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“At the Wicket Gate.”

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MACCAMPBELL

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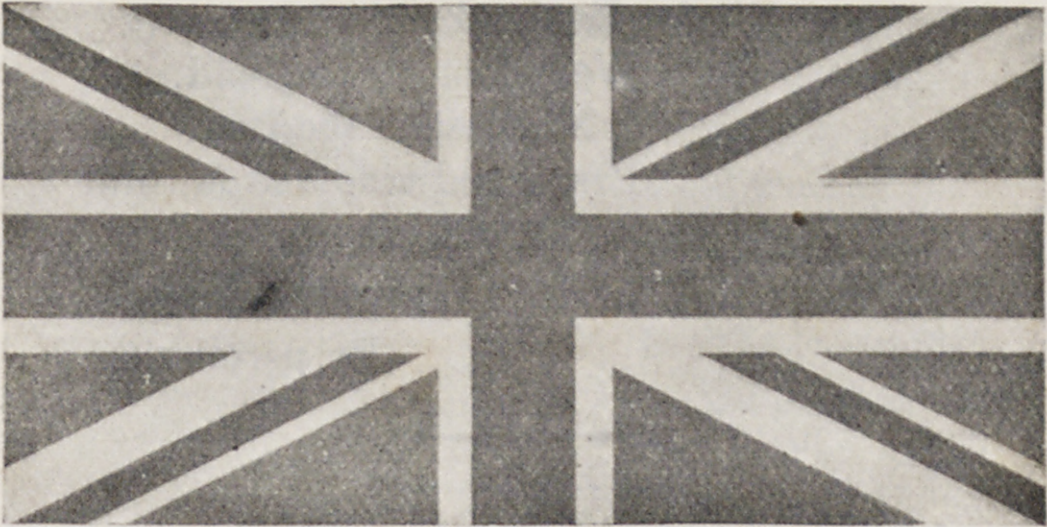


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POEMS FOR CHILDREN.

A NATIONAL SONG.



THE UNION JACK.

We belong to England,
Mistress of the free ;
Brave and true and faithful
Must her children be.
Not an honour lowly
It is ours to wear ;
Proudly floats the banner
We shall live to bear.

We belong to England,
Mistress of the free ;
Brave and true and faithful
We will ever be.

Men of old in England
 Fought a noble fight,
 Earned their children freedom,
 Gave their country might.
 Now to us they leave her,
 We must bear the strain ;
 Live for England's glory,
 Die for England's gain.
 We belong to England,
 Mistress of the free ;
 Brave and true and faithful
 We will ever be.

LADY STRACHEY.

(By permission.)

THE DEAD BIRD'S SONG.

Birdie is dead, little maiden ;
 Gone to the Dead-bird Land ;
 He never will perch at your casement,
 Never will come to your hand.
 His bright little eyes are closed,
 Still is each weary wing ;
 There is only a far, faint echo
 Of the song he used to sing.

But at night, when you sleep, little maiden,
 There will come to your dreaming ear
 Such a chorus of magic music—
 Such a wonder of pipings clear !

It will sing at your moonlit casement,
 It will float round your little bed :
 'Tis the song of your dear lost darling—
 The heart of your birdie dead.

For under the earth and the grasses
 The birdies cannot rest,
 And their hearts fly back at midnight
 To the hearts that have loved them best ;
 And, hovering near in the moonlight
 Where in dreams at peace we lie,
 They sing us the old-world story
 Of love that can never die.

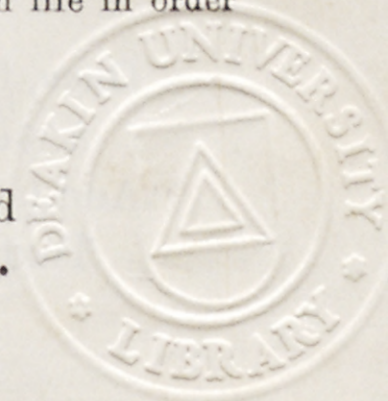
F. E. WEATHERLY.

