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1 Harpalus

Oh, Harpalus! (thus would he say)
Unhappiest under sunne!
The cause of thine unhappy day,
By love was first begunne.
Thou wentest first by sute to seeke
A tigre to make tame,
That settes not by thy love a leeke;
But makes thy grieffe her game.

As easy it were to convert
The forest into a flame;
As for to turne a frowarde hert,
Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.
Corin, he liveth carelesse:
He leapes among the leaves:
He eats the frutes of thy redresse:
Thou "reapst" he takes the sheaves.

- Thomas Percy (1729-1811)

3 Her Eyes

Her eyes are like unfath'mable lakes,
When brightly o'er them the morning radiance breaks,
And yet the mariners had best beware,
For many valiant hearts lie ship'wreck'd there.
Her eyes are like unfath'mable lakes, her eyes, her eyes.
- Unknown author

4 Her Gown Was of Vermilion Silk

Her gown was of vermilion silk, and her hood was all of lace,
And ev'ry movement, as she came, was full of dainty grace,
was full of dainty grace.

I doff'd my cap and bowed, and said, "I venture to suppose
You are the garden spirit of a lily or a rose, the garden spirit of
a lily or a rose."

She passed me by without a smile, and with her peacock fan
Express'd disdain, such cold disdain as none but Lady Lovely
can, as Lady Lovely can.

- Unknown author

5 His Exaltation

For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
Through thine empire's wide domain
Blessed be thy gentle reign.
- Robert Robinson (1735-1790)

6 The Housatonic at Stockbridge

Contented river! in thy dreamy realm—
The cloudy willow and the plummy elm:
Thou beautiful! From every dreamy hill
What eye but wanders with thee at thy will.
Contented river! and yet over-shy
To mask thy beauty from the eager eye;

Hast thou a thought to hide from field and town
In some deep current of the sunlit brown?
Ah! there's a restive ripple, and the swift Red leaves—
September's firstlings—faster drift;
Wouldst thou away, dear stream?
Come, whisper near! I also of much resting have a fear:
Let me to-morrow thy companion be
By fall and shallow to the adventurous sea!
- Robert Underwood Johnson (1853-1937)

7 Hymn

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth, unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for Thy repose.
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in Thee.
- Gerhardt Tersteegen (1697-1791), trans. John Wesley (1703-1791)

8 Hymn of Trust

Love Divine, that stoop'd to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitt' rest tear,
O Love Divine,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.
Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each ling'ring year,
No path we shun no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whisp'ring,
Thou art near!

Love Divine, that stoop'd to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitt' rest tear,
O Love Divine,
On Thee we cast each earthborn care.
When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is turn'd to fear,
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf
Shall tell us softly,
Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burd'ning woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!
On Thee we fling our burd'ning woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know
That, living, dying, living, dying, living, dying, Thou art near!

- Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr.

10 I Knew and Loved a Maid

I knew and loved a maid once on a time,
I met and walked with her in mountain clime,
Through meadows fair, 'midst maiden-hair,
We wander'd 'neath bright skies of many, many years ago.

I had the vow and token too of her sincerity,
I thought her love would reach e'en through eternity.
Vows unkept, love now gone, life's one blessing now
Is in dreams to live those days of long ago.

I knew and loved a maid once on a time,
I met and walked with her in mountain clime,
Through meadows fair, 'midst maiden-hair.
We wander'd 'neath bright skies of many, many years ago.

- *Unknown author*

11 I travelled among unknown men

I travelled among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy momings showed, thy nights concealed,
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine is, too, the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

- *William Wordsworth (1770-1850)*

12 Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlornes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzensnacht.
Das weiss ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht.
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Räume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

- *Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)*

13 I'll Not Complain

I'll not complain, tho' break my heart in twain.
O love for ever lost! I'll not complain.
Howe'er thou shin'st in diamond splendor bright,
There falls no ray into thy hearts deep night,
I know full well.

I'll not complain, tho' break my heart in twain.
In dreams I saw thee waning,
And saw the night within thy bosom reigning,
And saw the snake that on thy heart doth gnaw,
How all forlorn thou art, my love, I saw.

