

LARKSPUR.



THE VINE PRESS,
STEYNING.
MCMXXII.

Of
this edition
five hundred and
fifty copies have been
printed on antique laid paper, and
forty upon hand-made paper.

Of the ordinary issue

this copy is

number

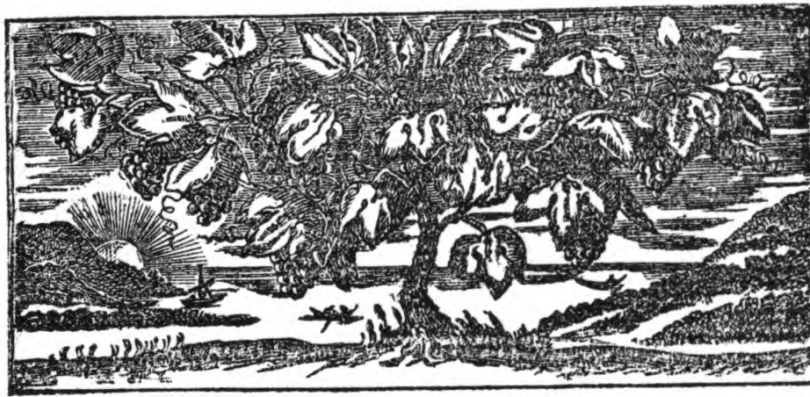
115.

LARKSPUR.



LARKSPUR :

A Lyric Garland.

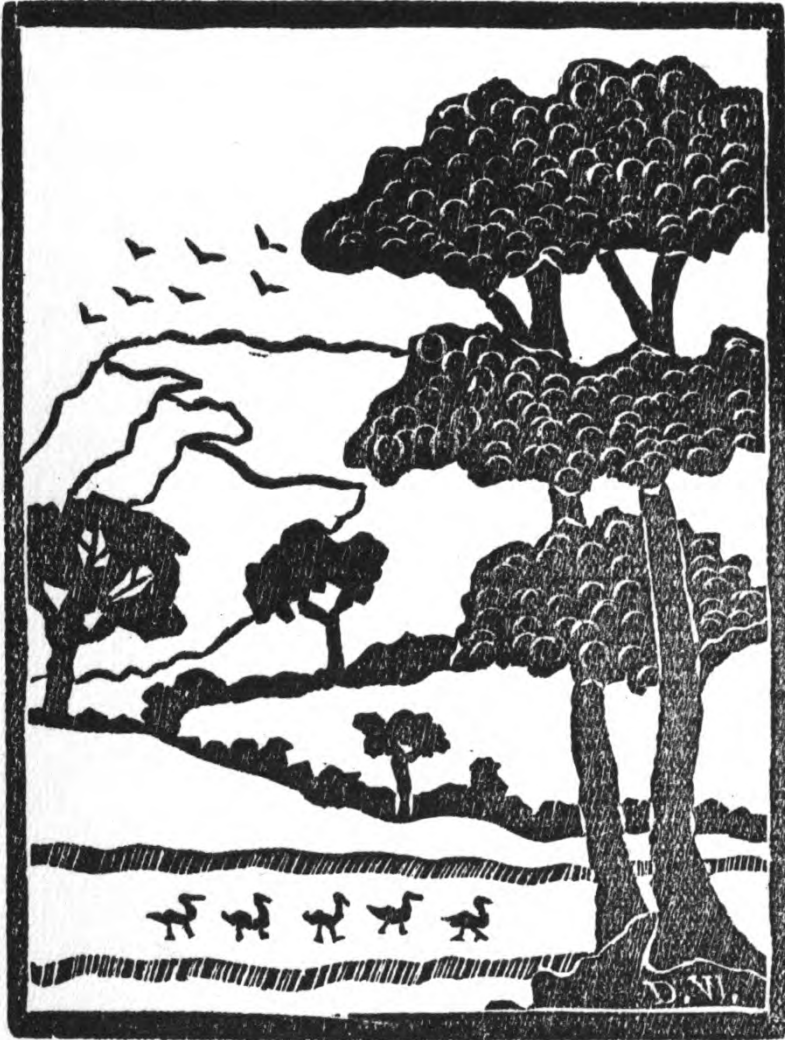


THE VINE PRESS,

STEYNING.


MCMXXII.

DEDICATION.



DEDICATION.

TO THE ROSE IMMORTAL.

 hen ducks gabble home
through the meadows,
Ere blue noons fade to grey,
Ere the moon leads out her shadows,
The last song slips away.

