



EVENTS &

Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh.

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NESBITT, E.

EVENING...

[1887]



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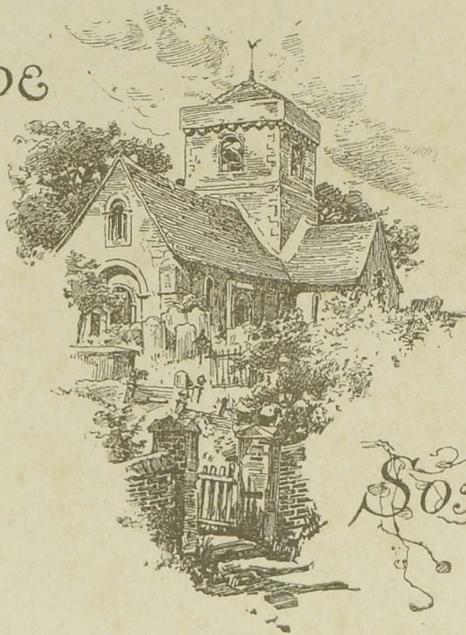
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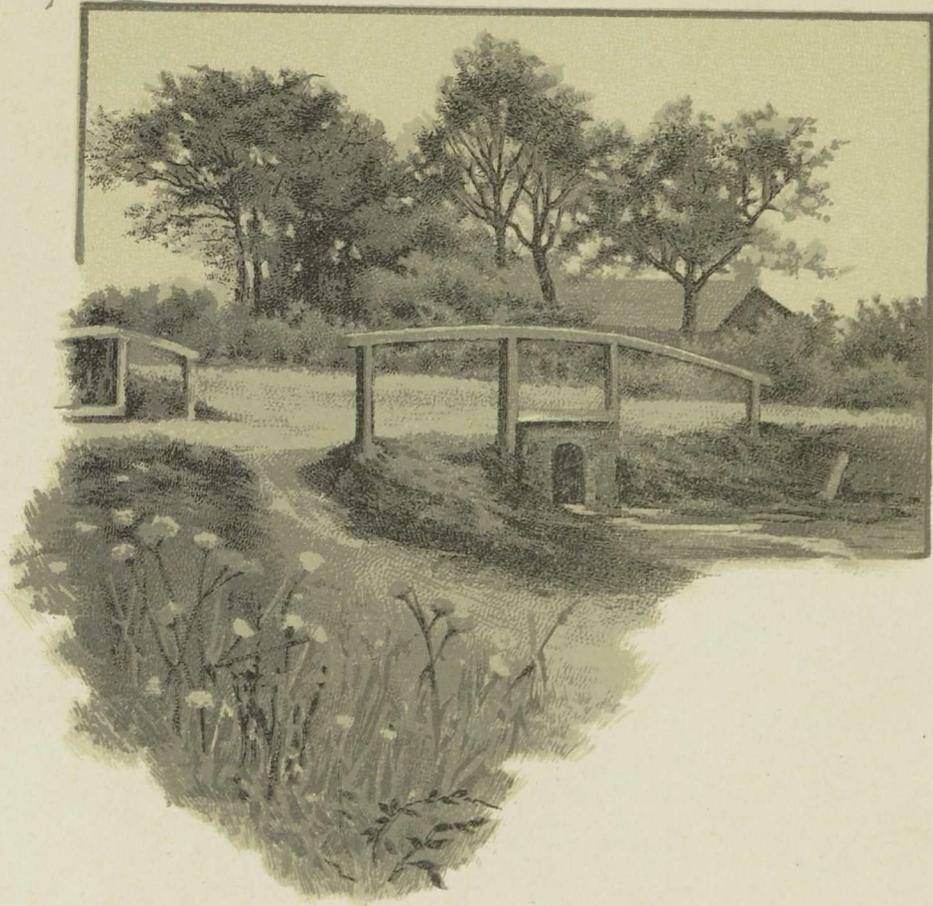
1857

EVENING



SONGS.

EVENTIDE.

