

MR. HENDERSON'S

School

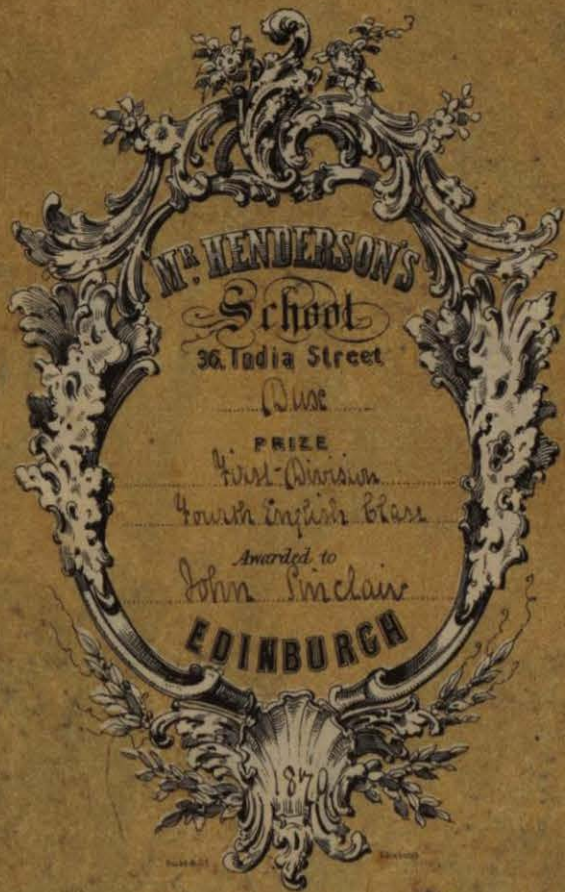
36 India Street

EDINBURGH



G E M S  
O F  
E N G L I S H  
P O E T R Y.

PR1175  
.M2  
1867



MR. HENDERSON'S

School

36, India Street

Duss

PRIZE

First Division

Fourth English class

Awarded to

John Sinclair

EDINBURGH

M  
3



1020165583

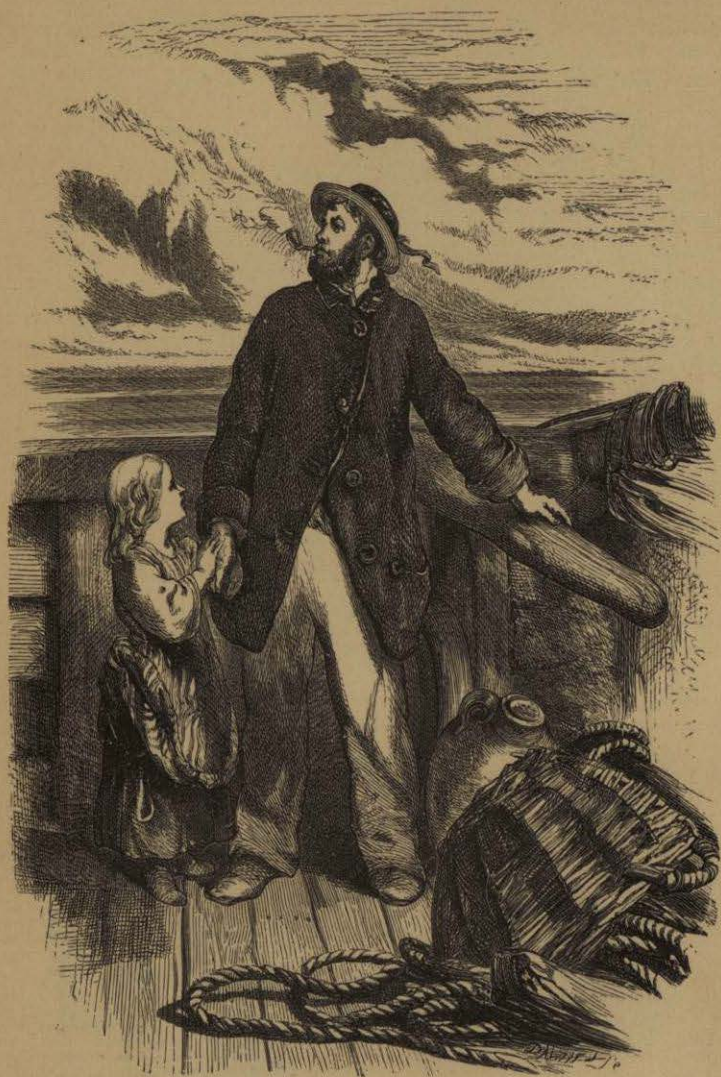
46

LITERATURA  
FORDO  
CANTON

J F

CAPILL ALFONSINA  
BIBLIOTECA UNIVERSITARIA O LIA  
FONDO  
LITERATURA

CAPILL ALFONSINA  
BIBLIOTECA UNIVERSITARIA O LIA  
FONDO  
LITERATURA



THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS (LONGFELLOW.)

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth.—P 573

A  
THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS  
OF  
ENGLISH POETRY.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.,  
AUTHOR OF "EGERIA," "STUDIES FROM THE ANTIQUE," "A MAN'S HEART," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY

J. E. MILLAIS, JOHN GILBERT, AND BIRKET FOSTER.

LONDON:  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,  
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.

