

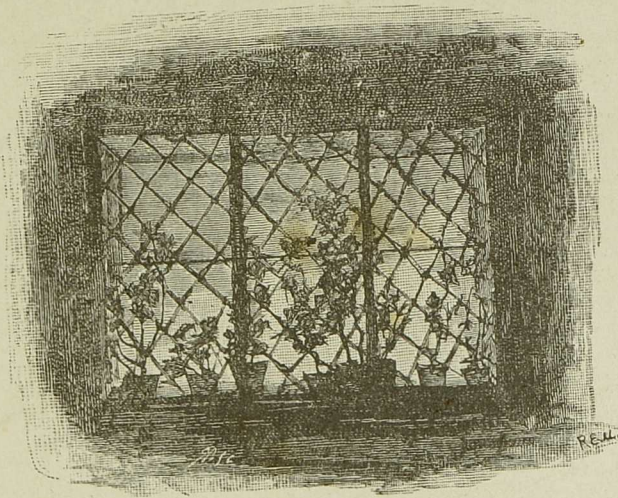


NIGHT

Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh

ERIC FRANCIS MONKMAN

NIGHT



SONGS.

NIGHT.



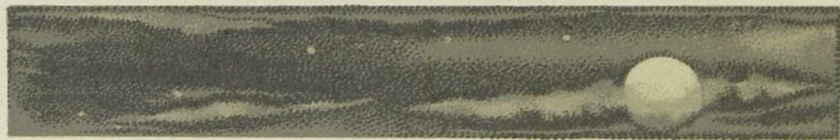
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NIGHT.

NIGHT

SONGS

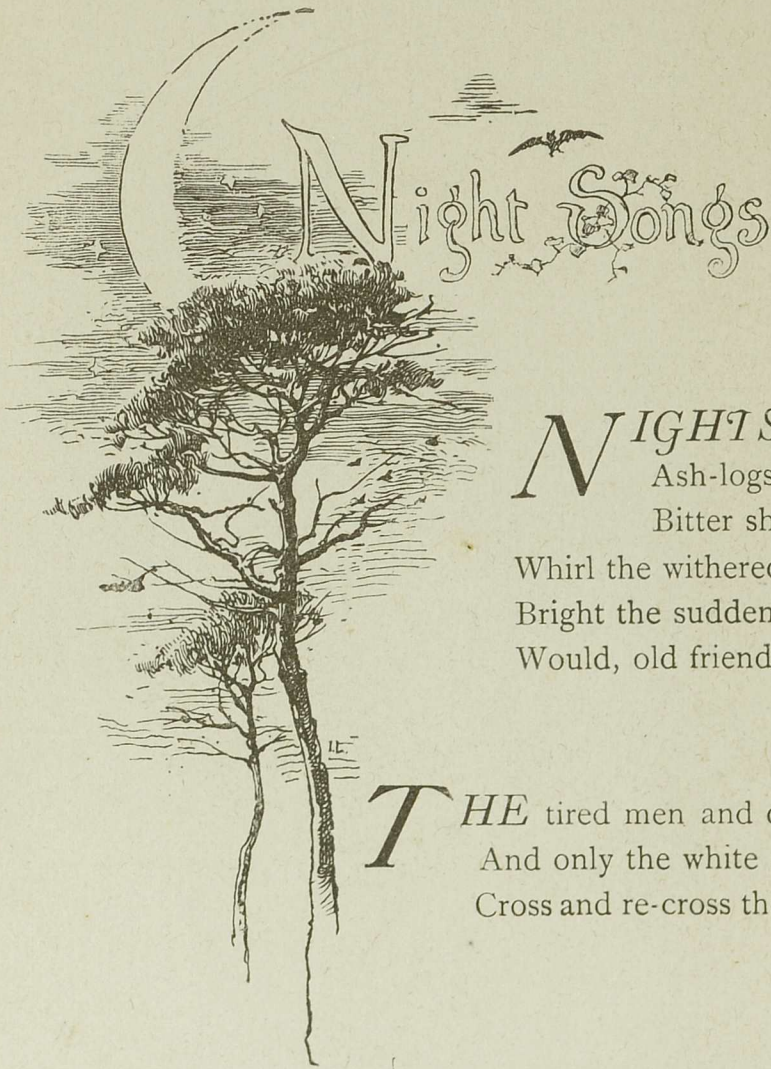
and

SKETCHES



Selected
and arranged by
E. Nesbit
and Robert Ellice Mack.

London:
Griffith, Farran & Company
St. Paul's Churchyard.



