermor{.e}.
Geynest under gor{.e},

Herkn{.e} to my roun.

Anonymous Americas

Amusing Trial, In Which A Yankee Lawyer Rendered A Just Verdict.

A Slave sold at Auction.

A time there was, when no one thought
It sin, to hold a slave he'd bought,
And of his strength have the command,
As much as of his house and land.
A Yankee Lawyer long had kept
A negro-man with whom he slept.

And ate, and Sabbath day,
He half the time from church would stay;
When Cuff his master's garments wore.—
'Twas strange you say, but he was poor;
And though he cared not for Cuff's soul,
Yet such the times, that on the whole,

'Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery, thou art a bitter draught.'—Sterne.
His slave must to the meeting go,
If 'twas for nothing but a show.
They lived on thus for several years—
One would not think, that many tears
Would fall from off that shining face,
So sleek and smooth, or he would trace

Note.—In some parts of the country, slaves are scantily fed, while their masters live in luxury.

Note.—In some parts of the country, slaves are scantily fed, while their masters live in luxury.

The chain which bound, or wish to break,
But choose to stay for his own sake,
Where he so well was clothed and fed,
And shared the lawyer's food and bed,
So well contented he might be,
He'd hardly know but he was free,

Fetters formerly used by the slave traders, to confine the ankles of their victims.

The editor has seen some that were actually used by Rhode Island traders.
Fetters formerly used by the slave traders, to confine the ankles of their victims.
The editor has seen some that were actually used by Rhode Island traders.
But make the fetters of pure gold.
They're hateful still, they gall, they hold,
And if the pill is sugared o'er,
'Tis still as bitter as before.
Cuff ponder'd much, but did not know,
If he his master left to go,

And seek his fortune, he could find
Another master half so kind,
And who would give so large a share
Of the small pittance he could spare,
And every privilege could grant,
Which he could need or ever want;

Emblem of Freedom.—A moth just changed from its chrysalis state, deserting its shell.

Emblem of Freedom.—A moth just changed from its chrysalis state, deserting its shell.

But then of freedom he had heard,
And ere the dawning light appeared.
Early one morning Cuff arose,
And quickly putting on his clothes,
Stole softly out; lest he should wake
His master, who would rouse and shake

The slumbers from his drowsy eyes,
And think that it was time to rise.
So Cuff went off. His master woke,
And Cuff was gone! It was no joke.
The Lawyer's work must now be done,
All by himself; and till the sun

A man escaping from slavery.
A man escaping from slavery.
Is slowly sinking in the west,
He'll scarcely have a minute's rest.
He felt his temper quickly rise,
Thinking his slave too rich a prize,

To be allowed to slip away,
Without a trial for 'fair play;'

A slave-catcher is worse than a beast of prey.
A slave-catcher is worse than a beast of prey.
Said he, 'My course is plain enough,
I'll take my horse and go for Cuff,
For he's my slave, and he shall give
To me, his service if he live.'
Saddling his horse he mounts him quick,
Drives after Cuff with spur and stick:

But soon he paused his cause to try,
And thus he said, Why should not I
Be slave instead of Cuff, and he
As well be running after me
As I for him?—I'll let him go,
Whether he's free by law or no.

Justice freeing the slave.
Justice freeing the slave.
For God who fashioned him and me,
No doubt made all his children free.
So justice o'er his mind held sway,
And Cuff in freedom, went his way.

Anonymous Americas

Angelica The Doorkeeper

The falcon soars
The town's gates are even higher

Angelica's their doorkeeper
She's wound the sun round her head
She's tied the moon round her waist

She's hung herself with stars.

Anonymous Americas

Another Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle had a mind
To whip the Southern traitors,
Because they didn't choose to live
On codfish and potatoes,
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
And to keep his courage up
He took a drink of brandy.

Yankee Doodle said he found
By all the census figures,
That he could starve the rebels out,
If he could steal their niggers.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
And then he took another drink
Of gunpowder and brandy.

Yankee Doodle made a speech;
'Twas very full of feeling;
'I fear,' he says, 'I cannot fight,
But I am good at stealing.'
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Hurrah for Lincoln, he's the boy
To take a drop of brandy.

Yankee Doodle drew his sword,
And practiced all the passes;
Come, boys, we'll take another drink
When we get to Manassas.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
They never reached Manassas plain,
And never got the brandy.

Yankee Doodle soon found out
That Bull Run was no trifle;
For if the North knew how to steal,

The South knew how to rifle.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
'Tis very clear I took too much
Of that infernal brandy.

Yankee Doodle wheeled about,
And scampered off at full run,
And such a race was never seen
As that he made at Bull Run.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
I haven't time to stop right now
To take a drop of brandy.

Yankee Doodle, oh! for shame,
You're always intermeddling;
Let guns alone, they're dangerous things;
You'd better stick to peddling.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
When next I go to Bully Run
I'll throw away the brandy.

Anonymous Americas

At Liberty I Sit And See

At liberty I sit and see
Them, that have erst laugh'd me to scorn,
Whipp'd with the whip that scourged me:
And now they ban that they were born.

I see them sit full soberly
And think their earnest looks to hide;
Now, in themselves, they cannot spy
That they or this in me have spied.

I see them sitting all alone,
Marking the steps, each word and look;
And now they tread where I have gone,
The painful path that I forsook.

Now I see well I saw no whit
When they saw well, that now are blind;
But happy hap hath made me quit,
And just judgement hath them assign'd.

I see them wander all alone,
And tread full fast, in dreadful doubt,
The self-same path that I have gone:
Blessed be hap that brought me out!

At liberty all this I see,
And say no word but erst among,
Smiling at them that laugh'd at me:
Lo, such is hap! Mark well my song!

Anonymous Americas

At Liberty I Sit And See

At liberty I sit and see

Them, that have erst laugh'd me to scorn,
Whipp'd with the whip that scourged me:
And now they ban that they were born.

I see them sit full soberly

And think their earnest looks to hide;
Now, in themselves, they cannot spy
That they or this in me have spied.

I see them sitting all alone,

Marking the steps, each word and look;
And now they tread where I have gone,
The painful path that I forsook.

Now I see well I saw no whit

When they saw well, that now are blind;
But happy hap hath made me quit,
And just judgement hath them assign'd.

I see them wander all alone,

And tread full fast, in dreadful doubt,
The self-same path that I have gone:
Blessed be hap that brought me out!

At liberty all this I see,

And say no word but erst among,
Smiling at them that laugh'd at me:
Lo, such is hap! Mark well my song!

Anonymous Americas

Away Down South In The Land Of Traitors

Away down South in the land of traitors,
Rattlesnakes and alligators,
Right away, come away, right away, come away.
Where cotton's king and men are chattels,
Union boys will win the battles,
Right away, come away, right away, come away.
Then we'll all go down to Dixie,
Away, away,
Each Dixie boy must understand,
That he must mind his Uncle Sam,
Away, away,
And we'll all go down to Dixie.
Away, away,
And we'll all go down to Dixie.
I wish I was in Baltimore,
I'd make Secession traitors roar,
Right away, come away, right away, come away.
We'll put the traitors all to rout,
I'll bet my boots we'll whip them out,
Right away, come away, right away, come away.
Then they'll wish they were in Dixie,
Away, away,
Each Dixie boy must understand,
That he must mind his Uncle Sam,
Away, away,
And we'll all go down to Dixie.
Away, away,
And we'll all go down to Dixie.
Oh, may our Stars and Stripes still wave
Forever o'er the free and brave,
Right away, come away, right away, come away.
And let our motto ever be -
'For Union and for Liberty!'
Right away, come away, right away, come away.
Then we'll all go down to Dixie,
Away, away,
Each Dixie boy must understand,
That he must mind his Uncle Sam,
Away, away,

And we'll all go down to Dixie.
Away, away,
And we'll all go down to Dixie.

Anonymous Americas

Ay Me, Ay Me, I Sigh The Scythe A-Field

Ay me, ay me, I sigh to see the scythe a-field;
Down goeth the grass, soon wrought to wither'd hay:
Ay me, alas! ay me, alas, that beauty needs must yield,
And princes pass, as grass doth fade away.

Ay me, ay me, that life can not have lasting leave,
Nor gold take hold of everlasting joy:
Ay me, alas! ay me, alas, that time hath talents to receive,
And yet no time can make a suer stay.

Ay me, ay me, that wit can not have wished choice,
Nor wish can win that will desires to see:
Ay me, alas! ay me, alas, that mirth can promise no rejoice,
Nor study tell what afterward shall be.

Ay me, ay me, that no sure staff is given to age,
Nor age can give sure wit that youth will take:
Ay me, alas! ay me, alas, that no counsel wise and sage
Will shun the show that all doth mar and make.

Ay me, ay me, come, Time, shear on and shake thy hay,
It is no boot to balk thy bitter blows:
Ay me, alas! ay me, alas, come, Time, take everything away,
For all is thine, be it good or bad, that grows.

Anonymous Americas

Beauty Sat Bathing By A Spring

Beauty sat bathing by a spring,
Where fairest shades did hide her;
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
To see what was forbidden:
But better memory said, fie!
So, vain desire was chidden.
Hey nonny nonny O!
Hey nonny nonny!

Into a slumber then I fell,
When fond imagination
Seemed to see, but could not tell,
Her feature or her fashion.
But ev'n as babes in dreams do smile,
And sometimes fall a-weeping,
So I awaked, as wise this while
As when I fell a-sleeping:-
Hey nonny nonny O!
Hey nonny nonny!

Anonymous Americas

Blow, Northern Wind

Blow, northerne wynd,
Send thou me my suetyng!
Blow, northerne wynd,
Blou, blou, blou!

Ichot a burde in bour{.e} bryht,
That fully semly is on syht,
Mensful maiden of myht,
Feir ant fre to fond{.e};
In al this wurhlich{.e} won,
A burde of blod and of bon
Never yete y nust{.e} non
Lussomore in lond{.e}.

With lokk{.e}s lefliche and long{.e},
With frount and fac{.e} feir to fong{.e},
With murth{.e}s moni{.e} mote heo mong{.e},
That brid so breme in bour{.e};
With lossom ey{.e}, grete ant god{.e},
With browen blysfol under hod{.e};
He that reste him on the rod{.e}
That leflich lyf honour{.e}!

Hire lur{.e} lum{.e}s liht
Ase a launterne a nyht,
Hire bleo blykyeth so bryht:
So feyr heo is ant fyn!
A suetly suyre heo hath to hold{.e},
With arm{.e}s, shuldr{.e}, ase mon wold{.e},
Ant fyngres feyr{.e} fort{.e} fold{.e},
God wolde hue wer{.e} myn!

Middel heo hath mensful smal;
Hire loveliche cher{.e} as cristal;
They{.e}s, legg{.e}s, fet, ant al,
Ywraht is of the best{.e}.
A lussum ledy last{.e}les
That sweting is, and ever wes;
A betere burd{.e} never nes

Yhery{.e}d with the hest{.e}.

Heo is der{.e}worthe in day,
Gracious{.e}, stout, and gay,
Gentil, jolyf so the jay,
Worhlich{.e} when heo waketh.
Maiden murgest of mouth;
Bi est, bi west, by north and south,
Thér nis fithel{.e} ne crouth
That such murth{.e}s maketh.

Heo is coral of godness{.e},
Heo is rubie of ryhtfulness{.e},
Heo is cristal of clanness{.e},
Ant baner of bealté;
Heo is lillie of largess{.e},
Heo is paruenke of prouess{.e},
Heo is solsecle of suetness{.e},
Ant ledy of lealté.

...

For hir{.e} love y carke ant car{.e},
For hir{.e} love y droupne ant dar{.e},
For hir{.e} love my blisse is bar{.e},
Ant al ich wax{.e} won;
For hir{.e} love in slep y slak{.e},
For hir{.e} love al nyht ich wak{.e},
For hir{.e} love mournynge y mak{.e}
Mor{.e} then eny mon.

Anonymous Americas

Burnside

Burnside, Burnside, whither doth thou wander?
Up stream, down stream, like a crazy gander?

Anonymous Americas

By And By

Was the parting very bitter?
Was the hand clasped very tight?
Is a storm of tear-drops falling
From a face all sad and white?
Think not of it, in the future,
Calmer, fairer days are nigh--
Gaze not backward, but look onward
For a sunny 'by and by.'

Was the priceless love you lavished,
Sought for, played with, and then slain?
Were its crushed and quivering remnants
Calmly thrown you back again?
Calmly, too, those remnants gather,
Bring them home without a sigh;
Sweet returns they yet shall bring you
In the coming 'by and by.'

Are the eyelids very heavy?
Does the tired head long for rest?
Are the temples hot and throbbing,
And the hands together pressed?
Hope shall lay you on her bosom,
Cool the poor lips parched and dry,
And shall whisper, 'Rest is coming--
Rest forever, 'by and by.'

And when calmed and cheered and freshened
By her soul-inspiring voice,
Then look up, the heavens are brightening--
Cease your wailing and rejoice.
Cry not for the days departed,
None will hear you, none reply;
But look up where light is breaking
O'er a brighter 'by and by.'

Anonymous Americas

Cat Parody On Poe's

The other night while we lay musing, and our weary brain confusing o'er the topics of the day,
Suddenly we heard a rattling, as of serious hosts a-battling, as they mingled in the fray.

'What is that?' we cried, upstarting, and into the darkness darting, slap! we ran against the door.
'Oh , 'tis nothing,' Edward grumbled, as o'er a huge armchair we stumbled, 'tis a bug and nothing more.'

Then said we, our anger rising (for we thought it so surprising that a bug should thus offend)—
'Do you think a small insect, sir, thus would all the air infect, sir? No, 'tis not a bug, my friend.

Now, becoming sorely frightened, round our waist our pants we tightened, and put on our coat and hat—
When into the darkness peering, we saw with trembling and much fearing, the glaring eyes of Thomas Cat.

With astonishment and wonder we gazed upon this son of thunder, as he sat upon the floor—
When resolution taking, and a rapid movement making, lo, we opened wide the door.

Now, clear out, we hoarsely shouted, as o'er head our boot was flouted. 'Take your presence from my floor.'
Then with air and mien majestic, this dear creature called domestic, made his exit through the door.

Made his exit without growling, neither was his voice howling, not a single word he said.
And with feelings much elated, to escape a doom so fated, we went back to bed.

Anonymous Americas

Christmas 1864

Christmas time has come again,
But ah! where are the merry chimes
Which on the air their glad refrain
Rang forth in other happier times?
Where now the gladsome youthful throng,
Who 'Merry Christmas' used to greet,
With merry laugh and joyous song,
In every house, in every street?
Where now that soul-inspiring sight
When 'Santa Claus' disclosed his treasure,
Of youthful faces beaming bright
With thankful love, delight and pleasure?
Where now the merry ringing laugh,
As friend meets friend on Christmas morning,
The friendly 'Christmas nog' to quaff,
All thoughts of gloom or care ignoring?
The bells hang silent in their towers,
Our country mourns her valiant dead;
E'en happy Childhood, trembling cowers,
Responsive to a nameless dread!
E'en Santa Claus must not be named,
His stores are scant, his servants scattered
His sturdy limbs are hacked and maimed,
His cheerful visage worn and battered.
When friend meets friend, a heaving sigh
The merry laugh of yore replaces,
They sadly pass each other by,
Resolve marked on their war worn faces.
Thou God, who on the day did'st give
Thy only Son to save mankind,
Thou by whose power and grace we live,
In whom we hope and comfort find;
Ah, teach our cruel, heartless foe
To leave us what to us belongs,
And to their homes contented go,
And cease henceforth in heaping wrongs
Upon a people who would fain
In peace enjoy their peaceful homes,
And in their native land remain

Amid their sires' and grandsires' tombs.
And teach us Lord, our lot to bear
With truly Christian resignation,
That we have sinned, we're well aware,
And merited this visitation.
But judge us leniently, Oh Lord,
And bless our arms in Freedom's cause;
Teach us to seek Thy holy word
And be subservient to Thy laws;
And grant us grace to persevere
In Freedom's cause while life remains;
Teach us, Oh Lord, to banish fear,
To bear with loss, to smile at pain;
And bless our martyred patriots brave
Who in the cause of right were slain,
And grant, we all beyond the grave
May in Thy mansions meet again.

Anonymous Americas

City Contrasts

A barefooted child on the crossing,
Sweeping the mud away,
A lady in silks and diamonds,
Proud of the vain display;
A beggar blind on the curbstone,
A rich man passing along;
A tiny child with a tambourine
Wailing out her life in song.

A pauper in lone hearse passing,
Hurried away to the tomb;
A train of carriages, music grand,
And the flutter of waving plume.
For the one there is never a mourner,
He cumbered the earth away;
For the other the flags at half-mast droop,
And the city wears black today.

A soldier with one sleeve empty,
That sadly hangs by his side,
Another shuffling along the walk
In the flush of health and pride;
A cripple-girl slowly toiling
Through the vexed and crowded street,
And tearfully gazing at those who pass
With hearts as light as their feet.

A wreck of a woman flaunting,
As if proud of her very shame,
A purer sister whose modest cheeks
Would crimson e'en at the name;
A petty thief stealing in terror,
Afraid in your face to gaze,
And one who has robbed by the thousands,
Courting the sun's broad blaza.

The millionaire in his carriage,
The workman plodding along,
The humble follower of the right,

And the slave of the giant wrong;
The murderer seeking a refuge,
Looking ever wearily back,
And the sleuth hounds of the broken law
Following silently in his track.

The judge, freed now of the ermine,
Pompous of place and power,
And the shivering wretch his word will doom
To prison within an hour;
The miser clutching his pennies,
The spendthrift squandering gold,
The meek-eyed Sister of Mercy,
And the woman brazen and bold.

The widow, in weeds of blackness,
Meets the bride at the church door--
The future for one holds nothing but tears,
But joy for the other in store.
A cradle jostles a coffin--
Orange-flowers, with honeyed breath,
Are wove by the self-same fingers
That but now made a cross for death.

Dives and Lazarus elbow
Each other whene'er they meet,
And the crumbs from the rich man's table
Feed the beggar upon the street.
And penury crowdeth plenty,
And sin stalks boldly abroad,
And the infidel holds his head proudly
As the child of the living God.

The bee in its ceaseless searching
Finds sweets in each flower fair,
And the noisome spider, creeping up,
Finds nothing but poison there.
And so life is made up of contrasts--
Rich and poor, coward and brave,
Virtue and vice, and all will find
Equality in the grave.

Anonymous Americas

Cleanness

Clannesse who so kyndly comende
& rekken vp alle resounz at ho by ri3t askez,
Fayre forme my3t he fynde in for[er]ing his speche
& in contrare kark & combraunce huge.
For wonder wroth is Wy3at wro3t alle inges
Wyth freke at in fyl3e fol3es Hym after,
As renkez of relygioun at reden & syngen
& aprochen to hys presens & prestez arn called;
Thay teen vnto his temple & temen to hym seluen,
Reken with reuerence ay rychen His auter;
ay hondel er his aune body & vsen hit bo3e.
If ay in clannes be clos ay cleche gret mede;
Bot if ay conterfete crafte & cortaysye wont,
As be honest vtwyth & inwith alle fyl3ez,
ay en ar ay synful hemsel & sulped altogeder
Bo3e God & His gere, & hym to greme cachem.
He is so clene in His courte, e Kyng at al weldez,
& honeste in His housholde & hagherlych serued
With angelez enourled in alle at is clene,
Bo3e withine & withouten in wedez ful bry3t;
Nif he nere scoymus & skyg & non sca3e louied,
Hit were a meruayl to much, hit mo3t not falle.
Kryst kydde hit Hymself in a carp onez,
ay eras He heuened a3t happez & hy3t hem her medez.
Me mynez on one amonge o3er, as Ma3ew recordez,
at ay us clannes vnclosez a ful cler speche:
ay ha3el clene of his hert hapenez ful fayre,
For he schal loke on oure Lorde with a bone chere';
As so saytz, to at sy3t seche schal he neuer
at any vnclannesse hatz on, auwhere abowte;
For He at flemus vch fyl3e fer fro His hert
May not byde at burre at hit His body ne3en.
For ay hy3not to heuen in haterez totorne,
Ne in e harlatez hod, & handez vnwaschen.
For what vr3ly ha3el at hy3honour haldez
Wolde lyke if a ladde com ly3erly attyred,
When he were sette solempnely in a sete ryche,
Abof dukez on dece, with dayntys serued?
ay en e harlot with haste helded to e table,

With rent cokrez at & his clutte traschez,
 & his tabarde totorne, & his totez oute,
 O&er ani on of alle &yse, he schulde be halden vtter,
 With mony blame ful bygge, a boffet peraunter,
 Hurlid to & halle dore & harde &eroute schowued,
 & be forboden &at bor3e to bowe &ider neuer,
 On payne of enprysonment & puttyng in stokkez;
 & &us schal he be schent for his schrowde feble,
 Þa3neuer in talle ne in tuch he trespas more.
 & if vnwelcum he were to a wor&lych prynce,
 3et hym is &e hy3e Kyng harder in her euen;
 As Ma&ew melez in his masse of &at man ryche,
 Þat made &e mukel mangerye to marie his here dere,
 & sende his sonde &en to say &at &ay samne schulde,
 & in comly quoyntis to com to his feste:
 'For my boles & my borez arn bayted & slayne,
 & my fedde foulez fatted with sclat,
 My polyle &at is penne-fed & partrykez bo&e,
 Wyth scheldez of wylde swyn, swanez & cronez,
 Al is ro&eled & rosted ry3t to &e sete;
 Comez cof to my corte, er hit colde wor&e.'
 When &ay knewen his cal &at &ider com schulde,
 Alle excused hem by &e skyly he scape by mo3t.
 On hade bo3t hym a bor3, he sayde, by hys traw&e:
 'Now turne I &eder als tyd &e toun to byholde.'
 Ano&er nayed also & nurned &is cawse:
 'I haf 3erned & 3at 3okkez of oxen,
 & for my hy3ez hem bo3t; to bowe haf I mester,
 To see hem pulle in &e plow aproche me byhouez.'
 '& I haf wedded a wyf,' so wer hym &e &ryd;
 'Excuse me at &e court, I may not com &ere.'
 Þus &ay dro3hem adre3with daunger vchone,
 Þat non passed to &e plate &a3he prayed were.
 Thenne &e ludyh lorde lyked ful ille,
 & hade dedayn of &at dede; ful dry3ly he carpez.
 He saytz: 'Now for her owne sor3e &ay forsaken habbez;
 More to wyte is her wrange &en any wylle gentyll.
 Þenne gotz forth, my gomez, &e grete streetez,
 & forsettz on vche a syde &e cete aboute;
 Þe wayferande frekez, on fote & on hors,
 Bo&e burnez & burdez, &e better & &e wers,
 La&ez hem alle luflyly to lenge at my fest,

& bryngez hem blyþly to bor3e as barounez þay were,
 So þat my palays plat ful be py3t al aboute;
 Þise oþer wrechez iwysse worþy no3t wern.'
 Þen þay cayred & com þat þe cost waked,
 Bro3ten bachleriez hem wyth þat þay by bonkez metten,
 Swyerez þat swyftly swyed on blonkez,
 & als fele vpon fote, of fre & of bonde.
 When þay com to þe courte keppte weren þay fayre,
 Sty3tled with þe stewarde, stad in þe halle,
 Ful manerly with marchal mad for to sitte,
 As he watz dere of degre dressed his seete.
 Þenne seggez to þe souerayn sayden þerafter:
 'Lo! Lorde, with your leue, at your lege heste
 & at þi banne we haf bro3t, as þou beden habbez,
 Mony renischsche renkez, & 3et is roum more.'
 Sayde þe lorde to þo ledez, 'Laytez 3et ferre,
 Ferre out in þe felde, & fechez mo gestez;
 Waytez gorstez & greuez, if ani gomez lyggez;
 Whatkyn folk so þer fare, fechez hem hider;
 Be þay fers, be þay feble, forlotez none,
 Be þay hol, be þay halt, be þay ony3ed,
 & þa3þay ben boþe blynde & balterande cruppelez,
 Þat my hous may holly by halkez by fylled.
 For, certez, þyse ilk renkez þat me renayed hadde,
 & denounced me no3t now at þis tyme,
 Schul neuer sitte in my sale my soper to fele,
 Ne suppe on sope of my seve, þa3þa3þay swelt schulde.'
 Thenne þe sergauntez, at þat sawe, swengen þeroute,
 & diden þe dede þat [watz] demed, as he deused hade,
 & with peple of alle plytez þe palays þay fyllen;
 Hit weren not alle on wyuez sunez, wonen with on fader.
 Wheþer þay wern worþy oþer wers, wel wern
 þay stowed,
 Ay þe best byfore & bry3test atyred,
 Þe derrest at þe hy3e dese, þat dubbed wer fayrest,
 & syþen on lenþe biloghe ledez inogh.
 & ay a[s] segge[s] [serly] semed by her wedez,
 So with marschal at her mete mensked þay were.
 Clene men in compaynye forknowen wern lyte,
 & 3et þe symplest in þat sale watz serued to þe fulle,
 Boþe with menske & with mete & mynstrasy noble,
 & alle þe laykez þat a lorde a3t in londe schewe.

& þay bigonne to be glad þat god drink haden.
 & vch mon with his mach made hym at ese.
 Now inmyddez þe mete þe mayster hym biþo3t
 Þat he wolde se þe semble þat samned was þere,
 & rehayte rekenly þe riche & þe pou[eren],
 & cherisch hem alle with his cher, & chaufen her joye.
 Þen he bowez fro his bour into þe brode halle
 & to þe best on þe bench, & bede hym be myry,
 Solased hem with semblaunt & syled fyrre,
 Tron fro table to table & talkede ay myrþe.
 Bot as he ferked ouer þe flor, he fande with his y3e,
 Hit watz not for a halyday honestly arayed,
 A þral þry3t in þe þrong vnþryuandely
 cloþed,
 Ne no festiual frok, bot fyled with werkkez;
 Þe gome watz vngarnyst with god men to dele.
 & gremed þerwith þe grete lorde, & greue hym he þo3t.
 'Say me, frende,' quoþ þe freke with a felle chere,
 'Hov wan þou into þis won in wedez so fowle?
 Þe abyt þat þou hatz vpon, no halyday hit menskez;
 Þou, burne, for no brydale art busked in wedez.
 How watz þou hardy þis hous for þyn vnhap [to] ne3e
 In on so ratted a robe & rent at þe sydez?
 Þow art a gome vngoderly in þat gown febele;
 Þou prayzed me & my place ful pouer & ful [g]nede,
 Þat watz so prest to aproche my presens hereinne.
 Hopez þou I be a harlot þi erigaut to prayse?'
 Þat oper burne watz abayst of his broþe wordez,
 & hurkelez doun with his hede, þe vrþe he biholdez;
 He watz so scoumfit of his scylle, lest he skaþe hent,
 Þat he ne wyst on worde what he warp schulde.
 Þen þe lorde wonder loude laled & cryed,
 & talkez to his tormenttoure: 'Takez hym,' he biddez,
 'Byndez byhynde, at his bak, boþe two his handez,
 & felle fetterez to his fete festenez bylyue;
 Stik hym stifly in stokez, & stekez hym þerafter
 Depe in my doungeoun þer doel euer dwellez,
 Greuing & gretyng & grysptyng harde
 Of teþe tenfully togeder, to teche hym be quoynt.'
 Thus comparisunez Kryst þe kyndom of heuen
 To þis frelych feste þat fele arn to called;
 For alle arn laþed luflyly, þe luþer & þe better,

Þat euer wern ful3ed in font, þat fest to haue.
Bot war þe wel, if þou wylt, þy wedez ben clene
& honest for þe halyday, lest þou harme lache,
For aproch þou to þat Prynce of parage noble,
He hates helle no more þen hem þat ar sowle.
Wich arn þenne þy wedez þou wrappez þe inne,
Þat schal schewe hem so schene schrowde of þe best?
Hit arn þy werkez, wyterly, þat þou wro3t hauez,
& lyued with þe lykyng þat ly3e in þyn hert;
Þat þo be frely & fresch fonde in þy lyue,
& fetyse of a fayr forme to fote & to honde,
& syþen alle þyn oþer lymez lapped ful clene;
Þenne may þou se þy Sauior & His sete ryche.
For fele[r] fautez may a freke forfete his blysse,
Þat he þe Souerayn ne se, þen for slauþe one;
As for bobaunce & bost & bolnande priyde
Þroly into þe deuelez þrote man þryngez bylyue.
For couetyse & colwarde & croked dedez,
For monsworne & menscla3t & to much drynk,
For þefte & for þrepyng, vnþonk may mon haue;
For roborrye & riboudrye & resounez vntrwe,
& dsyheriete & depryue dowrie of wydoez,
For marryng of maryagez & mayntnaunce of schrewez,
For traysoun & trichcherye & tyrauntyre boþe,
& for fals famacions & fayned lawez;
Man may mysse þe myrþe þat much is to prayse
For such vnþewez as þise, & þole much payne,
& in þe Creatores cort com neuermore,
Ne neuer see Hym with sy3t for such sour tourne.
Bot I haue herkned & herde of mony hy3e clerkez,
& als in resounez of ry3t red hit myseluen,
Þat þat ilk proper Prynce þat paradys weldez
Is displesed at vch a poynt þat pyles to scaþe;
Bot neuer 3et in no boke breued I herde
Þat euer He wreke so wyþerly on werk þat He made,
Ne venged for no vilte of vice ne synne,
Ne so hastyfly watz hot for hatel of His wylle,
Ne neuer so sodenly so3t vnsoundely to weng,
As for fylþe of þe flesch þat foles han vsed;
For, as I fynde, þer He for3et alle His fre þewez,
& wex wod to þe wrache for wrath at His hert.
For þe fyrste felonye þe falce fende wro3t

Why! he watz hy3e in þe heuen houen vpon lofte,
 Of alle þyse aþel aungelez attled þe fayrest:
 & he vnkyndely, as a karle, kydde a reward.
 He se3no3t bot hymself how semly he were,
 Bot his Souerayn he forsok & sade þyse wordez:
 `I schal telde vp my trone in þe tramountayne,
 & by lyke to þat Lorde þat þe lyft made.'
 With þis worde þat he warp, þe wrake on hym ly3t:
 Dry3tyn with His dere dom hym drof to þe abyne,
 In þe mesure of His mode, His metz neuer þe lasse.
 Bot þer He tynt þe tyþe dool of His tour ryche:
 Þa3þe feloun were so fers for his fayre wedez
 & his glorious glem þat glent so bry3t,
 As sone as Dry3tynez dome drof to hymselfen,
 Þikke þowsandez þro þrwen þeroute,
 Fellen fro þe frymament fendez ful blake,
 Sweued at þe fryst swap as þe snaw þikke,
 Hurlid into helle-hole as þe hyue swarmez.
 Fylter fenden folk forty dayez lencþe,
 Er þat styngande storme stynt ne my3t;
 Bot as smylt mele vnder smal siue smokez forþikke.
 So fro heuen to helle þat hatel schor laste,
 On vche syde of þe worlde aywhere ilyche.
 3is, hit watz a brem brest & a byge wrache,
 & 3et wrathed not þe Wy3; ne þe wrech sa3tled,
 Ne neuer wolde, for wyl[fulnes], his worþy God knawe,
 Ne pray Hym for no pite, so proud watz his wylle.
 Forþy þa3þe rape were rank, þe rawþe watz
 lytt[el];
 Þa3he be kest into kare, he kepes no better.
 Bot þat oper wrake þat wex, on wy3ez hit ly3t
 Þur3þe faut of a freke þat fayled in trawþe,
 Adam inobedyent, ordaynt to blysse.
 Þer pryuely in paradys his place watz devised,
 To lyue þer in lykyng þe lenþe of a terme,
 & þenne enherite þat home þat aungelez forgart;
 Bot þur3þe eggyng of Eue he ete of an apple
 Þat enpoyened alle peplez þat parted fro hem boþe,
 For a defence þat watz dy3t of Dry3tyn Seluen,
 & a payne þeron put & pertly halden.
 Þe defence watz þe fryt þat þe freke towched,
 & þe dom is þe deþe þat drepez vus alle;

Al in mesure & meþe watz mad þe vengiaunce,
 & efte amended with a mayden þat make had neuer.
 Bot in þe þryd watz forþrast al þat þryue schuld:
 Þer watz malys mercyles & mawgre much scheued,
 Þat watz for fylþe vpon folde þat þe folk vsed,
 Þat þen wonyed in þe worlde withouten any maysterz.
 Hit wern þe fayrest of forme & of face als,
 Þe most & þe myriest þat maked wern euer,
 Þe styfest, þe stalworþest þat stod euer on fete,
 & lengest lyf in hem lent of ledez alle oþer.
 For hit was þe forme foster þat þe folde bred,
 Þe aþel aunceterez sunez pat Adam watz called,
 To wham God hade geuen alle þat gayn were,
 Alle þe blysse bouete blame þat bodi my3t haue;
 & þose lykkest to þe lede, þat lyued next after;
 Forþy so semly to see syþen wern none.
 Þer watz no law to hem layd bot loke to kynde,
 & kepe to hit, & alle hit cors clanly fulfyllen.
 & þenne founden þay fylþe in fleschlych dedez,
 & controeued agayn kynde contrare werkez,
 & vsed hem vnþryftyly vchon on oþer,
 & als with oþer, wylsfully, upon a wrange wyse:
 So ferly fowled her flesch þat þe fende loked
 How þe de3ter of þe douþe wern derelych fayre,
 & fallen in fela3schyp with hem on folken wyse,
 & engendered on hem jeauntez with her japez ille.
 Þose wern men meþelez & ma3ty on vrþe,
 Þat for her lodlych laykez alosed þay were;
 He watz famed for fre þat fe3t loued best,
 & ay þe bigest in bale þe best watz halden.
 & þenne euelez on erþe earnestly grewen
 & multiplyed monyfolde inmongez mankynde,
 For þat þe ma3ty on molde so marre þise oþer
 Þat þe Wy3e þat al wro3t ful wroþly bygynnez.
 When He knew vche contre corruppte in hitseluen,
 & vch freke forloyned fro þe ry3t wayez,
 Felle temptande tene towched His hert.
 As wy3e wo hym withinne, werp to Hymself:
 'Me forþynekez ful much þat euer I mon made,
 Bot I schal delyuer & do away þat doten on þis molde,
 & fleme out of þe folde al þat flesch werez,
 Fro þe burne to þe best, fro bryddez to fyschez;

Al schal doun & be ded & dryuen out of erþe
 Þat euer I sette saule inne; & sore hit Me rwez
 Þat euer I made hem Myself; bot if I may herafter,
 I schal wayte to be war her wrenchez to kepe.'
 Þenne in worlde watz a wy3e wonyande on lyue,
 Ful redy & ful ry3twys, & rewled hym fayre,
 In þe drede of Dry3tyn his dayez he vsez,
 & ay glydande wyth his God, his grace watz þe more.
 Hym watz þe nome Noe, as is innoghe knawen.
 He had þre þryuen sunez, & þay þre wyuez:
 Sem soþly þat on, þat oþer hy3t Cam,
 & þe jolef Japheth watz gendered þe þryd.
 Now God in nwy to Noe con speke
 Wylde wrakful wordez, in His wylle greued:
 'Þe ende of alle kynez flesch þat on vrþe meuez
 Is fallen forþwyth My face, & forþer hit I þenk.
 With her vnworþelych werk Me wlatez withinne;
 Þe gore þerof Me hatz greued & þe glette nwyed.
 I schal strenkle My distresse, & strye al togeder,
 Boþe ledez & londe & alle þat lyf habbez.
 Bot make to þe a mancioun, & þat is My wylle,
 A cofer closed of tres, clanlych planed.
 Wyrk wonez þerinne for wylde & for tame,
 & þenne cleme hit with clay comly within[n]e,
 & alle þe endentur dryuen daube withouten.
 & þus of lenþe & of large þat lome þou make:
 Þre hundred of cupydez þou holde to þe lenþe,
 Of fyfty fayre ouerþwert forme þe brede;
 & loke euen þat þyn ark haue of he3þe þrette,
 & a wyndow wyd vpon[ande] wro3t vpon lo[f]te,
 In þe compas of a cubit kyndely sware;
 A wel dutande dor, don on þe syde;
 Haf hallez þerinne & halkez ful mony,
 Boþe boske[n]z & bourez & wel bounden penez.
 For I schal waken vp a water to wasch alle þe worlde,
 & quelle alle þat is quik with quauende flodez,
 Alle þat glydez & gotz & gost of lyf habbez;
 I schal wast with My wrath þat wons vpon vrþe.
 Bot My forwarder with þe I festen on þis wyse,
 For þou in reysoun hatz rengned & ry3twys ben euer:
 Þou schal enter þis ark with þyn aþel barnez
 & þy wedded wyf; with þe þou take

Þe makez of þy myry sunez; þis meyny of a3te
 I schal saue of monnez saulez, & swelt þose oþer.
 Of vche best þat berez lyf busk þe a cupple,
 Of vche clene comly kynde enclose seuen makez,
 Of vche horwed in ark halde bot a payre,
 For to saue Me þe sede of alle ser kyndez.
 & ay þou meng with þe malez þe mete ho-bestez,
 Vche payre by payre to plese ayþer oþer;
 With alle þe fode þat may be founde frette þy cofer,
 For sustnaunce to yowself & also þose oþer.'
 Ful grayþely gotz þis god man & dos Godez hestes,
 In dry3dred & daunger þat durst do non oþer.
 Wen hit watz fettled & forged & to þe fulle grayþed,
 Þenn con Dry3ttyn hym dele dry3ly þyse wordez.
 'Now Noe,' quoþ oure Lorde, 'art þou al redy?
 Hatz þou closed þy kyst with clay alle aboute?'
 '3e, Lorde, with þy leue,' sayde þe lede þenne,
 Al is wro3t at Þi worde, as Þou me wyt lantez.'
 'Enter in, þenn,' quoþ He, & haf þi wyf with þe,
 Þy þre sunez, withouten þrep, & her þre wyuez;
 Bestez, as I bedene haue, bosk þerinne als,
 & when 3e arn staued, styfly stekez yow þerinne.
 Fro seuen dayez ben seyed I sende out bylyue
 Such a rowtande ryge þat rayne schal swyþe
 Þat schal wasch alle þe worlde of werkez of fylþe;
 Schal no flesch vpon folde by fonden onlyue,
 Outtaken yow a3t in þis ark staued
 & sed þat I wyl saue of þyse ser bestez.'
 Now Noe neuer sty[n]tez, þat niy3[t] he bygynnez,
 Er al wer staued & stoken as þe steuen wolde.
 Thenne sone com þe seuenþe day, when samned wern alle,
 & alle woned in þe whichche, þe wylde & þe tame.
 Þen bolned þe abyme, & bonkez con ryse,
 Waltes out vch walle-heued in ful wode stremez;
 Watz no brymme þat abod vnbrosten bylyue;
 Þe mukel lauande loghe to þe lyfte rered.
 Mony clustered clowde clef alle in clowtez;
 Torent vch a rayn-ryfte & rusched to þe vrþe,
 Fon neuer in forty dayez. & þen þe flod ryses,
 Ouerwaltez vche a wod & þe wyde feldez.
 For when þe water of þe welkyn with þe worlde mette,
 Alle þat deth mo3t dry3e drowned þerinne.

Þer watz moon for to make when meschef was cnowen,
 Þat no3t dowed bot þe deth in þe depe stremez;
 Water wylger ay wax, wonez þat stryede,
 Hurlled into vch hous, hent þat þer dowelled.
 Fryst feng to þe fly3t alle þat fle my3t;
 Vuचे burde with her barne þe byggyng þay leuez
 & bowed to þe hy3bonk þer brentest hit wern,
 & heterly to þe hy3e hyllez þay [h]aled on faste.
 Bot al watz nedlez her note, for neuer cowþe stynt
 Þe ro3e raynande ryg, þe raykande wawez,
 Er vch boþom watz brurdful to þe bonkez eggez,
 & vche a dale so depe þat demmed at þe brynkez.
 Þe moste mountayne on mor þenne watz no more dry3e,
 & þeron flokked þe folke, for ferde of þe wrake.
 Syþen þe wylde of þe wode on þe water flette;
 Summe swymmed þeron þat saue hemself trawed,
 Summe sty3e to a stud & stared to þe heuen,
 Rwly wyth a loud rurd rored for drede.
 Harez, herttez also, to þe hy3e runnen;
 Bukkez, bausenez, & bulez to þe bonkkez hy3ed;
 & alle cryed for care to þe Kyng of heuen,
 Recouerer of þe Creator þay cryed vchone,
 Þat amounted þe masse, þe mase His mercy watz passed,
 & alle His pyte departed fro peple þat He hated.
 Bi þat þe flod to her fete flo3ed & waxed,
 Þen vche a segge se3wel þat synk hym byhoued.
 Frendez fellen in fere & faþmed togeder,
 To dry3her delful deystyne & dy3en alle samen;
 Luf lokez to luf & his leue takez,
 For to ende alle at onez & for euer twynne.
 By forty dayez wern faren, on folde no flesch styryed
 Þat þe flod nade al freten with fe3tande wa3ez;
 For hit clam vche a clyffe, cubites fyftene
 Ouer þe hy3est hylle þat hurkled on erþe.
 Þenne mourkne in þe mudde most ful nede
 Alle þat spyrakle inspranc, no sprawlyng awayled,
 Saue þe haþel vnder hach & his here straunge,
 Noe þat ofte neuened þe name of oure Lorde,
 Hym a3tsum in þat ark, as aþel God lyked,
 Þer alle ledez in lome lenged druye.
 Þe arc houen watz on hy3e with hurlande gotez,
 Kest to kythez vncouþe þe clowdez ful nere.

Hit waltered on þe wylde flod, went as hit lyste,
 Drof vpon þe depe dam, in daunger hit semed,
 Withouten mast, oþer myke, oþer myry bawelyne,
 Kable, oþer capstan to clyppe to her ankrez,
 Hurrok, oþer hande-helme hasped on roþer,
 Oþer any sweande sayl to seche after hauen,
 Bot flote forthe with þe flyt of þe felle wyndez.
 Whederwarde so þe water wafte, hit rebounde;
 Ofte hit roled on rounde & rered on ende;
 Nyf oure Lorde hade ben her lodezmon hem had lumpen harde.
 Of þe lenþe of Noe lyf to lay a lel date,
 Þe sex hundreth of his age & none odde 3erez,
 Of secounde monyth þe seuen[ten]þe day ry3tez,
 Towalten alle þyse welle-hedez & þe water flowed;
 & þryez fyfty þe flod of folwande dayez;
 Vche hille watz þer hidde with y[þ]ez ful graye.
 Al watz wasted þat þer wonyed þe worlde withinne,
 Þ[at] euer flote, oþer flwe, oþer on fote 3ede,
 That ro3ly watz þe remnaunt þat þe rac dryuez
 Þat alle gendrez so joyst wern joyned wythinne
 Bot quen þe Lorde of þe lyfte lyked Hymseluen
 For to mynne on His mon His meth þat abydez,
 Þen He wakened a wynde on watterez to blowe;
 Þenne lasned þe llak þat large watz are.
 Þen He stac vp þe stangez, stoped þe wellez,
 Bed blynne of þe rayn: hit batede as faste;
 Þenne lasned þe lo3lowkande togeder.
 After harde dayez wern out an hundreth & fyfte,
 As þat lyftande lome lugged aboute.
 Where þe wynde & þe weder warpen hit wolde,
 Hit sa3tled on a softe day, synkande to grounde;
 On a rasse of a rok hit rest at þe laste,
 On þe mounte of Mararach of Armene hilles.
 Þat oþerwayez on Ebrv hit hat þe Thanes.
 Bot þa3þe kyste in þe cragez wern closed to byde,
 3et fyned not þe flod ne fel to þe boþemez,
 Bot þe hy3est of þe eggez vnhuled weren a lyttel,
 Þat þe burne bynne borde byhelde þe bare erþe.
 Þenne wafte he vpon his wyndowe, & wysed þeroute
 A message fro þat meyny hem molde to seche:
 Þat watz þe rauen so ronk, þat rebel watz euer;
 He watz colored as þe cole, corbyal vnrwe.

