

Architectural Heritage

POETRY IN THE GARDEN

A Tour of Themes and Subject Matter
found in Antique Garden Ornament
with Poetry as a Guide



INTRODUCTION

After an absence of 10 years we are proud to once again participate in the Cotswold Art & Antique Dealers Association Exhibitions Fortnight.

Surprised to find that *Ode on a Grecian Urn* is an actual poem by John Keats, I was inspired to find more poetry that related to the theme of the garden. This led on to the idea of pairing poems to garden ornament and sculpture here at Taddington, to form the basis of an exhibition.

The following pages represent a rather eclectic anthology with works from Shakespeare to Tolkien to Robert Graves.

I very much hope that this little poetry book introduces you to the unknown, or refreshes your memory to well-loved verse.



THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN

*Our England is a garden that is full of stately views,
Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and avenues,
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting by;
But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than meets the eye.*

*For where the old thick laurels grow, along the thin red wall,
You will find the tool- and potting-sheds which are the heart of all;
The cold-frames and the hot-houses, the dungpits and the tanks:
The rollers, carts and drain-pipes, with the barrows and the planks.*

*And there you'll see the gardeners, the men and 'prentice boys
Told off to do as they are bid and do it without noise;
For, except when seeds are planted and we shout to scare the birds,
The Glory of the Garden it abideth not in words.*

*And some can pot begonias and some can bud a rose,
And some are hardly fit to trust with anything that grows;
But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the sand and loam,
For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who come.*

*Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made
By singing: — 'Oh, how beautiful!' and sitting in the shade,
While better men than we go out and start their working lives
At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken dinner-knives.*







*There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head so thick,
There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a heart so sick.
But it can find some needful job that's crying to be done,
For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.*

*Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till further orders,
If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on borders;
And when your back stops aching and your hands begin to harden,
You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the Garden.*

*Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees,
So when your work is finished, you can wash your hand and pray
For the Glory of the Garden, that it may not pass away!
And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away!*

Rudyard Kipling (1865–1936)



A 20th Century bronze figure of a seated shepherd playing the Pan pipes by Gertrude Spencer-Stanhope. Circa 1900.
Height 2' 6½" [77 cm] Diameter at base 1' 2" [36 cm]

RONDEAU

Gone and passed is the gold of day,
And the evening's brown and blue:
Silenced the shepherd's tender flute
And the evening's brown and blue
Gone and passed as is the gold of day.

Georg Trakl (1887–1914)



A rare and unusual alabaster Venus emerging from a clam shell, raised and supported by a pair of dolphins upon a square base with chamfered corners. Circa 1840.

Height 2' 7" [79 cm] *Width* 1' 9" [54 cm]
Depth 1' 5" [43 cm] *Base* 19" x 12" [48 cm x 30 cm]

VENUS TRANSIENS

Tell me,
Was Venus more beautiful
Than you are,
When she topped
The crinkled waves,
Drifting shoreward
On her plaited shell?
Was Botticelli's vision
Fairer than mine;
And were the painted rosebuds
He tossed his lady,
Of better worth
Than the words I blow about you
To cover your too great loveliness
As with a gauze
Of misted silver?
For me
You stand poised
In the blue and buoyant air,
Cinctured by bright winds,
Treading the sunlight.
And the waves which precede you
Ripple and stir
The sands at my feet.

Amy Lowell (1874–1925)



An early 19th Century Portland Stone sundial, plate inscribed
Rubergall Coventry St London. Noted as working from
27 Coventry St 1805/23 and 24 Coventry St 1826–54. Opticians
to George III and mathematical instrument makers to the
Duke of Clarence
Height 4' 6" [137 cm] Width 1' 5" [43 cm]

THE SUNDIAL

The ivy o'er the mouldering wall
Spreads like a tree, the growth of years:
The wild wind through the doorless hall
A melancholy music rears,
A solitary voice, that sighs
O'er man's forgotten pageantries.
Above the central gate, the clock,
Through clustering ivy dimly seen,
Seems, like the ghost of Time, to mock
The wrecks of power that once has been.
The hands are rusted on its face;
Even where they ceased, in years gone by,
To keep the flying moments pace;
Fixing, in Fancy's thoughtful eye,
A point of ages passed away,
A speck of time, that owns no tie
With aught that lives and breathes to-day.
But 'mid the rank and towering grass,
Where breezes wave, in mournful sport,
The weeds that choke the ruined court,
The careless hours that circling pass,
Still trace upon the dialled brass
The shade of their unvarying way:
And evermore, with every ray
That breaks the clouds and gilds the air,
Time's stealthy steps are imaged there:
Even as the long-revolving years

