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Literary Notes

Poetical,

Proverbial,

Scientific

Ecclesiastical.

Jon K. Uchimura,

Sapporo. 1882.

Shepherd and the Philosopher

John Gay

I

Remote from cities lived a swain
Unvexed with all the cares of gain ;
His head was silvered o'er with age,

And long experience made him sage ;
In summer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock and penned the fold ;
His hours in cheerful labor flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew ;
His wisdom and honest fame
Through all the country raised his name.

II

A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explored his reach of thought :
Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome surveyed
And the vast sense of Plato weighed?
Hath Socrates thy soul refined,
And hast thou fathomed Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
By various fates on realms unknown,

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Hast thou through many cities strayed,
Their customs, laws, and manners weighed?

III

The Shepherd modestly replied,
I ne'er the paths of learning tried ;
Nor have I roamed in foreign part,
To read mankind, their laws and arts :
For man is practiced in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes ;
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know ?
The little knowledge I have gained,
Was all from simple nature drained ;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

IV

The daily labors of the bee
Awake my soul to industry ;
Who can observe the careful ant,

And not provide for future want ?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind ;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And, in my service, copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instruct me in a parent's charge.

V

From nature, too, I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In conversation forbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise ?
My tongue within my lips I rein ;
For who talks much, must talk in vain.

We from the wordy torrent fly ;
 Who listens to the chattering pye ?
 Nor would I with felonius sleight,
 By stealth invade my neighbors right.
 Rapacious animals we hate :
 Kites, hawks and wolves, deserve their fate.

VI

Do not we just abhorrence find
 Against the toad and serpent kind ?
 But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.
 Thus every object of creation
 Can furnish hints to contemplation ;
 And from the most minute and mean,
 A virtuous mind can morals glean.

VII

Thy fame is just, the Sage replies,
 Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
 Pride often guides the author's pen ;

Books as affected are as men :
 But he who studies Nature's laws,
 From certain truth his maxims draws ;
 And those, without our schools, suffice
 To make man moral, good, and wise.

Saprolegnia Sp.

Parasite upon Cyprinidae.

Saprolegnia

A Parasite upon Cyprinidae

Saprolegnia general

Saprolegnia Sp.

A Parasite upon Cyprinidae

Matrimony

A Parasite upon Cyprinidae

Paletz is my friend, truth is my friend.

friend,

friend,

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friend,

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“The Pleasures of Hope”

Thomas Cambell

1.

Hope Kindled by distant objects.
 At summer eve when heaven's ethereal bow
 Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
 Why to you mountain turns the musing eye,
 Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?
 Why do those cliffs of shadowing tint appear
 More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.
 And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
 Thus, with delight we linger to survey
 The promised joys of life's unmeasured way,
 Thus, from afar each dim discover'd scene

More pleasing seems than all the past have been,
 And every form that fancy can repair
 From dark oblivion glows divinely there.

2.

Hope lingered when all else had fled.
 Primeval Hope, the Aonian Muses say,
 When Man and Nature mourned their first decay ;
 When every form of death and every woe,
 Shot from malignant stars to earth below ;
 When Murder bared her arm and rampant War
 Yoked the red dragons of her iron car,
 When Peace and Mercy banished from the plain,
 Sprung from the viewless winds to Heaven again ;
 All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
 But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

3.

Hope animates the hero.
 Friend of the brave ! in peril's darkest hour,
 Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power ;

To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods and carnage-covered fields,
When front to front the bannered host combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil!
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum.

4.

Hope invoked to cheer the home of poverty.
Propitious Power! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;
When doomed to Poverty's sequestered dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the
same.—
Oh, there, prophetic Hope! thy smile bestow,

And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs and shield his latter age.

5.

Hope, the mother's inspiration.
Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy:—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,

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And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.
 "And say, when summoned from the world and
 thee,
 I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
 Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
 And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
 Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
 The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed,
 With aching temples on my hand reclined,
 Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
 Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
 And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

Serenade

James G. Percival

I

Softly the moonlight
 Is shed on the lake,
 Cool is the summer night,—

Wake! O, awake!
 Faintly the curfew
 Is heard far afar,
 List ye! O, list
 To the lively guitar.

II

Trees cast a mellow shade
 Over the vale,
 Sweetly the serenade
 Breathes in the gale,
 Softly and tenderly
 Over the lake,
 Gayly and cheerily,—
 Wake! O, awake!

