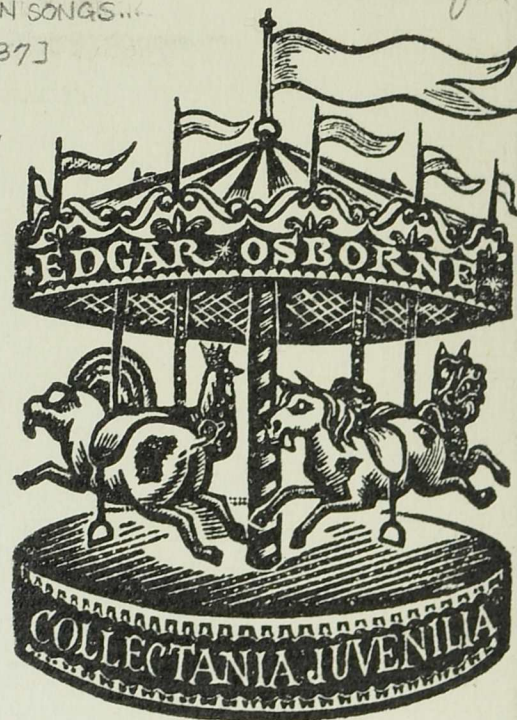




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Noon



Songs.

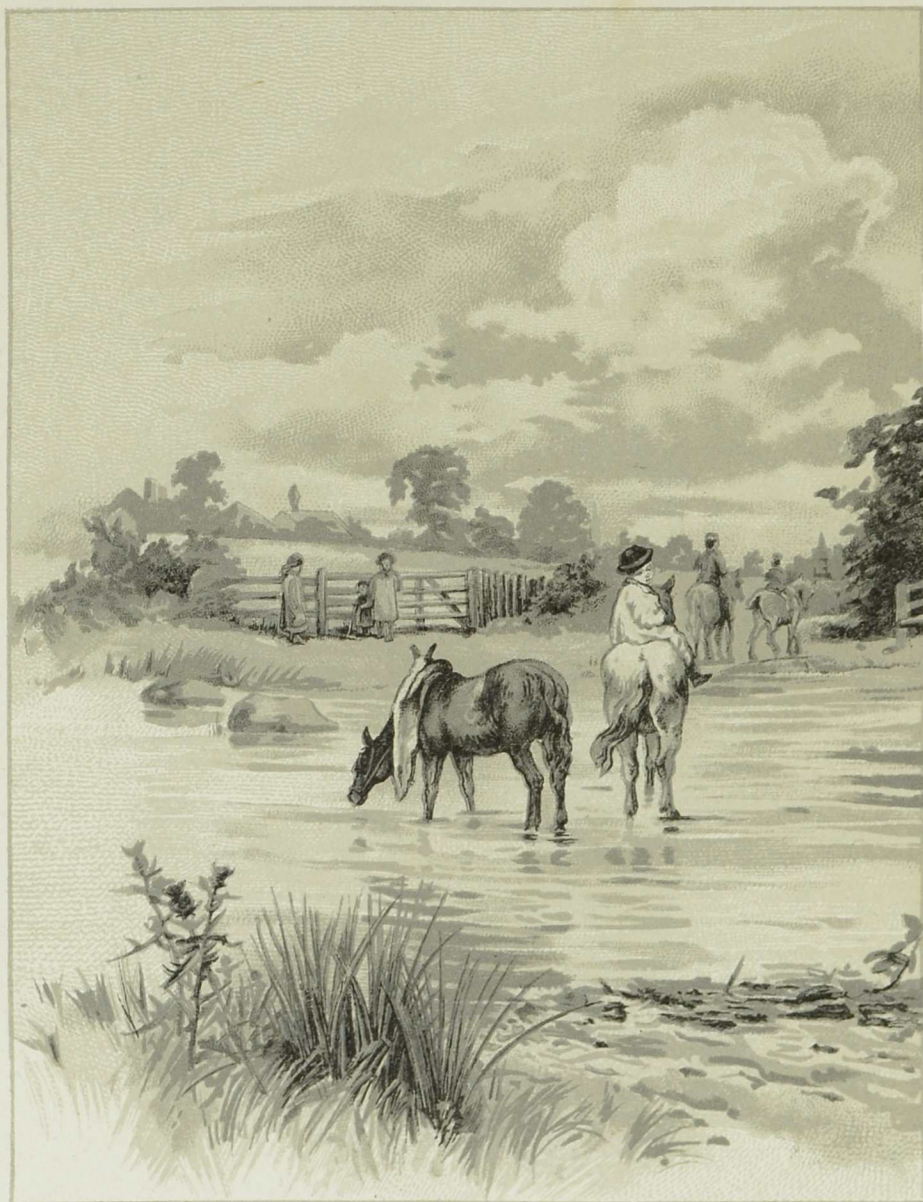


The original Verses are by
George Clausen, F. E. Weatherly, Theo. Gift, and Graham R. Tomson.