& he fongez to þe fly3t & fannez on þe wyndez,
 Halez hy3e vpon hy3t to herken tyþynggez.
 He croukez for comfort when carayne he fyndez
 Kast vp on a clyffe þer costese lay drye;
 He hade þe smelle of þe smach & smoltes þeder sone,
 Fallez on þe foule flesch & fyllez his wombe,
 & sone 3ederly for3ete 3isterday steuen,
 How þe cheuetayn hym charged þat þe kyst 3emed.
 Þe rauen raykez hym forth, þat reches ful lyttel
 How alle fodez þer fare, ellez he fynde mete;
 Bot þe burne bynne borde þat bod to hys come
 Banned hym ful bytterly with bestes alle samen.
 He sechez anoþer sondezmon, & settez on þe dou[u]e,
 Bryngez þat bry3t vpon borde, blessed, & sayde:
 'Wende, worþelych wy3t, vus wonez to seche;
 Dryf ouer þis dymme water; if þou druye fyndez
 Bryng bodworde to bot blysse to vus alle.
 Þa3þat fowle be false, fre be þou euer.'
 Ho wyrle out on þe weder on wynggez ful scharpe,
 Dre3ly alle alonge day þat dorst neuer ly3t;
 & when ho fyndez no folde her fote on to pyche,
 Ho vmbekestez þe coste & þe kyst sechez.
 Ho hittez on þe euentyde & on þe ark sittez;
 Noe nymmes hir anon & naytly hir stauetz.
 Noe on anoþer day nymmez efte þe doveue,
 & byddez hir bowe ouer þe borne efte bonkez to seche;
 & ho skyrmez vnder skwe & skowtez aboute,
 Tyl hit watz ny3e at þe na3t, & Noe þen sechez.
 On ark on an euentyde houez þe dowue;
 On stamyn ho stod & styлле hym abydez.
 What! ho bro3t in hir beke a bronch of olyue,
 Gracyously vmbegrouen al with grene leuez;
 Þat watz þe syngne of sauYTE þat sende hem oure Lorde,
 & þe sa3tlyng of Hymself with þo sely bestez.
 Þen watz þer joy on þat gyn where jumpred er dry3ed,
 & much comfort in þat cofer þat watz clay-daubed.
 Myryly on a fayr morn, monyth þe fyrst,
 Þat fallez formast in þe 3er, & þe fyrst day,
 Ledez lo3en in þat lome & loked þeroute,
 How þat watterez wern woned & þe worlde dryed.
 Vchon loued oure Lorde, bot lenged ay styлле
 Tyl þay had tyþyng fro þe Tolke þat tynded hem

þerinne.

Þen Godez glam to hem glod þat gladed hem alle,
Bede hem drawe to þe dor: delyuer hem He wolde.

Þen went þay to þe wykket, hit walt vpon sone;
Boþe þe burne & his barnez bowed þeroute,
Her wyuez walkez hem wyth & þe wylde after,
Þroly þrublande in þronge, þrowen ful þykke.

Bot Noe of vche honest kynde nem out an odde,
& heuened vp an auter & hal3ed hit fayre,

& sette a sakerfyse þeron of vch a ser kynde

Þat watz comly & clene: God kepez non oþer.

When bremly brened þose bestez, & þe breþe rysed,
Þe sauour of his sacrafyse so3t to Hym euen

Þat al spedez & spyllez; He spekes with þat ilke
In comly comfort ful clos & cortays wordez:

'Now, Noe, no more nel I neuer wary

Alle þe mukel mayny [on] molde for no mannez synnez,

For I se wel þat hit is sothe þat alle mannez wyttez

To vnþryfte arn alle þrawen with þo3t of her herttez,

& ay hatz ben, & wyl be 3et; fro her barnage

Al is þe mynde of þe man to malyce enclyned.

Forþy schal I neuer schende so schortly at ones

As dysstrye al for manez synne, dayez of þis erþe.

Bot waxez now & wendez forth & worþez to monye,

Multypleyez on þis molde, & menske yow bytyde.

Sesounez schal yow neuer sese of sede ne of heruest,

Ne hete, ne no harde forst, vmbre ne dro3þe,

Ne þe swetnesse of somer, ne þe sadde wynter,

Ne þe ny3t, ne þe day, ne þe newe 3erez,

Bot euer renne restlez: rengnez 3e þerinne.'

Þerwyth He blessez vch a best, & byta3t hem þis erþe.

Þen watz a skyilly skyualde, quen scaped alle þe wylde,

Vche fowle to þe fly3t þat fyþerez my3t serue,

Vche fysch to þe flod þat fynne couþe nayte.

Vche beste to þe bent þat þat bytes on erbez;

Wylde wormez to her won wryþez in þe erþe,

Þe fox & þe folmarde to þe fryth wyndez,

Herttes to hy3e heþe, harez to gorstez,

& lyounez & lebardez to þe lake-ryftes:

Hernez & hauekez to þe hy3e rochez,

Þe hole-foted fowle to þe flod hy3ez,

& vche best at a brayde þer hym best lykez;

Þe fowre frekez of þe folde fongez þe empyre.
 Lo! suche a wrakful wo for wlatsum dedez
 Parformed þe hy3e Fader on folke þat He made;
 Þat He chysly hade cherished He chastysed ful hardee,
 In devoydyng þe vylanye þat venkquyst His þewez.
 Forþy war þe now, wy3e þat worschyp desyres
 In His comlych courte þat Kyng is of blysse,
 In þe fylþe of þe flesch þat þou be founden
 neuer,
 Tyl any water in þe worlde to wasche þe fayly.
 For is no segge vnder sunne so seme of his craftes,
 If he be sulped in synne, þat syttez vnclene;
 On spec of spote may spede to mysse
 Of þe sy3te of þe Souerayn þat syttez so hy3e;
 For þat schewe me schale in þo schyre howsez,
 As þe beryl bornyst byhouez be clene.
 Þat is sounde on vche a syde & no sem habes,
 Withouten maskle oþer mote, as margerye-perle.
 Syþen þe Souerayn in sete so sore forþo3t
 Þat euer He man vpon molde merked to lyuy,
 For he in fylþe watz fallen, felly He uenged,
 Quen fourferde alle þe flesch þat He formed hade.
 Hym rwed þat He hem vprerde & ra3t hem lyflode;
 & efte þat He hem vndyd, hard hit Hym þo3t.
 For quen þe swemande sor3e so3t to His hert,
 He knyrt a couenaunde cortaysly with monkynde þere,
 In þe mesure of His mode & meþe of His wylle,
 Þat He schulde neuer for no syt smyte al at onez,
 As to quelle alle quykez for qued þat my3t falle,
 Whyl of þe lenþe of þe londe lastez þe terme.
 Þat ilke skyl for no scaþe ascaped Hym neuer.
 Wheder wonderly He wrak on wykked men after,
 Ful felly for þat ilk faute forferde a kyth ryche,
 In þe anger of His ire, þat ar3ed mony;
 & al watz for þis ilk euel, þat vnhappen glette,
 Þe venym & þe vylanye & þe vycios fylþe
 Þat bysulpez mannez saule in vnsounde hert,
 Þat he his Saueour ne see with sy3t of his y3en.
 Alle illez He hates as helle þat alle stynkkez;
 Bot non nuyez Hym on na3t ne neuer vpon dayez
 As harlottrye vnhonest, heþyng of seluen:
 Þat schamez for no schrewedschyp, schent mot he worþe.

Bot sauyour, mon, in þyself, þa3þou a sotte lyuie,
 Þa3þou bere þyself babel, byþenk þe sumtyme
 Wheþer He þat stykked vche a stare in vche steppe y3e,
 3if Hymself[f] be bore blynde hit is a brod wonder;
 & He þat fetly in face fettled alle eres,
 If he hatz losed þe lysten hit lyftez meruayle:
 Trave þou neuer þat tale, vntrwe þou hit fyndez.
 Þer is no dede so derne þat dittez His y3en;
 Þer is no wy3e in his werk so war ne so stille
 Þat hit ne þrawez to Hym þr[o] er he hit þo3t haue.
 For He is þe gropande God, þe grounde of alle dedez,
 Rypande of vche a ring þe reynyez & hert.
 & þere He fyndez al fayre a freke wythinne,
 Þat hert honest & hol, þat haþel He honourez,
 Sendez hym a sad sy3t: to se His auen face,
 & harde honysez þise oþer, & of His erde flemez.
 Bot of þe dome of þe douþe for dedez of schame,
 He is so skoymos of þat skaþe, He scarrez bylyue;
 He may not dry3e to draw allyt, bot drepez in hast:
 & þat watz schewed schortly by a scaþe onez.
 Olde Abraham in erde onez he syttez
 Euen byfore his hous-dore, vnder an oke grene;
 Bry3t blykked þe bem of þe brode heuen;
 In þe hy3e hete þerof Abraham bidez:
 He watz schunt to þe schadow vnder schyre leuez.
 Þenne watz he war on þe waye of wlonk Wy3ez þrynne;
 If þay wer farande & fre & fayre to beholde
 Hit is eþe to leue by þe last ende.
 For þe lede þat þer laye þe leuez anvnder,
 When he hade of Hem sy3t he hy3ez bylyue,
 & as to God þe goodmon gos Hem agaynez
 & haylsed Hem in onhede, & sayde: 'Hende Lorde,
 3if euer Þy mon vpon molde merit disserued,
 Lenge a lyttel with Þy lede, I lo3ly biseche;
 Passe neuer fro Þi pouere, 3if I hit pray durst,
 Er Þou haf biden with Þi burne & vnder bo3e restted,
 & I schal wyne Yow wy3t of water a lyttel,
 & fast aboute schal I fare Your fette wer waschene.
 Resttez here on þis rote & I schal rachche after
 & brynge a morsel of bred to banne Your hertte.'
 'Fare forthe,' quoþ þe Frekez, '& fech as þou seggez;
 By bole of þis brode tre We byde þe here.'

Þenne orppedly into his hous he hy3ed to Sare,
 Commaunded hir to be cof & quyk at þis onez:
 'Þre mettez of mele menge & ma kakez;
 Vnder askez ful hote happe hem byliue;
 Quyl I fete sumquat fat, þou þe fyr bete,
 Prestly at þis ilke poynte sum polment to make.'
 He cached to his covhous & a calf bryngez,
 Þat watz tender & not to3e, bed tyruue of þe hyde,
 & sayde to his seruaunt þat hit seþe faste;
 & he deruely at his dome dy3t hit bylyue.
 Þe burne to be bare-heued buskez hym þenne,
 Clechez to a clene cloþe & kestez on þe grene,
 Þrwe þryftyly þeron þo þre þerue kakez,
 & bryngez butter wythal & by þe bred settez;
 Mete messez of mylke he merkkez bytwene,
 Syþen potage & polment in plater honest.
 As sewer in a god assyse he serued Hem fayre,
 Wyth sadde semblaunt & swete of such as he hade;
 & God as a glad gest mad god chere
 Þat watz fayn of his frende, & his fest prayed.
 Abraham, al hodlez, with armez vp-folden,
 Mynystred mete byfore þo Men þat my3tes al weldez.
 Þenne Þay sayden as Þay sete samen alle
 þrynne,
 When þe mete watz remued & Þay of mensk speken,
 'I schal efte hereaway, Abram,' Þay sayden,
 '3et er þy lyuez ly3t leþe vpon erþe,
 & þenne schal Sare consayue & a sun bere,
 Þat schal be Abrahamez ayre & after hym wynne
 With wele & wyth worschyp þe worþely peple
 Þat schal halde in heritage þat I haf men 3ark[ed].'
 Þenne þe burde byhynde þe dor for busmar la3ed;
 & sayde sothly to hirsself Sare þe madde:
 'May þou traw for tykle þat þou tonne mo3tez,
 & I so hy3e out of age, & also my lorde?'
 For soþely, as says þe wryt, he wern of sadde elde,
 Boþe þe wy3e & his wyf, such werk watz hem fayled
 Fro mony a brod day byfore; ho barayn ay byene,
 Þat selue Sare, withouten sede into þat same tyme.
 Þenne sayde oure Syre þer He sete: 'Se! so Sare la3es,
 Not trawande þe tale þat I þe to schewed.
 Hopez ho o3t may be harde My hondez to work?

& 3et I avow verayly þe avaunt þat I made;
 I schal 3epley a3ayn & 3elde þat I hy3t,
 & sothely send to Sare a soun & an hayre.'
 Þenne swenged forth Sare & swer by hir trawþe
 Þat for lot þat Þay laused ho la3ed neuer.
 'Now innoghe: hit is not so,' þenne nurned þe Dry3tyn,
 'For þou la3ed alo3, bot let we hit one.'
 With þat Þay ros vp radly, as Þay rayke schulde,
 & setten toward Sodamas Her sy3t alle at onez;
 For þat cite þerbysyde watz sette in a vale,
 No mylez fro Mambre mo þen tweyne,
 Whereso wonyed þis ilke wy3, þat wendez with oure Lorde
 For to tent Hym with tale & teche Hym þe gate.
 Þen glydez forth God; þe godmon Hym fol3ez;
 Abraham heldez Hem wyth, Hem to conueye
 In towarde þe cety of Sodamas þat synned had þenne
 In þe faute of þis fylþe. Þe Fader hem þretes,
 & sayde þus to þe segg þat sued Hym after:
 'How my3t I hyde Myn hert fro Habraham þe trwe,
 Þat I ne dyscouered to his corse My counsayl so dere,
 Syþen he is chosen to be chef chyldryn fader,
 Þat so folk schal falle fro to flete alle þe worlde,
 & vche blod in þat burne blessed schal worþe?
 Me bos telle to þat tolk þe tene of My wylle,
 & alle Myn atlyng to Abraham vnhaspe bilyue.
 The grete soun of Sodamas synkkez in Myn erez,
 & þe gult of Gomorre gazez Me to wrath.
 I schal ly3t into þat led & loke Myseluen
 [If] þay haf don as þe dyne dryuez on lofte.
 Þay han lerned a lyst þat lykez me ille,
 Þat þay han founden in her flesch of fautez þe werst:
 Vch male matz his mach a man as hymselfen,
 & fylter folyly in fere on femmalez wyse.
 I compast hem a kynde crafte & kende hit hem derne,
 & amed hit in Myn ordenaunce oddely dere,
 & dy3t drwry þerinne, doole alþer-swettest,
 & þe play of paramorez I portrayed Myseluen,
 & made þerto a maner myriest of oþer:
 When two true togeder had ty3ed hemseluen,
 Bytwene a male & his make such merþe schulde conne,
 Welny3e pure paradys mo3t preue no better;
 Ellez þay mo3t honestly ayþer oþer welde,

At a stulle stollen steuen, vnstere wyth sy3t,
 Luf-lowe hem bytwene lasched so hote
 & THORN;at alle & thorn;e meschefez on mold mo3t hit not sleke.
 Now haf & thorn;ay skyfted My skyl & scorned natwre,
 & henttez hem in heþyng an vsage vnclene.
 Hem to smyte for & thorn;at smod smartly I & thorn;enk,
 & THORN;at wy3ez schal be by hem war, worlde withouten ende.'
 & THORN;enne ar3ed Abraham & alle his mod chaunge[d],
 For hope of & thorn;e harde hate & thorn;at hy3t hatz oure Lorde.
 Al sykande he sayde: 'Sir, with Yor leue,
 Schal synful & saklez suffer al on payne?
 Weþer euer hit lyke my Lorde to lyfte such domez
 & THORN;at & thorn;e wykked & & thorn;e worþy schal on wrake suffer,
 & weye vpon & thorn;e worre half & thorn;at wrathed & THORN;e neuer?
 & THORN;at watz neuer & THORN;y won & thorn;at wro3tez vus alle.
 Now fyfty fyn frendez wer founde in 3onde toune,
 In & thorn;e cety of Sodamas & also Gomorre,
 & THORN;at neuer lakked & THORN;y laue, bot loued ay trauþe,
 & re3tful wern & resounable & redy & THORN;e to serue,
 Schal & thorn;ay falle in & thorn;e faute & thorn;at oþer frekez wro3t,
 & joyne to her juggement, her juisse to haue?
 & THORN;at nas neuer & THORN;yn note, vnneuened hit worþe,
 & THORN;at art so gaynly a God & of goste mylde.'
 'Nay, for fyfty,' quoþ & thorn;e Fader, '& & thorn;y fayre speche,
 & & thorn;ay be founden in & thorn;at folk of her fylþe clene,
 I schal forgyue alle & thorn;e gylt & thorn;ur3My grace one,
 & let hem smolt al unsmyten smoþely at onez.'
 'Aa! blessed be & THORN;ow,' quoþ & thorn;e burne, 'so boner &
 & thorn;ewed,
 & al haldez in & THORN;y honde, & thorn;e heuen & & thorn;e erþe;
 Bot, for I haf & thorn;is talke tatz to non ille
 3if I mele a lyttel more & thorn;at mul am & askez.
 What if fyue faylen of fyfty & thorn;e noumbre,
 & & thorn;e remnaunt be reken, how restes & THORN;y wylle?'
 'And fyue wont of fyfty,' quoþ God, 'I schal for3ete alle
 & wythhalde My honde for hortying on lede.'
 '& quat if faurdy be fre & fauty & thorn;yse oþer:
 Schalt & THORN;ow schortly al schende & schape non oþer?'
 'Nay, & thorn;a3faurdy forfeete, 3et fryst I a whyle,
 & voyde away My vengauce, & thorn;a3Me vyl & thorn;yнк.'
 & THORN;en Abraham obeched Hym & lo3ly Him & thorn;onkkez:
 'Now sayned be & THORN;ou, Sauour, so symple in & THORN;y wrath!

I am bot erþe ful euel & vsle so blake,
 For to mele wyth such a Mayster as my3tez hatz alle.
 Bot I haue bygonnen wyth my God, & He hit gayn þynkez;
 3if I forloyne as a fol Þy fraunchyse may serue.
 What if þretty þryuande be þrad in 3on tounez,
 What schal I leue of my Lorde, [i]f He hem leþe wolde?'
 Þenne þe godlych God gef hym onsware:
 '3et for þretty in þrong I schal My þro steke,
 & spare spakly of spyt in space of My þewez,
 & My rankor refrayne four þy reken wordez.'
 'What for twenty,' quoþ þe tolke, 'vntwynez Þou hem
 þenne?'
 'Nay, 3if þou 3ernez hit 3et, 3ark I hem grace;
 If þat twenty be trwe, I tene hem no more,
 Bot relece alle þat regioun of her ronk werkkez.'
 'Now, aþel Lorde,' quoþ Abraham, 'onez a speche,
 & I schal schape no more þo schalkkez to helpe.
 If ten trysty in toun be tan in Þi werkkez,
 Wylt Þou mese Þy mode & menddyng abyde?'
 'I graunt,' quoþ þe grete God, 'Graunt mercy,' þat
 oþer;
 & þenne arest þe renk & ra3t no fyrrer.
 & Godde glydez His gate by þose grene wayez,
 & he conueyen Hym con with cast of his y3e;
 & als he loked along þereas oure Lorde passed,
 3et he cryed Hym after with careful steuen:
 'Meke Mayster, on Þy mon to mynne if Þe lyked,
 Loth lengez in 3on leede þat is my lef broþer;
 He syttez þer in Sodomis, þy seruaunt so pouere,
 Among þo mansed men þat han Þe much greued.
 3if Þou tynez þat toun, tempre Þyn yre,
 As Þy mersy may malte, Þy meke to spare.'
 Þen he wendez, wendez his way, wepande for care,
 Towarde þe mere of Mambre, wepande for sorewe;
 & þere in longyng al ny3t he lengez in wones,
 Whyl þe Souerayn to Sodamas sende to spye.
 His sondes into Sodamas watz sende in þat tyme,
 In þat ilk euentyde, by aungels tweyne,
 Meuand meuande mekely togeder as myry men 3onge,
 As Loot in a loge dor lened hym alone,
 In a porche of þat place py3t to þe 3ates,
 Þat watz ryal & ryche so watz þe renkes seluen.

As he stared into þe strete þer stout men played,
 He sy3e þer swey in asent swete men tweyne;
 Bolde burnez wer þay boþe with berdles chynnez,
 Ryol rollande fax to raw sylk lyke,
 Of ble as þe brere-flour whereso þe bare scheweed.
 Ful clene watz þe countenance of her cler y3en;
 Wlonk whit watz her wede & wel hit hem semed.
 Of alle feturez ful fyn & fautlez boþe;
 Watz non autly in ouþer, for aungels hit wern,
 & þat þe 3ep vnder3ede þat in þe 3ate syttez;
 He ros vp ful radly & ran hem to mete,
 & lo3e he loutez hem to, Loth, to þe grounde,
 & syþen soberly: 'Syrez, I yow byseche
 Þat 3e wolde ly3t at my loge & lenge þerinne.
 Comez to your knaues kote, I craue at þis onez;
 I schal fette yow a fatte your fette for to wasche;
 I norne yow bot for on ny3t ne3e me to lenge,
 & in þe myry mornyng 3e may your waye take.'
 & þay nay þat þay nolde ne3no howsez,
 Bot stylly þer in þe strete as þay stadde wern
 Þay wolde lenge þe long na3t & logge þeroute:
 Hit watz hous inno3e to hem þe heuen vpon lofte.
 Loth laþed so longe wyth luflych wordez
 Þat þay hym graunted to go & gru3t no lenger.
 Þe bolde to his byggyng bryngez hem bylyue,
 Þat [watz] ryally arayed, for he watz ryche euer.
 Þe wy3ez wern welcom as þe wyf couþe;
 His two dere do3terez deuoutly hem haylised,
 Þat wer maydenez ful meke, maryed not 3et,
 & þay wer semly & swete, & swyþe wel arayed.
 Loth þenne ful ly3tly lokez hym aboute,
 & his men amonestes mete for to dy3t:
 'Bot þenkkez on hit be þrefte what þyнк so 3e make,
 For wyth no sour no no salt seruez hym neuer.'
 Bot 3et I wene þat þe wyf hit wroth to dyspyt,
 & sayde softely to hirsself: 'Þis vn[s]auere hyne
 Louez no salt in her sauce; 3et hit no skyl were
 Þat oþer burne be boutte, þa3boþe be nyse.'
 Þenne ho saurez with salt her seuez vchone,
 Agayne þe bone of þe burne þat hit forboden hade,
 & als ho scelt hem in scorne þat wel her skyl knewen.
 Why watz ho, wrech, so wod? Ho wrathed oure Lorde.

Þenne seten þay at þe soper, wern serued bylyue,
 Þe gestes gay & ful glad, of glam debonere,
 Welawynnely wlonk, tyl þay waschen hade,
 Þe trestes tylt to þe wo3e & þe table boþe.
 Fro þe seggez haden souped & seten bot a whyle,
 Er euer þay bosked to bedde, þe bor3watz al vp,
 Alle þat weppen my3t welde, þe wakker & þe stronger,
 To vmbely3e Lothez hous þe ledez to take.
 In grete flokkez of folk þay fallen to his 3atez;
 As a scowte-wach scarred so þe asscry rysed;
 With kene clobbez of þat clos þay clatz on þe wovez,
 & wyth a schrylle scarp schout þay schewe þyse worde[z]:
 'If þou louyez þy lyf, Loth, in þyse wones,
 3ete vus out þose 3ong men þat 3ore-whyle here entred,
 Þat we may lere hym of lof, as oure lyst biddez,
 As is þe asyse of Sodomas to seggez þat passen.'
 Whatt! þay sputen & speken of so spitous fylþe,
 What! þay 3e3ed & 3olped of 3estande sor3e,
 Þat 3et þe wynd & þe weder & þe worlde stynkes
 Of þe brych þat vpbraydez þose broþelych wordez.
 Þe godman glyfte with þat glam & glosed for noyse;
 So scharpe schame to hym schot, he schrank at þe hert.
 For he knew þe costoum þat kyþed þose wrechez,
 He doted neuer for no doel so depe in his mynde.
 'Allas!' sayd hym þenne Loth, & ly3tly he rysez,
 & bowez forth fro þe bench into þe brode 3ates.
 What! he wonded no woþe of wekked knauez,
 Þat he ne passed þe port þe p[er]il to abide.
 He went forthe at þe wyket & waft hit hym after,
 Þat a clyket hit cle3t clos hym byhynde.
 Þenne he meled to þo men mesurable wordez,
 For harlotez with his hendelayk he hoped to chast:
 'Oo, my frendez so fre, your fare is to strange;
 Dotz away your derf dyn & derez neuer my gestes.
 Avoy! hit is your vylaynye, 3e vylen yourseluene;
 & 3e are jolyf gentylnen, your japez ar ille
 Bot I schal kenne yow by kynde a crafte þat is better:
 I haf a tresor in my telde of tow my fayre de3ter,
 Þat ar maydenez vnmard for alle men 3ette;
 In Sodamas, þa3I hit say, non semloker burdes;
 Hit arn ronk, hit arn rype, & redy to manne;
 To samen wyth þo semly þe solace is better.

I schal biteche yow & thorn;o two & thorn;at tayt arn & quoynt,
 & laykez wyth hem as yow lyst, & letez my gestes one.'
 & THORN;enne & thorn;e rebaudez so ronk rerd such a noyse
 & THORN;at a3ly hurled in his erez her harlotez speche:
 'Wost & thorn;ou not wel & thorn;at & thorn;ou wonez here a wy3e strange,
 An outcomlyng, a carle? We kylle of & thorn;yn heued!
 Who joyned & thorn;e be jostyse oure japez to blame,
 & THORN;at com a boy to & thorn;is bor3, & thorn;a3& thorn;ou be burne ryche?'
 & THORN;us & thorn;ay & thorn;robled & & thorn;rong & & thorn;rwe vmbe his
 erez,
 & distresed hym wonder strayt with strenk& thorn;e in & thorn;e prece,
 Bot & thorn;at & thorn;e 3onge men, so 3epe, 3ornen & thorn;eroute,
 Wapped vpon & thorn;e wyket & wonnen hem tylle,
 & by & thorn;e hondez hym hent & horyed hym withinne,
 & steken & thorn;e 3ates ston-harde wyth stalworth barrez.
 & THORN;ay blwe a boffet inblande & thorn;at banned peple,
 & THORN;at & thorn;ay blustered, as blynde as Bayard watz euer;
 & THORN;ay lest of Lotez logging any lysoun to fynde,
 Bot nyteled & thorn;er alle & thorn;e ny3t for no3t at & thorn;e last.
 & THORN;enne vch tolke ty3t hem, & thorn;at hade of tayt fayled,
 & vchon ro& thorn;eled to & thorn;e rest & thorn;at he reche mo3t;
 Bot & thorn;ay wern wakned al wrank & thorn;at & thorn;er in won lenged,
 Of on & thorn;e vglokest vnhap & thorn;at euer on erd suffred.
 Ruddon of & thorn;e day-rawe ros vpon v3ten,
 When merk of & thorn;e mydny3t mo3t no more last.
 Ful erly & thorn;ose aungelez & thorn;is ha& thorn;el & thorn;ay ru& thorn;en,
 & glopnedly on Godez halue gart hym vpryse;
 Fast & thorn;e freke ferkez vp ful ferd at his hert;
 & THORN;ay comaunded hym cof to cach & thorn;at he hade,
 'Wyth & thorn;y wyf & & thorn;y wy3ez & & thorn;y wlonc de3tters,
 For we la& thorn;e & thorn;e, sir Loth, & thorn;at & thorn;ou & thorn;y lyf haue.
 Cayre tid of & thorn;is kythe er combred & thorn;ou wor& thorn;e,
 With alle & thorn;i here vpon haste, tyl & thorn;ou a hil fynde;
 Foundez faste on your fete; bifore your face lokes,
 Bot bes neuer so bolde to blusch yow bihynde,
 & loke 3e stemme no stepe, bot strechez on faste;
 Til 3e reche to a reset, rest 3e neuer.
 For we schal tyne & thorn;is toun & tray& thorn;ely disstrye,
 Wyth alle & thorn;ise wy3ez so wykke wy3tly devoyde,
 & alle & thorn;e londe with & thorn;ise ledez we losen at onez;
 Sodomas schal ful sodenly synk into grounde,
 & & thorn;e grounde of Gomorre gorde into helle,

& vche a koste of þis kythe clater vpon hepes.'
 Þen laled Loth: 'Lorde, what is best?
 If I me fele vpon fote þat I fle mo3t,
 Hov schulde I huyde me fro H[y]m þat hatz His hate kynned
 In þe brath of His breth þat brennez alle þinkez?
 To crepe fro my Creatour & know not wheder,
 Ne wheþer His fooschip me fol3ez bifore oþer bihynde.'
 Þe freke sayde: 'No foschip oure Fader hatz þe schewed,
 Bot hi3ly heuened þi hele fro hem þat arn combred.
 Nov wale þe a wonnyng þat þe warisch my3t,
 & He schal saue hit for þy sake þat hatz vus sende hider,
 For þou art oddely þyn one out of þis fylþe,
 & als Abraham þyn eme hit at Himself asked.'
 'Lorde, loued He worþe,' quoþ Loth, 'vpon erþe!
 Þen is a cite herbisyde þat Segor hit hatte,
 Here vtter on a rounde hil hit houez hit one.
 I wolde, if His wylle wore, to þat won scape.'
 'Þenn fare forth,' quoþ þat fre, '& fyne þou neuer,
 With þose ilk þat þow wylt þat þreng þe
 after,
 & ay goande on your gate, wythouten agayn-tote,
 For alle þis londe schal be lorne longe er þe sonne rise.'
 Þe wy3e wakened his wyf & his wlonk de3teres,
 & oþer two myri men þo maydenez schulde wedde;
 & þay token hit as tyt & tented hit lyttel;
 Þa3fast laþed hem Loth, þay le3en ful styll.
 Þe aungelez hasted þise oþer & a3ly hem þratten,
 & enforsed alle fawre forth at þe 3atez:
 Þo wern Loth & his lef, his luflyche de3ter;
 Þer so3t no mo to sauement of cities aþel fyue.
 Þise aungelez hade hem by hande out at þe 3atez,
 Prechande hem þe perile, & beden hem passe fast:
 'Lest 3e be taken in þe teche of tyrauntez here,
 Loke 3e bowe now bi bot; bowez fast hence!'
 & þay kayre ne con, & kenely flowen.
 Erly, er any heuen-glem, þay to a hil comen.
 Þe grete God in His greme bygynnez on lofte
 To wakan wederez so wylde; þe wyndez He callez,
 & þay wroþely vpwafte & wrastled togeder,
 Fro fawre half of þe folde flytande loude.
 Clowdez clustered bytwene kesten vp torres,
 Þat þe þik þunder-þrast þirled hem ofte.

Þe rayn rueled adoun, ridlande þikke
 Of felle flaunkes of fyr & flakes of soufre,
 Al in smolderande smoke smachande ful ille,
 Swe aboute Sodamas & hit sydez alle,
 Gorde to Gomorra, þat þe grounde laused,
 Abdama & Syboym, þise ceteis alle faure
 Al birolled wyth þe rayn, rostted & brenned,
 & ferly flayed þat folk þat in þose fees lenged.
 For when þat þe Helle herde þe houndez of heuen,
 He watz ferlyly fayn, vnfolded bylyue;
 Þe grete barrez of þe abyme he barst vp at onez,
 Þat alle þe regioun torof in riftes ful grete,
 & clouen alle in lyttel cloutes þe clyffez aywhere,
 As lauce leuez of þe boke þat lepes in twynne.
 Þe brethe of þe brynston bi þat hit blende were,
 Al þo citees & her sydes sunkken to helle.
 Rydelles wern þo grete rowtes of renkkes withinne,
 When þay wern war of þe wrake þat no wy3e achaped;
 Such a 3omerly 3arm of 3ellyng þer rysed,
 Þerof clatered þe cloudes, þat Kryst my3t haf rawþe.
 Þe segge herde þat soun to Segor þat 3ede,
 & þe wenchis hym wyth þat by þe way fol3ed;
 Ferly ferde watz her flesch þat flowen ay ilyche,
 Trynande ay a hy3e trot, þat torne neuer dorsten.
 Loth & þo luly-whit, his lefly two de3ter,
 Ay fol3ed here face, bifore her boþe y3en;
 Bot þe balleful burde, þat neuer bode keped,
 Blusched byhynden her bak þat bale for to herkken.
 Hit watz lusty Lothes wyf þat ouer he[r] lyfte schulder
 Ones ho bluschet to þe bur3e, bot bod ho no lenger
 Þat ho nas stadde a stiffe ston, a stalworth image,
 Al so salt as ani se, & so ho 3et standez.
 Þay slypped bi & sy3e hir not þat wern hir samen-feres,
 Tyl þay in Segor wern sette, & sayned our Lorde;
 Wyth ly3t louez vplyfte þay loued Hym swyþe,
 Þat so His seruauntes wolde see & saue of such woþe.
 Al watz dampned & don & drowned by þenne;
 Þe ledez of þat lyttel toun wern lopen out for drede
 Into þat malscrande mere, marred bylyue,
 Þat no3t saued watz bot Segor, þat sat on a lawe.
 Þe þre ledez þerin, Loth & his de3ter;
 For his make watz myst, þat on þe mount lenged

In a stonen statue & at salt sauor habbes,
 For two fautes & at & e fol watz founde in mistrau& e:
 On, ho serued at & e soper salt bifore Dry3tyn,
 & sy& en, ho blusched hir bihynde, & a3hir forboden were;
 For on ho standes a ston, & salt for & at o& er,
 & alle lyst on hir lik & at arn on launde bestes.
 Abraham ful erly watz vp on & e morne,
 & THORN; at alle na3t much niye hade no mon in his hert,
 Al in longing for Loth leyen in a wache;
 & THORN; er he lafte hade oure Lorde he is on lofte wonnen;
 He sende toward Sodomas & sy3t of his y3en,
 & THORN; at euer hade ben an erde of er& e & e swettest,
 As aparaunt to paradis, & at plantted & e Dry3tyn;
 Nov is hit plunged in a pit like of pich fylled.
 Suche a ro& un of a reche ros fro & e blake,
 Askez vpe in & e arye & vsellez & er flowen,
 As a fornes ful of flot & at vpon fyr boyles
 When bry3t brennande brondez ar bet & eranvnder.
 & THORN; is watz a uengaunce violent & at voyded & ise places,
 & THORN; at foundered hatz so fayr a folk & & e folde sonkken.
 & THORN; er & e fyue citees wern set nov is a see called,
 & THORN; at ay is drouy & dym, & ded in hit kynde,
 Blo, blubrande, & blak, vnbly& e to ne3e;
 As a stynkande stanc & at stryed synne,
 & THORN; at euer of synne & of smach smart is to fele.
 For& y & e derk Dede See hit is demed euermore,
 For hit dedez of de& e duren & ere 3et;
 For hit is brod & bo& emlez, & bitter as & e galle,
 & no3t may lenge in & at lake & at any lyf berez,
 & alle & e costez of kynde hit combrez vchone.
 For lay & eron a lump of led, & hit on loft fletez,
 & folde & eron a ly3t fy& er, & hit to founs synkkez;
 & & er water may walter to wete any er& e
 Schal neuer grene & eron growe, gresse ne wod naw& er.
 If any schalke to be schent wer schowued & erinne,
 & THORN; a3he bode in & at bo& em bro& ely a monyth,
 He most ay lyue in & at lo3e in losyng euermore,
 & neuer dry3e no dethe to dayes of ende.
 & as hit is corsed of kynde & hit coostez als,
 & THORN; e clay & at clenges & erby arn corsyes strong,
 As alum & alkaran, & at angre arn bo& e,
 Soufre sour & saundyuer, & o& er such mony;

& þer waltez of þat water in waxlokes grete
 Þe spuniande aspaltoun þat spyserez sellen;
 & suche is alle þe soyle by þat se halues,
 Þat fel fretes þe flesch & festred bones.
 & þer ar tres by þat terne of traytours,
 & þay borgounez & beres blomez ful fayre,
 & þe fayrest fryt þat may on folde growe,
 As orange & oþer fryt & apple-garnade,
 Also red & so ripe & rychely hwed
 As any dom my3t deuce of dayntygez oute;
 Bot quen hit is brused oþer broken, oþer byten in twynne,
 No worldez goud hit wythinne, bot wyndowande askes.
 Alle þyse ar teches & tokenes to trow vpon 3et,
 & wittnesse of þat wykked werk, & þe wrake after
 Þat oure Fader forferde for fylþe of þose ledes.
 Þenne vch wy3e may wel wyt þat He þe wlonk louies;
 & if He louyes clene layk þat is oure Lorde ryche,
 & to be couþe in His courte þou coueytes þenne,
 To se þat Semly in sete & His swete face,
 Clerrer counseyl, counseyl con I non, bot þat þou clene
 worþe.

For Clopyngnel in þe compass of his clene Rose,
 Þer he expounez a speche to hym þat spede wolde
 Of a lady to be loued: 'Loke to hir sone
 Of wich beryng þat ho be, & wych ho best louyes,
 & be ry3t such in vch a bor3e of body & of dedes,
 & fol3þe fet of þat fere þat þou fre haldes;
 & if þou wyrkkes on þis wyse, þa3ho wyk were,
 Hir schal lyke þat layk þat lyknes hir tylle.'
 If þou wyl dele drwrye wyth Dry3tyn þenne,
 & lelly louy þy Lorde & His leef worþe,
 Þenne confourme þe to Kryst, & þe clene make,
 Þat euer is polyced als playn as þe perle seluen.
 For, loke, fro fyrst þat He ly3t withinne þe lel mayden,
 By how comly a kest He watz clos þere,
 When venkkyst watz no vergynyte, ne vyolence maked,
 Bot much clener watz hir corse, God kynned þerinne.
 & efte when He borne watz in Beþelen þe ryche,
 In wych puryte þay departed; þa3þay pouer were,
 Watz neuer so blysful a bour as watz a bos þenne,
 Ne no schroude hous so schene as a schepon þare,
 Ne non so glad vnder God as ho þat grone schulde.

For &er watz seknesse al sounde &at sarrest is halden,
 &er watz rose reflayr where rote hatz ben euer,
 &er watz solace & songe wher sor3hatz ay cryed;
 For aungelles with instrumentes of organes & pypes,
 & rial ryngande rotes &e reken fy&el,
 & alle hende &at honestly mo3t an hert glade,
 Aboutte my lady watz lent quen ho delyuer were.
 &enne watz her bly&e Barne burnyst so clene
 &at bo&e &e ox &e asse Hym hered at ones;
 &ay knewe Hym by His clannes for Kyng of nature,
 For non so clene of such a clos com neuer er &enne.
 & 3if clanly He &enne com, ful cortays &erafter,
 &at alle &at longed to lu&er ful lodly He hated,
 By nobleye of His norture He nolde neuer towche
 O3t &at watz vngoderly o&er ordure watz inne.
 3et comen lodly to &at Lede, as lazares monye,
 Summe lepre, summe lome, & lomerande blynde,
 Poysened, & parlatyk, & pyned in fyres,
 Drye folk & ydropike, & dede at &e laste,
 Alle called on &at Cortayse & claymed His grace.
 He heled hem wyth hynde speche of &at &ay ask after,
 For whatso He towched also tyd tourned to hele,
 Wel clanner &en any crafte cow&e devyse.
 So clene watz His hondelyng vche ordure hit schonied,
 &e gropyng so goud of God & Man bo&e,
 &at for fetys of His fyngeres fonded He neuer
 Nau&er to cout ne to kerue with knyf ne wyth egge;
 For&y brek He &e bred blades wythouten,
 For hit ferde freloker in fete in His fayre honde,
 Displayed more pryuyly when He hit part schulde,
 &enne alle &e toles of Tolowse mo3t ty3t hit to kerue.
 &us is He kyryous & clene &at &ou His cort askes:
 Hov schulde &ou com to His kyth bot if &ou clene were?
 Nov ar we sore & synful & sovly vchone;
 How schulde we se, &en may we say, &at Syre vpon throne?
 3is, &at Mayster is mercyable, &a3&ou be man fenny,
 & al tomarred in myre whyle &ou on molde lyuyes;
 &ou may schyne &ur3schryfte, &a3&ou haf
 schome serued,
 & pure &e with penaunce tyl &ou a perle wor&e.
 Perle praysed is prys &er perre is schewed,
 &a3hym not derrest be demed to dele for penies.

Quat may þe cause be called bot for hir clene hwes,
 Þat wynnes worschyp abof alle whyte stones?
 For ho schynes so schyr þat is of schap rounde,
 Wythouten faut oþer fylþe 3if ho fyn were,
 & wax euer in þe worlde in weryng so olde,
 3et þe perle payres not whyle ho in pyese lasttes;
 & if hit cheue þe chaunce vncheryst ho worþe,
 Þat ho blyndes of ble in bour þer ho lygges,
 Nobot wasch hir wyth wourchyp in wyn as ho askes,
 Ho by kynde schal becom clerer þen are.
 So if folk be defowled by vnfre chaunce,
 Þat he be sulped in sawle, seche to schryfte,
 & he may polyce hym at þe prest, by penaunce taken,
 Wel bry3ter þen þe beryl oþer browden perles.
 Bot war þe wel, if þou be waschen wyth water of schryfte,
 & polysed als playn as parchmen schauen,
 Sulp no more þenne in synne þy saule þerafter,
 For þenne þou Dry3tyn dyspleases with dedes ful sore,
 & entyses Hym to tene more trayþly þen euer,
 & wel hatter to hate þen hade þou no waschen.
 For when a sawele is sa3tled & sakred to Dry3tyn,
 He holly haldes hit His & haue hit He wolde;
 Þenne efte lastes hit likkes, He loses hit ille,
 As hit were rafte wyth vnry3t & robbed wyth þewes.
 War þe þenne for þe wrake: His wrath is achaufed
 For þat þat ones watz His schulde efte be vnclene,
 Þa3hit be bot a bassyn, a bolle oþer a scole,
 A dysche oþer a dobler, þat Dry3tyn onez serued.
 To defowle hit euer vpon folde fast He forbedes,
 So is He scoymus of scaþe þat scylful is euer.
 & þat watz bared in Babyloyn in Baltazar tyme,
 Hov harde vnhap þer hym hent & hastyly sone,
 For he þe vesselles avyled þat vayled in þe temple
 In seruyse of þe Souerayn sumtyme byfore.
 3if 3e wolde ty3t me a tom telle hit I wolde,
 Hov charged more watz his chaunce þat hem cherych nolde
 Þen his fader forloyne þat feched hem wyth strenþe,
 & robbed þe relygioun of relykes alle.
 Danyel in his dialokez devysed sumtyme,
 As 3et is proued expresse in his profecies,
 Hov þe gentryse of Juise & Jherusalem þe ryche
 Watz disstryed wyth distres, & drawnen to þe erþe.

For &at folke in her fayth watz founden vnrwe,
 &at haden hy3t &e hy3e God to halde of Hym euer;
 & He hem hal3ed for His & help at her nede
 In mukel meschefes mony, &at meruayl [is] to here.
 & &ay forloyne her fayth & fol3ed o&er goddes,
 & &at wakned His wrath & wrast hit so hy3e
 &at He fylsened &e faythful in &e falce lawe
 To forfare &e falce in &e faythe trwe.
 Hit watz sen in &at sy&e &at Zedethyas rengned
 In Juda, &at justised &e Juyne kynges.
 He sete on Salamones solie on solemne wyse,
 Bot of leaute he watz lat to his Lorde hende:
 He vused abominaciones of idolatrye,
 & lette ly3t bi &e lawe &at he watz lege tulle.
 For&i oure Fader vpon folde a foman hym wakned:
 Nabigodenezar nuyed hym swy&e.
 He pursued into Palastyn with proude men mony,
 & &er he wast wyth with werre &e wones of &orpes;
 He her3ed vp alle Israel & hent of &e beste,
 & &e gentylest of Judee in Jerusalem biseged,
 Vmbewalt alle &e walles wyth wy3es ful stronge,
 At vche a dor a do3ty duk, & dutte hem wythinne;
 For &e bor3watz so bygge baytayled alofte,
 & stoffed wythinne with stout men to stalle hem &eroute.
 &enne watz &e sege sette &e cete aboute,
 Skete skarmoch skelt, much ska&e lached;
 At vch brugge a berfray on basteles wyse
 &at seuen sy&e vch a day asayled &e 3ates;
 Trwe tulkkes in toures teueled wythinne,
 In bigge brutage of borde bulde on &e walles;
 &ay fe3t & &ay fende of, & fylter togeder
 Til two 3er ouertorned, 3et tok &ay hit neuer.
 At &e laste, vpon longe, &o ledes wythinne,
 Faste fayled hem &e fode, enfannined monie;
 &e hote hunger wythinne hert hem wel sarre
 &en any dunt of &at douthe &at dowelled &eroute.
 &enne wern &o rowtes redles in &o ryche wones;
 Fro &at mete watz myst, megre &ay wexen,
 & &ay stoken so strayt &at &ay ne stray my3t
 A fote fro &at forselet to forray no goudes.
 &enne &e kyng of &e kyth a counsayl hym takes
 Wyth &e best of his burnes, a blench for to make;

Þay stel out on a stulle ny3t er any steuen rysed,
 & harde hurles þur3þe oste er enmies hit wyste.
 Bot er þay atwappe ne mo3t þe wach wythoute
 Hi3e skelt watz þe askry þe skewes anvnder.
 Loude alarom vpon launde lulted watz þenne;
 Ryche, ruþed of her rest, ran to here wedes,
 Hard hattes þay hent & on hors lepes;
 Cler claryoun crak cryed on lofte.
 By þat watz alle on a hepe hurlande swyþee,
 Fol3ande þat oþer flote, & fonde hem bilyue,
 Ouertok hem as tyd, tult hem of sadeles,
 Tyl vche prynce hade his per put to þe grounde.
 & þer watz þe kyng ka3t wyth Calde prynces,
 & alle hise gentyle forjusted on Jerico playnes,
 & presented wern as presoneres to þe prynce rychest,
 Nabigodenezar, noble in his chayer;
 & he þe faynest freke þat he his fo hade,
 & speke spitously hem to, & spylt þerafter.
 Þe kynges sunnes in his sy3t he slow euervch one,
 & holkked out his auen y3en heterly boþe,
 & bede þe burne to be bro3t to Babyloyn þe ryche,
 & þere in dongoun be don to dre3e þer his wyrdes.
 Now se, so þe Soueray[n] set hatz His wrake:
 Nas hit not for Nabugo ne his noble nauþer
 Þat oþer depryued watz of pryde with paynes stronge,
 Bot for his beryng so badde agayn his blyþe Lorde;
 For hade þe Fader ben his frende, þat hym bifore keped,
 Ne neuer trespass to Him in teche of mysseleue,
 To colde wer alle Calde & kythes of Ynde,
 3et take Torkye hem wyth, her tene hade ben little.
 3et nolde neuer Nabugo þis ilke note leue
 Er he hade tuyred þis toun & torne hit to grounde.
 He joyned vnto Jerusalem a gentyle duc þenne,
 His name watz Nabuzardan, to noye þe Jues;
 He watz mayster of his men & my3ty himseluen,
 Þe chef of his cheualrye his chekkes to make;
 He brek þe bareres as bylyue, & þe bur3after,
 & enteres in ful earnestly, in yre of his hert.
 What! þe maysterry watz mene: þe men wern away,
 Þe best bo3ed wyth þe burne þat þe bor33emed,
 & þo þat byden wer [s]o biten with þe bale hunger
 Þat on wyf hade ben worþe þe welgest fourre.