Philosophy fades in the phases
Of the changeless-changing moon;
Death cowers under the daisies,
While over the fields laughs noon.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

	Page:
Dedication	vii.
Prologue	3
The Countryman's Delight: Tom D'Urfey	7
Canticles: John Norris	17
Doron and Carmela: Robert Greene	21
The Milkmaid: Dr. James Smith	27
Sharing Eve's Apple: John Keats	33
The Amorous Shepherdess: Christopher Crayne	37
The Invitation: Aphra Behn	41
Johnny and Jenny: Edward Moore	47
The Ballad of Lyonesse: Paul Pentreath	53
I Mun be Married a Sunday: Nicholas Udall	61
Madrigal: William Drummond	65
An Apology for Having Lov'd Before:	
Edmond Waller	69
The Yellow Moon: Harold Stevens	73
Giles and Jille: Laurence Edwardes	79
Bowpots: Arthur French	85
Trollie-Lollie: Nicholas Pyne	89
Epilogue	95
Colophon	99

LARKSPUR.

PROLOGUE.



PROLOGUE.


There are fashions in the arts,
but Art knows no fashion.
The mœn is older than Sappho,
younger than de Musset. The mœd
passes, the mode passes, but that which
informs mœd and mode remains, by the
wit of the gods.

The flashes of god-light in this
little bœk would have been as intelli-
gible to Adami and to Menes as they
are to us; their meaning will remain
undisturbed for many æons. The
shadows change their shapes and fly;
the Light is one and immortal. It is
the word of the gods to man.

THE COUNTRY MAN'S DELIGHT.



THE COUNTRY MAN'S DELIGHT.

 In Summer time, when Flowers do Spring,
And Birds sit on a Tree;
Let Lords and Knights say what they will,
There's none so Merry as we:
There's Will and Moll,
Here's Harry and Doll,
With Brian and bonny Bettee;
Oh, how they did jerk it,
Caper and ferk it,
Under the Green-wød Tree.

Our Musick in a little Pipe,
That can so sweetly play ;
Whom we do hire from Whitsontide,
Till latter Lamas-day :
On Sabbath-days,
And Holy-days,
After Evening-Prayer comes he :
And then do we jerk it,
Caper and ferk it,
Under the Green-wød Tree.

Come play us Adam and Eve, says Dick,
What's that? says little Pipe.
The Beginning o' the World, quoth Dick,
For we are Dancing-ripe :
It's that you call?
Then have at all,
He plaid with a merry Glee :
O then did they jerk it,
Caper and ferk it,
Under the Green-wød Tree.

In comes our Gaffer Underwød,
 And sets him on the Bench;
His Wife and Daughter Ne'er-be-gød,
 That pretty round-fac'd Wench:
 There's Neighbour Chuck,
 And Habakkuk,
They all come there to see;
 Oh, how we do jerk it,
 Caper and ferk it,
Under the Greenwød-Tree.

From thence we go to Sir William's Ground,
 And a Rich Old Cub is he;
And there we Dance around, around,
 But the Devil a Penny we see:
 From thence we get
 To Sommerset,
Where men be frolick and free:
 And there do we jerk it,
 Caper and ferk it,
Under the Greenwød-Tree.

My Lord's Son must not be forgot,
So full of merry Jest;
He laughs to see the Girls so hot,
And jumps in with the rest:
He doth them assail
With his Calves-Tail,
And he thrusts it to see,
O how they do jerk it,
Caper and ferk it,
Under the Greenwood-Tree.

A Pox of all those snuffling Knaves,
That do our Sports despise:
We value not the sneaking Slaves,
They're more precise than Wise:
Bots on them all,
Both great and small,
And such Hypocrisee:
For we will jerk it,
Caper and ferk it,
Under the Greenwood-Tree.

Tho' bonny Nell do bear the Bell,
 'Mongst Gallants gay and gaudy;
Our Margery's as light as she,
 And yet she is not Baudy:
 When with trusty
 Arthur lusty,
Or Bob or Barnabee,
 Oh! how they frig it,
 Jump it and Jigg it,
Under the Greenwød-Tree.

We fear no Plots of Jews or Scots,
 For we are jolly Swains;
With Plow and Cow and Barley-Mow
 We busie all our Brains:
 No City Cares,
 Nor Merchant's Fears
Of Wreck or Piracy;
 Therefore we can Flout it,
 Revel and rout it,
Under the Greenwød-Tree.

O'er Hills and Dales, and Whitson-Ales,
 We Dance a Merry fit;
When Susan sweet with John doth meet,
 She gives him Hit for Hit:
 From Head to Føt
 She holds him to't,
And Jumps as high as he;
 O how they do spring it,
 Flounce it and fling it,
Under the Greenwød-Tree.

