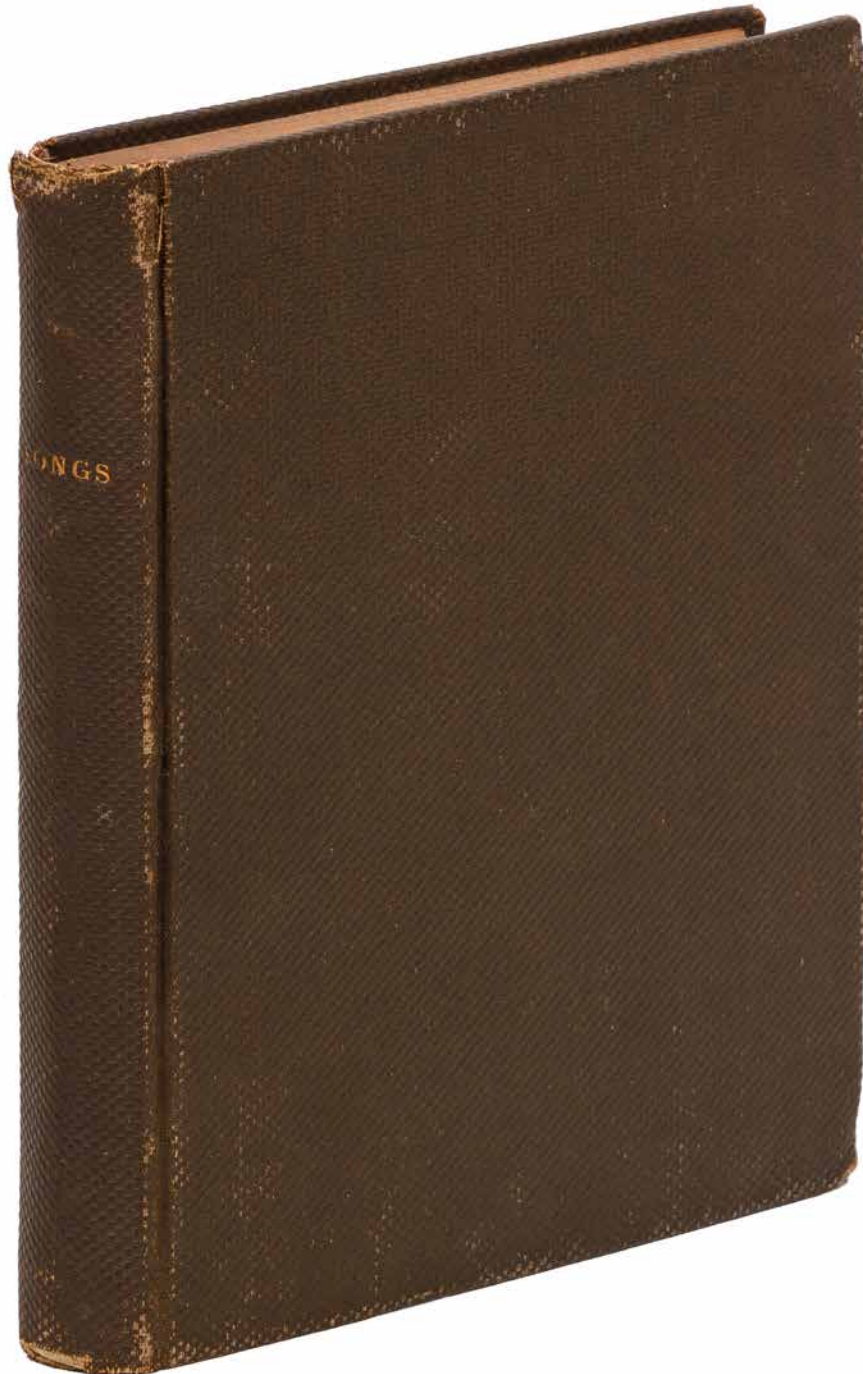




(Holograph collection of songs and poems): Songs Selected from Many Authors
New York: [no publisher] 1883 \$250



Small square quarto(?) Approximately 5" x 6". 321 hand-numbered pages including index. Bound in contemporary gray-green buckram with "Songs" in gilt on the spine. Modest stain on rear board, small tear at the crown, very good or better, internally about fine. A voluminous collection of poems written in neat and tidy script, and which includes an index of both titles and authors. The vast amount of the authors are English (although Longfellow creeps in); a few of the authors are unfamiliar to us. There appears to be no obvious evidence as to the identify of the creator of this lovingly compiled collection. A charming curiosity. [\[BTC#420640\]](#)

SONGS

SELECTED FROM

MANY AUTHORS.

FIRST EDITION.

NEW YORK

1883

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tinkle in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When linnets like confined I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarg'd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage:

O GIN MY LOVE.

O gin my love were you red rose
That grows upon the castle wa';
And I mysel a drap of dew
Into her bonny breast to fa'!

O, there, beyond repression blest
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Deal'd on her silk soft folds to rest,
Till flyed awa' by Phoebus light.

HERD'S SCOTTISH SONGS.

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I arise from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright;
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hoas led me - who knows how? -
To thy chamber window, sweet.

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark and silent stream,
The Champak odors fail

O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT
OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

O, why should the spirit of mortal
be proud?

Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-
flying cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of
the wave,

He passeth from life to his rest in
the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow
shall fade,

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