Nabuzardan no3t forþy nolde not spare,
 Bot bede al to þe bronde vnder bare egge;
 Þay slown of swettest semlych burdes,
 Baþed barnes in blod & her brayn spylled;
 Prestes & prelates þay presed to deþe,
 Wyues & wenches her wombes tocoruen,
 Þat her boweles outborst aboute þe diches,
 & al watz carfully kylde þat þay cach my3t.
 And alle swypped, vnswol3ed of þe sworde kene,
 Þay wer cagged & ka3t on capeles al bare,
 Festned fettres to her fete vnder fole wombes,
 & broþely bro3t to Babyloyn þer bale to suffer,
 To sytte in seruage & syte, þat sumtyme wer gentyle.
 Now ar chaunged to chorles & charged wyth werkkes,
 Boþe to cayre at þe kart & þe kuy mylke,
 Þat sumtyme sete in her sale syres & burdes.
 & 3et Nabuzardan nyl neuer stynt
 Er he to þe tempple tee wyth his tulkkes alle;
 Betes on þe barers, brestes vp þe 3ates,
 Slouen alle at a slyp þat serued þerinne,
 Pulden prestes bi þe polle & plat of her hedes,
 Di3ten dekenes to deþe, dungen doun clerkkes,
 & alle þe maydenes of þe munster ma3tyly hokyllen
 Wyth þe swayf of þe sworde þat swol3ed hem alle.
 Þenne ran þay to þe relykes as robbors wylde,
 & pyled alle þe appparent þat pented to þe kyrke,
 Þe pure pyleres of bras pourtrayd in golde,
 & þe chef chaundeler charged with þe ly3t,
 Þat ber þe lamp vpon lofte þat lemed euermore
 Bifore þ[e] sancta sanctorumþer
 selcouth watz ofte.
 Þay ca3t away þat condelstik, & þe crowne als
 Þat þe auter hade vpon, of aþel golde ryche,
 Þe gredirne & þe goblotes garnyst of syluer,
 Þe bases of þe bry3t postes & bassynes so schyre,
 Dere disches of golde & dubleres fayre,
 Þe vyoles & þe vesselment of vertuous stones.
 Now hatz Nabuzardan nomen alle þyse noble þynges,
 & pyled þat precious place & pakked þose godes;
 Þe golde of þe gazafylace to swyþe gret noumbre,
 Wyth alle þe vrnmentes of þat hous, he hamppred togeder;
 Alle he spoyled spitously in a sped whyle

Þat Salomon so mony a sadde 3er so3t to make.
 Wyth alle þe coyntyse þat he cowþe clene to wyrke,
 Deused he þe vesselment, þe vestures clene;
 Wyth sly3t of his ciences, his Souerayn to loue,
 Þe hous & þe anournementes he hy3tled togedere.
 Now hatz Nabuzardan numnend hit al samen,
 & syþen bet doun þe bur3& brend hit in askes.
 Þenne wyth legiounes of ledes ouer londes he rydes,
 Her3ez of Israel þe hyrne aboute;
 Wyth charged chariotes þe cheftayn he fynde,
 Bikennes þe catel to þe kyng, þat he ca3t hade;
 Presented him þe prisoneres in pray þat þay token,
 Moni a worþly wy3e whil her worlde laste,
 Moni semly syre soun, & swyþe rych maydenes,
 Þe pruddest of þe prouince, & prophetes childer,
 As Ananie & Azarie & als Mizael,
 & dere Daniel also, þat watz deuine noble,
 With moni a modey moder-chylde mo þen innoghe.
 & Nabugo_de_nozar makes much joye,
 Nov he þe kyng hatz conquest & þe kyth wunnen,
 & dreped alle þe do3tyest & derrest in armes,
 & þe lederes of her lawe layd to þe grounde,
 & þe pryce of þe profetie prisoners maked.
 Bot þe joy of þe juelrye so gentyle & ryche,
 When hit watz schewed hym so schene, scharp watz his wonder;
 Of such vessel auayed, þat vayled so huge,
 Neuer 3et nas Nabugo_de_nozar er þenne.
 He sesed hem with solemnete, þe Souerayn he prayesd
 Þat watz aþel ouer alle, Israel Dry3tyn:
 Such god, such gomes, such gay vesselles,
 Comen neuer out of kyth to Caldee reames.
 He trussed hem in his tresorye in a tryed place,
 Rekenly, wyth reuerens, as he ry3t hade;
 & þer he wro3t as þe wyse, as 3e may wyt hereafter,
 For hade he let of hem ly3t, hym mo3t haf lumpen worse.
 Þat ryche in gret rialte rengned his lyue,
 As conquerour of vche a cost he cayser watz hatte,
 Emperour of alle þe erþe & also þe saudan,
 & als þe god of þe grounde watz grauen his name.
 & al þur3dome of Daniel, fro he deused hade
 Þat alle goudes com of God, & gef hit hym bi samples,
 Þat he ful clanly bicnv his carp bi þe laste,

& ofte hit mekned his mynde, his maysterful werkkes.
 Bot al drawes to dy3e with doel vp[o]n ende:
 Bi a haþel neuer so hy3e, he heldes to grounde.
 & so Nabugo_de_nozar, as he nedes moste,
 For alle his empire so hi3e in erþe is he grauen.
 Bot þenn þe bolde Baltazar, þat watz his barn aldest,
 He watz stalled in his stud, & stabled þe rengne
 In þe bur3of Babiloyne, þe biggest he trawed,
 Þat nauþer in heuen ne [on] erþe hade no pere;
 For he bigan in alle þe glori þat hym þe gome lafte,
 Nabugo_de_nozar, þat watz his noble fader.
 So kene a kyng in Caldee com neu[er] er þenne;
 Bot honoured he not Hym þat in heuen wonies.
 Bot fals fantummes of fendes, formed with handes,
 Wyth tool out of harde tre, & telded on lofte,
 & of stokkes & stones, he stoute goddes callz,
 When þay ar gilde al with golde & gered wyth syluer;
 & þere he kneles & callez & clepes after help.
 & þay reden him ry3t rewarde he hem hetes,
 & if þay gruchen him his grace, to gremen his hert,
 He cleches to a gret klubbe & knobbes hem to peces.
 Þus in pryde & olipraunce his empyre he haldes,
 In lust & in lecherye & loþelych werkkes,
 & hade a wyf for to welde, a worþelych quene,
 & mony a lemman, neuer þe later, þat ladis wer called.
 In þe clernes of his concubines & curious wedez,
 In notyng of nwe metes & of nice gettes,
 Al watz þe mynde of þat man on misschapen þinges,
 Til þe Lorde of þe lyfte liste hit abate.
 Thenne þis bolde Baltazar biþenckes hym ones
 To vouche on avayment of his vayne g[l]orie;
 Hit is not innoghe to þe nice al no3ty þink vse
 Bot if alle þe worlde wyt his wykked dedes.
 Baltazar þur3Babiloyn his banne gart crye,
 & þur3þe cuntre of Caldee his callyng con spryng,
 Þat alle þe grete vpon grounde schulde geder hem samen
 & assemble at a set day at þe saudans fest.
 Such a mangerie to make þe man watz auised,
 Þat vche a kythyn kyng schuld com þider,
 Vche duk wyth his duthe, & oþer dere lordes,
 Schulde com to his court to kyþe hym for lege,
 & to reche hym reuerens, & his reuel herkken,

To loke on his lemanes & ladis hem calle.
 To rose hym in his rialty rych men so3tten,
 & mony a baroun ful bolde, to Babyloyn & thorn;e noble.
 & THORN;er bowed toward Babiloyn burnes so mony,
 Kynges, cayseres ful kene, to & thorn;e court wonnen,
 Mony ludisch lordes & thorn;at ladies bro3ten,
 & THORN;at to neuen & thorn;e noumbre to much nye were.
 For & thorn;e bour3watz so brod & so bigge alce,
 Stalled in & thorn;e fayrest stud & thorn;e sterrez anvnder,
 Prudly on a plat playn, plek alþer-fayrest,
 Vmbesweyed on vch a syde with seuen grete wateres,
 With a wonder wro3t walle wruxeled ful hi3e,
 With koynt carneles aboue, coruen ful clene,
 Troched toures bitwene, twenty spere lenþe,
 & & thorn;iker & thorn;rowen vmbeþour with ouerþwert palle.
 & THORN;e place & thorn;at plyed & thorn;e pursaunt wythinne
 Watz longe & ful large & euer ilych sware,
 & vch a syde vpon soyle helde seuen myle,
 & & thorn;e saudans sete sette in & thorn;e myddes.
 & THORN;at watz a palayce of pryde passande alle oþer,
 Boþe of werk & of wunder, & walle[d] al aboute;
 He3e houses withinne, & thorn;e halle to hit med,
 So brod bilde in a bay & thorn;at blonkkes my3t renne.
 When & thorn;e terme of & thorn;e tyde watz towched of & thorn;e feste,
 Dere dro3en & thorn;erto & vpon des metten,
 & Baltazar vpon bench was busked to sete,
 Stepe stayred stones of his stoute throne.
 & THORN;enne watz alle & thorn;e halle flor hiled with kny3tes,
 & barounes at & thorn;e sidebordes bounet aywhere,
 For non watz dressed vpon dece bot & thorn;e dere seluen,
 & his clere concubynes in cloþes ful bry3t.
 When alle segges were & thorn;et set & thorn;en seruyse bygynnes,
 Sturnen trumpen strake steuen in halle,
 Aywhere by & thorn;e woves wrasten krakkes,
 & brode baneres & thorn;erbi blusnande of gold,
 Burnes berande & thorn;e bredes vpon brode skeles
 & THORN;at were of sylueren sy3t, & served & thorn;erwyth,
 Lyfte logges & thorn;erouer & on lofte coruen,
 Pared out of paper & poynted of golde,
 Broþe baboynes abof, besttes anvnder,
 Foles in foler flakerande bitwene,
 & al in asure & ynde enaumayld ryche;

& al on blonkken bak bere hit on honde.
 & ay þe nakeryn noyse, notes of pipes,
 Tymbres & tabornes, tulket among,
 Symbales & sonetez sware þe noyse,
 & bougounz busch bated so þikke.
 So watz serued fele syþe þe sale alle aboute,
 With solace at þe sere course, bifore þe self lorde,
 Þer þe lede & alle his loue lenged at þe table:
 So faste þay we3ed to him wyne hit warmed his hert
 & breyþed vppe into his brayn & blemyst his mynde,
 & al waykned his wyt, & welne3e he foles;
 For he waytez on wyde, his wenchs he byholdes,
 & his bolde baronage aboute bi þe wo3es.
 Þenne a dotage ful depe drof to his hert,
 & a caytif counsayl he ca3t bi hymself;
 Maynly his marschal þe mayster vpon calles,
 & comaundes hym cofly coferes to lauce,
 & fech forþ þe vessel þat his fader bro3t,
 Nabugo_de_nozar, noble in his strenþe,
 Conquered with his kny3tes & of kyrk rafte
 In Jude, in Jerusalem, in gentyle wyse:
 'Bryng hem now to my borde, of beuerage hem fylles,
 Let þise ladyes of hem lape, I luf hem in hert;
 Þat schal I cortaysly kyþe, & þay schin knawe sone,
 Þer is no bounte in burne lyk Baltazar þewes.'
 Þenne towched to þe tresour þis tale watz sone,
 & he with keyes vncloses kystes ful mony;
 Mony burþen ful bry3t watz bro3t into halle,
 & couered mony a cupborde with cloþes ful quite.
 Þe jueles out of Jerusalem with gemmes ful bry3t
 Bi þe syde of þe sale were semely arayed;
 Þe aþel auter of brasse watz hade into place,
 Þe gay coroun of golde gered on lofte.
 Þat hade ben blessed bifore wyth bischopes hondes
 & wyth besten blod busily anoynted,
 In þe solempne sacrefyce þat goud sauor hade
 Bifore þe Lorde of þe lyfte in louyng Hymself,
 Now is sette, for to serue Satanas þe blake,
 Bifore þe bolde Baltazar wyth bost & wyth pryde;
 Houen vpon þis auter watz aþel vessel
 Þat wyth [s]o curious a crafte coruen watz wyly.
 Salamon sete him s[eue]n 3ere & a syþe more,

With alle & syence & at hym sende & souerayn Lorde,
 For to compas & kest to haf hem clene wro3t.
 For &er wer bassynes ful bry3t of brende golde clere,
 Enaumaylde with azer, & eweres of sute,
 Couered cowpes foul clene, as casteles arayed,
 Enbaned vnder batelment with bantelles quoynt,
 & fyled out of fygures of ferlyle schappes.
 & coperounes of & canacles & at on & cuppe reres
 Wer fetysely formed out in fylyoles longe;
 Pinacles py3t &er apert & at profert bitwene,
 & al bolled abof with braunches & leues,
 Pyes & papejayes purtrayed withinne,
 As &ay prudly hade piked of pomgarnades;
 For alle &e blomes of &e bo3es wer blyknande perles,
 & alle &e fruyt in &o formes of flaumbeande gemmes,
 Ande safyres, & sardiners, & semely topace,
 Alabaundaynes, & amaraunz, & amaffised stones,
 Casydoynes, & crysolytes, & clere rubies,
 Penitotes, & pynkardines, ay perles bitwene;
 So trayled & tryfled atrauerce wer alle,
 Bi vche bekyrande &e bolde, &e brurdes al vmbe;
 & gobelotes of golde grauen aboute,
 & fyoles fretted with flores & fleez of golde;
 Vpon &at avter watz al aliche dresset.
 & candelstik bi a cost watz cayred &ider sone,
 Vpon &e pyleres apyked, &at praysed hit mony,
 Vpon hit basez of brasse &at ber vp &e werkes,
 & bo3es bry3t &erabof, brayden of golde,
 Braunches bredande &eron, & bryddes &er seten
 Of mony kyndes, of fele kyn hues,
 As &ay with wynges vpon wynde hade waged her fy&eres.
 Inmong &e leues of &e lampes wer gray&ed,
 & o&er louflych ly3t &at lemed ful fayre,
 As mony morteres of wax merkked withoute
 With mony a borlych best al of brende golde.
 Hit watz not wonte in &at wone to wast no serges,
 Bot in temple of &e trau&e trwly to stonde
 Bifore &e sancta sanctorum, so&efast Dry3tyn
 Expounded His speche spiritually to special prophetes.
 Leue &ou wel &at &e Lorde &at &e lyfte 3emes
 Displeased much at &at play in &at plyt stronge,
 &at His jueles so gent wyth jaeues wer fouled,

Þat presyous in His presens wer proued sumwhyle.
 Soberly in His sacrafyce summe wer anoynted,
 Þur3þe somones of Himselfe þat syttes so hy3e;
 Now a boster on benche bibbes þerof
 Tyl he be dronkken as þe deuel, & dotes þer he syttes.
 So þe Worcher of þis worlde wlates þerwyth
 Þat in þe poynt of her play He poruayes a mynde;
 Bot er harme hem He wolde in haste of His yre,
 He wayned hem a warnyng þat wonder hem þo3t.
 Nov is alle þis guere geten glotounes to serue,
 Stad in a ryche stal, & stared ful bry3t[e];
 Baltazar in a brayd: 'Bede vus þerof!
 We3e wyn in þis won! Wassayl!' he cryes.
 Swyfte swaynes ful swyþe swepen þertylle,
 Kyppe kowpes in honde kynggez to serue;
 In bry3t bollez ful bayn birlen þise oþer,
 & vche mon for his mayster machches alone.
 Þer watz rynging, on ry3t, of ryche metalles,
 Quen renkkes in þat ryche rok rennen hit to cache;
 Clatering of couaclez þat kesten þo burdes
 As sonet out of sau[t]eray songe als myry.
 Þen þe dotel on dece drank þat he my3t;
 & þenne arn dressed dukez & prynces,
 Concubines & kny3tes, bi cause of þat merthe;
 As vchon hade hym inhelde he haled of þe cuppe.
 So long likked þise lordes þise lykores swete,
 & gloryed on her falce goddes, & her grace calles,
 Þat were of stokkes & stones, stille euermore,
 Neuer steuen hem astel, so stoken [is] hor tonge.
 Alle þe goude golden goddes þe gaulez 3et neuenen,
 Belfagor & Belyal, & Belssabub als,
 Heyred hem as hy3ly as heuen wer þayres,
 Bot Hym þat alle goudes giues, þat God þay for3eten.
 For þer a ferly bifel þat fele folk se3en;
 Fryst knew hit þe kyng & alle þe cort after:
 In þe palays pryncipale, vpon þe playn wowe,
 In contrary of þe candelstik, þat clerest hit schyned,
 Þer apered a paume, with poyntel in fyngres,
 Þat watz grysly & gret, & grymly he wrytes;
 Non oþer forme bot a fust faylande þe wryste
 Pared on þe parget, purtrayed lettres.
 When þat bolde Baltazar blushed to þat neue,

Such a dasande drede dusched to his hert
 & THORN;at al faled his face & fayled & THORN;e chere;
 & THORN;e stronge strok of & THORN;e stonde strayed his joyntes,
 His cnes cachches toclose, & cluchches his hommes,
 & he with plattyng his paumes displayes his ler[e]s,
 & romyes as a rad ryth & THORN;at rorez for drede,
 Ay biholdand & THORN;e honde til hit hade al grauen
 & rasped on & THORN;e ro3wo3e runisch sauez.
 When hit & THORN;e scrypture hade scraped wyth a strof penne,
 As a coltour in clay cerues & THORN;o for3es,
 & THORN;enne hit vanist verayly & voyded of sy3t,
 Bt & THORN;e lettres bileued ful large vpon plaster.
 Sone so & THORN;e kynge for his care carping my3t wynne,
 He bede his burnes bo3to & THORN;at were bok-lered,
 To wayte & THORN;e wryt & THORN;at hit wolde, & wyter hym to say,
 'For al hit frayes my flesche, & THORN;e fyngres so grymme.'
 Scoleres skelten & THORN;eratte & THORN;e skyl for to fynde,
 Bot & THORN;er watz neuer on so wyse couÞe on worde rede,
 Ne what ledisch lore ne langage nauÞer,
 What tyÞyng ne tale tokened & THORN;o dra3tes.
 & THORN;enne & THORN;e bolde Baltazar bred ner wode,
 & ede & THORN;e cete to seche segges & THORN;ur3out
 & THORN;at wer wyse of wyhecrafte, & warla3es oÞer
 & THORN;at con dele wyth demerlayk & deuine lettres.
 'Calle hem alle to my cort, & THORN;o Calde clerkkes,
 Vnfolde hem alle & THORN;is ferly & THORN;at is bifallen here,
 & calle wyth a hi3e cry: "He & THORN;at & THORN;e kyng wysses,
 In expounyng of speche & THORN;at spredes in & THORN;ise lettres,
 & make & THORN;e mater to malt my mynde wythinne,
 & THORN;at I may wyterly wyt what & THORN;at wryt menes,
 He schal be gered ful gaye in gounes of porpre,
 & a coler of cler golde clos vmbe his & THORN;rote;
 He schal be prymate & prynce of pure clergye,
 & of my & THORN;reuenest lordez & THORN;e & THORN;rydde he schal,
 & of my reme & THORN;e rychest to ryde wyth myseluen,
 Outtaken bare two, & & THORN;enne he & THORN;e & THORN;rydde."
 & THORN;is cry watz vpcaste, & & THORN;er comen mony
 Clerkes out of Caldye & THORN;at kennest wer knauen,
 As & THORN;e sage sathrapas & THORN;at sorsory couÞe,
 Wychez & walkyries wonnen to & THORN;at sale,
 Deuinores of demorlaykes & THORN;at dremes cowÞe rede,
 Sorsers & exorsismus & fele such clerkes;

& alle þat loked on þat letter as lewed þay were
 As þay had loked in þe leþer of my lyft bote.
 Þenne cryes þe kyng & kerues his wedes.
 What! he corsed his clerkes & calde hem chorles;
 To henge þe harlotes he he3ed ful ofte:
 So watz þe wy3e wytles he wed wel ner.
 Ho herde hym chyde to þe chambre þat watz þe chef quene.
 When ho watz wytered bi wy3es what watz þe cause,
 Suche a chaungande chaunce in þe chef halle,
 Þe lady, to lauce þat los þat þe lorde hade,
 Glydes doun by þe grece & gos to þe kyng.
 Ho kneles on þe colde erþe & carpes to hymselfen
 Wordes of worchyp wyth a wys speche.
 'Kene kyng,' quoþ þe quene, 'kayser of vrþe,
 Euer laste þy lyf in lenþe of dayes!
 Why hatz þou rended þy robe for redles hereinne,
 Þa3þose ledes ben lewed lettres to rede,
 & hatz a haþel in þy holde, as I haf herde ofte,
 Þat hatz þe gostes of God þat gyes alle soþes?
 His sawle is ful of syence, sa3es to schawe,
 To open vch a hide þyng of aunteres vncowþe.
 Þat is he þat ful ofte hatz heuened þy fader
 Of mony anger ful hote with his holy speche.
 When Nabugo_de_nozar watz nyed in stoundes,
 He devysed his dremes to þe dere trawþe;
 He keuered hym with his counsayl of caytyf wyrdes;
 Alle þat he spured hym, in space he expowned clene,
 Þur3þe sped of þe spyryt, þat sprad hym withinne,
 Of þe godelest goddez þat gaynes anywhere.
 For his depe diuinite & his dere sawes,
 Þy bolde fader Baltazar bede by his name,
 Þat now is demed Danyel, of derne coninges,
 Þat ca3t watz in þe captyuide in cuntre of Jues;
 Nabuzardan hym nome, & now is he here,
 A prophete of þat prouince & pryce of þe worlde.
 Sende into þe cete to seche hym bylyue,
 & wyne hym with þe worchyp to wayne þe bote;
 & þa3þe mater be merk þat merked is 3ender,
 He schal declar hit also as hit on clay stande.'
 Þat gode counseyl at þe quene watz cached as swyþe;
 Þe burne byfore Baltazar watz bro3t in a whyle.
 When he com bifore þe kyng & clanly had halsed,

Baltazar vmbebrayde hym, & 'Leue sir,' he sayde,
 'Hit is tolde me bi tulkis &at &ou trwe were
 Profete of &at prouynce &at prayed my fader,
 Ande &at &ou hatz in &y hert holy connyng,
 Of sapyence &i sawle ful, so&es to schawe;
 Goddes gost is &e geuen &at gyes alle &ynges,
 &ou vnhyles vch hidde &at Heuen-Kyng myntes.
 & here is a ferly byfallen, & I fayn wolde
 Wyt &e wytte of &e wryt &at on &e wowe clyues,
 For alle Calde clerkes han cowwardely fayled.
 If &ou with quayntyse con quere hit, I quyte &e &y mede:
 For if &ou redes hit by ry3t & hit to resoun brynges,
 Fyrst telle me &e tyxte of &e tede lettres,
 & sy&en &e mater of &e mode mene me &erafter,
 & I schal halde &e &e hest &at I &e hy3t haue,
 Apyke &e in porpre clo&e, palle al&er-fynest,
 & &e by3e of bry3t golde abowte &yn nekke,
 & &e &ryd &ryuenest &at &rynges me after,
 &ou schal be baroun vpon benche, bede I &e no lasse.'
 Derfly &enne Danyel deles &yse wordes:
 'Ryche kyng of &is rengne, rede &e oure Lorde!
 Hit is surely soth &e Souerayn of heuen
 Fylsened euer &y fader & vpon folde cheryched,
 Gart hym grattest to be of gouernoires alle,
 & alle &e worlde in his wylle welde as hym lykes.
 Whoso wolde wel do, wel hym bityde,
 & quos deth so he dezyre, he dreped als fast;
 Whoso hym lyked to lyft, on lofte watz he sone,
 & quoso hym lyked to lay watz lo3ed bylyue.
 So watz noted &e note of Nabugo_de_nozar,
 Styfly stabled &e rengne bi &e stronge Dry3tyn,
 For of &e Hy3est he hade a hope in his hert,
 &at vche pouer past out of &at Prynce euen.
 & whyle &at watz cle3t clos in his hert
 &ere watz no mon vpon molde of my3t as hymselfen;
 Til hit bitide on a tyme towched hym pryde
 For his lordeschyp so large & his lyf ryche;
 He hade so huge an insy3t to his aune dedes
 &at &e power of &e hy3e Prynce he purely for3etes.
 &enne blynnes he not of blasfemy on to blame &e Dry3tyn;
 His my3t mete to Goddes he made with his wordes:
 "I am god of &e grounde, to gye as me lykes.

As He that hy3e is in heuen, His aungeles that weldes.
 If He hatz formed the folde & folk that erpone,
 I haf bigged Babiloyne, bur3al that er-rychest,
 Stabled that erinne vche a ston in strenk that er of myn armes;
 Mo3t neuer my3t bot myn make such another."
 Watz not that is ilke worde wonnen of his mow that er one
 Er that enne that er Souerayn sa3e souned in his eres:
 "Now Nabugo_de_nozar inno3e hatz spoken,
 Now is alle that y pryncipalte past at ones,
 & that ou, remued fro monnes sunes, on mor most abide
 & in wasturne walk & wyth that er wylde dowelle,
 As best, byte on that er bent of braken & erbes,
 With wro that er wolfes to won & wyth wylde asses."
 Inmydde that er poynt of his pryde departed he that er
 Fro that er soly of his solempnete; his solace he leues,
 & carfully is outkast to contre vnknawen,
 Fer into a fyr fryth that er frekes neuer comen.
 His hert heldet vnhole; he hoped non other
 Bot a best that er he be, a bol other an oxe.
 He fares forth on alle faure, fogge watz his mete,
 & ete ay as a horce when erbes were fallen;
 THORN;us he countes hym a kow that er watz a kyng ryche,
 Quyle seuen sy that er were ouerseyed, someres I trawe.
 By that er mony that er thy3e that er ry3t vmbe his lyre,
 THORN;at alle watz dubbed & dy3t in that er dew of heuen;
 Faxe, fyltered & felt, flosed hym vmbe,
 THORN;at schad fro his schulderes to his schyre wykes,
 & twenty-folde twynande hit to his tos ra3t,
 THORN;er mony clyuy as clyde hit cly3t togeder.
 His berde ibrad alle his brest to that er bare vr that er,
 His browes bresed as breres aboute his brode chekes;
 Hol3e were his y3en & vnder campe hores,
 & al watz gray as that er glede, with ful grymme clawres
 THORN;at were croked & kene as that er kyte paune;
 Erne-hwed he watz & al ouerbrawdenn,
 Til he wyst ful wel who wro3t alle my3tes,
 & cow that er vche kyndam tokerue & keuer when Hym lyked.
 THORN;enne He wayned hym his wyt, that er hade wo suffered,
 THORN;at he com to knawlach & kenned hymself;
 THORN;enne he loued that er Lorde & leued in traw that er
 Hit watz non other that er en He that er hade al in honde.
 THORN;enne sone watz he sende agayn, his sete restored;

His barounes bo3ed hym to, blyþe of his come,
 Ha3erly in his aune hwe his heued watz couered,
 & so 3eply watz 3arked & 3olden his state.
 Bot þou, Baltazar, his barne & his bolde ayre,
 Se3þese syngnes with sy3t & set hem at lyttel,
 Bot ay hatz hofen þy hert agaynes þe hy3e Dry3t[y]n,
 With bobounce & with blasfamye bost at Hym kest,
 & now His vessayles avyled in vanyte vnclene,
 þat in His hows Hym to honour were heuened of fyrst;
 Bifore þe barounz hatz hom bro3t, & byrled þerinne
 Wale wyne to þy wenchis in waryed stoundes;
 Bifore þy borde hatz þou bro3t beuerage in þede,
 þat blyþely were fyrst blest with bischopes hondes,
 Louande þeron lese goddez þat lyf haden neuer,
 Made of stokkes & stonez þat neuer styry mo3t.
 & for þat froþande fylþe, þe Fader of heuen
 Hatz sende into þis sale þise sy3tes vncowþe,
 þe fyste with þe fyngeres þat flayed þi hert,
 þat rasped renyschly þe wo3e with þe ro3penne.
 þise ar þe wordes here wryten, withoute werk more,
 By vch fygyre, as I fynde, as oure Fader lykes:
 Mane, Techal, Phares: merked in þrynne,
 þat þretes þe of þyn vnþryfte vpon þre
 wyse.

Now expowne þe þis speche spedly I þenk:
 Manemenes als much as "Maynful Gode
 Hatz counted þy kyndam bi a clene noumbre,
 & fulfilled hit in fayth to þe fyrre ende".
 To teche þe of Techal, þat terme þus menes:
 "þy wale rengne is walt in we3tes to heng,
 & is funde ful fewe of hit fayth-dedes."
 & Pharesfol3es for þose fawtes, to frayst þe trawþe;
 In Phares fyndeI forsoþe þise felle sa3es:
 "Departed is þy pryncipalte, depryued þou worpes,
 þy rengne rafte is þe fro, & ra3t is þe Perses;
 þe Medes schal be maysteres here, & þou of menske schowued."
 þe kyng comaunded anon to cleþe þat wyse
 In frokkes of fyn cloþ, as forward hit asked;
 þenne sone watz Danyel dubbed in ful dere porpor,
 & a coler of cler golde kest vmbe his swyre.
 þen watz demed a decre bi þe duk seluen:
 Bolde Baltazar bed þat hym bowe schulde

Þe comynes al of Calde þat to þe kyng longed,
 As to þe prynce pryuyest preued þe þrydde,
 He3est of alle oþer saf onelych tweyne,
 To bo3after Baltazar in bor3e & in felde.
 Þys watz cryed & knawen in cort als fast,
 & alle þe folk þerof fayn þat fol3ed hym tyll.
 Bot howso Danyel watz dy3t, þat day ouer3ede;
 Ny3t ne3ed ry3t now with nyes fol mony,
 For da3ed neuer anoþer day, þat ilk derk after,
 Er dalt were þat ilk dome þat Danyel deuysed.
 Þe solace of þe solempnete in þat sale dured
 Of þat farand fest, tyl fayled þe sunne;
 Þenne blykned þe ble of þe bry3t skwes,
 Mourkenes þe mery weder, & þe myst dryues
 Þor3þe lyst of þe lyfte, bi þe lo3medoes.
 Vche haþel to his home hy3es ful fast,
 Seten at her soper & songen þerafter;
 Þen foundez vch a fela3schyp fyrre at forþ na3tes.
 Baltazar to his bedd with blysse watz caryed;
 Reche þe rest as hym lyst: he ros neuer þerafter.
 For his foes in þe felde in flokkes ful grete,
 Þat longe hade layted þat lede his londes to strye,
 Now ar þay sodenly assembled at þe self tyme.
 Of hem wyst no wy3e þat in þat won dowelled.
 Hit watz þe dere Daryus, þe duk of þise Medes,
 Þe prowde prynce of Perce, & Porros of Ynde,
 With mony a legioun ful large, with ledes of armes,
 Þat now hatz spyed a space to spoyle Caldeez.
 Þay þrongen þeder in þe þester on
 þrawen hepes,
 Asscaped ouer þe skyre watteres & scaþed þe walles,
 Lyfte laddres ful longe & vpon lofte wonen,
 Stelen stylly þe toun er any steuen rysed.
 Withinne an oure of þe niy3t an entre þay hade,
 3et afrayed þay no freke. Fyrre þay passen,
 & to þe palays pryncipal þay aproched ful style,
 Þenne ran þay in on a res on rowtes ful grete;
 Blastes out of bry3t brasse brestes so hy3e,
 Ascry scarred on þe scue, þat scomfyted mony.
 Segges slepande were slayne er þay slyppe my3t;
 Vche hous heyred watz withinne a hondewhyle.
 Baltazar in his bed watz beten to deþe,

Þat boþe his blod & his brayn blende on þe cloþes;
 The kyng in his cortyn watz ka3t bi þe heles,
 Feryed out bi þe fete & fowle dispysed.
 Þat watz so do3ty þat day & drank of þe vessayl
 Now is a dogge also dere þat in a dych lygges.
 For þe mayster of þyse Medes on þe morne ryses,
 Dere Daryous þat day dy3t vpon trone,
 Þat cete seses ful sounde, & sa3tlyng makes
 Wyth alle þe barounz þeraboute, þat bowed hym after.
 & þus watz þat londe lost for þe lordes synne,
 & þe fylþe of þe freke þat defowled hade
 Þe ornementes of Goddez hous þat holy were made.
 He watz corsed for his vnclannes, & cached þerinne,
 Done doun of his dyngnete for dedez vnfayre,
 & of þyse worldes worchyp wrast out for euer,
 & 3et of lykynges on lofte letted, I trowe:
 To loke on oure lofly Lorde late bitydes.
 Þus vpon þrynne wyses I haf yow þro schewed
 Þat vnclannes tocleues in corage dere
 Of þat wynnelych Lorde þat wonyes in heuen,
 Entyses Hym to be tene, telled vp His wrake;
 Ande clannes is His comfort, & coyntyse He louyes,
 & þose þat seme arn & swete schyn se His face.
 Þat we gon gay in oure gere þat grace He vus sende,
 Þat we may serue in His sy3t, þer solace neuer blynnez.
 Amen.

Anonymous Americas

Cleburne

Another ray of light hath fled, another Southern brave
Hath fallen in his country's cause and found a laureled grave-
Hath fallen, but his deathless name shall live when stars shall set,
For, noble Cleburne, thou art one this world will ne'er forget.

'Tis true, thy warm heart beats no more, that on thy noble head
Azrael placed his icy hand, and thou art with the dead;
The glancing of thine eyes are dim; no more will they be bright
Until they ope in Paradise, with clearer, heavenlier light.

No battle news disturbs thy rest upon the sun-bright shore,
No clarion voice awakens thee on earth to wrestle more,
No tramping steed, no wary foe bids thee awake, arise,
For thou art in the angel world, beyond the starry skies.

Brave Cleburne, dream in thy low bed, with pulseless deadened heart;
Calm, calm and sweet, O warrior rest! thou well hast borne thy part,
And now a glory wreath for thee the angels singing twine,
A glory wreath, not of the earth, but made by hands divine.

A long farewell-we give thee up, with all thy bright reknown,
A chieftain here on earth is lost, in heaven an angel found.
Above thy grave a wail is heard-a nation mourns her dead;
A nobler for the South ne'er died, a braver never bled.

A last farewell-how can we speak the bitter word farewell!
The anguish of our bleeding hearts vain words may never tell.
Sleep on, sleep on, to God we give our chieftain in his might;
And weeping, feel he lives on high, where comes no sorrow's night.

Anonymous Americas

Clerk Saunders

...

Whan bells war rung, an mass was sung,
A wat a' man to bed were gone,
Clark Sanders came to Margret's window,
With mony a sad sigh and groan.

"Are ye sleeping, Margret," he says,
"Or are ye waking, presentlie?
Give me my faith and trouthe again,
A wat, trew-love, I gied to thee."

"Your faith and trouth ye's never get,
Nor our trew love shall never twain,
Till ye come with me in my bower,
And kiss me both cheek and chin."

"My mouth it is full cold, Margret,
It has the smell now of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy life-days will not be long.

"Cocks are crowing a merry mid-larf,
I wat the wild fule boded day;
Gie me my faith and trouthe again,
And let me fare me on my way."

"Thy faith and trouth thou shall na get,
Nor our trew love shall never twin,
Till ye tell me what comes of women
Awat that dy's in strong traveling."

"Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Well set about wi gilly-flowers,
A wat sweet company for to see.

"O cocks are crowing a merry middlarf,
A wat the wilde foule boded day;
The salms of Heaven will be sung,

And ere now I'll be misst away."

Up she has tain a bright long wand,
And she has straked her trouth thereon;
She has given it him out at the shot-window,
Wi many a sad sigh and heavy groan.

"I thank you, Margret, I thank you, Margret,
And I thank you hartilie;
Gine ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Margret, I'll come again for thee."

It's hose an shoon an gound alane
She clame the wall and followed him,
Untill she came to a green forest,
On this she lost the sight of him.

"Is their any room at your head, Sanders?
Is their any room at your feet?
Or any room at your twa sides?
Whare fain, fain woud I sleep."

"Their is na room at my head, Margret,
Their is na room at my feet;
There is room at my twa sides,
For ladys for to sleep.

"Cold meal is my covering owre,
But an my winding sheet;
My bed it is full low, I say,
Down among the hongerey worms I sleep.

"Cold meal is my covering owre,
But an my winding sheet;
The dew it falls na sooner down
Then ay it is full weet."

Anonymous Americas

Come Join The Abolitionists

Come join the Abolitionists,
Ye young men bold and strong.
And with a warm and cheerful zeal,
Come help the cause along;
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful, when Slavery is no more,
When Slavery is no more.
'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When Slavery is no more.

Come join the Abolitionists,
Ye men of riper years,
And save your wives and children dear,
From grief and bitter tears;
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful, when Slavery is no more,
When Slavery is no more,
'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When Slavery is no more.

Come join the Abolitionists,
Ye dames and maidens fair,
And breathe around us in our path
Affection's hallowed air;
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful, when woman cheers us on,
When woman cheers us on, to conquests not yet won.
'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When woman cheers us on.

Come join the Abolitionists,
Ye sons and daughters all
Of this our own America-
Come at the friendly call;
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful, when all shall proudly say,
This, this is Freedom's day-Oppression flee away!
'T is then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When freedom wins the day.

Anonymous Americas

Company K

There is a cap in the closet,
Old, tattered, and blue-
Of very slight value,
It may be, to you:
But a crown, jewel studded,
Could not buy it to-day,
With its letters of honor,
Brave 'Co. K.'

The head that it sheltered
Needs shelter no more:
Dead heroes make holy
The trifles they wore;
So, like chaplet of honor,
Of laurel and bay,
Seems the cap of the soldier,
Marked 'Co. K.'

Bright eyes have looked calmly
Its visor beneath,
O'er the work of the Reaper,
Grim Harvester Death!
Let the muster roll meagre,
So mournfully say,
How foremost in danger
Went 'Co. K.'

Whose footsteps unbroken
Came up to the town,
Where rampart and bastion
Looked threat'ningly down!
Who, closing up breaches,
Still kept on their way,
Till, guns downward pointed,
Faced 'Co. K.'

Who faltered or shivered?
Who shunned battle stroke?
Whose fire was uncertain?

Whose battle line broke?
Go, ask it of History,
Years from to-day,
And the record shall tell you,
Not 'Co. K.'

Though my darling is sleeping
To-day with the dead,
And daisies and clover
Bloom over his head,
I smile through my tears
As I lay it away-
That battle-worn cap,
Lettered 'Co. K.'

Anonymous Americas

Confederate Memorial Day

The marching armies of the past
Along our Southern plains,
Are sleeping now in quiet rest
Beneath the Southern rains.

The bugle call is now in vain
To rouse them from their bed;
To arms they'll never march again-
They are sleeping with the dead.

No more will Shiloh's plains be stained
With blood our heroes shed,
Nor Chancellorsville resound again
To our noble warriors' tread.

For them no more shall reveille
Sound at the break of dawn,
But may their sleep peaceful be
Till God's great judgment morn.

We bow our heads in solemn prayer
For those who wore the gray,
And clasp again their unseen hands
On our Memorial Day.

Anonymous Americas

Consolation

She folded up the worn and mended frock,
And smoothed it tenderly upon her knee,
Then through the soft web of a wee red sock
She wove the bright wool, musing thoughtfully:
'Can this be all? The outside world so fair,
I hunger for its green and pleasant ways;
A cripple prisoned in her restless chair
Looks from her window with a wistful gaze.

'The fruits I cannot reach are red and sweet,
The paths forbidden are both green and wide;
O God! there is no boon to helpless feet
So altogether sweet as paths denied.
Home is most fair; bright all my household fires,
And children are a gift without alloy;
But who would bound the field of their desires
By the prim hedges of mere fireside joy?

'I can but weave a faint thread to and fro,
Making a frail wolf in my baby's sock;
Into the world's sweet tumult I would go,
At its strong gates my trembling hand would knock.'
Just then the children came, the father too;
Their eager faces lit the twilight gloom;
'Dear heart,' he whispered, as he nearer drew,
'How sweet it is within this little room!

'God puts my strongest comfort here to draw
When thirst is great and common wells are dry.
Your pure desire is my unerring law,
Tell me, dear one, who is so safe as I?
Home is the pasture where my soul may feed,
This room a paradise has grown to be;
And only where these patient feet shall lead
Can it be home to these dear ones and me.'

He touched with reverend hand the helpless feet,
The children crowded close and kissed her hair.
'Our mother is so good, and kind, and sweet,

There's not another like her anywhere!
The baby in her low bed opened wide
The soft blue flowers of her timid eyes,
And viewed the group about the cradle-side
With smiles of glad and innocent surprise.

The mother drew the baby to her knee,
And, smiling, said: 'The stars shine soft tonight;
My world is fair; its edges sweet to me,
And whatsoever is, dear Lord, is right.'

Anonymous Americas

Cuckoo Song

Sing, cuccu, nu! Sing, cuccu!
Sing, cuccu! Sing, cuccu, nu!
Sumer is icumen in;
Lhud{.e} sing, cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wud{.e} nu.
Sing, cuccu!

Aw{.e} bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calv{.e} cu;
Bulluc sterteth, buck{.e} verteth;
Muri{.e} sing, cuccu!

Cuccu! cuccu!
Wel sing{.e}s thu, cuccu;
Ne swik thu naver nu.

Anonymous Americas

Dan's Wife

Up in early morning light,
Sweeping, dusting, 'setting right,'
Oiling all the household springs,
Sewing buttons, tying strings,
Telling Bridget what to do,
Mending rips in Johnny's shoe,
Running up and down the stair,
Tying baby in her chair,
Cutting meat and spreading bread,
Dishing out so much per head,
Eating as she can by chance,
Giving husband kindly glance;
Toiling, working, busy life,--
Smart woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan comes home at fall of night,
Home so cheerful, neat, and bright;
Children meet him at the door,
Pull him in and looked him o'er;
Wife asks how the work has gone.
'Busy times with us at home!'
Supper done, Dan reads with ease,--
Happy Dan, but one to please!
Children must be put to bed--
All the little prayers are said;
Little shoes are placed in rows,
Bedclothes tucked o'er little toes;
Busy, noisy, wearing life,--
Tired woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan reads on and falls asleep--
See the woman softly creep;
Baby rests at last, poor dear,
Not a word her heart to cheer;
Mending-basket full to top,
Stockings, shirt, and little frock;
Tired eyes and weary brain,

Side with darting, ugly pain;
'Never mind, 'will pass away,'
She must work, but never play;
Closed piano, unused books,
Done the walks to easy nooks,
Brightness faded out of life,--
Saddened woman,
Dan's wife.

Upstairs, tossing to and fro,
Fever holds the woman low;
Children wander free to play
When and where they will today;
Bridget loiters--dinner's cold,
Dan looks anxious, cross, and old;
Household screws are out of place,
Lacking one dear, patient face;
Steady hands, so weak but true,
Hands that knew just what to do,
Never knowing rest or play,
Folded now--and laid away;
Work of six in one short life,--
Shattered woman,
Dan's wife.

Anonymous Americas

Dead

There's an empty seat where the old folks meet,
When they offer their evening prayer,
And a look forlorn, for the dear one gone,
As they gaze on his vacant chair.
There's a silent grief finds never relief,
And a face whence the bloom has fled,
And a maiden fair, in her beauty rare,
Who weeps for her lover - dead.
There's a lonely grave, where a soldier brave,
Lies asleep in the southern land,
While a rusted gun still gleams in the sun,
On the parched and burning sand.
There's a home above, where the good God's love,
Its perfection ever discloses -
Where the soldier is blest with eternal rest,
And his quiet spirit reposes.

Anonymous Americas

Decreed

Into all lives some rain must fall,
Into all eyes some tear-drops start,
Whether they fall as gentle shower,
Or fall like fire from an aching heart.
Into all hearts some sorrow must creep,
Into all souls some doubtings come,
Lashing the waves of life's great deep
From dimpling waters to seething foam.

Over all paths some clouds must lower,
Under all feet some sharp thorns spring,
Tearing the flesh to bitter wounds,
Or entering the heart with their bitter sting.
Upon all brows rough winds must blow,
Over all shoulders a cross be lain,
Bowing the form in its lofty height
Down to the dust in bitter pain.

