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"LARKSPUR."

A Pleasant Anthology.

To catholicity of taste "Larkspur: A Lyric Garland" (The Vine Press, Steyning: 6s. net) should be a new nectar. This collection of poesies is of interest from the dedication to the end.

One instinctively looks for artistic productions from the Vine Press; in "Larkspur" the artistic that is bizarre holds place. The poetry ranges from the playful jingling of a piece attributed to Dr. James Smith to a sonorous madrigal by William Drummond.

Erotic passion is found in many pieces, others are as swallows skimming over the deeps—trifling with the greatest passions, treating wickedness happily rather than making virtue a thing of misery—"O cut the sweet apple and share it" is the burden of John Keat's "Sharing Eve's Apple"—and we fancy that the reader as he reads on is glad that the poets have been induced to cut their sweet apples and share them.

There is a wonderful lilt in "The Country Man's Delight" (Tom D'Urfey), and John Norris' Canticles enchant by their simplicity. "Doron and Carmela" has given Mr. Robert Green opportunity for some strange similes—contrast these with any others that you may fancy—"Thy breath is like the steam of apple pies; Thy lips resemble two cucumbers fair; Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine; Thy speech is like the thunder in the sky; Would God thy toes, thy lips, and all were mine."

Aphra Behn has a pretty song, "The Invitation," albeit somewhat sensual; "Johnny and Jenny" (Edward Moore) is the same. An expression in "The Ballad of Lyonese" perhaps fits Paul Pentreath, the writer. Nicholas Udall employs an old but none the less pleasant poetic device in "I mun be married a Sunday" to secure effect.

The dedication, epilogue, and colophon are tastefully in keeping with the general note of the anthology.

A number of woodcuts by Dennis West illustrate the book, and as such they are well done.