III

See the light pinnace
 Draws nigh to the shore,
 Swiftly it glides,
 At the heave of the oar,

Cheerily plays
On its buoyant oar,
Nearer and nearer,
The lively guiter.

IV

Now the wind rises
And ruffles the pine,
Ripples foam crested
Like diamonds shine,
They flash where the waters
The white pebbles lave,
In the wake of the moon,
As it crosses the wave.

V

Bounding from billow
To billow, the boat,
Like a wild swan, is seen
On the waters to float ;
And the light dropping oars
Bear it smoothly along,

In time to the air
Of the gondolier's song.

VI

And high on the stern
Stands the young and the brave,
As love-led he crosses
The star-spangled wave,
And blends with the murmur
Of water and grove
The tones of night,
That are sacred to love.

VII

His gold-hilted sword
At his bright belt is hung,
His mantle of silk
On his shoulder is flung,
And high waves the feather,
That dances and plays
On his cap where the buckle

And rosary blaze.

VIII

The maid from her lattice
Looks down on the lake,
To see the foam sparkle,
The bright billow break,
And to hear in his boat,
Where he shines like a star,
Her lover so tenderly
Touch his guitar.

IX

She opens her lattice
And sits in the glow
Of the moonlight and starlight,
A statue of snow :
And she sings in a voice
That is broken with sighs,
And she darts on her lover
The light of her eyes.

X

The moonlight is hid
In a vapor of snow ;
Her voice and his rebec
Alternately flow ;
Re-echoed they swell
From the rock on the hill
They sing their farewell,
And the music is still.

War Song

Sir Walter Scott

1.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,

To sleep without a shroud.
Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirl winds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave,
As each wild gust blows by.
But still the corn,
At dawn or morn,
Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste,
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

2.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance!
Brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room:
Make space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear and plume.
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier!
Room for the men of steel!
Through crest and plate
The broadsword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

3.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave
To sleep without a shroud.
Burst, ye clouds in tempest showers

Redder rain shall soon be ours—

See the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame :
Elemental rage is tame
To wrath of man.

Hunting Song

1.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting spear :
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !

2.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray :
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !

3.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away ;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;
You shall see him brought to bay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !

4.

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken lords and ladeis gay.
Tell them youth and mirth and glee,
Run a course as well as we.
Time, stern huntsman ! who can balk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk ?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay !

Passages from Burns

I.

The wish for manhood.

Oh, enviable early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown !
How ill exchanged for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes
Of others, or my own !
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,

Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish.

II.

Pleasures, evanescent.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower—its bloom is dead,
Or like the snow—falls in the river,
A moment white then lost for ever ;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can find their place,
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.

III.

Money not to minister to pride or avarice.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her ;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honor ;

Not for to hide it on a hedge,
 Not for a train-attendant ;
 But for the glorious priviledge
 Of being independent.

IV.

A noble anchor in the tempest of life.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded,
 Or if she gie a random sting,
 It may be little minded ;
 But, when on life we've tempest driven,
 A conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven,
 Is sure a noble anchor !

V.

The rich and great not all truly blest.

A few seem favorites of fate
 In pleasures lap caressed ;
 Yet, think not all the rich and great

Are likewise truly blest.
 But, oh ! what crowds, in every land,
 Are wretched and forlorn ;
 Through weary life this lesson learn
 That man was made to mourn.

VI.

The ills, we make for ourselves and for others.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
 Interwoven with our frame !
 More pointed still, we make ourselves
 Regret, remorse, and shame !
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

VII.

Judge not thy brother.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us ;

He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mate,
We never can adjust it ;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted !

VIII.

Grace before dinner,

O thou who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want !
We bless Thee, God of nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent :
And, if it pleases Thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent :
But, whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content.

Song of the Shirt

Thomas Hood

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt".

"Work ! work ! work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work - work - work,
Till the stars shine through the roof !
It's oh ! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work !

"Work - work - work,
Till the brain begins to swim
Work - work - work,

Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the button I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream.

“Oh ! men, with sisters dear !
 Oh ! men with others and wives !
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives !
 Stitch - stitch - stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt.

“But why do I talk of death
 That phantom of grisly bone,
 I hardly fear this terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own-
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep,

Oh God ! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap.

“Work - work - work !
 My labor never flags ;
 And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread, -and rags,-
 That shattered roof- and his naked floor-
 A table -a broken chair-
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there !

