

ANTHOLOGY OF
ENGLISH POETRY

WHITFORD



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Book 48

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ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH POETRY

BEOWULF TO KIPLING

FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS, COLLEGES, AND GENERAL
LITERATURE CLASSES

BY
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“Ther nis no newe gyse, that it nas old”

— *Chaucer*

οὐ πολλὰ ἀλλὰ πολὺ

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PREFACE

THAT there is need of an Anthology of English Poetry for use in the upper classes of the secondary school recent correspondence with a large number of schools has amply proven. Too much emphasis cannot be put upon this study, and pupils who are ignorant of the great body of English poetry should not be graduated from any English course in a secondary school.

As the book follows the plan by which literature, both prose and poetry, is taught in most colleges, it is believed that here also the book will find a cordial welcome.

In this Anthology a background of the historical periods in the development of English literature has been used as a setting for poems which have been carefully selected. The poems are linked together by notes and quotations calculated to make pupils susceptible to philosophical and æsthetic criticism. The few questions introduced possess the formal unity of showing the indebtedness of best poetry to preceding poetry. To illustrate, when pupils are studying Collins' "Ode To Evening," they are asked to interpret it by applying as a touchstone the imagery of Milton's "Il Penseroso." By this method, as advance is made from masterpiece to masterpiece, pupils realise that they are responsible for previously mastered material.

This Anthology does not contain a bibliography. The books mentioned in the "Introduction" supply such a need, and teachers of English are always well provided with reading guides and handbooks. The arrangement of the subject

matter is such that the study of English poetry is made scientific, and, as far as possible, all vagueness and illusions are removed from its teaching.

In the preparation of this work thanks are due Richard G. Moulton, Professor of Literature in English in the University of Chicago, for a thorough examination of the manuscript; to Professor Alexander Smith of the same University, for a careful reading and the recommendation to others; to Professor Charles F. Johnson of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., for valuable suggestions and cursory notes in the manuscript; to Mr. C. W. French, Principal of the Hyde Park High School, Chicago, for suggested material to adapt the book to the ordinary high school; to Professor George H. Meyer of the University of Illinois, for his careful and scholarly reading of the proof; to Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., for permission to use an excerpt from Professor James Lesslie Hall's "Translation of Beowulf"; to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London, for permission to use Mr. Stopford Brooke's blank verse translation of the Anglo-Saxon elegy, "The Wanderer"; and, finally, to my publishers, for many helpful suggestions and courtesies.

R. N. W.

JUNE, 1903

INTRODUCTION

THIS Anthology contains poems which for the most part have been classified as the masterpieces of English poetry. The selections have been arranged according to the various historical periods in the development of English literature from "Beowulf" to Kipling. The first part of the Anthology, from the Anglo-Saxon Period to the Puritan Period, may be completed in three months; the second part, from the Puritan Period to the Neo-Romantic Period, in six.

The poems have been annotated for colleges, general classes in English literature, and for the third and fourth year grades in high schools.

In our public schools, in the study of English poetry, a poem should be approached from three sides: (1) pupils should understand that there are two settings, one belonging to the past, and another to the present, that its materials of conception have been taken from former English poems and from contemporary ones; (2) pupils must study past and present mental, moral, and social history that has made the poem existible, thereby analysing the poetical spiritual energy as presented by the light of a past or a present historical setting; and (3) they must fully appreciate that the form and the metre have come either from a past or from a present model.

In studying the selections in this Anthology, pupils are constantly to be instructed by the method of interpreting poems by means of those which previously have been read. They should observe that all English poets have more or less

drunk from one Hippocrene, which is the poetic past of England, for their moods, psychology, and aesthetics. On taking up each new poem, they should hear a mono-chord such as Rossetti's:

" Oh ! what is this that knows the road I came,
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame,
The lifted, shifted steeps and all the way ? "

Collins' "Ode to Evening" and Gray's "Elegy" should be interpreted by Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso"; Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village" by "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas"; Burns' "The Cotter's Saturday Night" by Gray's "Elegy"; and Kipling's "Recessional" by the tone and sentiment of Milton's "On The Late Massacre In Piedmont."

These poems have been mentioned since obviously they are similar in theme and vocabulary. Though it is difficult in many poems to prove that poets have a general storehouse to which they go for poetic materials, it is assuredly evident that great phrases have been coined with the same stamp in the evolution of English poetry. It is easy to see where Gray has obtained,

" Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

if Waller's "Go! Lovely Rose" and Pope's "The Rape Of The Lock" have been read. By this assertion no charge of plagiarism is preferred against Gray, only that emotional thoughts of English poets have been inspired by past poetical materials. Observe in "On The Receipt Of My Mother's Picture" Cowper's debt to Milton, and in the last stanza of Burns' "To A Mountain Daisy," what Byron unconsciously used in his last poem. Likewise Matthew Arnold in "Self-Dependence" ran to the literary past of Keats' "Bright star,

would I were steadfast as thou art," and to a certain line in Wordsworth's sonnet "To Milton."

These examples show the first method of interpreting the poems. Secondary school pupils may at all times be held responsible for poetic details mastered in previously read poems, and are perfectly competent to use them as touchstones on succeeding ones. They can compare the ways in which literary artists have felt the heart-beat of nature. When in "The Bride of Lammermoor," in a ruinous tower overlooking the stormy German ocean and the Kelpie's Flow, are seen for the first time the thin grey hairs and the sharp, high features of Caleb Balderstone, we realise that here is the strong character of the novel. Now, the reader familiar with the landscape of Scott's fiction, by the lightning flash that illuminates Caleb, ought to recognise in the cell of Copmanhurst, where Scott has brought king and outlaw face to face in the carousal of a night, a Richard Cœur-de-Lion who is not a piece of stuffed armour, but a brother of Sir Walter's whose every characteristic is known. As strong in flesh and blood is Scott's king as Scott's servant.

Such comparative work is not beyond the comprehension of the secondary school pupil. "Ivanhoe" is not "The Bride of Lammermoor"; it is different from its predecessor, since it is a new species, but it has the same characteristics, when it comes to measuring Richard with Caleb. As in fiction, so is it in poetry. The only way of getting at parental traits of a new poetic piece is by measuring it with a similar species of the same class: the new combination must be compared with the old.

Now, the pupil moves on to the estimation of the personalities of the poets, and by many episodes in their lives he accounts for the composition of certain poems. It is interesting to find reasons for Pope's invective leveled at Addison; to find Cowper's explanation of the quarrel between Mrs.

Unwin and Lady Austen in "The Rose"; to know why Burns wrote "To Mary In Heaven," and how he composed "Tam O' Shanter"; to comprehend why Keats hung crape on the imagery of his "Ode To A Nightingale"; and what made Tennyson write "Break, Break, Break," and how "Merlin And The Gleam" serves as his autobiography.

The pupil, in passing from the specific to the general, from the poets to their environments, becomes fascinated by the problem of how far the historical has affected their temperamental qualities; how, by their criticisms of the dominant thought of their epochs, may be measured their intellectual stature and the amount of their ethical acumen.

Milton, undeterred by the unappreciative age of Charles I. that gave prizes to poets dealing with trivial subjects, wrote a classical pastoral elegy which he knew would fall far short of desert, and which lost him contemporary fame. Though many of his contemporaries considered "Lycidas" a still-born product of his pen, he continued to write unhampered by public opinion, governing his taste by that Puritanism which afterwards swayed all his poetry. Dryden was precisely otherwise; like a chameleon, his poetry was coloured with every new historical environment. His poetry was now "Lines On The Death Of Cromwell," now "Astræa Redux," now "Religio Laici," and finally "The Hind And The Panther." Pope at Binfield and Twickenham willingly became a slave of utilitarian poetry current in the Augustan age, and expressed views of life in unvaried melodic cadences through models set by the classical writers. Cowper, by the slow winding Ouse, heard church-bells from distant spires, saw graceful hedges, meditated on African slave-trade, Puss, Tiney, and Bess, and rejected the ancient classical canons of literary judgment by incorporating into his poetry a profound love of God, nature, man, and animal. To the mysticism, symbolism, and aspiration of romanticism in its first phase,

Shelley and Keats added a passion for the beautiful, and sang of

“A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us.”

The poets of the third phase of Romanticism, of the critical school of Victorian literature, devoted themselves to religious, socialistic, and scientific problems. Tennyson found science antagonistic to his religion, and triumphantly fought against skepticism in “Two Voices” and “In Memoriam.” Matthew Arnold, satisfied neither with theism nor with agnosticism, sobbed out the futility of religion in “Dover Beach” and the unprofitableness of atheistical life in “Rugby Chapel.” Robert Browning, undisturbed by any question presented by science to religion, found rest from ceaseless struggle in such poems as “Saul” and “Rabbi Ben Ezra.” The social problem erected itself on the materials of “The Rape Of The Lock,” “The Deserted Village,” and “The Task,” in the poetry of Thomas Hood, who tenderly wrote of the London poor. Arnold wrote “East London” and “West London”; Morris, “The Day Is Coming” and “All For The Cause;” and Kipling has portrayed the deplorable experiences of Tommy Atkins. Science itself became a part of modern poetry, lending the finest description to Arnold’s “The Forsaken Merman”; its astronomy, botany, and geology are found on the pages of Tennyson; and its achievements have been sung by Kipling in “The Deep-Sea Cables” and in “McAndrew’s Hymn.” Rossetti, uninterested in the religion, socialism, and science, of his age, sadly and morbidly turned to his Lady Beauty, who beckoned to him with the symbol of mediævalism.

Now, the fourth phase of Romanticism, or the second phase of Neo-Romanticism, has been reached. The present tendency of poetry is to extol brute force. The classification of present poetry into a school is hazardous, yet what is seen

should be averred. Neither theology nor nature strongly appeals to the poets of virility; nor humanitarianism; nor that beauty which Shelley has incarnated in Emilia Viviani of his "Epipsychidion," and which Keats sought to make eternal in his "Ode On A Grecian Urn." These poets do not greatly care for religious or social questions, and seemingly they only care for science because of its helping Englishmen to extend Britannia's rule by sea and by land. For some years, John Davidson, William Ernest Henley, and Rudyard Kipling, have lauded the achievements of national Imperialism. The strongest of this virile school has been Kipling whose verses have been in apotheosis of the expansion of England by means of science and militarism. But since 1900 Kipling's note of Imperial expansion has not been loudly sounded. The poems which now come from his pen are similar to the "Recessional." Kipling points the finger of fate at a nation which fetters itself to "reeking tube and iron shard." Though true democracy rests on an imperial basis, though the many must be managed by the brainy few of large hearts and iron nerves, he clearly sees that England, "drunk with power," may learn the $\tau\hat{\omega}$ $\delta\rho\acute{\alpha}\sigma\alpha\nu\tau\iota$ $\pi\alpha\theta\epsilon\tilde{\iota}\nu$ of the ancients, since brute violence and questionable methods may cause England's spiritual and material ruin. At this time Kipling is the poet "of the sense of Imperial responsibilities."

Now, after the study of historical background, there remains the knowledge of *epic, ballad, lyric, sonnet, pastoral, idyl, elegy, ode*, etc., and of the metres used in such forms of verse. A pupil must be able to scan any line in any poem, evincing an accurate knowledge of various metres in English poetry, and must memorise the finest lyrics.

Syle's "From Milton To Tennyson," Pancoast's "Introduction To English Literature," Halleck's "History Of English Literature," Moody and Lovett's "A History Of English

Literature," and Painter's "History Of English Literature," which contain study lists and references, should be on the teachers' desks for continual consultation. These books, with Pancoast's "Standard English Poems," are fine directive agencies in studying the literary periods and the lives of the poets. Gayley's "Classic Myths In English Literature" will explain all mythological allusions; and Crawshaw's "Interpretation of Literature" and Gayley and Scott's "Literary Criticism," Vol. I, should be accessible. C. F. Johnson's "Elements of Literary Criticism" is indispensable, and must constantly be used by teacher and class in order that pupils independently may select dexterous, felicitous, and dynamic phrases, which test the poetic power of any poet.

Throughout the book, the great phrases, which have been struck off at a white heat by the poets, except those, in the selected poems, are given; and the poems from which these have been chosen are named. These examples of phrasal power, though separated from the context, are to be memorised; for, by so doing, the pupil gains the ability to rank English poets, and to discriminate between the true and false. In the study of Dryden four phrases are given, any of which may be used in classifying the many found in "Alexander's Feast."

From the study of the anthology by these three suggested methods: (1) the indebtedness of best poetry to preceding and present poetry; (2) its indebtedness to past and present historical environment; (3) its indebtedness for forms and metres to preceding and present models, the pupils will have become acquainted with the technique of poetics, will have acquired a love for English poetry, and so far as possible a critical ability.

In order that pupils may become literary analysts a few stimulating questions eliciting the analysis of the poems have been submitted for the purpose of calling their intellects as

well as their emotions into play. They, who have viewed a piece of literature intellectually, emotionally, and ethically, from the points of view of sources of materials for conception, of technical construction, and of æsthetics of effect, have become critics of the highest kind.

In conclusion, the questions are not disconnected but serve to link poem to poem. They show, whenever possible, the indebtedness of best poetry to preceding poetry. By this formal unity the pupils are *kept alive* in their experience of English poetry, and by the variety of the notes are made susceptible to an all-round development.

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ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH POETRY

The Formative Or Anglo-Saxon Period 449-1066

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Widsith.

Deor's Lament.

Caedmon's Genesis A. 1. The Fall Of The Angels; Genesis

B. 1. Satan's Address To His Followers.

Judith: 1. The Slaying Of Holofernes.

The Dream Of The Rood.

Cynwulf's Elene: 1. The Battle; 2. The Voyage; 3. Auto-
biographic Rune-Passage.

The Phœnix.

The Battle Of Brunanburh.

The Battle Of Maldon.

Verse or prose translations of these poems are contained in
Cook and Tinker's "Translations From Old English Poetry."
Ginn & Company, 1902.

BEOWULF

Optional Portions

Beowulf's Fight With Grendel's Mother.

Beowulf's Fight With The Fire-Drægon.

Similes

1. flota fāmi-heals fugle gelīcost. . . . 218.
boat foamy-necked to a bird most like.
2. ligge gelīcost lēoht unfaeger. 727.
a loathsome light most like to flame.
3. waes steda naegla gehwylc stȳle gelīcost. . . . 985.
each of the places of the nails was most like to steel.
4. Lixte se lēoma, lēoht inne stōd,
efne swā of hefene hādre scīneð
rodores candel. 1570-1572.
The light gleamed, the light stood within,
even as from heaven glitteringly shines the candle of the sky.
5. þæt hit eal gemealt īse gelīcost. . . . 1608.
that it all melted most like to ice.

Phrases

ðær gelyfan sceal

Dryhtnes dōme sē þe hine dēað nimeð. 440-441.

He whom death takes must give himself over into the keeping
of God.

Gæð ā wyrd swā hīo scel. 455.

Fate goes ever as she must.

Fela sceal gebīdan

lēofes ond lāðes, sē þe longe hēr
on ðyssonum win-dagum worolde brūceð. 1060-1062.

Many pleasant and disagreeable things must he endure, he who
long here in earthly life enjoys the world.

Swā sceal man dōn,

þonne hē aet gūðe gegān þenceð
longsumne lof, nā ymb his lif cearað. 1534-1536.

As one shall do when he thinks to secure everlasting fame in
war,—cares not at all about his life.

ealle wyrd forswēop
 mīne māgas tō metod-scafte,
 eorlas on elne; ic him aefter scal. 2814-2816.

According to predestination Fate has swept away all of my
 ancestors, valourous earls: after them shall I.

Dēað bið sēlla
 eorla gehwylcum þonne edwīt-lif. 2890-2891.

To each of earls death is better than an ignoble life.

“Beowulf” is our one folk-epic: it is a collection of ballads in
 3,182 lines extolling Beowulf’s great fights with Grendel, Gren-
 del’s Mother, and the Fire-Dragon.

According to Ten Brink the epic sprang into existence on the
 Continent soon after 512 A.D. It spread rapidly throughout the
 country of the Angles and was brought by them to Britain when
 they settled Bernicia, Deira, and Mercia. It probably received
 definite shape during the seventh century.

The kernel of the epic is thoroughly mythical, pagan, and we
 are glad that this has not been destroyed by the Christian inter-
 polation.

As to the versification of “Beowulf,” the normal line consists of
 two alliterative syllables in the first half-line and one in the second
 half-line. The following lines from the close of Fytte XII. of
 “Beowulf” will show the internal structure of Anglo-Saxon poetry
 according to Sievers’ metrical schemes:

D! tōrn | únlytél. | þæt wæs ^útæn | swēotól, C.
 B. sýþðān hild|ē-dēor | hōnd āllégdē, A.
 A. eārm ðnd | ēāxlē | (þær wæs eal | geādōr C.
 A Gréndlēs | grápē) | ūndēr geāp|nē hróf. B.

The following line is given to show type E.

E. hīfgēndē | lāð. | Líc-sār gē|bād. E.

On the island of Seeland, Hrothgar, king of the Danes, built a
 hall and named it Heorot. For twelve winters a water-monster

called Grendel had made it uninhabitable by night. He was a man-eater who destroyed as many as thirty thanes in a single attack.

Beowulf, the son of Ecgtheow, a young hero living in southern Sweden in the land of the Geats, hearing of Hrothgar's trouble, with fourteen men sets sail and in twenty-four hours had crossed the sea to Seeland. On the morning of the second day he was ushered into the presence of Hrothgar, who gladly welcomed him as a champion against Grendel. When night came Beowulf was encouraged by king and queen. After the beer-drinking, the Danes retired, leaving the Geats in possession of Heorot. Beowulf now awaited the coming of Grendel.

BEOWULF'S FIGHT WITH GRENDEL

"Beowulf," 711-836. [Prof. J. L. Hall's Translation of Beowulf, by permission of the publishers, D. C. Heath & Co.]

XII.

GRENDEL AND BEOWULF

'Neath the cloudy cliffs came from the moor then
 Grendel going, God's anger bare he.
 The monster intended some one of earthmen
 In the hall-building grand to entrap and make way with ;
 715 He went under welkin where well he knew of
 The wine-joyous building, brilliant with plating,
 Gold-hall of earthmen. Not the earliest occasion
 He the home and manor of Hrothgar had sought :
 Ne'er found he in life-days later nor earlier
 720 Hardier hero, hall-thanes more sturdy !
 Then came to the building the warrior marching,
 Bereft of his joyance. The door quickly opened
 On fire-hinges fastened, when his fingers had touched it ;
 The fell one had flung then — his fury so bitter —
 725 Open the entrance. Early thereafter

- The foeman trod the shining hall-pavement,
Strode he angrily ; from the eyes of him glimmered
A lustre unlovely likest to fire.
He beheld in the hall the heroes in numbers,
730 A circle of kinsmen sleeping together,
A throng of thanemen : then his thoughts were exultant,
He minded to sunder from each of the thanemen
The life from his body, horrible demon,
Ere morning came, since fate had allowed him
735 The prospect of plenty. Providence willed not
To permit him any more of men under heaven
To eat in the night-time. Higelac's kinsman
Great sorrow endured how the dire-mooded creature
In unlooked-for assaults were likely to bear him.
740 No thought had the monster of deferring the matter,
But on earliest occasion he quickly laid hold of
A soldier asleep, suddenly tore him,
Bit his bone-prison, the blood drank in currents,
Swallowed in mouthfuls : he soon had the dead man's
745 Feet and hands, too, eaten entirely.
Nearer he strode then, the stout-hearted warrior
Snatched as he slumbered, seizing with hand-grip,
Forward the foeman foined with his hand ;
Caught he quickly the cunning deviser,
750 On his elbow he rested. This early discovered
The master of malice, that in middle-earth's regions,
'Neath the whole of the heavens, no hand-grapple greater
In any man else had he ever encountered :
Fearful in spirit, faint-mooded waxed he,
755 Not off could betake him ; death he was pondering,
Would fly to his covert, seek the devils' assembly :
His calling no more was the same he had followed
Long in his lifetime. The liege-kinsman worthy
Of Higelac minded his speech of the evening,

- 760 Stood he up straight and stoutly did seize him.
His fingers crackled ; the giant was outward,
The earl stepped farther. The famous one minded
To flee away farther, if he found an occasion,
And off and away, avoiding delay,
- 765 To fly to the fen-moors ; he fully was ware of
The strength of his grapple in the grip of the foeman.
'T was an ill-taken journey that the injury-bringing,
Harrying harmer to Heorot wandered :
The palace re-echoed ; to all of the Danemen,
- 770 Dwellers in castles, to each of the bold ones,
Earlmen, was terror. Angry they both were,
Archwarders raging. Rattled the building ;
'T was a marvellous wonder that the wine-hall with
stood then
The bold-in-battle, bent not to earthward,
- 775 Excellent earth-hall ; but within and without it
Was fastened so firmly in fetters of iron,
By the art of the armorer. Off from the sill there
Bent mead-benches many, as men have informed me,
Adorned with gold-work, where the grim ones did struggle.
- 780 The Scylding wise men weened ne'er before
That by might and main-strength a man under heaven
Might break it in pieces, bone-decked, resplendent,
Crush it by cunning, unless clutch of the fire
In smoke should consume it. The sound mounted up-
ward
- 785 Novel enough ; on the North Danes fastened
A terror of anguish, on all of the men there
Who heard from the wall the weeping and plaining,
The song of defeat from the foeman of heaven,
Heard him hymns of horror howl, and his sorrow
- 790 Hell-bound bewailing. He held him too firmly
Who was strongest of main-strength of men of that era.

XIII

GRENDEL IS VANQUISHED

- For no cause whatever would the earlmen's defender
Leave in life-joys the loathsome newcomer,
He deemed his existence utterly useless
795 To men under heaven. Many a noble
Of Beowulf brandished his battle-sword old,
Would guard the life of his lord and protector,
The far-famous chieftain, if able to do so ;
While waging the warfare, this wist they but little,
800 Brave battle-thanes, while his body intending
To slit into slivers, and seeking his spirit :
That the relentless foeman nor finest of weapons
Of all on the earth, nor any of war-bills
Was willing to injure ; but weapons of victory
805 Swords and suchlike he had sworn to dispense with.
His death at that time must prove to be wretched,
And the far-away spirit widely should journey
Into enemies' power. This plainly he saw then
Who with mirth of mood malice no little
810 Had wrought in the past on the race of the earthmen
(To God he was hostile), that his body would fail him,
But Higelac's hardy henchman and kinsman
Held him by the hand ; hateful to other
Was each one if living. A body-wound suffered
815 The direful demon, damage incurable
Was seen on his shoulder, his sinews were shivered,
His body did burst. To Beowulf was given
Glory in battle ; Grendel from thenceward
Must flee and hide him in the fen-cliffs and marshes,
820 Sick unto death, his dwelling must look for
Unwinsome and woful ; he wist the more fully
The end of his earthly existence was nearing,

- His life-days' limits. At last for the Danemen,
 When the slaughter was over, their wish was accom-
 plished.
- 825 The comer-from-far-land had cleansed then of evil,
 Wise and valiant, the war-hall of Hrothgar,
 Saved it from violence. He joyed in the night-work,
 In repute for prowess; the prince of the Geatmen
 For the East-Danish people his boast had accomplished,
- 830 Bettered their burdensome bale-sorrows fully,
 The craft-begot evil they erstwhile had suffered
 And were forced to endure from crushing oppression,
 Their manifold misery. 'T was a manifest token,
 When the hero-in-battle the hand suspended,
- 835 The arm and the shoulder (there was all of the claw
 Of Grendel together) 'neath great-stretching hall-roof.

(750) "On his elbow he rested," *ond wið earm gesaet*. Note Tinker's translation, "fastening upon the arm." (757) "His calling no more was the same," *ne waes his drohtoð þær*. Prof. James W. Bright correctly translates "drohtoð" as "experience."

(835-836) Beowulf certainly placed the hand, arm, and shoulder of Grendel on the outside of Heorot, "*ofer hēanne hrōf*." The next morning Hrothgar, Beowulf, ladies, and jester, leave the burg by the "*medo-stīg*," mead-road, and climb "*on stapole*," on the terrace or knoll in front of the hall and "*geseah stēapne hrōf | golde fāhne ond Grendles hond*," saw the steep roof shining with gold and Grendel's hand. In (983) the son of Ecglaf examines the hand "*ofer hēanne hrōf*," and in (991-992) Hrothgar orders that the bloody hall be adorned, decorated "*innan-weard folmum*," inward with hands. Note the an:ithesis to the outward decoration of Heorot with Grendel's hand.

When night descends Grendel's mother comes, seizes Æschere beloved by Hrothgar and the hand of her dear son, and hides in the recesses of her cave at the bottom of a mere. When morning comes Beowulf follows, plunges into the bloody mere of the nicors, fights with the mere-wife, and after an awful struggle slays her with the magic sword of the giants. He is laden with presents by Hrothgar and returns to his native land, where he soon becomes king. At eighty years

of age he fights a fire-dragon, which he kills, but dies himself by reason of inhaling the flames.

The best edition of "Beowulf" is A. J. Wyatt's. It is published by the University Press, Cambridge, England. Reprinted 1901.

THE WANDERER

The author and the date of this finest of the Anglo-Saxon elegies are unknown. Emily H. Hickey, in Cook and Tinker's "Translations from Old English Poetry," translates the lyric into hexameter verse with rime. The translation given below is in the blank verse of Stopford Brooke.

THE PROLOGUE

A lonely man full often finds his grace,
 God's tender pity: though in care of mind
 Need drive him many days o'er ocean's path
 To push with hands the frost-cold sea, and sail
 5 The exile-tracks! O Wyrð is fully wrought!
 Thus quoth a Wanderer, mindful of his woes,
 Of direful slaughters, and of kinsman's death.

