



*Echo &*

*Narcissus*

*POEM*

*BY*

*DEAN*

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*Narcissus*

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fp:” Echo and Narcissus “[John William](#)

[Waterhouse](#) 1903

PUBLISHERS  
INTRODUCTION

W Ah this Echo

&

*Narcissus* be it

an amateurish attempt at

seriousness ye many

wouldst say andst the truth

be true for it be full of

**faults unpardonable for a  
purist carelessness of form  
ye though its rhymes be  
many andst varied with a  
touch of cleverness  
nevertheless the lines are  
shortened in many a place  
andst the number of lines  
themselves are all over the  
place -which doth create  
some exquisite melodies-  
with serious defects in**

**structure though there doth  
 seem in places some  
 versatility in imagery andst  
 conceits andst again the  
 tropes do not lack ingenuity**

**so this *Echo &***

***Narcissus* be a**

**mixed bag of delights but what be  
 sure is it be a spontaneous over flow  
 of emotion ast didst say some poet  
 of renown this poem be full of**

shifting moods outlining the souls  
 cry thus revealing to us all our own  
 thus in all this be full of faults  
 andst shortcomings but ye it be the  
 trill fromst those hearts that pain  
 andst pine andst of those that canst  
 only them do find absorbed in  
 themselves andst their own mind  
 that beauty be but a "painted cabinet"  
 where what of more importance be  
 the wares within all these truths be  
 but hidden fromst those sonneteers  
 that sung of the beauty of their fair  
*Stella* or *Diana* or *Delia* let alone  
 a *Fidessa* or *Chloris* or a *Phyllis*  
 or *Licia*

# PREFACE

**The beauty myth all that matters we  
 are told is beauty only the outside  
 matters for us andst the other we are  
 told Some love themselves that they  
 Cannot love anything outside others  
 cannot love other if they beauty hath  
 not All that matters is the "painted  
 cabinet" *BUT* for the unwise  
 sorrows andst woes willst arise so  
 those of thee that the beauty myth  
 believe take heed andst listen to the  
 trills of this oaten reed**

**Come ye all girlies and thy swains  
 comest hear here my sweet refrains  
 gilded in gold flung fromst my tongue  
 kissed with honey come ye maids andst  
 breathe in thy ears the spiced nectar that  
 doth fromst this mouth of ♪ flows to  
 dissolve all joys with this tale of  
 sorrows with my Poesie garlanded  
 with asphodels andst all those blooms  
 that the grave do contain for this tale be  
 of woe andst pain that doth to thee tell  
 what thee willst thru love obtain for ♪  
 do tell ♪n that land that didst Ovid tell  
 didst ♪ some time didst dwell where  
 Orpheus fell under Eurydice spell  
 andst Syrinx didst fromst that goat-  
 footed Pan didst flee where Actaeon**



unwittingly didst *Diana* naked see whilst  
 the songs of *Philomela* didst ring thru  
 each andst every leafy tree whilst danced  
 satyrs andst fauns to the melodies strung  
 on lyres plucked by nymphs throughout the  
 one continual days of spring where nymphs  
 threw sweet flowers of every perfume  
 sweet thru out the bowers ast danced  
 their merry feet that to my eyes didst meet  
 loves troubles of grief that willst serve  
 thee if these verse instil in thee belief of  
 what befell *Echo* with her sweet

*Narcissus*

*N*'eath *Phoebuses* golden beams

*T*hat glided those fatal streams

*E*cho her *Narcissus* sees

*H*e his face mirrored in dreams

**Look at he in that pool mirrored be**  
**Silly he entranced on his reflection vain**  
**he But ouch Cupids dart doth enter**  
**my heart andst all my thoughts be**  
**o'ethrown at that beauty he for love**  
**hath in me grown andst though inward**  
**I do smart unkind I say not to that**  
**winged boy for joy in my soul he doth**  
**impart for which I do say he be kind**  
**for of he no distain hath I for all joy**  
**do in I do find looking at that boy**  
**whose sight hath kindled rapturous**  
**delight that through the soul of I hast**  
**spread the smart of that dart that**  
**bear I with joy so remove not I that**  
**arrowhead**

A faint echo doth in my ears ring  
perhaps it doth seem that someone doth  
sing but care not I for with joy I do fly  
upon the wings of bliss looking at I my  
face to I doth show my beauty be that  
e'en the Gods cant miss that Eos  
wouldst take fromst Tithonus her lips to  
place upon the lips of I with heated  
languid kiss that see I my cheeks Oh so  
blushed pink flesh that I do in the look  
of me pass perfumed breath that no  
brilliant moon or roses bloom canst  
compare with that beauty upon which I  
stare Ah that face be the procurer of  
my bliss that I cant stop these eyes of I  
kissing andst kissing for ever more  
upon my face my eyes do lie even if to  
gaze I say until I die

**Oh his beauty my joys doth move  
 andst my happiness in love  
 bringeths endless bliss with my joys  
 in love all others I don't miss for  
 his beauty all sorrows remove e'en  
 this darts pain which my love doth  
 prove his beauty puts the roses red  
 to shame andst in all thing beautiful  
 his beauty is envy bred for all  
 things pale andst pallid be for I I  
 do claim of thy beauty I do spread  
 its glorious fame e'en if all things do  
 blame I for flattery of thy name I  
 do not agree for truth I say is thy  
 beauty for no flatterer I be**