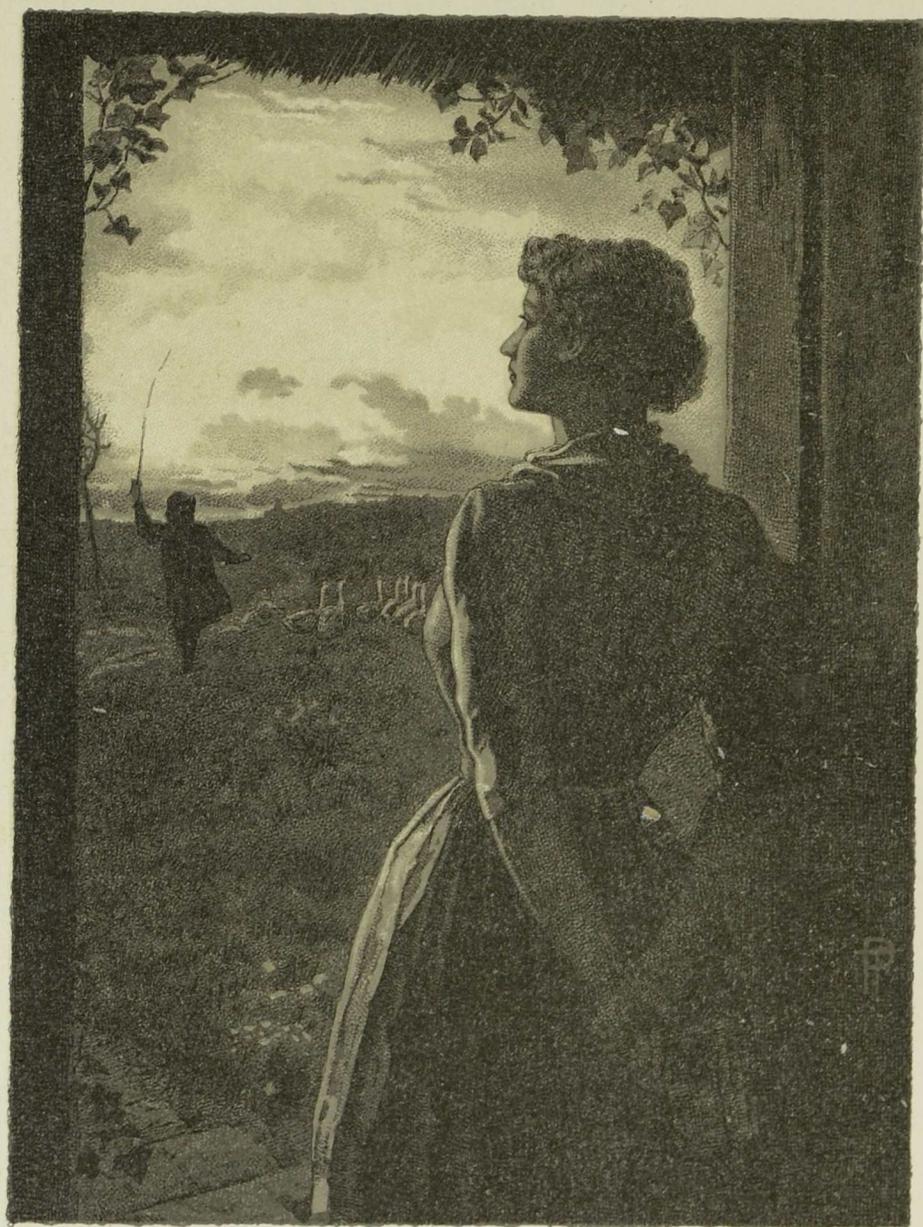


*The original Verses are by
Caris Brooke, George Clausen, and E. Nesbit.*

*The Illustrations are by
Fred Hines, Percy Tarrant, G. H. Thompson, Julius Luz,
A. Wilde Parsons, Lizzie Mack, George Clausen,
Herbert Dicksee, W. G. Addison, Robert Ellice Mack, and Agnes Pearce.*

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AT EVENTIDE.