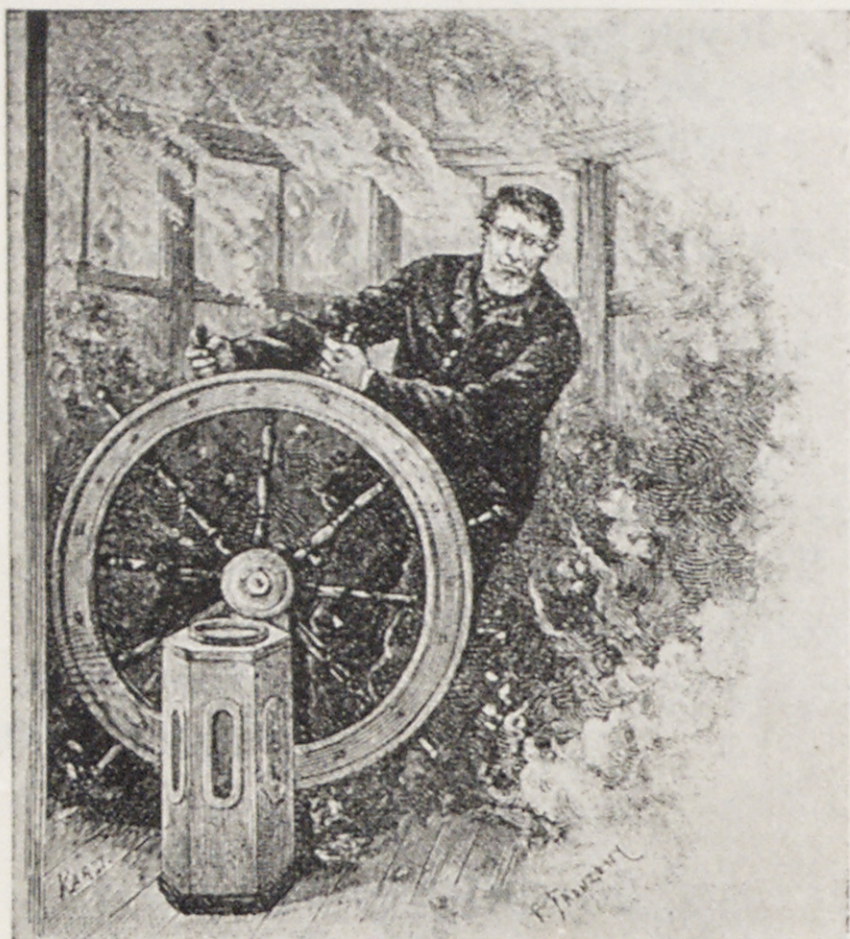
(By permission.)

JOHN MAYNARD.

The author of this poem is unknown. The story told in the following verses is about a pilot named John Maynard, whose work was to guide the vessels running between Detroit and Buffalo, in North America. During one of the journeys a fire broke out. The captain quickly made up his mind to run the vessel ashore. To do this it was necessary that the ship should be properly guided—that someone should remain at the helm, although exposed to great danger. Brave John Maynard did this. He remained amid the flames, all scorched and burnt, until the shore was reached. Every person on board was saved except the brave pilot, who thus gave up his own life in order to save the lives of others.

In North America once lived
 A man unknown to fame
 (Methinks that very few have heard
 Of brave John Maynard's name).

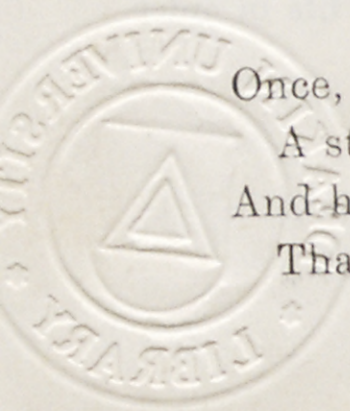




JOHN MAYNARD AT THE WHEEL.

A skilful pilot he was bred ;
 In God was his delight ;
 His head was clear, his hands were strong,
 His hopes seemed ever bright.

Once, from Detroit to Buffalo,
 A steamer plied her way,
 And honest John stood at the helm
 That lovely summer day.



Well filled with joyous passengers,
 She cut the waters wide,
 Leaving a silver line of light
 Along the foaming tide.

But suddenly her captain starts !
 His cheeks are white as snow !
 Oh, sight of dread ! light wreaths of smoke
 Come curling from below.

Then rose the horrid shout of " Fire,"
 Appalling, wild, and drear !
 A boat the steamer carried not,
 Nor human aid was near !

All hands to instant work were called :
 Alas ! all toil was vain !
 The fury of the raging flames
 No effort might restrain.

" How long ere Buffalo be reached ? "
 Arose an eager cry,
 " About three-quarters of an hour,"
 John Maynard made reply.

Then forward rush the passengers,
 Dismayed, with terror sore ;
 John Maynard at the helm still stands,
 As steadfast as before.

Now dreadful clouds of smoke arise,
 And sheets of flame divide !
 " John Maynard, are you at the helm ? "
 The captain loudly cried.

“Ay, ay, sir!” was the quick reply,
 “Then say how does she head?”
 “South-east by east” the answer came
 Above the uproar dread.

“Head her south-east!” the captain shouts,
 “And run her quick *ashore*.”
 “Ay, ay, sir!” but the quick response
 Was *feebler* than before.

