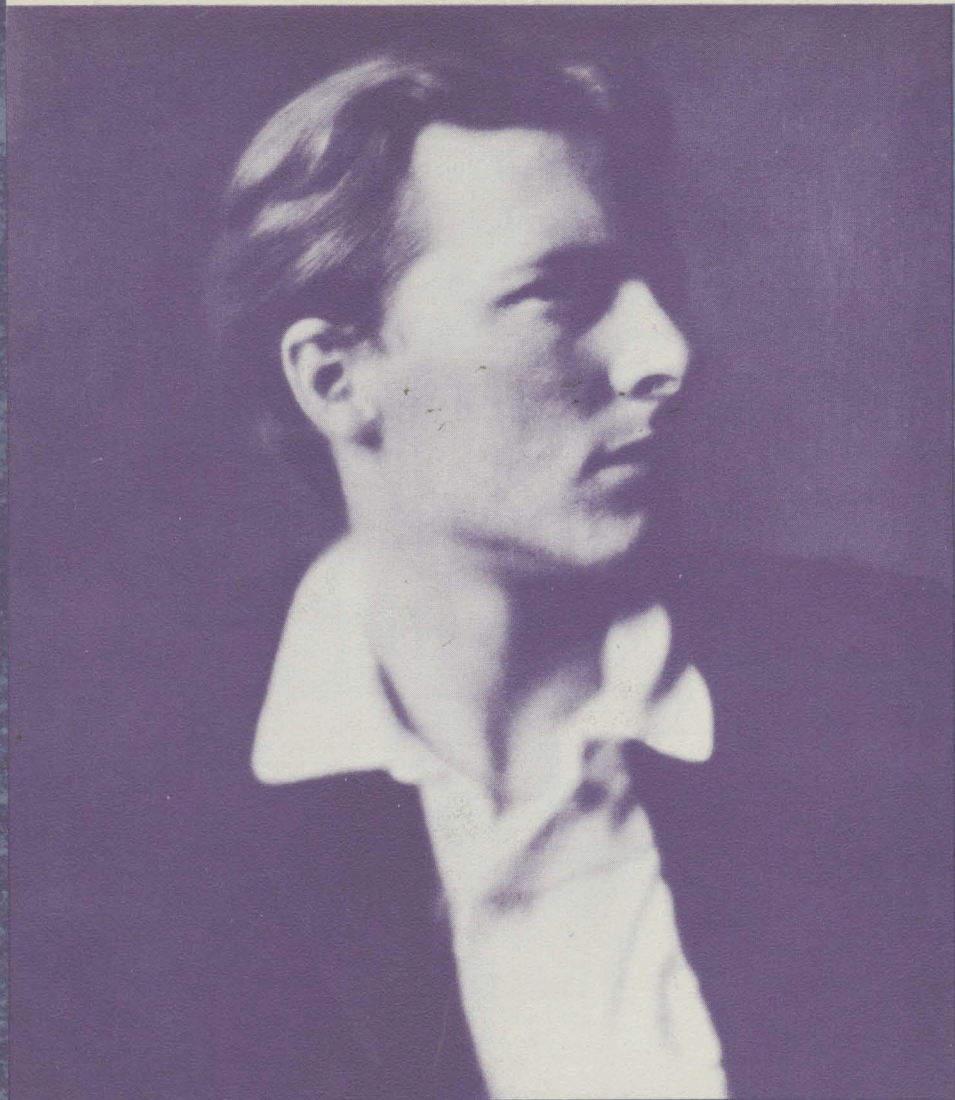


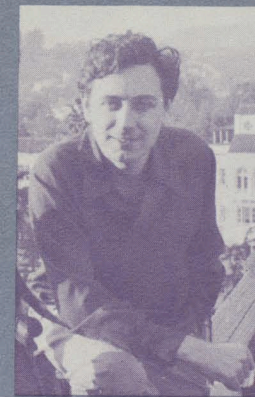
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THE
POEMS
OF
RUPERT
BROOKE
ARRANGED
AND
READ
BY
RICHARD
WARING

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6003
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1965

MUSIC LP



COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE / PHOTOGRAPH BY EUGENE HUTCHINSON

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Sonnet: I Said I Splendidly
Loved You
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A Channel Passage
Jealousy
Pine Trees and the Sky: Evening
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The Old Vicarage, Granchester
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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On The Arrangement

In the 16th century, Sir Philip Sidney wrote, "Fool, said my muse to me, look in thy heart and write."