EVENTIDE

SONGS

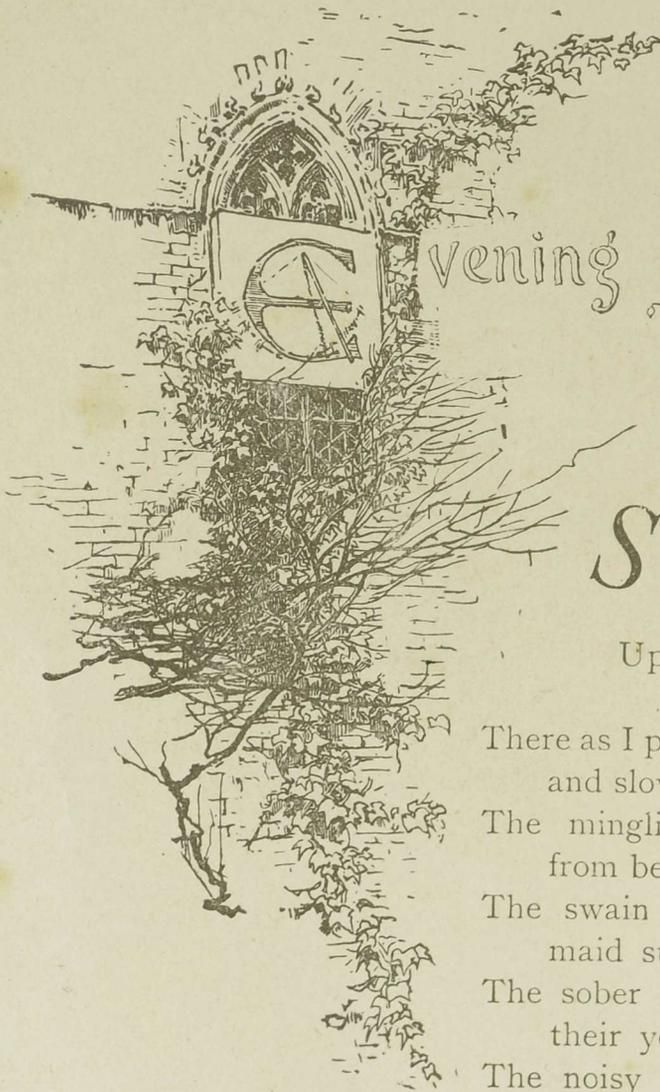
and

SKETCHES

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



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



Evening

Songs

SWEET was the sound,
when oft, at evening's
close,

Up yonder hill the village
murmur rose ;

There as I pass'd, with careless steps
and slow,

The mingling notes came soften'd
from below ;

The swain responsive to the milk-
maid sung,

The sober herd that low'd to meet
their young,

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er
the pool,

The playful children just let loose from school,

The watchdog's voice that bay'd the whispering
wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind—

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,

And filled each pause the nightingale hat made.

Goldsmith.



II.

*N*OW came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale :
She all night long her amorous descant sung .



III.

A *GOLDEN* bell of sunset round the meadows,
Woods growing dusk or lapsing into rest ;
Quiet the noisy farm ; all still and shadowed
The silent house that waits me for its guest.

Her garden mute, the soft air rich and weighted
With scents of ripened fruit and roses dead,
A parting shaft of sunset spent and shattered
On crimson leaves about her doorway shed.

Short time ago her white dress fluttered o'er them,
Here lies her book left open on the lawn,
While patient doves about her window clustered,
Wait for the jalousies to be withdrawn.

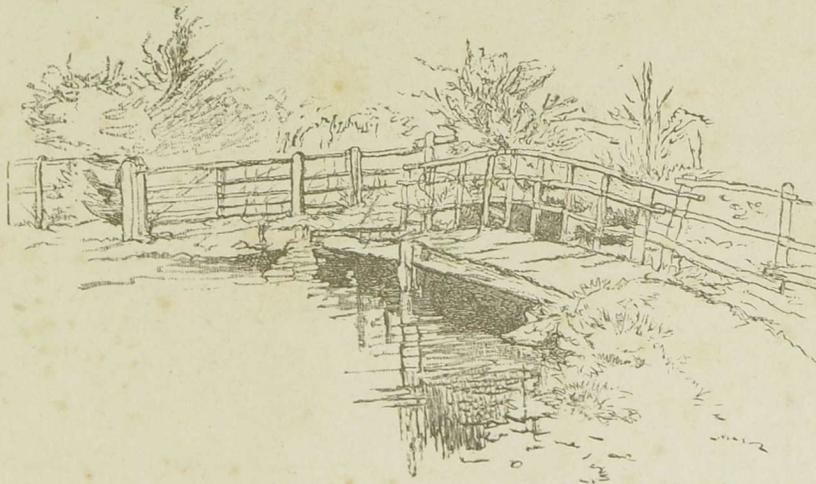
Surely she will not tarry, for her coming
Will rob the brooding silence of its spell,
Wake it to new delight or passionate sorrow,
To give me "Welcome," or to bid "Farewell."