“Work - work - work !
 From weary chime to chime !
 Work, - work - work,
 As prisoners work for crime !
 Band and gusset and seam,
 Seam, and gusset and band,
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

“Work - work - work !
 In the dull December light,
 And work - work - work,
 When the weather is warm and bright-
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And trust me with the Spring.

“Oh ! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet-
 With the sky above my head
 And the grass beneath my feet,
 For only one sweet hour.
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want,
 And the walk that costs a meal.

“Oh ! but for one short hour !
 A respite, however brief !
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,

But only time for grief !
 A little weeping would ease my heart,
 But in their briny bed,
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread !”

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heave and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread-
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
 In poverty, hunger and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch-
 Would that its tone could reach the rich !
 She sung this “Song of the Shirt”.

The Bridge of Sighs

Thomas Hood

1. One more Unfortunate

- Wearied of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.
2. Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair !
3. Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements ;
While the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.
4. Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humbly ;
Not of the stains of her ;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.
5. Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,

- Rash and undutiful ;
Past all dishonor.
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.
6. Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
While wonderment guesses
Where was her home.
7. Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or, was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?
8. Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,

- Home she had none.
9. Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.
10. Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.
11. The bleak winds of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river.
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,

- Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world.
12. In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Picture it - think of it,
Dissolute Man !
13. Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair !
14. Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest,
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast !
15. Owing her weakness,

Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Savior!

Hiawatha's Hunting

1. Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they build their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them where'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."
2. Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,

Talked with them where'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's brothers."

3. Then I a'goo the great boaster,
He, the marvelous story teller,
He, the traveler and the talker,
Made a bow for Hiawatha ;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.
4. Then he said to Hiawatha,
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a deer with antlers."
Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly with his bows and arrows.
5. And the birds sang round him, o'er him,

“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha,”
Sang the robin, sang the bluebird,
“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha.”
Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, lightly leaping
In and out the branches :
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha.”

6. And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside and at a distance,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha.”
7. But he heeded not nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer :
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading down to the river,

To the fords across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

8. Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And the deer came down the pathway,
Fleeked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.
9. Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow,
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,

Listened with one foot uplighted,
 Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;
 Ah, the fatal, singing arrow;
 Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him.

10. Dead he lay there in the forest,
 By the ford across the river ;
 Beat his timid heart no longer ;
 But the heart of Hiawatha
 Throbbled, and shouted, and exulted,
 As he bore the red deer homeward.

Rime of the Ancient Mariner

It is an Ancient Mariner.

And he stoppeth one of three :
 "By thy long gray beard and thy glittering eye,
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,

And I am next of kin :
 The guests are met, the feast is set—
 Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand :
 "There was a ship—" quoth he.
 "Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
 Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

He holds him with his glittering eye ;
 The Wedding-Guest stood still,
 And listens like a three years' child—
 The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone ;
 He cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner :—

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,

Below the light-house top.

“The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he :
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

“Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—”
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride has paced into the hall ;
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her go
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast ;
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.—

“And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong ;
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

“With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

“And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold ;
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald ; —

“And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen ;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—

The ice was all between.

“The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around ;
It cracked ang, growled and roared, and howled—
Like noises in a swound.

“At length did cross an albatross ;
Thorough the fog it came :
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

“It ate the food it had never eat,
And round and round it flew ;
The ice did split with a thunder fit ;
The helmsman steered us through.

“And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo.

“In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine,
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.”

“God save thee, Ancient Mariner,
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !
Why look'st thou so ?” “With my crossbow
I shot the albatross.

The Mystic Weaver

1. Weaver at his loom is sitting.
Throws its sutle to and fro ;
Foot and treadle,
Hand and pedal,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,
How the weaver makes them go !

As the weaver wills they go.
Up and down the web is plying,
And across the woof is flying :

What a rattling !

What a battling !

What a shuffling !

What a scuffling !

As the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

2. Threads in single,

Thread in double ;

How they mingle !

What a trouble,

Every color !

What profusion !

Every motion -

What confusion !

While the web and woof are mingling,

Signal bells above are jingling,

Telling how each figure ranges,

Telling when the color changes,
As the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

3. Weaver at his loom is sitting,

Throws his shuttle to and fro :

'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the weaver seems to know,

As he makes his shuttle go,

What each motion,

And commotion,

What each fashion,

And confusion,

In the grand result will show :

Weaving daily,

Singing gayly,

As he makes his busy shuttle,

Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

4. Weaver at his loom is sitting,

Throws his shuttle to and fro :

See you not how shape and order
 From the wild confusion grow,
 As he makes his shuttle go?
 As the web and woof diminish,
 Grows beyond the beauteous finish :
 Tufted plaidings,
 Shapes and shadings,
 All the mystery
 Now is history :
 And we see the reason subtle,
 Why the weaver makes his shuttle,
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

5. See the Mystic Weaver sitting,
 High in Heaven-His loom below.
 Up and down the treadle go :
 Takes for web the world's long ages,
 Takes for woof its kings and sages,
 Takes the nobles and their pages,
 Takes all stations and all stages.
 Thrones are bobbins in His shuttele :

Armies make them scud and scuttle.