In the 20th Century Rupert Brooke, I believe, was a poet who took that advice most truly.

This selection of his poetry is not arranged in a strictly chronological order--- on the first side the various aspects of love seemed to form themselves into a natural progression.

I have chosen poems regarded by many as his best; others because they seem to belong; or simply because I love them. I hope you will too. Rupert Brooke was in love with that wonderful actress Cathleen Nesbitt and one of the poems included is for her.

The titles of some of the poems are given, others I felt needed none as the title was in the first line of what was obviously inherent in the poem itself.

Note: It may be amusing to recall that over half a century ago, when Rupert Brooke's first book of poetry was published, many critics objected to the inclusion of A Channel Passage and it was referred to as the "disgusting sonnet." However Rupert Brooke insisted upon keeping it in when his publisher questioned its advisability. Anyway it's on record -- "for the record."

Richard Waring

A condensed biographical note by Margaret Savington in the Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke published by Dodd, Mead and Co.

Rupert Brooke was born at Rugby, England, on August 3, 1887, his father, William Brooke, being an assistant master at the school. Here Brooke was educated.

He took a keen interest in every form of athletic sport and developed as a sound tennis player, was a great walker, and found joy in swimming, like Byron and Swinburne, especially by night. He delighted in the Russian ballet and went again and again to a good Revue.

In 1906 he went up to King's College, Cambridge, where he made innumerable friends, and was considered one of the leading intellectuals of his day.



Rupert Brooke

He took his classical trips in 1909, and after spending some time as a student in Munich, returned to live near Cambridge at the Old Vicarage in "the lovely hamlet, Grantchester".

Brooke occupied himself mainly with writing. Poems appeared in the "Gownsmen", the "Cambridge Review", the "Nation", the "English Review", and the "Westminster Gazette", and later in the "New Numbers".

To all who knew him, the man himself was at least as important as his work. Of his personal appearance a good deal has been said. "One who knew him," writing in one of the daily papers, said that "to look at, he was part of the youth of the world. He was one of the handsomest Englishmen of his time. His moods seemed to be merely a disguise for the radiance of an early summer's day."

Mr. Edward Thomas speaks of him as "a golden young Apollo" who made friends, admirers, adorers, wherever he went".

He had been in Munich, Berlin, and in Italy, and in May, 1913, he left England again for a wander year, passing through the United States and Canada on his way to the South Seas.

Then came the War. "Well, if Armageddon's on," he said, "I suppose one should be there." It was a characteristic way of putting it. He obtained a commission in the Hood Battalion of the Royal Naval Division in September, and was quickly ordered on the disastrous if heroic expedition to Antwerp.

He spent the winter in training at Blandford Camp in Dorsetshire, and sailed with the British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force on the last day of February. He had a presentiment of his death. He never reached the Dardanelles. He dies from blood-poisoning on board a French hospital ship at Scyros on Friday, April 23rd, 1915-- He was buried at night, by torchlight, in an olive grove about a mile inland. "If you go there, writes Mr. Stephen Graham, "you will find a little wooden cross with just his name and the date of his birth and his death marked on it in black." A few days later the news of his death was published in the "Times" with a valedictory tribute by Winston Churchill.

John Drinkwater wrote as follows: "There can have no man of his years in England who had at once so impressive a personality and so inevitable an appeal to the affection of every one who knew him, while there has not been, I think, so grievous a loss to poetry since the death of Shelley. Some of us who knew him may live to be old men, but life is not likely to give us any richer memory than his; and the passion and shapely zest that are in his work will pass safely to the memory of posterity." Mr. Wilfrid Gibson's tribute took the form of a short poem called "The Going":

He's gone.
I do not understand.
I only know
That, as he turned to go
And waved his hand,
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone,
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow--
And he was gone.

Side I Introduction

.... If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England.

Rupert Brooke
August 3, 1887 - April 23, 1915

These are the opening lines from the "Soldier", one of the last sonnets written by Rupert Brooke, who had the name of a poet, the look of a poet, who lived like a poet and died too young in the First World War in 1915, touching the hearts of his countrymen, including his great admirer, Winston Churchill.

His poetry lives on for all of us today.