Caris Brooke.

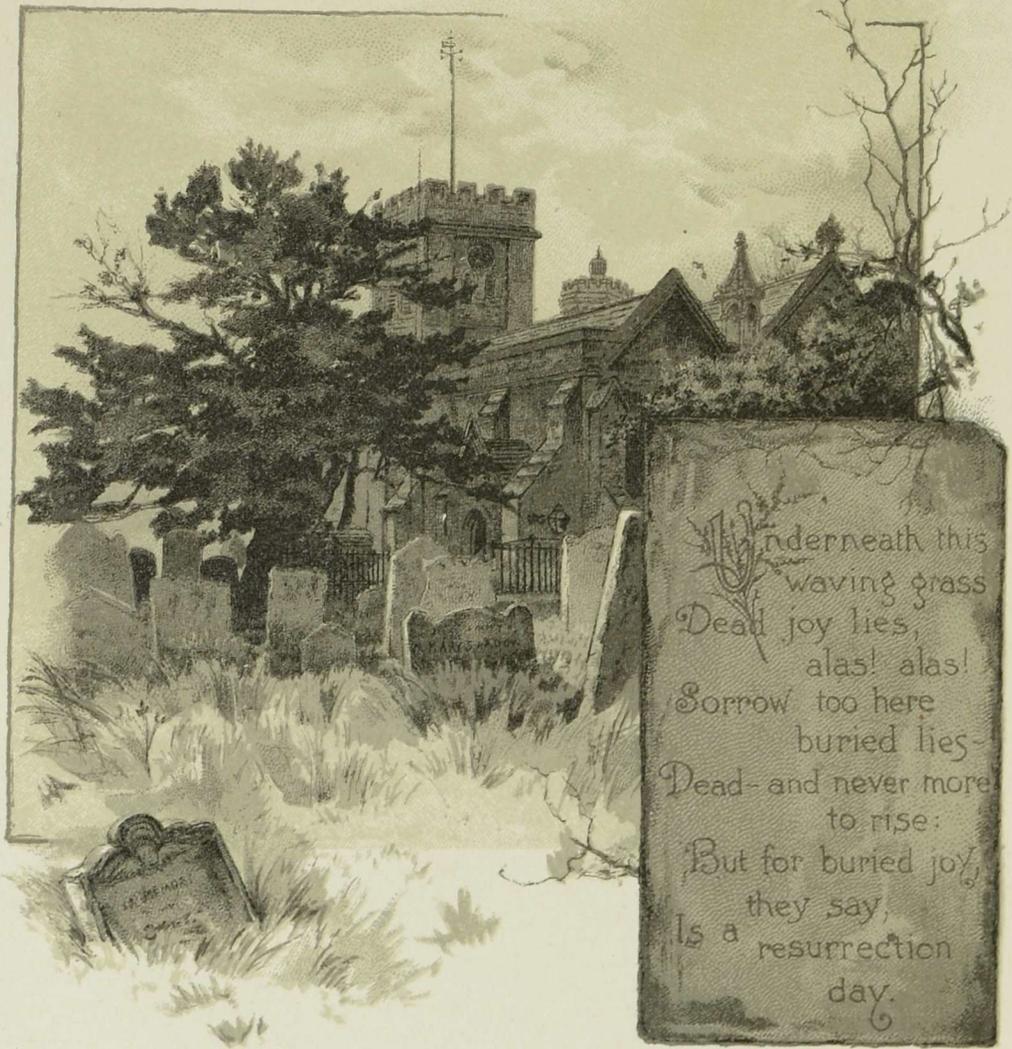
IV.