Drifting

My soul to-day
 Is far away,
 Sailing the Vesuvian Bay :
 My winged boat,
 A bird afloat,
 Swims round the purple peaks remote : -

Round purple peaks
 It sails, and seeks
 Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
 Where high rocks throw,
 Through deeps below,
 A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim,
 The mountains swim :

While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles :
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff : -
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls

The Bay's deep breast at intervals
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled ; -
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies

Where summer sings and never dies,-
 O'erveiled with vines,
 She glows and shines
 Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
 The cliffs amid,
 Are gambolling with the gambolling kid ;
 Or down the walls,
 With tipsy calls,
 Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
 With tresses wild,
 Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
 With glowing lips
 Sins as she skips,
 Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
 Where traffic blows,

From lands of sun to lands of snows ; -
 This happier one,
 Its course is run
 From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
 To rise and dip,
 With the blue crystal at your lip !
 O happy crew,
 My heart with you
 Sails, and sails, and sings anew !
 No more, no more
 The worldly shore
 Upbraids me with its loud uproar !
 With dreamful eyes
 My spirit lies
 Under the walls of Paradise.

T. Buchanan Read

Rhyme of the Rail.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,
Bless me ! This is pleasant,
Riding on the rail !

Men of different "stations"
In the eye of Fame
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same.
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Travelling together !

Gentlemen in shorts,

Looming very tall :
Gentlemen at large,
Talking very small :
Gentlemen in tights, []
With a loose
Gentlemen in gray,
Looking rather green.

Gentlemen quite old,
Asking for the news :
Gentlemen in black,
In a fit of blues ;
Gentlemen in claret,
Sober as a vicar ;
Gentlemen in Tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor.

Stranger on the sight,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny.

Now the smiles are thicker : -

Wonder what they moan?

Faith, he's got the Knicker-

Bocker Magazine.

Stranger on the left,

Closing up his peepers,

Now he snares amain,

Like the Seven Sleepers.

At his feet a volume

Gives the explanation,

How the man grew stupid,

From "Association" !

Ancient maiden lady

Anxiously remarks

That there must be peril

'Mong so many sparks :

Roguish-looking fellow,

Turning to the stranger,

Says it's his opinion

She is out of danger:

Woman with her baby

Sitting a vis-a-vis,

Baby keeps a-squalling

Woman looks at me,

Asks about the distance,

Says it's tiresome talking,

Noise of the cars

Are so very shocking !

Mark woman careful

Of the precious casket,

Knowing eggs are eggs,

Tightly holds her basket,

Feeling that a smash,

If it came, would surely

Send her eggs to pot

Rather prematurely !

Singing through the forests,

Rattling over ridges,
 Shooting under arches,
 Rumbling over bridges,
 Whizzing through the mountains,
 Buzzing o'er the vale,
 Bless me! this is pleasant,
 Riding on the rail!

J. G. Saxe

Romeo and Juliet & Richard II.

1. (Act I. Sc. II. 214—217)
2. Act I. Sc. II. (236—9)
3. Act I. Sc. V. (13—14)
4. Act II. Sc. II. (34—36)
5. (Act II. Sc. II. 164—166)
6. Act II. Sc. III. (II. 186—189)
7. Act V. Sc. I. (10—11)
8. (出所不明)
9. (出所不明)

10. Richard II. Act V. Sc. VI. (45—48)
11. King Act V. Sc. V.
12. Act I. Sc. IV.
13. Act II. Sc. 4. (12—14)
14. King (Gaunt) Act II. Sc. I. (38—39)
15. Act IV. Sc. I. (145—147)
16. Curlisllle (Carlisle) Act IV. Sc. I. (123—124)
17. King Act IV. Sc. I. (207—210)
18. King Act 4. Sc. I. (251—252)
19. Attendant Act IV. Sc. I. (287—288)
20. (Act V. Sc. I. 29—34)