The Illustrations are by
G. H. Thompson, W. G. Addison, Harriett M. Bennett, Julius Luz,
Fred Hines, Robert Ellice Mack, A. Wilde Parsons,
Lizzie Mack, Margaret Dicksee, Minnie Lawson, George Clausen,
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NOONTIDE.

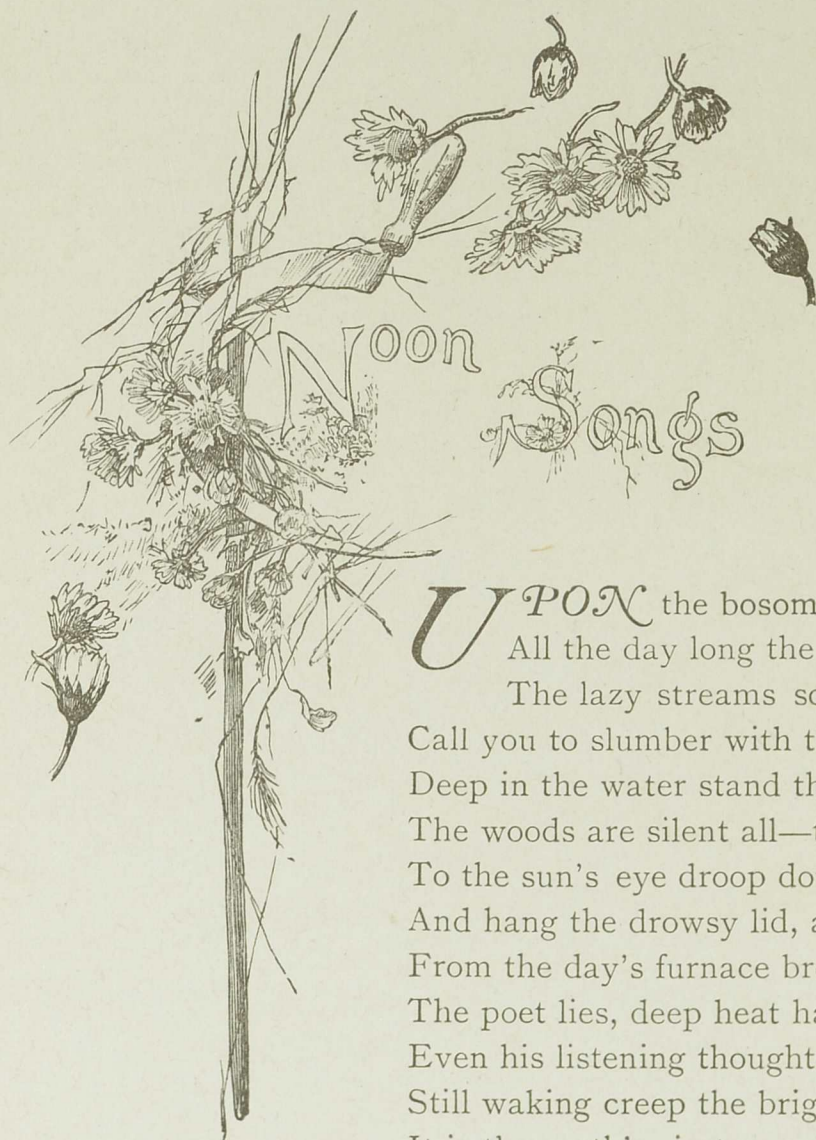
Noon



SONGS
and
SKETCHES

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

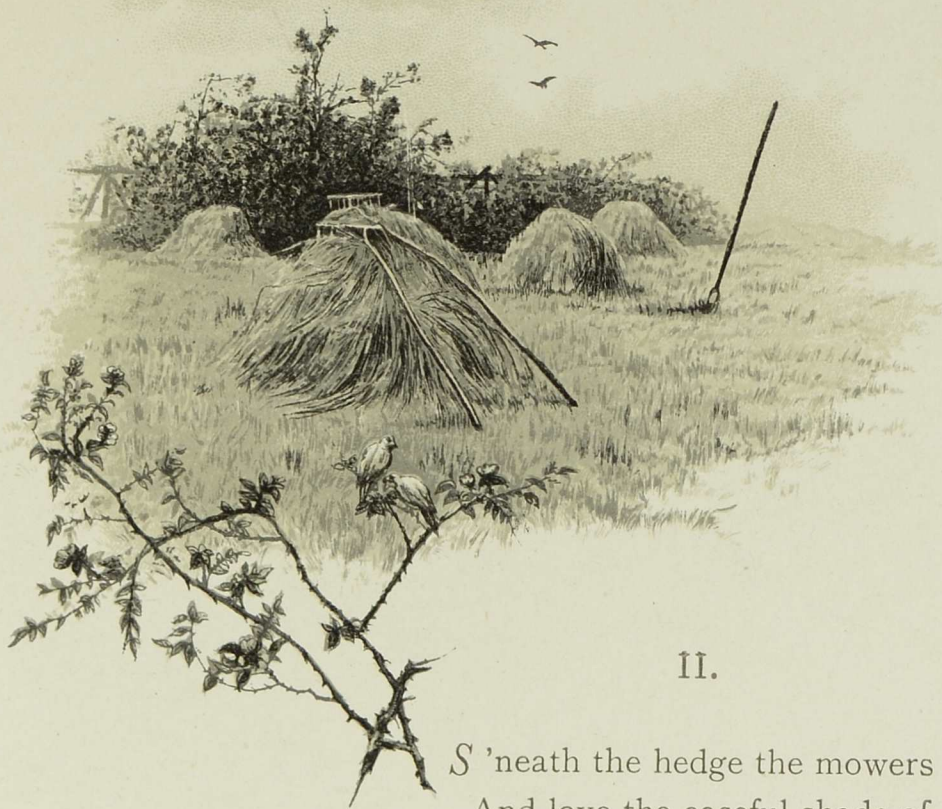
London:
Griffith, Farran & Company
St. Paul's Churchyard.