With Ribbond red in Hat on Head,
 Young Ralph doth skip and jump;
Joan has a new long Scarf of blue
 That reaches to her Rump:
 With Petticoats
 As light as Moats
Which in the Sun we see;
 Oh! how they did skip it,
 Trample and Trip it,
Under the Greenwød-Tree.

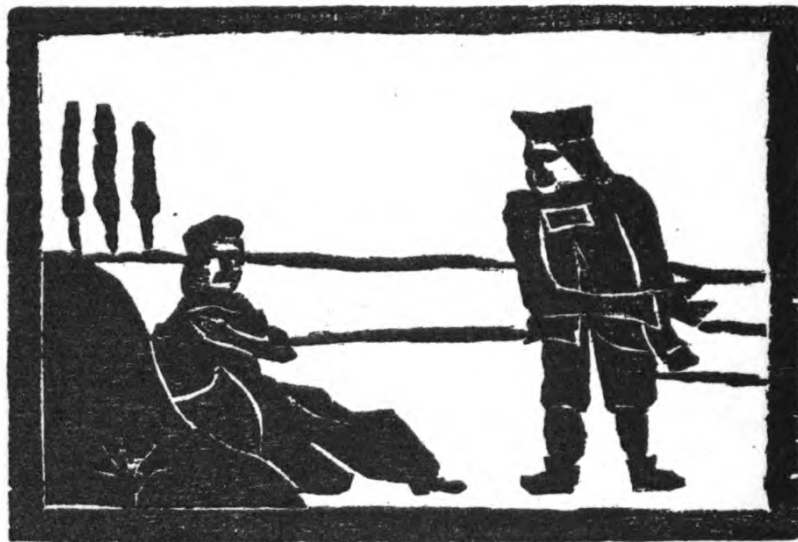
No time is spent with more content
In City, Court, or Camp;
We fear no Covent Garden Gout,
Nor Pickadilly Cramp:
From Scurvy we
Are always free,
And evermore shall be;
So long as we Whisk it,
Frig it and frisk it,
Under the Greenwood-Tree.

On Meads and Launs we trip like Fauns,
Like Fillies, Kids or Lambs;
We have no twinge to make us cringe,
Or crinkle in the Hams:
When some Disease
Doth on us seize,
With one Consent go we
To Jigg it and Jirk it,
Caper and Ferk it,
Under the Greenwood-Tree.

**When we're well fir'd, and almost tir'd,
That Night is drawing on:
And that we must confess (as just)
Our dancing day is done:
The Night is spent
With more content,
For then we all agree
To Cock it and Dock it,
Smock it and Knock it,
Under the Greenwood-Tree.**

TOM D'URFEY.

CANTICES.



The flowers their sweets display,
The Birds in short preludiums tune
their throat,
The turtle in low murmurs does essay
Her melancholy note.

The fruitful vineyards make
An odorous smell, the fig looks fresh
and gay,
Arise my love, my fairest one awake,
Awake and come away.

JOHN NORRIS.

DORON AND CARMELA.



The lines within thy face are deep and clear,
Like to the furrows of my father's wain;
Thy sweat upon thy face doth oft appear
Like to my mother's fat and kitchen gain.

Ah, leave my toe, and kiss my lips, my love!
My lips are thine, for I have given them thee;
Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt wear my glove;
At foot-ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

DORON.

Carmela dear, even as the golden ball
That Venus got, such are thy godly eyes;
When cherries' juice is jumbled therewithal,
Thy breath is like the steam of apple-pies.

Thy lips resemble two cucumbers fair;
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine;
Thy speech is like the thunder in the air;
Would God thy toes, thy lips, and all were
mine!

CARMELA.

Doron, what thing doth move this wishing grief?

DORON.

'Tis love, Carmela, ah, 'tis cruel love!
That like a slave and caitiff villain thief
Hath cut my throat of joy for thy behove.

CARMELA.

Where was he born?

DORON.

In faith, I know not where:
But I have heard much talking of his dart;
Ah me, poor man! with many a trampling tear
I feel him wound the forehearse of my heart.

What, do I love? O no, I do but talk:
What, shall I die for love? O no, not so:
What, am I dead? O no, my tongue doth walk:
Come, kiss, Carmela, and confound my woe.

CARMELA.

Even with this kiss, as once my father did,
I seal the sweet indentures of delight:
Before I break my vow the gods forbid,
No, not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

DORON.

Even with this garland made of hollyhocks
I cross thy brows from every shepherd's kiss:
Heigh ho! how glad I am to touch thy locks!
My frolic heart even now a freeman is.

CARMELA.