THE summer days shall come with stress of sun,
The placid light of golden stars be shed ;
With dew, at eve, the roses shall be sated,
And all the earth by slumber be softly weighted ;
But love shall keep its sorrow unabated
Till all the fears and pains of life be done.

Philip Bourke Marston.



GOD'S ACRE.



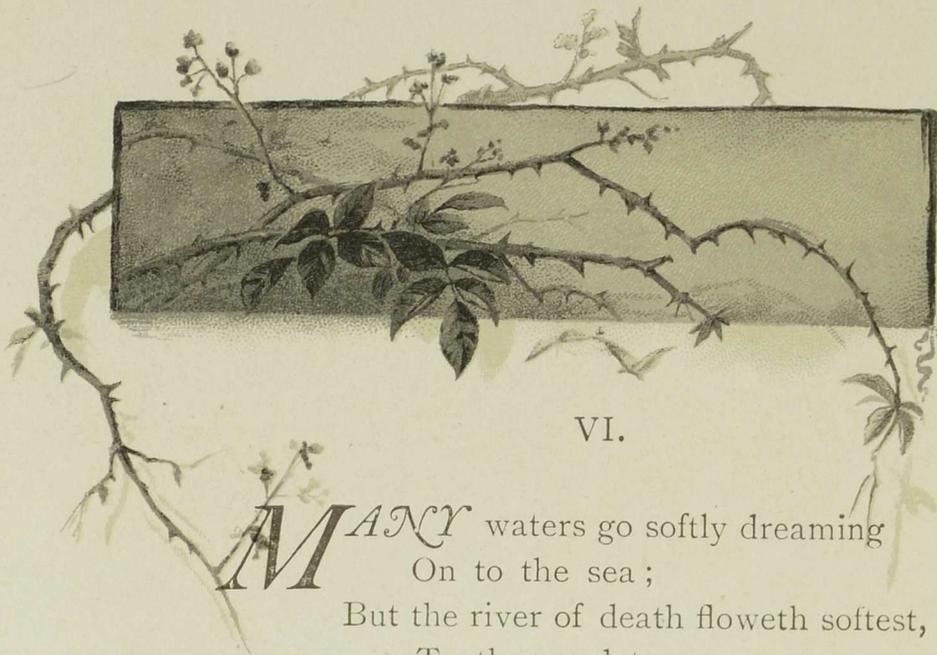
Underneath this
waving grass
Dead joy lies,
alas! alas!
Sorrow too here
buried lies—
Dead— and never more
to rise:
But for buried joy,
they say,
Is a resurrection
day.

*T*HOSE evening bells ! those evening bells !
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime !

Those joyous hours are passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

T. Moore.



VI.

MANY waters go softly dreaming
On to the sea ;
But the river of death floweth softest,
To thee and to me.



THE day is ending
The night is descending ;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes,
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

Longfellow.

The Evening of the Year.



The autumn is the evening
of the year;
He comes in golden mantle
all bedight,
And soon the flowers of summer disappear,
And all the world is lock'd in winter night.
Yet why now sadden at the year's decay,
Knowing that winter time
brings spring's
bright day?

CRADLE SONG.

O *BLUE* eyes close in slumber,
Oh, birdie on your nest,
Sing to my sleepless darling
A little song of rest.

O, wind among the roses
Soft through the window creep,
And with your murmurous music
Hush Baby off to sleep.

