

**THE QUIVER OF LOVE, A  
COLLECTION OF  
VALENTINES ANCIENT &  
MODERN**

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The Quiver of Love, a Collection of Valentines Ancient & Modern by B. Montgomerie Ranking & Thomas K. Tully

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**B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING & THOMAS K. TULLY**

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# The Quiver of Love

A COLLECTION OF

## VALENTINES

*ANCIENT & MODERN*

BY B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING

AND

THOMAS K. TULLY, F.R.H.S.

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## PREFATORY NOTE.

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WE have to record our thanks to those Poets who have so courteously allowed us to select from their works, and so add to the completeness of our Anthology, which, we venture to think, will be found fairly representative in its specimens of National Love-song from the age of Chaucer to the present day.

In some cases the original orthography has been retained, either for its being essential to the rhythm, or by reason of its quaintness ; but chiefly, in transcribing, the modern use has been followed.

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B. M. R.

T. K. T.







## THE QUIVER OF LOVE.

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### THE PLENISHING OF LOVE'S QUIVER.

LOVE on a day lay down athirst and weary  
To rest him on the turf beside a stream,  
Not knowing that strange flood for Lethe dreary  
Whose drowsy murmur lulled the god to dream;  
While, tumbled by his side, his full-filled quiver  
Was spilt, and some darts slipped into the river,  
And some were dented on the bank of sod,  
And some fell all athwart the sleepy god.  
Anon he woke; and, gathered, cleansed, and dried,  
Again they fill the quiver by his side.  
So he goes aiming with boy's ignorance,  
Unrecking of the taint that by mischance  
His darts have gotten; these make men forget  
All for Love's sake, some others cause them set  
Their all on earthly loves, but, sooth to say,  
Sweet are the wounds of those that next his bosom lay.

*B. Montgomerie's Ranking.*

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### THE POET'S APOLOGY FOR LOVE.

THE rugged forehead, that with grave foresight  
Wields kingdoms' causes and affairs of state,  
My looser rhymes, I wot, doth sharply wite,  
For praising love as I have done of late,  
And magnifying lovers' dear debate;

By which frail youth is oft to folly led,  
 Through false allurements of that pleasing bait,  
 That better were in virtues discipl'd,  
 Than with vain poems' weeds to have their fancies fed.

Such ones ill judge of love, that cannot love,  
 Nor in their frozen hearts feel kindly flame:  
 Forth they ought not thing unknown reprove,  
 Nor natural affection faultless blame  
 For fault of few that have abused the same:  
 For it of honour and 'all virtue is  
 The root, and brings forth glorious flowers of fame,  
 That crown true lovers with immortal bliss,  
 The meed of them that love, and do not live amiss.

*Spenser.*

#### ACROSS THE SEA.

I WALKED in the lonesome evening,  
 And who so sad as I,  
 When I saw the young men and maidens  
 Merrily passing by?  
 To thee, my love, to thee—  
 So fain would I come to thee!  
 While the ripples fold upon sands of gold,  
 And I look across the sea.

I stretch out my hands; who will clasp them?  
 I call—thou repliest no word;  
 O why should heart-longing be weaker  
 Than the waving wings of a bird!  
 To thee, my love, to thee—  
 So fain would I come to thee!  
 For the tide 's at rest from east to west,  
 And I look across the sea.

There's joy in the hopeful morning,  
There's peace in the parting day,  
There's sorrow with every lover  
Whose true love is far away.  
To thee, my love, to thee—  
So fain would I come to thee!  
And the water 's bright in a still moonlight,  
As I look across the sea.

*W. Allingham.*

—♦—  
TRUCE IN LOVE ENTREATED.

No more, blind god, for see my heart  
Is made thy quiver, where remains  
No void place for another dart;  
And, alas! that conquest gains  
Small praise, that only brings away  
A tame and unresisting prey.

Behold a nobler foe, all armed,  
Defies thy weak artillery,  
That hath thy bow and quiver charmed;  
A rebel beauty, conquering Thee:  
If thou dar'st equal combat try,  
Wound her, for 'tis for her I die.

*Thomas Carew.*

—♦—  
MARGUERITE.

SHE leans against the meadow gate,  
She plucks the daisy-leaves,  
She thinks thereby to learn her fate,  
The fate the daisy weaves;—  
Spring flowers blow about her feet,  
Spring breezes lift her curls,  
She is a flower herself, my sweet,  
A pearl among the pearls!