I thank you, Doron, and will think on you;
I love you, Doron, and will wink on you.
I seal your charter patent with my thumbs:
Come, kiss and part, for fear my mother comes.

ROBERT GREENE.

THE MILK-MAIDS.



THE MILK-MAIDS.



Walkeing betimes close by a green wød side,

Hy tranonny, nonny with hy

tranonny no;

A payre of lovely milk maides there by

chance I spide,

With hy tranonny nonny no, with

tranonny no.

One of them was faire, as fair as fair might bee;

Hy tranonny, nonny with hy

tranonny no;

The other she was browne, with wanton rowling

eye,

With hy tranonny nonny no, with

tranonny no.

Syder to make sillibubs they carryed in their
pailles;
Hy tranonny, nonny with high tranonny no;
And suggar in their purses hung dangling at their
tailes,
With hy tranonny nonny no, with
tranonny no.

Wast-coats of flannell and pettycoats of redd,
Hy tranonny, nonny with high tranonny no;
Before them milk white aporns, and straw-hats on
their heads,
With hy tranonny nonny no, with
tranonny no.

Silke poynts, with silver taggs, about their wrists
were shown.
Hy tranonny, nonny with high tranonny no;
And jett-Rings, with poesies—"Yours more than his
owne,"
With hy tranonny nonny no, with
tranonny no.

And to requite their lovers' poynts and rings,
Hy tranonny, nonny with high tranonny no;
They gave their lovers bracelets, and many pretty
things,
With hy tranonny nonny no, with
tranonny no.

And there they did get gownes all on the grasse
so green,
Hy tranonny, nonny with high tranonny no;
But the taylor was not skilfull, for the stiches
they were seen,
With hy tranonny nonny no, with
tranonny no.

Thus having spent the long summer's day,
Hy tranonny, nonny with high tranonny no;
They took their nut browne milk pailles, and so
they came away,
With hy tranonny nonny no, with
tranonny no.

Well fare you, merry milk maids that dable in the
dew,

Hy tranonny, nonny with hy tranonny no;
For you have kisses plenty, when Ladyes have
but few,

With hy tranonny nonny no, with
tranonny no.

Dr. JAMES SMITH. (?)

SHARING EVE'S APPLE.



SHARING EVE'S APPLE.



blush not so! O blush not so!
Or I shall think you knowing;
And if you smile the blushing while,
Then maidenheads are going.

There's a blush for won't, and a blush for shan't,
And a blush for having done it:
There's a blush for thought and a blush for naught,
And a blush for just begun it.

O sigh not so ! O sigh not so !
For it sounds of Eve's sweet pippin ;
By these loosen'd lips you have tasted the pips
And fought in an amorous nipping.

Will you play once more at nice-cut-core,
For it only will last our youth out,
And we have the prime of the kissing time,
We have not one sweet tooth out.

There's a sigh for yes, and a sigh for no,
And a sigh for I can't bear it !
O what can be done, shall we stay or run ?
O cut the sweet apple and share it !

JOHN KEATS.

THE AMOROUS SHEPHERDESS.



THE AMOROUS SHEPHERDESS.



he birdes they sing on every tree,
The throſtle, cockow, larke;
The ſtarling calls all daye to me,
Nyghtgales throwe the darke:
When my ſweet Swaine
Returnes againe
Together we will harke.

The greene bryghte Yeare againe is newe
 With Springe's swete Crystenyng;
The skyes are mottl'd whyte and blew,
 The leaves are listening
 For newe softe raine
 To come againe
 And make them glystenyng.

O swete new Yeare ! O come sweet Fere !
 Whyte Shepherde of the Plaines !
O come my deare ! Thy Love is here,
 And waits the silver straines
 Of thy sweete Pipe;
 Nowe Sprynge is ripe,
 Come with the firste newe Raines.

CHRYSTOPHER CRAYNE.

THE INVITATION.



The Sun itself with Love does conspire,
And sends abroad his ardent Fire,
And kindly seems to bid us retire,
 And shade us from his Glory;
Then come, my Phillis, do not fear;
All that your Swain desires there,
Is by those Eyes anew to swear
 How much he does adore ye.

Phillis, in vain you shed those Tears;
Why do you blush? Oh, speak your Fears!
There's none but your Amyntas hears:
 What means this pretty Passion?
Can you fear your favours will cloy
Him who the Blessing does enjoy?
Ah, no! such needless Thoughts destroy:
 This Nicety's out of Fashion.

When thou hast done, by Pan I swear,
Thou wilt unto my Eyes appear
A thousand times more Charming and Fair
 Than thou wert to my first Desire:
That Smile was kind, and now thou'rt wise
To throw away this Coy Disguise,
And by the vigour of thine Eyes
 Declare thy Youth and Fire.