Into all hands some duty's thrust;
Unto all arms some burden's given,
Crushing the heart with its weary weight,
Or lifting the soul from earth to heaven.
Into all hearts and homes and lives
God's dear sunlight comes streaming down,
Gilding the ruins of life's great plain--
Weaving for all a golden crown.

Anonymous Americas

Edom O'Gordon

It fell about the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
'We maun draw to a hauld.
'And whatna hauld sall we draw to,
My merry men and me?
We will gae to the house of the Rodes,
To see that fair ladye.'
The lady stood on her castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
There she was aware of a host of men
Came riding towards the town.

'O see ye not, my merry men a',
O see ye not what I see?
Methinks I see a host of men;
I marvel who they be.'

She ween'd it had been her lovely lord,
As he cam' riding hame;
It was the traitor, Edom o' Gordon,
Wha reck'd nor sin nor shame.

She had na sooner buskit hersell,
And putten on her gown,
Till Edom o' Gordon an' his men
Were round about the town.

They had nae sooner supper set,
Nae sooner said the grace,
But Edom o' Gordon an' his men
Were lighted about the place.

The lady ran up to her tower-head,
As fast as she could hie,
To see if by her fair speeches
She could wi' him agree.

'Come doun to me, ye lady gay,

Come doun, come doun to me;
This night sall ye lig within mine arms,
To-morrow my bride sall be.'

'I winna come down, ye fause Gordon,
I winna come down to thee;
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,-
And he is na far frae me.'

'Gie owre your house, ye lady fair,
Gie owre your house to me;
Or I sall burn yoursell therein,
But an your babies three.'

'I winna gie owre, ye fause Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as thee;
And if ye burn my ain dear babes,
My lord sall mak' ye dree.

'Now reach my pistol, Glaud, my man,
And charge ye weel my gun;
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes, we been undone!'

She stood upon her castle wa',
And let twa bullets flee:
She miss'd that bluidy butcher's heart,
And only razed his knee.

'Set fire to the house!' quo' fause Gordon,
Wud wi' dule and ire:
'Faus ladye, ye sall rue that shot
As ye burn in the fire!'

'Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weel your fee;
Why pu' ye out the grund-wa' stane,
Lets in the reek to me?

'And e'en wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weel your hire;
Why pu' ye out the grund-wa' stane,

To me lets in the fire?'

'Ye paid me weel my hire, ladye,
Ye paid me weel my fee:
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,-
Maun either do or dee.'

O then bespake her little son,
Sat on the nurse's knee:
Says, 'O mither dear, gie owre this house,
For the reek it smothers me.'

'I wad gie a' my goud, my bairn,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ae blast o' the western wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee.'

O then bespake the daughter dear,-
She was baith jimp and sma':
'O row me in a pair o' sheets,
A tow me owre the wa'!

They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her owre the wa';
But on the point o' Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa'.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon her red blood dreeps.

Then wi' his spear he turn'd her owre;
O gin her face was wan!
He said, 'Ye are the first that e'er
I wish'd alive again.'

He cam and lookit again at her;
O gin her skin was white!
'I might hae spared that bonnie face
To hae been some man's delight.'

'Busk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do guess;-
I cannot look on that bonnie face
As it lies on the grass.'

'Wha looks to freits, my master dear,
Its freits will follow them;
Let it ne'er be said that Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame.'

But when the ladye saw the fire
Come-flaming o'er her head,
She wept, and kiss'd her children twain,
Says, 'Bairns, we been but dead.'

The Gordon then his bugle blew,
And said, 'Awa', awa'!
This house o' the Rodes is a' in a flame;
I hault it time to ga'.'

And this way lookit her ain dear lord,
As he came owre the lea;
He saw his castle a' in a lowe,
Sae far as he could see.

'Put on, put on, my wighty men,
As fast as ye can dri'e!
For he that's hindmost o' the thrang
Sall ne'er get good o' me.'

Then some they rade, and some they ran,
Out-owre the grass and bent;
But ere the foremost could win up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sae fast as he might dri'e;
And soon i' the Gordon's foul heart's blude
He's wroken his fair ladye.

Anonymous Americas

Emancipation Hymn

Praise we the Lord! let songs resound
To earth's remotest shore!
Songs of thanksgiving, songs of praise —
For we are slaves no more.

Praise we the Lord! His power hath rent
The chains that held us long!
His voice is mighty, as of old,
And still His arm is strong.

Praise we the Lord! His wrath arose,
His arm our fetters broke;
The tyrant dropped the lash, and we
To liberty awoke!

Praise we the Lord! let ho'y songs
Rise from these happy isles! —
O! let us not unworthy prove,
On whom His bounty smiles.

And cease we not the fight of faith
Till all mankind be free;
Till mercy o'er the earth shall flow,
As waters o'er the sea.

Then shall indeed Messiah's reign
Through nil the world extend;
Then swords to ploughshares shall be turned,
And Heaven with earth shall blend.

Anonymous Americas

Emancipation Song

Let waiting throngs now lift their voices,
As Freedom's glorious day draws near,
While every gentle tongue rejoices,
And each bold heart is filled with cheer;
The slave has seen the Northern star,
He'll soon be free, hurrah, hurrah!

Though many still are writhing under
The cruel whips of 'chevaliers,'
Who mothers from their children sunder,
And scourge them for their helpless tears-
Their safe deliverance is not far!
The day draws nigh!-hurrah, hurrah!

Just ere the dawn the darkness deepest
Surrounds the earth as with a pall;
Dry up thy tears, O thou that weapest,
That on thy sight the rays may fall!
No doubt let now thy bosom mar;
Send up the shout-hurrah, hurrah!

Shall we distrust the God of Heaven?-
He every doubt and fear will quell;
By him the captive's chains are riven-
So let us loud the chorus swell!
Man shall be free from cruel law,-
Man shall be MAN!-hurrah, hurrah!

No more again shall it be granted
To southern overseers to rule-
No more will pilgrims' sons be taunted
With cringing low in slavery's school.
So clear the way for Freedom's car-
The free shall rule!-hurrah, hurrah!

Send up the shout Emancipation-
From heaven let the echoes bound-
Soon will it bless this franchised nation,
Come raise again the stirring sound!

Emancipation near and far-
Swell up the shout-hurrah! hurrah!

Anonymous Americas

Encore

The singer stood in a blaze of light,
And fronted the flowery throng;
Her lips parted with her greeting smile,
Her soul soared out in her song.
Now hovering like an imprisoned bird
With its plainings thrilling nigh,
Then faintly sweet, as the reapers hear
A lark afar in the sky;

And forth like thunder the praises broke,
And the singer bowed and smiled,
And flowers fell fast in a scented storm--
But she was not to be wiled.
'Shall I throw my gifts to this fickle throng?'
She thought with a bitter sigh.
'What do they care for my simple song?'
As she courtesied a glad good-by.

The singer sat in her lonely room,
As the stars peeped out of the haze,
And her voice poured forth in its sweetest gush,
Though none was beside to praise--
Till she saw a form to her window creep
And crouch by its misty pane,--
An old dame wept at the wondrous song
That gave back her youth again!

The singer stirred not, nor made a sign
That she saw where the listener stood,
But once and again she raised her voice
And poured out its golden flood,
And only ceased when the minster bells
Shook out their evening clang--
Then one thanked God for the song she heard,
And one for the song she sang.

Anonymous Americas

England

Oh, England!
Sick in head and sick in heart,
Sick in whole and every part:
And yet sicker thou art still
For thinking that thou art not ill.

Anonymous Americas

Enlisted Today

I know the sun shines, and the lilacs are blowing,
And the summer sends kisses by beautiful May -
Oh! to see all the treasures the spring is bestowing,
And think my boy Willie enlisted today.

It seems but a day since at twilight, low humming,
I rocked him to sleep with his cheek upon mine,
While Robby, the four-year old, watched for the coming
Of father, adown the street's indistinct line.

It is many a year since my Harry departed,
To come back no more in the twilight or dawn:
And Robby grew weary of watching, and started
Alone on the journey his father had gone.

It is many a year - and this afternoon sitting
At Robby's old window, I heard the band play,
And suddenly ceased dreaming over my knitting,
To recollect Willie is twenty today.

And that, standing beside him this soft May-day morning,
And the sun making gold of his wreathed cigar smoke,
I saw in his sweet eyes and lips a faint warning,
And choked down the tears when he eagerly spoke:

'Dear mother, you know how these Northmen are crowing,
They would trample the rights of the South in the dust,
The boys are all fire; and they wish I were going -'
He stopped, but his eyes said. 'Oh, say if I must!'

I smiled on the boy, though my heart it seemed breaking,
My eyes filled with tears, so I turned them away,
And answered him, 'Willie, 'tis well you are waking -
Go, act as your father would bid you, today!'

I sit in the window, and see the flags flying,
And drearily list to the roll of the drum,
And smother the pain in my heart that is lying
And bid all the fears in my bosom be dumb.

I shall sit in the window when summer is lying
Out over the fields, and the honey-bee's hum
Lulls the rose at the porch from her tremulous sighing,
And watch for the face of my darling to come.

And if he should fall -his young life he has given
For freedom's sweet sake; and for me, I will pray
Once more with my Harry and Robby in Heaven
To meet the dear boy who enlisted today.

Anonymous Americas

Eternal Time, That Wastest Without Waste

Eternal Time, that wastest without waste,
That art and art not, diest, and livest still;
Most slow of all, and yet of greatest haste;
Both ill and good, and neither good nor ill:
How can I justly praise thee, or dispraise?
Dark are thy nights, but bright and clear thy days.

Both free and scarce, thou giv'st and tak'st again;
Thy womb that all doth breed, is tomb to all;
What so by thee hath life, by thee is slain;
From thee do all things rise, by thee they fall:
Constant, inconstant, moving, standing still;
Was, Is, Shall be, do thee both breed and kill.

I lose thee, while I seek to find thee out;
The farther off, the more I follow thee;
The faster hold, the greater cause of doubt;
Was, Is, I know; but Shall, I cannot see.
All things by thee are measur'd; thou, by none:
All are in thee; thou, in thyself alone.

Anonymous Americas

Eulogy For A Veteran

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there, I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow
I am the diamond glint of snow

I am the sunlight on ripened grain
I am the gentle autumn rain

When you awaken in the mornings hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
of quiet birds in circled flight
I am the soft stars that shine at night

Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there, I DID NOT DIE

Anonymous Americas

Fair Helen

I wish I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
Oh that I were where Helen lies
 On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
 And died to succour me!

O think na but my heart was sair
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair!
I laid her down wi' meikle care
 On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
 On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
 For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
 Until the day I die.

Oh that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
 Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
 On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lyíng,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
Since my Love died for me.

Anonymous Americas

Farewell To Brother Jonathan

Farewell! we must part; we have turned from the land
Of our cold-hearted brother, with tyrannous hand,
Who assumed all our rights as a favor to grant,
And whose smile ever covered the sting of a taunt;

Who breathed on the fame he was bound to defend,-
Still the craftiest foe, 'neath the guise of a friend;
Who believed that our bosoms would bleed at a touch,
Yet could never believe he could goad them too much;

Whose conscience affects to be seared with our sin,
Yet is plastic to take all its benefits in;
The mote in our eye so enormous has grown,
That he never perceives there's a beam in his own.

O, Jonathan, Jonathan! vassal of pelf,
Self-righteous, self-glorious, yes, every inch self,
Your loyalty now is all bluster and boast,
But was dumb when the foemen invaded our coast.

In vain did your country appeal to you then,
You coldly refused her your money and men;
Your trade interrupted, you slunk from her wars,
And preferred British gold to the Stripes and the Stars!

Then our generous blood was as water poured forth,
And the sons of the South were the shields of the North;
Nor our patriot ardor one moment gave o'er,
Till the foe you had fed we had driven from the shore!

Long years we have suffered opprobrium and wrong,
But we clung to your side with affection so strong,
That at last, in mere wanton aggression, you broke
All the ties of our hearts with one murderous stroke.

We are tired of contest for what is our own,
We are sick of a strife that could never be done;
Thus our love has died out, and its altars are dark,
Not Prometheus's self could rekindle the spark.

O Jonathan, Jonathan! deadly the sin
Of your tigerish thirst for the blood of your kin;
And shameful the spirit that gloats over wives
And maidens despoiled of their honor and lives!

Your palaces rise from the fruits of our toil.
Your millions are fed from the wealth of our soil;
The balm of our air brings the health to your cheek,
And our hearts are aglow with the welcome we speak.

O brother! beware how you seek us again,
Lest you brand on your forehead the signet of Cain;
That blood and that crime on your conscience must sit;
We may fall-we may perish-but never submit!

The pathway that leads to the Pharisee's door
We remember, indeed, but we tread it no more;
Preferring to turn, with the Publican's faith,
To the path through the valley and shadow of death!

Anonymous Americas

Fifty Years Apart

They sit in the winter gloaming,
And the fire burns bright between;
One has passed seventy summers,
And the other just seventeen.

They rest in a happy silence
As the shadows deepen fast;
One lives in a coming future,
And one in a long, long past.

Each dreams of a rush of music,
And a question whispered low;
One will hear it this evening,
One heard it long ago.

Each dreams of a loving husband
Whose brave heart is hers alone;
For one the joy is coming,
For one the joy has flown.

Each dreams of a life of gladness
Spent under the sunny skies;
And both the hope and the memory
Shine in the happy eyes.

Who knows which dream is the brightest?
And who knows which is the best?
The sorrow and joy are mingled,
But only the end is rest.

Anonymous Americas

Fling Out The Anti Slavery Flag

Fling out the Anti-slavery flag
On every swelling breeze;
And let its folds wave o'er the land,
And o'er the raging seas,
Till all beneath the standard sheet,
With new allegiance bow;
And pledge themselves to onward bear
The emblem of their vow.

Fling out the Anti-Slavery flag,
And let it onward wave
Till it shall float o'er every clime,
And liberate the slave;
Till, like a meteor flashing far,
It bursts with glorious light,
And with its Heaven-born rays dispels
The gloom of sorrow's night.

Fling out the Anti-Slavery flag,
And let it not be furled,
Till like a planet of the skies,
It sweeps around the world.
And when each poor degraded slave,
Is gathered near and far;
O, fix it on the azure arch,
As hope's eternal star.

Fling out the Anti-Slavery flag,
Forever let it be
The emblem to a holy cause,
The banner of the free.
And never from its guardian height,
Let it by man be driven,
But let it float forever there,
Beneath the smiles of heaven.

Anonymous Americas

Flying Slave

The night is dark, and keen the air,
And the Slave is flying to be free;
His parting word is one short prayer;
O God, but give me Liberty!
Farewell-farewell;
Behind I leave the whips and chains,
Before me spreads sweet Freedom's plains.

One star shines in the heavens above,
That guides him on his lonely way;-
Star of the North-how deep his love
For thee, thou star of Liberty!
Farewell-farewell;
Behind he leaves the whips and chains,
Before him spreads sweet Freedom's plains.

Anonymous Americas

For Christmas Day In The Morning

The first Nowell the Angel did say
Was to three poor Shepherds in the fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep
In a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a Star
Shining in the East beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

And by the light of that same Star,
Three Wise Men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

This Star drew nigh to the North West,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

Then did they know assuredly
Within the house the King did lie:
One entered in then for to see,
And found the Babe in poverty.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

Then enter'd in those Wise Men three
Most reverently upon their knee,
And offer'd there in his presence,
Both gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

Between an ox stall and an ass,
This Child truly there born he was;
For want of clothing they did him lay
All in the manger, among the hay.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with his blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

If we in our time shall do well,
We shall be free from death and Hell,
For God hath prepared for us all
A resting place in general.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

Anonymous Americas

Foweles In The Frith

Foweles in the frith,
The fisses in the flod,
And I mon waxe wod;
Mulch sorwe I walke with
For best of bon and blod.

Anonymous Americas

Frankie And Johnnie

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers,
O, my Gawd, how they could love,
They swore to be true to each other,
As true as the stars above;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie was a good woman,
As everybody knows,
Gave her man a hundred dollars,
To get him a suit of clothes;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie and Johnnie went walking,
Johnnie in his bran' new suit,
"Oh, my Gawd," said Frankie,
"But don't my Johnnie look cute?"
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to Memphis,
Went on the morning train,
Paid a hundred dollars,
Got Johnnie a watch and chain;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie lived in a crib-house,
Crib-house with only two doors,
Gave her money to Johnnie,
He spent it on those parlour whores;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner,
Went for a bucket of beer,
She said, "Oh, Mr. Bar-tender,
Has my loving Johnnie been here?"
He is my man, and he's done me wrong."

"I won't make you no trouble,
I won't tell you no lie,
But I saw Johnnie an hour ago

With a girl named Nellie Bly;
He is your man, and he's doing you wrong."

Frankie went to the hock-shop,
Bought her a big forty-four,
Aimed that gun at the ceiling,
Shot a big hole in the floor;
"Now where's my man that's doing me wrong?"

Frankie went down to the hook-shop,
Looked in at a window so high,
There she saw her Johnnie,
Loving up Nellie Bly,
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went up to the front door,
She rang the front-door bell,
Said, "Stand back, all you chippies,
Or I'll blow you all to hell;
I want my man, who's done me wrong."

Frankie went into the hook-shop,
She didn't go there for fun,
'Cause underneath her kimona
She toted that forty-four gun;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie looked in at the keyhole,
And there before her eye,
She saw her Johnnie on the sofa,
A loving up Nellie Bly;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie threw back her kimona,
Took out the little forty-four,
Roota-toot-toot, three times she shoot,
Right through that hardwood door;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Johnnie grabbed off his Stetson,
Said, "Oh, Gawd, Frankie, don't shoot!"
But she pressed hard on the trigger,

And the gun went roota-toot-toot;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

"Roll me over easy,
Oh, roll me over slow,
Roll me over on my right side,
'Cause my left side hurts me so."
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

"Bring out your rubber-tyred buggy,
Bring out your rubber-tyred hack,
I'll take my man to the graveyard,
But I won't bring him back;
He was my man, but he done me wrong."

They brought out the rubber-tyred hearses,
They brought out the rubber-tyred hack,
Thirteen men went to the graveyard,
But only twelve came back;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

"Bring 'round a hundred policemen,
Bring 'em around to-day,
And lock me in that jail-house,
Then throw the key away;
I shot my man, 'cause he done me wrong.

"I've saved up a little money,
I'll save up a little more,
I'll send it all to his widow,
And say it's from the girl next door;
He was my man, but he done me wrong."

Frankie went to the madame,
She fell down on her knees,
"Forgive me, Mrs. Halcome,
Forgive me, if you please;
I've killed my man, 'cause he done me wrong."

"Forgive you, Frankie darling?
Forgive you I never can.
Forgive you, Frankie darling,

For shooting your only man?

For he was your man, though he done you wrong."

Frankie went to the coffin,
Looked down at his face,
Said, "Oh, Lord, have mercy on me,
I'd like to take his place;

He was my man, but he done me wrong."

A rubber-tyred buggy,
A rubber-tyred hack,
Took poor Frankie to the jail-house
But it didn't bring her back;

He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie sat in her prison,
Had no electric fan,
Told her little sister,
Never marry no sporting man;

"I had a man, but he done me wrong."

The Sheriff took Frankie to the gallows,
Hung her until she died,
They hung her for killing Johnnie,
And the undertaker waited outside;
She killed her man, 'cause he done her wrong.

Anonymous Americas

Freedom's Star

As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day,
I turned my fond gaze to the sky;
I beheld all the stars as so sweetly they lay,
And but one fixed my heart or my eye.
Shine on, northern star, thou'rt beautiful and bright
To the slave on his journey afar;
For he speeds from his foes in the darkness of night,
Guided on by thy light, freedom's star.

On thee he depends when he threads the dark woods
Ere the bloodhounds have hunted him back;
Thou leadest him on over mountains and floods,
With thy beams shining full on his track.
Shine on, &c.

Unwelcome to him is the bright orb of day,
As it glides o'er the earth and the sea;
He seeks then to hide like a wild beast of prey,
But with hope, rests his heart upon thee.
Shine on, &c.

May never a cloud overshadow thy face,
While the slave flies before his pursuer;
Gleam steadily on to the end of his race,
Till his body and soul are secure.
Shine on, &c.

Anonymous Americas

Friendship

Friendship needs no studied phrases,
Polished face, or winning wiles;
Friendship deals no lavish praises,
Friendship dons no surface smiles.

Friendship follows nature's diction,
Shuns the blandishments of art,
Boldly severs truth from fiction,
Speaks the language of the heart.

Friendship favors no condition,
Scorns a narrow-minded creed,
Lovingly fulfills its mission,
Be it word or be it deed.

Friendship cheers the faint and weary,
Makes the timid spirit brave,
Warns the erring, lights the dreary,
Smooths the passage to the grave.

Friendship-pure, unselfish friendship,
All through life's allotted span,
Nurtures, strengthens, widens, lengthens,
Man's relationship with man.

Anonymous Americas

Fugitive's Triumph

Go, go, thou that enslav'st me,
Now, now thy power is o'er;
Long, long have I obeyed thee,
I'm not a slave any more;
No, no-oh, no!
I'm a
free man
ever more!

Thou, thou brought'st me ever,
Deep, deep sorrow and pain;
But I have left thee forever,
Nor will I serve thee again;
No, no-oh, no!
No, I'll not serve thee again.

Tyrant! thou hast bereft me
Home, friends, pleasures so sweet;
Now, forever I've left thee,
Thou and I never shall meet;
No, no-oh, no!
Thou and I never shall meet.

Joys, joys, bright as the morning,
Now, now, on me will pour,
Hope, hope, on me is dawning,

I'm not a slave any more!

No, no-oh, no,
I'm a FREE MAN evermore!

Anonymous Americas

Give Me That Old Time Religion

Give me that old time religion
Tis the old time religion,
Tis the old time religion,
And it's good enough for me.

It was good for our mothers.
It was good for our mothers.
It was good for our mothers.
And it's good enough for me.

Give me that old time religion
Tis the old time religion,
Tis the old time religion,
And it's good enough for me.

Makes me love everybody.
Makes me love everybody.
Makes me love everybody.
And it's good enough for me.

Give me that old time religion
Tis the old time religion,
Tis the old time religion,
And it's good enough for me.

It has saved our fathers.
It has saved our fathers.
It has saved our fathers.
And it's good enough for me.

Give me that old time religion
Tis the old time religion,
Tis the old time religion,
And it's good enough for me.

It will do when I am dying.
It will do when I am dying.
It will do when I am dying.
And it's good enough for me.

Give me that old time religion
Tis the old time religion,
Tis the old time religion,
And it's good enough for me.

It will take us all to heaven.
It will take us all to heaven.
It will take us all to heaven.
And it's good enough for me.

Give me that old time religion
Tis the old time religion,
Tis the old time religion,
And it's good enough for me.

Anonymous Americas

God And The Soldier

God and the soldier
All men adore
In time of trouble,
And no more;
For when war is over
And all things righted,
God is neglected -
The old soldier slighted.

Anonymous Americas

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas day.
In Bethlehem in Jury
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn;
The which his mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas day.
From God our Heavenly Father
A blessed Angel came,
And unto certain Shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas day.

Fear not, then said the Angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power and might;
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas day.

The Shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding
In tempest, storm and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,

This blessed babe to find.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas day.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereas this infant lay,
They found him in a manger
Where oxen feed on hay,
His mother Mary kneeling
Unto the Lord did pray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas day.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas day.

Anonymous Americas

God Save The King

God save great George our king
Long live our noble king,
God save the king.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice
God save the king.

Lord grant that Marshal Wade
May by thy mighty aid
Victory bring.
May he sedition hush,
And like a torrent rush,
Rebellious Scots to crush,
God save the king.

Anonymous Americas

Godfrey Gordon

Godfrey Gordon Gustuvus Gore
The boy who'd never shut the door
His Father would Plead and mother implore
Godfrey Gordon Please Shut the door.

Anonymous Americas

Growing Old

Is it parting with the roundness
Of the smoothly moulded cheek?
Is it losing from the dimples
Half the flashing joy they speak?
Is it fading of the lustre
From the wavy, golden hair?
Is it finding on the forehead
Graven lines of thought and care?

Is it dropping, as the rose-leaves
Drop their sweetness overblown,
Household names that once were dearer,
More familiar than our own?
Is it meeting on the pathway
Faces strange and glances cold,
While the soul with moan and shiver
Whispers sadly, 'Growing old?'

Is it frowning at the folly
Of the ardent hopes of youth?
Is it cynic melancholy
At the rarity of truth?
Is it disbelief in loving?
Selfish hate, or miser's greed?
Then such blight of Nature's noblest
Is a 'growing old' indeed,

But the silver thread that shineth
Whitely in the thinning tress,
And the pallor where the bloom was,
Need not tell of bitterness:
And the brow's more earnest writing
Where it once was marble fair,
May be but the spirit's tracing
Of the peace of answered prayer.

If the smile has gone in deeper,
And the tears more quickly start,
Both together meet in music

Low and tender in the heart;
And in others' joy and gladness.
When the life can find its own,
Surely angels learn to listen
To the sweetness of the tone.

Nothing lost of all we planted
In the time of budding leaves;
Only some things bound in bundles
And set by-- our precious sheaves;
Only treasure kept in safety,
Out of reach and out of rust,
Till we clasp it grown the richer
Through the glory of our trust.

On the gradual sloping pathway,
As the passing years decline,
Gleams a golden love-light falling
Far from upper heights divine.
And the shadows from that brightness
Wrap them softly in their fold,
Who unto celestial whiteness
Walk, by way of growing old.

Anonymous Americas

Hell In Texas

The devil, we're told, in hell was chained,
and a thousand years he there remained,
and he never complained, nor did he groan,
but determined to start a hell of his own
where he could torment the souls of men
without being chained to a prison pen.

So he asked the lord if he had on hand
anything left when he made the land.
The lord said, 'yes, i had plenty on hand,
but i left it down on the Rio Grande.
The fact is, old boy, the stuff is so poor,
i don't think you can use it in hell anymore.'

But the devil went down to look at the truck,
and said if it came as a gift, he was stuck;
for after examining it careful and well
he concluded the place was too dry for hell.
So in order to get it off his hands
god promised the devil to water the lands.

For he had some water, or rather some dregs,
a regular cathartic that smelt like bad eggs.
Hence the deal was closed and the deed was given,
and the lord went back to his place in heaven,
and the devil said, 'i have all that is needed
to make a good hell.' And thus he succeeded.

He began to put thorns on all the trees,
and he mixed the sand with millions of fleas,
he scattered tarantulas along all the roads,
put thorns on the cacti and horns on the toads;
he lengthened the horns of the texas steers
and put an addition on jack rabbit's ears.

He put little devils in the bronco steed
and poisoned the feet of the centipede.
The rattlesnake bites you, the scorpion stings,
the mosquito delights you by buzzing his wings.

The sand burrs prevail, so do the ants,
and those that sit down need half soles on their pants.

The devil then said that throughout the land
he'd manage to keep up the devil's own brand,
and all would be mavericks unless they bore
the marks and scratches and bites by the score.
The heat in the summer is a hundred and ten,
too hot for the devil and too hot for men.

The wild boar roams through the black chaparral,
it's a hell of a place he has for hell;
the red pepper grows by the bank of the brook,
the Mexicans use it in all that they cook.
Just dine with a greaser and then you will shout,
'I've a hell on the inside as well as without.'

Anonymous Americas

Hellbound Train

A Texas cowboy lay down on a barroom floor,
Having drunk so much he could drink no more;
So he fell asleep with a troubled brain
To dream that he rode on a hell-bound train.

The engine with murderous blood was damp
And was brilliantly lit with a brimstone lamp;
An imp, for fuel, was shoveling bones,
While the furnace rang with a thousand groans.

The boiler was filled with lager beer
And the devil himself was the engineer;
The passengers were a most motly crew-
Church member, atheist, Gentile, and Jew,

Rich men in broadcloth, beggars in rags,
Handsome young ladies, and withered old hags,
Yellow and black men, red, brown, and white,
All chained together-O God, what a site!

While the train rushed on at an awful pace-
The sulphurous fumes scorched their hands and face;
Wider and wider the country grew,
As faster and faster the engine flew.

Louder and louder the thunder crashed
And brighter and brighter the lightning flashed;
Hotter and hotter the air became
Till the clothes were burned from each quivering frame.

And out of the distance there arose a yell,
'Ha, ha,' said the devil, 'we're nearing hell!'
Then oh, how the passengers all shrieked with pain
And begged the devil to stop the train.

But he capered about and danced for glee,
And laughed and joked at their misery.
'My faithful friends, you have done the work
And the devil never can a payday shirk.

'You've bullied the weak, you've robbed the poor,
The starving brother you've turned from the door;
You've laid up gold where the canker rust,
And have given free vent to your beastly lust.

'You've justice scorned, and corruption sown,
And trampled the laws of nature down.
You have drunk, rioted, cheated, plundered, and lied,
And mocked at God in your hell-born pride.

'You have paid full fair, so I'll carry you through,
For it's only right you should have your due.
Why, the laborer always expects his hire,
So I'll land you safe in the lake of fire,

'Where your flesh will waste in the flames that roar,
And my imps torment you forevermore.'
Then the cowboy awoke with an anguished cry,
His clothes wet with sweat and his hair standing high

Then he prayed as he never had prayed till that hour
To be saved from his sin and the demon's power;
And his prayers and his vows were not in vain,
For he never road the hell-bound train.

Anonymous Americas

Hind Horn

In Scotland there was a babie born,
Lill lal, etc.

And his name it was called young Hind Horn.
With a fal lal, etc.

He sent a letter to our king
That he was in love with his daughter Jean.

He's gien to her a silver wand,
With seven living lavrocks sitting thereon.

She's gien to him a diamond ring,
With seven bright diamonds set therein.

"When this ring grows pale and wan,
You may know by it my love is gane."

One day as he looked his ring upon,
He saw the diamonds pale and wan.

He left the sea and came to land,
And the first that he met was an old beggar man.

"What news, what news?" said young Hind Horn;
"No news, no news," said the old beggar man.

"No news," said the beggar, "no news at a',
But there is a wedding in the king's ha.

"But there is a wedding in the king's ha,
That has halden these forty days and twa."

"Will ye lend me your begging coat?
And I'll lend you my scarlet cloak.

"Will you lend me your beggar's rung?
And I'll gie you my steed to ride upon.

"Will you lend me your wig o hair,

To cover mine, because it is fair?"

The auld beggar man was bound for the mill,
But young Hind Horn for the king's hall.

The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,
But young Hind Horn was bound for the bride.

When he came to the king's gate,
He sought a drink for Hind Horn's sake.

The bride came down with a glass of wine,
When he drank out the glass, and dropt in the ring.

"O got ye this by sea or land?
Or got ye it off a dead man's hand?"

"I got not it by sea, I got it by land,
And I got it, madam, out of your own hand."

"O I'll cast off my gowns of brown,
And beg wi you frae town to town.

"O I'll cast off my gowns of red,
And I'll beg wi you to win my bread."

"Ye needna cast off your gowns of brown,
For I'll make you lady o many a town.

"Ye needna cast off your gowns of red,
It's only a sham, the begging o my bread."

The bridegroom he had wedded the bride,
But young Hind Horn he took her to bed.

Anonymous Americas

Hospital Duties

Fold away all your bright-tinted dresses,
Turn the key on your jewels today,
And the wealth of your tendril-like tresses
Braid back in a serious way;
No more delicate gloves, no more laces,
No more trifling in boudoir or bower,
But come with your souls in your faces
To meet the stern wants of the hour.

Look around! By the torchlight unsteady
The dead and the dying seem one -
What! Trembling and paling already,
Before your dear mission's begun?
These wounds are more precious than ghastly -
Time presses her lips to each scar,
While she chants of that glory which vastly
Transcends all the horrors of war.

Pause here by this bedside. How mellow
The light showers down on that brow!
Such a brave, brawny visage, poor fellow!
Some homestead is missing him now!
Some wife shades her eyes in the clearing,
Some mother sits moaning distressed,
While the loved one lies faint but unfearing,
With the enemy's ball in his breast.

Here's another - a lad - a mere stripling,
Picked up in the field almost dead,
With the blood through his sunny hair rippling
From the horrible gash in his head.
They say he was first in the action;
Gay-hearted, quick-headed, and witty:
He fought till he dropped with exhaustion
At the gates of our fair Southern city.

Fought and fell 'neath the guns of that city,
With a spirit transcending his years -
Lift him up in your large-hearted pity,

And wet his pale lips with your tears.
Touch him gently; most sacred the duty
Of dressing that poor shattered hand!
God spare him to rise in his beauty
And battle once more for his land!

Pass on! it is useless to linger
While others are calling your care;
There is need for your delicate finger,
For your womanly sympathy there.
There are sick ones athirst for caressing,
There are dying ones raving at home,
There are wounds to be bound with a blessing,
And shrouds to make ready for some.

They have gathered about you the harvest
Of death in its ghastliest view;
The nearest as well as the furthest
Is there with the traitor and true.
And crowned with your beautiful patience,
Made sunny with love at the heart,
You must balsam the wounds of the nations,
Nor falter nor shrink from your part.

And the lips of the mother will bless you,
And angels, sweet-visaged and pale,
And the little ones run to caress you,
And the wives and the sisters cry hail!
But e'en if you drop down unheeded,
What matter? God's ways are the best;
You have poured out your life where 'twas needed,
And He will take care of the rest.

Anonymous Americas

Hurrah For The Light Artillery!

On the unstained sward of the gentle slope,
Full of valor and nerved by hope,
The infantry sways like a coming sea;
Why lingers the light artillery?
'Action front!'

Whirling the Parrotts like children's toys,
The horses strain to the rushing noise;
To right and to left, so fast and free,
They carry the light artillery.
'Drive on!'

The gunner cries with a tug and a jerk,
The limbers fly, and we bend to our work;
The handspike in, and the implements out-
We wait for the word, and it comes with a shout-
'Load!'

The foes pour on their billowy line;
Can nothing check their bold design?
With yells and oaths of fiendish glee,
They rush for the light artillery.
'Commence firing!'

Hurrah! Hurrah! our bulldogs bark,
And the enemy's line is a glorious mark;
Hundreds fall like grain on the lea,
Mowed down by the light artillery.

'Fire!' and 'Load!' are the only cries,
Thundered and rolled to the vaulted skies;
Aha! they falter, they halt, they flee
From the hail of the light artillery.
'Cease firing!'

The battle is over, the victory won,
Ere the dew is dried by the rising sun;
While the shout bursts out, like a full-voiced sea,
'Hurrah for the light artillery!'

'Hurrah for the light artillery!'

Anonymous Americas

I Am An Abolitionist

I am an Abolitionist!
I glory in the name:
Though now by Slavery's minions hiss'd
And covered o'er with shame,
It is a spell of light and power —
The watchword of the free : —
Who spurns it in the trial-hour,
A craven soul is he !

I am an Abolitionist!
Then urge me not to pause;
For joyfully do I enlist
In Freedom's sacred cause:
A nobler strife the world ne'er saw,
Th' enslaved to disenthral;
I am a soldier for the war,
Whatever may befall!

I am an Abolitionist!
Oppression's deadly foe;
In God's great strength will I resist,
And lay the monster low;
In God's great name do I demand,
To all be freedom given,
That peace and joy may fill the land,
And songs go up to heaven!

I am an Abolitionist!
No threats shall awe my soul,
No perils cause me to desist,
No bribes my acts control;
A freeman will I live and die,
In sunshine and in shade,
And raise my voice for liberty,
Of nought on earth afraid.

Anonymous Americas

I Don'T Want To Die

I WANT to go home,
I want to go home,
I don't want to go in the trenches no more,
Where whizz-bangs and shrapnel they whistle and roar.
Take me over the sea
Where the Alleyman can't get at me.
Oh my,
I don't want to die,
I want to go home.

Anonymous Americas

I Have A Gentil Cock

I have a gentil cock
croweth me day
he doth me risen early
my matins for to stay

I have a gentil cock
comen he is of great
his comb is of red coral
his tail is of jet

I have a gentil cock
comen he is of kind
his comb is of red sorrel
his tail is of inde

his legs be of azure
so gentil and so small
his spurs are of silver white
into the wortewale

his eyes are of crystal
locked all in amber
and every night he pertcheth him
in my lady`s chamber

Anonymous Americas

I Know Moonrise

I know moonrise, I know starrise,
Lay dis body down.
I walk in de moonlight, I walk in de starlight,
To lay dis body down.

I walk in de graveyard, I walk through de graveyard,
To lay dis body down.
I'll lie in de grave and stretch out my arms,
To lay dis body down.

I go to de judgement in de evenin' of de day,
When I lay dis body down;
And my soul and your soul will meed in de day
When I lay dis body down.

Anonymous Americas

I Saw Three Ships

I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day in the morning.
And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day?
And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas day in the morning?
Our Saviour Christ and his lady,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Our Saviour Christ and his lady,
On Christmas day in the morning.
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day?
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day in the morning?
O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day in the morning.
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the Souls on Earth shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the Souls on Earth shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Anonymous Americas

I Sing Of A Maiden

I syng of a mayden
That is mak{.e}les;
Kyng of all{.e} kyng{.e}s
To here Son{.e} sche ches.

He cam also styllle
There his moder was
As dew in Aprylle
That fallyt on the gras;

He cam also styllle
To his moderes bowr
As dew in Aprille
That fallyt on the flour;

He cam also styllle
There his moder lay
As dew in Aprille
That fallyt on the spray;

Moder and maydyn
Was never non but sche;
Wel may swych a lady
God{.e}s moder be.

Anonymous Americas

If All The World Were Paper

"If all the world were paper
And all the sea were ink,
If all the trees were bread and cheese
What would we do for drink?

If all the world were sand O,
Oh then what should we lack O,
if as they say there were no clay
How should we take Tobacco?

If all our vessels ran-a,
If none but had a crack-a,
If Spanish apes ate all the grapes
How should we do for sack-a?

If all the world were men
And men lived all in trenches,
And there were none but we alone,
How should we do for wenches?

If friars had no bald pates
Nor nuns had no dark cloisters,
If all the seas were beans and peas
How should we do for oysters?

If there had been no projects
Nor none that did great wrongs,
If fiddlers shall turn players all
How should we do for songs?

If all things were eternal
And nothing their end bringing,
If this should be, then how should we
Here make an end of singing?

Anonymous Americas

If I Ever Marry, I'LI Marry A Maid

If ever I marry, I'll marry a maid;
To marry a widow, I am sore afraid:
For maids they are simple, and never will grutch,
But widows full oft, as they say, know too much.

A maid is so sweet, and so gentle of kind,
That a maid is the wife I will choose to my mind
A widow is froward, and never will yield;
Or if such there be, you will meet them but seeld.

A maid ne'er complaineth, do what so you will;
But what you mean well, a widow takes ill:
A widow will make you a drudge and a slave,
And, cost ne'er so much, she will ever go brave.

A maid is so modest, she seemeth a rose
When it first beginneth the bud to unclose;
But a widow full-blown full often deceives,
And the next wind that bloweth shakes down all her leaves.

The widows be lovely, I never gainsay,
But too well all their beauty they know to display;
But a maid hath so great hidden beauty in store,
She can spare to a widow, yet never be poor.

Then, if ever I marry, give me a fresh maid,
If to marry with any I be not afraid;
But to marry with any, it asketh much care;
And some bachelors hold they are best as they are.

Anonymous Americas

If We Knew

If we knew when friends around us
Closely press to say goodbye
Which among the lips that kiss us
First would 'neath the daisies lie
We would clasp our arms around them
Looking on them through our tears
Tender words of loving kindness
We would whisper in their ears.

Anonymous Americas

I'M Growing Old

I'M growing old — 't is surely so;
And yet how short it seems
Since I was but a sportive child,
Enjoying childish dreams!

I cannot see the change that comes
With such an even pace;
I mark not when the wrinkles fall
Upon my fading face.

I know I'm old; and yet my heart
Is just as young and gay
As e'er it was before my locks
Of bright brown turned to gray.

I know these eyes to other eyes
Look not so bright and glad
As once they looked; and yet 'tis nor
Because my heart's more sad.

I never watched with purer joy
The floating clouds and glowing skies,
While glistening tears of rapture fill
These old and fading eyes.

And when I mark the cheek, where once
The bright rose used to glow,
It grieves me not to see instead
The almond crown my brow.

I've seen the flower grow old and pale,
And withered more than I;
I've seen it lose its every charm,
Then droop away and die.

And then I've seen it rise again,
Bright as the beaming sky,
And young and pure and beautiful—
And felt that so shall I.

Then what if I am growing old?
My heart is changeless still,
And God has given me enough
This loving heart to fill.

I love to see the sun go down,
And lengthening shadows throw
Along the ground, while o'er my head
The clouds in crimson glow.

I see, beyond those gorgeous clouds,
A country bright and fair,
Which needs no sun: God and the Lamb
Its light and beauty are.

I seem to hear the wondrous song
Redeemed sinners sing;
And my heart leaps to join the throng
To praise the Heavenly King.

I seem to see three cherub boys,
As hand in hand they go,
With golden curls and snowy wings,
Whose eyes with rapture glow.

When I was young I called them mine —
Now Heaven's sweet ones are they;
But I shall claim my own again,
When I am called away.

Perhaps, when heaven's bright gate I've passed,
They'll know from every other
The one who gave them back to God,
And haste to call me mother.

O! I am glad I'm growing old!
For every day I spend
Shall bring me one day nearer that
Bright day that has no end.

In Snow-Time

How should I chose to walk the world with thee,
Mine own beloved? When green grass is stirred
By summer breezes, and each leafy tree
Shelters the nest of many a singing bird?
In time of roses, when the earth doth lie
Dressed in a garment of midsummer hues,
Beneath a canopy of sapphire sky,
Lulled by a soft wind's song? Or should I choose
To walk with thee along a wintry road,
Through flowerless fields, thick-sown with frosty rime,
Beside an ice-bound stream, whose waters flowed
In voiceless music all the summer-time?
In winter dreariness, or summer glee,
How should I choose to walk the world with thee?

The time of roses is the time of love,
Ah, my dear heart! but winter fires are bright,
And in the lack of sunshine from above
We tend more carefully love's sacred light.
The path among the roses lieth soft,
Sun-kissed and radiant under youthful feet;
But on a wintry way true hands more oft
Do meet and cling in pressure close and sweet.
There is more need of love's supporting arm
Along life's slippery pathway, in its frost;
There is more need for love to wrap us warm
Against life's cold, when summer flowers are lost.
Let others share thy life's glad summer glow,
But let me walk beside thee in its snow.

Anonymous Americas

James Longstreet

With muffled drums and the flag that was furled
With the cause that was lost, when the last smoke curled
From the last old gun, at the last brave stand-
His soul marched on with the old command;
And the step was slow, as they bore away,
To await the eternal muster day,
Their old-time comrade, lost awhile,
But loved long since for the brave old smile
That cleared the way when he only knew
His ways were Gray and their ways were Blue;
And if for a time, he walked alone,
He's all right now, for 'Longstreet's home:'
Back to his old command he's gone,
With Lee and Jackson looking on,
And cheering him back to the ranks again
With the Blue and the Gray all melted in.

Anonymous Americas

Jefferson's Daughter

'It is asserted, on the authority of an American Newspaper, that the daughter of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, was sold at New Orleans for \$1,000.'-Morning Chronicle.

Can the blood that, at Lexington, poured o'er the plain,
When the sons warred with tyrants their rights to uphold,
Can the tide of Niagara wipe out the stain?
No! Jefferson's child has been bartered for gold!

Do you boast of your freedom? Peace, babblers-be still;
Prate not of the goddess who scarce deigns to hear;
Have ye power to unbind? Are ye wanting in will?
Must the groans of your bondman still torture the ear?

The daughter of Jefferson sold for a slave!
The child of a freeman for dollars and francs!
The roar of applause, when your orators rave,
Is lost in the sound of her chain, as it clanks.

Peace, then, ye blasphemers of Liberty's name!
Though red was the blood by your forefathers spilt,
Still redder your cheeks should be mantled with shame,
Till the spirit of freedom shall cancel the guilt.

But the brand of the slave is the tint of his skin,
Though his heart may beat loyal and true underneath;
While the soul of the tyrant is rotten within,
And his white the mere cloak to the blackness of death.

Are ye deaf to the plaints that each moment arise?
Is it thus ye forget the mild precepts of Penn,-
Unheeding the clamor that 'maddens the skies,'
As ye trample the rights of your dark fellow-men?

When the incense that glows before Liberty's shrine,
Is unmixed with the blood of the galled and oppressed,
O, then, and then only, the boast may be thine,
That the stripes and stars wave o'er a land of the blest.

Anonymous Americas

Jesse James

Jesse James was a lad who killed many a man.
He robbed the Glendale train.
He stole from the rich and he gave to the poor,
He'd a hand and a heart and a brain.

Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life,
Three children, they were brave,
But that dirty little coward that shot Mister Howard,
Has laid Jesse James in his grave.

It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,
I wonder how he does feel,
For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept in Jesse's bed,
Then he laid Jesse James in his grave.

Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,
He'd never see a man suffer pain,
And with his brother Frank he robbed the Chicago bank,
And stopped the Glendale train.

It was on a Wednesday night, the moon was shining bright,
He stopped the Glendale train,
And the people all did say for many miles away,
It was robbed by Frank and Jesse James.

It was on a Saturday night, Jesse was at home,
Talking to his family brave,
Robert Ford came along like a thief in the night,
And laid Jesse James in his grave.