- *Heinrich Heine (1797-1856),
trans. John Sullivan Dwight (1813-1893)*

14 Ilmenau

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh',
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur! Balde
Ruhest du auch.
- *Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)*

16 In April-Tide

Be ye in love with Apriltide?
I' faith, in love am I!
For now 'tis sun, and now 'tis show'r,
And now 'tis Laura shy, and now 'tis Laura shy.

Ye doubtful days, O slower glide!
Still frown and smile, O sky!
Be ye in love with Apriltide?
I' faith, in love am I, i' faith in love am I!

- *Clinton Scollard (1860-1932)*

18 In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

- *John McCrae (1872-1918)*

20 In Summer Fields

Quite still I lie where green the grass and tall
And gaze above me into depths unbounded,
By voices of the woodland a constant call,
And by the wondrous blue of Heav'n surrounded.

The lovely snow white clouds druft far and wide,
Like silent dreams through deeps of azure wending,
I feel as though I long ago had died,
To drift with them through realms of bliss unending.

- *Henry Grafton Chapman (1860-1913)*

22 In the Mornin'

In the mornin' when I rise,
In the mornin' when I rise,
In the mornin' when I rise,
Give me Jesus!

(chorus)
 Give me Jesus,
 Give me Jesus;
 You can all the world, but
 Give me Jesus!

'TwiXt the cradle and the grave,
 'TwiXt the cradle and the grave,
 'TwiXt the cradle and the grave,
 Give me Jesus!

(chorus)
 Give me Jesus,
 Give me Jesus;
 You can all the world, but
 Give me Jesus!

- *Negro Spiritual (before 1850)*

23 The "Incantation"

When the moon is on the wave,
 And the glow-worm in the grass,
 And the meteor on the grave,
 And the wisp on the morass;
 When the falling stars are shooting,
 And the answer'd owls are hooting,
 And the silent leaves are still
 In the shadow of the hill,
 Shall my soul be upon thine,
 With a power and with a sign.
 - *George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824)*

24 The Indians

Alas! for them—their day is o'er,
 No more for them the wild deer bounds;
 The plough is on their hunting-grounds;
 The pale man's axe rings through their woods,
 The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods,
 Beyond the mountains of the west,
 Their children go—to die.
 - *Charles Sprague (1791-1875)*

27 The Last Reader

I sometimes sit beneath a tree
 And read my own sweet songs;
 Though naught they may to others be,
 Each humble line prolongs
 A tone that might have passed away,
 But for that scarce remembered lay.
 They lie upon my pathway bleak,
 Those flowers that once ran wild,
 As on a father's careworn cheek
 The ringlets of his child;
 The golden mingling with the gray,
 And stealing half its snows away.

- *Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. (1809-1894)*

28 The Light That Is Felt

A tender child of summers three,
 At night, while seeking her little bed,
 Paused on the dark stair timidly.

"Oh, mother! Take my hand," said she;
 "And then the dark will all be light."
 We older children grope our way
 From dark behind to dark before;
 And only when our hands we lay
 In Thine, O God! the night is day;
 Then the night is day,
 And there is darkness nevermore.
 - *John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)*

29 Like a Sick Eagle

My spirit is too weak—mortality
 Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
 And each imagined pinnacle and steep
 Of godlike hardship tells me I must die
 Like a sick eagle looking towards the sky.
 - *John Keats (1795-1821)*

31 Die Lotusblume

Die Lotusblume ängstigt
 Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
 Und mit gesenktem Haupte
 Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.
 Der Mond, der ist ihr Bühle,
 Erweckt sie mit seinem Licht,
 Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
 Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.
 Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
 Und starret stumm in die Höh';
 Sie duftet, weinet und zittert
 Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.
 Sie blüht und glüht etc.
 - *Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)*

32 The Love Song of Har Dyal

Alone upon the housetops to the
 North I turn and watch the lightning in the sky,
 The glamour of thy footsteps in the North.
 Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

Below my feet the still bazaar is laid,
 Far, far below the weary camels lie,
 The camels and the captives of thy raid.
 Come back, Beloved, or I die!

My father's wife is old and harsh with years,
 And drudge of all my father's house am I.
 My bread is sorrow and my drink is tears.
 Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

- *Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)*

33 Luck and Work

While one will search the season over
 To find the magic four-leaved clover,
 Another, with not half the trouble,
 Will plant a crop to bear him double.
 - *Robert Underwood Johnson (1853-1937)*