APHRA BEHN.

JOHNNY AND JENNY.



JOHNNY AND JENNY.

HE.

et rakes for pleasure range the town,
Or misers doat on golden guineas;
Let plenty smile or fortune frown,
The sweets of love are mine and Jenny's.

SHE.

Let wanton maids indulge desire;
How soon the fleeting pleasure gone is!
The joys of virtue never tire,
And such shall still be mine and Johnny's.

BOTH.

Together let us sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

HE.

Let roving swains young hearts invade—
The pleasure ends in shame and folly;
So Willy wø'd, and then betray'd,
The pør believing simple Molly.

SHE.

So Lucy loved and lightly toy'd,
And laugh'd at harmless maids who marry;
But now she finds her shepherd cloy'd,
And chides too late her faithless Harry.

BOTH.

Together both we'll sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

HE.

By cooling streams our flocks we'll feed,
And leave deceit to knaves and ninnies,
Or fondly stray where Love shall lead,
And every joy be mine and Jenny's.

SHE.

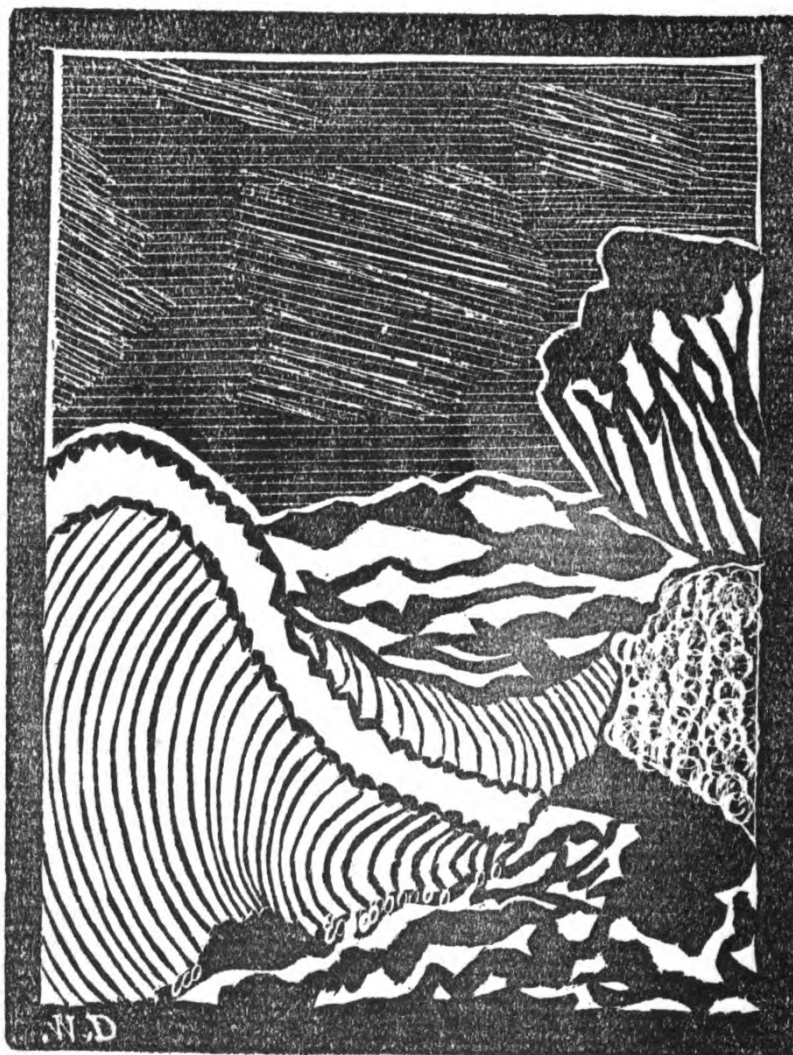
Let guilt the faithless bosom fright,
The constant heart is always bonny;
Content, and peace, and sweet delight,
And love, shall live with me and Johnny.

BOTH.

Together still we'll sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.


EDWARD MOORE.

THE BALLAD OF LYONESSE.



N.D

THE BALLAD OF LYONESSE.

hey were living, laughing, loving,
But they all got laved;
Some of them were roving,
And they got saved.

Was it a mantis,
Rebeck at his breast,
Singing of Atlantis
Lost in the West?

When the skies darken
 Out on Western-meer,
Then, when you hearken,
 What do you hear ?

Hear the bells tolling ?
 There were lost six-score ;
Hear the cries rolling
 In to the shore ?