“John Maynard! can you yet hold on
 “Five minutes longer still?”
 The captain’s ear scarce caught the words—
 “By God’s good help I will!”

Scorched were the old man’s face and hair;
 One hand disabled hung;
 Yet with the other to the wheel
 As to a rock he clung.

He beached the ship! to all on board
 A landing place was given;
 But, as the latest leaped on shore,
 John Maynard rose to heaven.

THE BEGGAR-MAN.

Around the fire, one wintry night,
 The farmer’s rosy children sat;
 The faggot lent its blazing light,
 And jokes went round and careless chat.

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear,
 Low tapping at the bolted door;
 And, thus to gain their willing ear,
 A feeble voice was heard to implore:



*“ And close beside the fire they place
 The poor, half-frozen beggar-man.”*

“ Cold blows the blast across the moor;
 The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
 A toilsome mountain lies before;
 A dreary, treeless waste behind.

“ My eyes are weak and dim with age;
 No road, no path, can I descry;
 And these poor rags ill stand the rage
 Of such a keen, inclement sky.

“ So faint I am, these tottering feet
 No more my feeble frame can bear ;
 My sinking heart forgets to beat,
 And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

“ Open your hospitable door,
 And shield me from the biting blast ;
 Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
 The weary moor that I have passed !”

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
 And close beside the fire they place
 The poor, half-frozen beggar-man,
 With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
 And chafed his frozen hands in theirs ;
 And busily the good old dame
 A comfortable meal prepares.

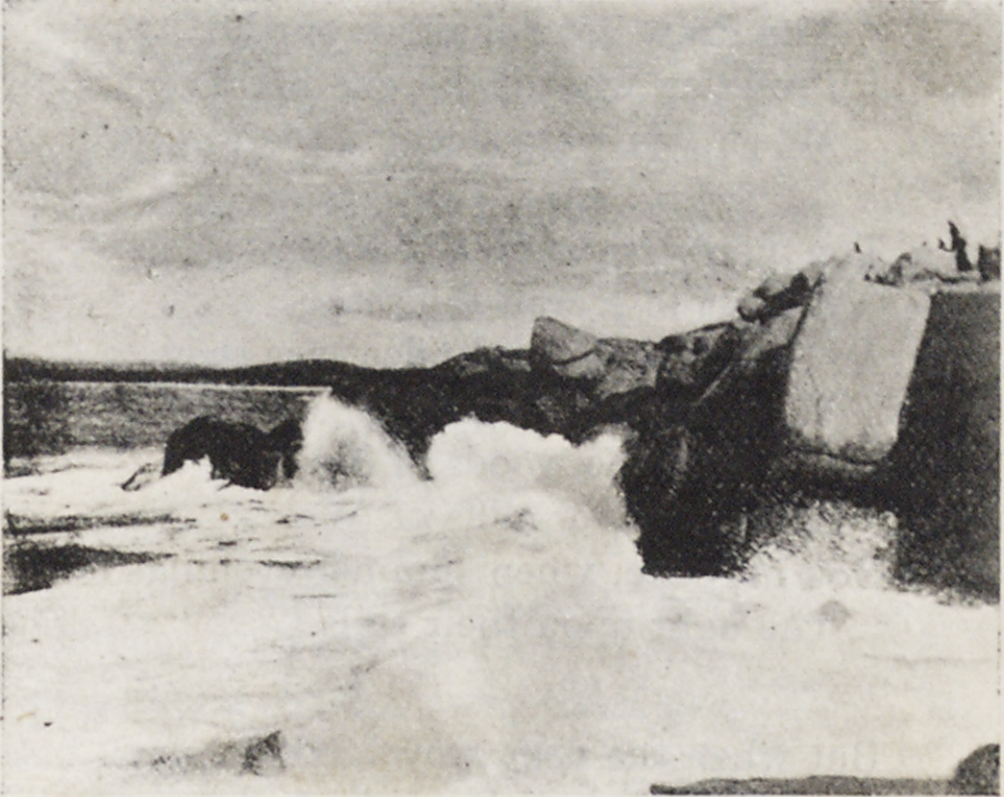
Their kindness cheered his drooping soul ;
 And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
 The big round tear was seen to roll,
 And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
 And all their merry chat was o'er ;
 And yet they felt, they knew not why,
 More glad than they had been before.

LUCY AIKEN.

THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM.

A TRUE STORY.



[C. L. W.]

"But you know it can be angry."

You see the gentle water,
 How silently it floats,
 How cautiously, how steadily,
 It moves the sleepy boats ;
 And all the little loops of pearl
 It strews along the sand
 Steal out as leisurely as leaves
 When summer is at hand.