In self-reflecting circles flow,
From the first bud the hedge-row bears,
To wintry Nature's robe of snow.
The changeful forms of mortal things
Decay and pass; and art and power
Oppose in vain the doom that flings
Oblivion on their closing hour:
While still, to every woodland vale,
New blooms, new fruits, the seasons bring,
For other eyes and lips to hail
With looks and sounds of welcoming:
As where some stream light-eddying roves
By sunny meads and shadowy groves,
Wave following wave departs for ever,
But still flows on the eternal river.

Thomas Love Peacock (1785–1866)



A large 19th Century York Stone baluster sundial with octagonal base and rope twist collar. Bronze dial plate by Thomas Wright. Circa 1830.
Height 5' [153 cm inc. gnomon.] Width 1' 5" [43 cm]



An early 20th Century composition stone Jardiniere of a group of three cherubs supporting a circular bowl with a foliate motif.
Height 3' 7" [109 cm] Diameter at top 2' 1" [63 cm]
Diameter at base 2' 1" [63 cm]

BEFORE THE CASK OF WINE

The spring wind comes from the east and quickly passes,
Leaving faint ripples in the wine of the golden bowl.
The flowers fall, flake after flake, myriads together.

You, pretty girl, wine-flushed,
Your rosy face is rosier still.
How long may the peach and plum trees flower
By the green-painted house?
The fleeting light deceives man,
Brings soon the stumbling age.

Rise and dance
In the westering sun
While the urge of youthful years is yet unsubdued!
What avails to lament after one's hair has turned white
like silken threads?

Li Po (701–762)



One of a pair of Regency wrought iron seats. Circa 1815.
Height 3' 3" [100 cm] *Width* 5' 11" [151 cm]
Depth 1' 6" [46 cm]

ENVOY FOR 'A CHILD'S
GARDEN OF VERSES'

W H E T H E R upon the garden seat
You lounge with your uplifted feet
Under the May's whole Heaven of blue;
Or whether on the sofa you,
No grown up person being by,
Do some soft corner occupy;
Take you this volume in your hands
And enter into other lands,
For lo! (as children feign) suppose
You, hunting in the garden rows,
Or in the lumbered attic, or
The cellar – a nail-studded door
And dark, descending stairway found
That led to kingdoms underground:
There standing, you should hear with ease
Strange birds a-singing, or the trees
Swing in big robber woods, or bells
On many fairy citadels:

There passing through (a step or so –
Neither mamma nor nurse need know!)
From your nice nurseries you would pass,
Like Alice through the Looking-Glass
Or Gerda following Little Ray,
To wondrous countries far away.
Well, and just so this volume can

Transport each little maid or man
Presto from where they live away
Where other children used to play.
As from the house your mother sees
You playing round the garden trees,
So you may see if you but look
Through the windows of this book
Another child far, far away
And in another garden play.
But do not think you can at all,
By knocking on the window, call
That child to hear you. He intent
Is still on his play-business bent.
He does not hear, he will not look,
Nor yet be lured out of this book.
For long ago, the truth to say,
He has grown up and gone away;
And it is but a child of air
That lingers in the garden there.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894)



A 19th Century cast iron garden seat by
The Carron Company Stirlingshire Scotland circa 1850 stamped
CARRON Design registered as Gothic Settee in 1846
Height 3' 1" [94 cm] Width 5' 4" [163 cm]
Depth 1' 9" [53 cm]



A 19th Century marble Spa Bath raised upon lion paw feet.
French. Circa 1850.
Height 2' 8" [81 cm] *Width* 6' 6" [198 cm] *Depth* 3' [91.5 cm]

BATH SONG

Sing hey! For the bath at close of day
that washes the weary mud away
A loon is he that will not sing
O! Water Hot is a noble thing!

O! Sweet is the sound of falling rain,
and the brook that leaps from hill to plain;
but better than rain or rippling streams
is Water Hot that smokes and steams.

O! Water cold we may pour at need
down a thirsty throat and be glad indeed
but better is beer if drink we lack,
and Water Hot poured down the back.