And they heard it nearing
 As they lay at ease
With their women, fleeing
 At anger of the seas.

Surge-bøom ! Urge-bøom !
 The hill-waves go
Crashing on to man's døom,
 Urging hugest woe.

Living, loving,
 What is man's distress ?
Green Death is roving
 Where once was Lyonesse.

Loving, living
 With women and with ease,
There is no forgiving
 Of anger of the seas.

Cockcrows incessant,
 Kine that low and stumble,
Wide-eyed, whitening peasant,
 Hear ye the rumble ?

Yea ! See the herdsmen
 Rivalling the cows ;
Only god-drunk wordsmen
 Look with easy brows.

Waiting, waiting;
What is it to fly ?
See Venus rise in hating,
Hiding all the sky !

Men bore their treasures
In hot brown hands;
There lie their pleasures
With them in the sands.

Women bore their treasures
Tugging at the breast;
Now they take their leisures
Far in the West.

Some lay in child-birth;
There they lie to-day:
Oh, 'twas a wild birth
Of the sea-spray.

Venus for anger
 Of her lost rites
Rose from her languor
 In the lack of lights.

Nay! Men shall fear me,
 Witness of the foam;
They shall know me, they shall hear me,
 Ere the gods go home.

PAUL PENTREATH.

I MUN BE MARRIED A SUNDAY.



I MUN BE MARRIED A SUNDAY.



I mun be married a Sunday ;
I mun be married a Sunday ;
Whosoever shall come that way,
I mun be married a Sunday.

Roister Doister is my name ;
Roister Doister is my name ;
A lusty brute I am the same ;
I mun be married a Sunday.

**Christian Custance have I found;
Christian Custance have I found;
A widow worth a thousand pound;
I mun be married a Sunday.**

**Custance is as sweet as honey;
Custance is as sweet as honey;
I her lamb, and she my coney;
I mun be married a Sunday.**

**When we shall make our wedding feast,
When we shall make our wedding feast,
There shall be cheer for man and beast;
I mun be married a Sunday.**

**I mun be married a Sunday;
I mun be married a Sunday;
Whosoever shall come that way,
I mun be married a Sunday.**

NICHOLAS UDALL.

MADRIGAL.



MADRIGAL.



weet rose, whence is this hue
Which doth all hues excel ?
Whence this most fragrant smell,
And whence this form and gracing grace
in you ?

In flow'ry Pæstum's field perhaps ye grew,
Or Hybla's hills you bred,
Or odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,
Or Tmolus, or where boar young Adon slew ;
Or hath the queen of love you dy'd of new
In that dear blood, which makes you look so red ?
No, none of those, but cause more high
you blest,
My lady's breast you bare, and lips you
kiss'd.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

**AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING
LOV'D BEFORE.**



AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING EV'D BEFORE.



hey that never had the use
Of the Grape's surprizing Juice,
To the first delicious Cup
All their Reason render up:
Neither do, nor care to, know
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to Love inclin'd,
Sway'd by Chance, not Choice or Art,
To the first that's Fair or Kind,
Make a Present of their Heart:
'Tis not she that first we Love,
But whom Dying we approve.

To Man that was i' th' Evening made,
Stars gave the first Delight;
Admiring in the glomy Shade
Those little Drops of Light.

Then at Aurora, whose fair Hand
Remov'd them from the Skies,
He gazing tow'rd the East did stand,
She entertain'd his Eyes.

But when the bright Sun did appear
All those he did despise,
His Wonder was determin'd there,
And cou'd no higher rise;

He neither might, nor wish'd to, know
A more refulgent Light:
For that (as mine your Beauties now)
Imploy'd his utmost Sight.

EDMOND WALLER.

THE YELLOW MOON.



THE YELLOW MOON.



Amidst the dark penumbrous
Slow green foliage,
Vast, vast and slumbrous,
She dallies for an age.—

Our Moon of Vision Valley,
Light of Yellow Blaze,
Sombrely to rally
Men of forgotten days.

Surely once they hear her,
 Slowly as she sings ?
Surely once they near her,
 Softly as she swings ?

Down in her palace
 She lights them all again ;
In sleep they taste her chalice,
 The strange sleeping men.

They savour love long over,
 Superannuate Grail,
As over evening clover
 Outpours the dreamy tale.

Longer may they slumber,
 Nor let them yet return—
Mœn-children without number,
 Men who are born to burn.

Stay not to watch them sleeping,
All-conscious that they sleep;
They wake not yet to weeping,
Whatever creatures creep.

They lie there; let them linger
Until they hear the Wings,
Nor twang with wanton finger
The old exciting strings.

