# Some Lyrics by Robert Browning



















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Fra Lippo Lipp

1855

Rabbi ben

## "Home Thoughts, From Abroad"

OH, to be in England Now that April's there, And whoever wakes in England Sees, some morning, unaware, That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf, While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough In England — now! And after April, when May follows, And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows! Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge Leans to the field and scatters on the clover

That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice

edge-

Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's

Lest you should think he never could recapture The first fine careless rapture! And though the fields look rough with hoary dew, All will be gay when noontide wakes anew The buttercups, the little children's dower — Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

### "Pippa's Song" (from Pippa Passes)

THE year's at the spring, And day's at the morn; Morning's at seven; The hill-side's dew-pearl'd; The lark's on the wing: The snail's on the thorn: God's in His heaven— All's right with the world!

#### "Memorabilia"

AH, did you once see Shelley plain, And did he stop and speak to you? And did you speak to him again? How strange it seems, and new!

But you were living before that, And you are living after, And the memory I started at— My starting moves your laughter!



Robert Browning (1812-1889)

#### "Summum Bonum"

ALL the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee:

All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem:

In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea:

Breath and bloom, shade and shine. —wonder. wealth, and—how far above them—

Truth that's brighter than gem,

Trust, that's purer than pearl,— Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all

were for me

In the kiss of one girl.

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own And a certain use in the world no doubt. Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone 'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather And there I put inside my breast A moulted feather, an eagle-feather— Well, I forget the rest.