The people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death,
And wondered how he ever came to die,
It was one of the gang called little Robert Ford,
That shot Jesse James on the sly.

Jesse went to his rest with his hand on his breast,
The devil will be upon his knee,
He was born one day in the county of Clay
And he came from a solitary race.

This song was made by Billy Gashade,
As soon as the news did arrive,
He said there was no man with the law in his hand
Could take Jesse James when alive.

Anonymous Americas

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt,
His name is my name too.

Whenever we go out,
The people always shout,
There goes John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt.

Dah dah dah dah, dah dah dah

Anonymous Americas

Jubilee Song

Our grateful carts with joy o'erflow,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
We hail the Despot's overthrow,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
No more he'll raise the gory lash,
And sink it deep in human flesh,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.
We raise the song in Freedom's name,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
Her glorious triumph we proclaim,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
Beneath her feet lie Slavery's chains,
Their power to curse no more remains,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.
With joy we'll make the air resound,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
That all may hear the gladsome sound,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
We glory at Oppression's fall,
The Slave has burst his deadly thrall,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra, Hurra
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.
In mirthful glee we'll dance and sing,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
With shouts we'll make the welkin ring,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
Shout! shout aloud! the bondsman's free
This, this is Freedom's jubilee
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.

Anonymous Americas

Just After The War

O! I am a conscript
O! how I do wish
That I had stayed away up North
And kept out of the 'milish.'

I have just gone through the draft,
And now have a 'posish;'
By 'General Orders No. 54'
I belong to the 'milish.'

I often thought I'd volunteer
And run for a 'comish,'
But as I failed to do it
I now belong to the 'milish.'

Here is refugees, deserters, and speculators,
All mixed up in this dish;
They put us all in together
And call us the 'milish.'

Now, come, all ye 'army sharks,'
'Bblood suckers,' and other 'army fish,'
Don't you think it served us right
To put us in the 'milish'?

Vicksburg, December 16, 1864

Anonymous Americas

Knitting Socks

CLICK, click! how the needles go
Through the busy fingers, to and fro--
With no bright colors of berlin wool,
Delicate hands today are full:
Only a yarn of deep, dull blue,
Socks for the feet of the brave and true.
Yet click, click, how the needles go,
'Tis a power within that nerves them so.
In the sunny hours of the bright spring day,
And still in the night time far away.
Maiden, mother, grandame sit
Earnest and thoughtful while they knit.
Many the silent prayers they pray,
Many the tear drops brushed away.
While busy on the needles go,
Widen and narrow, heel and toe.
The grandame thinks with a thrill of pride
How her mother knit and spun beside
For that patriot band in olden days
Who died the Stars and Stripes to raise--
Now she in turn knits for the brave
Who'd die that glorious flag to save.
She is glad, she says, "the boys' have gone,
'Tis just as their grandfathers would have done.
But she heaves a sigh and the tears will start,
For 'the boys' were the pride of grandame's heart.
The mother's look is calm and high,
God only hears her soul's deep cry--
In Freedom's name, at Freedom's call,
She gave her sons--in them her all.
The maiden's cheek wears a paler shade.
But the light in her eyes is undismayed.
Faith and hope give strength to her sight,
She sees a red dawn after the night.
Oh, soldiers brave, will it brighten the day,
And shorten the march on the weary way,
To know that at home the loving and true
Are knitting and hoping and praying for your
Soft are the voices when speaking your name,

Proud are their glories when hearing your fame.
And the gladdest hour in their lives will be
When they greet you after the victory.

Anonymous Americas

Liberty Ball

Come all ye true friends of the nation,
Attend to humanity's call;
Come aid the poor slave's liberation,
And roll on the liberty ball —
And roll on the liberty ball —
Come aid the poor slave's liberation,
And roll on the liberty ball.
The Liberty hosts are advancing —
For freedom to all they declare;
The down-trodden millions are sighing—
Come, break up our gloom of despair.
Come break up our gloom of despair, &c.
Ye Democrats, come to the rescue,
And aid on the liberty cause,
And millions will rise up and bless you,
With heart-cheering songs of applause,
With heart-cheering songs, &c
Ye Whigs, forsake slavery's minions,
And boldly step into our ranks;
'We care not for party opinions,
But invite all the friends of the banks,—
And invite all the friends of the banks, &c.
And when we have formed the blest union
We'll firmly march on, one and all—
We'll sing when we meet in communion,
And roll on the liberty bill,
And roll on the liberty ball, &c.

Anonymous Americas

Little Be-Pope,

Little Be-Pope,
He lost his hope,
'Coz' Jackson he couldn't find him.
He found him at last,
And ran very fast,
With his tail hanging down behind him.

Anonymous Americas

Little Be-Pope,

Little Be-Pope,
He lost his hope,
'Coz' Jackson he couldn't find him.
He found him at last,
And ran very fast,
With his tail hanging down behind him.

Anonymous Americas

Lord Randall

"Oh where ha'e ye been, Lord Randall, my son!
And where ha'e ye been, my handsome young man!"
"I ha'e been to the wild wood: mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"An wha met ye there, Lord Randall, my son?
An wha met you there, my handsome young man?"
"I dined wi my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie doon."

"And what did she give you, Lord Randall, my son?
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?"
"Eels fried in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie doon."

"And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randall, my son?
And wha gat your leavins, my handsome young man?"
"My hawks and my hounds; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie doon."

"What become a yer bloodhounds, Lord Randall, my son?
What become a yer bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"
"They swelled and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi huntin, and fain wad lie doon."

"O I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randall, my son!
I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man!"
"O yes, I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at m' heart, and I fain wad lie doon."

Anonymous Americas

Lully, Lulley

Lully, lulley, lully, lulley,
The faucon hath borne my make away.
He bare him up, he bare him down,
He bare him into an orchard brown.
In that orchard there was an halle
That hanged with purpill and pall.
And in that hall there was a bede;
It was hanged with gold so rede.
And in that bed there lithe a knight,
His woundes bleding day and night.

By that bede side kneleth a may,
And she wepeth both night and day.

And by that bede side there stondesth a stone,
Corpus Christi wreten there on.

Anonymous Americas

Mademoiselle From Armentières

Mademoiselle from Armentières, Parley-voo?
Mademoiselle from Armentières, Parley-voo?
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
She hasn't been kissed in forty years,
Hinky, dinky, parley-voo.

Mademoiselle from Armentières, Parley-voo?
Mademoiselle from Armentières, Parley-voo?
She had the form like the back of a hack,
When she cried the tears ran down her back,
Hinky, dinky, parley-voo.

Mademoiselle from Armentières, Parley-voo?
Mademoiselle from Armentières, Parley-voo?
She never could hold the love of man
'Cause she took her baths in a talcum can,
Hinky, dinky, parley-voo.

Mademoiselle from Armentières, Parley-voo?
Mademoiselle from Armentières, Parley-voo?
She had four chins, her knees would knock,
And her face would stop a cuckoo clock,
Hinky, dinky, parley-voo.

Mademoiselle from Armentières, Parley-voo?
Mademoiselle from Armentières, Parley-voo?
She could beg a franc, a drink, a meal,
But it wasn't because of sex appeal,
Hinky, dinky, parley-voo.

Mademoiselle from Armentières, Parley-voo?
Mademoiselle from Armentières, Parley-voo?
She could guzzle a barrel of sour wine,
And eat a hog without peeling the rind,
Hinky, dinky, parley-voo.

The MPS think they won the war, Parley-voo.
The MPS think they won the war, Parley-voo.
The MPS think they won the war,
Standing guard at the café door,

Hinky, dinky, parley-voo.

The officers get the pie and cake, Parley-voo.

The officers get the pie and cake, Parley-voo.

The officers get the pie and cake,

And all we get is the bellyache,

Hinky, dinky, parley-voo.

The sergeant ought to take a bath, Parley-voo.

The sergeant ought to take a bath, Parley-voo.

If he changes his underwear

The frogs will give him the Croix-de-Guerre,

Hinky-dinky, parley-voo.

You might forget the gas and shells, Parley-voo.

You might forget the gas and shells, Parley-voo.

You might forget the groans and yells

But you'll never forget the mademoiselles,

Hinky, dinky, parley-voo.

Mademoiselle from Armentières, Parley-voo?

Mademoiselle from Armentières, Parley-voo?

Just blow your nose, and dry your tears,

We'll all be back in a few short years,

Hinky, dinky, parley-voo.

Anonymous Americas

Midnight Special

If you evah go to Houston,
You better walk right;
You better not gamble
And you better not fight.
T. Bentley will arrest you,
He'll surely take you down;
Judge Nelson'll sentence you,
Then you're jailhouse bound.

O let the Midnight Special
Shine a light on me,
Let the Midnight Special
Shine a evah lovin' light on me!

Every Monday mawnin',
When the ding-dong rings,
You go to the table,
See the same damn things;
And on the table,
There's a knife an' pan,
Say anything about it,
Have trouble with a man.

O let the Midnight Special
Shine a light on me,
Let the Midnight Special
Shine a evah lovin' light on me!

Yondah come Miss Rosy;
Oh, how do you know?
By th' umbrella on her shoulder
An' the dress that she woah!
Straw hat on her head,
Piece of paper in her hand,
Says, "Look here, Mr. Jailer,
I wants my life-time man."

O let the Midnight Special
Shine a light on me,

Let the Midnight Special
Shine a evah lovin' light on me!

Anonymous Americas

Missing

In the cool, sweet hush of a wooded nook,
Where the May buds sprinkle the green old mound,
And the winds and the birds and the limpid brook,
Murmur their dreams with a drowsy sound;
Who lies so still in the plushy moss,
With his pale cheek pressed on a breezy pillow,
Couched where the light and the shadow cross.
Through the flickering fringe of the willow?
Who lies, alas!
So still, so chill, in the whispering grass?

A soldier clad in the Zouave dress,
A bright-haired man with his lips apart,
One hand thrown up o'er his frank, dead face,
And the other clutching his pulseless heart,
Lies here in the shadows, cool and dim,
His musket swept by a trailing bough,
With a careless grace in each quiet limb,
And a wound on his manly brow
A wound, alas!
Whence the warm blood drips on the quiet grass.

The violets peer from their dusky beds
With a tearful dew in their great pure eyes;
The lilies quiver their shining heads,
Their pale lips full of a sad surprise;
And the lizard darts through the glistening fern -
And the squirrel rustles the branches hoary;
Strange birds fly out, with a cry, to bathe
Their wings in the sunset glory;
While the shadows pass
O'er the quiet face and the dewy grass.

God pity the bride who waits at home.
With her lily cheeks and her violet eyes,
Dreaming the sweet old dreams of love,
While her lover is walking in Paradise;
God strengthen her heart as the days go by,
And the long, drear nights of her vigil follow,

Nor bird, nor moon, nor whispering wind,
May breathe the tale of the hollow;
Alas! Alas!
The secret is safe with the woodland grass.

Anonymous Americas

My Friend Judge Not Me

My friend iudge not me,
Thou seest I iudge not thee:
Betwixt the stirrop and the ground,
Mercy I askt, mercy I found.

Anonymous Americas

My Love In Her Attire

My Loue in her Attyre doth shew her witt,
It doth so well become her:
For eu'ry season she hath dressings fitt,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No Beautie shee doth misse,
When all her Robes are on:
But Beauties selfe shee is,
When all her Robes are gone.

Anonymous Americas

Negro Spirituals

IN DAT GREAT GITTIN'-UP MORNIN'

I 'M a gwine to tell you bout de comin' ob de Saviour,—
Fare you well, Fare you well,
Dere 's a better day a-comin',
When my Lord speaks to his Fader,
Says, Fader, I 'm tired o' bearin',
Tired o' bearin' for poor sinners:
O preachers, fold your Bibles;
Prayer-makers, pray no more,
For de last soul's converted.
In dat great gittin'-up Mornin',
Fare you well, Fare you well.

De Lord spoke to Gabriel:
Say, go look behind de altar,
Take down de silver trumpet,
Go down to de sea-side,
Place one foot on de dry land,
Place de oder on de sea,
Raise your hand to heaven,
Declare by your Maker,
Dat time shall be no longer,
In dat great gittin'-up Mornin', etc.

Blow your trumpet, Gabriel.
Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
Blow it right calm and easy,
Do not alarm my people,
Tell dem to come to judgment,
In dat great gittin'-up Mornin', etc.

Gabriel, blow your trumpet.
Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
Loud as seven peals of thunder,
Wake de sleepin' nations.
Den you see poor sinner risin',
See de dry bones a creepin',
In dat great gittin'-up Mornin', etc.

Den you see de world on fire,
You see de moon a bleedin',
See de stars a fallin',
See de elements meltin',
See de forked lightnin',
Hear de rumblin' thunder.
Earth shall reel and totter,
Hell shall be uncapped,
De dragon shall be loosened.
Fare you well, poor sinner.
In dat great gittin'-up Mornin',
Fare you well, Fare you well.

STARS BEGIN TO FALL

I TINK I hear my brudder say,
Call de nation great and small;
I lookee on de God's right hand
When de stars begin to fall.
Oh, what a mournin', sister,—
Oh, what a mournin', brudder,—
Oh, what a mournin',
When de stars begin to fall!

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL

MY brudder sittin' on de tree of life
An' he yearde when Jordan roll.
Roll, Jordan,
Roll, Jordan,
Roll, Jordan, roll!
O march de angel march;
O my soul arise in Heaven, Lord,
For to yearde when Jordan roll.

Little chil'en, learn to fear de Lord,
And let your days be long.
Roll, Jordan, etc.

O let no false nor spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

Roll, Jordan, etc.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

OH de good ole chariot swing so low,—
I don't want to leave me behind.
O swing low, sweet chariot,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
I don't want to leave me behind.

Oh, de good ole chariot will take us all home,—
I don't want to leave me behind.
Swing low, sweet chariot, etc.

BRIGHT SPARKLES IN DE CHURCHYARD

MAY de Lord—He will be glad of me—
In de heaven He 'll rejoice.
In de heaven, once,
In de heaven, twice,
In de heaven He 'll rejoice.

Bright sparkles in de churchyard
Give light unto de tomb;
Bright summer, spring's over,
Sweet flowers in der bloom.
My mother, once,
My mother, twice,
My mother she 'll rejoice.
In de heaven once, etc.

Mother, rock me in de cradle all de day;—
All de day, etc.
Oh, mother, don't yer love yer darlin' child?
Oh, rock me in de cradle all de day.
Rock me, etc.
You may lay me down to sleep, my mother dear,
Oh, rock me in de cradle all de day.

Anonymous Americas

Night And Morning

Was it a lie that they told me,
Was it a pitiless hoax?
A sop for my soul and its longing
Only to cozen and coax?
And a voice came down through the night and rain:
'They lied; thou has trusted in vain.'

Must I vanish off-hand into darkness,
Blown out with a breath like a lamp?
Have I nought in the future to look to
Save rotting in darkness and damp?
And the answer came with a mocking hiss:
'Thou hast nothing to look to save this.'

What of the grave and its conquest,
Of death and the loss of its sting?
Was it only the brag of a madman
Who believed an impossible thing?
And the voice returned, as the voice of a ghost:
'It was but a madman's boast.'

Am I the serf of my senses?
Is my soul a slave without rights?
Are feeding and breeding and sleeping
My first and truest delights?
And the cruel answer cut me afresh:
'Thou art but the serf of thy flesh.'

Is it all for nought that I travail,
That I long for leisure from sin,
That I thirst for the pure and the perfect,
And feel like a god within?
The voice replied to my passionate thought:
'Thy longing and travail is nought.'

Then I bowed my head in anguish,
Folding my face in my hands,
And I shuddered as one that sinketh
In the clutch of quaking sands.

And I stared, as I clinched my fingers tight,
Out through the black, black night.

For life was shorn of its meaning,
And I cried: 'O God, is it so?
Utter the truth though it slay me,
Utter it, yes or no!'
But I heard no answer to heal my pain,
Save the bluster of wind and rain.

And behold, as I sat in my sorrow,
A quick ray shot from the east,
Another and then another,
And I knew that the night had ceased.
And the dark clouds rolled away to the west
As the great sun rose from his rest.

And now, as the fair dawn broadened,
Strong and joyous and bright,
My whole soul swept to meet it,
Rapt with a deep delight:
And a new voice rang from the radiant skies:
'Rejoice; I have heard thee. Arise.'

Anonymous Americas

Nothing At All In The Paper Today

Nothing at all in the paper today!
Only a murder somewhere or other;
A girl who has put her child away,
Not being a wife as well as a mother;
Or a drunken husband beating a wife,
With the neighbors lying awake to listen,
Scarce aware he has taken a life,
Till in at the window the dawn rays glisten.
But that is all in the regular way--
There's nothing at all in the paper today.

Nothing at all in the paper today!
To be sure, there's a woman died of starvation,
Fell down in the street, as so many may
In this very prosperous Christian nation;
Or two young girls, with some inward grief
Maddened, have plunged into the inky waters;
Or father has learnt that his son's a thief,
Or mother been robbed of one of her daughters.
Things that occur in their regular way--
There's nothing at all in the paper today.

There's nothing at all in the paper today,
Unless you care about things in the city--
How great rich rogues for their crimes must pay
(Though all gentility cries out, 'Pity!')
Like the meanest shop-boy that robs a till.
There's a case today, if I'm not forgetting,
The lad only 'borrowed'--as such lads will--
To pay some money he lost in betting;
But there's nothing in this that's out of the way--
There's nothing at all in the paper today!

Nothing at all in the paper today
But the births and bankruptcies, deaths and marriages,
But life's events in the old survey
With Virtue begging, and Vice in carriages;
And kindly hearts under ermine gowns,
And wicked breasts under hodden gray;

For goodness belongs not only to clowns,
And o'er others than lords does sin bear sway.
But what do I read? 'Drowned! wrecked!' Did I say
There was nothing at all in the paper today?

Anonymous Americas

O Death, O Death, Rock Me Asleep

O Death, O Death, rock me asleep,
Bring me to quiet rest;
Let pass my weary guiltless ghost
Out of my careful breast.
Toll on, thou passing bell;
Ring out my doleful knell;
Thy sound my death abroad will tell,
For I must die,
There is no remedy.

My pains, my pains, who can express?
Alas, they are so strong!
My dolours will not suffer strength
My life for to prolong.
Toll on, thou passing bell;
Ring out my doleful knell;
Thy sound my death abroad will tell,
For I must die,
There is no remedy.

Alone, alone in prison strong
I wail my destiny:
Woe worth this cruel hap that I
Must taste this misery!
Toll on, thou passing bell;
Ring out my doleful knell;
Thy sound my death abroad will tell,
For I must die,
There is no remedy.

Farewell, farewell, my pleasures past!
Welcome, my present pain!
I feel my torment so increase
That life cannot remain.
Cease now, thou passing bell,
Ring out my doleful knoll,
For thou my death dost tell:
Lord, pity thou my soul!
Death doth draw nigh,

Sound dolefully:
For now I die,
I die, I die.

Anonymous Americas

O, Pity The Slave Mother

I pity the slave mother, careworn and weary,
Who sighs as she presses her babe to her breast;
I lament her sad fate, all so hopeless and dreary,
I lament for her woes, and her wrongs unredressed.
O who can imagine her heart's deep emotion,
As she thinks of her children about to be sold;
You may picture the bounds of the rock-girdled ocean,
But the grief of that mother can never be known.

The mildew of slavery has blighted each blossom,
That ever has bloomed in her path-way below;
It has froze every fountain that gushed in her bosom,
And chilled her heart's verdure with pitiless woe;
Her parents, her kindred, all crushed by oppression;
Her husband still doomed in its desert to stay;
No arm to protect from the tyrant's aggression-
She must weep as she treads on her desolate way.

O, slave mother, hope! see-the nation is shaking!
The arm of the Lord is awake to thy wrong!
The slave-holder's heart now with terror is quaking,
Salvation and Mercy to Heaven belong!
Rejoice, O rejoice! for the child thou art rearing,
May one day lift up its unmanacled form,
While hope, to thy heart, like the rain-bow so cheering,
Is born, like the rain-bow, 'mid tempest and storm.

Anonymous Americas

Ode To Joy

Wild and fearful in his cavern
Hid the naked troglodyte,
And the homeless nomad wandered
Laying waste the fertile plain.
Menacing with spear and arrow
In the woods the hunter strayed...
Woe to all poor wretches stranded
On those cruel and hostile shores!
From the peak of high Olympus
Came the mother Ceres down,
Seeking in those savage regions
Her lost daughter Prosperine.
But the Goddess found no refuge,
Found no kindly welcome there,
And no temple bearing witness
To the worship of the gods.

From the fields and from the vineyards
Came no fruit to deck the feasts,
Only flesh of blood-stained victims
Smouldered on the alter-fires,
And where'er the grieving goddess
Turns her melancholy gaze,
Sunk in vilest degradation
Man his loathsomeness displays.

Would he purge his soul from vileness
And attain to light and worth,
He must turn and cling forever
To his ancient Mother Earth.

Joy everlasting fostereth
The soul of all creation,
It is her secret ferment fires
The cup of life with flame.
'Tis at her beck the grass hath turned
Each blade toward the light
and solar systems have evolved
From chaos and dark night,

Filling the realms of boundless space
Beyond the sage's sight.

At bounteous nature's kindly breast,
All things that breath drink Joy,
And bird and beasts and creaping things
All follow where she leads.
Her gifts to man are friends in need,
The wreath, the foaming must,
To angels - visions of God's throne,
To insects - sensual lust.

Anonymous Americas

Oh! He's Nothing But A Soldier

'Oh! he's nothing but a soldier,'
But he's coming here tonight,
For I saw him pass this morning,
With his uniform so bright.
He was coming in from picket,
Whilst he sung a sweet refrain,
And he kissed his hand at some one
Peeping through the window pane.
Ah! he rode no dashing charger
'With a black and flowing mane,'
But his bayonet glistened brightly,
As the sun lit up the plain.
No waving plume or feather
Flashed its crimson in the light -
He belonged to the Light Infantry,
And he came to war- to fight.
'Oh! he's nothing but a soldier,'
His trust is in his sword -
To carve his way to glory,
Through the servile Yankee horde.
No pompous pageant heralds him,
No sycophants attend,
In his belt you see his body guard -
His tried and trusty friend.
'Oh! he's nothing but a soldier,'
And a stranger in our land;
His home is in the sunny South,
By the blue Gulf's golden strand.
But I wish I knew his people,
Some little of his past,
For father's always telling me
About our 'social caste'.
'Oh! he's nothing but a soldier,'
But his eyes are very fine,
And I sometimes think, when passing,
They are piercing into mine.
Pshaw! 'He's nothing but a soldier,'
Come, let me be discreet;
But really, for a soldier,

His toilet's very neat.
'Oh! he's nothing but a soldier,'
But last night he came to tea -
What an interesting soldier -
But then, he's rather free.
'Twas two o'clock this morning,
Before he took his leave;
He has my ring - the fellow!
But what's the use to grieve?
He has been again to see us,
The 'gentleman' in grey;
He calls to see us often -
Our house is on his way
At times he sadly seeks the shade
Of yonder grove of trees,
I watched him once - this soldier -
I saw him on his knees.
One day last week I asked him
To tell me of his home.
He answered, pointing to his camp,
'Where'er these brave ones roam.'
I asked him once to tell me
Of his mother, sister dear;
A funeral cortege passed along -
Said he, 'You have them here.'
'Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,'
But this I know right well,
He has a heart of softness
Where tender virtues dwell;
For once when we were talking,
And no one else was near,
I saw him very plainly
Try to hide a startling tear.
We are speaking of Manassas,
Of that first great bloody day,
When a handful of our 'bra'e ones'
Held the Yankee hosts at bay.
'Twas here he lost his aged sire,
While fighting by his side;
He sleeps beneath the crimson turf,
Where roil'd that bloody tide.
'Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,'

But within that eye so clear,
There lurks no craven spirit,
No timid glance of fear;
For though at pity's pleading
It can melt with tender light,
I've seen it flash like lightning
Across the brow of night.
'Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,'
Such as pass us every day.
He calls them 'Ragged Devils,'
But you know that's just his way.
But there is one thing very funny,
One thing I can't explain
That when this soldier goes away,
I wish him back again.
'Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,'
And a stranger yet to fame;
But they tell me in the army,
That the 'Boys' all know his name;
The Yankees, too, have heard it,
They dread his battle shout;
They have no wish to meet him,
This dreaded Southern scout.
'Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,'
Yet you'd call his features good;
That cut he got at West Point,
While fighting under Hood.
He has a halting in his gait,
A trifle in the knee;
He brought it back from Sharpsburg,
Where he went with General Lee.
'Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,'
But his triumphs are not few;
He has seen our glorious battle flag
In all its trials through;
At Seven Pines he followed it,
On the heights at Gaines' Mill;
At Williamsburg, at West Point,
In the smoke of Malvern Hill.
Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,
But, then, its very queer -
I feel somehow when absent

I'd rather have him near.
He's gone to meet the foeman,
To stay his bloody track -
O! Heaven shield the soldier,
O, God, let him come back!
He is back again, this soldier,
With his eyes so deep and clear,
And his voice like falling waters,
Maketh music to my ear.
One empty coat-sleeve dangles,
Where once a stout arm grew,
But this soldier says, in hugging
He has no use for two.
'Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,'
And I know that on his form
He bears the scars of conflict
And of many a battle storm.
But I wouldn't give this soldier,
In his simple, humble home,
For all your perfumed monkeys,
That strut about the town.
He is back again, this soldier;
He is sitting by my side,
Tomorrow, ho! for Texas
With his young Virginia bride.
True, 'he's nothing but a soldier,'
But I'm now his loving wife;
Pledged, through good report, or evil,
To dwell with him through life.

Anonymous Americas

Old Mother Seward

Old Mother Seward,
She went to the Lee-ward,
To get her dog a Union bone.
She got to Manassas,
And saw them harrass us -
Lord! how Mother Seward did groan.

Anonymous Americas

Ole Wirginny

In a little log house in Ole Wirginny,
Sum niggas lib dat cum from Guinny;
Dare massas flog' em berry little -
But gib dem plenty work and wittle.
Ole Massa Jim, real clebber body,
Ebbery day he gib dem todody,
An' wen de sun fall in de ribber,
Dey stop de work - an' res de libber.
Chah! chah! dat de way
De niggas spen' de night an' day.
At night dey gadder round de fire
To ta'k ob tings wot hab perspire -
De ashes on de tater toss 'em,
Parch de corn an' roast de possum;
An' arter dat de niggas splutter,
An' hop an' dance de Chicken Flutter.
Da happy den an' hab no bodder -
Dey snug as rat in a stack-a-fodder,
Chah! chah! dat de way
De niggas spen' de night an' day.
'Twas on the nineteenf day of October,
When de Juba dance was ober;
Dey he' a great noise dat soun' like t'under,
Which make de niggas stare and wonder!
Now Cæsar say, he lay a dolla',
De debbil in de corn, for he hea'd him holler;
But Cuffee grin an say, 'Now cum see,
I b'lieb it's nott'in' but possum up a gum tree.'
Chah! chah! dat de way
De niggas spen' de night an' day.
Den one nigga run an' open de winda,
De moon rush in like fire on a tinder;
De noise soun' plainer, de niggas got fri'ten' -
Dey tink 'twas a mixture ob t'under and litenin'.
Some grate brack mob come cross de medder,
Da kine-a roll demsel's togedder;
But soon dey journ' dis exhalation,
Was nott'in' more dan de niggas from anoder plantation.
Chah! chah! dat de way

De niggas spen' de night an' day.
Dese noisy bracks surroun' de dwellin',
While de news one nigga got a-tellin';
De res ob 'em grin to hear ole Quashy
Menshun de name ob General Washy.
He say dat day, in Yorktown Holler,
Massa George cotch ole Cornwalller;
An' seben t'ousand corn off him shell him -
Leff him nott'in' more'n a cob for to tell him.
Chah! chah! dat de way
De niggas spen' de night an' day.
He say, 'Den arter all dis 'fusion,
Dat was de en ob de rebolushun;
An nex day all roun' dat quarter,
Dey gwaing for to keep him as dey ort to.'
An dat dare massas 'specially say den,
De niggas mought hab hollowday den;
An dey mout hab rum all day to be quaffin',
All de niggas den buss right out a-laffin'.
Chah! chah! dat de way
De niggas spen' de night an' day.

Anonymous Americas

On To Victory

Children of the glorious dead,
Who for freedom fought and bled,
With her banner o'er you spread,
On to victory.

Not for stern ambition's prize,
Do our hopes and wishes rise;
Lo, our leader from the skies,
Bids us do or die.

Ours is not the tented field-
We no earthly weapons wield-
Light and love, our sword and shield,
Truth our panoply.

This is proud oppression's hour;
Storms are round us; shall we cower?
While beneath a despot's power
Groans the suffering slave?

While on every southern gale,
Comes the helpless captive's tale,
And the voice of woman's wail,
And of man's despair?
While our homes and rights are dear,
Guarded still with watchful fear,
Shall we coldly turn our ear
From the suppliant's prayer?

Never! by our Country's shame-
Never! by a Saviour's claim,
To the men of every name,
Whom he died to save.
Onward, then, ye fearless band-
Heart to heart, and hand to hand;
Yours shall be the patriot's stand,
Or the martyr's grave.

Anonymous Americas

One Day's Command

The plumed staff officer gallops
Along the swaying line,
That shakes as, beaten by hailstones,
Shakes the loaded autumn vine;
And the earth beneath is reddened,
But not with the stain of wine.

The regular shock of a battery
The rattling tumult stuns;
And its steady thrill through the hill-side
Like a pulse beneath it runs;
The many are dead around it,
But the few still work the guns.

'Who commands this battery?'
And Crosby his clear, young eyes
From the sliding gun-sights lifting
As the well-aimed death-bolt flies,
'I command it today, Sir!'
With a steady voice replies.

Answers as heroes answer,
With modest words and few,
Whose hearts and hands to duty
Even in death are true,
Though its awful light is breaking
Full on their blenchless view.

The officer passes onward
With a less troubled eye,
The words and the look unshaken
Bid every wild doubt fly;
He knows that the young commander
Is there to do or die.

To do
and
die; for the battle
And day of command are done,

While stands unmoved on the hill-side
Each shattered, blackened gun,
And Crosby in death beside them
A deathless name has won.

Anonymous Americas

Only One Man Killed Today

There are tears and wails in the old brown house
On the hillside steep today,
Though the sunlight gleams on the outer world
There the clouds drift cold and gray.
'Only one man killed,' is the tidings read,
'Our loss was trifling; we triumphed,' 'twas said -
And only here in the home on the hill
Did the words breathe aught but of triumph still.

They had watched and waited, had prayed and wept,
These loving hearts by the cottage hearth,
And the hope was strong that their darling would walk
Unscathed and safe mid the battle's wrath.
They would have gladly shielded his life from ill,
But their trust was all in their Father's will;
They had felt so sure his love would save
The pride of their heart from a soldier's grave.

Now his wisdom has ordered what most they feared,
And their hearts are crushed by the news today,
'Only one man killed,' so the telegram reads -
But for them life's beauty has passed away,
And all the glory and triumph gained
Seems a matter small to the woe blood-stained,
That was in sorrowful strokes, like a tolling bell,
Throbs 'Only one man killed,' as a funeral knell.

'Only one man killed,' - so we read full oft,
And rejoice that the loss on our side was small;
Forgetting meanwhile that some loving heart
Felt all the force of that murderous ball.
'Only one man was killed,' comes again and again;
One hero more among the martyred lain;
'Only one man killed,' carries sorrow for life
To those whose darlings fall in strife.

Anonymous Americas

Patience

Paciencie is a poynt, & a33e,
& quo for &ro may no3t &ole, &e &ikker he sufferes.
&Thorn;en is better to abyde &e bur vmbestoundes
&Thorn;en ay &row forth my &ro, &a33e masse,
How Mathew melede &at his Mayster His meyny con teche.
A3t happes He hem hy3t & vcheon a mede,
Sunderlupes, for hit dissert, vpon a ser wyse:
Thay ar happen &at han in hert pouerte,
For hores is &e heuen-ryche to holde for euer;
&Thorn;ay ar happen also &at haunte mekenesse,
For &ay schal welde &is worlde & alle her wylle haue;
Thay ar happen also &at for her harme wepes,
For &ay schal comfort encroche in kythes ful mony;
&Thorn;ay ar happen also &at hungeres after ry3t,
For &ay schal frely be refete ful of alle gode;
Thay ar happen also &at han in hert rauþe,
For mercy in alle maneres her mede schal worþe;
&Thorn;ay ar happen also &at arn of hert clene,
For &ay her Sauyour in sete schal se with her y3en;
Thay ar happen also &at halden her pese,
For &ay &e gracious Godes sunes schal godly be called;
&Thorn;ay ar happen also &at con her hert stere,
For hores is &e heuen-ryche, as I er sayde.
These ar &e happes alle a3t &at vus bihy3t weren,
If we &yse ladyes wolde lof in lyknyng of &ewes:
Dame Pouert, Dame Pitee, Dame Penauce &e &rydde,
Dame Mekenesse, Dame Mercy, & miry Clannesse,
& &enne Dame Pes, & Pacyence put in &erafter.
He were happen &at hade one; alle were &e better.
Bot [s]yn I am put to a poynt &at pouerte hatte,
I schal me poruay pacyence & play me with boþe,
For in &e tyxte &ere &yse two arn in teme layde,
Hit arn fettled in on forme, &e forme & &e laste,
& by quest of her quoyntyse enquylen on mede.
& als, in myn vpynyoun, hit arn of on kynde:
For &eras pouert hir proferes ho nyl be put vtter,
Bot lenge wheresoeuer hir lyst, lyke oþer greme;
& &ereas pouert enpresses, &a33tloker hit lyke & her lotes prayse,
&Thorn;enne wyþer wyth & be wroth & &e wers haue.

3if me be dy3t a destyne due to haue,
 What dowes me & the dedayn, o& the er dispit make?
 O& the er 3if my lege lorde lyst on lyue me to bidde
 O& the er to ryde o& the er to renne to Rome in his ernde,
 What gray& the ed me & the grychchyng bot grame more seche?
 Much 3if he me ne made, maugref my chekes,
 & the enne & the rat moste I & the ole & vn& the onk to mede,
 & the had bowed to his bode bongre my hyure.
 Did not Jonas in Jude suche jape sumwhyle?
 To sette hym to sewrte, vnsounde he hym feches.
 Wyl 3e tary a lyttel tyne & tent me a whyle,
 I schal wysse yow & the erwyth as holy wryt telles.
 Hit bitydde sumtyme in & the termes of Jude,
 Jonas joyned watz & the erinne Jentyle prophete;
 Goddes glam to hym glod & the at hym vnglad made,
 With a roghlych rurd rownded in his ere:
 'Rys radly,' He says, '& rayke forth euen;
 Nym & the way to Nynyue wythouten o& the er speche,
 & in & the at cete My sa3es soghe alle aboute,
 & the at in & the at place, at & the e poynt, I put in & the i hert.
 For iwysse hit arn so wykke & the at in & the at won dowellez
 & her malys is so much, I may not abide,
 Bot venge Me on her vilanye & venym bilyue;
 Now swe3e Me & the ider swyftly & say Me & the is arende.'
 When & the at steuen watz stynt & the at stown[e]d his mynde,
 Al he wrathed in his wyt, & wy& the erly he & the o3t:
 'If I bowe to His bode & bryng hem & the is tale,
 & I be nummen in Nuniue, my nyes begynes:
 He telles me & the ose traytours arn typped schrewes;
 I com wyth & the ose ty& the ynges, & the ay ta me bylyue,
 Pynez me in a prysoun, put me in stokkes,
 Wry& the e me in a warlok, wrast out myn y3en.
 & the is is a meruayl message a man for to preche
 Amonge enmyes so mony & mansed fendes,
 Bot if my gaynlych God such gref to me wolde,
 Fo[r] desert of sum sake & the at I slayn were.
 At alle peryles,' quo& the & the e prophete, 'I aproche hit no nerre.
 I wyl me sum o& the er waye & the at He ne wayte after;
 I schal tee into Tarce & tary & the ere a whyle,
 & ly3tly when I am lest He letes me alone.'
 & the enne he ryses radly & raykes bilyue,
 Jonas toward port Japh, ay janglande for tene

&Thorn;at he nolde þole for noþyng non of þose pynes,
&Thorn;a33e

In His g[lo]wande glorye, & gloumbes ful lyttel
&Thorn;a33t.

Then he tron on þo tres, & þay her tramme ruchen,
Cachen vp þe crossayl, cables þay fasten,
Wi3t at þe wyndas we3en her ankres,
Spende spak to þe sprete þe spare bawelyne,
Gederen to þe gyde-ropes, þe grete cloþ falles,
&Thorn;ay layden in on laddeborde, & þe lofe wynnes,
&Thorn;e blyþe breþe at her bak þe bosum he fyndes;
He swenges me þys swete schip swefte fro þe hauen.
Watz neuer so joyful a Jue as Jonas watz þenne,
&Thorn;at þe daunger of Dry3tyn so derfly ascaped;
He wende wel þat þat Wy33t in þat mere no man for to
greue.

Lo, þe wytles wrechche! For he wolde no3t suffer,
Now hatz he put hym in plyt of peril wel more.
Hit watz a wenyng vnwar þat welt in his mynde,
&Thorn;a33t fro Samarye, þat God se33ise, He blusched ful brode:
þat burde hym by sure;
&Thorn;at ofte kyd hym þe carpe þat kyng sayde,
Dyngne Daid on des þat demed þis speche
In a psalme þat he set þe sauter withinne:
'O folez in folk, felez oþerwhyle
& vnderstondes vmbestoude, þa33e þat He heres not þat
eres alle made?

Hit may not be þat He is blynde þat bigged vche y3e.'
Bot he dredes no dynt þat dotes for elde.
For he watz fer in þe flod foundande to Tarce,
Bot I trow ful tyd ouertan þat he were,
So þat schomely to schort he schote of his ame.
For þe Welder of wyt þat wot alle þynges,

&Thorn;at ay wakes & waytes, at wylle hatz He sly3tes.
He calde on þat ilk crafte He carf with His hondes;
&Thorn;ay wakened wel þe wroþeloker for wroþely He
cleped:

'Ewrus & Aquiloun þat on est sittes
Blowes boþe at My bode vpon blo watteres.'
&Thorn;enne watz no tom þer bytwene His tale & her dede,
So bayn wer þay boþe two His bone for to wyrk.

Anon out of þe norþ-est þe noys bigynes,
 When boþe breþes con blowe vpon blo watteres.
 Ro33ed ful sore, gret selly to here;
 &Thorn;e wyndes on þe wonne water so wrastel togeder
 &Thorn;at þe wawes ful wode waltered so hi3e
 & efte busched to þe abyme, þat breed fysches
 Durst nowhere for ro33e yþes.
 &Thorn;e bur ber to hit baft, þat braste alle her gere,
 &Thorn;en hurled on a hepe þe helme & þe sterne;
 Furst tomurte mony rop & þe mast after;
 &Thorn;e sayl sweyed on þe see, þenne suppe bihoued
 &Thorn;e coge of þe [co]lde water, & þenne þe cry ryses.
 3et coruen þay þe cordes & kest al þeroute;
 Mony ladde þer forth lep to laue & to kest,
 Scopen out þe scaþel water þat fayn scape wolde,
 For be monnes lode neuer so luþer, þe lyf is ay swete.
 &Thorn;er watz busy ouer borde bale to kest,
 Her bagges & her feþer-beddes & her bry3t wedes,
 Her kysttes & her coferes, her caraldes alle,
 & al to ly3ten þat lome, 3if leþe wolde schape.
 Bot euer watz ilyche loud þe lot of þe wyndes,
 & euer wroþer þe water & wodder þe stremes.
 &Thorn;en þo wery forwro3t wyst no bote,
 Bot vchon glewed on his god þat gayned hym beste:
 Summe to Vernagu þer vouched avowes solemne,
 Summe to Diana deuout & derf Nepturne,
 To Mahoun & to Mergot, þe mone & þe sunne,
 & vche lede as he loued & layde had his hert.
 &Thorn;enne bispeke þe spakest, dispayred wel nere:
 'I leue here be sum losynger, sum lawles wrech,
 &Thorn;at hatz greued his god & gotz here amonge vus.
 Lo, al synkes in his synne & for his sake marres.
 I lovue þat we lay lotes on ledes vchone,
 & whoso lympes þe losse, lay hym þeroute;
 & quen þe gulty is gon, what may come trawe
 Bot He þat rules þe rak may rwe on þose oþer?'
 &Thorn;is watz sette in asent, & sembled þay were,
 Her3ed out of vche hyrne to hent þat falles.
 A lodesmon ly3tly lep vnder hachches,
 For to layte mo ledes & hem to lote bryng.
 Bot hym fayled no freke þat he fynde my3t,
 Saf Jonas þe Jwe, þat jowked in derne.

He watz flowen for ferde of þe flode lotes
 Into þe boþem of þe bot, & on a brede lyggede,
 Onhelde by þe hurrok, for þe heuen wrache,
 Slypped vpon a sloumbe-selepe, & sloberande he routes.
 &Thorn;e freke hym frunt with his fot & bede hym ferk vp:
 &Thorn;er Ragnel in his rakentes hym rere of his dremes!
 Bi þe haspede he hentes hym þenne,
 & bro3t hym vp by þe brest & vpon borde sette,
 Arayned hym ful runyschly what raysoun he hade
 In such sla3tes of sor3e to slepe so faste.
 Sone haf þay her sortes sette & serelych deled,
 & ay þe lote vpon laste lymped on Jonas.
 &Thorn;enne ascryed þay hym sckete & asked ful loude:
 'What þe deuel hatz þou don, doted wrech?
 What seches þou on see, synful schrewe,
 With þy lastes so luþer to lose vus vchone?
 Hatz þou, gome, no gouernour ne god on to calle,
 &Thorn;at þou þus slydes on slepe when þou slayn
 worþes?
 Of what londe art þou lent, what laytes þou here,
 Whyder in worlde þat þou wylt, & what is þyn arnde?
 Lo, þy dom is þe dy3t, for þy dedes ille.
 Do gyf glory to þy godde, er þou glyde hens.'
 'I am an Ebru,' quoþ he, 'of Israyl borne;
 &Thorn;at Wy3e I worchyp, iwysse, þat wro3t alle þynges,
 Alle þe worlde with þe welkyn, þe wynde & þe sternes,
 & alle þat wonez þer withinne, at a worde one.
 Alle þis meschef for me is made at þys tyme,
 For I haf greued my God & gulty am founden;
 Forþy berez me to þe borde & baþeþes me
 þeroute,
 Er gete 3e no happe, I hope forsoþe.'
 He ossed hym by vnnynge þat þay vndernomen
 &Thorn;at he watz flawen fro þe face of frelych Dry3tyn:
 &Thorn;enne such a ferde on hem fel & flayed hem withinne
 &Thorn;at þay ruyt hym to rowwe, & letten þe rynk one.
 Haþeles hy3ed in haste with ores ful longe,
 Syn her sayl watz hem aslypped, on sydez to rowe,
 Hef & hale vpon hy3t to helpen hymselfen,
 Bot al watz nedles note: þat nolde not bityde.
 In bluber of þe blo flod bursten her ores.
 &Thorn;enne hade þay no3t in her honde þat hem help my3t;

&Thorn;enne nas no coumfort to keuer, ne counsel non oþer,
 Bot Jonas into his juis jugge bylyue.
 Fryst þay prayen to þe Prynce þat prophetes seruen
 &Thorn;at He gef hem þe grace to greuen Hym neuer,
 &Thorn;at þay in balelez blod þer blenden her handez,
 &Thorn;a33e þay luche hym sone.
 He watz no tytter outtulde þat tempest ne sessed:
 &Thorn;e se sa3tled þerwith as sone as ho mo3t.
 &Thorn;enne þa33t hem strayned a whyle,
 &Thorn;at drof hem dry3lych adoun þe depe to serue,
 Tyl a swetter ful swyþe hem swe3ed to bonk.
 &Thorn;er watz louyng on lofte, when þay þe londe wonnen,
 To oure mercyable God, on Moyses wyse,
 With sacrafyse vpset, & solempne vowes,
 & graunted Hym vn to be God & graythly non oþer.
 &Thorn;a33et dredes;
 &Thorn;a33e fro he in water dipped,
 Hit were a wonder to wene, 3if holy wryt nere.
 Now is Jonas þe Jwe jugged to drowne;
 Of þat schended schyp men schowued hym sone.
 A wylde walterande whal, as Wyrde þen schaped,
 &Thorn;at watz beten fro þe abyme, bi þat bot flotte,
 & watz war of þat wy3e þat þe water so3te,
 & swyftely swenged hym to swepe, & his swol33et haldande his fete, þe
 fysch hym tyd hentes;
 Withouten towche of any tothe he tult in his þrote.
 Thenne he swengez & swayues to þe se boþem,
 Bi mony rokkez ful ro3e & rydelande strondes,
 Wyth þe mon in his mawe malskred in drede,
 As lyttel wonder hit watz, 3if he wo dre3ed,
 For nade þe hy3e Heuen-Kyng, þur33t,
 Warded þis wrech man in warlowes guttez,
 What lede mo3t lyue bi lawe of any kynde,
 &Thorn;at any lyf my3t be lent so longe hym withinne?
 Bot he watz sokored by þat Syre þat syttes so hi3e,
 &Thorn;a3333t,
 Ay hele ouer hed hourlande aboute,
 Til he blunt in a blok as brod as a halle;
 & þer he festnes þe fete & fathmez aboute,
 & stod vp in his stomak þat stank as þe deuel.
 &Thorn;er in saym & in sor3e þat sauoured as helle,
 &Thorn;er watz bylded his bour þat wyl no bale suffer.