Night Songs

NIGHTS are long. The night is late,
Ash-logs crackle in the grate,
Bitter shrill winds howl without,
Whirl the withered leaves about ;
Bright the sudden embers fly—
Would, old friend, your face were nigh !

Thomas Ashe.

THE tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and re-cross the strips of moon-blanch'd green.

Matthew Arnold



II.

IN an English lane,
By a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies,
Hark!—those two in the hazel coppice—
A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,
Making love, say,
The happier they!
Draw yourself up from the light of the moon,
And let them pass, as they will too soon,
With the bean-flower's boon,
And the blackbird's tune,
And May and June.

R. Browning.

THE OWL.

IN the hollow tree in the grey old tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell ;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk he's abroad and well :
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him ;
All mock him outright by day ;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away.
O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl !

And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,
And loveth the wood's deep gloom ;
And with eyes like the shine of the moonshine cold,
She awaiteth her ghastly groom !
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still ;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill !
O, when the moon shines, and the dogs do howl,
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl !

Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight !

The owl hath his share of good :

If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,

He is lord in the dark, green wood !

Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate :

They are each unto each a pride—

Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange dark fate

Hath rent them from all beside !

So, when the night falls, and dogs do howl

Sing, Ho ! for the reign of the horned owl

We know not alway who are kings by day,

But the king of the night is the bold brown owl.

Barry Cornwall



MABEL.

AT HER WINDOW.

BEATING heart ! we come again
Where my Love reposes :
This is Mabel's window-pane ;
These are Mabel's roses.

Is she nested ? Does she kneel
In the twilight stilly,
Lily clad from throat to heel,
She, my virgin lily ?

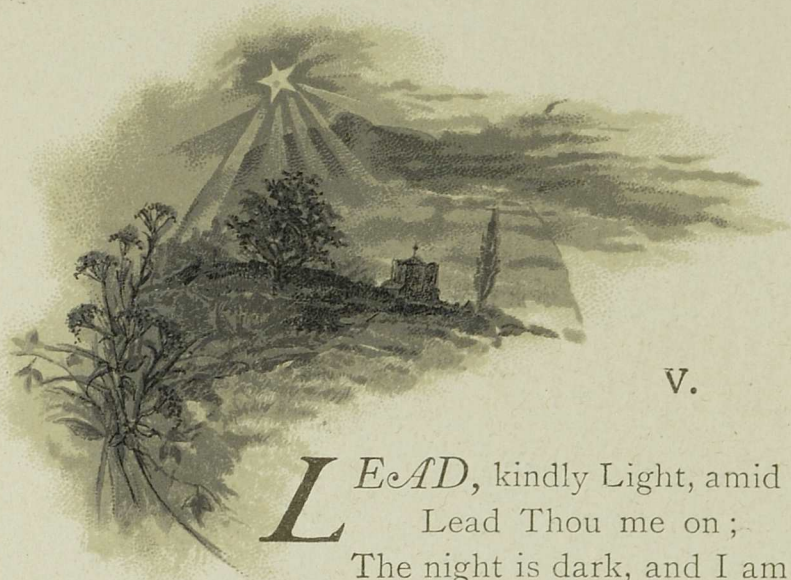
Soon the wan, the wistful stars,
Fading, will forsake her ;
Elves of light, on beamy bars,
Whisper then, and wake her.

Let this friendly pebble plead
At her flowery grating,
If she hear me will she heed ?
Mabel, I am waiting !

Mabel will be deck'd anon,
Zoned in bride's apparel ;
Happy zone ! Oh, hark to yon
Passion-shaken carol !

Sing thy song, thou trancëd thrush,
Pipe thy best, thy clearest.
Hush, her lattice moves, oh, hush,
Dearest Mabel ! Dearest !

Frederick Locker.



V.

L *EA*D, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.



VI.

*W*HEN I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white,
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard:
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow:
And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence,
Save breed to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

HITHER, Sleep! a mother wants thee!
Come with velvet arms!
Fold the baby that she grants thee
To thy own soft charms!

Bear him into Dreamland lightly!
Give him sight of flowers!
Do not bring him back till brightly
Break the morning hours!



THE MOON'S MINION.

