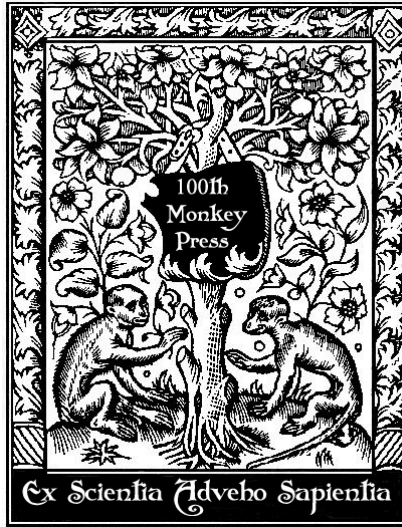


LARKSPUR

100th Monkey Press  
Austin, Texas  
2009



“When a critical mass is achieved within a species, the behavior is instantaneously transferred to and exhibited by all members of the species”



Of  
this edition  
five hundred and  
fifty copies have been  
printed on antique laid paper, and  
forty upon hand-made paper.  
Of the ordinary issue  
this copy is  
number  
452.

LARKSPUR.



# LARKSPUR:

*A Lyric Garland.*



# THE VINE PRESS:

STEYNING.

MCMXXII.





## DEDICATION.



DEDICATION.

TO THE ROSE IMMORTAL.

**W**hen ducks gabble home  
through the meadows,  
Ere blue noons fade to grey,  
Ere the moon leads out her shadows,  
The last song slips away.

Philosophy fades in the phases  
Of the changeless-changing moon;  
Death cowers under the daisies,  
While over the fields laughs noon.

The year-times fail and falter  
Through the world's strange  
  garden-close;  
Faiths fall and die by the altar  
Of the Sempiternal Rose.

So to the Rose of Beauty,  
The Heart in each Star impearled,  
Is sung the Artist's duty,  
The Poet's love for his world.

## LIST OF CONTENTS.

	Page:
Dedication.....	vii.
Prologue .....	3
The Countryman’s Delight: Tom D’Urfrey.....	7
Canticles: John Norris.....	17
Doron and Carmela: Robert Greene .....	21
The Milkmaid: Dr. James Smith .....	27
Sharing Eve’s Apple: John Keats.....	33
The Amorous Shepherdess: Christopher Crayne.....	37
The Invitation: Aphra Behn .....	41
Johnny and Jenny: Edward Moore.....	47
The Ballad of Lyonesse: Paul Pentreath.....	53
I Mun be Married a Sunday: Nicholas Udall.....	61
Madrigal: William Drummond.....	65
An Apology for Having Lov’d Before:	
Edmond Waller .....	69
The Yellow Moon: Harold Stevens.....	73
Giles and Jillie: Laurence Edwardes.....	79
Bowpots: Arthur French .....	85
Trollie-Lollie: Nicholas Pyne .....	89
Epilogue.....	95
Colophon.....	99



LARKSPUR.





# PROLOGUE.



## PROLOGUE

**T**here are fashions in the arts,  
but Art knows no fashion.  
The moon is older than Sappho,  
younger than de Musset. The mood  
passes, the mode passes, but that which  
informs mood and mode remains, by the  
wit of the gods.

The flashes of god-light in this  
little book would have been as intelli-  
gible to Adami and to Menes as they  
are to us; their meaning will remain  
undisturbed for many æons. The  
shadows change their shapes and fly;  
the Light is one and immortal. It is  
the word of the gods to man.



THE COUNTRY MAN'S DELIGHT.



THE COUNTRY MAN'S DELIGHT.



In Summer time, when Flowers do Spring,  
And Birds sit on a Tree;  
Let Lords and Knights say what they will,  
There's none so Merry as we:  
    There's Will and Moll,  
    Here's Harry and Doll,  
With Brian and bonny Bettee;  
    Oh, how they did jerk it,  
    Caper and ferk it,  
Under the Green-wood Tree.