THE WANDERER

"Oft must I, lonely, at each early dawn
 Bewail my care. There's not one living man
 10 To whom I now dare tell my hidden heart
 With open freedom — O full well I know,
 It is a noble habit in an earl,
 To lock the cupboard of his soul, and safe
 Keep his thought-ward, while, as he will, he thinks,
 15 A wearied mind may not withstand the Wyrð,
 Nor any troubled spirit plan its aid;
 Wherefore those eager for their Honour bind,
 Close-locked within the coffer of their breast,

- With songs he greets them, glad, he watches them ;
But these heroic comrades swim away !
The ghost of these air-floaters brings to him
55 Few well-known words ! Once more his grief is new,
Who now must send, again and yet again,
His weary spirit o'er the binding seas !
So in this world I may not understand
Wherefore my mind does not grow black as night,
60 Whene'er I think all on the life of men,
How suddenly they gave their house-floor up,
These mighty-mooded Thegns ! Thus doth Mid-Garth,
Day after day, droop down and fall to nought.
Wherefore no man is wise, till he has owned
65 His share of years on earth ! The wise must be
Patient, not too hot-hearted, nor of words
Too quick, nor heedless, nor too weak in war,
Too fearful, or too fain, nor yet of goods
Too greedy, nor too keen to boast, until
70 He know his way ! A man must wait, whene'er
He make a vow, till, bold, he surely know
Whither will turn the thought within his heart.
Grave men should feel how phantom-like it is,
When all this world's weal stands awaste ; as now,
75 Unnumbered, o'er this land, are ruined towns,
Swept by the storm, thick covered by white frost,
Dismantled all their courtyards, and the Hall
Where wine was drunk, in dust ! Low lies its Lord,
Bereft of joy ; and all the peers have fallen,
80 Haughty, before the rampart. War seized some
And bore them on death-paths ; and one a ship
Took o'er the towering wave ! The hoary wolf
Another tore when dead ; and one an earl
Hid in the hollowed earth with dreary face.
85 So hath men's Maker wasted this Earth's home,

- Until the work of elder giants stood
 Void of its Burghers, all bereft of joys !
 Who wisely has thought o'er this ruined Stead,
 And this dark life doth deeply muse upon ;—
 90 Gray-haired in soul — in exile oft recalls
 Uncounted slaughters, and this Word cries out —
 ' Where went the horse, where went the Man ? Where
 went the Treasure-giver ?
 Where have the seats of feasting gone ? and where the
 joys in hall ?
 Alas, the beaker bright ! alas, the byrned warrior !
 95 Alas, the people's pride ! O how is fled that time,
 Beneath the Night-helm gloomed, as if it ne'er had been.
 Alone is left, to tell of those loved peers,
 This wall huge-high, spotted with carven snakes !
 The strength of ashen spears took off the earls,
 100 Blood-thirsty weapons, and the far-famed Wyrd !
 Lo ! these hewn cliffs are beaten by the storms,
 The snow-drift driving down binds up the earth,
 Winter's wild terror, when it cometh wan !
 Night's shadow blackens, sending from the North
 105 Fierce slants of hail for harmfulness to men !
 Wyrd's dooming changes all beneath the heaven ;
 Here fleets our wealth, and here is fleeting friend,
 Here fleets the kinsman, here is fleeting man ;
 110 The roots of all this earth are idle made.' ”

EPILOGUE

- So quoth the Wise of mood ! Apart
 He sat, and made his runes.
 Who keeps his troth, is brave of soul,
 Nor shall he, over-rash,
 115 Ever give voice to woe of heart

Till first its cure he knows ;
 So acts a man of fortitude !
 Yet, well for him who seeks
 Strength, mercy from the Father, where
 120 Our fortress standeth sure.

(5) **Wyrd**, fate. This is the keynote of the theme—man tossed about by the unrelenting wrath of Fate. (38) **redes**, counsels. (41) **clip**, call. (44) **Gift-stool**, the throne from which a king or lord gives gifts. (58) Observe the change in emotion; subjective dolour passes into objective grief. The Wanderer forgets his own sorrow in seeing everywhere people and things subjected to the cruel plottings of Wyrd. (62) **Mid-Garth**, earth. A. S. middan-geard, earth. (64) Observe the traits which mark the true English mind ever ready to endure punishment at the hands of omnipotence. (80-84) Note the kinds of death liable to come to such a man as the Wanderer: death by war; death by sea-battle; death by banishment; and death which can come to a man before he can do a deed of valour. (88) **Stead**, a ruined burg. (92-95) Such lyrical questions are common in Old English poetry. (110) The lyric closes as it begins, with its theme. As Chaucer says, everything is made perfect and stable by the Father above until descending into nature it becomes corruptible and transient. The Epilogue is an addition by a Christian poet who contrasts finely between the fleeting things of earth and the fixed fortress of heaven.

The best text of the poem is contained in Bright's "Anglo-Saxon Reader."

The Compactive Or Anglo-Norman Period

1066-1340

Optional Poems

Layamon's Brut.
 Orm's Ormulum.
 Sir Gawayne And The Green Knight.
 The Pearl.
 Alison.
 Spring-Time.

CUCKOO SONG

Sumer is icumen in,
 Lhude sing cuccu !
 Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
 And springth the wude nu, —
 5 Sing cuccu !

Awe bleteth after lomb,
 Lhouth after calve cu ;
 Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,
 Murie sing cucu !
 10 Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu :
 Ne swike thu naver nu ;
 Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,
 Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu !

6. **Awe**, ewe. 7. **Lhouth**, loweth. 11. **swike**, cease.

The Initiative Period

1340-1400

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

1340-1400

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled. . . . — *Edmund Spenser.*

Optional Poems

- The Canterbury Tales.
 The Prologue.
 The Knightes Tale.
 The Man Of Law's Tale.
 The Nonne Preestes Tale.
 The Pardoners Tale.
 The Clerkes Tale.
 The Legend Of Good Women.
 (The Prologue.)

Phrases

- The wordes mote be cosin to the dede. A. 742.
 Ther nis no newe gyse, that it nas old. A. 2125.
 Men may the olde at-renne, and noght at-rede. A. 2449.
 To maken vertu of necessitee. A. 3042.
 Wel bet is roten appel out of hord
 Than that it rotie al the remenaunt. A. 4406-4407.
 whyl that iren is hoot, men sholden smyte. . . . B. 2226.
 he hasteth wel that wysely can abyde. . . . B. 2244.
 Love is noght old as whan that it is newe. E. 857.
 bet than never is late. G. 1410.

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne. . . .

The Parlement of Foules.

THE PRIORESSES TALE

Here biginneth the Prioresses Tale

Ther was in Asie, in a greet citee,
 Amonges Cristen folk, a Jewerye,
 Sustened by a lord of that contree
 For foule usure and lucre of vilanye,
 5 Hateful to Crist and to his companye ;
 And thurgh the strete men mighte ryde or wende,
 For it was free, and open at either ende.

A litel scole of Cristen folk ther stood
 Doun at the ferther ende, in which ther were
 10 Children an heep, y-comen of Cristen blood,
 That lerned in that scole yeer by yere
 Swich maner doctrine as men used there,
 This is to seyn, to singen and to rede,
 As smale children doon in hir childhede.

15 Among thise children was a widwes sone,
 A litel clergeon, seven yeer of age,
 That day by day to scole was his wone,
 And eek also, wher-as he saugh th' image
 Of Cristes moder, hadde he in usage,
 20 As him was taught, to knele adoun and seye
 His *Ave Marie*, as he goth by the weye.

Thus hath this widwe hir litel sone y-taught
 Our blisful lady, Cristes moder dere,
 To worshipe ay, and he forgat it naught,
 25 For sely child wol alday sone lere ;
 But ay, whan I remembre on this matere,

Seint Nicholas stant ever in my presence,
For he so yong to Crist did reverence.

This litel child, his litel book lerninge,
30 As he sat in the scole at his prymer,
He *Alma redemptoris* herde singe,
As children lerned hir antiphoner ;
And, as he dorste, he drough him ner and ner,
And herkned ay the wordes and the note,
35 Til he the firste vers coude al by rote.

Noght wiste he what this Latin was to seye,
For he so yong and tendre was of age ;
But on a day his felaw gan he preye
T'expounden him this song in his langage,
40 Or telle him why this song was in usage ;
This preyde he him to construe and declare
Ful ofte tyme upon his knowes bare.

His felaw, which that elder was than he,
Answerde him thus : ' this song, I have herd seye,
45 Was maked of our blisful lady free,
Hir to salve, and eek hir for to preye
To been our help and socour whan we deye.
I can no more expounde in this matere ;
I lerne song, I can but smal grammere.'

50 'And is this song maked in reverence
Of Cristes moder ?' seyde this innocent ;
' Now certes, I wol do my diligence
To conne it al, er Cristemasse is went ;
Though that I for my prymer shal be shent,
55 And shal be beten thryës in an houre,
I wol it conne, our lady for to honoure.'

His felaw taughte him homward prively,
 Fro day to day, til he coude it by rote,
 And than he song it wel and boldely
 60 Fro word to word, acording with the note ;
 Twyës a day it passed thurgh his throte,
 To scoleward and homward whan he wente ;
 On Cristes moder set was his entente.

As I have seyde, thurgh-out the Jewerye
 65 This litel child, as he cam to and fro,
 Ful merily than wolde he singe, and crye
 O *Alma redemptoris* ever-mo.
 The swetnes hath his herte perced so
 Of Cristes moder, that, to hir to preye,
 70 He can nat stinte of singing by the weye.

Our firste fo, the serpent Sathanas,
 That hath in Jewes herte his waspes nest,
 Up swal, and seide, ' O Hebraik peple, allas !
 Is this to yow a thing that is honest,
 75 That swich a boy shal walken as him lest
 In your despyt, and singe of swich sentence,
 Which is agayn your lawes reverence ?'

Fro thennes forth the Jewes han conspyred
 This innocent out of this world to chace ;
 80 An homicyde ther-to han they hyred,
 That in an aley hadde a privee place ;
 And as the child gan for-by for to pace,
 This cursed Jew him hente and heeld him faste,
 And kitte his throte, and in a pit him caste.

85 I seye that in a wardrobe they him threwe
 Wher-as these Jewes purgen hir entraille.

O cursed folk of Herodes al newe,
 What may your yvel entente yow availle?
 Mordre wol out, certein, it wol nat faille,
 90 And namely ther th'onour of god shal sprede,
 The blood out cryeth on your cursed dede.

'O martir, souted to virginitee,
 Now maystou singen, folwing ever in oon
 The whyte lamb celestial,' quod she,
 95 'Of which the grete evangelist, seint John,
 In Pathmos wroot, which seith that they that goon
 Biforn this lamb, and singe a song al newe,
 That never, fleshly, wommen they ne knewe.'

This povre widwe awaiteth al that night
 100 After hir litel child, but he cam noht ;
 For which, as sone as it was dayes light,
 With face pale of drede and bisy thoght,
 She hath at scole and elles-wher him soght,
 Til finally she gan so fer espye
 105 That he last seyn was in the Jewerye.

With modres pitee in hir brest enclosed,
 She gooth, as she were half out of hir minde,
 To every place wher she hath supposed
 By lyklihede hir litel child to finde ;
 110 And ever on Cristes moder meke and kinde
 She cryde, and atte laste thus she wroghte,
 Among the cursed Jewes she him soghte.

She frayneth and she preyeth pitously
 To every Jew that dwelte in thilke place,
 115 To telle hir, if hir child wente oght for-by.
 They seyde, 'nay' ; but Jesu, of his grace,

Yaf in hir thought, inwith a litel space,
That in that place after hir sone she cryde,
Wher he was casten in a pit bisyde.

- 120 O grete god, that parfournest thy laude
By mouth of innocents, lo heer thy might !
This gemme of chastitee, this emeraude,
And eek of martirdom the ruby bright,
Ther he with throte y-corven lay upright,
125 He '*Alma redemptoris*' gan to singe
So loude, that al the place gan to ringe.

- The Cristen folk, that thurgh the strete wente,
In coomen, for to wondre up-on this thing,
And hastily they for the provost sente ;
130 He cam anon with-uten taryng,
And herieth Crist that is of heven king,
And eek his moder, honour of mankinde,
And after that, the Jewes leet he binde.

- This child with pitous lamentacioun
135 Up-taken was, singing his song alway ;
And with honour of greet processiou
They carien him un-to the nexte abbay.
His moder swowning by the bere lay ;
Unnethe might the peple that was there
140 This newe Rachel bringe fro his bere.

- With torment and with shamful deth echon
This provost dooth thise Jewes for to sterve
That of this mordre wiste, and that anon ;
He nolde no swich cursednesse observe.
145 Yvel shal have, that yvel wol deserve.
Therfor with wilde hors he dide hem drawe,
And after that he heng hem by the lawe.

Up-on his bere ay lyth this innocent
 Biforn the chief auter, whyl masse laste,
 150 And after that, the abbot with his covent
 Han sped hem for to burien him ful faste ;
 And whan they holy water on him caste,
 Yet spak this child, whan spreynd was holy water,
 And song, — ‘ *O Alma redemptoris mater!* ’

155 This abbot, which that was an holy man
 As monkes been, or elles oghten be,
 This yonge child to conjure he bigan,
 And seyde, ‘ o dere child, I halse thee,
 In vertu of the holy Trinitee,
 160 Tel me what is thy cause for to singe,
 Sith that thy throte is cut, to my seminge? ’

‘ My throte is cut un-to my nekke-boon,’
 Seyde this child, ‘ and, as by wey of kinde,
 I sholde have deyed, ye, longe tyme agoon,
 165 But Jesu Crist, as ye in bokes finde,
 Wil that his glorie laste and be in minde ;
 And, for the worship of his moder dere,
 Yet may I singe “ *O Alma* ” loude and clere.

This welle of mercy, Cristes moder swete,
 170 I lovede alwey, as after my conninge ;
 And whan that I my lyf sholde forlete,
 To me she cam, and bad me for to singe
 This antem verrailly in my deyinge,
 As ye han herd, and, whan that I had songe,
 175 Me thoughte, she leyde a greyn up-on my tonge.

Wherfor I singe, and singe I moot certeyn
 In honour of that blisful mayden free,

Til fro my tonge of-taken is the greyn ;
 And afterward thus seyde she to me,
 180 " My litel child, now wol I fecche thee
 Whan that the greyn is fro thy tonge y-take ;
 Be nat agast, I wol thee nat forsake."

This holy monk, this abbot, him mene I,
 Him tonge out-caughte, and took a-wey the greyn,
 185 And he yaf up the goost ful softly.
 And whan this abbot had this wonder seyn,
 His salte teres trikked down as reyn,
 And gruf he fil al plat up-on the grounde,
 And stille he lay as he had been y-bounde.

190 The covent eek lay on the pavement
 Weping, and herien Cristes moder dere,
 And after that they ryse, and forth ben went,
 And toke away this martir fro his bere,
 And in a tombe of marbul-stones clere
 195 Enclosen they his litel body swete ;
 Ther he is now, god leve us for to mete.

O yonge Hugh of Lincoln, slayn also
 With cursed Jewes, as it is notable,
 For it nis but a litel whyle ago ;
 200 Preye eek for us, we sinful folk unstable,
 That, of his mercy, god so merciable
 On us his grete mercy multiplye,
 For reverence of his moder Marye. Amen.

Here is ended the Prioresses Tale.

(10) **y-comen**, pp. *y*-, a prefix used especially with the pp., like the A. S. *ge*-, Ger. *ge*-. (16) **clergeon**, a chorister-boy. (17) **wone**, custom. (25) **sely**, simple; A. S. *sælig*; Ger. *selig*. (32) **antiphoner** anthem-book. (35) **coude**, prt. could, knew; A. S. *cunnan*, to know. (36) **wiste**, prt. of wite, to know; A. S. *witan*. (54) **shent**, pp. of

shende, hurt, ruin, scold; A. S. scendan, to shame. (83) **hente**, pret. of henten, to seize; A. S. hentan. (85) **wardrobe**, an out-house. (92) **souded**, pp. confirmed, soldered. (113) **frayneth**, pr. s. prays, beseeches. (114) **thilke**, that; A. S. þillic, the like. (117) **yaf**, prt. of yeve, to give. (131) **herieth**, pr. s. of herie, to praise; A. S. herian. (139) **unnethe**, adv. with difficulty. (142) **to sterve**, to die; A. S. steorfan; Ger. sterben. (153) **spreynd**, pp. of springen, to sprinkle. (158) **halse**, pr. s. conjure; A. S. healsian, to beseech. (175) **me thoughte**, it seemed to me; me is in the dative case, thoughte is an impersonal verb in the prt. s. from thynke, to seem; A. S. þyncan; Ger. dünken. (176) **moot**, may, must, ought (pl. pr. moten), prt. moste, muste. (199) **nis** (ne + is), a contraction of the adv. ne, not, and the verb is.

Note the seven-line stanzaic arrangement. The following lines will show how Chaucer uses his iambic pentameter:

Añd ðn | ă tōmbe | ōf mārþ|ñl stōn|ēs clēre
 Eñclōs|ēn thēy | hīs līt|ēl bōd|y swēte;
 Thēre hē | ys nōw, | gōd lēve | ūs fōr | tō mēte.

Compare these lines with the first four lines of "Piers The Plowman," written by William Langland, a contemporary of Chaucer's

In a sōmer sēson * whan sōft was the sōnne,
 I shōpe me in shrōudes * as I a shēpe wēre,
 In hābite as an hēremite * unhōly of wórkes,
 Went wýde in þis wórld * wóndres to hēre.

Note how Chaucer departed from the Old English alliterative verse of unfixed line-length. He chose from the French lines containing definite numbers of stressed and unstressed syllables and adopted rime. He is the author of the heroic couplet.

Note lines which are most felicitous in expressing pathos, the beauty of fate. Matthew Arnold said if he were to sum up Chaucer's truth of substance and fluidity of style in one line, that one line would be, "O martir, souded to virginitee." This story presents Chaucer's finest pathos, and should be contrasted with "The Nonne Preestes Tale," where is portrayed Chaucer's finest sense of humour.

The Retrogressive Period

1400-1500

Optional Ballads

Chevy Chase.

Robin Hood And The Monk.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

The king sits in Dumferling toune,

Drinking the blude-reid wine :

“ O whar will I get guid sailor,

To sail this schip of mine ? ”

5 Up and spake an eldern knight,

Sat at the kings richt kne :

“ Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,

That sails upon the se. ”

The king has written a braid letter,

10 And signd it wi his hand,

And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,

Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,

A loud lauch lauched he ;

15 The next line that Sir Patrick red,

The teir blinded his ee.

“ O wha is this has done this deid,

This ill deid don to me,

- To send me out this time o' the yeir,
 20 To sail upon the se !
- “ Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
 Our guid schip sails the morne : ”
- “ O say na sae, my master deir,
 For I feir a deadlie storme.
- 25 “ Late late yestreen I saw the new moone,
 Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
 And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
 That we will cum to harme.”
- O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
 30 To weet their cork-heild schoone ;
 Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
 Thair hats they swam aboone.
- O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
 Wi thair fans into their hand,
 35 Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
 Cum sailing to the land.
- O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
 Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
 Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
 40 For they'll se thame na mair.
- Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
 It's fiftie fadom deip,
 And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
 Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

Define a folk-ballad. Note the common ballad-metre. Observe the historical, enveloping action of this ballad.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID

“ Be it ryght or wrong, these men among
 On women do complayne,
 Affyrmynge this, how that it is
 A labour spent in vayne
 5 To love them wele, for never a dele
 They love a man agayne :
 For late a man do what he can
 Theyr favour to attayne,
 Yet yf a newe do them persue,
 10 Theyr first true lover than
 Laboureth for nought, for from her thought
 He is a banyshed man.”

“ I say nat nay, but that all day
 It is bothe writ and sayd,
 15 That womans faith is, as who sayth,
 All utterly decayd ;
 But neverthesse, ryght good wytnesse
 In this case might be layd,
 That they love true, and continue :
 20 Recorde the Not-browne Mayde ;
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,
 To her to make his mone,
 Wolde nat depart, for in her hart
 She loved but hym alone.”

25 “ Than betwaine us late us dycus
 What was all the manere
 Betwayne them two ; we wyll also
 Tell all the payne and fere
 That she was in. Nowe I begyn,
 30 So that ye me answer :

Wherefore all ye that present be,
 I pray you gyve an ere.
 I am the knyght, I come by nyght,
 As secret as I can,
 35 Sayinge, ' Alas ! thus standeth the case,
 I am a banyshed man.' ”

SHE.

“ And I your wyll for to fulfyll
 In this wyll nat refuse,
 Trustyng to shewe, in wordes fewe,
 40 That men have an yll use
 (To theyr own shame), women to blame,
 And causelesse them accuse :
 Therfore to you I answere nowe,
 All women to excuse, —
 45 ‘ Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere ?
 I pray you tell anone :
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.’ ”

HE.

“ It standeth so : a dede is do
 50 Wherof grete harme shall growe.
 My destiny is for to dy
 A shamefull deth, I trowe,
 Or elles to fle : the one must be :
 None other way I knowe,
 55 But to withdrawe as an outlawe,
 And take me to my bowe.
 Wherefore, adue, my owne hart true,
 None other rede I can ;
 For I must to the grene wode go
 60 Alone, a banyshed man.”

SHE.

- “ O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse
 That changeth as the mone !
 My somers day in lusty May
 Is derked before the none.
- 65 I here you say farewell : Nay, nay,
 We depart nat so sone.
 Why say ye so ? wheder wyll ye go ?
 Alas, what have ye done ?
 All my welfare to sorrowe and care
- 70 Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone :
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.”

HE.

- “ I can beleve it shall you greve,
 And somewhat you dystayne ;
- 75 But aftyrwarde your paynes harde,
 Within a day or twayne,
 Shall sone aslake, and ye shall take
 Comfort to you agayne.
 Why sholde ye ought ? for, to make thought
- 80 Your labour were in vayne :
 And thus I do, and pray you to,
 As hartely as I can :
 For 'I must to the grene wode go
 Alone, a banyshed man.”

SHE.

- 85 “ Now syth that ye have shewed to me
 The secret of your mynde,
 I shall be playne to you agayne,
 Lyke as ye shall me fynde :

Syth it is so that ye wyll go,
 90 I wolle not leve behynde ;
 Shall never be sayd the Not-browne Mayd
 Was to her love unkynde.
 Make you redy, for so am I,
 Allthough it were anone ;
 95 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone."

HE.

"Yet I you rede to take good hede
 What men wyll thynke, and say ;
 Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde,
 100 That ye be gone away
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
 In grene wode you to play ;
 And that ye myght from your delyght
 No lenger make delay.
 105 Rather than ye sholde thus for me
 Be called an yll woman,
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go
 Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

"Though it be songe of old and yonge
 110 That I sholde be to blame,
 Theys be the charge that speke so large
 In hurtyng of my name.
 For I wyll prove that faythfulle love
 It is devoyd of shame,
 115 In your dystresse and hevynesse,
 To part with you the same ;
 And sure all tho that do not so,
 True lovers are they none ;

For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 120 I love but you alone."

HE.

" I counceyle you remember howe
 It is no maydens lawe,
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out
 To wode with an outlawe.
 125 For ye must there in your hand bere
 A bowe, redy to drawe,
 And as a thefe thus must you lyve,
 Ever in drede and awe ;
 Wherby to you grete harme myght growe ;
 130 Yet had I lever than
 That I had to the grene wode go
 Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

" I thinke nat nay ; but, as ye say,
 It is no maydens lore ;
 135 But love may make me for your sake,
 As I have sayd before,
 To come on fote, to hunt and shote
 To gete us mete in store ;
 For so that I your company
 140 May have, I aske no more ;
 From which to part, it maketh my hart
 As colde as ony stone :
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone."

HE.

145 " For an outlawe this is the lawe,
 That men hym take and bynde,

Without pyte hanged to be,
 And waver with the wynde.
 If I had nede, (as God forbede !),
 150 What rescous could ye fynde?
 Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
 For fere wolde' drawe behynde :
 And no mervayle ; for lytell avayle
 Were in your counceyle than ;
 155 Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go
 Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

" Ryght wele knowe ye that women be
 But feble for to fyght ;
 No womanhede it is indede ,
 160 To be bolde as a knyght.
 Yet in such fere yf that ye were,
 With enemyes day or nyght,
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
 To greve them as I myght,
 165 And you to save, as women have,
 From deth ' men ' many one :
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone."

HE.

" Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede
 170 That ye coude nat sustayne
 The thornie wayes, the depe valeies,
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
 The colde, the hete ; for, dry or wete,
 We must lodge on the playne ;
 175 And us above none other rofe
 But a brake bush or twayne,

Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve,
 And ye wolde gladly than
 That I had to the grene wode go
 180 Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

" Syth I have here bene partynere
 With you of joy and blysse,
 I must also parte of your wo
 Endure, as reson is ;
 185 Yet am I sure of one plesure,
 And shortely, it is this :
 That where ye be, me semeth, parde,
 I coude nat fare amyse.
 Without more speche, I you beseche
 190 That we were sone agone ;
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone."

HE.

" If ye go thyder, ye must consyder
 When ye have lust to dyne,
 195 There shall no mete be for you gete,
 Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne ;
 Ne shetes clene to lye betwene,
 Made of threde and twyne ;
 None other house but leves and bowes
 200 To cover your hed and myne.
 O myne harte swete, this evyll dyete
 Sholde make you pale and wan :
 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go
 Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

- 205 " Among the wylde dere such an archere
 As men say that ye be
 Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
 Where is so grete plente ;
 And water clere of the ryvere
 210 Shall be full swete to me,
 With which in hele I shall ryght wele
 Endure, as ye shall see ;
 And or we go, a bedde or two
 I can provyde anone ;
 215 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone."

HE.

- " Lo, yet before, ye must do more,
 Yf ye wyll go with me,
 As cut you here up by your ere,
 220 Your kyrtel by the kne ;
 With bowe in hande, for to withstande
 Your enemyes, yf nede be ;
 And this same nyght, before day-lyght,
 To wode-warde wyll I fle ;
 225 Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
 Do it shortely as ye can :
 Els wyll I to the grene wode go
 Alone, a banysshed man."

SHE.

- " I shall as nowe do more for you
 230 Than longeth to womanhede,
 To shorte my here, a bow to bere,
 To shote in tyme of nede.

O my swete mother, before all other,
 For you I have most drede !
 235 But nowe, adue ! I must ensue
 Where fortune doth me lede.
 All this mark ye ; now let us fle ;
 The day cometh fast upon ;
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 240 I love but you alone."

HE.

" Nay, nay, nat so ; ye shall not go ;
 And I shall tell ye why ; —
 You appetyght is to be lyght
 Of love, I wele espy :
 245 For lyke as ye have sayed to me,
 In lyke wyse, hardely,
 Ye wolde answere, whosoever it were,
 In way of company.
 It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde,
 250 And so is a woman ;
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go
 Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

" Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
 Such wordes to say by me ;
 255 For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,
 Or I you loved, parde.
 And though that I, of auncestry
 A barons daughter be,
 Yet have you proved howe I you loved,
 260 A squyer of lowe degre ;
 And ever shall, whatso befall,
 To dy therfore anone ;

For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

HE.