Side I No. 1

THE HILL

Breathless, we flung us on the windy hill,
Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass.
You said, "Through glory and ecstasy we pass;
Wind, sun, and earth remain, the birds sing still,
When we are old, are old...." "And when we die



Rupert Brooke is dead. A telegram
from the Admirer at the
island of Lemnos tells us
that this life has closed
at the moment when it
seemed to have reached its
finest time. A voice had
become audible, a note had been
struck more true, more
sure, more able to do justice
to the nobility of our youth
in arms engaged in this
present war, than any that
has been uttered other-- we
are to regret the exception
thought of them their thoughts
of self surrender a weak return
with a haven to carry comfort
to those who watch them so
nervously after a moment's
The time has been swiftly
filled. Only the memories
remain; & the memory remains;

First draft of Winston Churchill's valedictory tribute to
Rupert Brooke, which appeared in *The Times*

All's over that is ours; and life burns on
Through other lovers, other lips," said I,
--"Heart of my heart, our heaven is now, is won!"

"We are Earth's best, that learnt her lesson here.
Life is our cry. We have kept the faith!" we said;
"We shall go down with unreluctant tread
Rose-crowned into the darkness!" ... Proud we were,
And laughed, that had such brave true things to say.
--And then you suddenly cried, and turned away.

Side I No. 2

SONNET

I said I splendidly loved you; it's not true.
Such long swift tides stir not a land-locked sea.
On gods or fools the high risk falls--on you--
The clean clear bitter-sweet that's not for me.
Love soars from earth to ecstasies unwist.
Love is flung Lucifer-like from Heaven to Hell.
But--there are wanderers in the middle mist,
Who cry for shadows, clutch, and cannot tell
Whether they love at all, or, loving, whom:
An old song's lady, a fool in fancy dress.
Or phantoms, or their own face on the gloom;
For love of Love, or from heart's loneliness.
Pleasure's not theirs, nor pain. They doubt, and sigh,
And do not love at all. Of these am I.

THE VOICE

Safe in the magic of my woods
I lay, and watched the dying light.
Faint in the pale high solitudes,
And washed with rain and veiled by night,

Silver and blue and green were showing.
And the dark woods grew darker still;
And birds were hushed; and peace was growing;
And quietness crept up the hill;

And no wind was blowing

And I knew
That this was the hour of knowing,
And the night and the woods and you
Were one together, and I should find
Soon in the silence the hidden key
Of all that had hurt and puzzled me--
Why you were you, and the night was kind,
And the woods were part of the heart of me.

And there I waited breathlessly,
Alone; and slowly the holy three,
The three that I loved, together grew
One, in the hour of knowing,
Night, and the woods, and you--
And suddenly
There was an uproar in my woods,

The noise of a fool in mock distress,
Crashing and laughing and blindly going,
Of ignorant feet and a swishing dress,
And a Voice profaning the solitudes.

The spell was broken, the key denied me
And at length your flat clear-voice beside me
Mouthed cheerful clear flat platitudes.

You came and quacked beside me in the wood.
You said, "The view from here is very good!"
You said, "It's nice to be alone a bit!"
And, "How the days are drawing out!" you said.
You said, "The sunset's pretty, isn't it?"

* * * * *

By God! I wish--I wish that you were dead!

Side I No. 4

A CHANNEL PASSAGE

The damned ship lurched and slithered. Quiet and quick
My cold gorge rose; the long sea rolled; I knew
I must think hard of something, or be sick;
And could think hard of only one thing--you!
You, you alone could hold my fancy ever!
And with you memories come, sharp pain, and dole.
Now there's a choice--heartache or tortured liver!
A sea-sick body, or a you-sick soul!

Do I forget you? Retchings twist and tie me,
Old meat, good meals, brown gobbets, up I throw.
Do I remember? Acrid return and slimy,
The sobs and slobber of a last year's woe.
And still the sick ship rolls. 'Tis hard, I tell ye,
To choose 'twixt love and nausea, heart and belly.

JEALOUSY

When I see you, who were so wise and cool,
Gazing with silly sickness on that fool
You've given your love to, your adoring hands
Touch his so intimately that each understands,
I know, most hidden things; and when I know
Your holiest dreams yield to the stupid bow
Of his red lips, and that the empty grace
Of those strong legs and arms, that rosy face,
Has beaten your heart to such a flame of love,
That you have given him every touch and move,
Wrinkle and secret of you, all your life,
— Oh! then I know I'm waiting, lover-wife,
For the great time when love is at a close,
And all its fruit's to watch the thickening nose
And sweaty neck and dulling face and eye,
That are yours, and you, most surely, till you die!
Day after day you'll sit with him and note
The greasier tie, the dingy wrinkling coat;
As prettiness turns to pomp, and strength to fat,
And love, love, love to habit!