Our Musick in a little Pipe,  
That can so sweetly play;  
Whom we do hire from Whitsontide,  
Till latter Lamas-day:  
On Sabbath-days,  
And Holy-days,  
After Evening-Prayer comes he:  
And then do we jerk it,  
Caper and ferk it,  
Under the Green-wood Tree.

Come play us Adam and Eve, says Dick,  
What's that? says little Pipe.  
The Beginning o' the World, quoth Dick,  
For we are Dancing-ripe:  
It's that you call?  
Then have at all,  
He plaid with a merry Glee:  
O then did they jerk it,  
Caper and ferk it,  
Under the Green-wood Tree.



In comes our Gaffer Underwood,  
    And sets him on the Bench;  
His Wife and Daughter Ne'er-be-good,  
    That pretty round-fac'd Wench:  
        There's Neighbour Chuck,  
        And Habakkuk,  
They all come there to see;  
    Oh, how we do jerk it,  
    Caper and ferk it,  
Under the Greenwood-Tree.

From thence we go to Sir William's Ground,  
    And a Rich Old Cub is he;  
And there we Dance around, around,  
    But the Devil a Penny we see:  
        From thence we get  
        To Sommerset,  
Where men be frolick and free:  
    And there do we jerk it,  
    Caper and ferk it,  
Under the Greenwood-Tree.

My Lord's Son must not be forgot,  
So full of merry Jest;  
He laughs to see the Girls so hot,  
And jumps in with the rest:  
He doth them assail  
With his Calves-Tail,  
And he thrusts it to see,  
O how they do jerk it,  
Caper and ferk it,  
Under the Greenwood-Tree.

A Pox of all those snuffing Knaves,  
That do our Sports despise:  
We value not the sneaking Slaves,  
They're more precise than Wise:  
Bots on them all,  
Both great and small,  
And such Hypocrisee:  
For we will jerk it,  
Caper and ferk it,  
Under the Greenwood-Tree.

Tho' bonny Nell do bear the Bell,  
'Mongst Gallants gay and gaudy;  
Our Margery's as light as she,  
And yet she is not Baudy;  
When with trusty  
Arthur lusty,  
Or Bob or Barnabee,  
Oh! how they frig it,  
Jump it and Jigg it,  
Under the Greenwood-Tree.

We fear no Plots of Jews or Scots,  
For we are jolly swains;  
With Plow and Cow and Barley-Mow  
We busie all our Brains:  
No City Cares,  
Nor Merchant's Fears  
Of Wreck or Piracy;  
Therefore we can Flout it,  
Revel and rout it,  
Under the Greenwood-Tree.

O'er Hills and Dales, and Whitson-Ales,  
    We dance a Merry fit;  
When Susan sweet with John doth meet,  
    She gives him Hit for Hit:  
        From Head to Foot  
        She holds him to't,  
And Jumps as high as he;  
        O how they do spring it,  
        Flounce it and fling it,  
Under the Greenwood-Tree,

With Ribbond red in Hat on Head,  
    Young Ralph doth skip and jump;  
Joan has a new long Scarf of blue  
    That reaches to her Rump:  
        With Petticoats  
        As light as Moats  
Which in the Sun we see;  
    Oh! how they did skip it,  
    Trample and Trip it,  
Under the Greenwood-Tree.

No time is spent with more content  
In City, Court, or Camp;  
We fear no Covent Garden Gout,  
Nor Pickadilly Cramp:  
From Scurvy we  
Are always free,  
And evermore shall be;  
So long as we Whisk it,  
Frig it and Frisk it,  
Under the Greenwood-Tree.

On Meads and Launs we trip like Fauns,  
Like Fillies, Kids or Lambs;  
We have no twinge to make us cringe,  
Or crinkle in the Hams:  
When some Disease  
Doth on us sieze,  
With one Consent go we  
To Jigg it and Jirk it,  
Caper and Ferk it,  
Under the Greenwood-Tree.