Noon Songs

UPON the bosom of the heaving deep,
All the day long the pleasant sunbeams sleep :
The lazy streams soft lapsing, deep and slow,
Call you to slumber with their voices low ;
Deep in the water stand the sleepy herds,—
The woods are silent all—the voiceless birds
To the sun's eye droop down the gaudy wing,
And hang the drowsy lid, and cease to sing :
From the day's furnace breath, sweetly embower'd
The poet lies, deep heat hath overpower'd
Even his listening thoughts; but through his slumbers
Still waking creep the bright unbidden numbers :
It is the earth's siesta—even the bee
Flags in his deep and dull monotony.

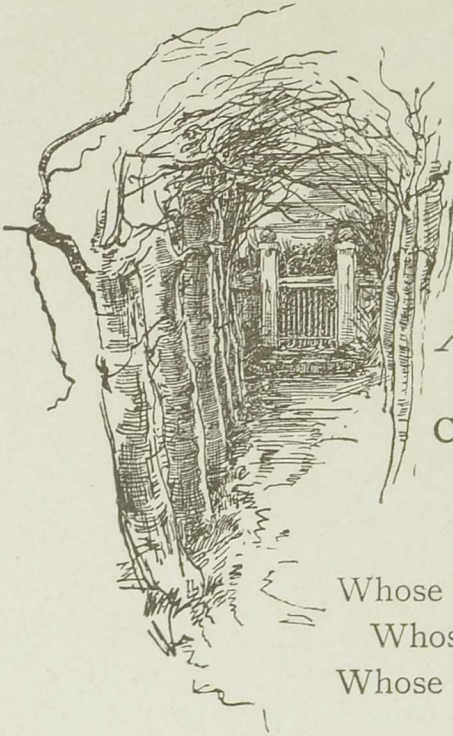
Whitmoor Jones.



II.

S 'neath the hedge the mowers sit,
And love the easeful shade of it,
And eat their meal and drink their beer,
And watch the sunlight broad and clear,
And bless the burning, shining weather
That helps them get the hay together.

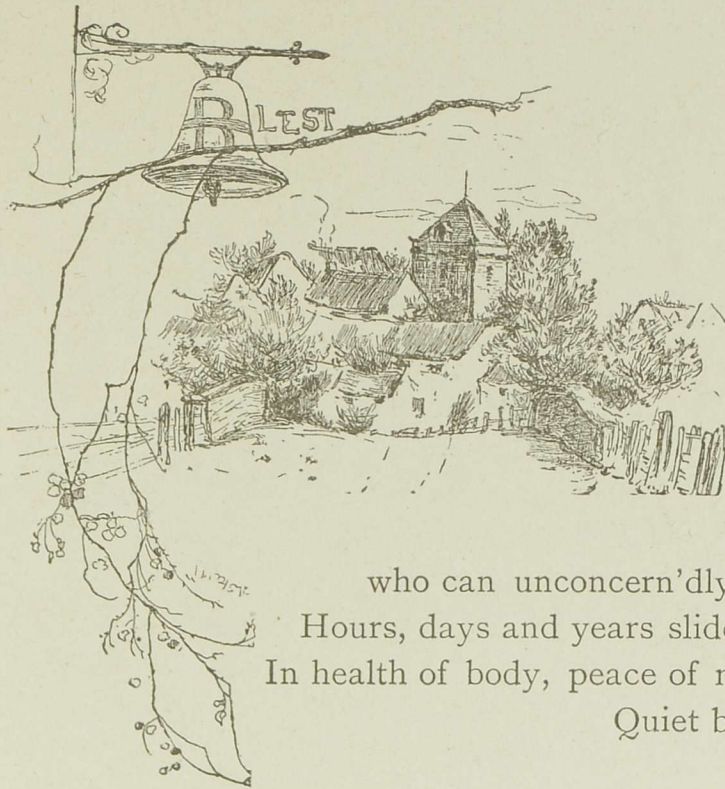
E. Nesbit.



ODE ON SOLITUDE.

APPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.



who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mix'd ; sweet recreation ;
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

Pope.