O! Water is fair that leaps on high
in a fountain white beneath the sky;
but never did fountain sound so sweet
as splashing Hot Water with my feet!

JRR Tolkien (1892–1973)



A pair of 18th Century Portland Stone roundels. Circa 1760.
One roundel depicts the Muse Clio, her attributes shown here are: a book (The Histories by Heroditus), a Stylus and a Swan. Greek and Latin inscriptions are also visible alluding to a classical past. The other roundel depicts Hebe – the Greek Goddess of Youth. Symbols relating to Hebe are: a bust of her father, Jupiter (later Roman Zeus) and the standing maiden being her mother, Juno. The eagle perched on what looks like a mirror, with a jug to its left, may relate to the theme of Hebe and the Eagle of Jupiter, often seen in 18th Century painting as a vehicle for female portraiture, flattering the sitter by implying that she shares Hebe's youth and beauty.

Provenance to the Estate Plas Llangoedmore, Cardigan, Wales.

Diameter 2' 8" [81 cm] Maximum Depth 8½" [22 cm]



SONNET C

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)



BABYLON

The child alone a poet is:
Spring and Fairyland are his.
Truth and Reason show but dim,
And all's poetry with him.
Rhyme and music flow in plenty
For the lad of one-and-twenty,
But Spring for him is no more now
Than daisies to a munching cow;
Just a cheery pleasant season,
Daisy buds to live at ease on.
He's forgotten how he smiled
And shrieked at snowdrops when a child,
Or wept one evening secretly
For April's glorious misery.
Wisdom made him old and wary
Banishing the Lords of Faery.
Wisdom made a breach and battered
Babylon to bits: she scattered
To the hedges and ditches
All our nursery gnomes and witches.
Lob and Puck, poor frantic elves,
Drag their treasures from the shelves.
Jack the Giant-killer's gone,
Mother Goose and Oberon,
Bluebeard and King Solomon.
Robin, and Red Riding Hood
Take together to the wood,



Girl with Basket, sometimes known as Little Red Riding Hood, by Joseph Gott (1786–1860). Signed J. Gott fecit. Circa 1826. Carved in marble this statue relates to a previously untraced figure, last recorded sold in 1869 at the Christies Peter Norton of Soho Square Sale (Lot 1092). An almost identical figure, recently sold at auction, was named as ‘Little Red Riding Hood’, presumably relating to the model of this name carved in 1832 (as listed in Gunnis). It is possible that this is in fact the ‘Little Red Riding Hood’ model and the recently sold model is the ‘Girl with Basket’.

Height 3' 6" [107 cm] Diameter at base 1' 1" [33 cm]

And Sir Galahad lies hid
In a cave with Captain Kidd.
None of all the magic hosts,
None remain but a few ghosts
Of timorous heart, to linger on
Weeping for lost Babylon.

Robert Graves (1895–1985)

Being apprenticed to John Flaxman, Gott then went on to study at the Royal Academy, gaining awards, and patrons, for his work. He exhibited for 28 years at the Royal Academy, from 1820. He worked out of Rome from 1826 alongside his contemporaries John Gibson and James Wyatt, although not following their neo-classical line. Joseph Gott took a more popularist view to his subject matter, avoiding the more obscure and mythological and leaning, with guidance from his patrons, toward the more accessible, such as sleeping nymphs, children and dogs.



A magnificent sandstone bust of Zeus. Circa 1840. The size and pitch of the base suggests that this piece possibly would have been up high in the middle of a pediment.

Height 2' 11" [88 cm] *Width* 2' [61 cm]

Depth 1' 4" [41 cm]

PROMETHEUS

Cover your heaven, Zeus,
With cloudy vapors
And like a boy
Beheading thistles
Practice on oaks and mountain peaks –
Still you must leave
My earth intact
And my small hovel, which you did not build,
And this my hearth
Whose glowing heat
You envy me.
I know of nothing more wretched
Under the sun than you gods!
Meagerly you nourish
Your majesty
On dues of sacrifice
And breath of prayer
And would suffer want
But for children and beggars,
Poor hopeful fools.

Once too, a child,
Not knowing where to turn,
I raised bewildered eyes
Up to the sun, as if above there were
An ear to hear my complaint,
A heart like mine
To take pity on the oppressed.

Who helped me
Against the Titans' arrogance?
Who rescued me from death,
From slavery?
Did not my holy and glowing heart,
Unaided, accomplish all?
And did it not, young and good,
Cheated, glow thankfulness
For its safety to him, to the sleeper above?