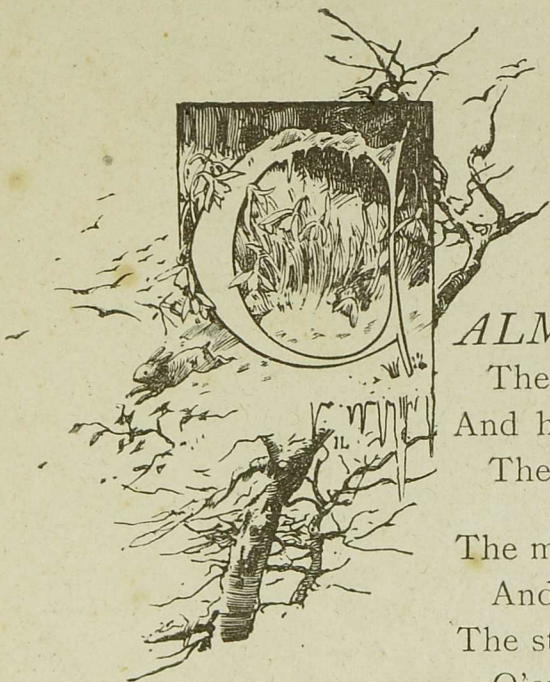
Translated from the prose of G. Baudelaire.

THINE eyes are like the sea, my dear,
The wand'ring waters, green and grey ;
Thine eyes are wonderful and clear,
And deep, and deadly, even as they.
The spirit of the changeful sea
Informs thine eyes at night and noon,
She sways the tides, and the heart of thee,—
The mystic, sad, capricious Moon !

The Moon came down the shining stair
Of clouds that fleck the summer sky,
She kissed thee, saying, " Child, be fair,
And madden men's hearts, even as I ;
Thou shalt love all things strange and sweet,
That know me, and are known of me ;
The lover thou shalt never meet,
The land where thou shalt never be ! "

She held thee in her chill embrace,
She kissed thee with cold lips divine,
She left her pallor on thy face,
That mystic ivory face of thine.
And now I sit beside thy feet,
And all my heart is far from thee,
Dreaming of her I shall not meet,
And of the land I shall not see !

Andrew Lang.



NIGHT.

ALM are the winds ; o'er earth and sea
The spangled night usurps her sway,
And hushes to serenity
The unnumbered voices of the day.

The moonlit ocean is asleep,
And peace is in the vaulted sky ;
The stars their silent vigil keep
O'er wolds that wrapt in slumber lie.

Only the weary human breast
In nature's calm can have no share ;
Yet 'mid the universal rest
No sound is heard of plaint or prayer.

So the world sleeps ; until appears
In the grey East the rosy dawn ;
And fraught with gathering hopes and fears
Is ushered in another morn.

C. Mainwaring.



YES ! read the pages of the old-world story,
Of kings of noble deed and noble thought,
Of heroes whose resplendent crown of glory
Bound their wide brows, unsought.

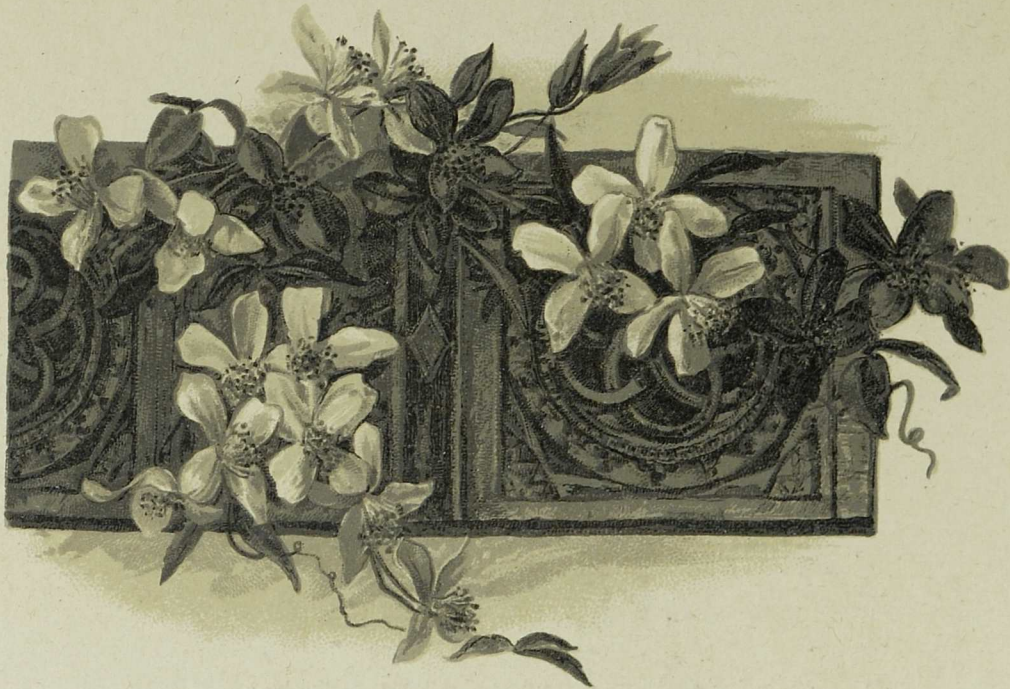
But be not sad because their work is ended,
And they have rest which life so long denied,
They still live in the world which they befriended,
For which they lived and died.