Macbeth

1. Act I. Sc. I. (11)
2. (Act I. Sc. III. 137—138)
3. Act II. Sc. I. (4—5)
4. Ibid. (Act II. Sc. III. 5—6)
5. Act II. Sc. II (IV) (12—13)
6. Act III. Sc. 4. (38)

7. Ibid. (106—107)
8. Act IV. Sc. 1. (110—111)
9. Ibid. (50)
10. Act IV. Sc. 3. (98—99)

Richard the Second

1. Act I. Sc. 3. (275—276)
2. Act II. Sc. 1. (5—6)
3. Act III. Sc. 2. (54—55)
4. Ibid. (69)
5. Ibid. (152—154)
6. Act III. Sc. 3. (93—94)
7. Act V. Sc. V. (65—66)
8. Act V. Sc. III. (55)
9. Act V. Sc. 5. (17)
10. Act III. Sc. 3. (153—154)

Julius Ccesar

1. Act I. Sc. 2. (18, 23)
2. Ibid. (52—53)
3. (Act II. Sc. 2. 30—31)
4. Act II. Sc. 4 (3) (13—14)
5. III. 1. (60—62)
6. Ibid. (63—65)
7. III. 2. (1) (234—235)
8. Ibid. (81—82)
9. III. 2. (110—113)
10. Ibid. (148—150)
11. Ibid. (174)
12. Ibid. (271—272)
13. IV. 3. (85—86)
14. IV. 3. (109—111)
15. Ibid. (217—220)
16. (V. 3. 67—69)
17. Act V. Sc. 1. (123—124)
18. Act II. Sc. 2. (32—33)
19. Act III. Sc. 1. (254—257)
20. Act III. Sc. 2. (124—128)

As You Like It

1. Act II. Sc. 1. (12—17)
2. Act II. Sc. 3. (48—49)
3. Ibid. (56—60)
4. Act II. Sc. 7. (26—28)
5. Act II. Sc. 7. (122—123)
6. Ibid. (174—176)
7. Ibid. (37—42)
8. Ibid. (47—49)
9. (Act II. Sc. 3. 52—53)
10. Act II. Sc. 1. (55)

King Henry VIII.

1. Act I. Sc. (1.) (16—18)
2. II. 3. (19—22)
3. III. 2. (203)

4. Ibid. (334)
5. Ibid. (436—439)
6. Ibid. (441—442)
7. Ibid. (445—450)
8. III. 2. (456)
9. Ibid. (IV. 2. 33—34)
10. V. 2. (3.) (76)

Much Ado About Nothing

1. I. 1. (15—16)
2. III. 1. (106)
3. III. 3. (147—148)
4. III. 5. (IV. 1.) (161—163)
5. Ibid. (219)
6. Ibid. (226—227)
7. IV. 2. (80—81)
8. V. 1. (17)
9. II. 3. (18—19)
10. I. 1. (279)

Othello

1. I. 1. (64—65)
2. I. 3. (230—232)
3. II. 1. (165—167)
4. II. 3. (177—178)
5. II. 3. (264—277)
6. Ibid. (312—314)
7. Ibid. (315—316)
8. III. 3. (179—180)
9. Ibid. (323—325)
10. IV. 2. (31—32)

Merchant of Venice

1. II. 1. (27—31)
2. II. 4. (5.) (46—48)
3. (I. 3. 99)

4. I. 3. (100—103)
5. II. 1. (196)
6. II. 4. (6.) (36—37)
7. II. 9. (19—20)
8. Ibid. (82—83)
9. V. 1. (89—91)
10. III. 2. (106)

Tempest

1. I. 2. (488—490)
2. Ibid. (495—497)
3. II. 1. (24—25)
4. Ibid. (139—141)
5. II. 1. (166—167)
6. Ibid. (174)
7. III. 1. (74)
8. III. 2. (143)
9. V. 1. (27—28)
10. I. 1. (73)

Hamlet

1. I. 2. (47—48)
2. I. 3. (59)
3. I. 5. (166—167)
4. II. 2. (636—637)
5. III. 2. (20—21)
6. I. 2. (101—102)
7. I. 2. (129)
8. I. 2. (156—158)
9. I. 3. (36—37)
10. (I. 3. 53—54)
11. I. 5. (4.) (87)
12. I. 5. (29—31)
13. II. 1. (63)
14. II. 2. (179—181)
15. II. 2. (183—184)
16. III. 1. (56)
17. Ibid. (110—111)

18. III. 2. (66—67)
19. Ibid. (76—77)
20. Ibid. (211)

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1976, 11, 30 松沢弘陽

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