

**TREASURE TROVE:
FORTY FAMOUS POEMS
BY VARIOUS AUTHORS**

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Treasure trove: forty famous poems by various authors by William S. Lord

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WILLIAM S. LORD

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BY VARIOUS AUTHORS**

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Treasure Trove

Forty Famous Poems
by various authors.....

Compiled by

WILLIAM S. LORD

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ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light was spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,—
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask:—But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—
They also serve who only stand and wait.

—*John Milton*

SONG FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Altho thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly!
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly!
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly

—*William Shakespeare.*

CONCORD FIGHT.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conquerer silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept,
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

A VALENTINE.

Choose me your Valentine!
Next, let us marry!
Love to the death will pine
If we long tarry.

Promise and keep your vows,
Or vow you never!
Love's doctrine disallows
Truth-breakers ever.

You have broke promise twice,
Dear, to undo me.
If you prove faithless thrice,
None then will woo ye.

—*Robert Herrick.*

RUTH.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the Sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On the cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened; such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,—
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all to bright.

And her hat with shady brim
Made her tressy forehead dim:
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown, and come!
Share my harvest and my home!

—*Thomas Hood.*

THE TIGER.

Tiger! Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night!
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burn'd the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night!
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

—*William Blake.*

HEBE.

I saw the twinkle of white feet,
I saw the flash of robes descending;
Before her ran an influence fleet,
That bowed my heart like barley bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching bees
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,
It led me on, by sweet degrees
Joy's simple honey cells unbinding.

Those graces were that seemed grim Fates;
With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me;
The long-sought Secret's golden gates
On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp
Thrilling with godhood; like a lover
I sprang the proffered life to clasp:—
The beaker fell; the luck was over.

The Earth has drunk the vintage up;
What boots it patch the goblet's splinters?
Can Summer fill the icy cup,
Whose treacherous crystal is but Winter's?

O spendthrift haste? await the Gods;
Their nectar; crowns the lips of Patience;
Haste scatters on ungrateful sods
The immoral gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hands would seize upon her;
Follow thy life, and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honor.

—James Russell Lowell.

LOST YOUTH.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air;
But it never comes again.

—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

LIGHT.

The night has a thousand eyes
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

—*Francis William Bourdillon.*