& þenne he lurkkes & laytes where watz le best,
In vche a nok of his nauel, bot nowhere he fyndez
No rest ne recouerer, bot ramel ande myre,
In wych gut so euer he gotz, bot euer is God swete;
& þer he lenged at þe last, & to þe Lede called:
'Now, Prynce, of &Thorn;y prophete pite &Thorn;ou haue.
&Thorn;a3333tly a Lorde in londe & in water.'
With þat he hitte to a hyrne & helde hym þerinne,
&Thorn;er no defoule of no fylþe watz fest hym abute;
&Thorn;er he sete also sounde, saf for merk one,
As in þe bulk of þe bote þer he byfore sleped.
So in a bouel of þat best he bidez on lyue,
&Thorn;re dayes & þ[r]e ny3t, ay þenkande on Dry3tyn,
His my3t & His merci, His mesure þenne.
Now he knawez Hym in care þat couþe not in sele.
Ande euer walteres þis whal bi wyldren depe,
&Thorn;ur33e, þur33et I say as I seet in þe se boþem:
"Careful am I, kest out fro &Thorn;y cler y3en
& deseuered fro &Thorn;y sy3t; 3et surely I hope
Efte to trede on &Thorn;y temple & teme to &Thorn;y seluen."
I am wrapped in water to my wo stoundez;
&Thorn;e abyme byndes þe body þat I byde inne;
&Thorn;e pure poplande hourle playes on my heued;
To laste mere of vche a mount, Man, am I fallen;
&Thorn;e barrez of vche a bonk ful bigly me haldes,
&Thorn;at I may lachche no lont, & &Thorn;ou my lyf weldes.
&Thorn;ou schal releue me, Renk, whil &Thorn;y ry3t slepez,
&Thorn;ur33t of &Thorn;y mercy þat mukel is to tryste.
For when þ'acces of anguych watz hid in my sawle,
&Thorn;enne I remembred me ry3t of my rych Lorde,
Prayande Him for pete His prophete to here,
&Thorn;at into His holy hous myn orisoun mo3t entre.
I haf meled with &Thorn;y maystres mony longe day,
Bot now I wot wyterly þat þose vnwyse ledes
&Thorn;at affyen hym in vanyte & in vayne þynges
For þink þat mountes to no3t her mercy forsaken;
Bot I dewoutly awowe, þat verray betz halden,
Soberly to do &Thorn;e sacrafyse when I schal saue worþe,
& offer &Thorn;e for my hele a ful hol gyfte,
& halde goud þat &Thorn;ou me hetes: haf here my traute.'
Thenne oure Fader to þe fysch ferslych biddez
&Thorn;at he hym sput spakly vpon spare drye.

&Thorn;er whal wendez at His wylle & a warþe fyndez,
 & þer he brakez vp þe buyrne as bede hym oure Lorde.
 &Thorn;enne he swepe to þe sonde in sluchched cloþes:
 Hit may wel be þat mester were his mantyle to wasche.
 &Thorn;e bonk þat he blosched to & bode hym bisyde
 Wern of þe regiounes ry3t þat he renayed hade.
 &Thorn;enne a wynde of Goddez worde efte þe wy3e bruxlez:
 'Nylt þou neuer to Nunie bi no kynnez wayez?'
 '3isse, Lorde,' quoþ þe lede, 'lene me &Thorn;y grace
 For to go at &Thorn;i gre: me gaynez [n]on oþer.'
 'Ris, aproche þen to prech, lo, þe place here.
 Lo, My lore is in þe loke, lauce hit þerinne.'
 &Thorn;enne þe renk radly ros as he my3t,
 & to Niniue þat na3t he ne3ed ful euen;
 Hit watz a cete ful syde & selly of brede;
 On to þenge þerþur3e watz þre dayes dede.
 &Thorn;at on journay ful joynt Jonas hym 3ede,
 Er euer he warpped any worde to wy3e þat he mette,
 & þenne he cryed so cler þat kenne my3t alle
 &Thorn;e trwe tenor of his teme; he tolde on þis wyse:
 '3et schal forty dayez fully fare to an ende,
 & þenne schal Niniue be nomen & to no3t worþe;
 Truly þis ilk toun schal tylte to grounde;
 Vp-so-doun schal 3e dumpe depe to þe abyme,
 To be swol3ed swyftly wyth þe swart erþe,
 & alle þat lyuyes hereinne lose þe swete.'
 &Thorn;is speche sprang in þat space & spradde alle aboute,
 To borges & to bacheleres þat in þat bur33et, bot sayde euer
 ilyche:
 '&Thorn;e verray vengauce of God schal voyde þis place!'
 &Thorn;enne þe peple pitosly pleynded ful style,
 & for þe drede of Dry3tyn doured in hert;
 Heter hayrez þay hent þat asperly bited,
 & þose þay bounden to her bak & to her bare sydez,
 Dropped dust on her hede, & dymly biso3ten
 &Thorn;at þat penaunce plesed Him þat playnez on her wronge.
 & ay he cryes in þat kyth tyl þe kyng herde,
 & he radly vpros & ran fro his chayer,
 His ryche robe he torof of his rigge naked,
 & of a hep of askes he hitte in þe myddez.
 He askez heterly a hayre & hasped hym vmbe,
 Sewed a sekke þerabof, & syked ful colde;

&Thorn;er he dased in þat duste, with droppande teres,
 Wepande ful wonderly alle his wrange dedes.
 &Thorn;enne sayde he to his serjauntes: 'Samnes yow bilyue;
 Do dryue out a decre, demed of myseluen,
 &Thorn;at alle þe bodyes þat ben withinne þis bor33if
 þe Wy3e lykes,
 &Thorn;at is hende in þe hy3t of His gentryse?
 I wot His my3t is so much, þa33e He sty3tlez Hymselfe,
 He wyl wende of His wodschip & His wrath leue,
 & forgif vus þis gult, 3if we Hym God leuen.'
 &Thorn;enne al leued on His lawe & laften her synnes,
 Parformed alle þe penaunce þat þe prynce radde;
 & God þur33t, withhelde His vengauce.
 Muche sor3e þenne sattede vpon segge Jonas;
 He wex as wroth as þe wynde towarde oure Lorde.
 So hatz anger onhit his hert, [h]e callez
 A prayer to þe hy3e Prynce, for pyne, on þys wyse:
 'I biseche &Thorn;e, Syre, now &Thorn;ou self jugge;
 Watz not þis ilk my worde þat worþen is nouþe,
 &Thorn;at I kest in my cuntre, when &Thorn;ou &Thorn;y carp sendez
 &Thorn;at I schulde tee to þys toun &Thorn;i talent to preche?
 Wel knew I &Thorn;i cortaysye, &Thorn;y quoynt soffraunce,
 &Thorn;y bounte of debonerte & &Thorn;y bene grace,
 &Thorn;y longe abydyng wyth lur, &Thorn;y late vengauce;
 & ay &Thorn;y mercy is mete, be mysse neuer so huge.
 I wyst wel, when I hade worded quatsoeuer I cowþe
 To manace alle þise mody men þat in þis mote dowellez,
 Wyth a prayer & a pyne þay my3t her pese gete,
 & þerfore I wolde haf flowen fer into Tarce.
 Now, Lorde, lach out my lyf, hit lastes to longe.
 Bed me bilyue my bale-stour & bryng me on ende,
 For me were swetter to swelt as swyþe, as me þyнк,
 &Thorn;en lede lenger &Thorn;i lore þat þus me les makez.'
 &Thorn;e soun of oure Souerayn þen swey in his ere,
 &Thorn;at vpbraydes þis burne vpon a breme wyse:
 'Herk, renk, is þis ry3t so ronkly to wrath
 For any dede þat I haf don oþer demed þe 3et?'
 Jonas al joyles & janglande vpryses,
 & haldez out on est half of þe hy3e place,
 & farandely on a felde he fettelez hym to bide,
 For to wayte on þat won what schulde worþe after.
 &Thorn;er he busked hym a bour, þe best þat he my3t,

Of hay & of euer-ferne & erbez a fewe,
 For hit watz playn in þat place for plyande greuez,
 For to schylde fro þe schene oþer any schade keste.
 He bowed vnder his lyttel boþe, his bak to þe sunne,
 & þer he swowed & slept sadly al ny3t,
 &Thorn;e whyle God of His grace ded growe of þat soyle
 &Thorn;e fayrest bynde hym abof þat euer burne wyste.
 When þe dawande day Dry3tyn con sende,
 &Thorn;enne wakened þe wy33ted on lofte,
 Happed vpon ayþer half, a hous as hit were,
 A nos on þe norþ syde & nowhere non ellez,
 Bot al schet in a scha3e þat schaded ful cole.
 &Thorn;e gome gly3t on þe grene graciouse leues,
 &Thorn;at euer wayued a wynde so wyþe & so cole;
 &Thorn;e schyre sunne hit vmbeschon, þa33t
 &Thorn;e mountaunce of a lyttel mote vpon þat man schyne.
 &Thorn;enne watz þe gome so glad of his gay logge,
 Lys loltrande þerinne lokande to toune;
 So blyþe of his wodbynde he balteres þervnde[r],
 &Thorn;at of no diete þat day þe deuel haf he ro3t.
 & euer he la3ed as he loked þe loge alle aboute,
 & wysched hit were in his kyth þer he wony schulde,
 On he3e vpon Effraym oþer Ermonnes hillez:
 'Iwysse, a worþloker won to welde I neuer keped.'
 & quen hit ne3ed to na3t nappe hym bihoued;
 He slydez on a sloumbe-slep sloghe vnder leues,
 Whil God wayned a worme þat wrot vpe þe rote,
 & wyddered watz þe wodbynde bi þat þe wy3e wakned;
 & syþen He warnez þe west to waken ful softe,
 & sayez vnte Zeferus þat he syfle warme,
 &Thorn;at þer quikken no cloude bifore þe cler sunne,
 & ho schal busch vp ful brode & brenne as a candel.
 &Thorn;en wakened þe wy3e of his wyl dremes,
 & blusched to his wodbynde þat broþely watz marred,
 Al welwed & wasted þo worþelych leues;
 &Thorn;e schyre sunne hade hem schent er euer þe schalk wyst.
 & þen hef vp þe hete & heterly brenned;
 &Thorn;e warm wynde of þe weste, wertes he swyþez.
 &Thorn;e man marred on þe molde þat mo3t hym not hyde
 His wodbynde watz away, he weped for sor3e;
 With hatel anger & hot, heterly he callez:
 'A, &Thorn;ou Maker of man, what maystery &Thorn;e þynkez

&Thorn;us &Thorn;y freke to forfare forbi alle oþer?
 With alle meschef þat &Thorn;ou may, neuer &Thorn;ou me sparez;
 I keuered me a cumfort þat now is ca3t fro me,
 My wodbynde so wlonk þat wered my heued.
 Bot now I se &Thorn;ou art sette my solace to reue;
 Why ne dy3ttez &Thorn;ou me to di3e? I dure to longe.'
 3et oure Lorde to þe lede laused a speche:
 'Is þis ry3twys, þou renk, alle þy ronk noyse,
 So wroth for a wodbynde to wax so sone?
 Why art þou so waymot, wy3e, for so lyttel?'
 'Hit is not lyttel,' quoþ þe lede, 'bot lykker to ry3t;
 I wolde I were of þis worlde wrapped in moldez.'
 '&Thorn;enne byþenk þe, mon, if þe forþyнк sore,
 If I wolde help My hondewerk, haf þou no wonder;
 &Thorn;ou art waxen so wroth for þy wodbynde,
 & trauallydez neuer to tent hit þe tyme of an howre,
 Bot at a wap hit here wax & away at anoþer,
 & 3et lykez þe so luþer, þi lyf woldez þou tyne.
 &Thorn;enne wyte not Me for þe werk, þat I hit wolde help,
 & rwe on þo redles þat remen for synne;
 Fyrst I made hem Myself of materes Myn one,
 & syþen I loked hem ful longe & hem on lode hade.
 & if I My traually schulde tyne of termes so longe,
 & type doun 3onder toun when hit turned were,
 &Thorn;e sor of such a swete place burde synk to My hert,
 So mony malicious mon as mournez þerinne.
 & of þat soume 3et arn summe, such sottez formadde,
 As lyttel barnez on barme þat neuer bale wro3t,
 & wymmen vnwytte þat wale ne couþe
 &Thorn;at on hande fro þat oþer, fo[r] alle þis hy3e worlde.
 Bitwene þe stele & þe stayre disserne no3t cunen,
 What rule renes in roun bitwene þe ry3t hande
 & his lyfte, þa333ez wyl torne,
 & cum & cnawe Me for Kyng & My carpe leue?
 Wer I as hastif a[s] þou heere, were harme lumpen;
 Couþe I not þole bot as þou, þer þryued ful
 fewe.
 I may not be so mal[i]cious & mylde be halden,
 For malyse is no3[t] to mayntyne boute mercy withinne.'
 Be no3t so gryndel, godman, bot go forth þy wayes,
 Be preue & be pacient in payne & in joye;
 For he þat is to rakel to renden his cloþez

Mot efte sitte with more vnsounde to sewe hem togeder.
Forþy when pouerte me enprecez & paynez inno3e
Ful softly with suffraunce sa3ttel me bihouez;
Forþy penaunce & payne topreue hit in sy3t
&Thorn;at pacience is a nobel poynt, þa3

Anonymous Americas

Pocahantas

Upon the barren sand,
The lonely captive stood:
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood.
Like one of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on Ocean's brim;
The Chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.
Above his head, in air,
The savage war-club swung:
The frantic maid, in wild despair,
Her arms around him flung;
Then shook the warriors off the shade,
Like leaves on aspen limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid,
Who breathed a prayer for him!
'Unbind him!' gasp'd the Chief;
'It is your King's decree.'
He kiss'd away the tears of grief,
And set the captive free!
'Tis ever thus when, in life's storm,
Hope's Star to man grows dim,
An Angel kneels, in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

Anonymous Americas

Poor Johnnie Pope

Poor Johnnie Pope
Has lost his coat,
But let him never mind it;
When he comes down
To Richmond town,
There he'll be sure to find it.

Anonymous Americas

Pope And McDowell

Pope and McDowell

Fighting for a town,

Up jumped General Lee

And knocked 'em both down.

Anonymous Americas

Prison Bars

Though Prison Bars my Freedom mars,
and Glittering Bayonets Guard me round,

My Rebel soul Scorns such Control,
and Dwells with Friends on Southern Ground.

My Heart is Light, and Spirits Bright,
and Hope, with Her Enchanting Wand,

Gives Visions Fair: and Free as Air,
I Roam at Will in Dixie's Land.

Anonymous Americas

Promise

There is a rainbow in the sky,
Upon the arch where tempests trod;
God wrote it ere the world was dry--
It is the autograph of God.

Anonymous Americas

Rain

Millions of massive rain-drops
Have fallen all around;
They have danced on the house-tops,
They have hidden in the ground.

They were liquid like musicians
With anything for keys,
Beating tunes upon the windows,
Keeping time upon the trees.

Anonymous Americas

Rebels

Rebels! 't is a holy name!
The name our fathers bore,
When battling in the cause of Right,
Against the tyrant in his might,
In the dark days of yore.

Rebels! 't is our family name!
Our father, Washington,
Was the arch-rebel in the fight,
And gave the name to use,-a right
Of father unto son.

Rebels! 't is our given name!
Our mother, Liberty,
Received the title with her fame,
In days of grief, of fear, and shame,
When at her breast were we.

Rebels! 't is our sealed name!
A baptism of blood!
The war-aye, and the din of strife-
The fearful contest, life for life-
The mingled crimson flood.

Rebels! 't is a patriot's name!
In struggles it was given;
We bore it then when tyrants raved
And through their curses 't was engraved
On the doomsday-book of heaven.

Rebels! 't is our fighting name!
For peace rules o'er the land,
Until they speak of craven woe-
Until our rights receive a blow,
From foe's or brother's hand.

Rebels! 't is our dying name!
For, although life is dear,
Yet, freemen born and freemen bred,

We'd rather live as freemen dead,
Than live in slavish fear.

Then call us rebels if you will-
We glory in the name;
For bending under unjust laws,
And swearing faith to an unjust cause,
We count a greater shame.

Anonymous Americas

Rescue The Slave

This song was composed while George Latimer, the fugitive slave, was confined in Leverett Street Jail, Boston, expecting to be carried back to Virginia by James B. Gray, his claimant.

Sadly the fugitive weeps in his cell,
Listen awhile to the story we tell;
Listen ye gentle ones, listen ye brave,
Lady fair! Lady fair! weep for the slave.

Praying for liberty, dearer than life,
Torn from his little one, torn from his wife,
Flying from slavery, hear him and save,
Christian men! Christian men! help the poor slave.

Think of his agony, feel for his pain,
Should his hard master e'er hold him again;
Spirit of liberty, rise from your grave,
Make him free, make him free, rescue the slave.

Freely the slave master goes where he will;
Freemen, stand ready, his wishes to fulfil,
Helping the tyrant, or honest or knave,
Thinking not, caring not, for the poor slave.

Talk not of liberty, liberty is dead;
See the slave master's whip over our head;
Stooping beneath it, we ask what he craves,
Boston boys! Boston boys! catch me my slaves.

Freemen, arouse ye, before it's too late;
Slavery is knocking, at every gate,
Make good the promise, your early days gave,
Boston boys! Boston boys! rescue the slave.

Anonymous Americas

Riddle

A moth, I thogh, munching a word.
How marvellously weird! a worm
Digesting a mans sayings -
A sneakthief nibbling in the shadows
At the shape of a poet`s thunderous phrases -
How unutterably strange!
And the pilfering parasite none the wiser
For the words he has swallowed.

Anonymous Americas

Right On

Ho! children of the brave,
Ho! freemen of the land,
That hurl'd into the grave
Oppression's bloody band;
Come on, come on, and joined be we
To make the fettered bondman free.

Let coward vassals sneak
From freedom's battle still,
Poltroons that dare not speak
But as their priests may will;
Come on, come on, and joined be we
To make the fettered bondman free.

On parchment, scroll and creed,
With human life blood red,
Untrembling at the deed,
Plant firm your manly tread;
The priest may howl, the jurist rave,
But we will free the fettered slave.

The tyrant's scorn is vain,
In vain the slanderer's breath,
We'll rush to break the chain,
E'en on the jaws of death;
Hurrah! Hurrah! right on go we,
The fettered slave shall yet be free.

Right on, in freedom's name,
And in the strength of God,
Wipe out the damning stain,
And break the oppressor's rod;
Hurrah! Hurrah! right on go we,
The fettered slave shall yet be free.

Anonymous Americas

Rocking The Baby

I hear her rocking the baby--
Her room is next to mine--
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms
That round her neck entwine,
As she rocks and rocks the baby,
In the room just next to mine.

I hear her rocking the baby
Each day when the twilight comes,
And I know there's a world of blessing and love
In the 'baby by' she hums.

I can see the restless fingers
Playing with 'mamma's rings,'
The sweet little smiling, pouting mouth
That to hers in kissing clings,
As she rocks and sings to the baby,
And dreams as she rocks and sings.

I hear her rocking the baby,
Slower and slower now,
And I hear she is leaving her good-night kiss
On its eyes, and cheek and brow.

From her rocking, rocking, rocking,
I wonder would she start
Could she know, through the wall between us,
She is rocking on a heart?
While my empty arms are aching
For a form they may not press,--
And my empty heart is breaking
In its desolate loneliness.

I list to the rocking, rocking,
In the room just next to mine,
And breathe a prayer in silence,
At a mother's broken shrine,
For the woman who rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine.

Anonymous Americas

Roll Me Over

Now, this is number one,
And the fun has just begun.
Roll me over, lay me down,
And do it again.[CHORUS]

Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down,
And do it again.

Now, this is number two,
And he's got me in a stew.
Roll me over, lay me down,
And do it again.[CHORUS]

Now, this is number three,
And his hand is on my knee.
Roll me over, lay me down,
And do it again.[CHORUS]

Now, this is number four,
And he's got me on the floor.
Roll me over, lay me down,
And do it again.[CHORUS]

Now, this is number five,
And his hand is on my thigh.
Roll me over, lay me down,
And do it again.[CHORUS]

Now, this is number six,
And he's got me in a fix.
Roll me over, lay me down,
And do it again.[CHORUS]

Now, this is number seven,
And it's just like being in heaven.
Roll me over, lay me down,
And do it again.[CHORUS]

Now, this is number eight,
And the doctor's at the gate.

Roll me over, lay me down,
And do it again.[CHORUS]

Now, this is number nine,
And the twins are doing fine.
Roll me over, lay me down,
And do it again.[CHORUS]

Now, this is number ten,
And he's started once again.
Roll me over, lay me down,
And do it again.

Anonymous Americas

Seafarer

'Bright plates and pannikins
To sail the seas around,
And a new donkey's breakfast
For the outward bound!'

Shanghaied in San Francisco
We brought up in Bombay
Where they put us afloat in an old Leith boat
That steered like a stack of hay.

We've sweltered in the Tropics
When the pitch boiled through the deck-
And saved our hides and little besides
In an ice-cold North Sea wreck.

We've drunk our rum in Portland
And we've thrashed through Bering Strait-
And we've toed the mark on a Yankee barque
With a hard-case Down-east mate.

We know the streets of Santos
And the loom of the lone Azores-
We've eat our grub from a salt-horse tub
Condemned from the Navy stores.

We know the quay of Glasgow
And the river at Saigon-
We've drunk our glass with a Chinese lass
In a house-boat at Canton.

We know the road to Auckland
And the light on Sydney Head-
And we've crept close-hauled when the leadsman called
The depth of the Channel bed.

They pay us off in London
And it's 'O for a spell ashore!'
But again we ship for the Southern trip
In a week or hardly more

For- it's 'Goodbye Sally and Sue'
And- 'It's time to get afloat-'
With an aching head and a straw-stuffed bed,
And a knife and an oil-skin coat.

Sing- 'Time to leave her, Johnny!'
Sing- 'Bound for the Rio Grande!'
When the tug turns back you follow her track
For a last, long look at land.

Then the purple disappears-
And only the blue is seen-
That will take our bones to Davy Jones
And our souls to Fiddler's Green.

Anonymous Americas

Send Them Home Tenderly

Send them home tenderly,
The sleepers at rest,
With hands meekly folded
On each silent breast;
Let them come back to slumber
Beneath northern skies,
Where true hearts may weep o'er them,
And prayer incense rise.

Send them home tenderly,
The noble and true,
Scarce gone from their hearthstones -
Scarce whispered 'Adieu'
Gone forth for their country,
It's rights to sustain,
But, all bleeding and lifeless,
Returning again.

Send them home tenderly,
Our martyr'd and brave,
With the stripes and stars round them,
All robed for the grave.
Bereaved mothers shall clasp them
In pride to their breast,
And the good of our nation
Shall weep where they rest.

Send them home tenderly,
Each wound gaping wide
Shall send myriads of voices
From the dark purple tide;
And strong hands shall be grasping
The bright, unsheath'd sword,
With fresh fervor to battle
For right and the Lord.

Anonymous Americas

Shall I See My Boy Again

Must I die so soon? ah, far away
By blue Ohio's shore,
A little group waits patiently
Till this sad war is o'er;
A little face is often pressed
Against the window pane,
Oh, chaplain only tell me this
Shall I see my boy again?
Must I never press close to my heart
The rings of shining hair,
Or listen to my bright-eyed child
Whisper his evening prayer,
Shall I never hear his bounding step
Across the cottage floor?
It were not hard to die, chaplain,
Could I see my boy once more.
When morning broke with solemn tread
On old Potomac's banks,
His comrades laid the soldier down -
Discharged from the ranks,
But many a day o'er western hills,
By blue Ohio's shore,
A little boy will patient wait,
When this sad war is o'er.

Anonymous Americas

She'LI Be Comin' Round The Mountain

She'll be comin' round the mountain,
When she comes.

She'll be comin' round the mountain,
When she comes.

She'll be comin' round the mountain,
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
When she comes.

She'll be drivin' six white horses,
When she comes.

She'll be drivin' six white horses,
When she comes.

She'll be drivin' six white horses,
She'll be drivin' six white horses,
She'll be drivin' six white horses,
When she comes.

Oh we'll all go to meet her,
When she comes.

Oh we'll all go to meet her,
When she comes.

We will kill the old red rooster,
We will kill the old red rooster,
And we'll all have chicken and dumplin',
When she comes.

Anonymous Americas

Shenandoah

Oh Shenandoah,
I long to hear you,
Away you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah,
I long to hear you,
Away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah,
I love your daughter,
Away you rolling river,
I'll take her
'cross your rollin' water,
Away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

'Tis seven years
since last I saw you.
Away you rolling river,
'Tis seven years
since last I saw you.
Away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah,
I love your daughter,
Away you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah,
I'll come to claim her.
Away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

In all these years,
Whene'er I saw her,
We have kept
Our love a secret,
Oh! Shenandoah,
I do adore her,
Away, I'm bound away

'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah,
She's bound to leave you.
Away you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah,
I'll not deceive you.
Away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Anonymous Americas

Sighs

All night I muse, all day I cry,
Ay me!

Yet still I wish, though still deny,
Ay me!

I sigh, I mourn, and say that still
I only live my joys to kill,
Ay me !

I feed the pain that on me feeds,
Ay me!

My wound I stop not, though it bleeds,
Ay me!

Heart, be content, it must be so,
For springs were made to overflow,
Ay me!

Then sigh and weep, and mourn thy fill,
Ay me!

Seek no redress, but languish still,
Ay me!

Their griefs more willing they endure
That know when they are past recure,
Ay me!

Anonymous Americas

Sir Patrick Spence

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter,
And signd it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

"Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne:"
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

Anonymous Americas

Slander

'Twas but a breath--
And yet the fair, good name was wilted;
And friends once fond grew cold and stilted,
And life was worse than death.

One venomed word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow,
In craven whispers, hushed and low--
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper--one,
That muttered low, for very shame,
The thing the slanderer dared not name--
And yet its work was done.

A hint so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power,
A human soul in one short hour
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

Anonymous Americas

Soldiers Who Wish To Be A Hero

Soldiers who wish to be a hero
Are practically zero.
But those who wish to be civilians,
Jesus, they run into millions.

Anonymous Americas

Song Of A Brigadier

I wear a splendid uniform;
I ride a splendid nag;
I talk both loud and valiantly
Of Honor and the Flag;
But let the South be easy still,
Her soldiers need not fear.
Ne'er shot nor blow shall lay them low
While I'm a Brigadier.

I canter gaily through the streets,
Attended by my staff,
Unheeding vulgar little boys
Who hoot and stare and chaff;
And such a staff! all foreign names,
Quite wonderful to hear,
Plain Yankee boys aren't good enough
For such a Brigadier.

I've Baron This and Duke of That,
And Prince of 'Tother, too,
The people ask me, 'What on earth
I have for them to do?'
'Tis plain to all but vulgar minds,
I want a kindred sphere;
There's nought like title, blood and style,
To aid a Brigadier!

No bloody wounds or hurts for me
Perhaps I am a sham;
But Politics and Influence
Have placed me where I am;
I give my dinners, draw my pay,
Drink brandy, wine or beer,
And mean to have a jolly time
While I'm a Brigadier.

Investigations pass me by,
Committees raise no row,
No one expects that I will fight --

And faith, I don't know how!
I'm not for use, but ornament,
So each day I appear,
In buttons, braid, in gold arrayed --
A fancy Brigadier.

There are plenty in the field
Who really like to fight --
Give me money and good clothes,
And I'll be harmless quite,
Yet there is something on my mind,
That I can't quite make clear,
How can the Government afford
My style of Brigadier!

Anonymous Americas

Song Of The Coffle Gang

This song is said to be sung by Slaves, as they are chained in gangs, when parting from friends for the far off South-children taken from parents, husbands from wives, and brothers from sisters.

See these poor souls from Africa,
Transported to America:

We are stolen, and sold to Georgia, will you go along with me?
We are stolen and sold to Georgia, go sound the jubilee.

See wives and husbands sold apart,
The children's screams!-it breaks my heart;
There's a better day a coming, will you go along with me?
There's a better day a coming, go sound the jubilee.

O, gracious Lord? when shall it be,
That we poor souls shall all be free?
Lord, break them Slavery powers-will you go along with me?
Lord, break them Slavery powers, go sound the jubilee.

Dear Lord! dear Lord! when Slavery'll cease,
Then we poor souls can have our peace;
There's a better day a coming, will you go along with me?
There's a better day a coming, go sound the jubilee.

Anonymous Americas

Songs In Sleep

If I could frame for you in cunning words
The songs my heart in sleep is often singing,
You'd fancy, love, an orchestra of birds
Upon their quivering throats the dawn were bringing.

Now in some wild, weird flush of melody
I'd feign the skylark, with his music sifting
The final films of nightshade from the lea,
And all the waking world to heaven uplifting.

Then, ere the lengthening liquid solo went--
In skylark fashion--out of hearing o'er us,
I'd mock with skill, as sweet as my intent,
Thrustle and blackbird coming in for chorus.

There's not a strain of joy the birds could sing,
I could not set to words that I've been dreaming;
But when I wake, alas! they all take wing,
And leave of music but the empty seeming.

Believe me, love, I sing to you, in sleep,
Songs that if voiced would waken you to pleasure;
Would you could hear them in your dreams, and keep
Their inner meaning, though you missed the measure.

Anonymous Americas

Spirit Of Freemen, Wake

Spirit of Freemen, wake;
No truce with Slavery make,
Thy deadly foe;
In fair disguises dressed,
Too long hast thou caress'd
The serpent in thy breast,
Now lay him low.
Must e'en the press be dumb?
Must truth itself succumb?
And thoughts be mute?
Shall law be set aside,
The right of prayer denied,
Nature and God decried,
And man called brute?
What lover of her fame
Feels not his country's shame,
In this dark hour?
Where are the patriots now,
Of honest heart and brow,
Who scorn the neck to bow
To Slavery's Power?
Sons of the Free! we call
On you, in field and hall,
To rise as one;
Your heaven-born rights maintain,
Nor let Oppression's chain
On human limbs remain ; —
Speak! and 't is done.

Anonymous Americas

Spring

Lenten ys come with love to toun{.e},
With blosmen and with bridd{.e}s roun{.e},
That al this bliss{.e} bryngeth;
Dayes-ey{.e}s in this dal{.e}s;
Not{.e}s suete of nyht{.e}gal{.e}s;
Uch foul song singeth.
The threstelcoc him threteth oo;
Away is huer{.e} wynter woo,
When woderov{.e} springeth.
This foul{.e}s singeth ferly fel{.e},
And wlyteth on huere wynter wel{.e},
That al the wod{.e} ryngeth.

The ros{.e} rayleth hir{.e} rode;
The lev{.e}s on the lyht{.e} wod{.e}
Waxen al with will{.e}.
The mon{.e} mandeth hir{.e} bleo;
The lili{.e} is lossom to seo,
The fenyl and the fill{.e}.
Wow{.e}s this wild{.e} drak{.e}s;
Mil{.e}s murgeth huer{.e} mak{.e}s;
Ase strem that striketh still{.e},
Mody meneth, so doth mo;
Ichot ycham on of tho,
For love that lik{.e}s ill{.e}.

The mon{.e} mandeth hir{.e} lyht,
So doth the semly sonn{.e} bryht,
When bridd{.e}s singeth brem{.e}.
Deaw{.e}s donketh the doun{.e}s;
Deor{.e}s with huere dern{.e} roun{.e}s,
Dom{.e}s fort{.e} dem{.e};
Worm{.e}s woweth under cloud{.e};
Wymmen waxeth wounder proud{.e},
So wel hit wol hem sem{.e}.
Yef me shal wont{.e} wille of on,
This wunn{.e} weole y wole forgon,
Ant wyht in wode be flem{.e}.

Anonymous Americas

St. Stephen And Herod

Seynt Stevene was a clerk in Kyng Herowd{.e}s halle,
And servyd him of bred and cloth, as every kyng befalle.

Stevyn out of kechone cam, wyth boris hed on honde;
He saw a sterre was fayr and bryght over Bedlem stonde.

He kyst adoun the boris hed and went in to the halle:
'I forsak the, Kyng Herowd{.e}s, and thi werkes all{.e}.'

'I forsak the, Kyng Herowd{.e}s, and thi werkes alle;
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born is beter than we alle.'

'Quat eylyt the, Stevene? quat is the befall{.e}?
Lakkyt the eyther mete or drynk in Kyng Herowdes halle?'

'Lakit me neyther mete ne drynk in Kyng Herowd{.e}s halle;
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born is beter than we alle.'

'Quat eylyt the, Stevyn? Art thu wod, or thu gynnyst to brede?
Lakkyt the eyther gold or fe, or ony ryche wed{.e}?''

'Lakyt me neyther gold ne fe, ne non rych{.e} wed{.e};
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born xal helpyn us at our nede.'

'That is al so soth, Stevyn, al so soth, iwys.
As this capoun crowe xal that lyth here in myn dysh.'

That word was not so son{.e} seyde, that word in that halle,
The capoun crew Cristus natus est! among the lord{.e}s all{.e}.

'Rysyt up, myn turmentowres, be to and al be on,
And ledyt Stevyn out of this toun, and stonyt hym wyth ston!'

Tokyn he Stevene, and stonyd hym in the way,
And therefore is his evyn on Cryst{.e}s owyn day.

Anonymous Americas

Taps

Day is done,
gone the sun,
From the hills,
from the lake,
From the sky.
All is well,
safely rest,
God is nigh.

Go to sleep,
peaceful sleep,
May the soldier
or sailor,
God keep.
On the land
or the deep,
Safe in sleep.

Love, good night,
Must thou go,
When the day,
And the night
Need thee so?
All is well.
Speedeth all
To their rest.

Fades the light;
And afar
Goeth day,
And the stars
Shineth bright,
Fare thee well;
Day has gone,
Night is on.

Thanks and praise,
For our days,
'Neath the sun,

'Neath the stars,
'Neath the sky,
As we go,
This we know,
God is nigh.

Anonymous Americas

Telegraphy

Along the smooth and slender wires, the sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays go streaming from the sun;
No pearls of flashes, heard or seen, their wondrous flight betray,
And yet their words are quickly caught in cities far away.

Anonymous Americas

That Boy

Is the house turned topsy-turvy?
Does it ring from street to roof?
Will the racket still continue,
Spite of all your mild reproof?
Are you often in a flutter?
Are you sometimes thrilled with joy?
Then I have my grave suspicions
That you have at home--that Boy.

Are your walls and tables hammered?
Are your nerves and ink upset?
Have two eyes, so bright and roguish,
Made you every care forget?
Have your garden beds a prowler,
Who delights but to destroy?
These are well-known indications
That you have at home--that Boy.

Have you seen him playing circus
With his head upon the mat,
And his heels in mid-arm twinkling--
For his audience, the cat?
Do you ever stop to listen,
When his merry planks annoy,--
Listen to a voice that whispers,
You were once just like--that Boy?

Have you heard of broken windows,
And with nobody to blame?
Have you seen a trousered urchin
Quite unconscious of the same?
Do you love a teasing mixture
Of perplexity and joy?
You may have a dozen daughters,
But I know you've got--that Boy.

Anonymous Americas

The

A pair of very chubby legs
Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can,
And lo! before us strides in state
The Future's 'coming man.'

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light,--
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some 'big fellow's' kite.

That brow where mighty thought will dwell
In solemn, secret state;
Where fierce ambition's restless strength
Shall war with future fate;
Where science from now hidden caves
New treasures shall outpour,--
'Tis knit now with a troubled doubt,
Are two, or three cents, more?

Those lips that, in the coming years,
Will plead, or pray, or teach;
Whose whispered words, on lightning flash,
From world to world may reach;
That, sternly grave, may speak command,
Or, smiling, win control,--
Are coaxing now for gingerbread
With all a baby's soul!

Those hands--those little busy hands--
So sticky, small, and brown,
Those hands, whose only mission seems

To pull all order down,--
Who knows what hidden strength may lie
Within their future grasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy-stick
In sturdy hold they clasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet un-run!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the Future hold in store,
God bless the 'coming man'!

Anonymous Americas

The Ancient Banner

In boundless mercy, the Redeemer left,
The bosom of his Father, and assumed
A servant's form, though he had reigned a king,
In realms of glory, ere the worlds were made,
Or the creating words, 'Let there be light'
In heaven were uttered. But though veiled in flesh,
His Deity and his Omnipotence,
Were manifest in miracles. Disease
Fled at his bidding, and the buried dead
Rose from the sepulchre, reanimate,
At his command, or, on the passing bier
Sat upright, when he touched it. But he came,
Not for this only, but to introduce
A glorious dispensation, in the place
Of types and shadows of the Jewish code.
Upon the mount, and round Jerusalem,
He taught a purer, and a holier law,—
His everlasting Gospel, which is yet
To fill the earth with gladness; for all climes
Shall feel its influence, and shall own its power.
He came to suffer, as a sacrifice
Acceptable to God. The sins of all
Were laid upon Him, when in agony
He bowed upon the cross. The temple's veil
Was rent asunder, and the mighty rocks,
Trembled, as the incarnate Deity,
By his atoning blood, opened that door,
Through which the soul, can have communion with
Its great Creator; and when purified,
From all defilements, find acceptance too,
Where it can finally partake of all
The joys of His salvation.
But the pure Church he planted,—the pure Church
Which his apostles watered,—and for which,
The blood of countless martyrs freely flowed,
In Roman Amphitheatres,—on racks,—
And in the dungeon's gloom,—this blessed Church,
Which grew in suffering, when it overspread
Surrounding nations, lost its purity.

Its truth was hidden, and its light obscured
By gross corruption, and idolatry.
As things of worship, it had images,
And even painted canvas was adored.
It had a head and bishop, but this head
Was not the Saviour, but the Pope of Rome.
Religion was a traffic. Men defiled,
Professed to pardon sin, and even sell,
The joys of heaven for money,—and to raise
Souls out of darkness to eternal light,
For paltry silver lavished upon them.
And thus thick darkness, overspread the Church
As with a mantle.
At length the midnight of apostacy
Passed by, and in the horizon appeared,
Day dawning upon Christendom. The light,
Grew stronger, as the Reformation spread.
For Luther, and Melancthon, could not be
Silenced by papal bulls, nor by decrees
Of excommunication thundered forth
Out of the Vatican. And yet the light,
Of Luther's reformation, never reached
Beyond the morning's dawn. The noontide blaze
Of Truth's unclouded day, he never saw.
Yet after him, its rising sun displayed
More and more light upon the horizon.
Though thus enlightened, the professing Church,
Was far from many of the precious truths
Of the Redeemer's gospel; and as yet,
Owned not his Spirit's government therein.
But now the time approached, when he would pour
A larger measure of his light below;
And as he chose unlearned fishermen
To spread his gospel when first introduced,
So now he passed mere human learning by,
And chose an instrument, comparable
To the small stone the youthful David used,
To smite the champion who defied the Lord.
Apart from human dwellings, in a green
Rich pasturage of England, sat a youth,
Who seemed a shepherd, for around him there
A flock was feeding, and the sportive lambs

Gambolled amid the herbage. But his face
Bore evidence of sadness. On his knee
The sacred book lay open, upon which
The youth looked long and earnestly, and then,
Closing the book, gazed upward, in deep thought
This was the instrument by whom the Lord
Designed to spread a clearer light below
And fuller reformation. He appeared,
Like ancient Samuel, to be set apart
For the Lord's service from his very birth.
Even in early childhood, he refrained
From youthful follies, and his mind was turned
To things of highest moment. He was filled
With awful feelings, by the wickedness
He saw around him. As he grew in years,
Horror of sin grew stronger; and his mind
Became so clothed with sadness, and so full
Of soul-felt longings, for the healing streams
Of heavenly consolation, that he left
His earthly kindred, seeking quietude
In solitary places, where he read
The book of inspiration, and in prayer,
Sought heavenly counsel.
In this deep-proving season he was told,
Of priests, whose reputation had spread wide
For sanctity and wisdom; and from these
He sought for consolation,—but in vain.
One of these ministers became enraged,
Because the youth had inadvertently
Misteped within his garden; and a priest
Of greater reputation, counselled him
To use tobacco, and sing holy psalms!
And the inquirer found a third to be
But as an empty, hollow cask at best.
Finding no help in man, the youthful Fox,
Turned to a higher and a holier source,
For light and knowledge. In his Saviour's school,
He sat a scholar, and was clearly shown
The deep corruption, that had overspread
Professing Christendom. And one by one,
The doctrines of the Gospel, were unveiled,
To the attentive student,—doctrines, which,

Though clearly written on the sacred page,
Had long been hidden, by the rubbish man's
Perversions and inventions heaped thereon.
He saw that colleges, could not confer,
A saving knowledge of the way of Truth,
Nor qualify a minister to preach
The everlasting Gospel; but that Christ,
Is the true Teacher, and that he alone
Has power to call, anoint, and qualify,
And send a Gospel minister to preach
Glad tidings of salvation. He was shown,
No outward building, made of wood and stone
Could be a holy place,—and that the Church—
The only true and living Church—must be
A holy people gathered to the Lord,
And to his teaching. He was clearly taught,
The nature of baptism, by which souls
Are purified and fitted for this Church;
That this was not, by being dipped into,
Or sprinkled with clear water, but it was
The one baptism of the Holy Ghost.
He saw the Supper was no outward food,
Made and administered by human hands,—
But the Lord's Table was within the heart;
Where in communion with him, holy bread
Was blessed and broken, and the heavenly wine,
Which cheers the fainting spirit, handed forth.
The Saviour showed him that all outward wars,
Are now forbidden,—that the warfare here,
Is to be waged within. Its weapons too,
Though mighty, even to the pulling down,
Of the strong holds of Satan, are yet all
The Spirit's weapons. He was shown, that oaths
Judicial or profane, are banished from
The Christian dispensation, which commands,
'Swear not at all.' He saw the compliments,—
Hat honour, and lip service of the world,
Sprang from pride's evil root, and were opposed
To the pure spirit of Christ's holy law.
And by His inward Light, was clearly seen
The perfect purity of heart and life
For which that Saviour calls, who never asked,

Things unattainable.

These truths and others, being thus revealed,
Fox was prepared and qualified to preach,
The unveiled Gospel, to the sons of men.
Clothed with divine authority, he went
Abroad through Britain, and proclaimed that Light,
Which Christ's illuminating Spirit sheds,
In the dark heart of man. Some heard of this,
Who seemed prepared and waiting, to receive
His Gospel message, and were turned to Him,
Whose Holy Spirit sealed it on their hearts.
And not a few of these, were called upon,
To take the message, and themselves declare
The way of Truth to others. But the Priests,
Carnal professors, and some magistrates,
Heard of the inward light, and purity,
With indignation, and they seized upon,
And thrust the Preacher within prison walls.
Not once alone, but often was he found,
Amid the very dregs of wickedness—
With robbers, and with blood-stained criminals,
Locked up in loathsome jails. And when abroad
Upon his Master's service, he was still
Reviled and buffeted, and spit upon.
But none of these things moved him, for within
He felt that soul-sustaining evidence,
Which bore his spirit high above the waves,
Of bitter persecution.
But now the time approached, for his release
From suffering and from labour. He had spent,
Long years in travel for the cause of Truth,—
Not all in Britain,—for he preached its light,
And power in Holland,—the West Indian isles,
And North America. Far through the wild,
And trackless wilderness, this faithful man,
Carried his Master's message; he lived,
To see Truth's banner fearlessly displayed
Upon both continents. He lived to see,
Pure hearted men and women gathered to
The inward teaching of the Saviour's will,—
Banded together in the covenant,
Of light and life. But his allotted work,

Was now accomplished, and his soul prepared,
For an inheritance with saints in light,
And with his loins all girded, he put off
His earthly shackles, triumphing in death,
That the Seed reigned, and Truth was over all!
Where the dark waters of the Delaware,
Roll onward to the ocean, sweeping by,
Primeval forests, where the red man still,
Built his rude wigwam, and the timid deer
Fled for concealment from the Indian's eye,
And the unerring arrow of his bow;
There, in the shadow of these ancient woods,
A sea-worn ship has anchored. On her deck,
Men of grave mien are gathered. One of whom,
Of noble figure, and quick searching eyes,
Surveys the scene, wrapt in the deepest thought.
And this is William Penn. He stands among,
Fellow believers, who have sought a home,
And place of refuge, in this wilderness.
Born of an ancient family, his sire
An English Admiral, the youthful Penn,
Might, with his talents, have soon ranked among
The proudest subjects of the British throne.
He chose the better part—to serve that King
Who is immortal and invisible.
While yet a student within college halls,
He heard Truth's message, and his heart was reached,
And fully owned it, though it came through one
Of that despised and persecuted class,
Called in derision Quakers. Thus convinced,
He left the college worship, to commune
In spirit with his Maker. And for this,
He was expelled from Oxford; and was soon
Maltreated by his father, who, enraged,
Because his only son, had turned away
From brilliant prospects, to pursue the path
Of self-denial, drove him harshly forth
From the paternal roof. But William Penn,
Had still a Father, who supported him,
With strength and courage to perform his will;
And he was called and qualified to preach,
And to bear witness of that blessed Light

Which shines within. He suffered in the cause,
His share of trial. He was dragged before
Judges and juries, and was shut within
The walls of prisons.