265 " A barons chylde to be begylde,
It were a cursed dede !
To be felawe with an outlawe
Almighty God forbede !
Yet beter were the pore squyere
270 Alone to forest yede,
Than ye sholde say another day,
That by my cursed dede
Ye were betrayed ; wherfore, good mayd,
The best rede that I can
275 Is that I to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

" Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thyng you upbrayd ;
But yf ye go, and leve me so,
280 Than have ye me betrayd.
Remember you wele, howe that ye dele,
For yf ye, as ye sayd,
Be so unkynde to leve behynde
Your love, the Not-browne Mayd,
285 Trust me truly, that I shall dy,
Sone after ye be gone ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

HE.

" Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent,
290 For in the forest nowe

I have purvayed me of a mayd,
 Whom I love more than you :
 Another fayrere than ever ye were
 I dare it wele avowe ;
 295 And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe
 With other, as I trowe.
 It were myne ese to lyve in pese ;
 So wyll I, yf I can ;
 Wherfore I to the wode wyll go
 300 Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

" Though in the wode I undyrstode
 Ye had a paramour,
 All this may nought remove my thought,
 But that I wyll be your ;
 305 And she shall fynde me soft and kynde,
 And courteys every hour,
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
 Commaunde me, to my power ;
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
 310 ' Of them I wolde be one.'
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone."

HE.

" Myne own dere love, I se the prove
 That ye be kynde and true ;
 315 Of mayde and wyfe, in all my lyfe
 The best that ever I kewe.
 Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
 The case is chaunged newe ;
 For it were ruthe, that for your truthe
 320 Ye sholde have cause to rewe.

Be nat dismayed : whatsoever I sayd
 To you, whan I began,
 I wyll nat to the grene wode go ;
 I am no banyshed man."

SHE.

325 " These tydings be more gladd to me
 Than to be made a quene,
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure ;
 But is often sene,
 Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke
 330 The wordes on the splene.
 Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
 And stele from me, I wene ;
 Than were the case worse than it was,
 And I more wo-begone ;
 335 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone."

HE.

" Ye shall nat nede further to drede :
 I wyll nat dysparage
 You, (God defend !) syth ye descend
 340 Of so grete a lynage.
 Now undyrstande, to Westmarlande,
 Which is myne herytage,
 I wyll you brynge, and with a rynge,
 By way of maryage,
 345 I wyll you take, and lady make,
 As shortely as I can :
 Thus have you won an erlys son,
 And not a banyshed man."

AUTHOR.

Here may ye se, that women be
 350 In love meke, kynde, and stable :
 Late never man reprove them than,
 Or call them variable ;
 But rather pray God that we may
 To them be comfortable,
 355 Which sometyme proveth such as he loveth,
 Yf they be charytable.
 For syth men wolde that women sholde
 Be meke to them each one,
 Moche more ought they to God obey,
 360 And serve but hym alone.

This sweetest of all the ballads is presented in dramatic form of a dialogue between two lovers who are standing near the edge of a forest. Observe the stanzas which seem to indicate that feminine hands have touched the ballad. Observe the moral at the end. Didacticism is not usually found in the folk-ballad. Note the refrain of each lover, and the internal rime so frequently used throughout the poem.

THE TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alane,
 I heard twa corbies making a mane ;
 The tane unto the tither did say,
 “ Whar sall we gang and dine the day ? ”
 5 “ In behint yon auld fail dyke,
 I wot there lies a new-slain knight ;
 And naebody kens that he lies there,
 But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

" His hound is to the hunting gane,
 10 His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
 His lady's ta'en anither mate,
 So we may mak our dinner sweet.

" Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
 And I'll pike out his bonny blue e'en :
 15 Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair,
 We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

" Mony a one for him maks mane,
 But nane sall ken whar he is gane ;
 O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
 20 The wind sall blaw for evermair."

In this ballad with barbaric fitness are woven the strands of a plot as unnatural and gruesome as that in "Hamlet,"—"frailty thy name is woman," man's foul treachery, and a carcass supplying food for the region ravens. (13) Cf. "The Braes O Yarrow":

" Her hair it was three quarters lang,
 It hang baith side and yellow ;
 She tied it round her white hause-bane,
 ' And tint her life on Yarrow.' "

The Renaissance Period

1500-1630

EDMUND SPENSER

1552-1599

. . . the poet's poet.— *Charles Lamb*.

Optional Poems

Astrophel.

Sonnet LXXV.

Epithalamion.

An Hymne In Honour Of Beautie.

Prothalamion.

Phrases

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre. . . .

Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

— *F. Q. Book I.*

So love of soule doth love of bodie passe,
No less than perfect gold surmounts the meanest brasse.

— *F. Q. Book IV.*

Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.

— *F. Q. Book V.*

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take ;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

— *An Hymne In Honour Of Beautie.*

THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FAERY QUEENE

Contayning the Legend of the Knight of the Red Crosse, or of Holinesse

- 1 Lo I the man, whose Muse whilome did maske,
 As time her taught, in lowly Shepherds weeds,
 Am now enforst, a far unfitter taske,
 For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
 And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds ;
 Whose praises having slept in silence long,
 Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
 To blazon broade emongst her learned throng :
 Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.
- 2 Helpe then, O holy virgin chiefe of nine,
 Thy weaker novice to performe thy will ;
 Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
 The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
 Of Faerie knights and fairest Tanaquill,
 Whom that most noble Briton prince so long
 Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
 That I must rue his undeserved wrong :
 O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong.
- 3 And thou most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
 Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
 At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
 That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
 Lay now thy deadly heben bow apart,
 And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde ;
 Come both, and with you bring triumphant Mart,
 In loves and gentle jollities arrayd,
 After his murtherous spoiles and bloody rage allayd.
- 4 And with them eke, O Goddess heavenly bright,
 Mirrour of grace and majestie divine,

Great Lady of the greatest isle, whose light
 Like Phoebus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
 Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
 And raise my thoughts, too humble and too vile,
 To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
 The argument of mine afflicted stile :
 The which to heare, vouchsafe, O dearest dread, a while.

CANTO I

**The patron of true Holinesse
 foule Errour doth defeate ;
 Hypocrisie him to entrappe
 doth to his home entreate.**

- 1 A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
 Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
 The cruel markes of many a bloody felde ;
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield :
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield :
 Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

- 2 And on his brest a bloudie crosse he bore,
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead as living ever him ador'd :
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had :
 Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
 But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad ;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad,

- 3 Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest glorious Queene of Faerie lond,
To winne him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave ;
And ever as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne ;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.
- 4 A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd : so was she sad,
And heavie sat upon her palfrey slow :
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.
- 5 So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held ;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld ;
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compeld.
- 6 Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,

The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
 And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
 That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain,
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

In this wood the Knight subdues the dragon, Error. After leaving the forest, Una and the Knight meet Archimago, Hypocrisy, who invites them to his hermitage, wherein, by a false dream, the Knight abandons Una. The Red Cross Knight now meets Duessa with a Saracen named Sans-foy, whom he kills, and then makes love to Duessa, who represents Mary Stuart, or fascinating Catholicism.

CANTO III

**Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
 and makes the Lyon mylde,
 Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
 in hand of treachour vyld.**

- 1 Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
 That moves more deare compassion of mind,
 Then beautie brought t' unworthy wretchednesse
 Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
 I, whether lately through her brightnesse blind,
 Or through alleageance and fast fealtie,
 Which I do owe unto all woman kind,
 Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
 When such I see, that all for pitty I could die.

- 2 And now it is impassioned so deepe,
 For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
 That my fraile eyes these lines with teares do steepe,
 To thinke how she through guilefull handeling,

Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as ever living wight was faire,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her knight divorced in despaire,
 And her dew loves deriv'd to that vile witches share.

3 Yet she most faithfull ladie all this while
 Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
 Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
 In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,
 To seeke her knight ; who subtly betrayd
 Through that late vision, which th' enchaunter wrought,
 Had her abandond. She of nought affrayd,
 Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily sought ;
 Yet wish . . . tydings none of him unto her brought.

4 One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight,
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
 In secret shadow, far from all mens sight :
 From her faire head her fillet she undight,
 And laid her stole aside. Her angels face,
 As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shadie place ;
 Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

5 It fortun'd out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lyon rushed suddainly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood ;
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have attonce devourd her tender corse :
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
 His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
 And with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

- 6 In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.
- 7 The lyon lord of everie beast in field,
Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
But he my lyon, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate,
Her that him lov'd, and ever most adord,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?
- 8 Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last in close hart shutting up her paine,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got againe
To seeke her strayed champion, if she might attaine.
- 9 The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:

Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
 And when she wakt, he waited diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepar'd :
 From her faire eyes he tooke commandement,
 And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

Una with her lion, national honour, now meets Archimago disguised as the Red Cross Knight. Archimago's deceit is made manifest by his fight with Sans-loy, who, after an encounter with the lion, carries off Una.

Duessa led the Knight to the House of Pride, from which he escapes by the aid of the dwarf. But no sooner is he freed than he falls a prisoner to Orgoglio, who represents Philip II of Spain.

Una, who had been saved from Sans-loy by a troop of satyrs, came across Prince Arthur. A search is now made for the Red Cross Knight. The dwarf leads them to Orgoglio's castle. Here Arthur fights for the Knight and kills Orgoglio. The Knight is such a physical and mental wreck that he needs to be born again, to be respiritualised, to be dipped into the living well. Accordingly he is taken to the House of Holiness, where he undergoes a purification process so as to become a spotless bridegroom for Una. With the strength of his new Holiness he slays the dragon which had ravaged the country of Una's father, and as a reward for this doughty deed is betrothed to Una.

CANTO XII

21 Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
 The fairest Un' his onely daughter deare,
 His onely daughter, and his onely heyre ;
 Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
 As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
 Out of the east, with flaming lockes bedight,
 To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
 And to the world does bring long wished light :
 So faire and fresh that lady shewd her selfe in sight :

- 22 So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May ;
 For she had layd her mournfull stole aside,
 And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
 Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
 Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride ;
 And on her now a garment she did weare
 All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
 That seemd like silke and silver woven neare,
 But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.
- 23 The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
 And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
 To tell, were as to strive against the streame :
 My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
 Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
 Ne wonder ; for her own deare loved knight,
 All were she dayly with himselfe in place,
 Did wonder much at her celestiall sight :
 Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.
-
- 37 His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
 That none but death for ever can divide ;
 His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit,
 The housling fire did kindle and provide,
 And holy water thereon sprinckled wide ;
 At which the bushy teade a groome did light,
 And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
 For feare of evill fates, but burnen ever bright.
- 38 Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
 And made great feast to solemnize that day ;
 They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
 And precious odours fetcht from far away,

That all the house did sweat with great aray :
 And all the while sweete musicke did apply
 Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
 To drive away the dull melancholy ;
 The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

39 During the which there was an heavenly noise
 Heard sound through all the pallace pleasantly,
 Like as it had bene many an angels voice
 Singing before th' eternall Majesty,
 In their trinall triplicities on hye ;
 Yet wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
 Proceeded, yet eachone felt secretly
 Himselfe thereby reft of his sences meet,
 And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

40 Great joy was made that day of young and old,
 And solemne feast proclaime'd throughout the land,
 That their exceeding merth may not be told :
 Suffice it heare by signes to understand
 The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.
 Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
 Possessed of his ladies hart and hand ;
 And ever, when his eye did her behold,
 His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

41 Her joyous presence, and sweet company,
 In full content he there did long enjoy ;
 Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosity,
 His deare delights were able to annoy :
 Yet swimming in that sea of blisfull joy,
 He nought forgot how he whilome had sworne,
 In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
 Unto his Faerie Queene backe to returne ;
 The which he shortly did, and Una left to mourne.

42 Now strike your sailes ye jolly Mariners,
 For we be come unto a quiet rode,
 Where we must land some of our passengers,
 And light this weary vessell of her lode.
 Here she awhile may make her safe abode,
 Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
 And wants supplide. And then againe abroad
 On the long voyage whereto she is bent :
 Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent.

1. (2) The Shepheards Calender, published by Spenser in 1579.
2. (1) Clio, the Muse of history. (5) Tanaquill, a British princess, is Queen Elizabeth. (6) Prince Arthur allegorically represents the Earl of Leicester.
3. Note that Spenser invokes the aid of Cupid, Venus, and Mars.
4. Observe the fulsome adulation which marks Spenser's attitude toward Elizabeth.

CANTO I

1. The Red Cross Knight is reformed England. He wears the armour of the Christian Church, which had been in many encounters. In detail explain the metrical construction of a Spenserian stanza.
3. (9) The dragon represents the Devil, Rome, and Spain, fostering falsehood on the earth.
4. (1) Una, who represents the Church in purity.
5. Una's lineage is derived from the Church Universal.
6. (1) The dwarf is common sense, a good rear-guard.

CANTO III

3. (3) **preace**, a throng.
5. (2) The lion is national honour. The lion is subdued by the power of the beauty of purity.

CANTO XII

22. Note that Una throws aside her mourning weeds and dons her bridal costume.
37. (4) **housling fire**, the sacramental fire. In Rome the bridegroom received his bride in the home with fire and water. (6) **teade**, the nuptial torch. Cf. Milton's "taper clear" of Hymen's in "L'Allegro," 126.

39. (5) **trinall triplicities.** According to a mediæval belief the heavenly beings were divided into three Hierarchies, each hierarchy being subdivided into three orders.

1	2	3
1 Seraphim	Cherubim	Thrones
2 Dominations	Virtues	Powers
3 Principalities	Archangels	Angels.

41. (8) The Red Cross Knight according to his vow has yet six years to serve the Faërie Queene. (9) The Church in its purity cannot always have a protector present ready to fight for it.

JOHN LYLY

1553-1606

Optional Poem

Spring's Welcome

APELLES' SONG

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
 At cards for kisses ; — Cupid paid :
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows ;
 5 Loses them too ; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how) ;
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chin ;
 10 All these did my Campaspe win ;
 At last he set her both his eyes —
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
 What shall, alas ! become of me ?

(11-12) Cf. Shakespere's *M. S. N. Dr.*, I. 1.:

"Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind. . . ."

Define a lyric.

ROBERT GREENE

1560-1592

Optional Poem

Samela

SEPHESTIA'S LULLABY

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
 When thou art old there 's grief enough for thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy ;

5 When thy father first did see

Such a boy by him and me,
 He was glad, I was woe ;
 Fortune changed made him so,

10 When he left his pretty boy,
 Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
 When thou art old there 's grief enough for thee.

Streaming tears that never stint,
 Like pearl-drops from a flint,

15 Fell by course from his eyes,
 That one another's place supplies ;

Thus he grieved in every part,
 Tears of blood fell from his heart,

20 When he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
 When thou art old there 's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
 Mother cried, baby leapt ;
 25 More he crow'd, more we cried,
 Nature could not sorrow hide :
 He must go, he must kiss
 Child and mother, baby bliss,
 For he left his pretty boy,
 30 Father's sorrow, father's joy.
 Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

In this lyric Greene pathetically lifts his voice in repentance for leaving his wife and child in far Norwich. In London at this time he was riotously running a course of dissipation which was to lead him to a death at the hands of one of the seven deadly sins—Gluttony. The poem is a passionate sob for his former pure country life.

THE SONG OF THE SHEPHERDESS

Ah! what is love! it is a pretty thing
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
 And sweeter too:
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
 5 And cares can make the smoothest brow to frown:
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

 His flocks are folded, he comes home at night
 10 As merry as a king in his delight,
 And merrier too:
 For kings bethink them what the state require,
 When shepherds careless carol by the fire:
 Ah then, ah then,
 15 If country loves such sweet desires gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
 His cream and curd as doth the king his meat,
 And blither too :

20 The kings have often fears when they sup,
 Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup :
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

25 Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
 As doth the king upon his bed of down,
 More sounder too :
 For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill
 Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill :
 30 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe
 As doth the king at every tide or syth,
 35 And blither too :
 For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
 When shepherds laugh and love upon the land :
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,
 40 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Observe the exquisite refrain which contains the note so often sounded by the Elizabethan lyrists. Note as in the former poem the call of the country to "the man-stified town." (25-29) Cf. Shakespere, II Henry IV. 3. 1.:

"And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down !
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

THOMAS CAMPION

1567?–1619

Optional Poems

Cherry-Ripe.
Integer Vitae.

FORTUNATI NIMIUM

Jack and Joan, they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Do their week-day's work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy-day:
5 Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen;
Lash out at a country feast
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
10 And tell at large a winter tale;
Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy:—
15 All their pleasure is, Content,
And care to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows
And deck her windows with green boughs;
She can wreaths and tutties make,
20 And trim with plums a bridal cake.

Jack knows what brings gain or loss,
And his long flail can stoutly toss :
Makes the hedge which others break,
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

- 25 Now, you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights,
Though you scorn the homespun gray,
And revel in your rich array ;
Though your tongues dissemble deep
30 And can your heads from danger keep ;
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain !

Fortunati Nimium, happy beyond measure. Cf. Virgil, Georg. II. 458: "O fortunatos nimium," etc. (19) **tutties**, nosegays. Note the metre of the poem. Classify and analyse the finest phrase. In this lyric contrast city and court life with country life. Compare the previously read poems of Greene's.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1564-1593

By the force of poetry, not of dramatic art, Marlowe made a noble porch to the temple which Shakespeare built.—*Stopford Brooke.*

Phrases

. . . whoever loved that loved not at first sight. . . .

—*Hero And Leander.*

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.

—*Doctor Faustus.*

O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars. . . .

—*Doctor Faustus.*

One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest. —*Tamburlaine.*

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

5 And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
10 And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
15 Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
20 Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

1552-1618

THE NYMPH'S REPLY

If all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

5 But time drives flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
 Then Philomel becometh dumb,
 The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
 10 To wayward winter reckoning yields;
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 15 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
 Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
 All these in me no means can move,
 20 To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

Observe how Raleigh differs from Marlowe in his conception of the allurements of the country. Winter has its drawbacks, and youth and love possess no setting to make them permanent.

THOMAS NASHE

1567-1601

Optional Poem

In Time Of Pestilence.

SPRING

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king ;
 Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

5 The palm and May make country houses gay ;
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
 10 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
 In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !
 Spring, the sweet Spring !

By previously read lyrics interpret this poem. From the point of view of construction, the poem possesses artificiality.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

1554-1586

Optional Poems

The Bargain.

Sonnet XXXI. (Astrophel and Stella.)

SONNET XXXIX. ON SLEEP.

(From Astrophel and Stella.)

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 The indifferent judge between the high and low;
 5 With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
 O make in me those civil wars to cease;
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
 10 A chamber deaf to noise, and blind of light;
 A rosy garland and a weary head:
 And if these things, as being thine in right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

What is a sonnet? Explain its construction. In this sonnet does the thought in the sestet transcend the thought in the octave? What is the one completely evolved thought?

Stella was Penelope Devereux, daughter of the Earl of Essex. She became Lady Rich. Sidney represents himself as Astrophel, lover of the star, — Stella.

(1-4) Cf. Shakespere's metaphors applied to sleep in "Macbeth," Act II. 2.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

1563-1631

Optional Poems

Agincourt.

To His Coy Love.

SONNET LXI. (IDEA'S MIRROR)

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part —
 Nay, I have done, you get no more of me ;
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free ;
 5 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain.
 Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
 10 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes, —
 Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover !

In form, compare this sonnet with the one previously analysed.

WILLIAM SHAKESPERE

1564-1616

To Shakespeare the intellect of the world, speaking in divers accents, applies with one accord his own words: 'How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension how like a god!'—*Sidney Lee*.

Optional Poems

When Icicles Hang By The Wall.
 Where The Bee Sucks, There Suck I.
 Under The Greenwood Tree.
 Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind.
 Take, O Take Those Lips Away.
 Hark! Hark! The Lark At Heaven's Gate Sings.

Phrases

. . . the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come. . . .
— *Sonnet CVII.*

. . . love . . .
 . . . builded far from accident. . . .
— *Sonnet CXXIV.*

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action. . . . — *Sonnet CXXIX.*
 . . . some sweet oblivious antidote. . . . — *Macbeth.*

. . . my way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf. . . . — *Macbeth.*

. . . jealousy;
 It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on. . . . — *Othello.*

Of one that loved not wisely but too well. . . . — *Othello.*

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicity awhile,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
 To tell my story. — *Hamlet*.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. . . .

— *Troilus And Cressida*

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
 And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. — *II Henry VI*.

We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. — *The Tempest*.

SONNETS

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone bewEEP my outcast state
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,
 5 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least ;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 10 Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Note the riming couplet which characterises the Shakesperian sonnet. The sonnets from I to CXXXVI are addressed to a young man, probably the Earl of Southampton; those from CXXXVI to CLIV are addressed to a "dark lady." Sidney Lee says: "It was the exacting conventions of the sonnetteering contagion, and not his personal expe-

riences or emotions, that impelled Shakespeare to celebrate the cruel disdain of a 'dark lady' in his 'Sonnets.'"

We may safely assume that there are very few auto-biographical touches in the sonnets of Shakespere.

(11-12) Cf. *Cymbeline*, Act II. 2, song, "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings. . . ."

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
 5 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 10 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored and sorrows end.

Classify and analyse the fine phrases.

LXXIII

That time of the year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 5 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
 10 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,

As the death-bed whereon it must expire
 Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more
 strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

(2) Cf. "Macbeth," Act V. 3.:

"I have lived long enough : my way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf. . . ."

Classify and analyse the one great phrase.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 5 O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken :
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 10 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Prof. C. F. Johnson calls attention to the rhythmical scheme overlying the metrical structure of this sonnet. There are three tumultuous waves of emotion rising above the metre: the first wave being felt at "not" in the first line; the second at "no!" in the fifth line; and the third at "star" in the seventh line. This emotion which accepts and disregards metre is called "sense-rhythm"; it is found in prose, and is a mark of all great poetry. It is lacking in most of our modern, metrically correct poetry. Read the first two lines according to scansion, and then according to sense-rhythm.

BEN JONSON

1573-1637

. . . none of them (*his fellow-dramatists*) wrote anything that surpasses his songs and snatches in his plays. — *Saintsbury*.

Optional Poems

Simplex Munditiis.

See The Chariot At Hand Here of Love —

To The Memory Of My Master William Shakespeare.

Phrases

In small proportions we just beauties see ;

And in short measures, life may perfect be.

— *A Part Of An Ode To Sir Lucius Cary**And Sir H. Morison.*

He was not of an age but for all time !

— *To The Memory Of Shakespeare.*

. . . a good poet's made, as well as born.

— *To The Memory Of Shakespeare.***TO CELIA**

Drink to me only with thine eyes,

And I will pledge with mine ;

Or leave a kiss but in the cup,

And I'll not look for wine.

5 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,

Doth ask a drink divine :

But might I of Jove's nectar sup,

I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 10 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not withered be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me :
 15 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

HYMN TO DIANA

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep :
 5 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 10 Heaven to clear, when day did close :
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal shining quiver ;
 15 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever :
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright.

JOHN FLETCHER

1579-1625

Optional Poems

Sleep.
 Love's Emblems.
 Beauty Clear And Fair.
 Weep No More.

MELANCHOLY

Hence, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly!
 There's nought in this life sweet,
 5 If man were wise to see't,
 But only melancholy —
 O sweetest melancholy!
 Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,
 10 A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
 A tongue chain'd up without a sound!
 Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves!
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 15 Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
 A midnight bell, a parting groan —
 These are the sounds we feed upon;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

Note the meaning of the word "melancholy" as Fletcher uses it.

The Puritan Period

1630-1660

SOME CAROLINE LYRIC POETS

Another time he read aloud a song by one of the chivalrous poets of Charles the First's time, perhaps Lovelace's "Althea," which Wordsworth also used to *croon* in the woods, and said, "There! I would give all my poetry to have made one song like that!" — *Aubrey de Vere, in reminiscence of Tennyson.*

GEORGE HERBERT

1593-1633

Optional Poems

Constancy.
 Man's Medley.
 The Flower.
 The Church Porch.

Phrases

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
 A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

For he, that needs five thousand pounds to live,
 Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stocking: quit thy state.
 All equal are within the church's gate.

— *The Church Porch.*

VIRTUE

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright!
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight;
For thou must die.

5 Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
10 A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
15 But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Note the evidence of the growth of a fervent English religious feeling.

JOHN SUCKLING

1609-1642

Optional Poems

Why So Pale And Wan —
 The Perfect Lover.
 The Careless Lover.
 Ballad On A Wedding.
 Desire Changes.
 Loving And Beloved.
 Drinking Song.

Phrases

I touch her as my beads, with devout care,
 And go into my courtship as my prayer.

— *Love Song.***I PRITHEE SEND ME BACK MY HEART**

I prithee send me back my heart,
 Since I cannot have thine ;
 For if from yours you will not part,
 Why then shouldst thou have mine ?

5 Yet, now I think on't, let it lie ;
 To find it were in vain ;
 For thou'st a thief in either eye
 Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
 10 And yet not lodge together ?
 O Love ! where is thy sympathy,
 If thus our breasts thou sever ?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out ;
15 For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe ;
I will no longer pine ;
For I'll believe I have her heart
20 As much as she has mine.

Contrast this poem in quality of levity with Herbert's seriousness in "Virtue," and from such pass judgment on Charles the First's courtlings.

RICHARD LOVELACE

1618-1658

Optional Poems

To Lucasta, From Prison.
A Mock Song.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

5 True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
10 As you too shall adore,
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

Observe the historical enveloping action of this lyric. Analyse the fine phrase.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the gates ;

- 5 When I lie tangled in her hair
 And fettered to her eye,
 The birds that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.
- When flowing cups run swiftly round
 10 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free, —
 15 Fishes that tipple in the deep
 Know no such liberty.
- When, like committed linnets, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 20 And glories of my king ;
 When I shall voice aloud, how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Enlarged winds that curl the flood
 Know no such liberty.
- 25 Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage ;
 If I have freedom in my love,
 30 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

(25-32) Cf. Shakespere, *Rich. II.* Act V. 5, where Richard, a prisoner in Pomfret Castle, makes a realm of his soul, peopling it with subjects of his brain so that he may still be king of England and uncrown Bolingbroke. Through the texture of his thoughts ever runs the red thread

of royalty — once a king, always a king. Lovelace, like Shakespere, knew how to spar in a mental gymnasium. In this lyric he makes a good physician, a good curate, for a soul suffering from afflictions of the body. As St. Bernard walked all day beside Lake Geneva, seeing it not, so this Cavalier lover in prison forgot his body by thinking of that greater, other prison, wherein his soul was fettered to Althea. What English poets have composed in prison?

JAMES SHIRLEY

1596-1666

DEATH, THE LEVELLER

The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against fate ;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings :
 5 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 10 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
 They tame but one another still :
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 15 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds !
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 20 See, where the victor-victim bleeds.
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb :
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

Note the historical enveloping action. "purple altar." Homer repeatedly calls "death" purple. Classify and analyse the great phrase. This poem is said to have made Oliver Cromwell tremble. Scan (5-8). Shirley cannot properly be called a Caroline poet; he is an Elizabethan.