But you know it *can* be angry,
And thunder from its rest,
When the stormy taunts of winter
Are lying at its breast ;
And if you like to listen,
And draw your chairs around,
I'll tell you what it did one night
When you were sleeping sound.

The merry boats of Brixham
Go out to search the seas ;
A staunch and sturdy fleet are they,
Who love a swinging breeze ;
And before the woods of Devon
And the silver cliffs of Wales,
You may see, when summer evenings fall,
The light upon their sails.

But when the year grows darker,
And gray winds hunt the foam,
They go back to little Brixham
And ply their toil at home :
And thus it chanced one winter's night,
When a storm began to roar,
That all the men were out at sea
And all the wives on shore.

Then as the wind grew fiercer
The women's cheeks grew white ;
It was fiercer in the twilight
And fiercest in the night ;

The strong clouds set themselves like ice
 Without a star to melt,
 The blackness of the darkness
 Was darkness to be felt.

The men on shore were anxious ;
 They dreaded what they knew.
 What do you think the women did ?
Love taught them what to do.
 Out spake a wife, " We've beds at home,
 We'll burn them for a light
 To guide our husbands home again ;
 We want no more to-night."

They took the grandame's blanket,
 Who shivered and bade them go—
 They took the baby's pillow,
 Who could not say them no ;
 And they heaped a great fire on the pier,
 And knew not all the while
 If they were heaping a bonfire
 Or only a funeral pile.

And, fed with precious food, the flame
 Shone bravely on the black,
 Till a cry rang through the people,
 " A boat is coming back."
 Staggering dimly through the fog
 Come shapes of fear and doubt,
 But when the first prow strikes the pier
 Cannot you hear them shout ?



“ They heaped a great fire on the pier.”

Then all along the breadth of flame
Dark figures shrieked and ran,
With “ Child, here comes your father,
Or “ Wife, is this your man ? ”
And faint feet touch the welcome stone
And wait a little while,
And kisses drop from frozen lips
Too tired to speak or smile.

So one by one they struggled in,
 All that the sea would spare ;
 We will not reckon through our tears
 The names that were not there ;
 But some went home without a bed,
 When all the tale was told,
 Who were too cold with sorrow
 To know the night was cold.

And this is what the men must do
 Who work in wind and foam,
 And this is what the women bear
 Who watch for them at home.
 So when you see a Brixham boat
 Go out to face the gales,
 Think of the love that travels
 Like light upon her sails.

—*Poems Written for a Child.*

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the greatest of American poets, was born in 1807, at Portland, Maine, U.S. He died in 1882. He was made Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard College, but in 1854 he resigned his position, and spent his time entirely in writing. As a young man he had written several short poems. He now, however, brought out very rapidly his longer works. The chief of these are "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "The Spanish Student," "The Golden Legend," "Miles Standish," &c. His shorter poems are, however, better known, and are as

popular in England as in America. Everyone knows "The Village Blacksmith," "Excelsior," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and "The Psalm of Life." His poems are written in the purest English, and are models of simple expression as well as of deep tenderness.



"They drift in close embrace."

Sir Humphrey Gilbert was a half brother to Sir Walter Raleigh. He was knighted by Queen Elizabeth for service in the army of Ireland in 1570, and in 1578 he received letters patent from her for establishing settlements abroad. In 1583 he landed in Newfoundland and took possession of it in the Queen's name. At Newfoundland his men, who were a worthless set, deserted in large numbers. He then sailed southward with three vessels to discover the coast. For three days all went well, but the wind then fell and no

progress was made. Unknown rocks filled the sea, and one of the ships struck and foundered. The other two ships got off, but were thrown upon the coast of Newfoundland. Then, worn out with hunger and want of clothes, they sailed for England. But another fleet was sailing, a fleet of icebergs; a fleet of death it proved to Sir Humphrey, for suddenly the icebergs gathered round and crushed his little vessel. Sir Humphrey sat in the after-part of his own ship, his Bible in his hand, calling out to the men on the other ship, whenever she came near, "Fear not! Heaven is as near by water as by land." Such was the end of one of England's most intrepid sailors. The icebergs sailed to the south and gradually melted away in the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream.

Southward, with fleet of ice,
 Sailed the corsair Death;
 Wild and fast blew the blast,
 And the east wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
 Glistened in the sun;
 On each side, like pennons wide,
 Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
 Dripped with silver rain;
 But where he passed there were cast
 Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
 Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
 Three days, or more, seaward he bore,
 Then, alas! the land wind failed.

Alas! the land wind failed,
 And ice-cold grew the night;
 And never more, on sea or shore,
 Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
 The Book was in his hand;
 "Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
 He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
 Without a signal's sound,
 Out of the sea, mysteriously,
 The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
 Were hanging in the shrouds;
 Every mast, as it passed,
 Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize
 At midnight, black and cold!
 As of a rock was the shock;
 Heavily the ground swell rolled.