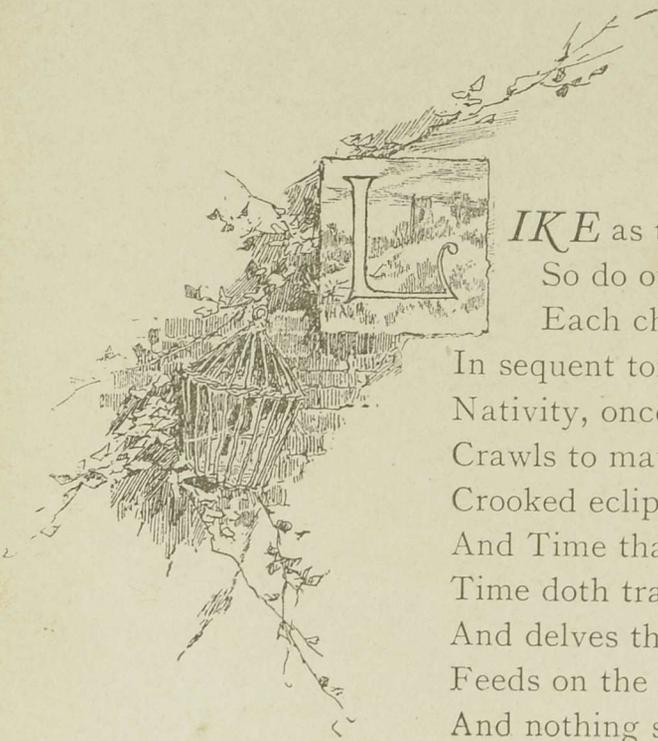
O, bee, that such soft wooing
Make for the lily's sake,
Come, sing your Song of Summer
To little Wideawake ;

O, cricket, on the hearthstone,
Chirp low, and soft, and long,
Till little, restless baby
Grows drowsy with your song.

And whisper to my darling
That Mother's heart will keep
A watch o'er every moment
While Baby is asleep.

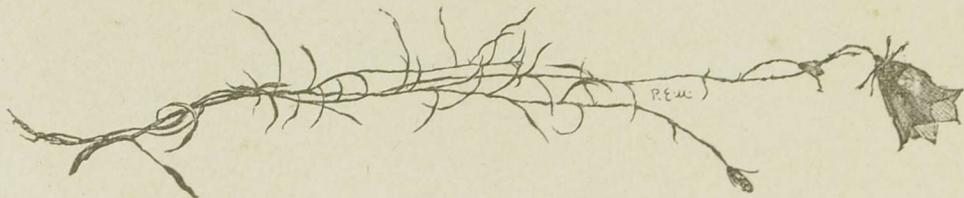
Caris Brooke.

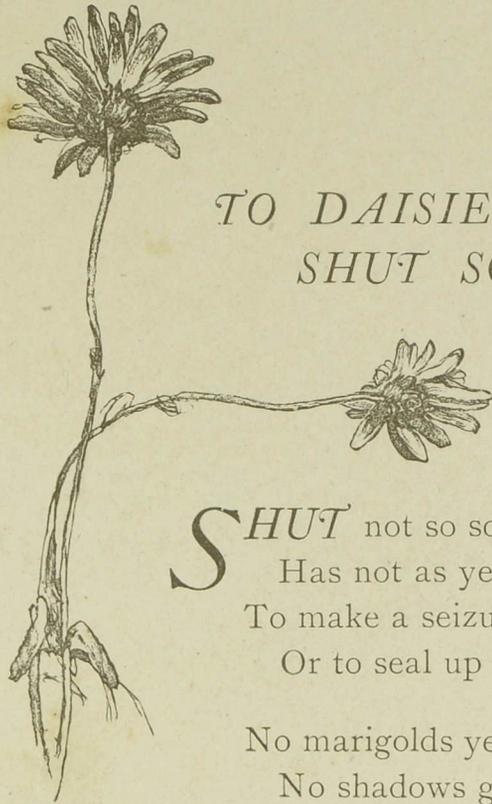




*L*IKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of life,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

Sonnet.





TO DAISIES, NOT TO
SHUT SO SOON.

SHUT not so soon ; the dim-eyed night
Has not as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light,
Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closed are,
No shadows great appear ;
Nor doth the early shepherd's star
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye ;
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live or die.

Herrick.



As the sun
went down.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to
the West—

Away to the West as the sun went down ;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town ;
For men must work, and women must weep ;
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown.
But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town ;
For men must work, and women must weep—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.



“WHATEVER THY HAND FINDETH . . .”

RED, red the sunset flames behind
The black, black elms and hedges,
All through the noon no least leaf stirred
But crickets hummed and beetles whirred—
Now comes a breath of fresh sweet wind
From silent pools and sedges.

All through hot noon the reapers stand
And toil, with jests and laughter,
Beneath the blazing skies that burn,
Then laughing still they homeward turn
By threes and fours—and hand-in-hand
Go two that linger after.