ROBERT HERRICK

1591-1674

Optional Poems

To The Virgins —
 To Violets.
 Sweet, Be Not Proud —
 The Primrose.
 Go, Happy Rose —
 The Country Life.
 To Blossoms.
 A Sweet Disorder In The Dress —
 A Thanksgiving For His House.
 The Litany.

Phrases

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. . . .

— *To The Virgins, To Make Much Of Time.*

That man lives twice that lives the first life well.

— *Virtue.*

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

Get up! get up for shame! the blooming morn
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair
 Fresh-quilted colours through the air:

5 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed and see
 The dew bespangling herb and tree!

Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east
 Above an hour since: yet you not dress'd;

Nay! not so much as out of bed?

10 When all the birds have matins said

And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation to keep in,
 Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
 Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

- 15 Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
 To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For jewels for your gown or hair :
 Fear not ; the leaves will strew
 20 Gems in abundance upon you :
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
 Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
 Come, and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :
 25 And 'Titan on the eastern hill
 Retires himself or else stands still
 Till you come forth ! Wash, dress, be brief in praying.
 Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

- Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark
 30 How each field turns a street, each street a park
 Made green and trimm'd with trees ! see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough
 Or branch ! each porch, each door ere this
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 35 Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove ;
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street
 And open fields and we not see't ?
 Come, we'll abroad ; and let's obey
 40 The proclamation made for May,
 And sin no more, as we have done by staying ;
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

- 45 A deal of youth, ere this is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home :
Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream :
And some have wept and woo'd and plighted troth,
50 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
Many a green-gown has been given,
Many a kiss, both odd and even :
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament : —
55 Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd : yet we're not a-Maying !

Come, let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time !

- We shall grow old apace, and die
60 Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As far away as does the sun.
And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
65 So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
70 Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

Compare (1-28) to Chaucer's sunrise in "The Knight's Tale," where Emily goes forth into the garden to do observance to May, and classify the similitudes. Likewise, compare Herrick's sunrise to Chaucer's in "The Knightes Tale," where Arcite does observance to May. (21-22) Cf. Shakespere, Ham. Act I. 1. 166-167:

“But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill. . . .”

and Milton, P. L. 5. 1-2:

“Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl.”

(25) “And Titan on the eastern hill. . . .” Cf. Spenser, F. Q., Book I. Canto II. 7:

“Now when the rosy-fingred morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hills Titan discovered, . . .”

(67-68) “All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.”

Compare the last stanza in Campion's “To Lesbia”:

“When timely death my life and fortunes ends
Let not my hearse be vex't with mourning friends;
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb:
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crown with love my ever-during night.”

(69-70) “Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.”

On reading this couplet a shiver steals over the optimist, while a laugh twists the mouth of the pessimist; for we are transferred to the Forest of Arden, where Jaques, who has seen the motley fool take a dial from his poke, is hearing the soliloquy:

“It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see . . . how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven:
And so from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.”

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but born
 Just as the modest morn
 5 Teem'd her refreshing dew?
 Alas! You have not known that shower
 That mars a flower,
 Nor felt th' unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind,
 10 Nor are ye worn with years,
 Or warp'd as we,
 Who think it strange to see
 Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
 To speak by tears, before ye have a tongue.

15 Speak, whim'ring younglings, and make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop and weep;
 Is it for want of sleep?
 Or childish lullaby?
 20 Or that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet?
 Or brought a kiss
 From that sweetheart to this?
 No, no, this sorrow shown
 25 By your tears shed
 Would have this lecture read:
 That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

Comment on the dainty artificiality of the poem presented by the rime system.

TO DAFFODILS

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon.
 5 Stay, stay
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the evensong ;
 And, having prayed together, we
 10 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a spring,
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or anything.
 15 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain ;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

Observe that the tender pathos is presented by the subjective method. The complex system of rime does not spoil spontaneity in the poem.

EDMUND WALLER

1606-1687

Optional Poems

On A Girdle.

The Soul's Dark Cottage—

GO, LOVELY ROSE

Go, lovely Rose,
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 5 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That had'st thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 10 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired ;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 15 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die — that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee ;

How small a part of time they share
20 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

In this poem are blended two elements, the trivial and the serious, of the Puritan period. Cf. Herrick's "Go, Happy Rose." The woman honoured by this lyric was Sacharissa, — Lady Dorothy Sidney.

JOHN MILTON

1608-1674

In the sure and flawless perfection of his rhythm and diction he is as admirable as Virgil or Dante, and in this respect he is unique amongst us. No one else in English literature and art possesses the like distinction.

— *Matthew Arnold.*

Optional Poems

On Shakespeare.

On The Morning Of Christ's Nativity.

Comus.

Samson Agonistes.

Sonnet: To The Memory Of His Second Wife.

Phrases

PARADISE LOST

BOOK I

And courage never to submit or yield:

And what is else not to be overcome. . . .

Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds. . . .

. . . his face

Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care

Sat on his faded cheek. . . .

Tears such as Angels weep. . . .

A fabric huge

Rose like an exhalation, with the sound

Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet. . . .

. . . from morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day ; and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
 On Lemnos, the Ægæan isle.

BOOK II

Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold. . . .
 So frowned the mighty combatants, that Hell
 Grew darker at their frown. . . .

BOOK III

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born !
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone. . . .

BOOK IV

. . . to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams. . . .
 Evil, be thou my Good. . . .

Not that fair field
 Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
 Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
 Was gathered — which cost Ceres all that pain
 To seek her through the world. . . .

For contemplation he and valour formed,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace. . . .

BOOK V

Among the faithless faithful only he. . . .

BOOK VIII

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye. . . .

BOOK XI

Nor love thy life, nor hate: but what thou liv'st
Live well; how long or short permit to Heaven.

COMUS

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her. . . .

Beauty is Nature's coin; must not be hoarded
But must be current. . . .

Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

L'ALLEGRO

Hence, loathed Melancholy
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks, and sights
unholy!
5 Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous
wings,
And the night-raven sings,
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
10 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess, fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,

- And by men heart-easing Mirth ;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth
15 With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore :
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
20 As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
25 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
30 And love to live in dimple sleek :
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe ;
35 And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
40 In unreprieved pleasures free : —
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
45 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,

- Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine ;
 While the cock, with lively din,
 50 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before ;
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 55 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high-wood echoing shrill ;
 Some time walking, not unseen,
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green
 Right against the eastern gate
 60 Where the great sun begins his state
 Robed in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 65 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 70 Whilst the landscape round it measures ;
 Russet lawns and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest ;
 75 Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
 80 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

- Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 85 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses,
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 90 To the tanned haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 95 To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the checkered shade,
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail :
 100 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat :
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat ;
 She was pinched and pulled, she said ;
 And he, by friar's lantern led,
 105 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end ;
 110 Then lies him down the lubber-fiend,
 And stretched out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.

- 115 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
120 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
- 125 There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With masque and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
130 On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
- 135 And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
140 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony ;
- 145 That Orpheus' self may heave his head,
From golden slumbers on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear

Of Pluto to have quite set free
 150 His half-regained Eurydice,
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Explain the mythological allusions which appear here and there throughout the poem. (1-68) Contrast the attendants of Mirth with those of Melancholy in "Il Penseroso." Compare Milton's power of describing a sunrise with that of Chaucer's and Herrick's. (69-90) Buckinghamshire scenery is here depicted. (91-116) Compare the pranks of Puck in "Midsummer Night's Dream" with those of "the drudging goblin." (117-134) A masque is a scenic allegorical pageant, in the dialogue of which are interwoven lyrics and declamations. Read the great masque in Shakespeare's "Tempest," Act IV. 1, and Milton's "Comus." Shakespeare warbles "his native wood-notes wild" in A. Y. L. I. and in W. T. Comment on open and concealed alliteration in (133-144). (135-152) The modes of music used by the ancient Greeks were the Doric, the severe; the Phrygian, the animated; and the Lydian, the voluptuous. How is the Orpheus myth treated in "Il Penseroso" and in "Lycidas"? Analyse the best dexterous and felicitous phrases appearing in the poem. Note the regular metre, which Milton changes from time to time for relief of monotony.

IL PENSEROSO

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly, without father bred!
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
 5. Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay notes that people the sunbeams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 10 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But, hail! thou Goddess sage and holy,
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!

- Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 15 And, therefore, to our weaker view,
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
 20 To set her beauty's praise above
 The Sea-Nymphs and their powers offended.
 Yet thou are higher far descended :
 Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,
 To solitary Saturn bore ;
 25 His daughter she ; in Saturn's reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain :
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 30 Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 35 And sable stole of cypress lawn
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come ; but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 40 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till,
 With a sad leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 45 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,

- And hears the Muses, in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
And add to these retired Leisure,
50 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;
But first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation ;
55 And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
60 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
'Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
65 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
70 Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
75 Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
80 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;

- Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth, ✓
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 85 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tower
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 90 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,
 95 Whose power hath a true consent,
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy,
 In sceptred pall, come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 100 Or the tale of Troy divine.
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
 But, O, sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower ;
 105 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek ; †
 Or call up him that left half told
 110 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,

- 115 On which the Tartar king did ride ;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
120 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frownced as she was wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,
- ✓ 125 But kerchieft in a comely cloud ,
While rocking winds are piping loud ;
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
130 With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
- 135 Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
140 Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee, with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
- 145 With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep ;
And, let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream

- Of lively portraiture displayed,
 150 Softly on my eyelids laid.
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
- 155 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
- 160 Casting a dim religious light:
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voiced choir below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness through mine ear,
- 165 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
- 70 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that heaven doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew,
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
- 175 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

(1-30) Observe Milton's meaning of "melancholy"; and note the various senses in which the word has been used in ancient and modern times. Cf. Burton's "The Author's Abstract of Melancholy" and Fletcher's "Hence, all you vain delights." Observe the lines of beautiful darkness which are added by the classical legends. (31-60) By the description of Melancholy, we are reminded of what character in Book

I. Canto I. of the "Faërie Queene"? How are Melancholy's attendants balanced by those of Mirth in "L'Allegro"? "Smoothing the rugged brow of Night." Cf. Milton's "Comus," 251: "smoothing the raven down | Of darkness till it smiled!" (61-96) Balance all night sounds with those of day in "L'Allegro." Note the assonance and the manipulation of consonants which are employed by Milton to make the curfew correctly meet the ear in melancholy pleasure. (97-120) Ascertain what ancient classical characters in tragedy are presented in "Thebes, or Pelops' line | Or the tale of Troy divine." In "The Squieres Tale" Chaucer has told the story of the horse of brass. Boiardo, Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, are the mediæval writers of impure allegory. Analyse Milton's definition of allegory. (121-176) Read the close of "Westminster Abbey" where Irving uses the imagery of "Il Penseroso." In English poetry, Timon, Duke Frederick, Jaques, and Manfred, characters suffering from melancholy, have sought the hairy gown and mossy cell. Classify the finest phrases. Analyse the one great dynamic phrase. Explain the mythological allusions throughout the poem.

LYCIDAS

- Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 5 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 10 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.
 —
 15 Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.

Hence with denial vain and coy excuse :

So may some gentle Muse

20 With lucky words favour *my* destined urn,

And as he passes turn,

And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud !

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,

Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill ;

25 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared

Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,

We drove a-field, and both together heard

What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,

Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,

30 Oft, till the star that rose at evening bright

Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering
wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute ;

Tempered to the oaten flute,

Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel

35 From the glad sound would not be absent long ;

And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But, oh ! the heavy change, now thou art gone,

Now thou art gone, and never must return !

Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,

40 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,

And all their echoes, mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,

Shall now no more be seen

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

45 As killing as the canker to the rose,

Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,

When first the white-thorn blows ;

Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

50 Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep

- Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 55 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
 Ay me! I fondly dream
 "Had ye been there," . . . for what could that have
 done?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 60 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
 Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
 65 To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
 70 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days;
 But, the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 75 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistering foil
 80 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,

Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

- 85 O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
- 90 That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory.
- 95 They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed:
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
- 100 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy and his bonnet sedge,
- 105 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;
- 110 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:—
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
- 115 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,

- And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 120 A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped:
 And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
 x 125 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
 130 But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
 Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past
 That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 135 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
 140 That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
 145 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 150 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

For so, to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 155 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled ;
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 160 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
 Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth :
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
 165 Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 170 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 175 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 180 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 185 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals grey :
 He touched the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
 190 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay.
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

(1-14) Briefly give a biography of Edward King. (15-49) Name the two fountains of poetic inspiration. Explain "*my* destined urn." (23-36) These lines refer to the undergraduate days spent by Milton and King at Cambridge. "sultry horn." Leigh Hunt: "which epithet contains the heat of a summer's day." Note the thought sequence leading to the introduction of "shepherd" in (39). (50-63) Compare the allusion to Orpheus to that in *P. L.*, Book 7. 30-38. (64-84) These lines refer to the canons of poetic taste which ruled poets in the year of the composition of "*Lycidas*." It is questionable whether Edward King would have become famous as a poet. A great poet should not pander to Lydian tastes in order to gain worldly praise; in spite of historical environment, he should work out his poetic themes. (85-102) Show logical sequence in the introduction of pastoral elements. "A higher mood." In the preceding digression Milton is conscious that he has strayed beyond the strict limits of a pastoral. In a good English pastoral it is not legitimate to introduce Greek and Latin mythological characters. (103-131) The University of Cambridge is in mourning. Milton has found an opportunity for a second digression. Note that Milton, a Puritan, uses "mitred" with "locks." The passage in *P. L.*, Book 4. 188-193, throws light on (115). Explain Ruskin's definition of the broken metaphor "Blind mouths." Read his analysis of the whole digression in "*Sesame and Lilies*," §§ 20 *et seq.*, q. v. "grim wolf" and "two-handed engine": the Catholic Church and the sword of the Reformation. In order to understand how the sheep were foolishly entranced by lean and flashy pastoral (ministerial) music, the pupil should know the history of England from 1636-1641; he should realise that "*Lycidas*" was published in the memorable year of 1638, wherein, on the twenty-seventh of February, the National Covenant met in Grey Friars Churchyard, Edinburgh. Morley, in his "*Life of Cromwell*," says, "It is in this National Covenant of 1638 that we find ourselves at

the heart and central fire of militant Puritanism of the seventeenth century." Likewise, it may be said of this classical pastoral that we are at the heart and central fire of poetic Puritanism in the seventeenth century. (132-164) Explain "the dread voice." Here Milton artistically returns from his digression to the unity of his pastoral. Give a brief biography of the Sicilian Muse. Ascertain the reason for invoking Alpheus and Theocritus. Comment on Ruskin's classification of (142-148), in "Modern Painters" II. Pt. III. Chap. III. (165-193) Observe how religion again sways the poem. The poem ends in truly pastoral style. In what way does music referred to in "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" throw light on (189)? In his second digression Milton portrays most emotional power in the elegy, and this is not surprising. Name the great monodies in English poetry, and state by whom these have been written. What elegies seem to be outpourings of genuine grief, and which is best from this point of view? What English elegiac writers have been lukewarm in expressing sorrow? In spite of Milton's contempt for the Cavalier poets, where does he seem to write in a light lyrical vein, characteristic of Herrick? Is the love of nature here depicted as strong as in "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso"? Where, in the monody, is the subject matter that changes for all time his poetry? Explain the metrical structure of the Ottava Rima which ends the elegy. In Samuel Johnson's "Life of Milton" read the strictures on "Lycidas." Put over against Johnson's adverse criticism this opinion of Tennyson's that "Lycidas" is "a test of any reader's poetic instinct."

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIÉDMONT

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our father's worshiped stocks and stones,
 5 Forget not : in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 10 To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow

O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

Note the enveloping action which caused the writing of this sonnet. Classify the many kinds of sonnet. Fully analyse the Miltonic form. Read Wordsworth's estimation of this variety in his extempore sonnet, composed in a short walk on the western side of Rydal Lake, entitled "Scorn not the Sonnet." How does the Miltonic differ from the Shakesperian and the modern, contemporary sonnet? In regard to the excellence of sonnet form of verse, read Rossetti's "The Sonnet" and Theodore Watts' "The Sonnet's Voice."

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 5 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide,
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 10 Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
 Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

From the meekness of disposition in these lines, can it be imagined that Milton had been violent in quarrel with Mary Powell, that he had smitten Salmasius to death in "Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio," and that perhaps at the very moment of writing this sonnet he had abused his little children?

The Restoration Period

1660-1688

JOHN DRYDEN

1631-1700

The versification, of which he had learned the art by long practice, is excellent, but his haste has led him to fill out the measure of lines with phrases that add only to dilute, and thus the clearest, the most direct, the most manly versifier of his time became, without meaning it, the source (*fons et origo malorum*) of that poetic diction from which our poetry has not even yet recovered. — *James Russell Lowell.*

Optional Poems

Absalom And Achitophel.

Mac Flecknoe.

To The Memory Of Mrs. Anne Killigrew.

A Song For St. Cecilia's Day.

Under Mr. Milton's Picture Before His Paradise Lost.

Paraphrase Of Horace. Book I. Ode 29.

Phrases

A fiery soul, which working out its way,

Fretted the pigmy body to decay. . . .

Great wits are sure to madness near allied. . . .

Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong ;

Was everything by starts, and nothing long. . . .

— *Absalom And Achitophel.*

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow ;
 He who would search for pearls, must dive below.

— *Prologue. All For Love; Or, The World Well Lost.*

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son :
 Aloft, in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 5 On his imperial throne ;
 His valiant peers were placed around ;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :
 (So should desert in arms be crowned.)
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 10 Sate like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 15 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 20 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
 25 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed ;
 And while he sought her snowy breast,

Then round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the ✓
 world.

30 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity, they shout around ;
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 35 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.

40 The jolly god in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
 Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face :
 Now, give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.
 45 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
 Rich the treasure,
 50 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
 the slain.

55 The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;

And, while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse,
 60 Soft pity to infuse ;
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 65 And weltering in his blood ;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed ;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 70 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below :
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

75 The mighty master smiled, to see
 That love was in the next degree ;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 80 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble :
 Honour but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 85 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying :
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 90 So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 95 Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 100 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark ! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head ;
 As awaked from the dead,
 105 And, amazed, he stares around.
 ‘ Revenge, revenge ! ’ Timotheus cries ;
 ‘ See the Furies arise ;
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 110 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 115 Inglorious on the plain :
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 120 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.’

The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 125 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

 Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 130 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 135 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown :
 140 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.

(1-51) Consult Benjamin Ide Wheeler's "Life of Alexander the Great" to ascertain the prominent traits in Alexander's character. Note the various metres. Comment on Timotheus' tact in touching the lyre in praise of Jove, and then quickly touching it in praise of Bacchus. Alexander killed his dearest friend Clitus at Samarkand in Sogdiana. (52-74) Observe the logical connection between these lines and (38-51). Comment on the fate of Darius, in its moving Alexander to tears. (75-97) These lines are in proper continuity to (52-74). Note how the measures are made to sound voluptuousness. Observe that in the contemplation of Thais, Alexander is in pain. Scan (91-97). (98-125) These lines are in unity of development to the emotion expressed in (75-97). Note the parallelism between Thais and Helen. Persepolis is the scene of the poem. Scan (118-122). (126-141)

Analyse fine dexterous and felicitous phrases throughout the poem. This ode has not become popular by reason of lofty thought, but by reason of melodic diction. This ode has been satisfactorily criticised by John Henry Newman, when he says, "Dryden's 'Alexander's Feast' is a magnificent composition, and has high poetical beauties; but to a refined judgment there is something intrinsically unpoetical in the end to which it is devoted, the praises of revel and sensuality."

The Augustan Age;
Or,
The Classical School Of Queen Anne
1688-1744

Classical writing presents to us conceptions calmly realized in words that exactly define them, conceptions depending for their attraction not on their halo, but on themselves.—*Sidney Colvin.*

ALEXANDER POPE

1688-1744

Johnson was guilty of no Byronic extravagance, when he told Boswell that "a thousand years may elapse before there shall appear another man with a power of versification equal to that of Pope."—*A. W. Ward.*

Optional Poems

The Dying Christian To His Soul.
Essay On Criticism.
The Rape Of The Lock.
Elegy To The Memory Of An Unfortunate Lady.
Eloisa To Abelard.

Phrases

Those oft are stratagems which error seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride. . . .

Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend, and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing ;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.

True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd. . . .

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold ;
 Alike fantastic, if too new, or old :
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
 But always think the last opinion right.

To err is human, to forgive, divine.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

Nay, fly to altars ; there they'll talk you dead :
 For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.

— *Essay On Criticism.*

Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead. . . .

If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate !

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

— *The Rape Of The Lock.*

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot !
The world forgetting, by the world forgot. . . .

— *Eloisa To Abelard.*

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul. . . .

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of Mankind is Man.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Order is Heav'n's first law. . . .

Honour and shame from no Condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

An honest Man's the noblest work of God.

If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind. . . .

— *Essay On Man.*

Who shall decide, when Doctors disagree. . . .

— *Moral Essays, Epistle III.*

Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic March, and Energy divine.

Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.

— *Imitations Of Horace, Epistle I. To Augustus.*

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT

(125-214)

- 125 Why did I write? What sin to me unknown
 Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
 I left no calling for this idle trade,
- 130 No duty broke, no father disobey'd.
 The Muse but served to ease some friend, not Wife,
 To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,
 To second, Arbuthnot! thy Art and Care,
 And teach the Being you preserv'd to bear.
- 135 By why then publish? *Granville* the polite,
 And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;
 Well-natur'd *Garth*, inflam'd with early praise;
 And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
 The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield*, read;
- 140 Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head,
 And *St. John's* self, (great *Dryden's* friends before)
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
 Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
- 145 From these the world will judge of men and books;
 Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons* and *Cookes*.
 Soft were my numbers; who could take offence,
 While pure Description held the place of Sense?
 Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
- 150 A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
 Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;—
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still.
 Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
 I never answer'd, — I was not in debt.

- 155 If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
 I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.
 Did some more sober Critic come abroad ;
 If wrong, I smil'd ; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
- 160 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
 Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
 From slashing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds* :
- 165 Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
 Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
 Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
 Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespeare's* name.
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
- 170 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there.
 Were others angry : I excus'd them too ;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
- 175 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ;
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify ? for who can *guess* ?
 The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
- 180 Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown,
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year ;
 He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :
- 185 And He, who now to sense, now nonsense, leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :
 And He whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not Poetry, but prose run mad :

All these, my modest Satire bade *translate*,
 190 And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*.
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe !
 And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! but were there One whose fires
 True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires ;
 195 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 200 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer, —
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 205 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;
 Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
 210 And sit attentive to his own applause ;
 While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise : —
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ?

(125-134) At the age of thirteen Pope had written a long epic, "Alcander." His father helped him in the polishing of his verses, but was not willing to have him take up literature as a profession. Pope's lady friends were Lady Wortley Montagu, Teresa and Martha Blount. In (132) the pathos of Pope's life is revealed. *Arbuthnot, John*. A court physician belonging to the Scribblers Club, who with Swift participated in literature and politics. (135-146) *Granville*. A nobleman who modeled his poetry after that of Waller's. *Walsh*. A critic who had

pronounced judgment of merit on Pope's "Pastorals." *Garth*. A doctor, author of "The Dispensary," an early friend of Pope. *Congreve*. A fine dramatist of the Orange period, whose felicitous phrase "Music has charms to soothe a savage breast," is not forgotten. *Talbot*. Duke of Shrewsbury. *Somers*. Lord Keeper under William III. *Sheffield*. Duke of Buckingham, whose "Essay on Poetry" Pope had greatly admired. *Rochester*. Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. *St. John's*. Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, at one time a patron of poets. *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, *Cookes*. Authors of scandalous history. Cooke wrote "The Battle of Poets," wherein Swift and Pope were defeated by inferior poets. (147-192) Line (150) characterises Pope's style in the "Rape of the Lock" and in "Windsor Forest." *Gildon*. One who scurrilously attacked Pope in a pamphlet life of William Wycherley, the Restoration writer of coarse comedies. *Dennis, John*. An author who was antagonistic to Pope, because he had been adversely criticised in the "Essay on Criticism." *Mint*. According to Warburton, "a place where congregated a band of insolvent debtors, who mutually benefited each other against their creditors." *Bentley*. Dr. Richard Bentley, who edited "Paradise Lost." *Tibald*. Lewis Theobald, the original hero of the "Dunciad" and editor of Shakespere, who found much fault with Pope's edition of the immortal bard. (180) Ambrose Phillips, a writer of pastorals, who translated the "Persian Tales." (190) *Tate*, *Nahum*. A writer who altered "King Lear," and almost ruined "Absalom and Achitophel" by attempting to finish it. (193-214) In 1711, the two coteries of literary men were presided over by Swift on the Tory side and by Addison on the Whig. Pope found favour with the latter, for Addison was loud in his praises of the "Essay on Criticism," though he thought Pope had been too severe with Dennis and Blackmore.

This defence of Dennis wounded the dwarf, and the cicatrice while still raw was irritated by Addison's censure of the addition of the Rosicrucian machinery of gnomes and sprites to "The Rape of the Lock." Cautiously he waited, drinking tea with more stratagem and sharpening his poisonous darts for the destruction of this giant crane. Finally the chance for a petty soul to get revenge came, when Addison pronounced his friend Tickell's edition of the Iliad, Book I, a better translation than that of Pope's. In a letter written July 15, 1715, to Secretary Craggs, Pope vented his spleen concerning the perfidy of Atticus. The quarrel should have been ended at this time, but the smallness of his disposition treasured hatred through the years until in 1735 he revised his invective for the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," which is monumental

to his fame as a poet and to his shame as a man. It is the finest example of the literary heartlessness of the eighteenth century extant.

Pope is a second-rate poet because he could not create a dynamic phrase, and also by reason of the animus of hatred which brought into existence his best poetry — the poetry of satire.

Discuss Prof. Charles F. Johnson's criticism of (193-214): We cannot conceive of Shakespeare writing in such a vein, nor Wordsworth, nor Scott, nor Longfellow, nor Lowell, when "their singing robes were on." p. 267, "Elements of Literary Criticism." Has Pope portrayed any of Addison's faults that were real? What is Macaulay's opinion of the quarrel between Addison and Pope expressed in his essay on Addison? Name the great diatribes or satires in English poetry. Define the heroic couplet, and comment on its use. In this excerpt, analyse the best dexterous phrases.