Southward, through day and dark,
 They drift in close embrace,
 With mist and rain to the Spanish Main:
 Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward,
 They drift through dark and day;
 And like a dream, in the Gulf Stream
 Sinking, vanish all away.

THE LARK AND THE NIGHTINGALE.



“The nightingale is trilling.”

HARTLEY COLERIDGE (born 1796—died 1849) was the eldest son of the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He only printed one volume of poetry. His infancy and childhood are spoken of in poetry both by his father and his father's good friend, the poet Wordsworth. The latter speaks of him as one “whose fancies from afar are brought,” and who made “a mock apparel” of his words. A story is told that when he was only 5 years old someone asked him a question about his name, “Hartley.” “Which Hartley?” asked the boy. “Why, is there more than one Hartley?” “Yes,” he replied; “there's a deal of Hartleys.” “How so?” “There's ‘Picture’ Hartley [meaning his own portrait], and ‘Shadow’

Hartley, and there's 'Echo' Hartley, and there's 'Catch-me-fast' Hartley." It was quite clear that he lived in a world of day-dreams, and he might have become, like his father, a great poet; but it is very sad to think that as he grew to be a man he allowed drink to ruin his mind. "'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark" is one of his sweetest poems.

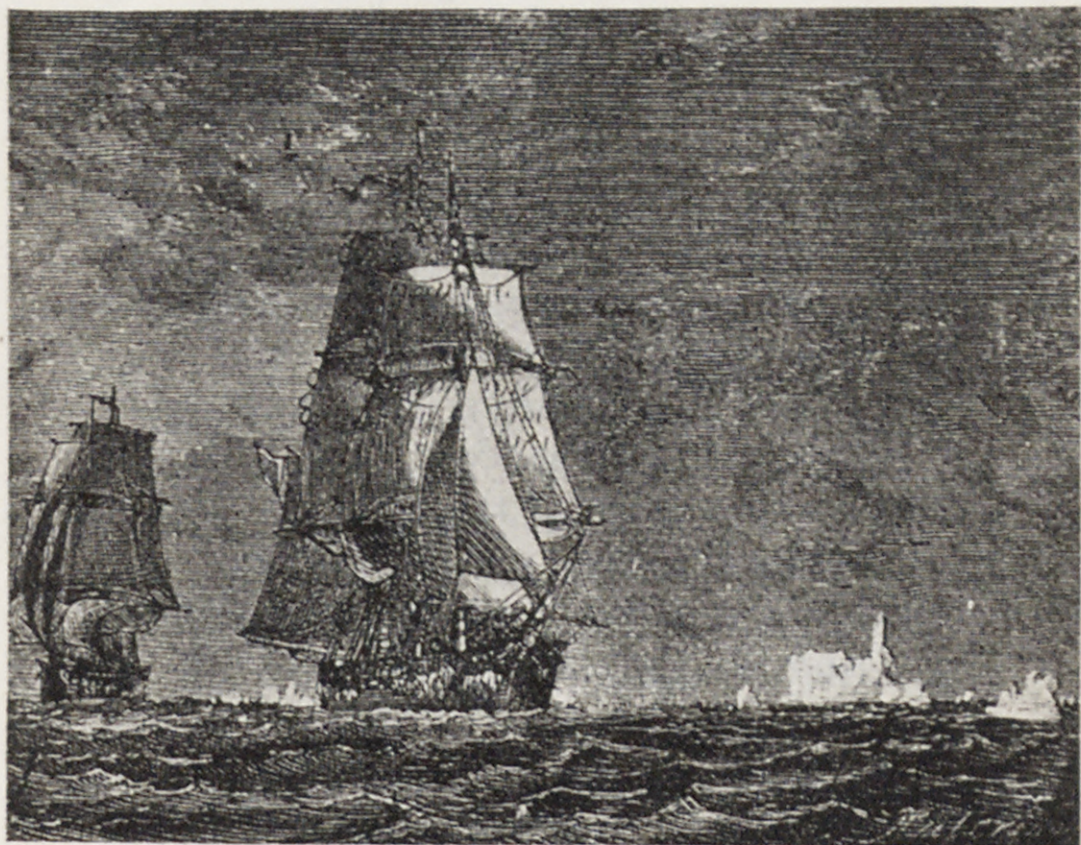
'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
 That bids a blithe good-morrow;
 But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,
 To the soothing song of sorrow.
 O Nightingale! what doth her ail?
 And is she sad or jolly?
 For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
 So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
 No worldly thought o'ertakes him;
 He sings aloud to the clear blue sky
 And the daylight that awakes him.
 As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
 The nightingale is trilling;
 With feeling bliss, no less than his,
 Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet, ever and anon, a sigh
 Peers through her lavish mirth;
 For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
 And hers is of the earth.
 By day and night she tunes her lay,
 To drive away all sorrow;
 For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,
 And woe may come to-morrow.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.