And here we linger, hand-in-hand,
And watch the blackening shadows.
Had we been born to reap and sow,
To wake when swallows stir, and go
Forth in chill dawn to plough the land
Or mow the misty meadows,

Had that been nobler? Love of mine
We still had only striven
As now we strive, to do our best,
To do good work, and earn good rest,—
All work that's human is divine,
All life, lived well, makes heaven!

E. Nesbit.



SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

S*HE* walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes ;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress.
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

Byron.



THE EVENING HYMN.



XIII.

HEARD a whisper of roses,
And the light, white lillies laugh out—
“ Ah, sweet when the evening closes,
And stars come looking about:
How cool and good it is to stand,
Nor fear at all the gathering hand !”

“ Would I were red !” cried a white rose,
“ Would I were white !” cried a red one.
“ No longer the light wind blows,
He went with the dear, dead sun :
Here we forever seem to stay,
And yet a sun dies every day.”

P. B. Marston.





XIV.

THE Evening Star, the lover's star,
The beautiful star comes hither !
He steereth his bark
Through the azure dark,
And brings us the bright blue weather,—Love,
The beautiful bright blue weather.

The birds lie dumb, when the night stars come,
And silence broods o'er the covers ;
But a voice now wakes
In the thorny brakes,
And singeth a song for lovers,—Love,
A sad sweet song for lovers.

Barry Cornwall.



Swift to its
close
ebbs out life's
little day,
Earth's joys
grow dim,
its glories
pass
away.

XV.

ABIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

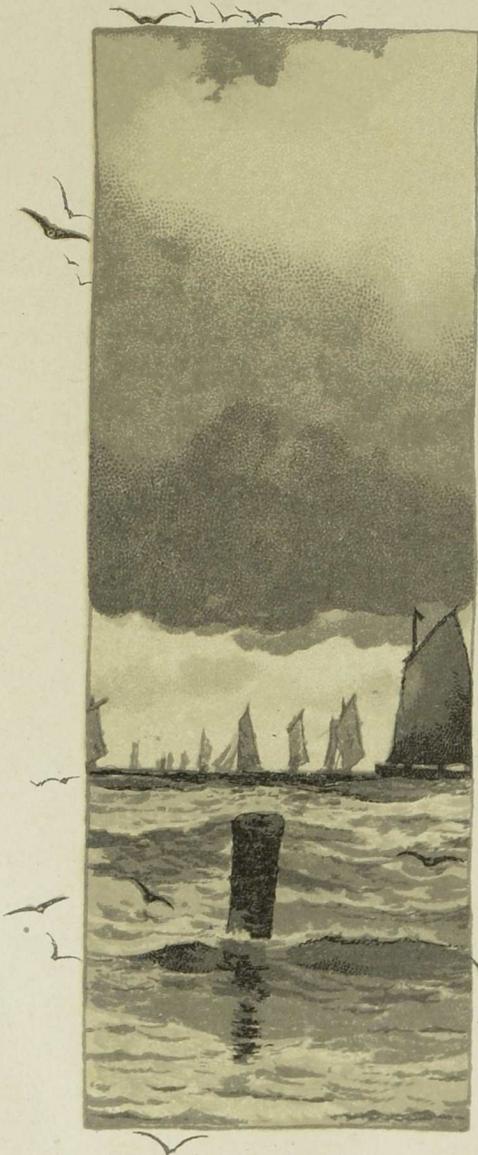
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? Where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Lyte.



THE day is dying. Far
at sea
The clouds hang dark
and gloomily.
Sad sombre watchers waiting
night,
Wishing the daylight out of
sight.

RIELD all the days their
dues,
But when the evening light
is lost, or dim,
Commune alone, in spirit, and
with Him ;
Restore your soul with stillness,
as is meet.
haste not to shew
Your strength ; but kneel for
blessing, ere you go ;
And meekly bind the sandals on
your feet.

Thomas Ashe.



LOVE'S AUTUMN.

YES, love, the Spring shall come again ;
But not as once it came :
Once more, in meadow and in lane,
The daffodils shall flame,
The cowslips blow, but all in vain ;
Alike, yet not the same.