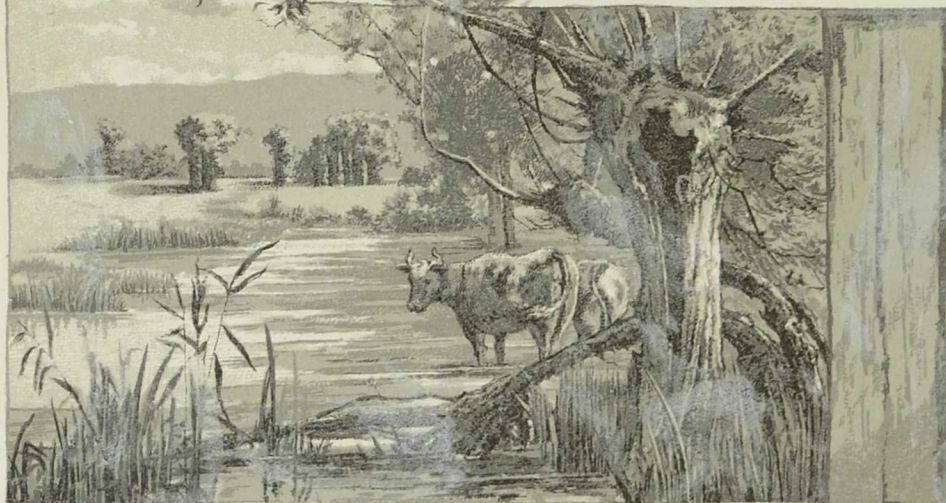
The reaper

whets his scythe:

We hear the talk of men,

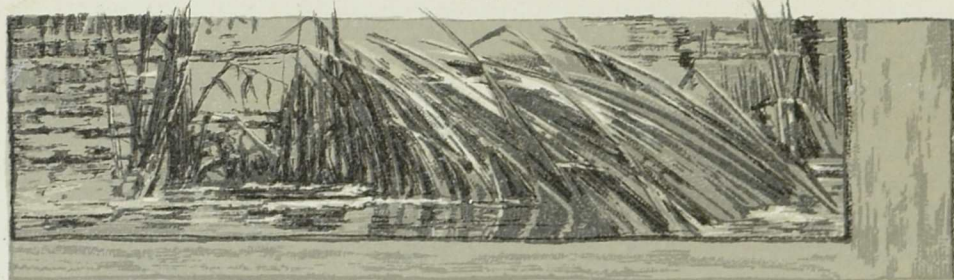
the hum of bees —

The world's awake again, the birds
sing blythe,



How bright the river gleams

between the trees!



NOONTIDE.

*T*HERE is an hour in Summer's busy day
When Nature seems to pause, and over all
Comes a brief sleep, hush'd with the lullaby
Of myriad insects' wings, and now some small bird's call.

The earth lies trembling 'neath the sun's fierce ray,
The reapers slumber in the shade; and soon
Some little village church-bell, far away,
Slowly and dreamily strikes the hour of noon.

Soft—in the hush of noontide, as we stand,
The waking world a dreamland's fantasy—
There comes a whisper from the far-off land,
Bringing us nearer to great Nature's mystery.

'Twas here—'tis gone; the reaper whets his scythe:
We hear the talk of men, the hum of bees—
The world's awake again, the birds sing blythe;
How bright the river gleams between the trees!