Good deeds can never die : all through the ages
Their fruits increasing ever grow and spread,
And many a deed unnamed in written pages
Lived once—and is not dead.

And, God be praised, man's work is not completed,
There still is work on earth for men to do,
Not yet, not yet are all the false defeated,
Not yet crowned all the true.

Still the world needs brave deeds and true hearts many,
Not yet are all the noble battles won !
We too, my child, may do deeds great as any
That ever have been done.

E. Nesbit.



THE NIGHTS.

OH, the Summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne ;
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odour,
From the bud to the rose o'er-blown !

But the Autumn night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free ;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of the thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea !



A. W. Parsons sculp. 36

And the Winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain ;
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And the warm Spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain !

Oh, the night brings sleep
To the greenwoods deep,
To the birds of the woods its nest ;
To care soft hours,
To life new powers,
To the sick and the weary—rest !

THE NIGHT PIECE.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee ;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th' Wisp mis-light thee,
No snake or glow-worm bite thee ;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber ;
What though the moon does slumber ?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Herrick.



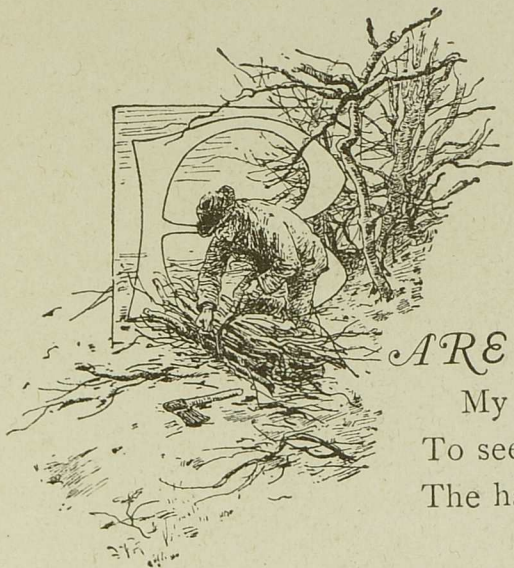


LOVE is enough : though the world be a-waning,
And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining,
Though the sky be too dark for dim eyes to discover,
The gold-cups and daisies fair blooming thereunder ;
Though the hills be held shadows, and the sea a dark wonder,
And this day draw a veil over all deeds passed over—
Yet their hands shall not tremble, their feet shall not falter ;
The void shall not weary, the fear shall not alter
These lips and these eyes of the loved and the lover.

William Morris.

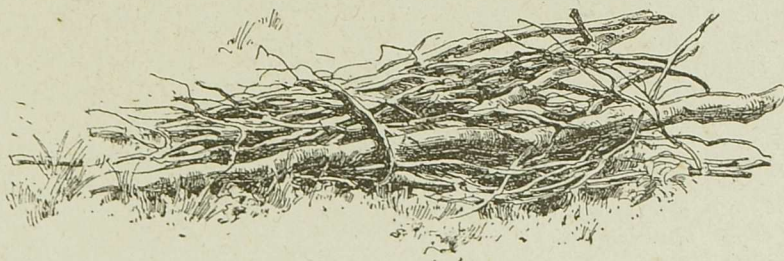
LULLABY.