The roses that we plucked of old
Were dewed with heart's delight :
Our gladness steeped the primrose-gold
In half its lovely light :
The hopes are long since dead and cold,
That flushed the wind-flowers white.

John Payne.

XVIII.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

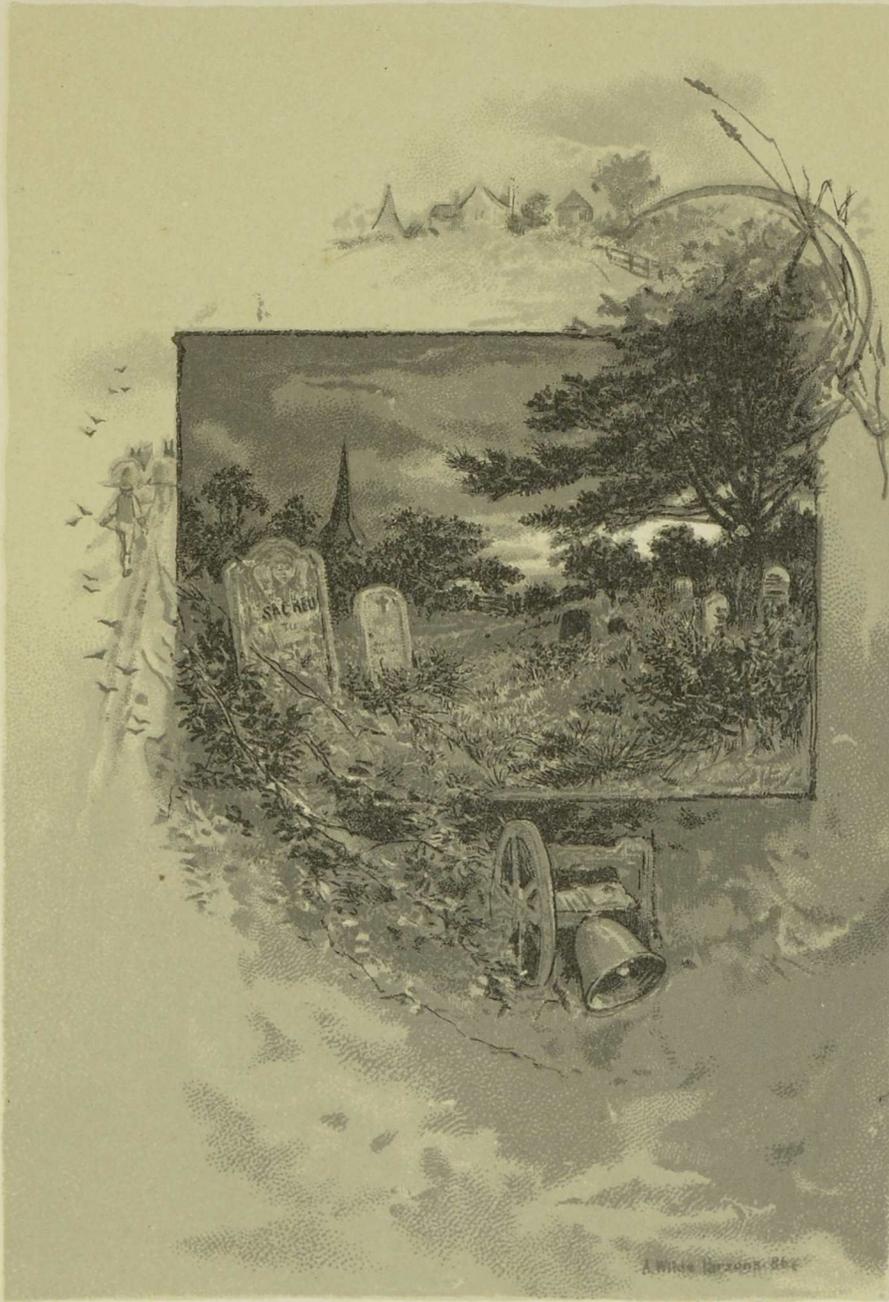
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Gray.



A. White Engraver. R.C.

The Curfew tolls the Knell
of Parting Day.

The



End

