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NEW
COLLECTED
RHYMES

Andrew Lang
New Collected Rhymes

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New Collected Rhymes:

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PREFACE

This poor little flutter of rhymes would not have been let down the wind: the project would have been abandoned but for the too flattering encouragement of a responsible friend. I trust that he may not “live to rue the day,” like Keith of Craigentolly in the ballad.

The “Loyal Lyrics” on Charles and James and the White Rose must not be understood as implying a rebellious desire for the subversion of the present illustrious dynasty.

“These are but symbols that I sing,
These names of Prince, and rose, and King;
Types of things dear that do not die,
But reign in loyal memory.
Across the water surely they
Abide their twenty-ninth of May;
And we shall hail their happy reign,
When Life comes to his own again,” —

over the water that divides us from the voices and faces of our desires and dreams.

Of the ballads, *The Young Ruthven* and *The Queen of Spain* were written in competition with the street minstrels of the close of the sixteenth century. The legend on which *The Young Ruthven* is based is well known; *The Queen of Spain* is the story of the *Florescia*, a ship of the Spanish Armada, wrecked in Tobermory Bay, as it was told to me by a mariner in the Sound of Mull. In *Keith of Craigentolly* the family and territorial names of the hero or villain are purposely altered, so as to avoid injuring susceptibilities and arousing unavailing regrets.

DEDICATORY

In Augustinum Dobson

Jam Rude Donatum

Dear Poet, now turned out to grass
 (Like him who reigned in Babylon),
Forget the seasons overlaid
 By business and the Board of Trade:
And sing of old-world lad and lass
 As in the summers that are gone.

Back to the golden prime of Anne!
 When you ambassador had been,
And brought o'er sea the King again,
 Beatrix Esmond in his train,
Ah, happy bard to hold her fan,
 And happy land with such a Queen!

We live too early, or too late,
 You should have shared the pint of Pope,
And taught, well pleased, the shining shell

To murmur of the fair Lepel,
And changed the stars of St. John's fate
To some more happy horoscope.

By duchesses with roses crowned,
And fed with chicken and champagne,
Urbane and witty, and too wary
To risk the feud of Lady Mary,
You should have walked the courtly ground
Of times that cannot come again.

Bring back these years in verse or prose,
(I very much prefer your verse!)
As on some Twenty-Ninth of May
Restore the splendour and the sway,
Forget the sins, the wars, the woes —
The joys alone must you rehearse.

Forget the dunces (there is none
So stupid as to snarl at *you*);
So may your years with pen and book
Run pleasant as an English brook
Through meadows floral in the sun,
And shadows fragrant of the dew.

And thus at ending of your span —
As all must end – the world shall say,
“His best he gave: he left us not
A line that saints could wish to blot,

For he was blameless, though a man,
And though the poet, he was gay!”

LOYAL LYRICS

How the Maid Marched from Blois

(Supposed to be narrated by James Power, or Polwarth, her Scottish banner-painter.)

The Maiden called for her great destrier,
But he lashed like a fiend when the Maid drew near:
“Lead him forth to the Cross!” she cried, and he stood
Like a steed of bronze by the Holy Rood!

Then I saw the Maiden mount and ride,
With a good steel sperthe that swung by her side,
And girt with the sword of the Heavenly Bride,
That is sained with crosses five for a sign,
The mystical sword of St. Catherine.
And the lily banner was blowing wide,
With the flowers of France on the field of fame
And, blent with the blossoms, the Holy Name!
And the Maiden’s blazon was shown on a shield,
Argent, a dove, on an azure field;
That banner was wrought by this hand, ye see,
For the love of the Maid and chivalry.

Her banner was borne by a page of grace,

With hair of gold, and a lady's face;
And behind it the ranks of her men were dressed —
Never a man but was clean confessed,
Jackman and archer, lord and knight,
Their souls were clean and their hearts were light:
There was never an oath, there was never a laugh,
And La Hire swore soft by his leading staff!
Had we died in that hour we had won the skies,
And the Maiden had marched us through Paradise!