And after that,
When all that's fine in man is at an end,
And you, that loved young life and clean, must tend
A foul sick fumbling dribbling body and old,
When his rare lips hang flabby and can't hold
Slobber, and you're enduring that worst thing,
Senility's queasy furtive love-making,
And searching those dear eyes for human meaning,
Propping the bald and helpless head, and cleaning
A scrap that life's flung by, and love's forgotten,—
Then you'll be tired; and passion dead and rotten;
And he'll be dirty, dirty!

O lithe and free
And lightfoot, that the poor heart cries to see,
That's how I'll see your man and you!—

But you
— Oh, when that time comes, you'll be dirty too!

Side I No. 6

PINE-TREES AND THE SKY: EVENING

I'd watched the sorrow of the evening sky,
And smelt the sea, and earth, and the warm clover,
And heard the waves, and the seagull's mocking cry.

And in them all was only the old cry,
That song they always sing--"The best is over!
You may remember now, and think, and sigh,
O silly lover!"
And I was tired and sick that all was over,
And because I,
For all my thinking, never could recover
One moment of the good hours that were over.
And I was sorry and sick, and wished to die.

Then from the sad west turning wearily,
I saw the pines against the white north sky.
Very beautiful, and still, and bending over
Their sharp black heads against a quiet sky.
And there was peace in them; and I
Was happy, and forgot to play the lover,
And laughed, and did no longer wish to die;
Being glad of you, O pine-trees and the sky!

Side I No. 7

THERE' WISDOM IN WOMEN

"Oh love is fair, and love is rare"; my dear one she said,
"But love goes lightly over." I bowed her foolish head,
And kissed her hair and laughed at her. Such a child was
she;
So new to love, so true to love, and she spoke so bitterly.

But there's wisdom in women, of more than they have
known,
And thoughts go blowing through them, are wiser than
their own,
Or how should my dear one, being ignorant and young,
Have cried on love so bitterly, with so true a tongue?

Side I No. 8

DESERTION

So light we were, so right we were, so fair faith shone,
And the way was laid so certainly, that, when I'd gone,
What dumb thing looked up at you? Was it something
heard,
Or a sudden cry, that meekly and without a word
You broke the faith, and strangely, weakly, slipped
apart?
You gave in— you, the proud of heart, unbowed of heart!
Was this, friend, the end of all that we could do?
And have you found the best for you, the rest for you?
Did you learn so suddenly (and I not by!)
Some whispered story, that stole the glory from the sky,
And ended all the splendid dream, and made you go
So dully from the fight we know, the light we know?

O faithless! the faith remains, and I must pass
Gay down the way, and on alone. Under the grass
You wait; the breeze moves in the trees, and stirs, and
calls,
And covers you with white petals, with light petals.
There it shall crumble, frail and fair, under the sun,
O little heart, your brittle heart; till day be done,
And the shadows gather, falling light, and, white with
dew,
Whisper, and weep; and creep to you. Good sleep to
you!

Side I No. 9

THE OLD VICARAGE, GRANTCHESTER

(Cafe des Westens, Berlin, May, 1912)

Just now the lilac is in bloom,
All before my little room;
And in my flower-beds, I think,
Smile the carnation and the pink;
And down the borders, well I know,
The poppy and the pansy blow . . .
Oh! there the chestnuts, summer through,
Beside the river make for you
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
Deeply above; and green and deep
The stream mysterious glides beneath,
Green as a dream and deep as death.
— Oh, damn! I know it! and I know
How the May fields all golden show,
And when the day is young and sweet,
Gild gloriously the bare feet
That run to bathe . . .
Du lieber Gott!

Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,
And there the shadowed waters fresh
Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.
Temperamentvoll German Jews
Drink beer around;— and there the dews
Are soft beneath a morn of gold.
Here tulips bloom as they are told;
Unkempt about those hedges blows
An English unofficial rose;
And there the unregulated sun
Slopes down to rest when day is done,
And wakes a vague unpunctual star,
A slippered Hesper; and there are
Meads towards Haslingfield and Coton
Where dats Betreten's not verboten.