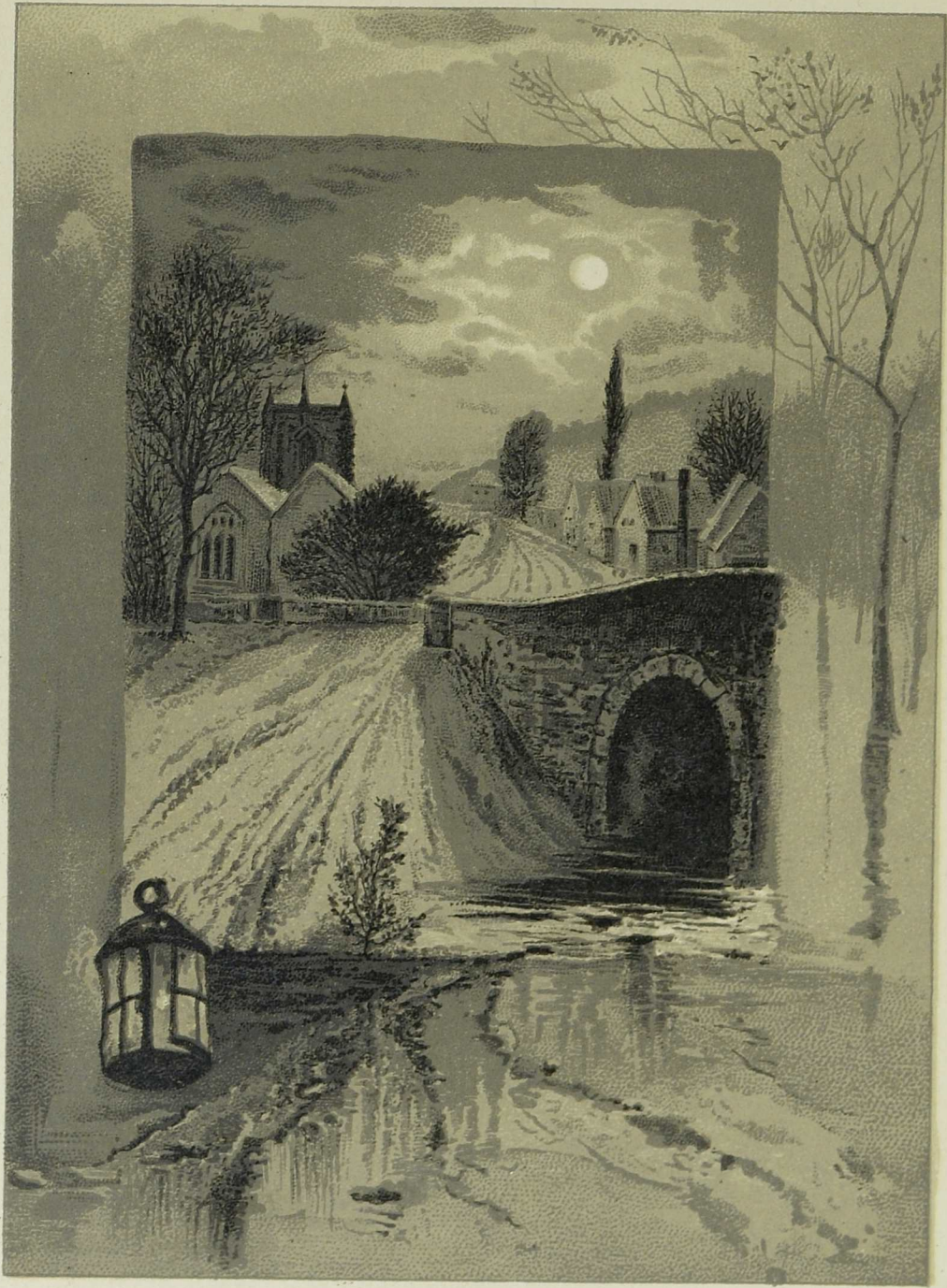
GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awaken you when you rise,
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.



ARE boughs and wasted withered leaves,
My heart with kindly pity grieves,
To see you rudely cast away.
The harvest of a winter's day.

GOOD-NIGHT, says Harry—Good-night, says Mary
Good-night, says Dolly to John ;
Good-night, says Sue to her sweetheart Hugh,
Good-night, says every one.
Some walked, and some did run,
Some loitered on the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve,
To meet the next holiday.





MOONLIGHT

TO THE MOON

*A*RT thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth ;
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,
And ever changing, like a joyless eye,
That finds no object worth its constancy ?

P. B. Shelley.

O THIEVISH night,
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller ?

Milton.



XV.

ALL things are hush'd, as nature's self was dead ;
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head ;
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night dew sweat ;
Even lust and envy sleep.

Dryden.

THE night has a
thousand eyes,
And the day has 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 its day is done.

Francis W. Bourdillon.



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



XVI.

SLEEP soft, my baby, all the world
Sleeps now, as you too should be sleeping ;
The sheep are still, the cattle rest,
Long since day slumbered in the West,
The sleepy daisy buds are curled
On lawns where glow-worms green are creeping.

Baby, sleep soft—I softly go
And leave you softly, softly sleeping,
 Wrapped in my love I leave you here
 And, singing very softly, dear,
I sit beside the lamp and sew
And know you safe, in love's safe keeping.

Baby sleep soft—I do not fear
To leave you here—for all things love you,
 The wind goes whispering lullabyes,
 And all sweet dreams have kissed your eyes,
White wings light all the darkness here,
And all God's stars keep watch above you!

E. Nesbit.



J.L.

ANGEL WATCH.

GOOD night, good night; parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.
Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!



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