Men of Vision Valley,
They must be born again:
But let them drowse and dally
Yet, the sleeping men.

Leave them to their slumber,
For they must wake anew,
Your children without number,
Who bear the curse of you.

HAROLD STEVENS.

GYLES AND JILLE.



GYLES AND JILLE.



Lillies for Love!

Roses for Will!

Where do you hide?

Where do you bide?

Stars slant above

The windy old hill,

Do you love me still?

Listen: oh, shrill—

Hey! Ho!

Roses ripe-red !

Lillies pure-pale !

Where do you grow ?

Where do you blow ?

Stars overhead,

Over the vale,

Your light shall not fail

Down in the dale—

Hey! Ho!

Winding the way to you !

—Shout when you're near !

Oh, we shall meet again !

Oh, we shall greet again !

What shall I say to you ?

—What I would hear !

Clear and more clear

The song to my ear—

Hey! Ho!

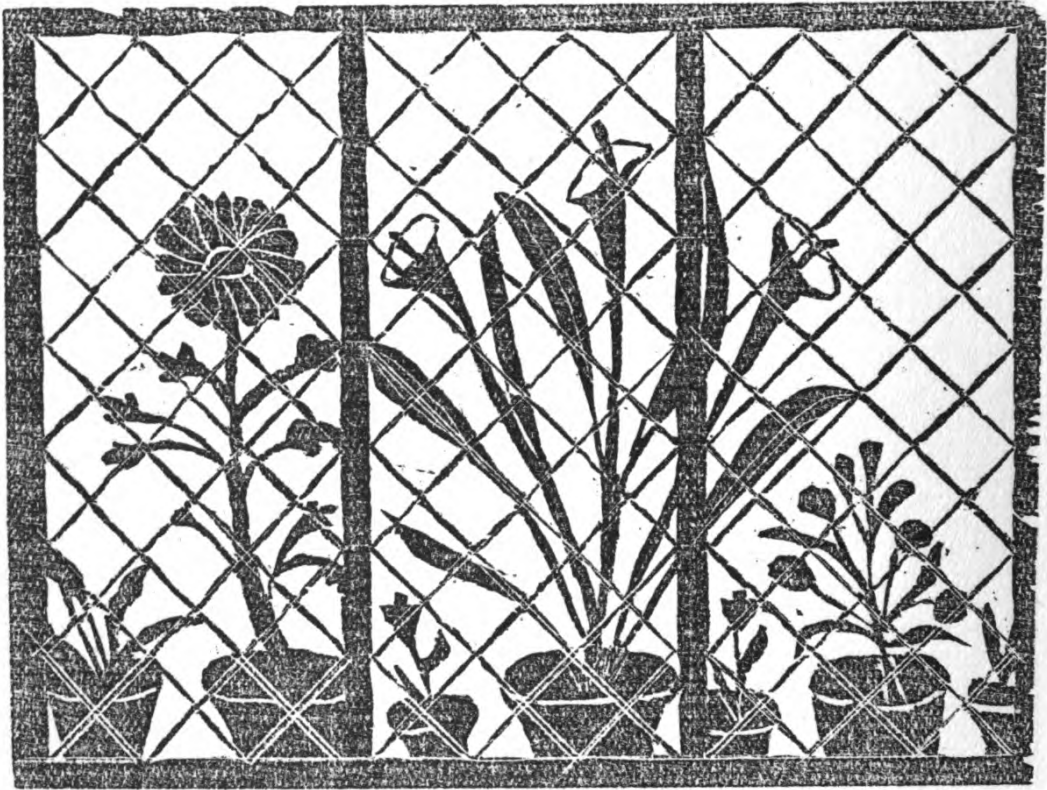
Gyles, oh, the Lad for me !
Oh, and my Jille !
Still you'll be there ?
Still will you dare ?

Be you still glad for me,
Up on the hill !
Still shall we thrill—
Thrill and be still—

Hey ! Ho !

LAURENCE EDWARDES.

BOWPOTS.



BOWPOTS.



Bravely blow the bowpots at Røkskaw in
June!
Bravely blow the bowpots in Honey-
suckle Hollow!
Bravely blow the bowpots: Summer's here, and søn
The bale-fires' flare on the hills will
follow.

Honey-bees are hunting: the leaded-diamond panes
Are scarlet with geraniums; its Røks-
kaw June;
Røkskaw June, interpolate with rains;
Spring thunder's over: Summer's hot
and søn.

Diamonded geraniums; flaming purple flags;
Blue sky veiled with aftermath of rains;
Lilies lie low, and the bøm-bee sags
Homeward, heavy with his honey-first
gains.