. . . would I were
In Grantchester, in Grantchester!—
Some, it may be, can get in touch
With Nature there, or Earth, or such.
And clever modern men have seen
A Faun a-peeping through the green,
And felt the Classics were not dead,
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low: . . .
But these are things I do not know.
I only know that you may lie
Day long and watch the Cambridge sky,
And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,
Until the centuries blend and blur
In Grantchester, in Grantchester. . . .
Still in the dawnlit waters cool
His ghostly Lordship swims his pool,
And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,
Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx.
Dan Chaucer hears his river still
Chatter beneath a phantom mill.
Tennyson notes, with studious eye,
How Cambridge waters hurry by . . .
And in that garden, black and white,
Creep whispers through the grass all night;
And spectral dance, before the dawn,
A hundred Vicars down the lawn;
Curates, long dust, will come and go
On lissom, clerical, printless toe;
And oft between the boughs is seen
The sly shade of a Rural Dean . . .
Till, at a shiver in the skies,
Vanishing the Satanic cries,
The prim ecclesiastic rout
Leaves but a startled sleeper-out,
Grey heavens, the first bird's drowsy calls,
The falling house that never falls.

God! I will pack, and take a train,
And get me to England once again!
For England's the one land, I know,
Where men with Splendid Hearts may go;
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,
The shire for Men who Understand;
And of that district I prefer
The lovely hamlet Grantchester.
For Cambridge people rarely smile,
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile;
And Royston men in the far South
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth;
At Over they fling oaths at one,
And worse than oaths at Trumpington,

And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,
 And there's none in Harston under thirty,
 And folks in Shelford and those parts
 Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,
 And Barton men make Cockney rhymes,
 And Coton's full of nameless crimes,
 And things are done you'd not believe
 At Madingley on Christmas Eve.
 Strong men have run for miles and miles,
 When one from Cherry Hinton smiles;
 Strong men have blanched, and shot their wives,
 Rather than send them to St. Ives;
 Strong men have cried like babes, bydam,
 To hear what happened at Babraham.
 But Grantchester! ah, Grantchester!
 There's peace and holy quiet there,
 Great clouds along pacific skies,
 And men and women with straight eyes,
 Lithe children lovelier than a dream,
 A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,
 And little kindly winds that creep
 Round twilight corners, half asleep.
 In Grantchester their skins are white;
 They bathe by day, they bathe by night;
 The women there do all they ought;
 The men observe the Rules of Thought.
 They love the Good; they worship Truth;
 They laugh uproariously in youth;
 (And when they get to feeling old,
 They up and shoot themselves, I'm told) . . .
 Ah God! to see the branches stir
 Across the moon at Grantchester!
 To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten
 Unforgettable, unforgotten
 River-smell, and hear the breeze
 Sobbing in the little trees.
 Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand
 Still guardians of that holy land?
 The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,
 The yet unacademic stream?
 Is dawn a secret shy and cold
 Anadyomene, silver-gold?
 And sunset still a golden sea
 From Haslingfield to Madingley?
 And after, ere the night is born,
 Do hares come out about the corn?
 Oh, is the water sweet and cool,
 Gentle and brown, above the pool?
 And laughs the immortal river still
 Under the mill, under the mill?
 Say, is there Beauty yet to find?
 And Certainty? and Quiet kind?
 Deep meadows yet, for to forget
 The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . of! yet
 Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
 And is there honey still for tea?

Side II No. 1

KINDLINESS

When love has changed to kindness--
 Oh, love, our hungry lips, that press
 So tight that Time's an old god's dream
 Nodding in heaven, and whisper stuff
 Seven million years were not enough
 To think on after, make it seem
 Less than the breath of children playing,
 A blasphemy scarce worth the saying,
 A sorry jest, "When love has grown

To kindness--to kindness!" . . .
 And yet--the best that either's known
 Will change, and wither, and be less,
 At last, than comfort, or its own
 Remembrance. And when some caress
 Tendered in habit (once a flame
 All heaven sang out to) wakes the shame
 Unworded, in the steady eyes
 We'll have, --that day, what shall we do?
 Being so noble, kill the two
 Who've reached their second-best? Being wise,
 Break cleanly off, and get away.
 Follow down other windier skies
 New lures, alone? Or shall we stay,
 Since this is all we've known, content
 In the lean twilight of such day,
 And not remember, not lament?
 That time when all is over, and
 Hand never flinches, brushing hand;
 And blood lies quiet, for all you're near;
 And it's but spoken words we hear,
 Where trumpets sang; when the mere skies
 Are stranger and nobler than your eyes;
 And flesh is flesh, was flame before;
 And infinite hungers leap no more
 In the chance swaying of your dress;
 And love has changed to kindness.