“While the stormy winds do blow.”

This song was written by Campbell just before the Battle of the Baltic took place, but the second verse was, I think, added later. There was then every chance that England would have to fight the powers of the *Northern Confederacy*, which was made up of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark. Campbell was staying at Altona, in Prussia, at the time.

The southern and eastern coasts of England were at that time defended by Martello towers, but Campbell urged that it was not to our coast defences, but to our ships and sailors we must trust. Thus he says—“*Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep.*” The enemy must be met and beaten before they can reach our shores. This was really what was done. England did not wait to be attacked, but at once made

an attack upon the Confederacy, and the Battle of the Baltic entirely destroyed the power of the League for harm.

This song is the best known of all Campbell's writings. It is as popular now as it was at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and, in times of war, will always be one of our foremost national songs. Thomas Campbell was born in 1777, and died in 1844.

Ye mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas!
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again,
 To match another foe:
 And sweep through the deep
 While the stormy winds do blow,
 While the battle rages long and loud,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave!
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And the ocean was their grave.
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep
 While the stormy winds do blow,
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep.

With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore
 When the stormy winds do blow,
 When the battle rages long and loud,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart
 And the star of peace return.
 Till then, ye ocean warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name
 When the storm has ceased to blow,
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

LITTLE BELL.

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray,
 "Pretty maiden, wandering this way,
 What's your name?" quoth he.
 "What's your name? It surely must be told,
 Pretty maid with clustering curls of gold."
 "Little Bell," said she.



“ ‘Little Bell,’ said she.”

Little Bell sat down beside the rocks,
And tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks.

“ Bonnie bird,” quoth she,
“ Sing me your best song before I go.”
“ Here’s the very finest song I know,
Little Bell,” said he.

And the blackbird piped : you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird ;
Full of trills and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below
Dimpled o’er with smiles.

And while that bonnie bird did pour
 His full heart out thus freely o'er and o'er
 Beneath the morning skies,
 In the little childish heart below
 All the sweetness seemed to grow, and grow,
 And shine forth in happy overflow
 From the brown, bright eyes.

* * * *

By her snow-white cot, at close of day,
 Knelt sweet Bell, her small hands clasped, to pray.
 Very calm and clear
 Rose the childish voice to where, unseen,
 In blue heaven an angel face serene
 Paused awhile to hear.

“What good child is this,” the angel said,
 “That with happy heart, beside her bed,
 Prays so lovingly?”
 Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
 Piped the blackbird in the orchard croft,
 “Bell, dear Bell,” piped he.

Then whispered soft that angel fair,
 “The child that loves God’s living things shall share
 With them the watchful angels’ care.
 Child, thy bed shall be
 Kept ever safe from harm; love, deep and kind,
 Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
 Little Bell, for thee!”

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

NOTES.

—:—

JOHN MAYNARD.

Unknown to fame : John Maynard was not well known to everyone, as General Gordon, for instance.

Fame : being thought well of by many people.

Methinks : it seems to me.

Skilful : clever, well able to do his work.

Pilot : a man who conducts ships into and out of particular harbours.

His head was clear : he always knew what he was doing.

Bright : cheerful.

Detroit (pronounced dā-trooît), Buffalo—Two towns in the United States. They are about 250 miles apart. Detroit is on the shores of Lake St. Clair, and Buffalo on the shores of Lake Erie.

Plied : travelled, moved along.

Helm : the instrument by which a ship is guided. In large ships it is often called the wheel because it is worked by a wheel and chain.

Cut the waters : seemed to push the waters aside and make a passage through them.

Silver line : the waters looked like silver along the path which the vessel had taken.

Foaming tide : the tossing of the waters in the lake.

Captain : the man in charge of the vessel.

Starts : becomes alarmed.

Sight of dread : a terrible view, one causing fear.

Wreaths of smoke : clouds of smoke.

Curling : twisting about.

Horrid : terrible.

Appalling : filling with fear.

Drear : dismal, miserable.

A boat : the steamer had no small boats on board, so that there was little chance of anyone escaping, as the steamer was some distance from land.

Human aid : help from man.

Hands : the sailors.

Instant work : the sailors at once tried to put the fire out, but without success.

Fury : fierceness.

Restrain : keep back.

Ere : before.

Eager : anxious; all wished to know how long it would take to finish the journey.