WILLIAM COLLINS

1721-1759

Collins had twenty times the lyric genius of Gray; we feel his fire in our cheeks. — *Mrs. E. B. Browning.*

Optional Poems

How Sleep The Brave —
The Passions. An Ode For Music.
Dirge In Cymbeline.

Phrases

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed!

ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

5 O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
10 With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds,
His small but sullen horn,

- As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
15 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some softened strain,
- Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May, not unseemly, with its stillness suit,
 As, musing slow, I hail
20 Thy genial loved return !
- For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant hours, and elves
 Who slept in flowers the day,
- 25 And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
 The pensive pleasures sweet
 Prepare thy shadowy car :
- Then leap, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
30 Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
 Or upland fallows grey
 Reflect its last cool gleam.
- But when chill blustering winds or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
35 That from the mountain's side,
 Views wilds, and swelling flood,
- And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires ;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
40 The gradual dusky veil.

While spring shall pour his showers as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest eve!

While summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

- 45 While fallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
50 Shall fancy, friendship, science, rose-lipped health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name!

(1-28) The metrical structure of an ode is usually irregular. Classify the metre of this ode. By the "Faërie Queene" or "Lycidas" explain "oaten stop." (16) Is "softened strain" copied from "Il Penseroso," where music ushers in the evening? (29-40) What reminiscences of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" are present in imagery? (41-52) "the sylvan shed." Explain this phrase by "Il Penseroso." Detect the subdued touches of romanticism in this ode.

THOMAS GRAY

1716-1771

He is the scantiest and frailest of classics in our poetry, but he is a classic. —
Matthew Arnold.

Optional Poems

Ode To Spring.

On Mr. Walpole's Cat.

Ode On Adversity.

Ode On A Distant Prospect Of Eton College.

The Bard.

The Progress Of Poesy.

Phrases

. . . and snatch a fearful joy. — *Ode On Eton College.*

. . . where ignorance is bliss,

'Tis folly to be wise. — *Ode On Eton College.*

We frolic while 'tis May. — *Ode To Spring.*

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

5 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
10 The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
15 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
20 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

25 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
30 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
35 Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
40 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

45 Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
50 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
55 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
60 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

65 Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
70 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
75 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
80 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

85 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
90 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 95 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 100 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

105 ' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

' One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
 110 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

' The next, with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :—
 115 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown :
 Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
 120 And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
 He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

125 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 ('There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

(1-28) What imagery is familiar by comparison to "Il Penseroso"? What "L'Allegro" nature pictures can no more be appreciated by the dead villagers? (21-24) Note the "true pathos and sublime of human life," which is as old as when Ulysses sought Penelope. (29-52) Under what circumstances did General Wolfe quote lines from this elegy; and how did these lines illustrate dramatic fore-shadowing? What "Il Penseroso" phrase explains "storied urn"? (53-56) In what previously read poem has this thought been analysed? Cf. Pope's "Rape of the Lock," Canto IV. 154-158, and Emerson's "Rhodora." If Dr. Samuel Johnson had written the first draft of (57-60), would he, like Gray, have changed Cato to Hampden, Tully to Milton, and Cæsar to Cromwell? Did Gray make this change in his proper nouns because of romanticism? Comment on non-classicism elsewhere noticeable in the elegy. (93-128) Observe Gray's custom at Stoke-Pogis. What quatrain contains strong reminiscences of "Il Penseroso"? That Gray should have rejected after (116) as parenthetical the stanza,

" There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
 By hands unseen, are showers of violets found ;
 The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground,"

shows what characteristic trait of his genius? Dr. Samuel Johnson claimed the "Elegy" to be full of platitudes on life and death. State your opinion. What are the finest felicitous phrases?

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

1728-1774

Nullum ferè scribendi genus non tetigit; nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.—
Samuel Johnson.

Kindness and gentleness are never out of fashion; it is these in Goldsmith
which make him our contemporary.— *W. D. Howells.*

Optional Poems

The Traveller.

The Hermit.

Elegy On Death Of A Mad Dog.

Phrases

Man wants but little here below,

Nor wants that little long.

And what is friendship but a name. . . .

The modern fair one's jest. . . . — *The Hermit.***THE DESERTED VILLAGE**

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;

Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,

And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd :

5 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,

Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,

How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,

Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!

How often have I paus'd on every charm,

10 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,

- The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!
- 15 How often have I blest the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
- 20 The young contending as the old survey'd;
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
- 25 The dancing pair that simply sought renown
 By holding out to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
- 30 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:
 These were thy charms, but all these charms are fled.
- 35 Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
- 40 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;

45 Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries ;
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;
 And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 50 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

 Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made :

55 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

 A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man ;
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,

60 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more :
 His best companions, innocence and health ;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

 But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;

65 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
 And every want to opulence allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.

 These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,

70 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

75 Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,

- And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 80 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
 In all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
 85 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 90 Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
 And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 95 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return — and die at home at last.
 O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine !
 How happy he who crowns in shades like these
 100 A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
 105 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
 Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
 110 While resignation gently slopes the way ;
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past !

- Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
- 115 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
- 120 The playful children just let loose from school,
 The watch-dogs voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ; —
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
- 125 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
- 130 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring :
 She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
- 135 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain !
 Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild ;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
- 140 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place ;
- 145 Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 150 He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain:
 The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
 155 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire and talk'd the night away,
 Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 — 160 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
 165 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 170 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
 The reverend champion stood; at his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 175 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 180 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

- The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
- 185 His ready smile a parent's warmth express :
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress :
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven :
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
- 190 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
- Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
- 195 There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school.
 A man severe he was and stern to view ;
 I knew him well and every truant knew :
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
- 200 The day's disasters in his morning face ;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
- 205 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.
 The village all declar'd how much he knew :
 'Twas certain he could write and cipher too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
- 210 And even the story ran that he could gauge.
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;

- 215 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame; the very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
220 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
- 225 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place:
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
230 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
- 235 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.
Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
240 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
- 245 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
 250 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
 Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
 255 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway,
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 260 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd —
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.
 265 Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 ' Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and an happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 270 And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around;
 Yet count our gains; this wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 275 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 280 Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green:

- Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies ;
 285 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure, all
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.
 As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slight's every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 290 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When timé advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.
 295 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd :
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
 But verging to decline, its splendours rise ;
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise :
 While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
 300 The mournful peasant leads his humble band,
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms — a garden, and a grave.
 Where then, ah ! where, shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
 305 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.
 If to the city sped — what waits him there ?
 310 To see profusion that he must not share ;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
 To pamper luxury and thin mankind ;
 To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
 315 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;

- Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There, the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign
- 320 Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train :
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !
- 325 Are these thy serious thoughts ?— Ah, turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
- 330 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn :
 Now lost to all, — her friends, her virtue fled, —
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
 With heavy heart deploras that luckless hour,
- 335 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.
 Do thine, sweet Auburn, — thine the loveliest train,—
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
- 340 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.
 Ah no ! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
- 345 Far different there from all that charm'd before
 The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
 Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
- 350 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;

- Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
 355 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murderous still than they ;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from every former scene,
 360 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.
 Good Heaven ! What sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
 That call'd them from their native walks away ;
 365 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round the bowers and fondly look'd their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main,
 And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
 370 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
 The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
 375 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 380 And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

- 385 O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchange'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
390 Boast of a florid vigour not their own:
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
- 395 Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
400 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
405 And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
410 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
415 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,

Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
 420 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of the inclement clime ;
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain ;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
 425 Teach him, that states of native strength possest,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 430 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

(1-82) In Goldsmith's treatment of his pastoral, what "L'Allegro" imagery is recalled? In Dr. Samuel Johnson's "London," written in 1738, is found the original of (51-52): "Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd." (83-96) Goldsmith is true to life in asserting that he longs for death amid the scenes of his childhood. Cf. Irving's close to his "Stratford-On-Avon": "He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favor, will find after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause, so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honor among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood." (97-112) What previously read poem interprets this passage? (113-136) Comment on the imagery used in common by Milton, Collins, Gray, and Goldsmith, in describing an evening, and note what poet's imagery is the best. Goldsmith's "wretched matron" is not an imaginary character. Cf. Wordsworth's characters Goody Blake and the leech-gatherer. (137-192) Goldsmith intended the village preacher to be a portrayal of his father. Cf. Chaucer's "Poure Persoun" and Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." Observe the fine simile which indicates the curate's position in the moral and the material world of Auburn. Describe the cliffs, the heights of which are conveyed by words, in "Hamlet," Act I. 4, "King Lear," Act IV. 6, and Shelley's

"Cenci," Act III. 1. (193-216) The original schoolmaster was Paddy Byrne. (217-430) Note the line which shows Goldsmith's poverty. Dr. Samuel Johnson on hearing of the death of Goldsmith said, "Was ever poet so trusted before?" Goldsmith died £2,000 in debt. The seven deadly sins are left behind by the exiles. Six virtues they take with them. According to Goldsmith, note the function of poetry. Usually the didactical element in a pastoral detracts from its merits. Observe that the poet is sensitive to pain and melancholy in almost every line of the poem. Analyse some of the felicitous phrases. Where does the heroic couplet verse at times convey conceptions that do not belong to classicism but to romanticism?

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO FOLLY

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy?
 What art can wash her guilt away?

5 The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom, is — to die.

I said, "Do you like Goldsmith's 'When lovely woman stoops to folly'?" And he replied: "I love it." — *Locker-Lampson to Tennyson, as related in Memoirs, II. 73.*

The Georgian Era

1744-1832

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL

The poets of romanticism are those who present conceptions not calmly realised, but such as depend on their halo for their attraction,—the halo consisting of four primitive colours: love for God, love for nature, love for man, and love for animals. The blending of these four colours in English poetry is accomplished by means of the elements of mystery and aspiration, which, according to Prof. H. A. Beers, are quite lacking in the classical school.

WILLIAM COWPER

1731-1800

Cowper is a domestic poet, although he was neither a husband nor a father; he is the poet of his own home, the private life of which was sweetly attuned to actions of integrity; he is the poet of the thicket which was visible at the farther end of the garden, or of the chimney nook.—*Sainte-Beuve*.

Optional Poems

To Mary.

John Gilpin.

On The Loss Of The Royal George.

The Castaway.

Phrases

God made the country, and man made the town. . . .

— *The Task, Book I.*

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,

Some boundless contiguity of shade. . . .

— *The Task, Book II.*

. . . the cups
That cheer but not inebriate. . .

— *The Task, Book IV.*

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much ;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

— *The Task, Book VI.*

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless when it goes as when it stands. — *Retirement.*

THE POPLAR FIELD

The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade ;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

5 Twelve years have elapsed, since I last took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew ;
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade.

The black bird has fled to another retreat,
10 Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
And the scene where his melody charmed me before,
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hastening away,
And I must ere long lie lowly as they,
15 With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys ;
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures we see,
20 Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

(4) "Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives." Cf. "The Task,"
Book I.:

"Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our favorite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut. . . ."

Scan (7) and compare with (1) and (2). Where, before, has such metre been presented? F. J. Palgrave in personal recollection affirms that Tennyson, after reading Cowper's "Poplar Field," said: "People nowadays, I believe, hold this style and metre light: I wish there were any who could put words together with such exquisite flow and evenness." The poem "The Poplar Field" was published in 1785, the year in which Cowper thought it fitting to tell his friends about his literary retreat, the Boudoir, where, undisturbed by visitors, he could gaze out of the door on a garden full of roses, pinks, and honeysuckles, and out of a window on the orchard of his neighbor. The poems written on the table of his little summer-house partake of the charm of "Poplar Field"; they vibrate to a breeze which comes from across the Ouse, where are groves, grapevine hedges, heaths, smoky villages, square towers, and tall spires from which comes undulating the sound of church bells.

THE ROSE

The rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed,
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

5 The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seemed, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
10 For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapped it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
 Some act by the delicate mind,
 15 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
 Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
 Might have bloomed with its owner a while ;
 And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
 20 May be followed perhaps by a smile.

(1-20) Mary is Mrs. Unwin, who made Cowper a poet ; Anna is Lady Austen, who made him popular as a poet. Note the allegorical signification of the stem-broken weeping rose. Analyse the fine felicitous phrase. Scan (17-20). Sainte-Beuve, in his essay on Cowper in "Causeries du Lundi," in analysis of this poem says: "This delightful little poem tells everything of the pure joy and the pathos existing between Cowper and these two women, of their transient and ephemeral union, and of the rose which was accidentally broken before one could present it to the other."

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK

Oh that those lips had language ! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
 5 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !'
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blessed be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 10 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !

- Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
15 I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
20 A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother ! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then life's journey just begun ?
25 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss :
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah, that maternal smile ! It answers — Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
30 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ? — It was. — Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
35 The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
40 By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot ;
45 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot,

- Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 50 Delighted with my bauble coach and wrapped
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession ! but the record fair
 55 That memory keeps, of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
 60 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit or confectionery plum ;
 The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed ;
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 65 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and brakes
 That humour interposed too often makes ;
 All this still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 70 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.
 Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
 75 When playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I pricked them into paper with a pin
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile.)

- 80 Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart — the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might. —
But no — what here we call our life is such
- 85 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
- 90 Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
- 95 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar."
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since hast anchored by thy side.
- 100 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed —
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest tost,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
- 105 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, Oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
- 110 But higher far my proud pretensions rise —
The son of parents passed into the skies!
And now, farewell — Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.

By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 115 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine:
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 120 Time has but half succeeded in his theft —
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

(1-20) What line is a note from "L'Allegro"? (21-45) Cowper does not claim too much by the felicitous phrase (40-41). (46-73) Cowper in his portrayal of an eighteenth century mother shows that mothers never change. Note the word in (71) which belongs to the classical school. (74-87) Does Cowper use his flowers as Milton in "Lycidas"? (88-121) Note the Miltonic roll of rhythm and sentence structure in (100-105). Cf. P. L. Book II. 1043-44:

"And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
 Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn."

Classify the phrases in the poem. Tennyson's lines are applicable to Cowper:

"How pure at heart and sound in head,
 With what divine affections bold
 Should be the man whose thought would hold
 An hour's communion with the dead."

— *In Memoriam XCIV.*

And once when I asked him for the "Lines on my Mother's Portrait," his voice faltered as he said, if I wished it; but he knew he should break down. — *Palgrave in conversation with Tennyson, Memoirs II. 501.*

In what lines would Tennyson have broken down?
 Read Mrs. Browning's "Cowper's Grave."

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757-1827

He possessed in a rare degree the secret by which the loveliness of a scene can be arrested and registered in a line of verse, and he often displays a faultless choice of language, and the finest sense of poetic melody. — *Comyns Carr.*

Optional Poems

The Garden Of Love.
 To The Muses.
 To The Evening Star.
 Night.
 On Another's Sorrow.
 The Lamb.
 Piping Down The Valleys Wild—
 Ah, Sunflower !

THE TIGER

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

5 In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
 On what wings dare he aspire ?
 What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder, and what art,
 10 Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand ? and what dread feet ?

What the hammer? what the chain?
 In what furnace was thy brain?
 5 What the anvil? what dread grasp
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
 And watered heaven with their tears,
 Did He smile His work to see?
 20 Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Observe the perplexing questions which are asked of Providence. Is nature quite unethical; is the tiger neither just nor unjust?

The leopard follows his nature as the lamb does, and acts after the leopard law; she can neither help her beauty nor her courage, nor her cruelty; nor a single spot on her shining coat; nor the conquering spirit which impels her; nor the shot which brings her down. — *Thackeray in Henry Esmond.*

In "The Tempest" Shakespere shows that he who made an Ariel made a Caliban, and that he who made a Prospero made an Antonio. Contrast the poem with "The Lamb."

ROBERT BURNS

1759-1796

We arrive best at the real estimate of Burns, I think, by conceiving his work as having truth of matter and truth of manner, but not the accent or the poetic virtue of the highest masters. — *Matthew Arnold.*

Optional Poems

A Winter Night.
 To Mary In Heaven.
 Duncan Gray.
 Bannockburn.
 Hark ! The Mavis —
 For A' That An' A' That.
 I Love My Jean.
 Auld Lang Syne.
 Afton Water.
 A Red, Red Rose.
 O Wert Thou In The Cauld Blast —

Phrases

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
 To see oursels as others see us! — *To A Louse.*

To make a happy fireside clime
 To weans and wife,
 That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life. — *To Dr. Blacklock.*

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

— *A Man's A Man For A' That.*

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short but simple annals of the poor. — *Gray*.

- My loved, my honoured, much respected friend !
 No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :
- 5 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.
- 10 November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose ;
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes, —
- 15 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.
- At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 20 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher thro',
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
- 25 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun';
 30 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
 35 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers :
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet,
 40 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears ;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years,
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
 45 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The younkens a' are warned to obey ;
 And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play :
 50 'And, oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
 And mind your duty, duly morn and night !
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might :
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright !'

55 But, hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neibor lad came o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame

60 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;
 Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleased the mother hears, it's nae wild worthless
 rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben ;
 65 A strappan youth ; he takes the mother's eye ;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But, blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 70 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave ;
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

Oh happy love ! where love like this is found !
 O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
 75 I've paced much this weary mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare —
 ' If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 80 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening
 gale !'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 85 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
 Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
 90 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild.

- But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food :
 The sowpe their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood ;
 95 The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell,
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.
- 100 The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride :
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 105 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And ' Let us worship God ! ' he says, with solemn air.
- They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 110 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
 Perhaps ' Dundee's ' wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive ' Martyrs,' worthy of the name ;
 Or noble ' Elgin ' beets the heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 115 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.
- The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
 120 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie

Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
125 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
130 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head :
How His first followers and servants sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
135 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days :
140 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

145 Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart !
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
150 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;
And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
 155 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
 160 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them, and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
 165 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings ;
 ' An honest man's the noblest work of God ' :
 And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
 What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
 170 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 175 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 180 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.

O Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide
 That streamed thro' Wallace's undaunted heart ;
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 185 (The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art

His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert ;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

(1-72) This poem shows "the true pathos and sublime | Of human life." In the *Odyssey*, Ulysses says to Nausicaa, "There is neither anything better nor more beautiful than a man and a woman inhabiting a home, making it one by the heart." What poem previously read has given Burns the formal unity of his poem? Classify the poetical imagery of Milton, Gray, and Goldsmith's, that is present in the poem. (73-81) Burns' "sage experience" never possessed "wisdom's root." His father was the prototype of the sire who "reads the sacred page." The worship at the "ingle" is an imitation of service in the Covenanter Church. (165) What similar sentiment has been expressed in "The Deserted Village"? What poem was written at Dumfries that shows "the prophetic soul | Of the wide world dreaming on things to come," and which has for its theme (166) "An honest man's the noblest work of God"? Note Burns' admiration for Pope. Note the form of verse in which the poem is written, and the stanzas which are faultily constructed. Compare this poem in theme with Whittier's "Snowbound." Consult a glossary of Lowland Scotch for the dialect words.

TO A MOUSE

On Turning Her Up In Her Nest With The Plough, November, 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie !
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle !
 5 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle !
 I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,
 10 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve ;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live !
 15 A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request :
 I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
 And never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 20 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin !
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green !
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell an' keen !

25 Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 An' weary winter comin' fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash! the cruel coulter past,
 30 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
 Hast cost thee mony a weary nibble !
 Now thou 's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 35 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 40 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 45 But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

(1-48) The tragical occurrences at Mossgiel had developed a sympathetic nature in Burns. Observe where Burns is gifted with prophecy. This poem is an example of one phase of the romantic school.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

On Turning One Down With The Plough, In April, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem.
 5 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie Lark, companion meet!
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
 10 Wi' spreckl'd breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 15 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
 20 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

25 There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 30 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
 By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 35 Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
 Unskilful he to note the card
 40 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 45 By human pride or cunning driven
 To mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 50 That fate is thine — no distant date ;
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom !

(1-54) Compare Bryant's treatment of his fringed gentian and Emerson's treatment of his rhodora with Burns' treatment of his daisy. A tragical prophetic strain is noticeable, and reasons may be found in the life of Burns for such. (37-42) Cf. Pope, *Essay On Man* :

"On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale."

For a fine appreciation of this poem, read Wordsworth's "Mossgiel Farm."

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;
 5 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw ;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 10 We clamb the hill thegither ;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither :
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

Burns, with high seriousness, has again sounded the true pathos of human life.

HIGHLAND MARY

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 5 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 10 How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 15 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 20 We tore oursels asunder;
 But Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

25 O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!

And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,
 That dwelt on me sae kindly ;
 And mouldering now in silent dust,
 30 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's core,
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

Where was this poem written, and what caused him to write it? What was the actual romance of his parting from Mary? In this passionate outburst of grief there is genuine feeling. Cf. "To Mary In Heaven," which he had written three years earlier.

THE BANKS OF DOON

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care !
 5 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed, never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
 10 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvè,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree :
 15 And my fause luvè staw my rose,
 But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

What occasioned the composition of this lyric? Compare this third version with the one originally struck off, and with the second.

FAREWELL TO NANCY

Ae fond kiss and then we sever ;
 Ae fareweel, and then for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 5 Who shall say that fortune grieves him
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 10 Naething could resist my Nancy :
 But to see her was to love her ;
 Love but her and love for ever.
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 15 Never met — or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 20 Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure !
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever :
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

What occasioned this poem? What lines are selected by Matthew Arnold to illustrate his definition of poetry as "a criticism of life"? Arnold is correct in judging the rest of the poem a jumble of nonsense.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE, AND CANTIE WI' MAIR

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I fogaither wi' sorrow and care,
 I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin alang,
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

5 I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought ;
 But man is a soger, and life is a faught :
 My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 10 A night o' good fellowship sowthers it a' :
 When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past ?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way ;
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae :
 15 Come ease, or come travail ; come pleasure or pain,
 My warst word is — " Welcome, and welcome again ! "

In its bearing on his past life Burns thought that this poem was an exact portrait of his mind. This poem is an explanation of Swift's motto "Vive la Bagatelle." Compare this view of life to that expressed in Byron's "To Thomas Moore":

" Here's a sigh to those who love me,
 And a smile to those who hate ;
 And whatever sky's above me,
 Here's a heart for every fate."

TAM O' SHANTER

- When chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak the gate ;
- 5 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An' getting fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
- 10 Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
 This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
- 15 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men, and bonny lasses.)
 O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
- 20 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
- 25 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
- 30 Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

- Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
 To think how mony counsels sweet,
 35 How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!
 But to our tale: Ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco right;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 40 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 45 The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
 And ay the ale was growing better:
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
 The souter tauld his queerest stories:
 50 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.
 Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy:
 55 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!
 But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 60 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snow-falls in the river,
 A moment white — then melts for ever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 65 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm. —

- Nae man can tether time or tide ;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 70 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
 And sic a night he taks the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
 The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;
 75 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd :
 That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.
 Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
 80 A better never lifted leg,
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet ;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;
 85 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares ;
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. —
 By this time he was cross the ford,
 90 Where in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd ;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane ;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;
 95 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. —
 Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 100 Near and more near the thunders roll :

- When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing ;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing. —
- 105 Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil !
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
- 110 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light ;
 And vow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
- 115 Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
 Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
- 120 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
 A towzie tyke, bläck, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge :
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. —
- 125 Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
 And by some devilish cantrip slight —
 Each in its cauld hand held a light, —
 By which heroic Tam was able
- 130 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;
 A thief, new-cutted frae the rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;

- 135 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted ;
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted ;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 140 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.
 As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
 145 The piper loud and louder blew ;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 150 And linket at it in her sark !
 Now Tam, O Tam ! had thae been queans,
 A' plump and strapping in their teens !
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flainen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen ! —
 155 Thir breeks o mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !
 But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 160 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
 Louping an' flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.
 But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and waulie,
 165 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore ;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonny boat,

- And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 170 And kept the country-side in fear,)
- Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie. —
- 175 Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever grac'd a dance o' witches!
- But here my muse her wing maun cour;
- 180 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was, and strang,)
- And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd;
- 185 Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
- 190 And in an instant all was dark:
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.
- As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke,
- 195 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
- 200 Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.
 Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!

- In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin !
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
 205 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane o' the brig :
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 210 The fient a tail she had to shake !
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle —
 215 Ae spring brought off her master hale
 But left behind her ain grey tail :
 The carlin claught her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.
 Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 220 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed,
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

(1-32) In Shairp's "Burns," E. M. L., p. 121, read the testimony of the wife of Burns in regard to the poet's behaviour during poetic composition. Burns drew Tam, Souter Johnny, and "sullen dame," from real life. (33-58) Note that this storm swirling outside the tavern represents Tam's wife. Tam, ensconced by the "ingle," drinking his divine "nappy" ale, pays careless attention to the "rair and rustle" without. He seems oblivious of the ghost of his wife, who rides in her attacks on the back of a storm; but as time passes, dramatic harmony is appreciated, — the hurricane without is met by as great a tempest within the breast, when his conscience feels the home-call of his Kate. "O'er a' the ills o' life victorious" is a motto which Burns afterward obeyed in "sage experience" at the Globe tavern of Dumfries. (59-104) Observe the felicitous phrases which rise in greatness above the dialect. This is unusual in the poems

of Burns.' Detect faint traces of the midnight ride of Ichabod Crane. (105-224) "Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!" Cf. "Scotch Drink":

"Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain!"

and "Holy Fair":

"Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair
Than either school or college."

What fault may be found with Burns' treatment of the supernatural? Compare the comical elements in the poem with those presented in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Name ten rides in English and American literature and the famous rides in German poetry that have been written by Bürger and Goethe. Burns has not strongly painted a moral. Consult E. M. L. "Wordsworth," p. 149, for a criticism of "Tam o' Shanter."

A BARD'S EPITAPH

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool?—

Let him draw near;

5 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng?—

10 O, pass not by!

But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,

15 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,

Wild as the wave? —
Here pause — and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below,
20 Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name.

25 Reader, attend — whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit ;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control,
30 Is wisdom's root.

(1-12) "Who, noteless, steals the crowds among." Consult E. M. L. "Robert Burns," p. 162, for Shairp's account of the indifference of the people of Dumfries to their poet, when he appeared on the streets. (19-24) Note how justly Burns has analysed the failure of his life. (25-30) Burns is not asking sympathy at our hands; the emotion expressed in the last line forbids. This poem appeared as early as the Kilmarnock edition of 1786, and holds good in portrayal of Burns for ten years to the day of his death. Read Wordsworth's "At the Grave of Burns."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770-1850

Wordsworth's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple primary affections and duties. . . . — *Matthew Arnold*.

He seems to me, at the best on the whole the greatest English poet since Milton. — *Tennyson*.