G. C.



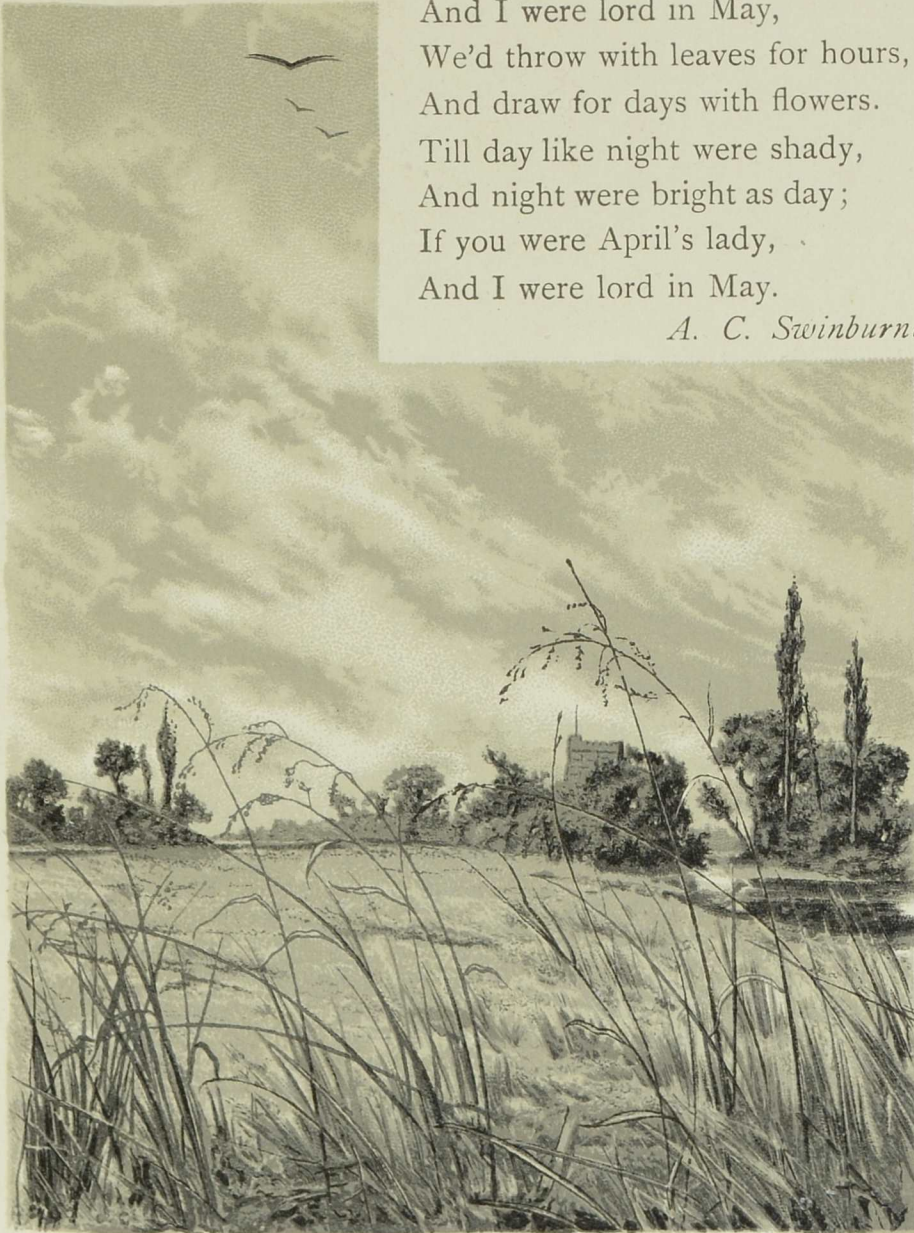
I *F* love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together,

In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or grey grief,
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love was like the tune.
With double sound and single,
Delight on lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are,
That get sweet rain at noon ;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours,
And draw for days with flowers.
Till day like night were shady,
And night were bright as day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

A. C. Swinburne.



IN SINGING WEATHER.

NOON.

IT'S pleasant to rest on a stile at noon,
When the meadow's aflower, and the month is June,
And to waste your time on a sunny day
When nobody's likely to pass that way.

And it's pleasant to whistle, and walk a mile,
For the sake of passing a certain stile—
When it isn't likely that you would care
If somebody chanced to be resting there !

E. Nesbit.



A REST.



THE SUN-FLOWER.

SUN-FLOWER, what is the secret thing
You hide in your inmost heart,
When you turn to the Sun like a slave to a king,
With all your leaves apart?

The hollyhocks vainly listen round,
They are nearly as tall as you ;
The bee comes away with an angry sound,
For he cannot get the clue.

You hide your secret, day in, day out,
But you eagerly watch your King,
And some hot noon you will speak with a shout,
And tell us that secret thing.

Lilliput Levée.





ARE

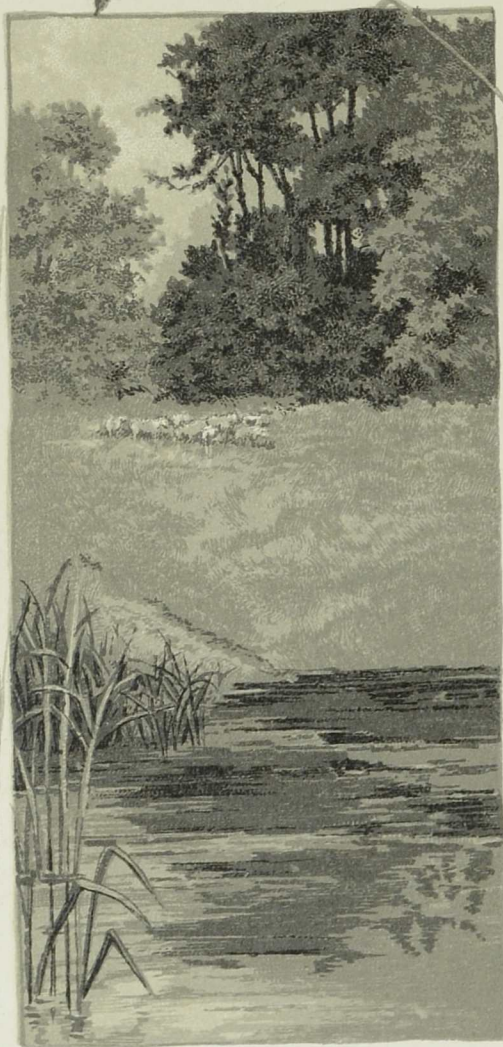
With sweat of brow to toil
our little day,
And if a tear fall on the task
of care
In memory of those Spring
hours passed away,
Brush it not by.