Looking abroad through England, he was filled
With deep commiseration, for the jails—
The loathsome, filthy jails—were crowded with
His brethren in the Truth. For their relief,
He sought the ear of royalty, and plead
Their cruel sufferings; and their innocence;
And thus became the instrument through which
Some prison doors were opened. But he sought
A place of refuge from oppression's power,
That Friends might worship the Creator there,
Free from imprisonment and penalties.
And such a place soon opened to his view,
Far in the Western Wilderness, beyond
The Atlantic's wave.

And here is William Penn, and here a band
Of weary emigrants, who now behold
The promised land before them; but it is
The Indian's country, and the Indian's home.
Penn had indeed, received a royal grant,
To occupy it; but a grant from one
Who had no rightful ownership therein;
He therefore buys it honestly from those
Whose claims are aboriginal, and just.
With these inhabitants, behold, he stands
Beneath an ancient elm, whose spreading limbs
O'erhang the Delaware. The forest chiefs
Sit in grave silence, while the pipe of peace
Goes round the circle. They have made a league
With faithful Onas—a perpetual league,
And treaty of true friendship, to endure
While the sun shines, and while the waters run.
And here was founded in the wilderness,
A refuge from oppression, where all creeds
Found toleration, and where truth and right
Were the foundation of its government,
And its protection. In that early day,
The infant colony sought no defence
But that of justice and of righteousness;

The only guarantees of peace on earth,
Because they ever breathe, good will to men.
His colony thus planted, William Penn
Sought his old field of labour, and again,
Both through the press and vocally, he plead
The right of conscience, and the rights of man;
And frequently, and forcibly he preached
Christ's universal and inshining Light.
His labour was incessant; and the cares,
And the perplexities connected with
His distant province, which he visited
A second time, bore heavily upon
His burdened spirit, which demanded rest;—
That rest was granted. In the midst of all
His labour and his trials, there was drawn
A veil, in mercy, round his active mind,
Which dimmed all outward things; but he still saw
The beauty and the loveliness of Truth,
And found sweet access to the Source of good.
And thus, shut out from the perplexities
And sorrows of the world, he was prepared
To hear the final summons, to put off
His tattered garments, and be clothed upon
With heavenly raiment.
Scotland, thou hadst a noble citizen,
In him of Ury! Born amid thy hills,
Though educated where enticing scenes,
Crowd giddy Paris, he rejected all
The world's allurements, and unlike the youth
Who talked with Jesus, Barclay turned away
From great possessions, and embraced the Truth.
He early dedicated all the powers
Of a well cultivated intellect
To the Redeemer and His holy cause.
He was a herald, to proclaim aloud,
Glad tidings of salvation; and his life
Preached a loud sermon by its purity.
Not only were his lips made eloquent,
By the live coal that touched them, but his pen,
Moved by a force from the same altar, poured
Light, truth, and wisdom. From it issued forth
The great Apology, which yet remains

One of the best expositors of Truth
That man has published, since that sacred book
Anciently written. Seekers are still led
By its direction, to that blessed Light,
And inward Teacher, who is Jesus Christ.
But now, this noble servant of the Lord,
Rests from his faithful labour, while his works
Yet follow him.

Early believers in the light of Truth,
Dwelt not at ease in Zion. They endured
Conflicts and trials, and imprisonments.
Even the humble Penington, whose mind
Seemed purged and purified from all the dross
Of human nature—who appeared as meek
And harmless as an infant—was compelled
To dwell in loathsome prisons. But he had,
Though in the midst of wickedness, sublime
And holy visions of the purity,
And the true nature of Christ's living Church.
While Edmundson, the faithful pioneer
Of Truth in Ireland, was compelled to drink
Deeply of suffering for the blessed cause.
Dragged from his home, half naked, by a mob
Who laid that home in ashes, he endured
Heart-rending cruelties. But all of these,
Stars of the morning, felt oppression's hand,
And some endured it to the closing scene.
Burroughs, a noble servant of the Lord,
Whose lips and pen were eloquent for Truth,
Drew his last breath in prison. Parnel, too,
A young and valiant soldier of the Lamb,
Died, a true martyr in a dungeon's gloom.
Howgill and Hubberthorn, both ministers
Of Christ's ordaining, were released from all
Their earthly trials within prison walls.
And beside these, there was a multitude
Of faithful men, and noble women too,
Who past from scenes of conflict, to the joys
Of the Redeemer's kingdom, within jails,
And some in dungeons. But amid it all,
Light spread in Britain, and a living Church
Was greatly multiplied. The tender minds,

Even of children, felt the power of Truth,
And showed the fruit and firmness it affords.
When persecution, rioted within
The town of Bristol, and all older Friends
Were locked in prison, little children met,
Within their place of worship, by themselves,
To offer praises, in the very place
From which their parents had been dragged to jail.
But let us turn from Britain, and look down,
Upon an inland sea whose swelling waves
Encircle Malta. There a cloudless sun,
In Eastern beauty, pours its light upon
The Inquisition. All without its walls
Seems calm and peaceful, let us look within.
There, stretched upon the floor, within a close,
Dark, narrow cell, inhaling from a crack
A breath of purer air, two women lie.
But who are these, and wherefore are they here?
These are two ministers of Christ, who left
Their homes in England, faithfully to bear,
The Saviour's message into eastern lands.
And here at Malta they were seized upon
By bigotted intolerance, and shut
Within this fearful engine of the Pope.
Priests and Inquisitor assail them here,
And urge the claims of popery. The rack,
And cruel deaths are threatened; and again
Sweet liberty is offered, as the price
Of their apostacy. All, all in vain!
For years these tender women have been thus,
Victims of cruelty. At times apart,
Confined in gloomy, solitary cells.
But all these efforts to convert them failed:
The Inquisition had not power enough
To shake their faith and confidence in Him,
Whose holy presence was seen anciently
To save his children from devouring flames;
He, from this furnace of affliction, brought
These persecuted women, who came forth
Out of the burning, with no smell of fire
Upon their garments, and again they trod,
Their native land rejoicing.

In Hungary, two ministers of Christ,
Were stretched upon the rack. Their tortured limbs
Were almost torn asunder, but no force
Could tear them from their Master, and they came
Out of the furnace, well refined gold.
Nor were these all who suffered for the cause
Of truth and righteousness, in foreign lands.
For at Mequinez and Algiers, some toiled,
And died in slavery. But nothing could
Discourage faithful messengers of Christ
From his required service. They were found
Preaching repentance where the Israelites
Once toiled in Egypt, and the ancient Nile
Still rolls its waters. And the holy light
Of the eternal Gospel was proclaimed,
Where its great Author had first published it—
Where the rich temple of King Solomon,
Stood in its ancient glory. Even there,
The haughty Musselmen, were told of Him,
The one great Prophet, who now speaks within.
For their refusing to participate
In carnal warfare, many early Friends,
Were made to suffer. On a ship of war
Equipped for battle, Richard Sellers bore,
With a meek, Christian spirit, cruelties
The most atrocious, for obeying Him
Who was his heavenly Captain, and by whom,
War is forbidden. Sellers would not touch,
The instruments of carnage, nor could all
The cruelties inflicted, move his soul
From a reliance on that holy Arm,
Which had sustained him in the midst of all
His complicated trials; and he gained
A peaceful, but a greater victory
Than that of battle, for he wearied out
Oppression, by his constancy, and left
A holy savor, with that vessel's crew.
But let us turn from persecuting scenes,
That stain the annals of the older world,
To young America, whose virgin shores
Offer a refuge from oppression's power.
Here lies a harbour in the noble bay

Of Massachusetts. Many little isles
Dot its expanding waters, and Nahant
Spreads its long beach and eminence beyond,
A barrier to the ocean. The whole scene,
Looks beautiful, in the clear northern air,
And loveliness of morning. On the heights
That overlook the harbour, there is seen
An infant settlement. Let us approach,
And anchor where the Puritans have sought,
For liberty of conscience. But there seems,
Disquietude in Boston. Men appear
Urged on by stormy passions, and some wear
A look of unrelenting bitterness.
But what is that now rising into view,
Where crowds are gathered on an eminence?
These are the Puritans. They now surround
A common gallows. On its platform, stands
A lovely woman in the simple garb
Worn by the early Quakers. Of the throng,
She only seems unmoved, although her blood
They madly thirst for.
The first professors of Christ's inward Light,
Who brought this message into Boston bay,
Were inoffensive women. They were searched
For signs of witchcraft, and their books were burned.
The captain who had brought them, was compelled
To carry them away. But others came,
Both men and women, zealous for the Truth.
These were received with varied cruelties—
By frequent whippings and imprisonments.
Law after law was made excluding them;
But all in vain, for still these faithful ones
Carried their Master's message undismayed
Among the Puritans, and still they found
Those who received it, and embraced the Truth,
And steadily maintained it, in the midst
Of whipping posts, and pillories, and jails!
A law was then enacted, by which all
The banished Quakers, who were found again
Within the province, were to suffer death.
But these, though ever ready to obey
All just enactments, when laws trespassed on

The rights of conscience, and on God's command,
Could never for a moment hesitate,
Which to obey.—And soon there stood upon
A scaffold of New England, faithful friends,
Who, in obeying Christ, offended man!
Of these was Mary Dyer, who exclaimed,
While passing to this instrument of death,
'No eye can witness, and no ear can hear,
No tongue can utter, nor heart understand
The incomes and refreshings from the Lord
Which now I feel.' And in the spirit which
These words a little pictured, Robinson,
Past to the presence of that Holy One
For whom he laboured, and in whom he died.
Then Stevenson, another faithful steward
And servant of the Lamb, was ushered from
Deep scenes of suffering into scenes of joy.
But Mary Dyer, who was all prepared,
To join these martyrs in their heavenward flight,
Was left a little longer upon earth.
But a few fleeting months had rolled away,
Ere this devoted woman felt constrained,
Again to go among the Puritans,
In Massachusetts, and in Boston too.
And here she stands! the second time, upon
A gallows of New England. No reprieve
Arrests her sentence now. But still she feels
The same sweet incomes, and refreshing streams
From the Lord's Holy Spirit. In the midst
Of that excited multitude, she seems
The most resigned and peaceful.—But the deed
Is now accomplished, and the scene is closed!
Among the faithful martyrs of the Lamb,
Gathered forever round His Holy Throne,
She doubtless wears a pure and spotless robe,
And bears the palm of victory.
The blood of Leddra was soon after shed,
Which closed the scene of martyrdom among
The early Quakers in this colony,
But not the scene of suffering. Women were
Dragged through its towns half-naked, tied to carts,
While the lash fell upon their unclothed backs,

And bloody streets, showed where they past along.
And such inhuman treatment was bestowed
On the first female minister of Christ,
Who preached the doctrine of his inward Light.
But in New England, there was really found
A refuge from oppression, justice reigned
Upon Rhode Island. In that early day,
The rights of conscience were held sacred there,
And persecution was a thing unknown.
A bright example, as a governor,
Was William Coddington. He loved the law—
The perfect law of righteousness—and strove
To govern by it; and all faithful Friends
Felt him a brother in the blessed Truth.
In North America, the Puritans
Stood not alone in efforts to prevent
The introduction and the spread of light.
The Dutch plantation of New Amsterdam,
Sustained a measure of the evil work.
The savage cruelties inflicted on
The faithful Hodgson, have few parallels
In any age or country; but the Lord
Was with His servant in the midst of all,
And healed his tortured and his mangled frame.
The early Friends were bright and shining stars,
For they reflected the clear holy light
The Sun of Righteousness bestowed on them.
They followed no deceiving, transient glare—
No ignis fatuus of bewildered minds;
They followed Jesus in the holiness
Of His unchanging Gospel. They endured
Stripes and imprisonment and pillories,
Torture and slavery and banishment,
And even death; but they would not forsake
Their Holy Leader, or His blessed cause.
Their patient suffering, and firm steadfastness,
Secured a rich inheritance for those
Who have succeeded them. Do these now feel
That firm devotion to the cause of Truth—That
singleheartedness their fathers felt?
Do they appreciate the price and worth
Of the great legacy and precious trust

Held for their children? The great cruelties
Borne by the fathers, have not been entailed
On their descendants, who now dwell at ease.
The world does not revile them. Do not some
Love it the more for this? and do they not
Make more alliance with it, and partake
More and more freely of its tempting baits,
Its fashions and its spirit? but are these
More pure and holy than they were of old,
When in the light of Truth, their fathers saw
That deep corruption overspread the world?
Other professors latterly have learned
To speak of Quakers with less bitterness
Than when the name reproachfully was cast
In ridicule upon them. Has not this
Drawn watchmen from the citadel of Truth?
Has it not opened doors that had been closed,
And should have been forever? And by these,
Has not an enemy been stealing in,
To spoil the goods of many; to assail,
And strive in secrecy to gather strength,
To overcome the citadel at last?
Is it not thought illiberal to refuse
Alliances with those who now profess
Respect and friendship? Must the Quaker then
Bow in the house of Rimmon, saying, Lord
Pardon in this thy servant? Do not some
Fail to resist encroachments, when they come
Clothed in enticing words, and wear the guise
Of charity and kindness, and are veiled,
Or sweetened to the taste, by courtesy?
But is a snare less certain, when concealed
By some enticing bait? or is a ball
Less sure and fatal, when it flies unheard,
Or, when the hand that sends it is unseen,
Or offers friendship? Did not Joab say,
'Art thou in health my brother?' and appeared
To kiss Amasa, while he thrust his sword
Into his life-blood? And when Jonas fled
From the Lord's service, and the stormy waves
Threatened the ship that bore him, was the cause
Not found within it? Was there not a calm

When he, whose disobedience to the Lord
Had raised the tempest, was no longer there?
Truth has a standard openly displayed,
Untorn—unsullied. Man indeed may change,
And may forsake it; but the Standard still
Remains immutable. May all who love
This Holy Banner, rally to it now!
May all whose dwellings are upon the sand,
Seek for a building on that living Rock,
Which stands forever;—for a storm has come—
A storm that tries foundations! Even now,
The flooding rains are falling, and the winds
Rapidly rising to a tempest, beat
Upon all dwellings. They alone can stand
Which have the Rock beneath them, and above
The Omnipresent and Omnipotent
Creator and Defender of His Church!

Anonymous Americas

The Barefooted Boys

I.

By the sword of St. Michael
The old dragon through;
By David his sling
And the giant he slew;
Let us write us a rhyme,
As a record to tell
How the South on a time
Stormed the ramparts of Hell
With her barefooted boys!

II.

Had the South in her border
A hero to spare,
Or a heart at her altar,
Lo! its life's blood was there!
And the black battle-grime
Might never disguise
The smile of the South
On the lips and the eyes
Of her barefooted boys!

III.

There's a grandeur in fight,
And a terror the while,
But none like the light
Of that terrible smile -
The smile of the South,
When the storm-cloud unrolls
The lightening that loosens
The wrath in the souls
Of her barefooted boys!

IV.

It withered the foe

Like the red light that runs
Through the dead forest leaves,
And he fled from his guns!
Grew the smile to a laugh,
Rose the laugh to a yell.
As the iron-clad hoofs
Clattered back into Hell
From our barefooted boys!

Anonymous Americas

The Battle Cry Of Freedom (Southern Version)

Our flag is proudly floating
On the land and on the main,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Beneath it oft we've conquered,
And we'll conquer oft again!
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!

CHORUS: Our Dixie forever!
She's never at a loss!
Down with the eagle
And up with the cross!
We'll rally 'round the bonny flag,
We'll rally once again,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!

Our gallant boys have marched
To the rolling of the drums,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
And the leaders in charge cry out,
'Come, boys, come!'
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!-CHORUS

They have laid down their lives
On the bloody battle field,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Their motto is resistance -
'To tyrants we'll not yield!'
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!-CHORUS

While our boys have responded
And to the fields have gone,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Our noble women also
Have aided them at home,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!-CHORUS

Anonymous Americas

The Bells Of Hell

The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me:
And the little devils how they sing-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me.
O death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,
O Grave, thy victor-ee?
The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
For you but not for me.

Anonymous Americas

The Blind Slave Boy

Come back to me, mother! why linger away
From thy poor little blind boy, the long weary day!
I mark every footstep, I list to each tone,
And wonder my mother should leave me alone!
But there's no one to joy or to sorrow with me;
For each hath of pleasure and trouble his share,
And none for the poor little blind boy will care.

My mother, come back to me! close to thy breast
Once more let thy poor little blind one be pressed;
Once more let me feel thy warm breath on my cheek,
And hear thee in accents of tenderness speak!
O mother! I've no one to love me – no heart
Can bear like thine own in my sorrows a part;
No hand is so gentle, no voice is so kind,
O! none like a mother can cherish the blind!

Poor blind one! No mother thy wailing can hear,
No mother can hasten to banish thy fear;
And for one paltry dollar hath sold thee, poor child!
Ah! who can in language of mortals reveal
The anguish that none but a mother can feel,
When man is his vile lust of mammon hath trod
On her child, who is stricken and smitten of God!

Blind, helpless, forsaken, with strangers alone,
She hears in her anguish his piteous moan,
As he eagerly listens—but listens in vain,
To catch the loved tones of his mother again!
The curse of the broken in spirit shall fall
On the wretch who hath mingled this wormwood and gall,
And his gain like a mildew shall blight and destroy,
Who hath torn from his mother the little blind boy!

Anonymous Americas

The Bondman

Feebly the bondman toiled,
Sadly he wept-
Then to his wretched cot
Mournfully crept;
How doth his free-born soul
Pine 'neath his chain!
Slavery! Slavery!
Dark is thy reign.

Long ere the break of day,
Roused from repose,
Wearily toiling
Till after its close-
Praying for freedom,
He spends his last breath:
Liberty! Liberty!
Give me or death.

When, when, O Lord! will right
Triumph o'er wrong?
Tyrants oppress the weak,
O Lord! how long?
Hark! hark! a peal resounds
From shore to shore-
Tyranny! Tyranny!
Thy reign is o'er.

E'en now the morning
Gleams from the East-
Despots are feeling
Their triumph is past-
Strong hearts are answering
To freedom's loud call-
Liberty! Liberty!
Full and for all.

Anonymous Americas

The Bottom Drawer

In the best chamber of the house,
Shut up in dim, uncertain light,
There stood an antique chest of drawers,
Of foreign wood, with brasses bright.
One day a woman, frail and gray,
Stepped totteringly across the floor--
'Let in,' said she, 'the light of day,
Then, Jean, unlock the bottom drawer.

The girl, in all youth's loveliness,
Knelt down with eager, curious face;
Perchance she dreamt of Indian silks,
Of jewels, and of rare old lace.
But when the summer sunshine fell
Upon the treasures hoarded there,
The tears rushed to her tender eyes,
Her heart was solemn as a prayer.

'Dear Grandmamma,' she softly sighed,
Lifted a withered rose and palm;
But on the elder face was naught
But sweet content and peaceful calm.
Leaning upon her staff, she gazed
Upon a baby's half-worn shoe;
A little frock of finest lawn;
A hat with tiny bows of blue;

A ball made fifty years ago;
A little glove; a tasselled cap;
A half-done 'long division' sum;
Some school-books fastened with a strap.
She touched them all, with trembling lips--
'How much,' she said, 'the heart can bear!
Ah, Jean! I thought that I should die
The day that first I laid them there.

'But now it seems so good to know
That through these weary, troubled years
Their hearts have been untouched by grief,

Their eyes have been unstained by tears.
Dear Jean, we see with clearer sight
When earthly life is almost o'er;
Those children wait me in the skies,
For whom I locked the sacred drawer.'

Anonymous Americas

The Braes O' Yarrow

Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawning.
'What though ye be my sister's lord
We'll cross our swords to-morrow.'
'What though my wife your sister be,
I'll meet ye then on Yarrow.'
'O stay at hame, my ain gude lord!
O stay, my ain dear marrow!
My cruel brither will you betray
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.'

'O fare ye weel, my lady dear!
And put aside your sorrow;
For if I gae, I'll sune return
Frae the bonny banks o' Yarrow.'

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she'd done before, O;
She belted him with his gude brand,
And he's awa' to Yarrow.

When he gaed up the Tennies bank,
As he gaed mony a morrow,
Nine armed men lay in a den
On the dowie braes o' Yarrow.

'O come ye here to hunt or hawk
The bonny Forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand
Upon the banks o' Yarrow?'

'I come not here to hunt or hawk
As oft I've dune before, O,
But I come here to wield my brand
Upon the banks o' Yarrow.

'If ye attack me nine to ane,

That God may send ye sorrow!--
Yet will I fight while stand I may,
On the bonny banks o' Yarrow.'

Two has he hurt, and three has slain,
On the bloody braes o' Yarrow;
But the stubborn knight crept in behind,
And pierced his body thorough.

'Gae hame, gae hame, you brither John,
And tell your sister sorrow,--
To come and lift her leafu' lord
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow.'

Her brither John gaed ower the hill,
As oft he'd dune before, O;
There he met his sister dear,
Cam' rinnin' fast to Yarrow.

'I dreamt a dream last night,' she says,
'I wish it binna sorrow;
I dreamt I pu'd the heather green
Wi' my true love on Yarrow.'

'I'll read your dream, sister,' he says,
'I'll read it into sorrow;
Ye're bidden go take up your love,
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow.'

She's torn the ribbons frae her head
That were baith braid and narrow;
She's kilted up her lang claiting,
And she's awa' to Yarrow.

She's ta'en him in her arms twa,
And gi'en him kisses thorough;
She sought to bind his many wounds,
But he lay dead on Yarrow.

'O haud your tongue,' her father says,
'And let be a' your sorrow;
I'll wed you to a better lord

Than him you lost on Yarrow.'

'O haud your tongue, father,' she says,
'Far warse ye make my sorrow;
A better lord could never be
Than him that lies on Yarrow.'

She kiss'd his lips, she kaimed his hair,
As aft she'd dune before, O;
And there with grief her heart did break
Upon the banks o' Yarrow.

Anonymous Americas

The Charge At Port Hudson

'Niggers won't fight' ah ha!
'Niggers won't fight' ah ha!
'They are no good for war,
One in a hundred.'
Let Mississippi's shore,
Flooded with negro gore,
Echo back evermore:
See our six hundred.

Firm as the granite rock,
Full to the cannon's shock,
With a faith none dare mock,
Earth's ties all sundered;
Every man firm in his place
Staring death in the face,
Battling for home and race
Marched our six hundred.

Crash falls the iron hail,
Making the stoutest pale,
All but the bravest fail,
Old veterans wondred.
Fighting with purpose high,
Fighting until they die,
Bravely for liberty,
Fell that six hundred.

Villians that shun the light,
Traitors who hate the right,
Cowards who dare not fight,
Own that ye blundered.
Spurning the name of slave,
Bravest amid the brave,
Each fills a soldier's grave,
Noble six hundred.

Anonymous Americas

The Charge Of The Mule Brigade

Half a mile, half a mile,
Half a mile onward,
Right through the Georgia troops
Broke the two hundred.
'Forward the Mule Brigade!
Charge for the Rebs,' they neighed.
Straight for the Georgia troops
Broke the two hundred.

'Forward the Mule Brigade!'
Was there a mule dismayed?
Not when their long ears felt
All their ropes sundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to make Rebs fly.
On! to the Georgia troops
Broke the two hundred.

Mules to the right of them,
Mules to the left of them,
Mules behind them
Pawed, neighed, and thundered.
Breaking their own confines
Breaking through Longstreet's lines
Into the Georgia troops
Stormed the two hundred.

Wild all their eyes did glare,
Whisked all their tails in air
Scattering the chivalry there,
While all the world wondered.
Not a mule back bestraddled,
Yet how they all skedaddled -
Fled every Georgian,
Unsabred, unsaddled,
Scattered and sundered!
How they were routed there
By the two hundred!

Mules to the right of them,
Mules to the left of them,
Mules behind them
Pawed, neighed, and thundered;
Followed by hoof and head
Full many a hero fled,
Fain in the last ditch dead,
Back from an ass's jaw
All that was left of them, -
Left by the two hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, what a wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Mule Brigade,
Long-eared two hundred!

Anonymous Americas

The Chase

Quick, fly to the covert, thou hunted of men!
For the bloodhounds are baying o'er mountain and glen;
The riders are mounted, the loose rein is given,
And curses of wrath are ascending to heaven.
O, speed to thy footsteps! for ruin and death,
Like the hurricane's rage, gather thick round thy path;
And the deep muttered curses grow loud and more loud,
As horse after horse swells the thundering crowd.

Speed, speed, to thy footsteps! thy track has been found;
Now,
sport
for the
rider
, and
blood
for the
hound!

Through brake and through forest the man-prey is driven;
O, help for the hopeless, thou merciful Heaven!
On! on to the mountain! they're baffled again,
And hope for the woe-stricken still may remain;
The fast-flagging steeds are all white with their foam,
The bloodhounds have turned from the chase to their home.

Joy! joy to the wronged one! the haven he gains,
Escaped from his thralldom, and freed from his chains!
The heaven-stamped image-the God-given soul-
No more shall the spoiler at pleasure control.
O, shame to Columbia, that on her bright plains,
Man pines in his fetters, and curses his chains!
Shame! shame! that her star-spangled banner should wave
Where the lash is made red in the blood of the slave.

Sons of old Pilgrim Fathers! and are ye thus dumb?
Shall tyranny triumph, and freedom succumb?
While mothers are torn from their children apart,
And agony sunders the cords of the heart?

Shall the sons of those sires that once spurned the chain,
Turn bloodhounds to hunt and make captive again?
O, shame to your honor, and shame to your pride,
And shame on your memory ever abide!

Will not your old sires start up from the ground,
At the crack of the whip, and bay of the hound,
And shaking their skeleton hands in your face,
Curse the germs that produced such a miscreant race?

O, rouse ye for freedom, before on your path
Heaven pours without mixture the vials of wrath!
Loose every hard burden-break off every chain-
Restore to the bondman his freedom again.

Anonymous Americas

The Cities Of White Men

Those men build many houses:
They dig the earth, and they build;
They cut down the trees, and they build;
They work always - building.

From the elevation of the mountainside
I behold the clouds:
The clouds build many beautiful houses in the sky:
They build, and they tear down;
They build, and they dissolve. . . .

The cities of white men,
They are not beautiful like the cloud cities;
They are not vast, like the cloud cities. . . .

A wind-swept teepee
Is all the house I own. . .

Anonymous Americas

The Copperheads

Who are the men that clamor most
Against the war, its cause and cost,
And who Jeff Davis sometimes toast?
The Copperheads.

Who, when by wretched whiskey tight,
Hiss out in rage their venom'd spite,
Who crawl and sting, but never fight?
The Copperheads.

Who hold peace meetings, where they pass
Lengthy resolves of wind and gas,
Much like the bray of Balaam's ass?
The Copperheads.

Who, when false faction is forgot,
When patriots keep a common thought,
Have discord and dissension taught?
The Copperheads.

Who swear by bondage, and would see
Rather their country lost than free,
Who dread the name of Liberty?
The Copperheads.

Who hate a freedom-loving press,
The truth, and all who it profess,
Who don't believe in our success?
The Copperheads.

And who, when Right has won the day,
Will take their slimy selves away,
And in their dirty holes will stay?
The Copperheads.

And who will be the hiss and scorn
Of generations yet unborn,
Hated, despised, disgraced, forlorn?
The Copperheads.

Anonymous Americas

The Countersign

Alas! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still;
And in the marshes far below
I hear the bearded whippoorwill;
I scarce can see a yard ahead,
My ears are strained to catch each sound;
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the spring's bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rags mark my sentry's track;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The foeman's form with bending back,
I think I see him crouching low:
I stop and list - I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
Until my eyes, familiar grown,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerillas into stone;
And then, amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the tall old chestnut trees,
My silent marches I resume,
And think of other times than these.

Sweet visions through the silent night!
The deep bay-windows fringed with vine.
The room within, in softened light,
The tender milk-white hand in mine;
The timid pressure, and the pause
That often overcame our speech -
That time when by mysterious laws
We each felt all in all to each.

And then that bitter, bitter day
When came the final hour to part;
When clad in soldier's honest gray,

I pressed her weeping to my heart;
Too proud of me to bid me stay,
Too fond of me to let me go, -
I had to tear myself away,
And left her, stolid in my woe.

So rose the dream - so passed the night -
When, distant in the darksome glen,
Approaching up the sombre height
I heard the solid march of men;
Till over stubble, over sward,
And fields where lay the golden sheaf,
I saw the lantern of the guard
Advancing with the night relief.

'Halt! Who goes there?' My challenge cry,
It rings along the watchful line;
'Relief!' I hear a voice reply;
'Advance and give the countersign!'
With bayonet at the charge I wait -
The corporal gives the mystic spell;
With arms apart I charge my mate,
Then onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night awake,
I ask, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
When the angelic sentries call?
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,
Where'er I go, what fate be mine,
Whether in pleasure or in pain,
I still may have the countersign.

Anonymous Americas

The Creeds Of The Bells

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells
In tones that float upon the air
As soft as song, as sweet as prayer,
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime.
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.
'Ye purifying waters swell!'
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
'Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the Sacred Scripture saith;
Oh, well! ye rising water, swell!'
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.
'O, heed the ancient landmarks well!'
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell.
'No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just, eternal plan;
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well! is well! is well!'
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.
'In deeds of love excel! excel!'
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell.
'This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites revere -
Come worship here! come worship here!
Its rituals and faith excel!'
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.
'No faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul!' said a soft bell.
'Come here and cast aside your load!
And work your way along the road
With faith in God and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began.
Do well! do well! do well! do well!'

Rang out the Unitarian bell.
 'To all the truth we tell, we tell!'
 Shouted in ecstasies, a bell.
 'Come all ye weary wanders, see!
 Our Lord has made salvation free!
 Repent, believe, have faith, and then
 Be saved! and praise the Lord! Amen!
 Salvation's free! we tell! we tell!'
 Shouted the Methodistic bell.
 'Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!'
 In touching tones exclaimed a bell.
 'Life is a boon to mortals given,
 To fit the soul for bliss in heaven.
 Do not invoke the avenging rod.
 Come here and learn the way to God.
 Say to the world, 'farewell! farewell!'
 Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.
 'In after life there is no hell!'
 In raptures rang a cheerful bell.
 'Look up to heaven this holy day,
 When angels wait to lead the way.
 There are no fires, no fiends to blight
 The future life; be just and right.
 No hell! No hell! No hell! No hell!'
 Rang out the Universalist bell.
 'The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well
 My cheerful voice!' pealed forth a bell.
 'No fetters here to clog the soul,
 No arbitrary creed control
 The free heart and progressive mind
 That leave the dusty paths behind.
 Speed well! speed well! speed well! speed well!'
 Pealed forth the Independent bell.
 'No pope, no pope, to doom to hell
 The Protestant!' rang out a bell.
 'Great Luther left his fiery zeal
 Within the hearts that truly feel
 What loyalty to God swill be
 The faulty that makes men free,
 No images where incense fell!'
 Rang out old Martin Luther's bell.
 'Find rest! find rest! find rest! find rest!'

Upon our Holy Mother's breast,
From wearying strifes that never cease,
The mother church gives rest and pace.
Come, penitents, your sins confess
Where white-robed priests the faithful bless,
Where sacred Masses peal and swell!
Deep tolled the Roman Catholic bell.
Neatly attired, in manner plain,
A pilgrim see - no spot, no stain -
Slowly, with soft and measured tread,
In Quaker garb - no white, no red -
To passing friend I hear him say,
'Here worship thou, this is the way;
No churchly form, it is not well;
No bell - no bell - no bell - no bell.'

Anonymous Americas

The Dying Soldier

Yes! raise me on your arm, Dick Dale,
My comrade old and true.
And let me of the glad earth take
One last and lingering view.
When yet a few brief moments more
Of this fluttering hour have fled,
You'll shed an old friend's tear, Dick Dale,
Above your comrade's head.

We fought together, side by side,
In many a bloody fray,
From Malvern Hill's dark hour of strife,
To fierce Antietam's day.
And when again the 'long roll' calls,
For battle to prepare,
You will not fail the flag, Dick Dale,
But I shall not be there.

You will not soon forget me, Dick!
I know it by that sigh;
I know it by those tears that shine
In your half averted eye.
But my dear old comrade's heart will swell,
I know with honest pride,
When he thinks that for the grand old flag,
His old companion died.

Cut off this light brown lock, Dick Dale,
For the girl that waits at home.
Yes! Hoping waits her soldier love,
Who never more can come.
'Twill soothe perhaps her bleeding heart
To know that watched by you,
The boy she loved, at least has died,
With one who loved him too.

You'll visit all the quaint old nooks
We sought when we were boys,
And thoughts of me will come, Dick Dale,

With thoughts of childhood's joys;
And when you reach the old playground
Where once you used to play,
You'll not forget your friend, Dick Dale,
In his lone grave far away.

Anonymous Americas

The Football Match

I.

O wild kaleidoscopic panorama of jaculatory arms and legs.
The twisting, twining, turning, tussling, throwing, thrusting,
throttling, tugging, thumping, the tightening thews.
The tearing of tangled trousers, the jut of giant calves protuberant.
The wriggleness, the wormlike, snaky movement and life of it;
The insertion of strong men in the mud, the wallowing, the stamping with thick
shoes;
The rowdyism, and ´lan, the slugging and scraping, the cowboy
Homeric ferocity.
(Ah, well kicked, red legs! Hit her up, you muddy little hero, you!)
The bleeding noses, the shins, the knuckles abraded:
That's the way to make men! Go it, you border ruffians, I like ye.

II.

Only two sorts of men are any good, I wouldn't give a cotton hat for no other --
The Poet and the Plug Ugly. They are picturesque. O, but ain't they?
These college chaps, these bouncing fighters from M'Gill and Toronto,
Are all right. I must have a fighter, a bully, somewhat of a desperado;
Of course, I prefer them raw, uneducated, unspoiled by book rot;
I reckon these young fellows, these howling Kickapoos of the puddle, these
boys,
Have been uneducated to an undemocratic and feudal-aristocratic extent;
Lord! how they can kick, though! Another man slugged there!

III.

Unnumbered festoons of pretty Canadian girls, I salute you;
Howl away, you non-playing encouragers of the kickers!
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, M'Gill!
Rah, Rah, Rah, Sis, Boom, Toronto! Lusty-throated give it!
O, wild, tumultuous, multitudinous shindy. Well, this is the boss;
This is worth coming twenty miles to see. Personally, I haven't had so much fun
since I was vaccinated.
I wonder if the Doctor spectates it. Here is something beyond his plesiosauri.
Pure physical glow and exultation this of abundantest muscle:
I wish John Sullivan were here.

IV.

O, the kicking, stamping, punching, the gore and the glory of battle!

Kick, kick, kick, kick, kick, kick. Will you kick!
You kickers, scoop up the mud, steam plough the field,
Fall all over yourselves, squirm out! Look at that pile-driver of a full-back there!
Run, leg it, hang on to the ball; say, you big chump, don't you kill that little
chap
When you are about it.
Well, I'd like to know what a touch down is, then? Draw?
Where's your draw?
Yer lie!

Anonymous Americas

The Forsaken Bride

O waly waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn-side
Where I and my Love went to gae!
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true Love did lichtly me.

O waly waly, but love be bonny
A little time while it is new;
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my head?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true Love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be prest by me,
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true Love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie—
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town
We were a comely sight to see;
My Love was clad in the black velvét,
And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd

And pinn'd it with a siller pin.
And oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me!

Anonymous Americas

The Ghost Of Goshen

Through Goshen Hollow, where hemlocks grow,
Where rushing rills, with flash and flow,
Are over the rough rocks falling;
Where fox, where bear, and catamount hide,
In holes and dens In the mountain side,
A Circuit-preacher once used to ride,
And his name was Rufus Rawling.

He was set in his ways and what was strange,
If you argued with him he would not change,
One could get nothing through him.
Solemn and slow In style was he,
Slender and slim as a tamarack tree,
And always ready to disagree
With every one that knew him.

One night he saddled his sorrel mare,
And started over to Ripton, where
He had promised to do some preaching.
Away he cantered over the hill,
Past the schoolhouse at Capen's mill;
The moon was down and the place was still,
Save the sound of a night-hawk screeching.

At last he came to a deep ravine,
He felt a kind of queer, and mean
Sensation stealing o'er him.
Old Sorrel began to travel slow,
Then gave a snort and refused to go;
The parson chucked, and he holloa'd 'whoa,'
And wondered what was before him.

Then suddenly he seemed to hear
A gurgling groan so very near,
It scattered his senses nearly.
'Go 'ome, go'ome,' It loudly cried,
'Go 'ome,' re-echoed the mountain side,
'Go 'ome,' away In the distance died-
He wished he was home sincerely.

And then before his startled sight,
A light flashed out upon the night
That seemed to 'beat all creation.'
Then through the bushes a figure stole,
With eyes of fire and lips of coal,
That froze his blood and shook his soul
With horror and consternation.

He lost his sermon, he dropped his book,
His hair stood up, and his saddle shook
Like a sawmill under motion
.No cry he uttered, no word he said,
But, suddenly turning Sorrel's head,
Away and out of the woods he fled
As fast as he could for Goshen.

The ghost he saw and the rattling bones
Were a pumpkin, a gourd, and some gravel stones,
That gave him all that glory;
But ne'er again up that mountain side,
In the light would Rufus Rawling ride,
And many a time I've laughed till I cried
To hear him tell the story.

Anonymous Americas

The Graybacks So Tenderly Clinging

There were companions on the march, as every soldier found,
With ceaseless zeal in digging deep in every spot around,
And though each hero killed a lot, still thousands more abound,
The graybacks so tenderly clinging.

CHORUS: O! ho! no! no! we never can forget.
Ow-ow! ow-ow! we almost feel them yet;
The busy little grayback teeth in us so firmly set,
Who went with us Marching Through Georgia.

The visitors were never big, in fact were very small.
In silence they put in their work, no sound they made at all;
They thought it was full fun enough to hear the comrades bawl
While graybacks were busily biting.-CHORUS

And never partial were those bugs, no mortal would they spare,
No dignity could keep them off, they just bit everywhere,
And generals could not deny but what each had a share
Of graybacks so constantly nibbling.-CHORUS

Anonymous Americas

The Great Drum

The circle of the Earth is the head of a great drum;
With the day, it moves upward - booming;
With the night, it moves downward - booming;
The day and the night are its song.

I am very small, as I dance upon the drum-head;
I am like a particle of dust, as I dance upon the drum-head;
Above me in the sky is the shining ball of the drumstick.

I dance upward with the day;
I dance downward with the night;
Some day I shall dance afar into space like a particle of dust.

Who is the Drummer who beats upon the earth-drum?
Who is the Drummer who makes me to dance his song?

Anonymous Americas

The Great Titanic

It was on one Monday morning just about one o'clock
When that great Titanic began to reel and rock;
People began to scream and cry,
Saying, 'Lord, am I going to die?'

Chorus

It was sad when that great ship went down,
It was sad when that great ship went down,
Husbands and wives and little children lost their lives,
It was sad when that great ship went down

.

When that ship left England it was making for the shore,
The rich had declared that they would not ride with the poor,
So they put the poor below,
They were the first to go.

While they were building they said what they would do,
We will build a ship that water can't go through;
But God with power in hand
Showed the world that it could not stand.

Those people on that ship were a long ways from home,
With friends all around they did n't know that the time had come;
Death came riding by,
Sixteen hundred had to die.

While Paul was sailing his men around,
God told him that not a man should drown;
If you trust and obey,
I will save you all to-day.

You know it must have been awful with those people on the sea,
They say that they were singing, 'Nearer My God to Thee.'
While some were homeward bound,
Sixteen hundred had to drown.

Anonymous Americas

The Hell-Bound Train

A Texas cowboy lay down on a barroom floor,
Having drunk so much he could drink no more;
So he fell asleep with a troubled brain
To dream that he rode on a hell-bound train.

The engine with murderous blood was damp
And was brilliantly lit with a brimstone lamp;
An imp, for fuel, was shoveling bones,
While the furnace rang with a thousand groans.

The boiler was filled with lager beer
And the devil himself was the engineer;
The passengers were a most motley crew-
Church member, atheist, Gentile, and Jew,

Rich men in broad cloth, beggars in rags,
Handsome young ladies, and withered old hags,
Yellow and black men, red, brown, and white,
All chained together-O God, what a sight!

While the train rushed on at an awful pace-
The sulphurous fumes scorched their hands and face;
Wider and wider the country grew,
As faster and faster the engine flew.
Louder and louder the thunder crashed
And brighter and brighter the lightning flashed;
Hotter and hotter the air became
Till the clothes were burned from each quivering frame.

And out of the distance there arose a yell,
'Ha, ha,' said the devil, 'we're nearing hell'
Then oh, how the passengers all shrieked with pain
And begged the devil to stop the train.
But he capered about and danced for glee,
And laughed and joked at their misery.
'My faithful friends, you have done the work
And the devil never can a payday shirk.

'You've bullied the weak, you've robbed the poor,

The starving brother you've turned from the door;
You've laid up gold where the canker rust,
And have given free vent to your beastly lust.
'You've justice scorned, and corruption sown,
And trampled the laws of nature down.
You have drunk, rioted, cheated, plundered, and lied,
And mocked at God in your hell-born pride.

'You have paid full fare, so I'll carry you through,
For it's only right you should have your due.
Why, the laborer always expects his hire,
So I'll land you safe in the lake of fire,

'Where your flesh will waste in the flames that roar,
And my imps torment you forevermore.'
Then the cowboy awoke with an anguished cry,
His clothes wet with sweat and his hair standing high.

Then he prayed as he never had prayed till that hour
To be saved from his sin and the demon's power;
And his prayers and his vows were not in vain,
For he never rode the hell-bound train.

Anonymous Americas

The Joy Of Incompleteness

If all our life were one broad glare
Of sunlight, clear, unclouded;
If all our path were smooth and fair,
By no soft gloom enshrouded;
If all life's flowers were fully blown
Without the sweet unfolding,
And happiness were rudely thrown
On hands too weak for holding--
Should we not miss the twilight hours,
The gentle haze and sadness?
Should we not long for storms and showers
To break the constant gladness?

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad,
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministrations,
Earth would grow cold and miss indeed
Its sweetest consolation;
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die, and hope depart--
Life would be disenchanting.

And yet in heaven is no more night,
In heaven is no more sorrow!
Such unimagined new delight
Fresh grace from pain will borrow.
As the poor seed that underground
Seeks its true life above it,
Not knowing what will there be found
When sunbeams kiss and love it,
So we in darkness upward grow,
And look and long for heaven,
But cannot picture it below
Till more of light be given.

Anonymous Americas

The Laily Worm And The Mackerel Of The Sea

"I was bat seven year all
Fan my mider she did dee,
My father marr{.e}d the ae warst woman
The wardle did ever see.

"For she has made me the laily worm
That lays att the fitt of the tree,
An o my sister Meassry
The machrel of the sea.

"An every Saterdag att noon
The machrl comes to me,
An she takes my layl{.e} head,
An lays it on her knee,
An keames it we a silver kemm,
An washes it in the sea.

"Seven knights ha I slain
Sane I lay att the fitt of the tree;
An ye war na my ain father,
The eight an ye sud be."

"Sing on your song, ye laily worm,
That ye sung to me;"
"I never sung that song
But fatt I wad sing to ye.

"I was but seven year aull
Fan my mider she did dee,
My father marr{.e}d the a warst woman
The wardle did ever see.

"She changed me to the layely worm
That layes att the fitt of the tree,
An my sister Messry
To the makrell of the sea.

"And every Saterdag att noon
The machrell comes to me,

An she takes my layly head,
An layes it on her knee,
An kames it weth a siller kame,
An washes it in the sea.

"Seven knights ha I slain
San I lay att the fitt of the tree;
An ye war na my ain father,
The eight ye sud be."

He sent for his lady
As fast as sen cod he:
"Far is my son,
That ye sent fra me,
And my daughter,
Lady Messry?"

"Yer son is att our king's court,
Sarving for meatt an fee,
And yer daughter is att our quin's court,
A mary suit an free."

"Ye lee, ye ill woman,
Sa loud as I hear ye lea,
For my son is the layelly worm
That lays at the fitt of the tree,
An my daughter Messry
The machrell of the sea."

She has tain a silver wan
An gine him stroks three,
And he started up the bravest knight
Your eyes did ever see.

She has tane a small horn
An loud an shill blue she,
An a' the fish came her tell but the proud machrell,
An she stood by the sea:
"Ye shaped me ance an unshemly shape,
And ye's never mare shape me."

He has sent to the wood

For hathorn an fun,
An he has tane that gay lady,
An ther he did her burne.

Anonymous Americas

The Leather Bottel

Now God alone that made all things,
Heaven and earth and all that's in,
The ships that in the seas do swim
To keep out foes from coming in,
Then every one does what he can,
All for the good and use of man:
And I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell
That first devis'd the leather bottel.

