

**NELSON'S SCHOOL
SERIES.
CLASS-BOOK OF ENGLISH
POETRY; PP.179-348**

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VARIOUS

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OF

ENGLISH POETRY.



pt. 2.
Latin Division

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CLASS-BOOK
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ENGLISH POETRY.

Senior Division.

"OUR FATHER."

THE Sabbath sun was setting slow,
Amidst the clouds of even;
"Our Father," breathed a voice below—
"Father, who art in Heaven!"

Beyond the earth, beyond the cloud,
Those infant words were given;
"Our Father," angels sang aloud—
"Father, who art in Heaven!"

"Thy kingdom come," still from the ground
That childlike voice did pray;
"Thy kingdom come," God's hosts resound,
Far up the starry way!

"Thy will be done," with little tongue
That lisping love implores;
"Thy will be done," the angelic throng
Sing from seraphic shores!

“For ever,” still those lips repeat,
 Their closing evening prayer ;
 “For ever,” floats in music sweet
 High ’midst the angels there !

Thine be the glory evermore ;
 From Thee may man ne’er sever,
 But every Christian land adore
 Jehovah !—God !—for ever !

C. SWAIN.

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her father’s God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night Arabia’s crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery pillar’s glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answered keen ;
 And Zion’s daughters poured their lays,
 With priests’ and warriors’ voice between.
 No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
 Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
 And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen !
 When brightly shines the prosp’rous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And, oh ! when stoops on Judah’s path,
 In shade and storm, the frequent night,
 Be Thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light.

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
 But Thou hast said, "The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
 A contrite heart, an humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SUNSHINE AND SHOWER.

Two children stood at their father's gate,
 Two girls with golden hair;
 And their eyes were bright, and their voices glad,
 Because the morn was fair.
 For they said, "We will take that long, long walk,
 To the hawthorn copse to-day;
 And gather great bunches of lovely flowers
 From off the scented May;
 And oh! we shall be so happy there,
 'Twill be sorrow to come away!"

As the children spoke, a little cloud
 Passed slowly across the sky;
 And one looked up in her sister's face
 With a tear-drop in her eye.
 But the other said, "Oh! heed it not;
 'Tis far too fair to rain;
 That little cloud may search the sky
 For other clouds, in vain."
 And soon the children's voices rose
 In merriment again.

But ere the morning hours had waned
 The sky had changed its hue,
 And that one cloud had chased away
 The whole great heaven of blue.
 The rain fell down in heavy drops,
 The wind began to blow,

And the children, in their nice warm room,
 Went fretting to and fro;
 For they said, "When we have aught in store,
 It always happens so!"

Now these two fair-haired sisters
 Had a brother out at sea;
 A little midshipman, aboard
 The gallant "Victory;"
 And on that self-same morning,
 When they stood beside the gate,
 His ship was wrecked! and on a raft
 He stood all desolate,
 With the other sailors round him,
 Prepared to meet their fate.

Beyond, they saw the cool green land—
 The land with her waving trees,
 And her little brooks, that rise and fall
 Like butterflies to the breeze:
 But above them the burning noontide sun
 With scorching stillness shone;
 Their throats were parched with bitter thirst,
 And they knelt down one by one,
 And prayed to God for a drop of rain
 And a gale to waft them on.

And then that little cloud was sent,
 That shower in mercy given!
 And as a bird before the breeze,
 Their bark was landward driven.
 And some few mornings after,
 When the children met once more,
 And their brother told the story,
 They knew it was the hour
 When they had wished for sunshine,
 And God had sent the shower!

ANON.

THE MARINER'S CHILD.

Oh, weep no more, sweet mother !
Oh, weep no more to-night !
And only watch the sea, mother,
Beneath the morning light.

Then the bright blue sky is joyful,
And the bright blue sky is clear ;
And I can see, sweet mother,
To kiss away your tear.

But now the wind goes wailing
O'er the dark and trackless deep ;
And I know your grief, sweet mother,
Though I only hear you weep.

My father's ship will come, mother,
In safety o'er the main ;
When the grapes are dyed with purple
He will be back again.

The vines were but in blossom
When he bade me watch them grow ;
And now the large leaves, mother,
Conceal their crimson glow.

He'll bring us shells and sea-weed,
And birds of shining wing ;
But what are these, dear mother ?—
It is himself he'll bring.

I'll watch with thee, sweet mother,
But the stars fade from my sight :
Come, come and sleep, dear mother—
Oh, weep no more to-night !

L. R. LAMBTON.

CRESCENTIUS.

I LOOKED upon his brow,—no sign
 Of guilt or fear was there ;
 He stood as proud by that death-shrine
 As even o'er despair
 He had a power ; in his eye
 There was a quenchless energy,
 A spirit that could dare
 The deadliest form that death could take,
 And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,—
 He raised them haughtily ;
 And had that grasp been on the brand,
 It could not wave on high
 With freer pride than it waved now.
 Around he looked with changeless brow
 On many a torture nigh—
 The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
 And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before : he rode
 Upon a coal-black steed ;
 And tens of thousands thronged the road
 And bade their warrior speed.
 His helm, his breast-plate were of gold,
 And graced with many a dent, that told
 Of many a soldier's deed ;
 The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
 And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood, chained and alone,
 The headsman by his side ;
 The plume, the helm, the charger gone ;
 The sword that had defied
 The mightiest, lay broken near ;
 And yet no sound nor sign of fear
 Came from that lip of