A moment she turned to the people there,
Who had come to gaze on the Maiden fair;
A moment she glanced at the ring she wore,
She murmured the Holy Name it bore,
Then, "For France and the King, good people pray!"
She spoke, and she cried to us, "*On and away!*"
And the shouts broke forth, and the flowers rained down,
And the Maiden led us to Orleans town.

Lone Places of the Deer

Lone places of the deer,
Corrie, and Loch, and Ben,
Fount that wells in the cave,
Voice of the burn and the wave,
Softly you sing and clear
Of Charlie and his men!

Here has he lurked, and here
The heather has been his bed,
The wastes of the islands knew
And the Highland hearts were true
To the bonny, the brave, the dear,
The royal, the hunted head.

An Old Song

1750

Oh, it's hame, hame, hame,
And it's hame I wadna be,
Till the Lord calls King James
To his ain countrie,
Bids the wind blaw frae France,
Till the Firth keps the faem,
And Loch Garry and Lochiel
Bring Prince Charlie hame.

May the lads Prince Charlie led
That were hard on Willie's track,
When frae Laffen field he fled,
Wi' the claymore at his back,
May they stand on Scottish soil
When the White Rose bears the gree,
And the Lord calls the King
To his ain countrie!

Bid the seas arise and stand
Like walls on ilka side,
Till our Highland lad pass through

With Jehovah for his guide.
Dry up the River Forth,
As Thou didst the Red Sea,
When Israel cam hame
To his ain countrie. ¹

¹ One verse and the refrain are of 1750 or thereabouts. At Laffen, where William, Duke of Cumberland, was defeated and nearly captured by the Scots and Irish in the French service, Prince Charles is said to have served as a volunteer.

Jacobite “Auld Lang Syne.”

Lochiel's Regiment, 1747

Though now we take King Lewie's fee
And drink King Lewie's wine,
We'll bring the King frae ower the sea,
As in auld lang syne.

For, he that did proud Pharaoh crush,
And save auld Jacob's line,
Will speak to Charlie in the Bush,
Like Moses, lang syne.

For oft we've garred the red coats run,
Frae Garry to the Rhine,
Frae Baugé brig to Falkirk moor,
No that lang syne.

The Duke may with the Devil drink,
And wi' the deil may dine,
But Charlie's dine in Holyrood,
As in auld lang syne.

For he who did proud Pharaoh crush,

To save auld Jacob's line,
Shall speak to Charlie in the Bush,
Like Moses, lang syne.

The Prince's Birthday

Rome, 31st December, 1721

(A new-born star shone, which is figured on an early Medal of Prince Charles.)

A wonderful star shone forth
From the frozen skies of the North
Upon Rome, for an Old Year's night:
And a flower on the dear white Rose
Broke, in the season of snows,
To bloom for a day's delight.

Lost is the star in the night,
And the Rose of a day's delight
Fled "where the roses go":
But the fragrance and light from afar,
Born of the Rose and the Star,
Breathe o'er the years and the snow.

The Tenth of June, 1715

(Being a Song writ for a lady born on June 10th, the birthday of his Most Sacred Majesty King James III. and VIII.)

Day of the King and the flower!
And the girl of my heart's delight,
The blackbird sings in the bower,
And the nightingale sings in the night
A song to the roses white.

Day of the flower and the King!
When shall the sails of white
Shine on the seas and bring
In the day, in the dawn, in the night,
The King to his land and his right?

Day of my love and my may,
After the long years' flight,
Born on the King's birthday,
Born for my heart's delight,
With the dawn of the roses white!

Black as the blackbird's wing
Is her hair, and her brow as white
As the white rose blossoming,
And her eyes as the falcon's bright

And her heart is lead to the right.

When shall the joy bells ring?

When shall the hours unite

The right with the might of my King,

And my heart with my heart's delight;

In the dawn, in the day, in the night?

White Rose Day

June 10, 1688

'Twas a day of faith and flowers,
Of honour that could not die,
Of Hope that counted the hours,
Of sorrowing Loyalty:
And the *Blackbird* sang in the closes,
The *Blackbird* piped in the spring,
For the day of the dawn of the Roses,
The dawn of the day of the King!