When we're well fir'd, and almost tir'd,  
That Night is drawing on:  
And that we must confess (as just)  
Our dancing day is done:  
The Night is spent  
With more content,  
For then we all agree  
To Cock it and Dock it,  
Smock it and Knock it,  
Under the Greenwood-Tree.

TOM D'URFEY.

## CANTICLES.







The flowers their sweets display,  
The Birds in short preludiums tune  
their throat  
The turtle in low murmurs does essay  
Her melancholy note.

The fruitful vineyards make  
An odorous smell, the fig looks fresh  
and gay,  
Arise my love, my fairest one awake,  
Awake and come away.

JOHN NORRIS

DORON AND CARMELLA.





The lines within thy face are deep and clear,  
Like to the furrows of my father's wain;  
Thy sweat upon thy face doth oft appear  
Like to my mother's fat and kitchen gain.

Ah, leave my toe, and kiss my lips, my love!  
My lips are thine, for I have given them thee;  
Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt wear my glove;  
At foot-ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

DORON.

Carmela dear, even as the golden ball  
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes;  
When cherries' juice is jumbled therewithal,  
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 air;  
Would God thy toes, thy lips, and all were  
mine!

CARMELA.

Doron, what thing doth move this wishing grief?

DORON.

'Tis love, Carmela, ah 'tis cruel love!  
That like a slave and caitiff villain thief  
Hath cut my throat of joy for thy behave.

CARMELA.

Where was he born?

DORON.

In faith, I know not where:  
But I have heard much talking of his dart;  
Ah me, poor man! with many a trampling tear  
I feel him wounded the forehearse of my heart.

What, do I love? O no, I do not talk:  
What, shall I die for love? O no, not so:  
What, am I dead? O no, my tongue doth walk:  
Come, kiss, Carmela, and confound my woe.

CARMELA.

Even with this kiss, as once my father did,  
I seal the sweet indentures of delight:  
Before I break my vow the gods forbid,  
No, not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

DORON.

Even with this garland made of hollyhocks  
I cross thy brows from every shepherd's kiss:  
Heigh ho! how glad I am to touch thy locks!  
My frolic heart even now a freeman is.

CARMELA.

I thank you, Doron, and will think on you;  
I love you, Doron, and will wink on you.  
I seal your charter patent with my thumbs:  
Come, kiss and part, for fear my mother comes.

ROBERT GREENE.



## THE MILK-MAIDS.



## THE MILK-MAIDS.



Walkeing betimes close by a green wood side,  
Hy tranonny, nonny with hy  
  tranonny no;  
A payre of lovely milk maides there by  
  chance I spide,  
With hy tranonny nonny no, with  
  tranonny no.

One of them was faire, as fair as fair might bee;  
Hy tranonny, nonny with hy  
  tranonny no;  
The other she was browne, with wanton rowling  
  eye,  
With hy tranonny no, with  
  tranonny no.

Syder to make sillibubs they carryed in their  
pailles;  
Hy tranonny, nonny with high tranonny no;  
And suggar in their purses hung dangling at their  
tailes,  
With hy tranonny nonny no, with  
tranonny no.

Wast-coats of flannell and pettycoats of redd,  
Hy tranonny, nonny with high tranonny no;  
Before them milk white aporns, and straw-hats on  
their heads,  
With hy tranonny nonny no, with  
tranonny no.

Silke poynts, with silver taggs, about their wrists  
were shown.  
Hy tranonny, nonny with high tranonny no;  
And jett-Rings with poesis—"Yours more than his  
owne,"  
With hy tranonny nonny no, with  
tranonny no.

And to requite their lovers' poynts and rings,  
    Hy tranonny, nonny with high tranonny no;  
They gave their lovers bracelets, and many pretty  
  things,  
    With hy tranonny nonny no, with  
  tranonny no.