Milnes.

AS the flight of a river that flows to the sea,
My soul rushes ever in tumult to thee.
A two-fold existence, I am where thou art,
My heart in the distance beats close to thy heart,
Look up, I am near thee, I gaze on thy face,
I see thee, I hear thee, I feel thine embrace.

And absence but brightens the eyes that I miss,
And custom but heightens the spell of thy kiss.
It is not from duty, though that may be owed,
It is not from beauty, though that be bestowed.
But all that I care for, and all that I know,
Is that, without wherefore, I worship thee so.

Lord Lytton.



Come live
with me
and be my love,

And we will
all the pleasures
prove,

That hills and
valleys,
dale and field,

And all the
craggy
mountains yield.

X.

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
And twine a thousand fragrant posies :
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull :
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning ;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then, live with me, and be my love.



XI.

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
All chequer'd was the sky,
Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn
Veiled heaven's most glorious eye.
The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss
That closely by it grew.

M. Drayton.

IN BLOSSOM TIME.

O MY heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing !
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming.

Sing loud, O bird in the tree,
O, bird, sing loud in the sky ;
And honey-bees, blacken the clover bed—
There are none of you glad as I.

Ina D. Coolbrith.



THE OBLATION.

ASK nothing more of me, Sweet ;
All I can give you I give.
Heart of my heart, were it more,
More would be laid at your feet :
Love that should help you to live,
Song that should spur you to soar.

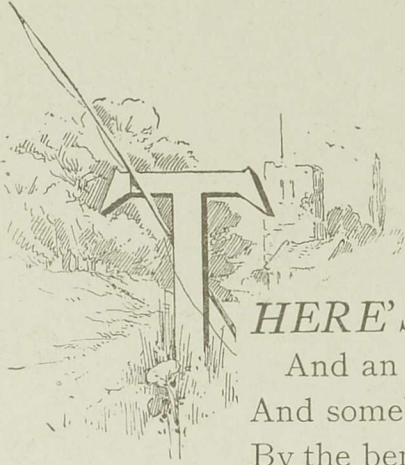
All things were nothing to give,
Once to have sense of you more ;
Touch you, and taste of you, Sweet,
Think you, and breathe you, and live,
Swept of your wings as they soar,
Trodden by chance of your feet.

I, that have love, and no more,
Give you but love of you, Sweet :
He that hath more, let him give ;
He that hath wings, let him soar.
Mine is the heart at your feet
Here, that must love you to live.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.



Swept of your wings as they soar
Trodden by chance of your feet.



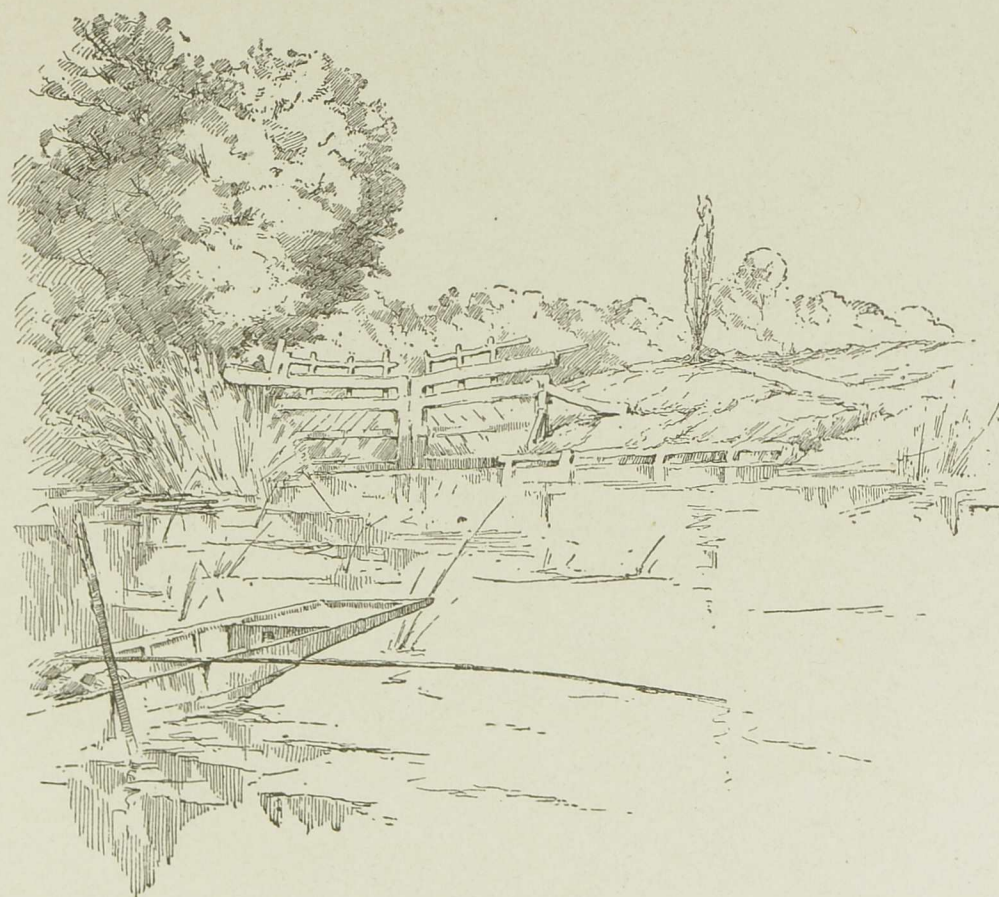
XIV.