Optional Poems

We Are Seven —
 A Poet's Epitaph.
 Michael.
 Heart-Leap Well.
 My Heart Leaps Up —
 The Leech-Gatherer.
 To A Highland Girl.
 Mossiel Farm.
 She Was A Phantom Of Delight —
 Ode To Duty.
 Laodamia.
 Character Of The Happy Warrior.
 Brougham Castle.
 Sonnet: To Sleep.

Phrases

And beauty born of murmuring sound
 Shall pass into her face. — *Three Years She Grew*.

A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
 An intellectual All-in-all! — *A Poet's Epitaph*.

The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

— *A Poet's Epitaph.*

. . . when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round. . . — *Matthew.*

The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door! — *Lucy Gray.*

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

— *Heart-Leap Well.*

The child is father of the man. . . .

— *My Heart Leaps Up* —

. . . Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride. . . .

— *The Leech-Gatherer.*

The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream. . . . — *Peele Castle.*

. . . the whole earth,
The beauty wore of promise, that which sets

.

The budding rose above the rose full blown.

— *French Revolution.*

Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love and hope,
And melancholy fear subdued by faith;
Of blessed consolations in distress;
Of moral strength and intellectual power;
Of joy in widest commonalty spread. . . . — *The Recluse.*

Strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least. . . . — *The Excursion, Book I.*

LINES

Composed A Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey, On Revisiting The Banks Of
The Wye, During A Tour. July 13, 1798.

- Five years have past ; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters ! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur. — Once again
5 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
10 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
15 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild : these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door : and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
20 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone. These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
25 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind,
30 With tranquil restoration : — feelings too

- Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
35 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
'To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
40 Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened : — that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on, —
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
45 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things. If this
50 Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft —
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart —
55 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee !
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
60 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again :
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food

- 65 For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
70 Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
75 To me was all in all. — I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
80 An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
85 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
90 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
95 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
100 A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
105 From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
110 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being. Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
For thou art with me here upon the banks
115 Of this fair river ; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend ; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
120 May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
125 From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
130 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb

Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 135 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
 And let the misty mountain-winds be free
 To blow against thee : and, in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure ; when thy mind
 140 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 145 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance —
 If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence — wilt thou then forget,
 150 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together ; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service : rather say
 With warmer love — oh ! with far deeper zeal
 155 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake !

(1-57) In the description of Wye scenery, what are the pastoral echoes of "L'Allegro"? What dynamic phrase grandly expresses the step from the conscious to the unconscious influence of nature? Cf. (35-49) to (40-44) in "Il Penseroso" in order to understand how nature may exert its third influence, the "beatifica visio" or "blessed mood." As the Wye was to Wordsworth, so the Thames might have been to Matthew Arnold, if he had been like the scholar gypsy, "on

Glanvil's page," who relieved his fever of the world by a love of nature.

"O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames."

— *The Scholar-Gypsy.*

But Arnold finds in nature only his heart's dissatisfaction caused by a lack of belief in God; in the placidity of English landscape he always finds a storm in which lightnings of his soul flash out for a purification in vain.

(58-102) Five years before the composition of this poem Wordsworth had only interpreted nature from a physical delight point of view, due to the conscious influence of nature. Now, after five years, note how he interprets the unconscious influence of nature which was audible at times conveying "The still, sad music of humanity." Observe the interpretation of nature's third, the divine influence contained in 'Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,' of which dynamic phrase Tennyson says, "The line is almost the grandest in the English language, giving the sense of the abiding in the transient." Analyse this Tennysonian tribute. (102-159) Wordsworth's sister is an example of how the three influences of nature affected the poet. Nature had made him take keen delight in the physical beauty of Dorothy; then it generated an intellectual love, and finally it begot the spiritual or soul love with which he revered his sister. Wordsworth has accurately described his gypsy Dorothy of the wild eyes and stammering voice. See De Quincey, *Literary Reminiscences*, Vol. I. 270-273; 358-365. Dorothy's devotion to her brother in his pedestrian tour of England was great. According to De Quincey, he traveled 180,000 miles. Analyse the dynamic phrases in the poem.

ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
5 The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore ; —
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II

10 The Rainbow comes and goes
 And lovely is the Rose ;
 The Moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
 Waters on a starry night
 15 Are beautiful and fair ;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 20 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief :
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong :
 25 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay ;
 30 Land and Sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every Beast keep holiday ; —
 Thou Child of Joy,
 35 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 Shepherd-boy !

IV

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 40 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
 Oh evil day ! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 45 This sweet May-morning,
 And the Children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
 50 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm : —
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
 — But there's a Tree, of many, one,
 A single Field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 55 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

V

. Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 60 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 65 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !

Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 70 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 75 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 80 And even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 85 And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 90 With light upon him from his father's eyes !
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 95 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song :

Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife :
 100 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little Actor cons another part ;
 Filling from time to time his ' humorous stage '

105 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 110 Thy Soul's immensity ;
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted forever by the eternal mind, —

115 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality

120 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by ;
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke

125 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

IX

- 130 O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers,
 What was so fugitive!
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 135 Perpetual benediction: not in deed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
 140 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;
 145 Blank misgivings of a Creature
 Moving about in worlds not realised,
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
 But for those first affections,
 150 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 155 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
 To perish never;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor Man nor Boy,
 160 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!
 Hence in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
 165 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
 170 And let the young Lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound!
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 175 Feel the gladness of the May!
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now forever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
 180 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind;
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 185 Out of human suffering;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves!
 190 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
 I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.

I love the Brooks, which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they :
 195 The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
 Is lovely yet ;
 The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
 200 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

(19-36) Scan this stanza from the point of view of detecting reflective lines which form the normal metre of the ode. (37-58) The poet physically feels the "wild joys of living." While objectively nature presents such pastoral delights, note the exquisite pathos which subjectively influences Wordsworth. (59-77) Observe the use Wordsworth has made of Plato's doctrine of preëxistence. Did Plato believe that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy"? In travelling westward, the boy continually is "Nature's Priest." The heaven of infancy is the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night which always follows him until he becomes a man. (78-108) In stanza VI, nature tries to make the child forget the glories of the imperial palace. Cf. Robert Browning's "An Epistle of Karshish the Arab Physician," where Lazarus is portrayed as a man unfit for the duties of this life by reason of the three days he had spent in heaven. Wordsworth had Hartley Coleridge in mind in "A six years' Darling." In Shakespere's *A. Y. L. I.*, Act II. 7, ascertain the seven ages of man and compare with Wordsworth's ages. Cf. Pope, *Essay On Man*, II. 275-282.

Human life is Plato's *ἀνάμνησις* [remembering] and Aristotle's *μίμησις* [imitating]. (109-129) Cf. Emerson's "Sphinx," where a babe is thus described :

"Shines the peace of all being,
 Without cloud, in its eyes ;
 And the sum of the world
 In soft miniature lies."

Test the metaphor "Eye among the blind" applied to the babe. The child is haunted by the eternal mind, which has ever presented to man the unsolved riddle, or the pure allegory of the universe. (130-168) Analyse the dynamic phrase (134-135). Wordsworth thanks his past years not only for the delight, liberty, and hope they contained, but also

". . . for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,"

which were always present. Some quotations from the poets will aid in interpreting these difficult lines.

"Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shatter'd stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one."

— *In Memoriam*, LXXXII.

And this from Tennyson, when he wrote with a rapturous gleam in his eye to prove that the miracle of matter exceeds the miracle of spirit:

"Let visions of the night or of the day
Come as they will; and many a time they come,
Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,
This light that strikes his eye-ball is not light,
This air that smites his forehead is not air
But vision — yea, his very hand and foot —
In moments when he feels he cannot die,
And knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One
Who rose again. . . ." — *The Holy Grail*.

Or when Prospero, explaining the masque of the goddesses to Ferdinand, shows how much of our real world, if not all, is intangible as a dream conjured by enchantment, where Shakespere by idealism crushes all materialism:

"These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep." — *The Tempest, Act IV. 1.*

Analyse these phrases, (145-146), and (155-156) :

"Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence."

(164-165) Cf. The Passing Of Scyld in "Beowulf," the Passing Of Arthur, and Merlin's enigmatic words to Bellicent and Guinevere in Tennyson's "Idylls Of The King" :

" . . . where is he who knows ?
 From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Cf. Wordsworth's "The Excursion," Book IV. :

"I have seen
 A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell :
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
 Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon
 Brightened with joy ; for from within were heard
 Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
 Mysterious union with its native sea.
 Even such a shell the universe itself
 Is to the ear of Faith ; and there are times,
 I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
 Authentic tidings of invisible things ;
 Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power ;
 And central peace, subsisting at the heart
 Of endless agitation."

(169-187) Explain "the primal sympathy." Analyse (186-187).
 (188-204) In old age Wordsworth loved nature far more deeply than
 when a boy, because by means of it he could fully analyse death.

" . . . time is come round,
 And where I did begin, there shall I end. . . ."

said Shakespere of his Cassius, who had read aright his forebodings. Infancy and old age are one. Nature is ever greater in didactical power to the meditative man than to the thoughtless youth. The old man, like a child, contentedly moves with his primal sympathy toward death as to a second birth. He reads death as a birth in the setting sun. God is as great in the setting sun as in the rising sun. With the weight of years, animal delight in nature has changed to the "faculty divine," and by aid of this "light that never was on sea or land" he recognises God whose dwelling is the light of setting suns. Wordsworth again rejoices in the nature of his boyhood days which had gone with him through the tract of years to make out of itself a lasting heaven toward which he was going. Byron says:

" If from society — we learn to live
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die."

And Shakespere adds:

" . . . all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity."

Compare the last two lines of this ode with the last two in Herrick's "To Primroses Filled With Morning Dew."

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
5 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
10 More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:

A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
 15 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? —
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 20 And battles long ago:
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again?

25 Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending; —
 I listened, motionless and still;
 30 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

(1-32) Analyse the dynamic phrase which tells why the Highland lass sings with tears in her voice.

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils;
 5 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 10 Along the margin of a bay :
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
 15 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company :
 I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 20 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

(1-24) These daffodils grew along the shores of Ulleswater. Observe that Wordsworth has used the objective, analytic method in his treatment of the daffodils. What poet, previously read, has treated his daffodils by the subjective method? (21-22) These lines were written by Mrs. Wordsworth. What poem of Wordsworth's describes her? Her personal appearance and character have been well described by De Quincey in his "Literary Reminiscences," Vol. I., pp. 267-270.

SONNETS

TO MILTON

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour :
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

- 5 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart : —
- 10 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

Wordsworth has depicted English life of 1802. Classify the phrases.
 Milton's style has been accurately defined.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

- Earth has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
- 5 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
- 10 In his first splendour, valley, rock or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

Consult the diary of Miss Wordsworth, and read the entry of July 30,
 1802.

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING

- It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
 5 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea :
 Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder — everlastingly.
 Dear Child ! Dear Girl ! that walkest with me here,
 10 If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine.
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;
 And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

The beach near Calais is the scene of this sonnet, and Dorothy is his companion. Classify the great phrases, and note the way Wordsworth thought their truths appealed to his companion.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

- The world is too much with us : late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 5 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers ;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not. — Great God ! I'd rather be
 10 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn :
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Analyse the thought of the octave by (50-56) in "Tintern Abbey." England in 1806 was given over to the sordid, to the material, to high living and plain thinking. In the sestet, analyse the phrase which reveals a desire for the ancient Greek civilization, which ever worshipped the freshness of nature. This same desire is expressed at the close of Arnold's "The Scholar-Gypsy."

Coleridge, Southey, and De Quincey, lived in "Wordsworthshire." Consult Rolfe's "Select Poems of Wordsworth," look at the illustrations, and describe by aid of the map in the Addenda the scenery of Windermere, Rydal Water, Grasmere, Derwent Water, Thirlmere, and Ulleswater. Describe Greta Hall, the home of Southey and Coleridge; Allan Bank, the home of De Quincey, after 1813; and Rydal Mount, the home of Wordsworth. The pupils should read Matthew Arnold's appreciations of Wordsworth's poetry in "Memorial Verses, April, 1850," and in "The Youth Of Nature."

GEORGE GORDON BYRON

1788-1824

Along with his astounding power and passion he had a strong and deep sense for what is beautiful in nature, and for what is beautiful in human action and suffering. — *Matthew Arnold.*

Optional Poems

To D —
 To Thyrsa.
 Epistle To Augusta.
 Maid Of Athens.
 Fare Thee Well.
 When We Two Parted.
 Sonnet On Chillon.
 The Prisoner Of Chillon.
 Stanzas To The River Po.
 The Destruction Of Sennacherib.
 Ode To Napoleon Buonaparte.
 The Prophecy Of Dante.
 Darkness.
 English Bards And Scotch Reviewers.
 Childe Harold [Waterloo], Canto III. XXI-XXV.
 Ode On Venice.
 Mazeppa.

Phrases

I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.
 — *Childe Harold.*

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
 — *Childe Harold.*

Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! — *Childe Harold*.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away.
— *Childe Harold*.

And every woe a tear can claim
Except an erring sister's shame. — *The Giaour*.

Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock. — *The Giaour*.

What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye. — *The Corsair*.

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dream'd not of the rebound. . . .
— *Ode To Napoleon Buonaparte*.

Many are poets who have never penn'd. . . .
— *The Prophecy Of Dante*.

Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel. . . .
— *English Bards And Scotch Reviewers*.

Yes — one — the first — the last — the best —
The Cincinnatus of the west. . . .
— *Additional Stanzas To Napoleon Buonaparte*.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence. . . . — *Don Juan*.

. . . a small drop of ink
.
. . . makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.
— *Don Juan*.

NATURE

CHILDE HAROLD — CANTO II

XXXVII

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
 Though always changing, in her aspect mild ;
 From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
 Her never-wean'd, though not her favour'd child.
 5 Oh ! she is fairest in her features wild,
 Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path :
 To me by day or night she ever smiled,
 Though I have mark'd her when none other hath,
 And sought her more and more, and loved her best in
 wrath,

Scan and classify the metrical system. What previously read poem of Wordsworth's reveals in one great phrase the maternity of nature ?

CANTO III

XIII

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends ;
 Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home ;
 Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
 He had the passion and the power to roam :
 5 The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
 Were unto him companionship ; they spake
 A mutual language, clearer than the tome
 Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
 For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

.

XV

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing
 Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
 Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
 To whom the boundless air alone were home :
 5 Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
 As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
 His breast and beak against his wiry dome
 Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
 Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

.

LXXII

I live not in myself, but I become
 Portion of that around me : and to me
 High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
 Of human cities torture : I can see
 5 Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
 Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,
 And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

What lines in "Tintern Abbey" are filled with similar sentiment ?

.

LXXV

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
 Of me and of my soul, as I of them ?
 Is not the love of these deep in my heart
 With a pure passion ? should I not contemn
 5 All objects, if compar'd with these ? and stem
 A tide of suffering, rather than forego
 Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm

Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not
glow.

What echoes of "Tintern Abbey" are again heard? Matthew Arnold asserts that so soon as Byron reflects he is a child. Compare the philosophy contained in these stanzas to what Schopenhauer says in Book III. of "The World As Idea": "Whoever now has, after the manner referred to, become so absorbed and lost in the perception of nature that he only continues to exist as the pure knowing subject, becomes in this way directly conscious that, as such, he is the condition, that is, the supporter, of the world and all objective existence; for this now shows itself as dependent upon his existence. Thus he draws nature into himself, so that he sees it to be merely an accident of his own being."

CASCATA DEL MARMORE

CANTO IV

LXIX—LXXII

The roar of waters! — from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
5 The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung from out this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

LXX

10 And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald: — how profound

- 15 The gulf! and how the giant element
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
 Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent,
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

LXXI

- To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
 20 More like the fountain of an infant sea
 Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
 Of a new world, than only thus to be
 Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
 With many windings through the vale: — Look back!
 25 Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
 As if to sweep down all things in its track,
 Charming the eye with dread, — a matchless cataract,

LXXII

- Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
 From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
 30 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
 Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
 Its steady dyes, when all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
 35 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

I saw the "Cascata del Marmore" of Terni twice, at different periods; once from the summit of the precipice, and again from the valley below. — *Byron*. The Velino, fifty miles northeast of Rome, in three leaps covers in turbulence of waters six hundred and fifty feet. In "Tintern Abbey" is there a confession by Wordsworth that he passed through the Byronic stage, in which one gets only physical pleasure from contemplating the fiercest phenomena of nature? Analyse the finest phrase in the four stanzas. Contrast "Cascata del Marmore" with the poet's description of calm Lake Lemán, "Childe Harold," Canto III. LXXXV-XCI.

THE OCEAN

CLXXVIII—CLXXXVI

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 5 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

CLXXIX

10 Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
 Stops with the shore ; — upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 15 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

CLXXX

His steps are not upon thy paths — thy fields
 20 Are not a spoil for him — thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him shivering in thy playful spray
 25 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth : — there let him lay.

CLXXXI

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 30 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 35 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
 40 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts : — not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
 45 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

CLXXXIII

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 50 Dark-heaving ; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
 The image of Eternity — the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

CLXXXIV

- 55 And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers — they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 60 Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

CLXXXV

- My task is done — my song hath ceased — my theme
 65 Has died into an echo; it is fit
 The spell should break of this protracted dream.
 The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
 My midnight lamp — and what is writ is writ —
 Would it were worthier! but I am not now
 70 That which I have been — and my visions flit
 Less palpably before me — and the glow
 Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and low.

CLXXXVI

- Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been —
 A sound which makes us linger; — yet — farewell!
 75 Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
 Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
 A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
 A single recollection, not in vain
 He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell;
 80 Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
 If such there were — with *you*, the moral of his strain.

(1-9) As in "Tintern Abbey" show the conscious, the unconscious, and the divine influence of nature. (10-18) This is the finest apostrophe in English poetry, except Milton's

"Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!"

(55-63) In Moore's "Life of Byron," p. 172, there is an account of how Byron swam the Hellespont; and in Trelawny's "Recollections of Shelley and Byron," Ch. VI., read the interesting passage that tells of his swimming out to the Bolivar. Cf. "Childe Harold," Canto III. II.:

". . . for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail."

Everywhere in Byron's poetry the ocean is portrayed either in simple description or in explanation of human life as in "Don Juan":

"The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves."

(73-81) Byron is fond of the word "Farewell"; it is in "The Corsair," and in "Fare Thee Well," and it bears us with heavy wings of thought to the church vault, not far from Newstead Abbey, in Hucknall, where beneath the escutcheon of his noble house the palmer sleeps in the scene which is his last.

THE SHIPWRECK

DON JUAN, CANTO II. LI-LIII

LI

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hen-coops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use.
5 There was no light in heaven but a few stars;
The boats put off, o'er crowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And going down head-foremost — sunk, in short.

LII

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell ;
 10 Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave ;
 Then some leaped overboard, with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave ;
 And the sea yawned round her like a hell,
 And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
 15 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die.

LIII

And first a universal shriek there rushed,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hushed,
 20 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of billows ; but at intervals there gushed
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek — the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

What previously read lines reveal the same remorseless attitude of the ocean toward man? Is this scene of horror drawn with the effectiveness of his "hell of waters" ("Cascata del Marmore")? This description of the shipwreck, which disgusted Keats on account of its heartless cynicism, is marvelously accurate and truly contains a tigerish ferocity which Byron never conceals when he sees the deposition of man at the hands of nature.

MONT BLANC

MANFRED, ACT 1. SCENE 1

Voice of the Second Spirit

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
 They crown'd him long ago
 On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
 With a diadem of snow.
 5 Around his waist are forests braced,
 The avalanche in his hand ;

But ere it fall, that thundering ball
 Must pause for my command.
 The glacier's cold and restless mass
 10 Moves onward day by day;
 But I am he who bids it pass,
 Or with its ice delay.
 I am the spirit of the place,
 Could make the mountain bow
 15 And quiver to his cavern'd base—
 And what with me wouldst *Thou* ?

Observe in this beautiful lyric that nature's forces are hostile toward man. Cf. Coleridge's "Morning Hymn to Mt. Blanc," and Shelley's "Mont Blanc."

THE COLISEUM

MANFRED, ACT III. SCENE IV.—INTERIOR OF THE TOWER

Manfred Alone

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
 Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
 I linger yet with nature, for the night
 Hath been to me a more familiar face
 5 Than that of man; and in her starry shade
 Of dim and solitary loveliness,
 I learn'd the language of another world.
 I do remember me, that in my youth,
 When I was wandering—upon such a night
 10 I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
 Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
 The trees which grew along the broken arches
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
 Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
 15 The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber: and,
 More near, from out the Cæsars' palace came

- The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
- 20 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
 Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
 Within a bowshot. — Where the Cæsars dwelt,
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
 A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,
- 25 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth; —
 But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
 While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
- 30 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay. —
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
 Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
 Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
- 35 As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, till the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 With silent worship of the great of old! —
- 40 The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
 Our spirits from their urns. —
- 'Twas such a night!
- 'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;
 But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
 Even at the moment when they should array
 Themselves in pensive order.

If Wordsworth at times recognises agencies making for evil in nature, Byron occasionally dwells on mild and passive phases of nature, such as are contained in his descriptions of Lake Lemán in "Childe Harold," or of Alpine loveliness in his perfect poem to his half-sister Augusta:

“ The world is all before me ; I but ask
 Of Nature that with which she will comply —
 It is but in her summer’s sun to bask,
 To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
 To see her gentle face without a mask,
 And never gaze on it with apathy.
 She was my early friend, and now shall be
 My sister — till I look again on thee.”

(1-46) Manfred, in the contemplation of Alpine scenery, is thinking of the relics of almighty Rome in ruinous perfection. Locate the buildings, and what history thereby is suggested? Analyse (40-41) felicitous phrases which express the pathos of Rome’s past. Cf. “Childe Harold”:

“ The Niobe of nations ! there she stands
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe,
 An empty urn, within her wither’d hands,
 Whose holy dust was scatter’d long ago. . . .”

and :

“ Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,
 O’er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
 And say, ‘ here was or is,’ where all is doubly night ?”

THE ISLES OF GREECE

DON JUAN, CANTO III

The isles of Greece ! the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !

5 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero’s harp, the lover’s lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse :

10 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires’ “ Islands of the Blest.”

The mountains look on Marathon —
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 15 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
 For, standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 20 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations; — all were his!
 He counted them at break of day —
 And when the sun set, where were they?

25 And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now —
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 30 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 35 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 40 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?

Ah! no;—the voices of the dead

45 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer, 'Let but one living head,

But one arise,—we come, we come!'

'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;

50 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,

And shed the blood of Scio's vine!

Hark! rising to the ignoble call—

How answers each bold Bacchanal!

55 You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?

Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus gave—

60 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

We will not think of themes like these!

It made Anacreon's song divine:

He served—but served Polycrates—

65 A tyrant; but our masters then

Were still, at least, our country-men.

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest friend;

That tyrant was Miltiades!

70 Oh! that the present hour would lend

Another despot of the kind!

Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 75 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
 80 They have a king who buys and sells ;
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells :
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

85 Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 90 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marble steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
 — There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
 95 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

(7-12) **Scian**. Cf. "The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle."

— *The Bride of Abydos*.

Teian. Vide (63) "Islands of the Blest." Cape de Verde, or the Canaries. (13-42) **Marathon**, **Salamis**, and **Thermopylæ**. Consult a history of Greece, from 490-480 B.C. (55-60) "Pyrrhic dance"; "Pyrrhic phalanx." Consult history of Greece and history of Rome for the years 281-275 B.C. (61-66) **Polycrates**, tyrant of Samos. (67-72) What stanza is recalled by the mention of Miltiades? (73-78) **Suli**; **Parga**;

in Epirus. (79-84) "a king." Louis XVIII. "Turkish force." This lyric should appeal to young people because of the late war between Greece and Turkey. It strongly recalls the year 1824, when, for the sake of liberty, Byron at Missolonghi said, "Give me now a little sleep," crowning a bad life with a fair death. (85-96) **Sunium**. The Greek sailors rounding this point could see the helmet of Pallas Athené sparkling in the sunlight miles away on the Acropolis. Thus they realised the glory of a nation which had chiseled the Parthenon.

"Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,
Whose arts and arms but live in poets' lore;
Oft as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,
Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,
The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,
And Glory knew no clime beyond her Greece!"

— *The Curse of Minerva.*

Compare the closing chorus in "Hellas," where Shelley dreamed that Greece might still be free and that its restoration would be effected by means of the golden years:

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn.
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls its fountains
Against the morning-star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads, on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
 If earth's Death's scroll must be!
 Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
 Which dawns upon the free:
 Although a subtler sphinx renew
 Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
 And to remoter time
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
 The splendour of its prime;
 And leave if naught so bright may live,
 All earth can take or Heaven can give.

.

— *Hellas.*

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes
 away,
 When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull
 decay:
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which
 fades so fast,
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be
 past.

5 Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of hap-
 piness,
 Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
 The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in
 vain
 The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch
 again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself
 comes down;
 10 It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;

That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
 And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice
 appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract
 the breast,

Through midnight hours that yield no more their former
 hope of rest ;

15 'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
 All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey
 beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, — or be what I have been,
 Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd
 scene ;

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though
 they be,

20 So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow
 to me.

What did Byron write to Moore in regard to the composition of this poem? Cf. (12) to this couplet from "The Corsair":

"Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
 Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn. . . ."

Are you sure that Byron is not parading or posing in this strain of an unwept tear?

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

She walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
 And all that's best of dark and bright

Meet in her aspect and her eyes :

5 Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 10 Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 15 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent !

What circumstances caused this poem to be written ?

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA

Though the day of my destiny's over,
 And the star of my fate hath declined,
 Thy soft heart refused to discover
 The faults which so many could find ;
 5 Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted
 It shrunk not to share it with me,
 And the love which my spirit hath painted
 It never hath found but in *thee*.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
 10 The last smile which answers to mine,
 I do not believe it beguiling,
 Because it reminds me of thine ;
 And when winds are at war with the ocean,
 As the breasts I believed in with me,
 15 If their billows excite an emotion,
 It is that they bear me from *thee*.

- Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
20 To pain — it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me :
They may crush, but they shall not contemn —
They may torture, but shall not subdue me —
'Tis of *thee* that I think — not of them.
- 25 Though human, thou didst not deceive me
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slandered, thou never couldst shake, —
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
30 Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me
Nor mute, that the world might belie.

- Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one —
35 If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'Twas folly not sooner to shun :
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that whatever it lost me,
40 It could not deprive me of *thee*.

