

**HENRY BROCKEN: HIS TRAVELS
AND ADVENTURES IN THE RICH,
STRANGE, SCARCE IMAGINABLE
REGIONS OF ROMANCE**

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Henry Brocken: His Travels and Adventures in the Rich, Strange, Scarce Imaginable Regions of Romance by Walter J. De La Mare

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WALTER J. DE LA MARE

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HENRY BROCKEN

With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander:
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander;

With a Knight of ghosts and shadows,
I summoned am to Tourney:
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end;
Methinks it is no journey.

—ANON. (*Tom o' Bellam*).

HENRY BROCKEN

HIS TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES
IN THE RICH, STRANGE, SCARCE-
IMAGINABLE REGIONS OF ROMANCE

BY WALTER J. DE LA MARE,
("WALTER RAMAL")

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| Come hither, come hither, come hither !
—SHAKESPEARE. | |
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| Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray ;
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.
—WORDSWORTH. | |
| III. JANE EYRE | 18 |
| I used to rush into strange dreams at night : dreams
. . . where amidst unusual scenes . . . I still again
and again met Mr. Rochester ; . . . and then the
sense of being in his arms, hearing his voice, meeting
his eye, touching his hand and cheek, loving him, being
loved by him—the hope of passing a lifetime at his side,
would be renewed, with all its first force and fire.
—CHARLOTTE BRONTË (<i>Jane Eyre</i> , Ch. xxxii.). | |
| IV. JULIA, ELECTRA, DIANE | 30 |
| Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying :
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting. | |

MS70775

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;
And while ye may, go marry :
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

ANTHEA—

Now is the time when all the lights wax dim,
And thou, Anthea, must withdraw from him
Who was thy servant. Dearest, bury me
Under the holy-oak or gospel tree ; . . .
Or, for mine honour, lay me in that tomb
In which thy sacred relics shall have room :
For my embalming, sweetest, there will be
No spices wanting when I'm laid by thee.

—HERRICK (*Hesperides*).

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BOT. A calendar, a calendar ! look in the almanac ;
find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III., Sc. I.

VI. SLEEPING BEAUTY 50

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I must freely confess that since my last return some corruptions of my Yahoo nature have revived in me, by conversing with a few of your species, and particularly those of my own family, by an unavoidable necessity ; else I should never have attempted so absurd a project as that of reforming the Yahoo race in this kingdom : but I have done with all such visionary schemes for ever.—*Gulliver's Letter to his Cousin*.

The first money I laid out was to buy two young stone horses, which I kept in a good stable, and next to them the groom is my greatest favourite ; for I feel my spirits revived by the smell he contracts in the stable.—SWIFT (*A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms*, Ch. xi.).

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And as he read he wept and trembled ; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?" . . .

The neighbours also came out to see him run ; and as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return.

ATHEIST—

Now, after awhile, they perceived afar off, one coming softly and alone, all along the highway, to meet them.

—BUNYAN (*The Pilgrim's Progress*).

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"O what can all thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering ?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

"O what can all thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done."

—KEATS.

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Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—

Sleep will come when thou art fled ;

Of neither would I ask the boon

I ask of thee, beloved Night—

Swift be thine approaching flight,

Come soon, soon !

—SHELLEY.

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Well, well, well,—

. . . God, God forgive us all !

—*Macbeth*, Act V., Sc. i.