

ENGLISH LYRICS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649136568

English lyrics by Alfred Austin

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ALFRED AUSTIN

ENGLISH LYRICS



ENGLISH LYRICS

BY

ALFRED AUSTIN

POET LAUREATE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM WATSON

AUTHOR OF "WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE," AND OTHER POEMS

17416
FOURTH EDITION

London

MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & CO.

1905

All rights reserved

P.A.T. 1503

*First Edition July 1890. Second Edition November 1890
Third Edition April 1891. Fourth Edition January 1895
Reprinted March 1896, 1905*

P 15
40-42
E 5

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A BIRTHDAY	1
PRIMROSES	5
A DEFENCE OF ENGLISH SPRING	9
MY WINTER ROSE	22
THREE SONNETS	24
A FARMHOUSE DIRGE	26
UNSEASONABLE SNOWS	38
A SPRING CAROL	39
AT HIS GRAVE	46
A NIGHT IN JUNE	52
GRANDMOTHER'S TEACHING	55
TO ENGLAND	68
A COUNTRY NOSEGAY	69
THE SPRING-TIME, O THE SPRING-TIME !	72
A QUESTION	74
AN ANSWER	75
TO BEATRICE STUART-WORTLEY	76
HENRY BARTLE EDWARD FRÈRE	79
A CAPTIVE THROSTLE	81

	PAGE
THE LAST NIGHT	86
FAREWELL TO SPRING	92
THE POET AND THE MUSE	96
EXTRACT FROM "A LETTER FROM ITALY"	100
" " " " "LOVE'S WIDOWHOOD"	102
A WINTRY PICTURE	106
I CHIDE NOT AT THE SEASONS	107
AN APRIL LOVE	108
IN THE HEART OF THE FOREST	109
WHY ENGLAND IS CONSERVATIVE	116
THE OWL AND THE LARK	118
IN THE MONTH WHEN SINGS THE CUCKOO	123
A MARCH MINSTREL	129
TO LORD TENNYSON	132
A WILD ROSE	133
LOOK SEAWARD, SENTINEL!	135
THE LOVER'S SONG	143
ON RETURNING TO ENGLAND	146
THE PASSING OF THE PRIMROSES	152
EXTRACT FROM "THE HUMAN TRAGEDY"	156
IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?	159
WORDSWORTH AT DOVE COTTAGE	163
A POET'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY	168
AS DIES THE YEAR	171

P R E F A C E

ANYTHING in the shape of critical or expository comment may at first sight appear rather an encumbrance than a service to a body of poetry which, like the pieces here selected chiefly from the volumes entitled *Soliloquies in Song*, *At the Gate of the Convent*, and *Love's Widowhood*, is already known to readers of verse. The general title, however, under which these poems are here grouped—with a special fitness, as I trust I shall succeed in showing—seems to provide a natural occasion for offering some remarks upon the distinctive English note in our poetical literature.

We have all heard a certain criticism upon Goethe, emanating from a very high quarter, and depreciating him as an intellect essentially provincial, engaged in the effort to become universal. Into the question as to what degree, or whether any degree, of truth be contained in that

verdict there is no need here to enter, but I suppose it will be generally admitted that any deliberate and self-conscious effort after universality of temper and view is the one hopelessly ill-fated means towards such an end. Indeed it would often seem as if the opposite method were more auspicious. To be frankly local, in the sense in which Burns and Béranger—yes, and one may add Homer and Virgil—are local, has not seldom been a direct road into “the general heart of men.” Dante, the poet of a city, a church, a political faction, and a but newly consolidated language, would appear to have done his best to de-universalise himself; and we know with what splendid unanimity the world has baffled that design. And so it seems to me that one who is in the main content to be the singer of the most majestic empire known to history does not thereby circumscribe himself quite so narrowly as that school of theorists would persuade us, in whose eyes the imperial sentiment is a stumbling-block to the poet, and a doctrinaire cosmopolitanism the only rational literary faith.

A nobly filial love of Country, and a tenderly passionate *love of the country*—these appear to me the two dominant notes of this volume. The phrases themselves stand for things widely different, but it seems fated that