And there they did get gownes all on the grasse  
  so green,  
    Hy tranonny, nonny with high tranonny no;  
But the taylor was not skilfull, for the stitches  
  they were seen,  
    With hy tranonny nonny no, with  
  tranonny no.

Thus having spent the long summer's day,  
    Hy tranonny, nonny with high tranonny no;  
They took their nut browne milk pailles, and so  
  they came away,  
    With hy tranonny nonny no, with  
  tranonny no.



SHARING EVE'S APPLE.





SHARING EVE'S APPLE.



blush not so! O blush not so!  
Or I shall think you knowing;  
And if you smile the blushing while  
Then maidenheads are going.

There's a blush for won't, and a blush for shan't,  
And a blush for having done it:  
There's a blush for thought and a blush for naught,  
And a blush for just begun it.

O sigh not so! O sigh not so!  
For it sounds of Eve's sweet pippin;  
By these loosen'd lips you have tasted the pips  
And fought in an amorous nipping.

Will you play once more at nice-cut-core,  
For it only will last our youth out,  
And we have the prime of the kissing time,  
We have not one sweet tooth out.

There's a sigh for yes, and a sigh for no,  
And a sigh for I can't bear it!  
O what can be done, shall we stay or run?  
O cut the sweet apple and share it!

JOHN KEATS.

THE AMOROUS SHEPHERDESS.



THE AMOROUS SHEPHERDESS.



he birdes they sing on every tree,  
The throstle, cockrow, larke;  
The starling calls all daye to me,  
Nyghtgales throwe the darke:  
When my sweet Swaine  
Returnes againe  
Together we will harke.

The greene bryghte Yeare againe is newe  
    With Springe's swete Crystenynge;  
The skyes are mottl'd whyte and blew,  
    The leaves are listening  
        For newe softe raine  
        To come againe  
And make then glystenynge.

O swete newe Yeare! O come sweet fere!  
    Whyte Shepherds of the Plaines!  
O come my deare! Thy love is here,  
    And waits the silver straines  
        Of thy sweete Pipe;  
        Nowe Sprynge is rype,  
Come with the firste newe Raines.

CHRYSTOPHER CRAYNE.

## THE INVITATION.





THE INVITATION.



ome my Phillis, let us improve  
Both our joyes of Equal Love:  
While in yonder Shady Grove  
Count Minutes by our Kisses.  
See the Flowers how sweetly they spread,  
And each Resigns his Gawdt Head,  
To make for us a Fragrant Bed  
To practice o'er New Blissess.

The Sun itself with Love does conspire,  
And sends abroad his ardent Fire,  
And kindly seems to bid us retire,  
                    And shade us from his Glory;  
Then come, my Phillis, do not fear;  
All that your Swain desires there,  
Is by those Eyes anew to swear  
                    How much he does adore ye.

Phillis, in vain you shed those Tears;  
Why do you blush? Oh, speak your Fears!  
There's none but your Amyntas hears:  
                    What means this pretty Passion?  
Can you fear your favours will cloy  
Him who the Blessing does enjoy?  
Ah, no! such needless Thoughts destroy:  
                    This Nicety's out of Fashion.

When thou hast done, by Pan I swear,  
Thou wilt unto my Eyes appear  
A thousand times more Charming and Fair  
    Than thou wert to my first Desire:  
That Smile was kind, and now thour't wise  
To throw away this Coy Disguise,  
And by the vigour of thine Eyes  
    Declare thy Youth and Fire.

APHRA BEHN.



JOHNNY AND JENNY.



JOHNNY AND JENNY.

*HE.*



Let rakes for pleasure range the town,  
Or misers doat on golden guineas;  
Let plenty smile or fortune frown,  
The sweets of love are mine and Jenny's.

*SHE.*

Let wanton maids indulge desire;  
How soon the fleeting pleasure gone is!  
The joys of virtue never tire,  
And such shall still be mine and Johnny's.