Side II No. 2

THE CALL

Out of the nothingness of sleep,
 The slow dreams of Eternity,
 There was a thunder on the deep:
 I came, because you called to me.

I broke the Night's primeval bars,
 I dared the old abysmal curse,
 And flashed through ranks of frightened stars
 Suddenly on the universe!

The eternal silences were broken;
 Hell became Heaven as I passed. --
 What shall I give you as a token,
 A sign that we have met, at last?

I'll break and forge the stars anew,
 Shatter the heavens with a song;
 Immortal in my love for you,
 Because I love you, very strong.

Your mouth shall mock the old and wise,
 Your laugh shall fill the world with flame,
 I'll write upon the shrinking skies
 The scarlet splendour of your name,

Till Heaven cracks, and Hell thereunder
 Dies in her ultimate mad fire,
 And darkness falls, with scornful thunder,
 On dreams of men and men's desire.

Then only in the empty spaces,
 Death, walking very silently,
 Shall fear the glory of our faces
 Through all the dark infinity.

So, clothed about with perfect love,
 The eternal end shall find us one,
 Alone above the Night, above
 The dust of the dead gods, alone.

DINING-ROOM TEA

When you were there, and you, and you,
Happiness crowned the night; I too,
Laughing and looking, one of all,
I watched the quivering lamplight fall
On plate and flowers and pouring tea
And cup and cloth; and they and we
Flung all the dancing moments by
With jest and glitter. Lip and eye
Flashed on the glory, shone and cried,
Improvident, unmemoried;
And fitfully and like a flame
The light of laughter went and came.
Proud in their careless transience moved
The changing faces that I loved.

Till suddenly, and otherwhence,
I looked upon your innocence.
For lifted clear and still and strange
From the dark woven flow of change
Under a vast and starless sky
I saw the immortal moment lie.
One instant I, an instant, knew
As God knows all. And it and you
I, above Time, oh, blind! could see
In witless immortality.

I saw the marble cup; the tea,
Hung on the air, an amber stream;
I saw the fire's unglittering fleam,
The painted flame, the frozen smoke.

No more the flooding lamplight broke
On flying eyes and lips and hair;
But lay, but slept unbroken there,
On stiller flesh, and body breathless,
And lips and laughter stayed and deathless,
And words on which no silence grew.
Light was more alive than you.

For suddenly, and otherwhence,
I looked on your magnificence.
I saw the stillness and the light,
And you, august, immortal, white,
Holy and strange; and every glint
Posture and jest and thought and tint
Freed from the mask of transiency.
Triumphant in eternity,
Immote, immortal.

Dazed at length
Human eyes grew, mortal strength
Wearied; and Time began to creep.
Change closed about me like a sleep.
Light glinted on the eyes I loved.
The cup was filled. The bodies moved.
The drifting petal came to ground.
The laughter chimed its perfect round.
The broken syllable was ended.
And I, so certain and so friended,
How could I cloud, or how distress,
The heaven of your unconsciousness?
Or shake at Time's sufficient spell,
Stammering of lights unutterable?

The eternal holiness of you,
The timeless end, you never knew,

The peace that lay, the light that shone.
You never knew that I had gone
A million miles away, and stayed
A million years. The laughter played
Unbroken round me; and the jest
Flashed on. And we that knew the best
Down wonderful hours grew happier yet.
I sang at heart, and talked, and ate,
And I lived from laugh to laugh, I too,
When you were there, and you, and you.

Side II No. 4

HEAVEN

Fish (fly-replete, in depth of June,
Dawdling away their wat'ry noon)
Ponder deep wisdom, dark or clear,
Each secret fishy hope or fear.
Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond;
But is there anything Beyond?
This life cannot be All, they swear,
For how unpleasant, if it were!
One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
Shall come of Water and of Mud;
And, sure, the reverent eye must see
A Purpose in Liquidity.
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,
The future is not Wholly Dry.
Mud unto mud! — Death eddies near—
Not here the appointed End, not here!
But somewhere, beyond Space and Time.
Is wetter water, slimier slime!
And there (they trust) there swimmeth One
Who swam ere rivers were begun,
Immense, of fishy form and mind,
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind;
And under that Almighty Fin,
The littlest fish may enter in.
Oh! never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,
But more than mundane weeds are there,
And mud, celestially fair;
Fat caterpillars drift around,
And Paradisal grubs are found;
Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies.
And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish.