- From the wreck of the past which hath perished,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherished
Deserved to be dearest of all :
45 In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wild waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

“Be careful in printing the stanzas beginning, ‘Though the day of my destiny’s,’ etc., which I think well of as a composition.”—*Byron*. This poem was written at Campagne Diodati, near Geneva, July 24, 1816. His half-sister, Mrs. Leigh, championed his cause when British society calumniated him. Compare this poem to Byron’s other poem, entitled “Epistle to Augusta.” Read Edgar A. Poe’s estimation of this poem given in his “The Poetic Principle.” Scan (45-48).

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR

Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824.

’Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it hath ceased to move :
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love !

5 My days are in the yellow leaf ;
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone :
 The worm, the canker, and the grief
 Are mine alone !

The fire that on my bosom preys
 10 Is lone as some volcanic isle ;
 No torch is kindled at its blaze —
 A funeral pile !

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
 The exalted portion of the pain
 15 And power of love, I cannot share.
 But wear the chain.

But ’tis not *thus* — and ’tis not *here* —
 Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
 Where glory decks the hero’s bier,
 20 Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
 Glory and Greece, around me see!
 The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
 Was not more free.

25 Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!)
 Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
 Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
 And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
 30 Unworthy manhood! — unto thee
 Indifferent should the smile or frown
 Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
 The land of honourable death
 35 Is here: — up to the field, and give
 Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than found —
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 40 And take thy rest.

“There is perhaps no production within the range of mere human composition, round which the circumstances and feelings under which it was written cast so touching an interest.” — *Moore*.

What is Count Gamba's account of the writing of this last poem of Byron's? The thought contained in (1-4) finds similar utterance in a poem of 1819, “Stanzas to the River Po”:

“’Tis vain to struggle — let me perish young —
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved ;
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
And there, at least, my heart can ne’er be moved.”

Explain (23-24). What prophetic words in this poem have found similar utterance in a previously read poem of Burns’? This lyric recalls (94) in “The Isles of Greece.” From this poem could the inference be made that, if Byron had not shortly died, he would have reformed?

SIR WALTER SCOTT

1771-1832

. . . as Nature is bright, serene, or gloomy, Scott takes her temper, and paints her as she is; nothing of himself being ever intruded, except that far-away Eolian tone, of which he is unconscious. . . . — *John Ruskin*.

Optional Poems

Jock Of Hazeldean.

Edmund's Song (Rokeby). Canto III. XVI.

Song: A Weary Lot Is Thine (Rokeby). Canto III. XXVIII.

Madge Wildfire's Song (The Heart Of Midlothian).

The Battle Of Flodden (Marmion). Canto VI. XXV-XXXIV.

The Chase (The Lady Of The Lake). Canto I. 28-167.

Soldier Rest! Thy Warfare O'er (The Lady Of The Lake).

Canto I. XXXI-XXXII.

Coronach (The Lady Of The Lake). Canto III. XVI.

The Combat (The Lady Of The Lake). Canto V. IX-XVII.

Phrases

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive! — *Marmion*.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?

— *Lay Of The Last Minstrel*.

MELROSE ABBEY

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL, CANTO II. 1-18; 70-128

I

- If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;
 For the gay beams of lightsome day
 Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
- 5 When the broken arches are black in night,
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
 When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruined central tower ;
 When buttress and buttress, alternately,
- 10 Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;
 When silver edges the imagery,
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
- 15 Then go — but go alone the while —
 Then view Saint David's ruined pile ;
 And, home returning, soothly swear
 Was never scene so sad and fair !

.

VII

- 70 Again on the knight looked the churchman old,
 And again he sighed heavily ;
 For he had himself been a warrior bold,
 And fought in Spain and Italy.
 And he thought on the days that were long since by,
- 75 When his limbs were strong, and his courage was high :

Now, slow and faint, he led the way
 Where, cloistered round, the garden lay ;
 The pillared arches were over their head,
 And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

VIII

80 Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
 Glistened with the dew of night ;
 Nor herb nor floweret glistened there
 But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
 The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
 85 Then into the night he looked forth ;
 And red and bright the streamers light
 Were dancing in the glowing north.
 So had he seen, in fair Castile,
 The youth in glittering squadrons start,
 90 Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
 And hurl the unexpected dart.
 He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
 That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX

By a steel-clenched postern door
 95 They entered now the chancel tall ;
 The darkened roof rose high aloof
 On pillars lofty and light and small :
 The keystone that locked each ribbed aisle
 Was a fleur-de-lys or a quatre-feuille ;
 100 The corbels were carved grotesque and grim ;
 And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
 With base and with capital flourished around,
 Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

X

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven
 105 Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
 Around the screened altar's pale ;
 And there the dying lamps did burn
 Before thy low and lonely urn,
 O gallant Chief of Otterburne !
 110 And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale !
 O fading honors of the dead !
 O high ambition lowly laid !

XI

The moon on the east oriel shone
 Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
 115 By foliated tracery combined ;
 Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
 'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
 In many a freakish knot had twined,
 Then framed a spell when the work was done,
 120 And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
 The silver light, so pale and faint,
 Showed many a prophet and many a saint,
 Whose image on the glass was dyed ;
 Full in the midst, his cross of red
 125 Triumphant Michael brandished,
 And trampled the Apostate's pride,
 The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

(6) **oriel.** Cf. Tennyson's correct use of the word in "Lancelot and Elaine":

" All in an oriel on the summer side,
 Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace. . . ."

(12) **scrolls.** What two lines in Gray's "Elegy" are recalled?

(14) **owlet.** Cf. Gray's "Elegy," 10.

Has Scott thrown into this description subjective feelings and sentiments or has the fourteenth century ruin been described as Scott usually portrays nature, objectively? Ruskin says: "Observe Scott's habit of looking at nature, neither as dead, nor merely material, nor as altered by his own feelings; but as having an animation and pathos of its own, wholly irrespective of human passions." Cf. Congreve's description of the interior of a cathedral in his "The Mourning Bride," Act II. 1:

"'Tis

dreadful!

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice — my own affrights me with its echoes."

Compare Scott's attitude toward the external world with that of Byron's depicted in his description of the Coliseum by moonlight.

The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" begins with a feast in Branksome Hall. While the knights are making merriment prior to departure, the Ladye who has gone to her bower hears spirits of the flood and of the mountain decree the destiny of her daughter, — that she must marry the hated Lord Cranstoun. The Ladye has so much pride that she will defy fate's oracle, and sends William of Deloraine to Melrose Abbey, wherein is the tomb of the Wizard, Michael Scott, who had had buried with him the magical volume which could be used by the goblin to prevent the marriage; but as subsequent events prove, as in Macbeth's forcing of his witches to furnish his security, the means to prevent disaster cause it. After all, Lord Cranstoun wins the Ladye's daughter by the goblin's spell. In the lines that have been omitted (19-69) Deloraine appears at the abbey, arouses the porter, passes the wicket, enters the cell of the priest, and announces to him the purpose

of his nightly visit. (109) **Chief of Otterburne.** James, Earl of Douglas. The battle of Otterburne was fought on August 15, 1388, for which read the ballad of Chevy Chase. (110) **dark Knight of Liddesdale.** William Douglas, who treacherously killed Sir Alexander Ramsay. He lived in the time of David II. In Melrose are buried Alexander II. and Robert Bruce's heart. (113) **east oriel.** According to Scott, it is a matchless piece of Gothic architecture. (121-123) Cf. Milton's "Il Penseroso":

"And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light."

(125-126) "Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride. . . ."

Cf. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," The Last Tournament, where Tristram is describing King Arthur:

". . . he seem'd to me no man
But Michael trampling Satan. . . ."

(127-128) "The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain."

Cf. Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes," where Madeline kneeling is covered with "gules" on account of the moonbeams passing through the coloured casement window:

"Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,"

etc. It is hardly necessary to add that Scott and Keats have committed blessed impossibilities with the moonlight.

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE

THE LADY OF THE LAKE, CANTO VI, XV-XIX

XV

"The minstrel came once more to view
370 The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray —

Where shall he find, in foreign land,
 So lone a lake, so sweet a strand ! —
 375 There is no breeze upon the fern,
 Nor ripple on the lake,
 Upon her eyrie nods the erne,
 The deer has sought the brake ;
 The small birds will not sing aloud,
 380 The springing trout lies still,
 So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
 That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
 Benledi's distant hill.
 Is it the thunder's solemn sound
 385 That mutters deep and dread,
 Or echoes from the groaning ground
 The warrior's measured tread ?
 Is it the lightning's quivering glance
 That on the thicket streams,
 390 Or do they flash on spear and lance
 The sun's retiring beams ? —
 I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
 I see the Moray's silver star,
 Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
 395 That up the lake comes winding far !
 To hero bound for battle-strife,
 Or bard of martial lay,
 ' Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
 One glance at their array !

XVI

400 “ Their light-arm'd archers far and near
 Survey'd the tangled ground,
 Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
 A twilight forest frown'd,

- Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,
 405 The stern battalia crown'd.
 No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,
 Still were the pipe and drum ;
 Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
 The sullen march was dumb.
 410 There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
 Or wave their flags abroad ;
 Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
 That shadow'd o'er their road.
 Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
 415 Can rouse no lurking foe,
 Nor spy a trace of living thing,
 Save when they stirr'd the roe ;
 The host moves, like a deep-sea wave,
 Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
 420 High-swelling, dark, and slow.
 The lake is pass'd, and now they gain
 A narrow and a broken plain,
 Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws :
 And here the horse and spearmen pause,
 425 While, to explore the dangerous glen,
 Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII

- " At once there rose so wild a yell
 Within that dark and narrow dell,
 As all the fiends from heaven that fell
 430 Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell !
 Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
 The archery appear :
 For life ! for life ! their flight they ply —

- 435 And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
 And plaids and bonnets waving high,
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,
 Are maddening in the rear.
 Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
- 440 Pursuers and pursued ;
 Before that tide of flight and chase,
 How shall it keep its rooted place,
 The spearmen's twilight wood? —
 'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down !
- 445 Bear back both friend and foe !' —
 Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
 That serried grove of lances brown
 At once lay levell'd low ;
 And closely shouldering side to side,
- 450 The bristling ranks the onset bide. —
 'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
 As their Tinchel cows the game !
 They come as fleet as forest deer,
 We'll drive them back as tame.' —

XVIII

- 455 " Bearing before them in their course,
 The relics of the archer force,
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
 (Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
 Above the tide, each broadsword bright
- 460 Was brandishing like beam of light,
 Each targe was dark below ;
 And with the ocean's mighty swing,
 When heaving to the tempest's wing,
 They hurl'd them on the foe.

- 465 I heard the lance's shivering crash,
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash ;
 I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
 As if an hundred anvils rang !
 But Moray wheel'd his rearward rank
- 470 Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank, —
 ' My banner-man, advance !
 I see,' he cried, ' their column shake.
 Now, gallants ! for your ladies' sake,
 Upon them with the lance !'—
- 475 The horsemen dash'd among the rout,
 As deer break through the broom ;
 Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
 They soon make lightsome room.
 Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne —
- 480 Where, where was Roderick then !
 One blast upon his bugle-horn
 Were worth a thousand men.
 And refluent through the pass of fear
 The battle's tide was pour'd ;
- 485 Vanish'd the Saxon's struggling spear,
 Vanish'd the mountain-sword.
 As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
 Receives her roaring linn,
 As the dark caverns of the deep
- 490 Suck the wild whirlpool in,
 So did the deep and darksome pass
 Devour the battle's mingled mass :
 None linger now upon the plain,
 Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

XIX

- 495 " Now westward rolls the battle's din,
 That deep and doubling pass within. —

- Minstrel, away ! the work of fate
Is bearing on : its issue wait,
Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile
500 Opens on Katrine's lake and isle. —
Gray Benvenue I soon repass'd,
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.
 The sun is set ; — the clouds are met,
 The lowering scowl of heaven
505 An inky hue of livid blue
 To the deep lake has given ;
Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk again.
I heeded not the eddying surge,
510 Mine eye but saw the Trosachs' gorge,
Mine ear but heard the sullen sound,
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parts not but with parting life,
515 Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll
The dirge of many a passing soul.
 Nearer it comes — the dim-wood glen
 The martial flood disorged again,
 But not in mingled tide ;
520 The plaided warriors of the North
High on the mountain thunder forth
 And overhang its side ;
While by the lake below appears
The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.
525 At weary bay each shatter'd band,
Eyeing their foeman, sternly stand ;
Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray
530 Mark'd the fell havoc of the day.

The scene of the above excerpt from "The Lady of the Lake" is laid between Lochs Achray and Katrine in the western highlands of Perthshire. The place, the pass of the man, a rough, precipitous defile, by reason of the thickly matted undergrowth and jagged rocks, is called the Trosachs. It was here Fitz-James (James V. of Scotland) lost his horse and gained the battle of Beal' an Duine. Such a battle in detail was never fought; Scott drew on his imagination from a small skirmish which occurred after the reign of James.

According to the poem, at daybreak Roderick Dhu was mortally wounded by Fitz-James, and was taken to the guard-room of Stirling Castle. At noon on this day began the combat in the Trosachs that lasted until sunset. In the prison, Allan-Bane, the old minstrel, sings the victory of Mar and Moray over the Gaels, at the conclusion of which the wounded Roderick dies, knowing that Douglas and Clan-Alpine have passed from power in Scotland.

(370) **Benvenue.** A mountain 2,386 feet high, to the southwest of Loch Achray. (383) **Benledi's distant hill.** Benledi, "Mountain of God," 2,882 feet high, to the northeast of Loch Achray. Note the passivity of the scene: that calm which comes before the storm. The pathetic fallacy is used: the thunder cloud is Moray's force in the east. Nature feels the approaching catastrophe to the Gaels.

(400-426) Here we can feel the rapid approach of the army of doom to Clan-Alpine by reason of the trimeters which, at intervals, follow the tetrameters. Seldom has the martial been portrayed so that we can feel it as in this three-fold, booming, swinging verse. The power of the movement of the narrative depends on these trimeters. (452) **Tinchel.** "A circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding a great space, and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the Tinchel." — *Scott.*

(457-458) "Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come."

Here is a fine example of simplicity in simile, necessitated by the rapidity of the attack, no time being given for slowness, for an elaborate simile such as is given by Tennyson in "Lancelot and Elaine" in his pentameter portrayal of the line of knights who endeavoured to bear Lancelot back to defeat at the barrier of the lists:

"Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North-sea,
Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all

Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,
Down on a bark, and overbears the bark,
And him that helms it, so they overbore
Sir Lancelot and his charger. . . . ”

(495) The battle has rolled from noon to sunset. Observe that the minstrel has changed his position to the Katrine opening of the Trosachs, and that the storm has descended upon the loch at the moment Clan-Alpine has been driven out of the defile a disbanded force.

Scott's use of dramatic background in this instance is artistically comparable to Shakespere's in "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," and "King Lear."

This contest and the battle of Flodden described in "Marmion" should be compared from the point of view of excellence in narration.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772-1834

All that he did excellently might be bound up in twenty pages, but it should be bound in pure gold.— *Stofford Brooke*.

Optional Poems

Genevieve; Or, Love.
Morning Hymn To Mt. Blanc.
Christabel.
Work Without Hope.

Phrases

Alas! they had been friends in youth :
But whispering tongues can poison truth. . . .

— *Christabel*.

Neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

— *Christabel*.

. . . we receive but what we give
And in our life alone does nature live. — *Dejection : An Ode*.

Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And Hope without an object cannot live.

— *Work Without Hope*.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
“ By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me ?

5 "The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is set :
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand
10 "There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off ! unhand me, grey-beard loon !"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye —
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
15 And listens like a three years' child :
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :
He cannot chuse but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
20 The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

25 "The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he !
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
30 'Till over the mast at noon —"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she ;
35 Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot chuse but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
40 The bright-eyed Mariner.

“ And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

45 “ With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
50 And southward aye we fled.

“ And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

55 “ And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

“ The ice was here, the ice was there,
60 The ice was all around :

It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swoond!

“ At length did cross an Albatross.
Thorough the fog it came ;
65 As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail’d it in God’s name.

“ It ate the food it ne’er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit,
70 The helmsman steered us through.

“ And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners’ hollo !

75 “ In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.”

“ God save thee, ancient Mariner !
80 From the fiends that plague thee thus !—
Why look’st thou so ? ” — “ With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.”

PART II

“ The Sun now rose upon the right :
Out of the sea came he,
85 Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

“ And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
90 Came to the mariners’ hollo !

“ And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work ’em woe :
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
95 ‘ Ah wretch ! ’ said they, ‘ the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow ! ’

“ Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head
The glorious Sun uprist :
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
100 That brought the fog and mist.
‘ ’Twas right,’ said they, ‘ such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.’

“ The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
105 We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

“ Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
’Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
110 The silence of the sea !

“ All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

115 " Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

" Water, water, everywhere,
120 And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

" The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
125 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

" About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
130 Burnt green, and blue, and white.

" And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

135 " And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

" Ah ! well-a-day ! what evil looks
140 Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung."

PART III

- “ There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
145 A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.
- “ At first it seemed a little speck,
150 And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.
- “ A speck, a mist, a shape I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
155 As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.
- “ With throats unslacked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
160 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!
- “ With throats unslacked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
165 And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.
- “ See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
170 She steadies with upright keel!

“ The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done !
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun ;
175 When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

“ And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven’s Mother send us grace !)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
180 With broad and burning face.

“ Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears !
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres ?

185 “ Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that woman all her crew ?
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that woman’s mate ?

190 “ Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she
Who thicks man’s blood with cold.

195 “ The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
‘ The game is done ! I’ve won, I’ve won ! ’
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

"The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
 200 At one stride comes the dark;
 With far-heard whisper o'er the sea
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

"We listened and looked sideways up!
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 205 My life-blood seemed to sip!
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,
 The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
 From the sails the dew did drip—
 Till clomb above the eastern bar
 210 The horned Moon, with one bright star
 Within the nether tip.

"One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
 Too quick for groan or sigh,
 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
 215 And cursed me with his eye.

"Four times fifty living men,
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan,
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 They dropped down one by one.

220 "The souls did from their body fly,—
 They fled to bliss or woe!
 And every soul, it passed me by,
 Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

PART IV

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
 225 I fear thy skinny hand!
 And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
 As is the ribbed sea-sand.

“I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.” —
230 “Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

“Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
235 My soul in agony.

“The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

240 “I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

“I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
245 But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

“I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
250 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

“The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
255 The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

“ An orphan’s curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high ;
But oh ! more horrible than that
260 Is the curse in a dead man’s eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

“ The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide :
265 Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

“ Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship’s huge shadow lay,
270 The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

“ Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
275 And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

“ Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
280 They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

“ O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
285 And I blessed them unaware :

Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

“The self-same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
290 The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.”

PART V

“Oh Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
295 She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

“The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
300 And when I awoke, it rained.

“My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

305 “I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

“And soon I heard a roaring wind :
310 It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

“ The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
315 To and fro they were hurried about !
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

“ And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
320 And the rain poured down from one black cloud,
The Moon was at its edge.

“ The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side :
Like waters shot from some high crag,
325 The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

“ The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
330 The dead men gave a groan.

“ They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

335 “ The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
Yet never a breeze up blew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do ;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —
340 We were a ghastly crew.

“ The body of my brother’s son
Stood by me, knee to knee :
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.”

345 “ I fear thee, ancient Mariner ! ”
“ Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !
’Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corsets came again,
But a troop of spirits blest :

350 “ For when it dawned — they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

“ Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
355 Then darted to the Sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

“ Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing ;
360 Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

“ And now ’twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
365 And now it is an angel’s song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

“ It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,

A noise like of a hidden brook
370 In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

“ Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
375 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

“ Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid : and it was he
380 That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

“ The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean :
385 But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion —
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

“ Then, like a pawing horse let go,
390 She made a sudden bound :
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

“ How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
395 But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

“ ‘ Is it he ? ’ quoth one, ‘ Is this the man ?
 By Him who died on cross,
 400 With his cruel bow he laid full low
 The harmless Albatross.

“ ‘ The spirit who bideth by himself
 In the land of mist and snow,
 He loved the bird that loved the man
 405 Who shot him with his bow.’

“ The other was a softer voice,
 As soft as honey-dew ;
 Quoth he, ‘ The man hath penance done,
 And penance more will do.’ ”

PART VI

First Voice

410 “ ‘ But tell me, tell me ! speak again,
 Thy soft response renewing —
 What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
 What is the ocean doing ? ’

Second Voice

“ ‘ Still as a slave before his lord,
 415 The ocean hath no blast ;
 His great bright eye most silently
 Up to the Moon is cast —

“ ‘ If he may know which way to go ;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 420 See, brother, see ! how graciously
 She looketh down on him.’

First Voice

“ ‘ But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind ? ’

Second Voice

“ ‘ The air is cut away before,
425 And closes from behind.

“ ‘ Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
Or we shall be belated :
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner’s trance is abated.’

430 “ I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather :
”Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;
The dead men stood together.

“ All stood together on the deck,
435 For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

“ The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away :
440 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

“ And now this spell was snapt : once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
445 Of what had else been seen —

“ Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
450 Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

“ But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
455 In ripple or in shade.

“ It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

460 “ Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

“ Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
465 The light-house top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

“ We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
470 O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep alway.

“ The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !

And on the bay the moonlight lay,
475 And the shadow of the Moon.

“ The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weather-cock.

480 “ And the bay was white with silent light,
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

“ A little distance from the prow
485 Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck —
Oh, Christ ! what saw I there !

“ Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And by the holy rood !
490 A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

“ This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
495 Each one a lovely light ;

“ This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart —
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

500 " But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

" The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
505 I heard them coming fast :
Dear Lord in heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

" I saw a third --- I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good !
510 He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood."

PART VII

" This Hermit good lives in that wood
515 Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

" He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve ---
520 He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

" The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
' Why, this is strange, I trow !
525 Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ? '

“ ‘Strange, by my faith!’ the Hermit said —
 ‘And they answered not our cheer.
 The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
 530 How thin they are and sere!
 I never saw aught like to them,
 Unless perchance it were

“ ‘Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
 My forest-brook along;
 535 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
 That eats the she-wolf’s young.’

“ ‘Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look —
 (The Pilot made reply)
 540 I am a-feared.’ — ‘Push on, push on!’
 Said the Hermit cheerily.

“ The boat came closer to the ship,
 But I nor spake nor stirred;
 The boat came close beneath the ship,
 545 And straight a sound was heard.

“ Under the water it rumbled on,
 Still louder and more dread:
 It reached the ship, it split the bay:
 The ship went down like lead.
 550 “ Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
 Which sky and ocean smote,
 Like one that hath been seven days drowned
 My body lay afloat;
 But, swift as dreams, myself I found
 555 Within the Pilot’s boat.

“ Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

560 “ I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

“ I took the oars : the Pilot’s boy,
565 Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
‘ Ha ! ha ! ’ quoth he, ‘ full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.’

570 “ And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

“ ‘ O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man ! ’
575 The Hermit crossed his brow.
‘ Say quick,’ quoth he, ‘ I bid thee say —
What manner of man art thou ? ’

“ Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
580 Which forced me to begin my tale ;
And then it left me free.

“ Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns :
And till my ghastly tale is told,
585 This heart within me burns.

- " I pass, like night, from land to land ;
 I have strange power of speech ;
 That moment that his face I see,
 I know the man that must hear me :
 590 To him my tale I teach.
- " What loud uproar bursts from that door !
 The wedding-guests are there :
 But in the garden-bower the bride
 And bride-maids singing are :
 595 And hark the little vesper bell,
 Which biddeth me to prayer.
- " O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
 Alone on a wide, wide sea :
 So lonely 'twas, that God himself
 600 Scarce seemed there to be.
- " O sweeter than the marriage feast,
 'Tis sweeter far to me,
 To walk together to the kirk
 With a goodly company !—
- 605 " To walk together to the kirk,
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
 And youths and maidens gay !
- 610 " Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
 To thee, thou Wedding-guest !—
 He prayeth well, who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

“ He prayeth best, who loveth best
 615 All things both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.”

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 620 Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
 Turned from the Bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
 And is of sense forlorn:
 A sadder and a wiser man
 625 He rose the morrow morn.

(1-142) Observe the form of verse. Note the dramatic setting of the poem. The Mariner's story is interrupted from time to time by the merriness within the marriage hall. Throughout the poem, classify grotesque, weird imagery, and all touches that characterise the Romantic School. Allegorically, ice is presented as lending an element of the horrible to the situation of the Mariner in order to show that the man has a frozen heart. Allegorically, the change from ice to the heat of tropical waters means that God is thawing out the man's heart. The Mariner becomes lord of his sin. Nemesis now begins to work. (232-235) Cf. Byron's "Childe Harold," Canto I.:

“ And now I'm in the world alone,
 Upon the wide, wide sea:
 But why should I for others groan,
 When none will sigh for me?”

(244-247) Cf. Wordsworth's "Excursion," Book I.:

“ . . . the good die first,
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
 Burn to the socket.”

(255-256) Cf. Tennyson's "In Memoriam," LI.:

“ There must be wisdom with great Death:
 The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.”

“ Be near us when we climb or fall :
 Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
 With larger other eyes than ours,
 To make allowance for us all.”

In the Mariner's recognition of supernal beauty in the ugliness of the water-snakes, one feels that a wonderful change has come to the man who hated the albatross. In “ The Pilgrim's Progress ” how did Christian rid himself of his burden ? Note the physical blessings which follow the Mariner's regeneration. Observe that Nemesis is exacting in requiring him to love that which he had hated. (446-451) Read, in Charles Lamb's Essays of Elia, “ Witches, And Other Night Fears,” wherein is analysed this fear which is purely spiritual, and compare with De Quincey's use of the same in his “ Spanish Nun ” 17. — “ Kate stands alone on the Summit of the Andes.” Irving in “ The Legend of Sleepy Hollow ” has analysed this spiritual fear. (492-495) The dead are ever ready to help the living who are truly repentant. (514-625) From an allegorical point of view, the ship's sinking is necessary. His past wicked environment is forever removed. Observe the knowledge of human nature shown by Coleridge in binding the Mariner to a constant reiteration of his story. The Mariner's selection of a wedding-guest as an auditor is artistically delightful. Where is the *résumé* of the entire poem ?

It is sometimes better to attend the funeral of a wicked man's past than it is to attend a man's wedding that promises everything for his future. The doors of the hall are flung open so that we may know the wedding has taken place. This comedy makes the tragedy all the more emphatic, adding an illumination to the reality of the funeral of his past wickedness, and finally making us believe that he has become a bridegroom fit for the marriage supper of the Lamb.