*BOTH.*

Together let us sport and play,  
And live in pleasure where no sin is;  
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,  
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

*HE.*

Let roving swains young hearts invade—  
The pleasure ends in shame and folly;  
So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd,  
The poor believing simple Molly.

*SHE.*

So Lucy loved and lightly toy'd,  
And laugh'd at harmless maids who marry;  
But now she finds her shepherd cloy'd,  
And chides too late her faithless Harry.

*BOTH.*

Together both we'll sport and play,  
And live in pleasure where no sin is;  
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,  
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.



*HE.*

By cooling streams our flocks we'll feed,  
And leave deceit to knaves and ninnies,  
Or fondly stray where Love shall lead,  
And every joy be mine and Jenny's.

*SHE.*

Let guilt the faithless bosom fright,  
The constant heart is always bonny;  
Content, and peace, and sweet delight,  
And love, shall live with me and Johnny.

*BOTH.*

Together still we'll sport and play,  
And live in pleasure where no sin is;  
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,  
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

EDWARD MOORE.



THE BALLAD OF LYONESSE.



THE BALLAD OF LYONESSE.



hey were living, laughing, loving,  
But they all got laved;  
Some of them were roving,  
And they got saved.

Was is a mantis,  
Rebeck at his breast,  
Singing of Atlantis  
Lost in the West?

When the skies darken  
    Out on Western-meer,  
Then, when you hearken,  
    What do you hear?

Hear the bells tolling?  
    There were lost six-score;  
Hear the cries rolling  
    In to the shore?

And they heard it nearing  
    As they lay at ease  
With their women, fleeing  
    At anger of the seas.

Surge-boom! Urge-boom!  
    The hill-waves go  
Crashing on to man's doom,  
    Urging hugest woe.

Living, loving,  
                    What is man's distress?  
Green Death is roving  
                    Where once was Lyonesse.

Loving, living  
                    With women and with ease,  
There is no forgiving  
                    Of anger of the seas.

Cockrows incessant,  
                    Kine that low and stumble,  
Wide-eyed, whitening peasant,  
                    Hear ye the rumble?

Yea! See the herdsmen  
                    Rivalling the cows;  
Only god-drunk wordsmen  
                    Look with easy brows.

Waiting, waiting;  
    What is it to fly?  
See Venus rise in hating,  
    Hiding all the sky!

Men bore their treasures  
    In hot brown hands;  
There lie their pleasures  
    With them in the sands.

Women bore their treasures  
    Tugging at the breast;  
Now they take their leisures  
    Far in the West.

Some lay in child-birth;  
    There they lie to-day:  
Oh, 'twas a wild birth  
    Of the sea-spray.



Venus for anger  
    Of her lost rites  
Rose from her langour  
    In the lack of lights.

Nay! Men shall fear me,  
    Witness of the foam;  
They shall know me, they shall hear me,  
    Ere the gods go home.

PAUL PENTREATH.



I MUN BE MARRIED A SUNDAY.



I MUN BE MARRIED A SUNDAY.



I mun be married a Sunday;  
I mun be married a Sunday;  
Whosoever shall come that way,  
I mun be married a Sunday.

Roister Doister is my name;  
Roister Doister is my name;  
A lusty brute I am the same;  
I mun be married a Sunday.

Christian Custance have I found;  
Christian Custance have I found;  
A widow worth a thousand pound;  
I mun be married a Sunday.

Custance is as sweet as honey;  
Custance is as sweet as honey;  
I her lamb and she my coney;  
I mun be married a Sunday.

When we shall make our wedding feast,  
When we shall make our wedding feast,  
There shall be sheer for man and beast;  
I mun be married a Sunday.

I mun be married a Sunday;  
I mun be married a Sunday;  
Whosoever shall come that way,  
I mun be married a Sunday.

NICHOLAS UDALL.

MADRIGAL.





MADRIGAL.



Sweet rose, whence is this hue  
Which doth all hues excel?  
Whence this most fragrant smell,  
And whence this form and gracing grace  
in you?