A faint echo doth in my ears ring perhaps  
But Ahh mine eyes be viewed upon mine  
eyes andst do like Cupids darts do pierce  
my heart with that beauty I doth see with  
love Ye with love of I I do sigh ast gaze I  
upon those beams that flash ast lightning  
flames that flicker mirrored in these  
streams for it seems there be the sun in the  
sky plus these eyes of I that like suns that  
stare at I that I do enchanted do admire  
with that beautys fire in heaven in my face  
I do dwell in its perfections do I abide  
which naught else canst compare nor  
under heaven or earth canst provide Thus  
gaze I upon my beauteous face andst  
dream andst dream in love on that which  
naught canst erase andst do I sigh with  
love of I that there be no beauty to  
compete with the beauty of I

**My sighs do out pour the love that  
 flowest fromst my mind Yet he  
 these words do not find neither to  
 his ears nor to his sight I be but  
 naught for focused on himself I do  
 claim andst no thought of I doth in  
 him doth ignite nor any ember or  
 speck of loves flame the more I cry  
 with love the more he doth ignore  
 what I do say now andst before  
 thus do I begin to moan fromst  
 what my love hath brought  
 indifference Ye indifference be a  
 greater pain the greater tragedy than  
 e'en his disdain for thenst at least  
 he wouldst hath acknowledge me**

A faint echo doth Ye looketh at that  
swelling lip of I e'en Adonis wouldst  
take pride andst see those eyes which  
e'en Venus wouldst admire which  
wouldst fill Diana with desire andst  
turn ice to fire Ahh e'en more if I hadst  
wit couldst my mouth have more to  
say for Ohh for this love of I my  
mouth of I which wont stay for no  
words canst capture this beauty of I nor  
any tongue to endite e'en Cupids arrow  
wouldst stop mid flight for my beauty  
be all that required be for loves dart to  
pierce all andst sundrys heart that all  
wouldst find no peace or the praises of  
I be silent be andst the wits verses n'er  
cease their mouths to breathe out the  
beauty of me

**Yf but that beauty wouldst but  
 looketh at Y andst kiss my cheeks  
 with those glories eyes that doth both  
 he andst me our heart together ties  
 in such doth happiness lie**

**But**

**Y be in love yet feel such pain**

**Y joyous be yet strongly complain**

**These sorrows grow hydra-like  
 andst wrap Y up in woes chains**

**Y burn with sighs yet indifference  
 doth freeze my soul**

**Yet if this be love thenst till the end**

**Y love e'en if into hell Y descend**



Ahh Ohh looketh at my face the wood  
nymphs do say what beauty they in  
chorus do repeat ast on my face they  
do in wanton sport do play andst hear  
that echo throughout the woods repeat  
again my beautys fame that on my face  
a kiss I give andst do kiss again andst  
crave I more for that face of me to kiss  
again to looketh upon such that each  
second couldst be eternity long that my  
gaze canst thus linger on that which I  
crave to kiss upon for my tongue doth  
not lie about what doth see my eye  
bright beautys delight thenst kiss me  
Kiss me my mirrored face for it be that  
kiss that I do crave Oh cease this talk  
about bliss andst just give I my lips to  
kiss

**Oh in the face of thy beauty be √  
 prostrate with grief for thee doth  
 love only thee naught else doth thee  
 see but thee though √ my love doth  
 all love exceed full of despair andst  
 woes that no poet canst lament my  
 sorrows full of distress that upon  
 my heart doth press whilst heaves  
 with anguish be my breath to my soul  
 to oppress andst tears fromst my  
 eyes do fall fromst the pain in me  
 fromst thy indifference to √ √ cry  
 andst though √ linger under to death  
 slain by thee love √ thee will √  
 unto my last breath E'EN after  
 death**

Looketh at those lips mirrored back to I  
 sweet bliss that face with whose mouth  
 that upon my mouth couldst place that I  
 couldst Suck in thy breath that I couldst  
 drown upon thy kiss let my face my  
 face upon pay homage that this mirror  
 wouldst turn to flame andst kiss I into  
 bliss that my face couldst turn to flame  
 andst boil this mirror with my kiss that  
 doth flow fromst this love of I for I Ohh  
 that I be absorbed into thee andst melt  
 that I canst merge with thee in one  
 eternal eternity of my loving me to be  
 with me in this dwelling-place that be  
 me upon my face to merge these  
 beauties andst in one voice to rejoice  
 for loveth of me doth move in me andst  
 in me all my love shallst be

**So ye girlies andst thy swains this be  
the tale ♪ do tell of what befell those  
that only the "painted cabinet" do see to  
fall under its spell andst not care about  
if jewels or dross be its inner wares  
so my dears hope ♪ not to instil in thee  
torrid fears but that thee didst but enjoy  
this Poesie where its rhythms didst  
caress thy ears andst its imagery thy  
eyes didst delight of those pictures of  
they framed in gold andst brilliant  
light that fell trilling fromst my oaten  
reed andst e'en if overall it be dull  
andst naught thy heart to feed there  
may be flashes of insights for a  
philosophers mind to mull**