Made reply : answered. Maynard knew the distance well, having made the journey so often.

Dismayed : frightened.

Terror sore : great fear.

Steadfast : firmly, not wishing to leave.

Dreadful : fearful, terrible.

Clouds of smoke : large masses of smoke.

Sheets of flame : fire spreading in all directions.

Ay, ay : yes.

How does she head? in which direction is the vessel going?

South-east by east : between south and east, but more towards the east.

Uproar : great noise.

Head her south-east : change the direction to south-east.

Ashore : on shore.

Response : answer.

Feebler : weaker. Maynard was suffering from the heat and was losing strength.

Hold on : keep at the helm.

Scarce caught the words : Maynard was now so worn out and burnt that the captain could scarcely hear his words.

God's good help : he looks to God for help.

Scorched : burned, discoloured.

Disabled : useless, because the fire had burnt it.

Wheel : the helm.

Clung : held fast.

Beached : ran the ship ashore.

Latest : the last.

Leaped : jumped.

Rose to heaven : died.

THE BEGGAR-MAN.

Suddenly : quickly.

Feeble : weak, wanting in strength.

Drifting : driven with the wind and heaped up.

Faggot : a piece of burning wood ; firewood.

Implore : to beg earnestly.

Toilsome : difficult.

Waste, or moor : a wild place without any houses.

Descry : to see.

Keen : sharp.

Inclement : without mercy.

Tottering : shaking.

Frame : body.

Hospitable : kind to strangers.

Shield : guard.

Pallid : white and faint.

Chafed : warmed by rubbing.

Dame : a mother or mistress of a household.

Prepare : to make ready.

Wrinkled : covered with lines.

THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM.

Brixham : a small seaport and fishing centre in South Devon, England, on Torbay, opposite Torquay.

Floats : bears or buoys up the boats.

Cautiously : very carefully.

Sleepy : the gentle movement of the calm sea seems merely to rock the boats to sleep.

Loops of pearl : the bright pearl-white flecks of foam and silvery edges of little waves seen on the sand.

Leisurely : slowly, without haste.

Leaves : when early summer comes in England the leaves appear on the trees, but they only unfold *slowly*, like the gentle water lapping on the sand.

Taunts: insulting or mocking words which make people angry; so does winter make the sea angry.

Its breast: the broad expanse of the sea.

Sound: for soundly.

Merry boats: properly it is the fishermen on board who are merry, because they are good-natured and enjoy their life of honest toil. The boats, too, look merry, dancing in the bright sunshine and seeming to share the men's feelings.

Brixham: is one of the chief centres of the fisheries on that part of the coast.

Staunch: water-tight, not leaky; thence comes the meaning of firm and true.

Sturdy: solidly and stoutly built, like the brave fishermen on board.

Swinging: brisk, lively; a breeze that rocks the boats about and makes them spin along merrily.

Before the woods: off the Devon or Welsh coast. Devonshire is a beautiful county, with well-wooded hills close to the sea; the cliffs of rocky, mountainous Wales often are of a silver-gray colour.

Grows darker: with shorter days and longer nights as autumn changes into winter.

Gray: not that the wind is itself gray, but the weather generally is dull and gloomy.

Hunt the foam: because the winter winds chase boisterously over the sea and lash it into foam

Little Brixham: it is only a small town with some 6,000 inhabitants.

Ply: pursue, carry on.

Chanced: came about, happened.

Grew white: with fear.

Twilight: the dim time when the day is fading and night has not yet come.

Strong clouds: the dark storm clouds covered the whole sky in a strong solid mass like thick ice over a lake.

A star to melt: a star is compared to a point of burning fire able to melt its way through the ice.

What they knew : the men who were too old to go in the boats, perhaps; but they knew by experience the dangers of the deep.

Out spake : spoke out freely and fully.

Beds : wooden beds.

Want no more : because they were not likely to go to bed while so anxious about their husbands.

Grandame : a grandmother, an old woman.

Blanket : the old lady required extra thick things to keep her warm.

Shivered : shook with the cold; even the very old women and babies before they could speak must do something to help.

Pier : the place where the fishermen landed the fish they had caught.

Funeral pile : a heaped-up fire on which the bodies of the dead used to be burned. The fire would serve to mourn their loss should the boats fail to return. (See Tennyson's "Death of Ænone.")

Precious : because the beds, &c., they were burning to light the boats home could ill be spared.

The black : the darkness of that stormy night.

Staggering : reeling under the weight of the storm, as a drunken man sways about.

Shapes : they were not yet near enough to say exactly what they were.

Prow : the front part of a boat.

Breadth of flame : the row of fires along the pier.

Dark figures : the women on the pier, whose forms showed up black against the light of the fires.

Man : husband.