NEW YORK: 416, BROOME STREET.

1867.

LONDON :  
BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

## INTRODUCTION.

THE design of the Editor or Compiler of the following volume was to present one great panoramic view of the masterpieces of English poetry, and that of the publishers to issue it in a form and at a price which would recommend it to the taste of the rich, without placing it beyond the means of the poor. The original intention of the Editor was to commence with Chaucer and end with Wordsworth, Moore, Rogers, Hood, Campbell, and other poets of the last generation, who have recently passed from among us, thus excluding the works of living writers. To this arrangement the publishers made objection, on the ground, very easily defensible, that some of the brightest gems of the "Thousand and One" are the productions of living genius—both in Great Britain and the United States of America. The Editor yielded the point, but was met with the serious difficulty that it was not in all cases possible to include the works of living writers—even if their consent could be obtained;—firstly, because the copyrights were not always their own;—secondly, because their addresses were not obtainable without great trouble and loss of time;—and thirdly, because the modern poets, in England and America, were so numerous, that if specimens of all their poetic jewellery were got together, an undue proportion of the volume would be occupied by writers of the second half of the nineteenth century. Another difficulty which personally was more serious, existed in the dilemma in which the Editor found himself with regard to his own compositions. Had any other than himself been Editor, the publishers were of opinion that his consent would assuredly have been asked for permission to reproduce some of his lyrics and other pieces; while the Editor, on his part, knew

that had such consent been asked, it would have been cheerfully given. If there be, under the circumstances, an apparent sin against good taste in the matter, the publishers must bear the blame;—for it is they who have put the pressure upon the Editor, and compelled his assent to a selection, which would not have been necessary, if the original idea of the volume had been adhered to. As regards the selection itself, it claims to justify its title, and to afford a fair as well as comprehensive view of the rise, progress, and present state of English poetry. All the “Gems” in the volume are not of equal brilliancy. The diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls of literature are few;—but there are other “gems” than these, of inferior value, but still gemlike;—agate, cornelian, amethyst, turquoise, onyx, and scores of others known to the lapidary and jeweller, and prized by them and by the public to whose appreciation they are offered. To the living writers, whose consent has been given to the appearance of their “gems” in these pages, the Editor offers his best thanks;—to the living writers whose consent has not been asked, he offers his apologies, and would gladly have included some specimens of their genius had time and the bulk of the volume permitted; and to those who have been asked and who have not replied, he has to explain that wherever permission was possible, he would not act without it. To the publishers of the works of authors recently deceased, and proprietors of their copyrights, he has also to offer his acknowledgments for their courtesy, and for the promptitude with which they entered into what, he supposes, would have been the feelings of those poets if they had been still alive;—the very natural desire to appear in the immortal company of the Fathers of English Song.

LONDON,  
January, 1867.

## A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY.

[GEOFFREY CHAUCER. 1328—1400.]

### PRAISE OF WOMEN.

FOR, this ye know well, tho' I wouldin  
lie,

In women is all truth and steadfastness;  
For, in good faith, I never of them sie  
But much worship, bounty, and gentle-  
ness,

Right coming, fair, and full of meekness;  
Good, and glad, and lowly, I you ensure,  
Is this goodly and angelic creature.

And if it hap a man be in disease,  
She doth her business and her full pain  
With all her might him to comfort and  
please,

If fro his disease him she might restrain;  
In word ne deed, I wis, she wold not faine;  
With all her might she doth her business  
To bringen him out of his heaviness.

Lo, here what gentleness these women  
have,

If we could know it for our rudeness!  
How busy they be us to keep and save  
Both in hele and also in sickness,  
And alway right sorry for our distress!  
In every manere thus shew they ruth,  
That in them is all goodness and all  
truth.

### THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

WITH him there was his son, a youngé  
Squire,  
A lover and a lusty bacholer,  
With lockés crull, as they were laid in  
press.  
Of twenty year of age he was I guess.

Of his stature he was of even length,  
And wonderly deliver and great of  
strength;

And he had been some time in chevachie  
In Flandres, in Artois, and in Picardy,  
And borne him well, as of so little space,  
In hope to standen in his lady's grace

Embroidered was he, as it were a mead  
All full of freshé flowers white and red.  
Singing he was or fluting all the day;  
He was as fresh as is the month of May.  
Short was his gown, with sleevés long  
and wide;

Well could he sit on horse, and fairé ride.  
He couldé songés well make, and indite,  
Joust, and eke dance, and well pourtray  
and write.

So hot he lovéd, that by nightertale  
He slept no more than doth the nightin-  
gale.

Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,  
And carved before his father at the table.

### ARCITA'S DYING ADDRESS.

“ALAS the wo! alas, the painés strong  
That I for you have suffered, and so  
long!

Alas, the death!—alas mine Emelie!  
Alas, departing of our company!  
Alas, mine herté's queen!—alas, my wife,  
Mine herté's lady—ender of my life!

What is this world? What axen men to  
have?

Now with his love, now in his coldé  
grave

Alone! withouten any company,  
Farewell, my sweet!—farewell, mine  
Emelie!”