White roses over the heather,
And down by the Lowland lea,
And far in the faint blue weather,
A white sail guessed on the sea!
But the deep night gathers and closes,
Shall ever a morning bring
The lord of the leal white roses,
The face of the rightful King?

Red and White Roses

Red roses under the sun

For the King who is lord of land;
But he dies when his day is done,
For his memory careth none
When the glass runs empty of sand.

White roses under the moon

For the King without lands to give;
But he reigns with the reign of June,
With the rose and the Blackbird's tune,
And he lives while Faith shall live.

Red roses for beef and beer;

Red roses for wine and gold;
But they drank of the water clear,
In exile and sorry cheer,
To the kings of our sires of old.

Red roses for wealth and might;

White roses for hopes that flee;
And the dreams of the day and the night,
For the Lord of our heart's delight —
For the King that is o'er the sea.

The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond

1746

There's an ending o' the dance, and fair Morag's safe in
France,
And the Clans they hae paid the lawing,
And the wuddy has her ain, and we twa are left alane,
Free o' Carlisle gaol in the dawning.

So ye'll tak the high road, and I'll tak the laigh road,
An' I'll be in Scotland before ye:
But me and my true love will never meet again,
By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

For my love's heart brake in twa, when she kenned the Cause's
fa',
And she sleeps where there's never nane shall waken,
Where the glen lies a' in wrack, wi' the houses toom and
black,
And her father's ha's forsaken.

While there's heather on the hill shall my vengeance ne'er be
still,
While a bush hides the glint o' a gun, lad;

Wi' the men o' Sergeant Môr shall I work to pay the score,
Till I wither on the wuddy in the sun, lad!

So ye'll tak the high road, and I'll tak the laigh road,
An' I'll be in Scotland before ye:
But me and my true love will never meet again,
By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

Kenmure

1715

“The heather’s in a blaze, Willie,
The White Rose decks the tree,
The Fiery Cross is on the braes,
And the King is on the sea!

“Remember great Montrose, Willie,
Remember fair Dundee,
And strike one stroke at the foreign foes
Of the King that’s on the sea.

“There’s Gordons in the North, Willie,
Are rising frank and free,
Shall a Kenmure Gordon not go forth
For the King that’s on the sea?

“A trusty sword to draw, Willie,
A comely weird to dree,
For the Royal Rose that’s like the snaw,
And the King that’s on the sea!”

He cast ae look across his lands,

Looked over loch and lea,
He took his fortune in his hands,
For the King was on the sea.

Kenmures have fought in Galloway
For Kirk and Presbyt'rie,
This Kenmure faced his dying day,
For King James across the sea.

It little skills what faith men vaunt,
If loyal men they be
To Christ's ain Kirk and Covenant,
Or the King that's o'er the sea.

Culloden

Dark, dark was the day when we looked on Culloden
And chill was the mist drop that clung to the tree,
The oats of the harvest hung heavy and sodden,
No light on the land and no wind on the sea.

There was wind, there was rain, there was fire on their faces,
When the clans broke the bayonets and died on the guns,
And 'tis Honour that watches the desolate places
Where they sleep through the change of the snows and the
suns.

Unfed and unmarshalled, outworn and outnumbered,
All hopeless and fearless, as fiercely they fought,
As when Falkirk with heaps of the fallen was cumbered,
As when Gledsmuir was red with the havoc they wrought.

*Ah, woe worth you, Sleat, and the faith that you vowed,
Ah, woe worth you, Lovat, Traquair, and Mackay;
And woe on the false fairy flag of Macleod,
And the fat squires who drank, but who dared not to die!*

Where the graves of Clan Chattan are clustered together,
Where Macgillavray died by the Well of the Dead,
We stooped to the moorland and plucked the pale heather
That blooms where the hope of the Stuart was sped.

And a whisper awoke on the wilderness, sighing,
Like the voice of the heroes who battled in vain,
“Not for Tearlach alone the red claymore was plying,
But to bring back the old life that comes not again.”

The Last of the Leal

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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