In flowr'y Pæstum's field perhaps ye grew,  
Or Hybla's hills you bred,  
Or odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,  
Or Rmolous, or where boar young Adon slew;  
Or hath the queen of love you dy'd of new  
In that dear blood, which makes you look so red?  
No, none of those, but cause more high  
you blest,  
My lady's breast you bare, and lips you  
kiss'd.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.



AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING  
LOV'D BEFORE.



AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING LOV'D BEFORE.



They that never had the use  
Of the Grape's surprizing Juice,  
To the first delicious Cup  
All their reason render up:  
Neither do, nor care to, know  
Whether it be best or no.

So they are to Love inclin'd,  
Sway'd by Chance, not Choice or Art,  
To the first that's Fair or Kind,  
Make a Present of their Heart:  
'Tis not she that first we Love,  
But whom Dying we approve.

To Man that was i' th' Evening made,  
    Stars gave the first Delight;  
Admiring in the gloomy Shade  
    Those little Drops of Light.

Then at Aurora, whose fair Hand  
    Remov'd them from the Skies,  
He gazing towr'd the East did Stand,  
    She entertain'd his Eyes.

But when the bright Sun did appear  
    All those he did despise,  
His Wonder was determin'd there,  
    And cou'd no higher rise;

He neither might, nor wish'd to, know  
    A more refulgent Light:  
For that (as mine your Beauties now)  
    Imploy'd his utmost Sight.

EDMOND WALLER.

THE YELLOW MOON.





## THE YELLOW MOON.



midst the dark penumbrous  
Slow green foilage,  
Vast, vast and slumbrous,  
She dallies for an age.—

Our Moon of Vision Valley,  
Light of Yellow Blaze,  
Sombrely to rally  
Men of forgotten days.

Surely once they hear her,  
    Slowly as she sings?  
Surely once they near her,  
    Softly as she swings?

Down in her palace  
    She lights them all again;  
In sleep they taste her chalice,  
    The strange sleeping men.

They savour love long over,  
    Superannate Grail,  
As over evening clover  
    Outpours the dreamy tale.

Longer may they slumber,  
    Nor let them yet return—  
Moon-children without number,  
    Men who are born to burn.

Stay not to watch them sleeping,  
    All-conscious that they sleep;  
They wake not yet to weeping,  
    Whatever creatures creep.

They lie there; let them linger  
    Until they hear the Wings,  
Nor twang with wanton finger  
    The old exciting strings.

Moon of Vision Valley,  
    They must be born again:  
But let them drowse and dally  
    Yet, the sleeping men.

Leave then to their slumber,  
    For they must wake anew,  
Your children without number,  
    Who bear the curse of you.

HAROLD STEVENS.



GYLES AND JILLIE.



GYLES AND JILLIE.



illies for Love!

Roses for Will!

Where do you hide?

Where do you bide?

Stars slant above

The windy old hill,

Do you love me still?

Listen: oh, shrill—

Hey! Ho!

Roses ripe-red!

Lillies pure-pale!

Where do you grow?

Where do you blow?

Stars overhead,

Over the vale,

Your light shall not fail

Down in the dale—

Hey! Ho!

Winding the way to you!

—Shout when you're near!

Oh, we shall meet again!

Oh, we shall greet again!

What shall I say to you?

—What I would hear!

Clear and more clear

The song to my ear—

Hey! Ho!



Gyles, oh, the lad for me!  
    Oh, and my Jillie!  
        Still you'll be there?  
        Still will you dare?  
Be you still glad for me?  
    Up on the hill!  
    Still shall we thrill—  
    Thrill and be still—  
        Hey! Ho!

LAURENCE EDWARDES.



BOWPOTS.



BOWPOTS.



Bravely blow the bowpots at Rookscaw in  
June!  
Bravely blow the bowpots in Honey-  
suckle Hollow!  
Bravely blow the bowpots: Summer's here, and soon  
The bale-fires' flare on the hills will  
follow.