Faint : weary and worn out.

The welcome stone : welcome, because they hardly expected to come safely to land.

Would spare : not all landed safely; some boats were lost.

Reckon : count up, recall.

Some went home : some of the wives whose husbands were drowned.

Tale : the number, the full list of the names of those who returned in safety.

Foam : which is only seen on the sea when it is lashed into fury by the storm.

Gales : heavy storm winds.

The love : of the women on shore, whose loving thoughts follow their husbands when busy on the deep water.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

Fleet of ice : icebergs.

Corsair : pirate, sea robber. Death is called a *corsair* because it attacks everyone, as a pirate did all who came in his way.

Blast : wind.

Breath : the breath of the corsair Death was cold as the east wind.

Lordly : noble.

Glistened : shone.

Pennons : long banners or flags.

Crystal streamlets : the ice melting and running down the sides of the bergs would look like pennons when the sun shone on them.

Sea-mist : the fog that often follows an iceberg is compared to the sails of a ship.

Silver rain ; the rain glittering in the sunlight.

Leaden : dark ; colour of lead.

Main : the ocean.

Campobello : an island near the coast of New Brunswick. It was on his second voyage to America that this incident took place.

Bore : bore away ; that is, sailed. *To bear away* means, among sailors, to sail with the wind.

Land wind : wind blowing from the land which would carry him homeward across the Atlantic.

Failed : ceased to blow.

Ice-cold grew: the neighbourhood of icebergs makes the air very cold.

Book : Bible.

Heaven is as near : that is, whether we die on land or at sea, Heaven will still be ours if we have earned it.

Watch : the periods of time (four hours each) into which day and night are divided at sea. The *first watch* is from 8 to 12 o'clock.

Signal's sound : they heard no noise to warn them of their danger.

Mysteriously : Strangely.

Rose all around : the icebergs were not seen until they were close upon the ship. They surrounded it and crushed it.

Hanging : seemed close.

Shrouds : rigging.

Passed : moved on.

Rake : cut through.

They : the icebergs.

Grappled : wrestled, struggled with.

Prize : Sir Humphrey's ship.

Shock : when the iceberg struck the ship.

Ground swell : heavy swell of sea, due to a spent or distant storm; here, probably, due to nearness of land.

Dark : Night.

They : the icebergs and the ship.

Close embrace : locked firmly together.

Spanish Main : north-east coast of S. America, from Isthmus of Darien to the mouth of the Orinoco.

Main : mainland.

Change of place : the ship never freed itself from the icebergs.

Drift : float.

Dark : night time.

Gulf Stream : a warm current of water flowing from the Gulf of Mexico.

Vanish : disappear. The warm water melted the icebergs and the vessel sank.

THE LARK AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Blithe : happy.

Melancholy : sadness.

Soars : rises.

Trilling : singing with a shaking voice.

Thrilling : quivering.

Ever and anon : again and again.

Lavish : plentiful.

Jolly : happy.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Mariners : seamen.

Native seas : seas around the coast of England.

Braved : defied.

Thousand : King Alfred founded the English navy nearly a thousand years before this. "The flag of England has defied the battles and storms to do it harm for a thousand years."

Launch : go forward to battle once more.

Standard : flag.

Foe : enemy.

Spirits : ghosts; here means memories of brave deeds in the past shall arise and set an example.

Start : arise.

Field of fame : place where they gained renown.

Blake : a celebrated admiral who gained many victories in Cromwell's time. He died in 1657.

Nelson fell : this must evidently have been inserted after, as Nelson did not fall till the Battle of Trafalgar, 1805.

Glow : burn; be full of eager joy.

Ye : the mariners on board their ships.

Sweep : sail rapidly.

Bulwarks : walls or towers of defence.

Steep : cliffs

Thunders : noise of cannons.

Native oak : the ships were then built of oak. Wood has now been replaced by iron and steel, or combined with them.

Quells : The noise of the guns overpowers the noise of the waves. Quells means the same as *kills*.

Floods : the waves that beat at the feet of the cliffs.

Meteor-flag : a flag that causes wonder and terror, as the flag of England did in Nelson's time. Meteors were thought to be a sign of coming trouble and danger.

Terrific burn : cause fear to our enemies. Lines 31-34 mean—"The flag of England shall still be seen, bright as a meteor that blazes in the sky, and causing, like it, fear to her enemies."

Fame : honour.

Fiery : fierce.

LITTLE BELL.

Quoth : an old word, not much used now, meaning "says" or "said."

Piped : whistled.

Trips : quick turns.

Wiles : pretty tricks.

Serene : calm and beautiful.

Paused : rested.

Croft : a piece of enclosed land at the back of a farmhouse, often containing fruit trees.



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