Bravely blow the bowpots, gravely green the ways
lie
On the sunny hill-sides at Røkscaw
in June;
Bravely blow the bowpots, hot and hard the days
lie
Over all the greenwød: Summer's
come søn.

ARTHUR FRENCH.

TROLLIE LOLLIE.



TROLLIE LOLLIE.



Trollie lollie laughter!
Swallows skim the sky;
Nightingales come after
When the mone's up high.

When the golden mone comes
Over the trees
Sone sone sone comes
Cupid ore the leas.

Over west the lighte falls
When the daye dyes ;
Søne søne Nighte falls
From the somer skyes.

Trollie lollie laughter !
See the sonne falle !
Love comes after
With the møne's madrigall.

Darke boughs are bending
Lovers above ;
See the lovers wendinge
The wøde waye for love.

Galatea, Phyllis,
Lais, Phylador,
Iris, Amaryllis,
Alexis, Amyntor.

They know the good way
Uppe throughe the trees ;
The mone-darke wode way,
Cupid in the breeze.

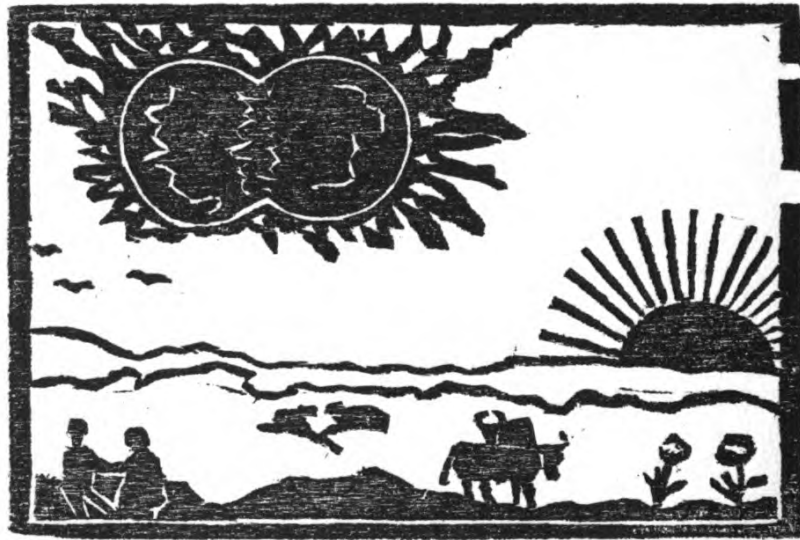
Trollie lollie laughter,
Dian rules the skye,
Lovers follow after
To clip and claspe and sighe.

Hearken, shepheard's darling,
How the songes swell !
The Sunne charmed the starlinge,
The Mone woos Philomell.

Trollie lollie lollie,
Swallows skim the skye ;
Lovers fulle of folly
Linger laughyng bye.


NICHOLAS PYNE.

EPILOGUE.



EPILOGUE.

FOR THE NEW AGE.

 When planets clash
together
To form a Birth of fire,
To inform the flaring heather,
To make green hills aspire—
The amorous soft turtle,
The dolphin gleaming gold,
See worlds burst their kirtle,
Waters burst their hold.

So wind-and-water weather,
 With the golden-manëd Sire,
String-up in sunny tether
 Earth's seven-stringëd lyre :
So shall new thunders hurtle,
 So love's new buds unfold,
So strange young planets spirtle
 As love springs from their mould.

Upper star and nether
 Meet in star desire ;
Fur and fin and feather
 In mingling flame untire :
May all girt zones ungirtle,
 All blushing breasts grow bold !
Under Venus' myrtle
 Earth's joy be uncontrolled !

COLOPHON.



COLOPHON.

Little winds whistle
Along the way,
The strong brown thistle
Makes holiday.

Little winds whisper
Through the trees,
The sea-scent's crisper
In the breeze.

Rose-leaves rustle
 And poppy-leaves fall ;
Oak-boughs tussle
 And rude rooks brawl.

Starlight's coming !
 Evening thrills
At the sea-winds' drumming
 From the Hills.

For little winds whistle
 From the sea,
To bring the missel
 New harmony.

And little winds muffle
 Owl cries in the eaves,
And little winds ruffle
 The early sheaves.

Little wind ! little wind ! you
Are mine ; I adore you :
The sea is behind you,
The dawn is before you.



PRINTED AT THE VINE PRESS,
LONDON & STEYNING.

Nineteen hundred & twenty-
two. The illustrations designed
and cut by Dennis West.

A D M V S A R V M

Æ Q V A R V M

G L O R I A M

L A B O R

S I T.



STEYNING.



MCMXXII.