Honey-bees are hunting: the leaded-diamond panes  
Are scarlet with geraniums; it's Rooks-  
caw June;  
Rookscaw June, interpolate with rains;  
Spring thunder's over: Summer's hot  
and soon.

Diamonded geraniums; flaming purple flags;  
Blue sky veiled with aftermath of rains;  
Lilies lie low, and the boom-bee sags  
Homeward, heavy with his honey-first  
gains.

Bravely blow the bowpots gravely green the ways  
lie  
on the sunny hill-sides at Rookscaw  
in June;  
Bravely blow the bowpots, hot and hard the ways  
lie  
Over all the greenwood: Summer's  
come soon.

ARTHUR FRENCH.

TROLLIE LOLLIE.





TROLLIE LOLLIE.



rollie lollie laughter!  
Swallows skim the sky;  
Nightingales come after  
When the moone's up high.

When the golden moone comes  
Over the trees  
Soone soone soone comes  
Cupid ore the leas.

Over west the lighte falls  
When the daye dyes;  
Soone soone Nighte falls  
From the somer skyes.

Trollie lollie laughter!  
See the sonne falle!  
Love comes after  
With the moone's madrigall.

Darke boughs are bending  
Lovers above;  
See the lovers wendinge  
The woode waye for love.

Galatea, Phyllis,  
Lais, Phylador,  
Iris, Amaryllis,  
Alexis, Amyntor.

They know the good waye  
    Uppe throughe the trees;  
The moone-darke woode way,  
    Cupid in the breeze

Trollie lollie laughter,  
    Dian rules the skye,  
Lovers follow after  
    To clip and claspe and sighe.

Hearken, shepheardes' darling,  
    How the songes swell!  
The Sunne charmed the starlinge,  
    The Moone wooes Philomell.

Trollie lollie lollie,  
    Swallows skim the skye;  
Lovers fulle of folly  
    Linger laughing bye.

NICHOLAS PYNE.




## EPILOGUE.



## EPILOGUE.

FOR THE NEW AGE.

 hen planets clash  
together  
To form a Birth of fire,  
To inform the flaming heather,  
To make green hills aspire—  
The amorous soft turtle,  
The dolphin gleaming gold,  
See worlds burst their kirtle,  
Waters burst their hold.

So wind-and-water weather,  
    With the golden-manëd Sire,  
String-up in sunny tether  
    Earth's seven-stringëd lyre:  
So shall new thunders hurtle,  
    So love's new buds unfold,  
So strange young planets spirtle  
    As love springs from their mould.

Upper star and nether  
    Meet in star desire;  
Fur and fin and feather  
    In mingling flame untire:  
May all girt zones ungirtle,  
    All blushing breasts grow bold!  
Under Venus' myrtle  
    Earth's joy be uncontrolled!



## COLOPHON.



COLOPHON.

**L**ittle winds whistle  
Along the way  
The strong brown thistle  
Makes holiday.

Little winds whisper  
Through the trees,  
The sea-scent's crisper  
In the breeze.

Rose-leaves rustle  
    And poppy-leaves fall;  
Oak-boughs tussle  
    And rude rooks brawl.

Starlight's coming!  
    Evening thrills  
At the sea-winds' drumming  
    From the Hills.

For little winds whistle  
    From the sea,  
To bring the missel  
    New harmony.

And little winds muffle  
    Owl cries in the eaves,  
And little winds ruffle  
    The early sheaves.

Little wind! little wind! you  
    Are mine; I adore you:  
The sea is behind you,  
    The dawn is before you.





PRINTED AT THE VINE PRESS,  
LONDON & STEYNING.

Nineteen hundred & twenty-  
two. The illustrations designed  
and cut by Dennis West.

AD MVSARVM  
Æ QVARVM  
GLORIAM  
LABOR  
SIT.