HERE'S a bend of the river, the trees bending o'er,
And an old boat is moored to the green shady shore,
And somebody is fishing, the long summer day,
By the bend of the river, so the folks say.
But what has he caught through the long summer day?

There's a pathway that leads from the old village hill
To the bend of the river, cool, shady, and still,
And someone sits painting the long summer day,
By the bend of the river, so the folks say.
But what has she painted the long summer day?

But what if they sit side by side in a dream,
And his fishing rod's floating away down the stream;
They have found what they wanted the long summer day,
By the side of the river, so the folks say.
Their hearts are as bright as the long summer day.

Fred. E. Weatherly.





A SONG OF NOON.

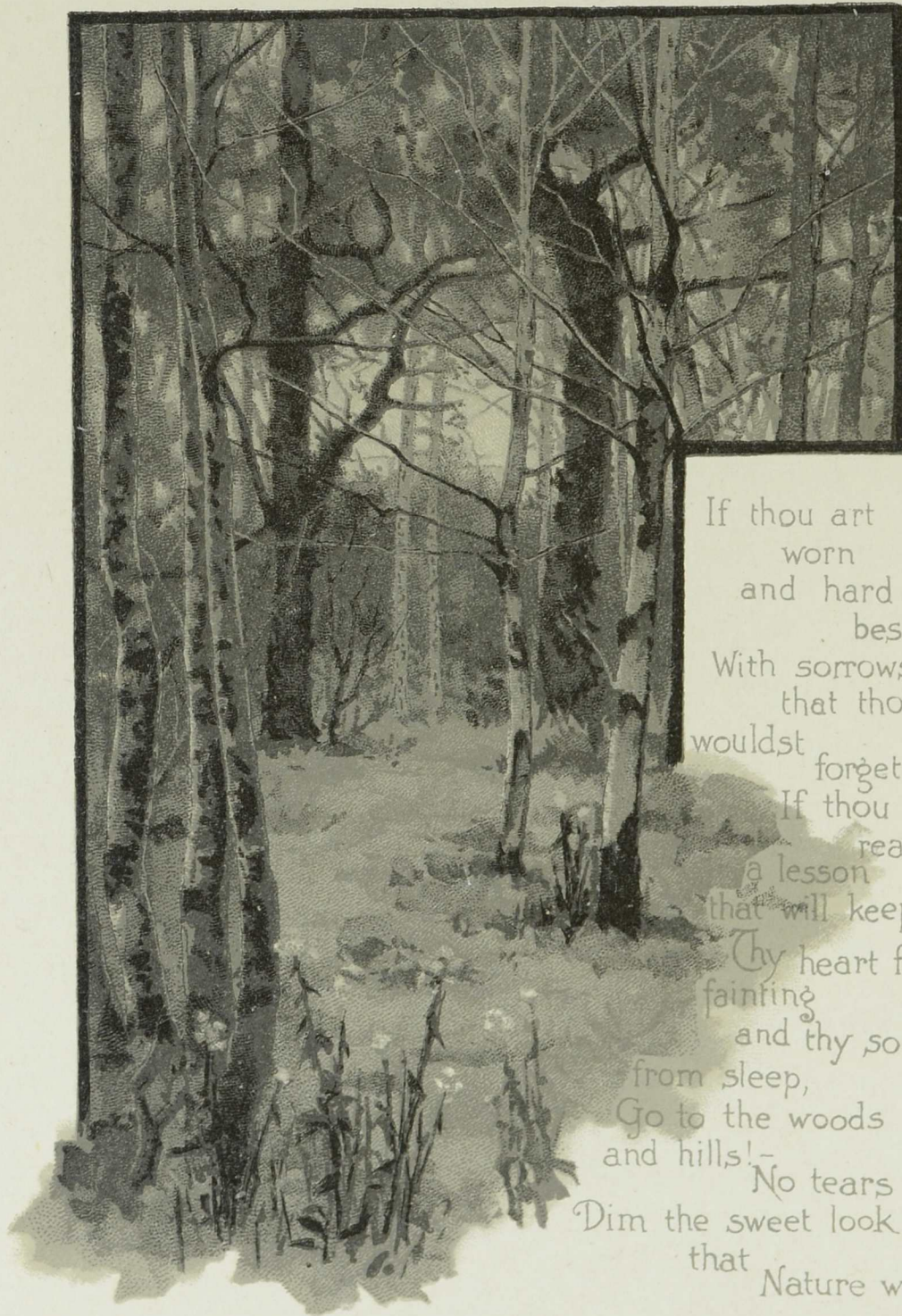
WOULD you sing of evening, or sing of morn ?
They are but the hours when day dies, or is born !
Day's self I will sing—and day at its height,
When the sky is bluest—the sun most bright

Oh, the blaze of the noon, when the birds are still,
And the sun laughs out, over vale and hill,
Till the whole of the world with his light is ablaze,
From the widest plains to the least wood-ways.