Side II No. 5

THE GREAT LOVER

I have been so great a lover: filled my days
So proudly with the splendour of Love's praise,
The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,
Desire illimitable, and still content,
And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,
For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear
Our hearts at random down the dark of life.
Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife
Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,
My night shall be remembered for a star
That outshone all the suns of all men's days.
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me
High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see
The inenarrable godhead of delight?
Love is a flame; — we have beaconed the world's night.
A city: — and we have built it, these and I.
An emperor: — we have taught the world to die.

So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,
And the high cause of Love's magnificence,
And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names
Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,
And set them as a banner, that men may know,
To dare the generations, burn, and blow
Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming. . . .

These I have loved:

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is
Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
The good smell of old clothes; and other such—
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns. . . .

Dear names,

And thousand other throng to me! Royal flames;
Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring;
Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing;
Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,
Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting train;
Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home;
And washed stones, gay for an hour; the cold
Graveness of iron; moist black earthen mould;
Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;
And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;
And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass;—
All these have been my loves. And these shall pass,
Whatever passes not, in the great hour,
Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power
To hold them with me through the gate of Death.

They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor breath,
Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's trust
And sacramented covenant to the dust.
— Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall wake,
And give what's left of love again, and make
New friends, now strangers. . . .

But the best I've known,

Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is blown
About the winds of the world, and fades from brains
Of living men, and dies.

Nothing remains.

O dear my loves, O faithless, once again
This one last gift I give: that after men
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,
Praise you, "All these were lovely"; say, "He loved."

Side II No. 6

II. SAFETY

Dear! of all happy in the hour, most blest
He who has found our hid security,
Assured in the dark tides of the world that rest,
And heard our word, "Who is so safe as we?"

We have found safety with all things undying,
The winds, and morning, tears of men and mirth,
The deep night, and birds singing, and clouds flying,
And sleep, and freedom, and the autumnal earth.
We have built a house that is not for Time's throwing.
We have gained unshaken by pain for ever.
War knows no power. Safe shall be my going,
Secretly armed against all death's endeavour;
Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

Side II No. 7

III. THE DEAD

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopéd serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

Side II No. 8

IV. THE DEAD (I)

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.
These had seen movement, and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is
ended

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

Side II No. 9

V. THE SOLDIER (II)

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A Pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.



Richard Waring came to the United States from Britain as a boy and began his career in the theatre as a student at Eva La Gallienne's famed Civic Repertory Theatre.

He made his Broadway debut as Morgan Evans in THE CORN IS GREEN opposite Ethel Barrymore. He then appeared throughout the long successful Broadway run and the cross-country tour of the play and for his performance won a Drama League Award.

After Army service, he became a leading member of the American Repertory Theatre, where he was seen as the Duke of Buckingham in HENRY VIII, the Captain in ANDROCLES AND THE LION, the Mad Hatter in ALICE IN WONDERLAND and John Shand in WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.

Subsequently, he appeared on Broadway in the title role of the GRAMERCY GHOST with Sarah Churchill and Robert Sterling.

Mr. Waring was seen in the leading role of Angelo in MEASURE FOR MEASURE with the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre at the Phoenix Theatre in New York City and thereafter joined the company as a principal to appear for six seasons at the Company's theatre in Stratford, Connecticut. Some of his memorable roles have been Oberon in MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT DREAM, Parolles in ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, Malvolio in TWELFTH NIGHT and MacDuff in MACBETH.

Mr. Waring has appeared on all major networks in principal roles on such programs as the Hallmark series, Alfred Hitchcock Presents, U. S. Steel Hour, You Are There and CBS Chronicle.

Off Broadway he appeared in Chekov's THE CHERRY ORCHARD as Lopahin and in Ibsen's A DOLL'S HOUSE as D. Rank and recently was guest artist at the Goodman Theatre in Chicago in the role of Vershinin in Chekov's THREE SISTERS directed by Eugenie Leonovich. Last season, he appeared off Broadway in the Spanish classic LIFE IS A DREAM by Calderon as the Duke of Moscovy.

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