I pay homage to you? For what?
Have you ever relieved
The burdened man's anguish?
Have you ever assuaged
The frightened man's tears?
Was it not omnipotent Time
That forged me into manhood,
And eternal Fate,
My masters and yours?

Or did you think perhaps
That I should hate this life,
Flee into deserts
Because not all
The blossoms of dream grew ripe?

Here I sit, forming men
In my image,
A race to resemble me:
To suffer, to weep,
To enjoy, to be glad –
And never to heed you,
Like me.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)





A late 19th Century marble Herm depicting Pan. Vine leaves and grapes decorate the bust together with the pipes of Pan. Circa 1900.
Height 6' 7" [200 cm] Square at base 10" [26 cm]

HYMN OF PAN

FROM the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle-bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Spurred by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni and Sylvans and fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and wave
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, – as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.



I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dedal earth,
And of heaven, and the Giant wars,
And love, and death, and birth.
And then I changed my pipings, –
Singing how down the vale of Maenalus
I pursued a maiden, and clasped a reed:
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus;
It breaks in our bosom, and then we bleed.
All wept – as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood –
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)



A French early 19th Century carved stone corner wall fountain.
The bowl carved as a stylized shell supported by a tapering pedestal
with a fountain mask as a young child surrounded by a scrollwork
frame. Each section has carving suggesting stalactites.

Height 5' 9" [175 cm] *Width* 2' [62 cm]

Depth 1' 10" [55 cm]

THE FOUNTAIN

Oh in the deep blue night
The fountain sang alone;
It sang to the drowsy heart
Of a satyr carved in stone.

The fountain sang and sang
But the satyr never stirred –
Only the great white moon
In the empty heaven heard.

The fountain sang and sang
And on the marble rim
The milk-white peacocks slept,
Their dreams were strange and dim.

Bright dew was on the grass,
And on the ilex dew,
The dreamy milk-white birds
Were all a-glisten too.

The fountain sang and sang
The things one cannot tell,
The dreaming peacocks stirred
And the gleaming dew-drops fell.

Sara Teasdale (1884–1933)



A late 19th Century single marble urn of campana form having a mythological scene carved to the body with decorative handles raised upon a square fluted socle. Circa 1900.

Height 2' 11¹/₄" [89.5 cm] *Maximum diameter* 2' 1¹/₂" [65 cm]
Square at base 1' 1³/₄" [35 cm]

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!

For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty, – that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'

John Keats (1795–1821)



One of a pair of 19th century composition urns of large proportions, having a band of foliage and acanthus leaf decoration to the main body raised upon a circular socle.

Diameter 45" 114cm Height 41" 104cm



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Antique and Reproduction Garden Ornamnet please
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 The Galleries and Garden at Taddington are open year round displaying the extensive collection of fine Antique and Reproduction Garden Ornament, Chimneypieces, Panelled Rooms and Summer Houses.
We are two hours from central London.



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found in Antique Garden Ornament
with Poetry as a Guide

Exhibition:
4th – 18th October 2008

Exhibition Opening Times:
Monday – Saturday 10.00am – 5.00pm
Sunday 5th & 12th October
10.00am – 4.00pm



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Price List 2008

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10	An alabaster Venus emerging from a clam shell	£ 12,000.00
12	An early 19th Century Portland Stone sundial	£ 8,400.00
15	A large 19th Century York Stone baluster sundial	£ 6,800.00
16	An early 20th Century composition stone Jardiniere	£ 7,800.00
18	One of a pair of Regency wrought iron seats	£ 3,800.00
21	A 19th Century cast iron garden seat by The Carron Company	£ 3,600.00
22	A 19th Century marble Spa Bath raised upon lion paw feet	£ 24,000.00
24	A pair of 18th Century Portland Stone roundels	£ 14,000.00
28	Girl with Basket by J. Gott, Circa 1826	£ 18,000.00
30	A 19th Century sandstone bust of Zeus	£ 18,000.00
34	A late 19th Century marble Herm depicting Pan	£ 16,000.00
38	An early 19th Century French carved stone corner wall fountain	£ 8,400.00
40	A late 19th Century single marble urn of campana form	£ 16,800.00
43	A pair of 19th century composition urns of large proportions	£ 17,600.00

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