Now what d'ye say to cans of wood?
Faith, they're naught, they cannot be good;
For when a man for beer doth send,
To have them fill'd he doth intend;
The bearer stumbles by the way
And on the ground the beer doth lay;
Then doth the man begin to ban,
And swears 'twas long o' the wooden can;
But had it been in a leather bottel
It had not been so, for all had been well,
And safe therein it would remain
Until the man got up again:
And I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell,
That first devis'd the leather bottel.

What do you say to glasses fine?
Faith, they shall have no praise of mine;
For when a man's at table set
And by him several sorts of meat,
The one loves flesh, the other fish,
Then with your hand remove a dish,
Touch but the glass upon the brim,
The glass is broke, and naught left in,
The table-cloth though ne'er so fine
Is soil'd with beer, or ale, or wine,
And doubtless for so small abuse
A servant may his service lose:
But I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell,
That first devis'd the leather bottel.

What say you to the handled pot?
No praise of mine shall be its lot;
For when a man and wife's at strife,
As many have been in their life,
They lay their hands upon it both
And break the same although they're loth;
But woe to them shall bear the guilt,
Between them both the liquor's spilt,
For which they shall answer another day,
Casting so vainly their liquor away;
But if it had been leather-bottel'd,
One might have tugg'd, the other have held,
Both might have tugg'd till their hearts should break,
No harm the leather bottel could take:
Then I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell,
That first devis'd the leather bottel.

What say you to flagons of silver fine?
Why, faith, they shall have no praise of mine;
For when a lord for sack doth send,
To have them fill'd he doth intend,
The man with the flagon runs away
And never is seen after that day;
The lord then begins to swear and ban
For having lost both flagon and man;
But had it been either by page or groom
With a leather bottel it had come home:
And I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell,
That first devis'd the leather bottel.

And when this bottel is grown old
And that it will no longer hold,
Out o' the side you may cut a clout
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Then hang the rest up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put odd trifles in,
As rings, and awls, and candles' ends,
For young beginners have such things:
And I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell
That first devis'd the leather bottel.

Anonymous Americas

The Little Church Round The Corner

'Bring him not here, where our sainted feet
Are treading the path to glory;
Bring him not here, where our Saviour sweet
Repeats for
us
his story.
Go, take him where such things are done
(For he sat in the seat of the scorner),
To where they have room, for we have none,--
To the little church down the corner.'

So spake the holy man of God,
Of another man, his brother,
Whose cold remains, ere they sought the sod,
Had only asked that a Christian rite
Might be read above them by one whose light
Was, 'Brethren, love one another:'
Had only asked that a prayer be read
Ere his flesh went down to join the dead,
While his spirit looked with suppliant eyes,
Searching for God throughout the skies.
But the priest frowned 'No,' and his brow was bare
Of love in the sight of the mourner,
And they looked for Christ and found him--where?
In that little church round the corner.

Ah! well, God grant when, with aching feet,
We tread life's last few paces,
That we may hear some accents sweet,
And kiss, to the end, fond faces.
God grant that this tired flesh may rest
(Mid many a musing mourner),
While the sermon is preached and the rites are read
In no church where the heart of love is dead,
And the pastor's a pious prig at best,
But in some small nook where God's confessed,--
Some little church round the corner.

Anonymous Americas

The Lover In Winter Plaineth For The Spring

Westron wind, when wilt thou blow
That small rain down can rain?
Christ, that my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again!

Anonymous Americas

The Man In The Glass

When you get what you want in your struggle for self
and the world makes you king for a day
Just go to the mirror and look at yourself
and see what that man has to say

For it isn't your father or mother or wife
who judgment upon you must pass
The fellow whose verdict counts the most in your life
is the one staring back from the glass

Some people may think you a straight-shooting chum
and call you a wonderful guy
But the guy in the glass says you're only a bum
if you can't look him straight in the eye

He's the fellow to please never mind all the rest
for he's with you clear up to the end
And you've passed your most dangerous difficult test
if the man in the glass is your friend

You may fool the whole world down the pathway
of life and get pats on the back as pass
But your final reward will be heartaches and
tears if you've cheated the man in the glass.

Anonymous Americas

The Man In The South

The man in the North,
He pledged his troth,
To find a Richmond barber,
But the man in the South,
He mashed his mouth
At a place they call Cold Harbor.

Anonymous Americas

The Navajo Night Way Ceremony

In beauty may I walk
All day long may I walk
Through the returning seasons may I walk
Beautifully I will possess again
Beautifully birds
Beautifully joyful birds
On the trail marked with pollen may I walk
With grasshoppers about my feet may I walk
With dew about my feet may I walk
With beauty may I walk
With beauty before me may I walk
With beauty behind me may I walk
With beauty above me may I walk
With beauty all around me may I walk
In old age, wandering on a trail of beauty,
lively, may I walk
In old age, wandering on a trail of beauty,
living again, may I walk
It is finished in beauty
It is finished in beauty

Anonymous Americas

The Old Man's Wish

If I live to be old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate: In a country town
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereupon I may look,
With a spacious plain without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before,
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or veal,
And clean though coarse linen at every meal.
May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar,
With Monte-Fiascone or Burgundy wine,
To drink the King's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and left not behind him his fellow.
May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

Anonymous Americas

The Origin Of Death

In the Day ere Man came,
In the Morning of Life,
They came together
The Father, the Mother,
Debating.

'Forever they shall live,
'Our Children,
'When they are born Men,
'Forever they shall live,'
Said the Father,
Said the Mother.

But the little Bird cried,
Ah, the little Bird cried:
'How shall I nest me -
'How shall I nest me
'In their warm graves
'If men live forever?'

Anonymous Americas

The Rain

Rain on the green grass,
And rain on the tree,
And rain on the house top,
But not on me!

Anonymous Americas

The Red Zouave

The stars were bright, the breeze was still,
The cicada and the whippoorwill,
Alone disturbed the scene;
A streamlet down the dark ravine,
Hasted the gloomy spot to shun,
And bear its little tribute to Cub Run.

The wayward step of one astray,
He scared the whippoorwill away.
A soldier reels to the little rill,
And tries his sordid cup to fill,
Then dizzily pitches across the branch,
Too weak his mortal wound to staunch.

He wakes anon, but weaker yet,
For the stones with his oozing gore is wet,
Feebly he feels for his stolen store,
In his shirt, made redder by his gore!
But long ere the midnight cloud grows dark,
The Red Zouave lies stiff and stark.

Why did the dying miscreant stare?
Why stood upright his clotted hair?
He sees a phantom sentinel,
A skeleton-man and musket as well,
And the ghostly cry, Halt! who goes there?
Made his glazing eyeballs wildly glare.

The sentry's laugh was shrill, yet brief,
Ere he spoke these words to the dying thief:
'I left old England long years ago,
Where I plundered and plundered both high and low;
To escape at once from my crimes and fears,
I enlisted with Braddock for seven years.

'We crossed the sea and we cut a road,
Where there never had been a christian abode,
On our march, we encamped on a wooded height;
You lay at the very same place last night;

I stole from a comrade a half a crown,
And was whipped as a thief, till the blood ran down.

'I swore for revenge as we marched along;
The jeers of the men made my vengeance strong:
So Braddock I marked, when we lost the fight,
And shot him through ere I took to flight;
I wandered this terrible wilderness through,
And died of my wounds here, as you will do.

'Though I saw our Sergeant-Major fall,
By some hidden Indian's rifle ball,
Yet plainly I heard him say, 'Murderer! Thief!
Stand sentinel here, till Hell sends you relief;
You shall challenge the panther, who prowls for his prey,
You shall challenge the savage and fright him away.

"You shall challenge the bat as he wheels -
On his flight - and the serpent that steals -
By your desolate post. Without fail
You shall halt! the storm, wind and hail.
[As they whistle and drift through your marrowless bones,]
And the turbulent stream, in its rush o'er the stones.'

'Then I shrank in my terror and asked in my grief,
How long will it be, ere you send my relief?
Then the spectre cursed me again and again,
For he seemed to delight in my mortal pain:
'I will tell you,' he said, 'assassin and thief,
When Hell will turn out your sentry relief.

"Over Braddock's road, will pass a throng,
Better armed than our army and tenfold as strong.
Over Braddock's road, will drift the same day,
The wreck of that army, fleeing away.
And Braddock's defeat is forever forgot,
In the tenfold more shameful rout of Scott.

"You will see a wounded miscreant run
From the battle-field, without firing a gun;
He has robbed a dead comrade and driven his blade,
Through his officer wounded, and begging for aid;

He will die on this rock, and his infamous ghost,
Will relieve you (a century hence) on this post."

Then the skeleton musket and ramrod rang,
On the rock with the Zouave's dying pang,
And soon the morning sun gleamed fair,
On his pallid brow and his shaven hair
Whilst his stiffened fingers closely hold
A picture fair and a piece of gold,
[And the picture smiled and the red gold shone,
As they did in the eyes that first called them their own.]

Now creep to the edge of that dark ravine,
And say what those ghostly voices mean,
A nice and transcendental ear,
This dialogue then very plainly hear:

Zouave. Halt! who comes here to cross this line?

Bravo. Friend with the pass-word and countersign.

d with the countersign advance.
He knew his ghostly friend at a glance.

Bravo. No sentinel posted will ever again,
Here the countersign, 'Braddock.' or the pass-word, 'Duquesne.'
Each spectre must give, as he passes this spot,
The parole of dishonour, 'MANASSAS and SCOTT.'

Anonymous Americas

The Rose-Bush

There was a rose-bush in a garden growing,
Its tender leaves unfolding day by day;
The sun looked-on, and his down-going
Left it amid the starlit dusk of nights of May.

The dew-drop came and kissed it in the gloaming;
It gathered sweetness in the morning hours;
The bee beheld it as he went aroaming,
And thought, 'What honey will be hidden in its flowers!'

The light grew richer and the days grew long;
The May-time deepened into June;
The air was laden with the robin's song,
The light wind touched the leaves and set them atune.

And now a tiny bud appeared, and then another--
Bright promises of radiant flowers;
The breezes, whispering, told it to each other,
The rose-bush heard them in the gladsome hours.

New Hope awoke and thrilled in all its veins;
Life is so sweet that culminates in flowers!
It smiled and grew in misty summer rains,
And caught the freshness of the evening showers.

And oft the gardener came and stood beside;
He tended it alway with zealous care,
Watching lest any evil should betide,
Or blight creep o'er the leaves that grew so fair.

He crushed the buds and dropped them on the ground;
The rose-bush felt a chill in every vein;
It drooped, as if to hide each bitter wound--
This strange experience was its earliest thought of pain.

'Poor little plant,' the gardener thought,
Thou art too young, too young to know
That few buds unto flowers are brought,--
It is by pruning thou must grow.'

And still the summer smiled and shined,
And other roses bloomed and died.
'Mine would more beautifully have blown,'
The little rose-bush sadly sighed.

Again the gardener sought his flowers,
Where he had watched his treasures blow:
The autumn blast has swept the bowers,
The winds and storms has laid them low!

Though sad of heart, the rose-bush still was green;
It lifted up its drooping head;
'The life that would have filled the buds may still be seen,
'Tis folded in its heart,' he said.

He stooped and took it from the ground
All trembling with its vague alarms,
And quick and tenderly he wrapped it round,
And kindly bore it in his arms.

And now where soft the sunshine flows,
Within a fair, immortal bower,
In all its fragrant beauty blooms the rose,
Its every bud grown into perfect flower.

Anonymous Americas

The Saddest Fate

To touch a broken lute,
To strike a jangled string,
To strive with tones forever mute
The dear old tunes to sing--
What sadder fate could any heart befall?
Alas! dear child, never to sing at all.

To sigh for pleasures flown,
To weep for withered flowers,
To count the blessings we have known,
Lost with the vanished hours--
What sadder fate could any heart befall?
Alas! dear child, ne'er to have known them at all.

To dream of love and rest,
To know the dream has past,
To bear within an aching breast
Only a void at last--
What sadder fate could any heart befall?
Alas! dear child, ne'er to have loved at all.

To trust an unknown good,
To hope, but all in vain,
Over a far-off bliss to brood,
Only to find it pain--
What sadder fate could any soul befall?
Alas! dear child, never to hope at all.

Anonymous Americas

The Sermon In The Stocking

The supper is over, the hearth is swept,
And in the wood-fire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago,

When grandmamma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been sweeter then
Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes
Has never gone away.

And her needles catch the fire's light
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma loves
Shaping the stocking's toe.

And the waking children love it too,
For they know the stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind
Which they shall hear ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
To grandma's heart tonight,--
Only a ditty quaint and short
Is sung by the needles bright.

'Life is a stocking,' grandma says,
'And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

'With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay-colored, and some are white,
And some are ashen gray.

'But most are made of many a hue,
With many a stitch set wrong,
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

'There are long plain stretches without a break,
That in youth are hard to bear;
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.

'But the saddest, happiest time is that
We court and yet would shun,
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
And says our work is done.'

And the children come to say good-night,
With tears in their bright young eyes;
While in grandma's lap, with broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

Anonymous Americas

The Slave Boy's Wish

I wish I was that little bird,
Up in the bright blue sky,
That sings and flies just where he will,
And no one asks him why.
I wish I was that little brook,
That runs so swift along,
Through pretty flowers and shining stones,
Singing a merry song.
I wish I was that butterfly,
Without a thought or care,
Sporting my pretty, brilliant wings,
Like a flower in the air.
I wish I was that wild, wild deer,
I saw the other day,
Who swifter than an arrow flew,
Through the forest far away.
I wish I was that little cloud,
By the gentle south wind driven,
Floating along so free and bright,
Far, far up into heaven.
I'd rather be a cunning fox,
And hide me in a cave;
I'd rather be a savage wolf,
Than what I am-a slave.
My mother calls me her good boy,
My father calls me brave;
What wicked action have I done,
That I should be a slave?
I saw my little sister sold,
So will they do to me;
My heavenly Father, let me die,
For then I shall be free.

Anonymous Americas

The Slave-Auction--A Fact

Why stands she near the auction stand,
That girl so young and fair;
What brings her to this dismal place,
Why stands she weeping there?

Why does she raise that bitter cry?
Why hangs her head with shame,
As now the auctioneer's rough voice,
So rudely calls her name?

But see! she grasps a manly hand,
And in a voice so low,
As scarcely to be heard, she says,
'My brother, must I go?'

A moment's pause: then midst a wail
Of agonizing woe,
His answer falls upon the ear,
'Yes, sister, you must go!'

'No longer can my arm defend,
No longer can I save
My sister from the horrid fate
That waits her as a SLAVE!'

Ah! now I know why she is there,
She came there to be sold!
That lovely form, that noble mind,
Must be exchanged for gold!

O God! my every heart-string cries,
Dost thou these scenes behold
In this our boasted Christian land,
And must the truth be told?

Blush, Christian, blush! for e'en the dark
Untutored heathen see
Thy inconsistency, and lo!
They scorn thy God, and thee!

Anonymous Americas

The Snow At Fredericksburg

Drift over the sunrise land,
Oh, wonderful, wonderful snow!
Oh! pure as the breast of a virgin saint,
Drift tenderly, soft and slow.
Over the slopes of the sunrise land,
And into the haunted dells
Of the forest of pine, where the roving winds
Are tuning their memory bells.

Into the forests of sighing pines,
And over those yellow slopes,
That show not the work of the cleaving plow,
But cover so many hopes;
They are many indeed, and straightly made,
Not shapen with loving care;
By the souls let out and the broken blades,
May never be counted there!

Fall over those lonely hero graves,
Oh, delicate-dropping snow,
Like the blessing of God's unfaltering love,
On the warrior heads below!
Like the tender sigh of a mother's soul
As she waiteth and watcheth for One
Who will never come back from the sunrise land,
When this terrible war is done.

And here, where lieth the high of heart,
Drift - white as the bridal veil -
That will never be borne by the drooping girl
Who waiteth afar, so pale.
Fall, that as the tears of the suffering wife,
Who stretcheth despairing hands
Out to the blood-rich battlefields
That crimson the Eastern sands!

Fall in thy virgin tenderness,
Oh, delicate snow, and cover
The graves of our heroes, sanctified

Husband and son and lover.
Drift tenderly over those yellow slopes,
And mellow our deep distress,
And put us in mind of the shriven souls
And their mantles of righteousness.

Anonymous Americas

The Soldier's Christmas Eve

In a southern forest gloomy and old,
So lately the scene of a terrible fight,
A soldier, alone in the dark and cold,
Is keeping the watch tonight.
As he paces his round he sees the light
Of his comrades' campfire, gleaming far,
Through the dusky wood, and one bright star
Looks down with a twinkle of light and love
From the frosty sky that bends above.
Large, clear and bright in the far off skies
It twinkles and glimmers there alone
Like the blessed Bethlehem star that shone
On the sheperd's wondering eyes.

As he watches it slowly, sweetly rise
His heart is touched by its gentle ray.
And away, away,
His thoughts on the wings of fancy stray,
He forgets the night with its frosty air,
And cheerless blast, that every where
Moans loud through the branches black and bare,
He is thinking now of the little band
In his boyhood home, whose faces bright
Are beaming with happiness as they stand
Round the Christmas tree tonight,
And he seems to join with the happy throng
In each innocent game and mirthful song.

Ah! vision as bright as fairy land!
Like a broken dream, it will not stay,
He raises his weather-beaten hand
And dashes a tear away,
And he feels anew, all his terrible lot -
Exposed to the pestilence, snow and rain,
Enduring fatigue, and fever and pain.
And standing each day to be shot -
And all for what?
For what does he give his strength and life
in the deadly strife?

To defend the home where the loved ones are
From the fire and sword and the ravage of war,
To defend his home and the land of his birth,
To pride of the earth,
And solemnly sworn
To avenge her flag, by the traitors torn,
Of its ancient glory shamefully shorn.
Such thoughts through the soldiers mind have passed.
He feels no longer the chilling blast,
The driving sleet or the frozen ground.
For his blood is beating fiercely and fast
As he quickens his round.
He pines no longer for home and rest -
A patriot's spirit has warmed his breast.

Anonymous Americas

The Soldier's Grave

Breathe not a whisper here;
The place where thou dost stand is hallowed ground;
In silence gather near this upheaved mound -
Around the soldier's bier.

Here Liberty may weep,
And Freedom pause in her unchecked career,
To pay the sacred tribute of a tear
O'er the pale warrior's sleep.

That arm now cold in death,
But late on glory's field triumphant bore
Our country's flag; that marble brow once bore
The victor's fadeless wreath.

Rest soldier, sweetly rest;
Affection's gentle hand shall deck thy tomb
With flowers and chaplets of unfading bloom
Be laid upon thy breast.

Anonymous Americas

The Song Of The Negro Boatmen

O, praise an' tanks! De Lord he come
To set de people free;
An' massa tink it day ob doom,
An' we ob jubilee.
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves
He jus' as 'trong as den;
He say de word: we las' night slaves;
To-day, de Lord's freemen.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn:
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

Ole massa on he trabbels gone;
He leaf de land behind;
De Lord's breff blow him furder on,
Like corn-shuck in de wind.
We own de hoe, we own de plough,
We own de hands dat hold;
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
But nebber chile be sold.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn:
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

We pray de Lord: he gib us signs
Dat some day we be free;
De norf-wind tell it to de pines,
De wild-duck to de sea;
We tink it when de church-bell ring,
We dream it in de dream;
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
De eagle when he scream.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn:
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

We know de promise nebber fail,
An' nebber lie de word;
So like de 'postles in de jail,
We waited for de Lord:
An' now he open ebery door
An' trow away de key;
He tink we lub him so before,
We lub him better free.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
He'll gib de rice an' corn:
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

So sing our dusky gondoliers;
And with a secret pain,
And smiles that seem akin to tears,
We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,
Nor yet his hope deny;
We only know that God is just,
And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song; each swarthy face
Flame-lighted, ruder still:
We start to think that hapless race
Must shape our good or ill;

That laws of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed;
And, close as sin and suffering joined,
We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant shall be
Our sign of blight or bloom,—
The Vala-song of Liberty,
Or death-rune of our doom!

Anonymous Americas

The Southern Mother's Charge

You go, my son, to the battle-field
To repel the invading foe;
'Mid its fiercest conflicts never yield
Till death shall lay you low.

Our God, who smiles upon the Right,
And frowns upon the Wrong,
Will nerve you for our holy fight,
And make your courage strong.

Our cause is just. For it we pray
At morning, noon and night;
Upon our banners we inscribe
God, Liberty and Right.

I love you as my life,
My dear beloved son;
Your country calls-go forth and fight
Till Freedom's cause is won.

It may be that you fall in death,
Contending for your home,
Yet your aged mother will not be
Forsaken, though alone.

A thousand generous hearts there are
Throughout this sunny land,
Whose ample fortunes will be spent
With an unsparing hand.

Now go, my son; a mother's prayers
Will ever follow thee;
And in the thickest of the fight
Strike home for liberty.

On every hill, in every glen,
We'll fight till we are free-
We'll fight till every limpid brook
Runs crimson to the sea.

No truce we know, till every foe
Shall leave our hallowed sod,
And we regain that Heaven born boon-
'Freedom to worship God.'

Anonymous Americas

The Sun's Last Ray

Upon the blue mountain I stood,
Upon the mountain as he sank into the Rivers of Night:
The camps of the clouds in the heavens were shining with evening fires, many-colored,
And the pools on the plain below gleamed with many reflections:
All things were made precious with the Day's last ray.

Farewell, my Father, the Shining One!
Farewell, whither thou goest,
Like an aged chieftain adorned with the splendors of many deeds!
Thou dost touch the world with many reflections,
With parting injunctions many -
Thy thought thou hast given us.

Anonymous Americas

The Swamp Angel

Angels of good and ill are every where;
They haunt the city and the cottage lone;
Their seen or unseen presence fills the air,
And feels the stir of every laugh and moan.

And frequent are good angels as the bane
Of evil men, who name them evil things;
And darkest ministers of death and pain
Oft bear the angel light upon their wings.

So are they changed. The angel of the wind,
That speeds the sailor swiftly o'er the flood,
Is the sea demon of the crew behind,
Whose hands are eager for the stain of blood.

And many a mother has the angel blessed
Of the dark swamp, as with convulsive strain,
She clasps her wondering infant to her breast,
While baffled blood-hounds lick their chops in vain.

Before the wicked city's traitor hold
Stands a swamp angel all unangel-wise;
Perhaps some bondsman's prayer has made it bold,
Thus to put off its old and unseen guise.

And it sends back the hound's deep-throated tone.
Full with the message of resounding ill;
And the pale hunters curse it with a groan,
For the swamp angel is a demon still.

Anonymous Americas

The Sweets Of Liberty

Is there a man that never sighed
To set the prisoner free?
Is there a man that never prized
The sweets of liberty ?
Then let him, let him breathe -unseen,
Or in a dungeon live;
Nor never, never know the sweets
That liberty can give.

Is there a heart so cold in man,
Can galling fetters crave ?
Is there a wretch so truly low,
Can stoop to be a slave?
O, let him, then, in chains be bound,
In chains and bondage live ;
Nor never, never know the sweets
That liberty can give.
Is there a breast so chilled in life,
Can nurse the coward's sigh ?
Is there a creature so debased,
Would not for freedom die ?
O, let him then be doomed to crawl
Where only reptiles live ;
Nor never, never know the sweets
That liberty can give.

Anonymous Americas

The Telegraph Clerk

Sitting here by my desk all day,
Hearing the constant click
As the messages speed on their way,
And the call comes sharp and quick--
Oh, what a varied tale they tell
Of joy and hope and fear!
The funeral knell and the marriage bell
In their steady tick I hear.

'Mother is dying; come at once.'

And the tears will almost start,
For tender daughters and loving sons--
God pity each aching heart!
Ah! how the haunting memories press
Of the mother's unfailing tenderness,
That is now forever o'er.

'I am well; will come tonight.'

How bright some eyes will glow
All day long with a happy light
As they watch the moments go.

Have had no letters; is something wrong?'

Some heart is sad today,
Counting the hours that seem so long
For the sake of one away.

'Arthur Ross, by accident killed;
Tell his mother, am coming home.'

Alas for the home with such sorrow filled,
When the bitter tidings come!

'Alice is better; gaining fast.'

And hearts that have been bowed
Under their weight of fear, at last
Shall lose their weary load.

So over the wires the tidings speed,
Bitter and grave and gay;
Some hearts shall beat, and some shall bleed,
For the tale they have to say.
As I sit all day by my desk alone
I hear the steam go by,
And catch the wires' changeful tone
With a smile and then a sigh.

Anonymous Americas

The Three Ravens

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be.
The one of them said to his mate,
'Where shall we our breakefast take?'
' Downe in yonder greene field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield.
'His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
So well they can their master keepe.
' His haukes they flie so eagerly,
There's no fowle dare come him nie.'

Downe there comes a fallow doe,
As great with yong as she might goe.

She lift up his bloody hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herselfe ere even-song time.

God send every gentleman,
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a leman.

Anonymous Americas

The Twa Corbies

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame;
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;
Wi ae lock o his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
Oer his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

Anonymous Americas

The Two Sisters

There was twa sisters in a bowr,
Edinburgh, Edinburgh
There was twa sisters in a bowr,
Stirling for ay
There was twa sisters in a bowr,
There came a knight to be their wooer.
Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay.

He courted the eldest wi glove an ring,
But he lovd the youngest above a' thing.

He courted the eldest wi brotch an knife,
But lovd the youngest as his life.

The eldest she was vexed sair,
An much envi'd her sister fair.

Into her bowr she could not rest,
Wi grief an spite she almos brast.

Upon a morning fair an clear,
She cried upon her sister dear:

"O sister, come to yon sea stran,
An see our father's ships come to lan."

She's taen her by the milk-white han,
An led her down to yon sea stran.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
The eldest came an threw her in.

She tooke her by the middle sma,
An dashd her bonny back to the jaw.

"O sister, sister, tak my han,
An Ise mack you heir to a' my lan.

"O sister, sister, tak my middle,

An yes get my goud and my gouden girdle.

"O sister, sister, save my life,
An I swear Ise never be nae man's wife."

"Foul fa the han that I should tacke,
It twin'd me an my wardles make.

"Your cherry cheeks an yallow hair
Gars me gae maiden for evermair."

Sometimes she sank, an sometimes she swam,
Till she came down yon bonny mill-dam.

O out it came the miller's son,
An saw the fair maid swimmin in.

"O father, father, draw your dam,
Here's either a mermaid or a swan."

The miller quickly drew the dam,
An there he found a drownd woman.

You coudna see her yallow hair
For gold and pearle that were so rare.

You coudna see her middle sma
For gouden girdle that was sae braw.

You coudna see her fingers white,
For gouden rings that was sae gryte.

An by there came a harper fine,
That harped to the king at dine.

When he did look that lady upon,
He sighd and made a heavy moan.

He's taen three locks o her yallow hair,
An wi them strung his harp sae fair.

The first tune he did play and sing,

Was, "Farewell to my father the king."

The nextin tune that he playd syne,
Was, "Farewell to my mother the queen."

The lasten tune that he playd then,
Was, "Wae to my sister, fair Ellen."

Anonymous Americas

The Vicar Of Bray

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant;
A furious High-Church man I was,
And so I gain'd preferment.
Unto my flock I daily preach'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those who dare resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law, I will maintain
Unto my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, sir!

When Royal James possess'd the crown,
And popery grew in fashion;
The penal law I houted down,
And read the declaration:
The Church of Rome, I found would fit,
Full well my constitution,
And I had been a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, I will maintain
Unto my dying day, sir,
That whatsoer king shall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, sir!

When William our deliverer came,
To heal the nation's grievance,
I turned the cat in pan again,
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance,
Passive obedience is a joke,
A jest is non-resistance.
And this is law, I will maintain
Unto my dying day, sir,
That whatsoer king shall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, sir!

When glorious Anne became our queen
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory:
Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd, and moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was,
From such prevarication.
And this is law, I will maintain
Unto my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, sir!

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
My principles I chang'd once more,
And so became a Whig, sir:
And thus preferment I procur'd,
From our faith's great defender,
And almost every day abjur'd
The Pope, and the Pretender.
And this is law, I will maintain
Unto my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, sir!

The illustrious House of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I lustily will swear,
Whilst they can keep possession:
For in my faith, and loyalty,
I never once will falter,
George, my lawful king shall be,
Except the times should alter.
And this is law, I will maintain
Unto my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, sir!

Anonymous Americas

The Vicksburg Jail

O, when the poor pris'ner is put in the jaile,
he is put in a cell and his doors are all bar'd
With a great long chane he is bound to the floor,
And dam thear mean soles they can do nothing more.

Our beds are maid of old rotten rugs,
And when you lay down you are covered with bugs;
The rugs they will swear they will never give bail,
And you're bound to get lousy in Vicksburg Jale.

In the morning you get a piece of bread
As hard as a rock and as heavy as lead,
A cup of cold coffee and meat that is stale,
And your are bound to get hungry in the Vicksburg jale.

Our jury they are a mighty mean crew,
Thay will look at a man as if thay would look him through;
The Judge he will prattle, all hell he don't fear,
He will bring you in guilty if you prove yourself clear.

Our Stats Arturny are men of renown,
Thay spend all thear time in lofing around,
Your pockets they will pick and your cloths will sell,
Get drunk on the mony, that is doing well.

The jailor comes round at nine in the night,
In one of his hands he carrys a light,
He will rap at your door and give you a hale,
To see that you're safe in the Vickburg Jale.

Oh, honorably kind friends I have finish'd my song,
I hipe I have song to you nothing that is wrong;
For fighting and drinking I never did fail,
And I don't give a dam for the Vicksburg Jail.

Anonymous Americas

The Vision Of A Giant Who Migrated From Baja To Tiburon Island

Slender whirlwinds coming from the sky
touch the land.
Sounds of arrows striking the ground
roaring
raising dust clouds.
He shouts, warning of the days of danger.
I stand on the peak of Red Mountain.
He comes toward me
shouting.
My heart is a stone.
I shout, I declare it.

Anonymous Americas

There Is A Tavern In The Town

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.
Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let this parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

Anonymous Americas

Twa Corbies

As I was walking all alane
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"—In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pick out his bonnie blue een;
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare

"Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

Anonymous Americas

Twa Sisters O' Binnorie

There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r;
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)

A knight cam' there, a noble wooer,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)

But he lo'ed the youngest aboon a' thing,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.
The eldest she was vexed sair,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)

And sair envìed her sister fair,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Upon a morning fair and clear,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie !)
She cried upon her sister dear,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

'O sister, sister, tak' my hand,'
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
'And let's go down to the river-strand,'
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And down they went to the river-strand
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The eldest cam' and pushed her in,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

'O sister, sister, reach your hand!'
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
'And ye sall be heir o' half my land'--
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

'O sister, reach me but your glove!'

(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
'And sweet William sall be your love'--
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Till she cam' to the mouth o' yon mill-dam,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie

Out then cam' the miller's son
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And saw the fair maid swimmin' in,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

'O father, father, draw your dam!'
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
'There's either a mermaid or a swan,'
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The miller quickly drew the dam,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And there he found a drown'd womⁿ,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Round about her middle sma'
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
There went a gouden girdle bra'
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

All amang her yellow hair
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
A string o' pearls was twisted rare,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

On her fingers lily-white,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The jewel-rings were shining bright,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And by there cam' a harper fine,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Harp^d to nobles when they dine,

By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And when he looked that lady on,

(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)

He sigh'd and made a heavy moan,

By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,

(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)

And wi' them strung his harp sae rare,

By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He went into her father's hall,

(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)

And played his harp before them all,

By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And sune the harp sang loud and clear,

(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)

'Fareweel, my father and mither dear!'

By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And neist when the harp began to sing,

(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)

'Twas 'Fareweel, sweetheart!' said the string,

By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And then as plain as plain could be,

(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)

'There sits my sister wha drown'd me!

By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.'

Anonymous Americas

Ubi Sunt Qui Ante Nos Fuerunt?

Were beth they that biforen us weren,
Houndes ladden and havekes beren,
And hadden feld and wode?
The riche levedies in hoere bour,
That wereden gold in hoere tressour,
With hoere brightte rode;

Eten and drounken, and maden hem glad;
Hoere lif was al with gamen i-lad,
Men kneleden hem biforen;
They beren hem wel swithe heye;
And in a twincling of an eye
Hoere soules weren forloren.

Were is that lawhing and that song,
That trayling and that proude gong,
Tho havekes and tho houndes?
Al that joye is went away,
That wele is comen to weylaway,
To manye harde stoundes.

Hoere paradis they nomen here,
And nou they lyen in helle i-fere;
The fuir hit brennes hevere:
Long is ay, and long is o,
Long is wy, and long is wo;
Thennes ne cometh they nevere.

Anonymous Americas

Victories Of The Heart

There's not a stately hall,
There's not a cottage fair,
That proudly stands on Southern soil,
Or softly nestles there,
But in its peaceful walls
With wealth or comfort blessed,
A stormy battle fierce hath raged
In gentle woman's breast.

There Love, the true, the brave,
The beautiful, the strong,
Wrestles with Duty, gaunt and stern,-
Wrestles and struggles long.
He falls, no more again
His giant foe to meet;
Bleeding at every opening vein,
Love falls at Duty's feet.

O Daughter of the South!
No victor's crown be thine,
Not thine upon the tented field
In martial pomp to shine;
But with unfaltering trust
In Him who rules on high,
To deck thy loved ones for the fray,
And send them forth to die.

She, the tried, the true,
The loving wife of years,
Chokes down the rising agony,
Drives back the starting tears;
'I yield thee up,' she cries,
'In the country's cause to fight;
Strike for our own, our children's home
And God defend the right.'

O Daughter of the South!
When our fair land is free,
When peace her lovely mantle throws

Softly o'er land and sea,
History shall tell how thou
Hast nobly borne thy part,
And won the proudest triumph yet -
The victory of the heart.

Anonymous Americas

Waly, Waly.

O Waly, waly, up the bank,
O wary, waly, doun the brae,
And waly, waly, yon burn-side,
Where I and my love wer wont to gae!
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thocht it was a trustie tree,
But first it bow'd and syne it brak',-
Sae my true love did lichtlie me.
O waly, waly, but love be bonnie
A little time while it is new!
But when its auld it waxeth cauld,
And fadeth awa' like the morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my heid,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Noo Arthur's seat sall be my bed.
The sheets sall neir be press'd by me;
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink;
Since my true love's forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing-snaw's inclemencie,
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry;
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
Whan we cam' in by Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sicht to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
An' I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd
That love had been so ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case o' goud,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.

Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee;
And I mysel' were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me!

Anonymous Americas

We'Re Coming! We'Re Coming!

We're coming, we're coming, the fearless and free,
Like the winds of the desert, the waves of the sea!
True sons of brave sires who battled of yore,
When England's proud lion ran wild on our shore!
We're coming, we're coming, from mountain and glen,
With hearts to do battle for freedom again;
Oppression is trembling as trembled before
The slavery which fled from our fathers of yore.

We're coming, we're coming, with banners unfurled,
Our motto is FREEDOM, our country the world;
Our watchword is LIBERTY-tyrants beware!
For the liberty army will bring you despair!
We're coming, we're coming, we'll come from afar,
Our standard we'll nail to humanity's car;
With shoutings we'll raise it, in triumph to wave,
A trophy of conquest, or shroud for the brave.

Then arouse ye, brave hearts, to the rescue come on!
The man-stealing army we'll surely put down;
They are crushing their millions, but soon they must yield,
For
freemen
have
risen
and taken the field.

Then arouse ye! arouse ye! the fearless and free,
Like the winds of the desert, the waves of the sea;
Let the north, west, and east, to the sea-beaten shore,

Resound
with a
liberty triumph
once more.

Anonymous Americas

Westron Wind, When Wilt Thou Blow?

Westron wind, when wilt thou blow
That small rain down can rain?
Christ, that my love were in my arms,
And I in my bed again!

Anonymous Americas

What Mean Ye?

What mean ye that ye bruise and bind
My people, saith the Lord,
And starve your craving brother's mind,
Who asks to hear my word?

What mean ye that ye make them toil,
Through long and dreary years,
And shed like rain upon your soil
Their blood and bitter tears?

What mean ye, that ye dare to rend
The tender mother's heart?
Brothers from sisters, friend from friend,
How dare you bid them part?

What mean ye, when God's bounteous hand
To you so much has given,
That from the slave who tills your land
Ye keep both earth and heaven?

When at the judgment God shall call,
Where is thy brother? say,
What mean ye to the Judge of all
To answer on that day?

Anonymous Americas

When Aurelia First I Courted

When Aurelia first I courted,
She had youth and beauty too,
Killing pleasures when she sported,
And her charms were ever new;
Conquering time doth now deceive her,
Which her glories did uphold,
All her arts can ne'er retrieve her,
Poor Aurelia's growing old.

The airy spirits which invited,
Are retir'd, and move no more,
And those eyes are now benighted,
Which were comets heretofore.
Want of these abate her merits,
Yet I've passion for her name,
Only kind and am'rous spirits
Kindle and maintain a flame.

Anonymous Americas

When Christ Was Born Of Mary Fre

Christo paremus canticam,
In excelsis gloria.

When Cryst was born of Mary fre
In Bedlem in that fayre cyté,
Angellis songen with myrth and gle:
In excelsis gloria.

Herdmen beheld thes angellis bryght,
To hem apperyd wyth gret lyght,
And seyde: 'Goddys Sone is born this nyght;
In excelsis gloria.'

A king ys comyn to save kynde,
In the Scriptur as we fynde;
Therefore this song have we in mynde:
In excelsis gloria.

Then, Lord, for thy gret grace,
Graunt us in blys to se thy face,
Where we may syng to the solas:
In excelsis gloria.

Anonymous Americas

When The French Band Plays

THERE'S a military band that plays, on Sunday afternoons,
In a certain nameless city's quaint old square.
It can rouse the blood to battle with its patriotic tunes,
And still render hymns as gentle as a prayer.
When it starts 'Ave Maria' there is no one in the throng
But would doff his cap, his heart to heaven raise;
And who would shrink from combat when, with brasses sounding strong,
There is flung out on the breeze 'La Marseillaise'?

When it starts to render 'Sambre et Meuse,' the march that won the day
At the battle of the Marne, one sees again
The grey-green hosts of Hundom melt before the stern array
Of our gallant sister-ally's blue-clad men.
And when it plays our Anthem, with rendition bold and clear--
While the khaki lads stand steady--then we feel
That, though tongues and ways may vary, we've found brothers over here,
Tried in war, and in allegiance true as steel.

For it's olive-drab, horizon-blue, packed closely side by side,
Till their colors set ablaze the grey old square;
And it's olive-drab, horizon-blue, whatever may betide,
That will blaze the way to victory 'up there.'
So, while standing thus together, let us pledge anew our troth
To the Cause--the world set free!--for which we fight.
As the evening twilight gilds the ranks of blue and khaki both,
And the the bugles die away into the night

Anonymous Americas

Will He No Come Back Again?

Royal Charlie's now awa,
Safely owre the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.
Will you no come back again?
Will you no come back again?
Better lo'ed you'll never be,
And will you no come back again?

Mony a traitor 'mang the isles
Brak the band o' nature's law;
Mony a traitor, wi' his wiles,
Sought to wear his life awa.
Will he no come back again?
Will he no come back again?
Better lo'ed he'll never be,
And will he no come back again?

The hills he trode were a' his ain,
And bed beneath the birken tree;
The bush that hid him on the plain,
There's none on earth can claim but he.
Will he no come back again?
Will he no come back again?
Better lo'ed he'll never be,
And will he no come back again?

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing,
Unto the e'ening sinking down,
Or merl that makes the woods to ring,
To me they hae nae ither soun',
Than, Will he no come back again?
Will he no come back again?
Better lo'ed he'll never be,
And will he no come back again?

Mony a gallant sodger fought,
Mony a gallant chief did fa';
Death itself were dearly bought,

A' for Scotland's king and law.
Will he no come back again?
Will he no come back again?
Better lo'ed he'll never be,
And will he no come back again?

Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
And aye the o'erword o' the sang
Is "Will he no come back again?"
Will he no come back again?
Will he no come back again?
Better lo'ed he'll never be,
And will he no come back again?

Anonymous Americas

Winter Solstice

When you startle awake in the dark morning
heart pounding breathing fast
sitting bolt upright staring into
dark whirlpool black hole
feeling its suction

Get out of bed
knock at the door of your nearest friend
ask to lie down ask to be held

Listen while whispered words
turn the hole into deep night sky
stars close together
winter moon rising over white fields
nearby wren rustling dry leaves
distant owl echoing
two people walking up the road laughing

Let your soul laugh
let your heart sigh out
that long held breath so hollow in your stomach
so swollen in your throat

Already light is returning pairs of wings
lift softly off your eyelids one by one
each feathered edge clearer between you
and the pearl veil of day

You have nothing to do but live

Anonymous Americas

Yankee Was A Bad Man, Yankee Was A Thief,

Yankee was a bad man, Yankee was a thief,
Yankee came to my house and stole a side of beef;
I went to Yankee's house, Yankee he had fled,
Caught him on the battle-field, and there I killed him dead.

Anonymous Americas

Ye Heralds Of Freedom

Ye heralds of freedom, ye noble and brave,
Who dare to insist on the rights of the slave,
Go onward, go onward, your cause is of God,
And he will soon sever the oppressor's strong rod.

The finger of slander may now at you point,
That finger will soon lose the strength of its joint;
And those who now plead for the rights of the slave,
Will soon be acknowledged the good and the brave.

Though thrones and dominions, and kingdoms and powers,
May now all oppose you, the victory is yours;
The banner of Jesus will soon be unfurled,
And he will give freedom and peace to the world.

Go under his standard and fight by his side,
O'er mountains and billows you'll then safely ride;
His gracious protection will be to you given,
And bright crowns of glory he'll give you in heaven.

Anonymous Americas

Ye Spirits Of The Free

Ye spirits of the free,
Can ye forever see
Your brother man
A yoked and scourged slave
Chains dragging to his grave,
And raise no hand to save?
Say if you can.
In pride and pomp to roll,
Shall tyrants from the soul
God's image tear,
And call the wreck their own,—
While, from the eternal throne,
They shut the stifled groan
And bitter prayer?
Shall he a slave be bound,
Whom God hath doubly crowned
Creation's lord ?
Shall men of Christian name,
Without a blush of shame
Profess their tyrant claim
From God's own word ?
No! at the battle cry,
A host prepared to die,
Shall arm for fight—
But not with martial steel,
Grasped with a murderous zeal ;
No arms their foes shall fell,
But love and light.
Firm on Jehovah's laws,
Strong in their righteous cause,
They march to save.
And vain the tyrant's mail,
Against their battle—hail,
Till cease the woe and wail
Of tortured slave !

Anonymous Americas

You'LI Tell Her, Won'T You?

You'll tell her, won't you? Say to her I died
As a brave soldier should - true to the last;
She'll bear it better if a thought of price
Comes in to stay her, the first shock o'erpast!
You'll tell her, won't you? Show her how I lay
Pressing the pictured lips I loved so well;
And how my last thoughts floated far away,
To home and her, with love I could not tell.
You'll tell her, won't you? - not how hard it was
To give up life - for her sake so dear;
Nay, nay, not so. Say 'twas a noble cause,
And I did die for it without a tear.
You'll tell her, won't you? She'll be glad to know
Her soldier stood undaunted, true as steel,
His heart with her, his bosom to the foe,
When the blow struck no human power could break.
You'll tell her, won't you? Say, too, we shall meet
In God's Hereafter, where our love shall grow
More holy for this parting, and more sweet,
And cleansed from every stain it knew below.

Anonymous Americas

Your Dimension Of Greatness

No one can know the potential,
Of a life that is committed to win;
With courage - the challenge it faces,
To achieve great success in the end!

So, explore the Dimension of Greatness,
And believe that the world CAN be won;
By a mind that is fully committed,
KNOWING the task can be done!

Your world has no place for the skeptic,
No room for the DOUBTER to stand;
To weaken your firm resolution
That you CAN EXCEL in this land!

We must have VISION TO SEE our potential,
And FAITH TO BELIEVE that we can;
Then COURAGE TO ACT with conviction,
To become what GOD MEANT us to be!

So, possess the strength and the courage,
To conquer WHATEVER you choose;
It's the person WHO NEVER GETS STARTED,
That is destined FOREVER to lose!

Anonymous Americas

Zaza, The Female Slave

O, my country, my country!
How long I for thee,
Far over the mountain,
Far over the sea.
Where the sweet Joliba,
Kisses the shore,
Say, shall I wander
By thee never more?
Where the sweet Joliba kisses the shore,
Say, shall I wander by thee never more.

Say, O fond Zurima,
Where dost thou stay?
Say, doth another
List to thy sweet lay?
Say, doth the orange still
Bloom near our cot?
Zurima, Zurima,
Am I forgot?
O, my country, my country, how long I for thee,
Far over the mountain, far over the sea.

Under the baobab
Oft have I slept,
Fanned by sweet breezes
That over me swept.
Often in dreams
Do my weary limbs lay
'Neath the same baobab,
Far, far away.
O, my country, my country, how long I for thee,
Far over the mountain, far over the sea.

O, for the breath
Of our own waving palm,
Here, as I languish,
My spirit to calm-
O, for a draught
From our own cooling lake,

Brought by sweet mother,
My spirit to wake.
O, my country, my country, how long I for thee,
Far over the mountain, far over the sea.

Anonymous Americas