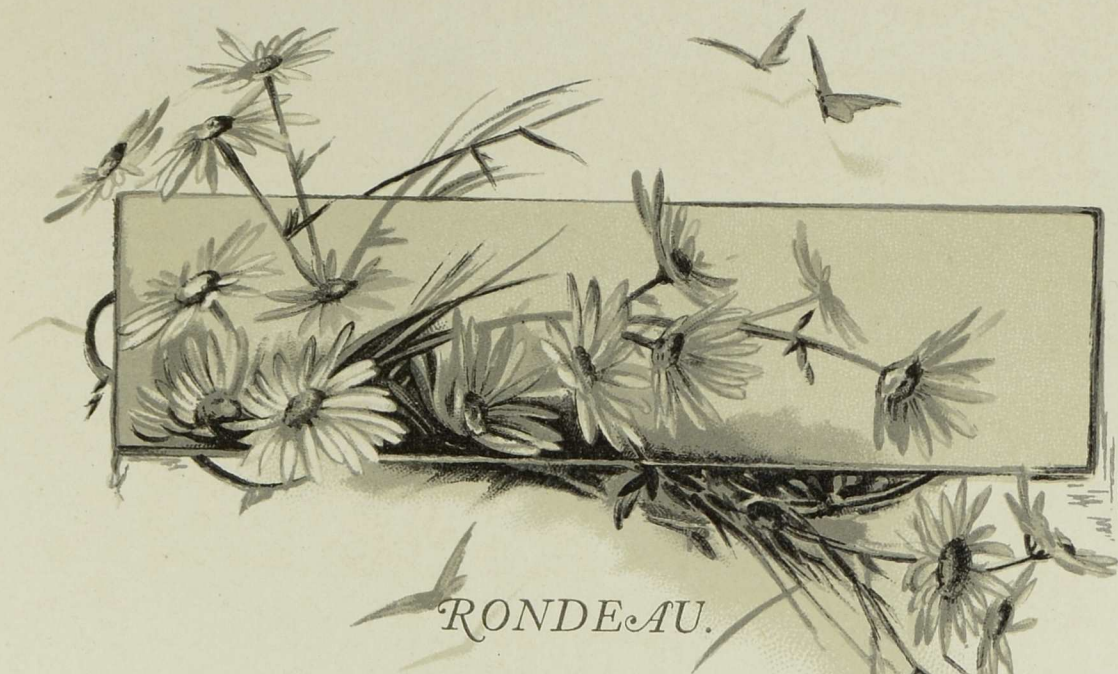
And blue smoke wreaths from the cottage steal,
And the good-wife watches the noontide meal,
And the good-man rests by his own fireside,
And is glad of the hush of the full noontide.

For youth loves the twilight, and loves the tryst,
And the hand to be held, and the lips to be kissed ;
And manhood loves morn and its toil ; but best
To age are the noontide, and peace, and rest !

E. Nesbit.



If thou art
worn
and hard
beset
With sorrows
that thou
wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst
read
a lesson
that will keep
Thy heart from
fainting
and thy soul
from sleep,
Go to the woods
and hills!—
No tears
Dim the sweet look
that Nature wears.



RONDEAU.

“ONE of these days,” my lady whispereth,
“A day made beautiful with Summer’s breath,
Our feet shall cease from these divided ways,
Our lives shall leave the distance and the haze,
And flower together in a mingling wreath.
No pain shall part us then, no grief amaze,
No doubt dissolve the glory of our gaze ;
Earth shall be heaven for us twain” she saith,
“One of these days.”

“Ah, love, my love ! athwart how many Mays
The old hope lures us with its long delays !
How many winters waste our fainting faith !
I wonder, will it come this side of death,
With any of the old sun in its rays,
One of these days ? ”

John Payne.

XVIII.

O*H*, happy day, refuse to go !
Hang in the heavens for ever so !
For ever in mid-afternoon,—

Ah, happy day of happy June !
Pour out thy sunshine on the hill,
The piny wood with perfume fill,
And breathe across the singing sea
Land-scented breezes, that shall be
Sweet as the gardens that they pass,
Where children tumble in the grass !

Ah, happy day, refuse to go !
Hang in the heavens for ever so !
And long not for thy blushing rest
In the soft bosom of the west ;
But bid gray evening get her back
With all the stars upon her track !
Forget the dark, forget the dew,
The mystery of the midnight blue,
And only spread thy wide warm wings
While summer her enchantment flings !
H. P. Spofford.



here is music at our feet
In the clover, honey-sweet.



And the bloom is on the blade,
In the sun and in
the shade.