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure dome decree :
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man

5 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground

With walls and towers were girdled round :
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
 10 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
 A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
 15 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
 And from this chasm with ceaseless turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momently was forced ;
 20 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momently the sacred river.
 25 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 30 Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves ;
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
 35 It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw :

It was an Abyssinian maid,
 40 And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me,
 Her symphony and song,
 To such deep delight 'twould win me
 45 That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
 50 His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

(1-54) Why is this poem a fragment? Comment on the arrangement of sibilants. In (18) observe the explosives and the labio-dentals. In (19) notice the alternate alliteration. Comment on the general use of assonance. Observe the characteristic touches of the Romantic School. Coleridge desires the power possessed by the Abyssinian maid in order that he may be the lyric bard of all the ages. Edgar A. Poe expresses a similar wish in his "Israfel." Compare the effect of the music of Israfel's lute with that of the Abyssinian maid's dulcimer. Classify and analyse the finest phrases.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

1774-1843

. . . he was a poet; and, by all men's confession, a respectable poet, brilliant in his descriptive powers, and fascinating in his narration, however much he might want of 'The vision and the faculty divine.' — *De Quincey*.

Optional Poems

The Battle Of Blenheim.

Remembrance.

The Holly-Tree.

The Inchcape Rock.

My Days Among The Dead Are Passed.

The Cataract Of Lodore.

Verses To A Dead Friend.

THE CURSE

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA, II. 14

(*Ladurlad, a man of India, in the act of defending the purity of his daughter, Kailyal, had slain the wicked Arvalan, son of Kehama, the mighty rajah-god of evil. Kehama called up the spirit of his son from the tomb, and, finding him clamoring for lasting revenge on Ladurlad, pronounced the following curse on the murderer of Arvalan.*)

I charm thy life

From the weapons of strife

From stone and from wood,

From fire and from flood,

5 From the serpent's tooth,

And the beasts of blood ;

From Sickness I charm thee,
 And Time shall not harm thee :
 But Earth, which is mine,
 10 Its fruit shall deny thee ;
 And Water shall hear me,
 And know thee and fly thee ;
 And the Winds shall not touch thee
 When they pass by thee,
 15 And the Dews shall not wet thee
 When they fall nigh thee :
 And thou shalt seek Death
 To release thee, in vain ;
 Thou shalt live in thy pain,
 20 While Kehama shall reign,
 With a fire in thy heart,
 And a fire in thy brain ;
 And Sleep shall obey me,
 And visit thee never,
 25 And the Curse shall be on thee
 Forever and ever.

Observe the normal metre that swings the curse. Note lines which are anapestic, amphibrach, and dactylic. Compare this curse in thought and metre with the curse in Byron's "Manfred," Act. I. 1. :

" When the moon is on the wave,
 And the glow-worm in the grass,
 And the meteor on the grave,
 And the wisp on the morass ;
 When the falling stars are shooting,
 And the answer'd owls are hooting,
 And the silent leaves are still
 In the shadow of the hill,
 Shall my soul be upon thine,
 With a power and with a sign.

" Though thy slumber may be deep,
 Yet thy spirit shall not sleep ;

There are shades which will not vanish,
 There are thoughts thou canst not banish
 By a power to thee unknown,
 Thou canst never be alone ;
 Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
 Thou art gather'd in a cloud ;
 And forever shalt thou dwell
 In the spirit of this spell.

.
 " And a magic voice and verse
 Hath baptized thee with a curse
 And a spirit of the air
 Hath begirt thee with a snare ;
 In the wind there is a voice
 Shall forbid thee to rejoice ;
 And to thee shall Night deny
 All the quiet of her sky ;
 And the day shall have a sun,
 Which shall make thee wish it done.

.
 " And on thy head I pour the vial
 Which doth devote thee to this trial ;
 Nor to slumber, nor to die,
 Shall be in thy destiny ;
 Though thy death shall still seem near
 To thy wish, but as a fear ;
 Lo ! the spell now works around thee,
 And the clankless chain hath bound thee ;
 O'er thy heart and brain together,
 Hath the word been pass'd — now wither ! "

THEY SIN WHO TELL US LOVE CAN DIE

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA, X. MOUNT MERU, 9, 10

(Kailyal escapes the curse by reason of her grasping the idol Marriataty, the goddess of the poor, and tumbling into the river with it ; from the stream she is rescued by her father, at whose

touch the waters recede, according to the curse of Kehama. The daughter and the father are together for a time, until Ladurlad's curse is greater than he can bear; therefore, he leaves Kailyal sleeping in that slumber which is denied to him, and to the deers which never can bathe his fevered brow. Kailyal soon awakes and tries to find her father. In the forest she is pursued by the spectre of Arvalan, who would have seized her, if it had not been for Pollear, the god of travelers, in whose sanctuary she receives protection. Now, an angel, Ereenia, of the Glendoveers, carries her to the grove of Casyapa, the sire of gods; from here, in order to escape Kehama, she is taken in a ship of Heaven to Swerga, the bower of bliss; and, by her further pleadings, permission is granted Ladurlad for a time to rest from the curse in the awful place where the Ganges had its second birth below the sphere of Indra on the shores of Mount Meru's lovely lake. Yedillian, Ladurlad's dead wife, now comes, and the joys of the family are complete.

The daughter and husband's ecstasies at the sight of Yedillian, "Fran'd of the elements of Heaven," whose beauties have been refined by death, form the contents of the following exquisite verses.)

9

The Maid that lovely form surveyed;
 Wistful she gazed, and knew her not;
 But Nature to her heart conveyed
 A sudden thrill, a startling thought,
 5 A feeling many a year forgot,
 Now like a dream anew recurring,
 As if again in every vein
 Her mother's milk was stirring.
 With straining neck and earnest eye,
 10 She stretched her hands imploringly,
 As if she fain would have her nigh,
 Yet feared to meet the wished embrace,
 At once with love and awe oppressed.
 Not so Ladurlad; he could trace,

- 15 Though brightened with angelic grace,
 His own Yedillian's earthly face :
 He ran, and held her to his breast !
 Oh joy above all joys of Heaven !
 By Death alone to others given,
 20 This moment hath to him restored
 The early-lost, the long-deplored.

10

- They sin who tell us Love can die :
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 25 In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell ;
 Earthly these passions of the Earth,
 They perish where they have their birth.
 But Love is indestructible :
 30 Its holy flame forever burneth ;
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth ;
 Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppressed,
 It here is tried and purified,
 35 Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest :
 It soweth here with toil and care ;
 But the harvest-time of Love is there.

Compare Southey's definition of love with that of Coleridge's found in the first stanza of his ballad, "Love" :

" All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of love,
 And feed his sacred flame."

JOHN KEATS

1795-1821

No one else in English poetry, save Shakespeare, has in expression quite the fascinating felicity of Keats, his perfection of loveliness. — *Matthew Arnold*.

If I should die, I have left no immortal work behind me — nothing to make my friends proud of my memory; but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had time, I would have made myself remembered. — *Keats*.

Optional Poems

I Stood Tip-Toe Upon A Little Hill —

Lamia.

Ode On Melancholy.

Sonnet To Homer.

Fragment Of An Ode To Maia.

Sonnet: A Dream, After Reading Dante's Episode Of Paulo
And Francesca.

Sonnet: The Day Is Gone —

Phrases

Here are sweet peas on tip-toe for a flight:

With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white. . . .

— *I Stood Tip-Toe Upon A Little Hill* —

Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,

Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,

To taste the luxury of sunny beams

'Temper'd with coolness.

— *I Stood Tip-Toe Upon A Little Hill* —

A thing of beauty is a joy forever. . . . — *Endymion*.

The spirit culls
 Unfaded amaranth, when wild it strays
 Through the old garden-ground of boyish days. — *Endymion*.

There is a budding morrow in midnight. . . .
 — *Sonnet To Homer*.

. . . that second circle of sad hell,
 Where 'mid the gust, the whirlwind, and the flaw
 Of rain and hail-stones, lovers need not tell
 Their sorrows. — *Paulo And Francesca*.

And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
 Bidding adieu. . . . — *Ode On Melancholy*.

Rich in the simple worship of a day.
 — *Fragment Of An Ode To Maia*.

So the two brothers and their murder'd man
 Rode past fair Florence. . . . — *Isabella*.

A power more strong in beauty, born of us
 And fated to excel us. . . . — *Hyperion*.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

I

St. Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!
 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
 The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
 5 Numb were the Beadsman's fingers while he told
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
 Like pious incense from a censer old,
 Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
 Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

II

- 10 His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man ;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees :
The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
15 Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails :
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by ; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

III

- Northward he turneth through a little door,
20 And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor ;
But no — already had his death-bell rung ;
The joys of all his life were said and sung :
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve :
25 Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

IV

- That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft ;
And so it chanc'd, for many a door was wide,
30 From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide :
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests :
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
35 Star'd, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their
breasts.

V

At length burst in the argent revelry,
 With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
 Numerous as shadows haunting faerily
 40 The brain, new-stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
 Of old romance. These let us wish away,
 And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
 Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
 On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
 45 As she had heard old dames full many a time declare.

VI

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
 Young virgins might have visions of delight,
 And soft adorings from their loves receive
 Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
 50 If ceremonies due they did aright;
 As, supperless to bed they must retire,
 And couch supine their beauties, lily-white;
 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
 Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

VII

55 Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
 The music, yearning like a God in pain,
 She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
 Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
 Pass by — she heeded not at all: in vain
 60 Came many a tip-toe, amorous cavalier,
 And back retir'd, not cool'd by high disdain,
 But she saw not: her heart was elsewhere;
 She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

VIII

- She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes,
 65 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short :
 The hallow'd hour was near at hand : she sighs
 Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
 Of whisperers in anger, or in sport,
 'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
 70 Hoodwink'd with faery fancy, all amort,
 Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
 And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX

- So, purposing each moment to retire,
 She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
 75 Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
 For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
 Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
 All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
 But for one moment in the tedious hours,
 80 That he might gaze and worship all unseen,
 Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss — in sooth such
 things have been.

X

- He ventures in : let no buzz'd whisper tell :
 All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
 Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel :
 85 For him those chambers held barbarian hordes,
 Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
 Whose very dogs would execrations howl
 Against his lineage : not one breast affords
 Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
 90 Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

XI

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
 Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
 To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
 Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
 95 The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
 He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
 And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
 Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place:
 They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!"

XII

100 "Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hilde-
 brand;
 He had a fever late, and in the fit
 He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
 Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
 More tame for his grey hairs— Alas me! flit!
 105 Flit like a ghost away." "Ah, Gossip dear,
 We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
 And tell me how"— "Good Saints! not here, not
 here:
 Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

XIII

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
 110 Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
 And as she mutter'd "Well-a— well-a-day!"
 He found him in a little moonlight room,
 Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
 "Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
 115 "O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
 Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
 When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

XIV

" St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve —
 Yet men will murder upon holy days :
 120 Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
 And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
 To venture so : it fills me with amaze
 To see thee, Porphyro! St. Agnes' Eve!
 God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
 125 This very night : good angels her deceive!
 But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

XV

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
 While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
 Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
 130 Who keepeth clos'd a wond'rous riddle-book,
 As spectacl'd she sits in chimney nook.
 But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
 His lady's purpose ; and he scarce could brook
 Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
 135 And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

XVI

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
 Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
 Made purple riot : then doth he propose
 A stratagem, that makes the beldame start :
 140 " A cruel man, and impious thou art :
 Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
 Alone with her good angels, far apart
 From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
 Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

XVII

- 145 "I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
 Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
 When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
 If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
 Or look with ruffian passion in her face :
- 150 Good Angela, believe me by these tears ;
 Or I will, even in a moment's space,
 Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
 And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves
 and bears."

XVIII

- " Ah ! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul ?
- 155 A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
 Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll ;
 Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
 Were never miss'd." Thus plaining, doth she bring
 A gentler speech from burning Porphyro,
- 160 So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
 That Angela gives promise she will do
 Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

XIX

- Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
 Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
- 165 Him in a closet, of such privacy
 That he might see her beauty unespied,
 And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
 While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet,
 And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed,
- 170 Never on such a night have lovers met,
 Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

XX

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame :
 "All cates and dainties shall be stored there
 Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
 175 Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
 For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
 Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in prayer
 The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
 180 Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

XXI

So saying she hobbled off with busy fear.
 The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd ;
 The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
 To follow her, with aged eyes aghast
 185 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
 The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd and chaste ;
 Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain.
 His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

XXII

190 Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
 Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
 Rose, like a mission'd spirit unaware :
 With silver taper's light, and pious care,
 195 She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed ;
 She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and
 fled.

XXIII

Out went the taper as she hurried in ;
 200 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died :
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide :
 No utter'd syllable, or woe betide !
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
 205 Paining with eloquence her balmy side ;
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

XXIV

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
 All garlanded with carven imag'ries
 210 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep damask'd wings ;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 215 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and
 kings.

XXV

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon ;
 220 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint :
 She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven : — Porphyro grew faint :
 225 She knelt so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

XXVI

Anon his heart revives : her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees,
 Unclasped her warmed jewels one by one,
 Loosens her fragrant bodice ; by degrees
 230 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees .
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

XXVII

235 Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
 Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppress'd
 Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away ;
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day,
 240 Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain,
 Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray,
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

XXVIII

245 Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
 Porphyro gaz'd upon her empty dress,
 And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
 To wake into a slumberous tenderness ;
 Which, when he heard, that minute did he bless,
 And breath'd himself : then from the closet crept,
 250 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness
 And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stopt,
 And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo ! — how fast
 she slept.

XXIX

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
 Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
 255 A table, and, half-anguish'd, threw thereon
 A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet : —
 O for some drowsy Morphean amulet !
 The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
 The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
 260 Affray his ears, though but in dying tone : —
 The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XXX

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
 In blanched linen, smooth and lavender'd,
 While he from forth the closet brought a heap
 265 Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd,
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
 And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon,
 Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
 From Fez ; and spiced dainties, every one,
 270 From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

XXXI

These delicacies he heap'd with glowing hand
 On golden dishes and in baskets bright
 Of wreathed silver : sumptuous they stand
 In the retired quiet of the night,
 275 Filling the chilly room with perfume light. —
 “ And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake !
 Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite :
 Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
 Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.”

XXXII

- 280 Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
 Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
 By the dusk curtains: — 'twas a midnight charm
 Impossible to melt as iced stream:
 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
 285 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
 It seem'd he never, never could redeem
 From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
 So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

XXXIII

- Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, —
 290 Tumultuous, — and, in chords that tenderest be,
 He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
 In Provence call'd "La belle dame sans mercy:"
 Close to her ear touching the melody; —
 Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:
 295 He ceased — she panted quick — and suddenly
 Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

XXXIV

- Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
 Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
 300 There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
 The blisses of her dream so pure and deep;
 At which fair Madeline began to weep,
 And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
 While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
 305 Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
 Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

XXXV

" Ah, Porphyro ! " she said, " but even now
 Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
 Made tuneable with every sweetest vow ;
 310 And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear :
 How chang'd thou art ! how pallid, chill, and drear !
 Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
 Those looks immortal, those complainings dear !
 Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
 315 For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

XXXVI

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
 At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
 Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
 Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose ,
 320 Into her dream he melted, as the rose
 Blendeth its odour with the violet, —
 Solution sweet : meantime the frost-wind blows
 Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
 Against the window-panes ; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

XXXVII

325 'Tis dark : quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet :
 " This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline ! "
 'Tis dark : the iced gusts still rave and beat :
 " No dream, alas ! alas ! and woe is mine !
 Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine. —
 330 Cruel ! what traitor could thee hither bring ?
 I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
 Though thou forsakest a deceived thing ; —
 A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

XXXVIII

- “ My Madeline ! sweet dreamer ! lovely bride !
 335 Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest ?
 Thy beauty’s shield, heart-shap’d and vermeil dyed ?
 Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
 After so many hours of toil and quest,
 A famish’d pilgrim, — saved by miracle.
 340 Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
 Saving of thy sweet self ; if thou think’st well
 To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.”

XXXIX

- “ Hark ! ’tis an elfin storm from faery land,
 Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed :
 345 Arise — arise ! the morning is at hand ; —
 The bloated wassailers will never heed : —
 Let us away, my love, with happy speed ;
 There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, —
 Drown’d all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead :
 350 Awake ! arise ! my love, and fearless be,
 For o’er the southern moors I have a home for thee.”

XL

- She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
 For there were sleeping dragons all around,
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears ;
 355 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,
 In all the house was heard no human sound.
 A chain-droop’d lamp was flickering by each door ;
 The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
 Flutter’d in the besieging wind’s uproar ;
 360 And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

XLI

- They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall ;
 Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
 Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
 With a huge empty flagon by his side :
 365 The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns :
 By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide :—
 The chains lie silent on the footworn stones ;
 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans ;

XLII

- 370 And they are gone : aye, ages long ago
 These lovers fled away into the storm.
 That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
 And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
 Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
 375 Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old
 Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform :
 The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
 For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

(1-108) Throughout the poem classify objects presenting the enveloping action of coldness. Analyse the dynamic phrase "black, purgatorial rails," fully explaining the subjective adjective. Contrast the Beadsman in the crypt as he is listening to the golden tongue of music with Porphyro, who is all on fire in "Love's feverous citadel." Analyse "Flatter'd to tears" in its power of revealing pathos in the past life of the devotee. Contrast the reflective Beadsman in the ashes keeping the eve of St. Agnes with Madeline oblivious in religious fervor of melody, revelry, and man, preferring the voluble music of her heart. Observe the beauty of dramatic antithesis shown in balancing Angela with Madeline. Note the pathos in Angela's life revealed by her warm sympathy that makes it possible for Porphyro to win Madeline. (109-207) Behind Angela's laugh is the element of the tragical. Analyse

"asleep in lap of legends old." Comment on the purity of the tragical unselfishness of Angela presented in (154-162). Contrast frost and fire: the helplessness of old age and the self-sustained ardour of youth. By Tennyson's "Merlin and Vivien" explain the monstrous debt Merlin paid his demon, and show by this how the enveloping action is not forgotten. When Angela leaves Porphyro in Madeline's apartment, we grow thoughtful in contemplating an old woman's endeavour to live again her love-days, such as she would have had them, in all romanticism; and another serious thought arises in seeing two loved ones at one end of life, and two unloved ones at the other: Porphyro and Madeline; the Beadsman and Angela. (208-261) Cf. (217-225) with 270-275 in Tennyson's "The Coming of Arthur":

" Down from the casement over Arthur, smote
Flame colour, vert, and azure, in three rays
One falling upon each of three fair queens."

In Scott, where is there a similar effect of moonlight? Cf. (237) with "Drows'd with the fume of poppies" in "To Autumn." Analyse (241). Cf. "as I've read love's missal" in "The Day Is Gone," and "There is a budding morrow in midnight," in "To Homer." Notice the tenderness of Keats in portraying Porphyro's inability to breathe except in the tumultuous moments of Madeline's slumber. (257-261) Cf. Shakespeare's "If music be the food of love, play on." What a rare affection is dreaming itself into existence between the tumult of wicked revelry and the calm of prayers agonizingly lifted heaven-ward by the almsman and Angela! (262-378) Analyse "azure-lidded sleep" by comparing

". . . violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath." W. T. Act IV. 3.

Note the contrast which is effected by "glowing hand" (271) and "chilly room" (275); by "warm, unnerved arm" (280) and "iced stream" (283). Alain Chartier in the fifteenth century wrote "La belle dame sans mercy." What masterpieces have been read where characters were awakened by delightful melodies? Note the fine art produced at this point by drawing attention to the enveloping action. (352) The description causes tragical suspense. (370-378) Tears are forced to the eyes, though we are certain that these lovers have found life and happiness, leaving behind death and misery. We think that now the romance is as if it had never been, that they are "Cold, cold as those who lived

and loved | A thousand years ago." There is the pathos of the transient, but is there not joy of the permanent since they were not unsuccessful lovers like Tristram and Iseult, Abelard and Eloisa, Paolo and Francesca, Antonio and Ginevra? The deepest pathos is in the added thought that only those who love are sought for; those being unable to elicit affection die palsy-twitched as Angela, or remain forever cold among the ashes as the Beadsman. Note the poet's sense of the fitness of unity in closing his poem as he began it with the same dramatic setting. In Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" classify objects presenting the enveloping action of coldness. Analyse Tennyson's "St. Agnes' Eve," and comment on its enveloping action.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

I

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:
 5 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?
 10 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

II

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!
 15 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,
 20 Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

III

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
 And happy melodist, unwearied,
 Forever piping songs forever new ;
 25 More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
 Forever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 Forever panting, and forever young ;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
 30 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

IV

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 ?
 35 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 forever more
 Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
 40 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

V

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

45 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
 50 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

(1-50) (7) "In Tempe." Cf. Collins' "The Passions," 86-88:
 "They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing."

What previously read poem explains the "dales of Arcady"? (8-10) Cf. Miriam and Donatello's dance in Hawthorne's "The Marble Faun." (17-20) Observe Keats' power of connotation in the soothing consolation given to the lover who has lost and yet has won what Alexander could not by all his ardent glances win from Thais. Keats has applied the permanency of the beautiful to inanimate objects as well as to human beings. (38) A wild thrill of ecstasy is felt in the desolation of a town which is to be forever silent. (41) Explain "Attic shape." Analyse the metaphor "Cold Pastoral." What is the urn's lesson? Is it subject to adverse criticism? In what way has the romantic been applied to the classical in the ode? Contrast this poem with the close of "The Eve of St. Agnes," where is presented a study in the pathos of transient affection.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

I

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
 5 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness, —
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 10 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

II

O, for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
 15 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth ;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 20 And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

III

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 25 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 30 Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

IV

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :

35 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 40 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

V

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 45 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 50 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

VI

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 55 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 60 To thy high requiem become a sod.

VII

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 65 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 70 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

VIII

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
 75 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 80 Fled is that music : — Do I wake or sleep ?

(1-80) The death of Thomas Keats occasioned this poem. Explain (6). Cf. (11-12) to a prose parallel in a letter to his sister: "and, please heaven, a little claret wine cool out of a cellar a mile deep." Keats purposely departs from the regular metre of the ode with an Alexandrine in (20). (26) Cf. Keats' letter to Brown from Rome, 30th Nov. 1820: "it runs in my head we shall all die young." (Referring to his family.) Keats, while listening to the nightingale's song, bewails the fact that the mighty abstract idea of beauty takes away all peace from the mind of man. (41) Notice the sensuous art of Keats in guessing at Nature's sweetness in the dark. Analyse "embalmed darkness." Observe that the sensuous last two lines of stanza five suggest the thoughts of the sixth stanza. (52) Where was Keats buried? Shelley in his preface to "Adonais" says: "It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." (55) A rich and easeful death did not come to Keats. (59) Shelley in "The Sensitive Plant" writes:

“ Only overhead the sweet nightingale
 Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
 And snatches of its Elysian chaunt
 Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant.”

(60) Here, in a sybaritic manner, Keats expresses the ecstasy of dying to the notes of a nightingale. Compare:

“ Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter.”— *Ode On A Grecian Urn*.

Also, compare Poe’s “ For Annie,” where this sensuousness of death is morbidly painted:

“ For now, while so quietly
 Lying, it fancies
 A holier odor
 About it, of pansies —
 A rosemary odor,
 Commingled with pansies,
 With rue and the beautiful
 Puritan pansies.”

Wherein (41-60) are nature pictures similar to those of Milton’s? (62) Explain in reference to Keats’ life. Analyse (67), and how does this line suggest a fine lyric of Wordsworth’s with which you are familiar? Compare (72) with these lines from “ Endymion ”:

“ . . . how crude and sore
 The journey homeward to habitual self ! ”

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

I

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering?
 The sedge has wither’d from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

II

5 O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 So haggard and so woe-begone ?

The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

III

I see a lily on thy brow
10 With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

IV

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful — a faery's child,
15 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

V

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
20 And made sweet moan.

VI

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

VII

25 She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said —
“ I love thee true.”

VIII

She took me to her elfin grot,
 30 And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
 And there I shut her wild wild eyes
 With kisses four.

IX

And there she lulled me asleep,
 And there I dream'd — Ah! woe betide!
 35 The latest dream I ever dream'd
 On the cold hill's side.

X

I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
 They cried — “La Belle Dame sans Merci
 40 Hath thee in thrall!”

XI

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
 With horrid warning gaped wide,
 And I awoke and found me here,
 On the cold hill's side.

XII

45 And this is why I sojourn here,
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

(1-48) This production is a triumph of mediæval romanticism. This poem is a bit of impressionism; i. e., a single object presented from a single point of view, or a piece of nature tinged with the colour of a fleeting mood. What episode in Spenser's “*Faërie Queene*,” Book

I. Canto II. Stanzas 28-45, has influenced the plot of the ballad? Is Lord Houghton's version (29-32) preferable to that in "The Indicator":

"She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she gaz'd and sighed deep,
 And then I shut her wild sad eyes —
 So kiss'd to 'sleep."

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen:
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 5 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer rul'd as his demesne:
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 10 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Ascertain what occasioned the poem. This sonnet is a fine example of unity in composition.

LAST SONNET

Written On A Blank Page In Shakespeare's Poems,
 Facing "A Lover's Complaint."

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art —
 Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,
 Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,

- 5 The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors —
No — yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
10 Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel forever its soft fall and swell,
Awake forever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever — or else swoon to death.

(1-14) Where and under what circumstances was this sonnet written? Note the form of its sonnet structure. What lines bear comparison to (55-60) of "Ode To A Nightingale"? In one of Keats' letters is an exclamation, "O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts!" In these few poems which you have read he is under the control of the senses.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792-1822

. . . a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain.—*Matthew Arnold.*

Optional Poems

The Sensitive Plant.

Ode To The West Wind.

The Cloud.

View From The Euganean Hills.

Beatrice's Expostulation With Death (The Cenci, Act V. IV.).

Life Of Life! Thy Lips Enkindle (Prometheus Unbound,
Act II. V.).

A Lament.

Love's Philosophy.

I Arise From Dreams Of Thee —

When The Lamp Is Shattered —

Arethusa.

Stanzas Written In Dejection Near Naples.

Phrases

With hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.

— *Revolt Of Islam.*

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them. . . .

— *Prometheus Unbound.*

Death is the veil which those who live call life;
They sleep and it is lifted. . . .—*Prometheus Unbound.*

To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates. . . .

— *Prometheus Unbound.*

True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away. — *Epipsychidion*.

The fountains of our deepest life shall be
Confused in passion's golden purity. . . . — *Epipsychidion*.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong ;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
— *Julian And Maddalo*.

ADONAI8

I

I weep for Adonais — he is dead !
Oh, weep for Adonais ! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head !
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
5 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow ; say : With me
Died Adonais ; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity !

II

10 Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay
When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness ? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died ? With veiled eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
15 She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

III

Oh, weep for Adonais — he is dead !
 Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep !
 20 Yet wherefore ? Quench within their burning bed
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep ;
 For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
 25 Descend : — oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
 Will yet restore him to the vital air ;
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

IV

Most musical of mourners, weep again !
 Lament anew, Urania ! — He died,
 30 Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
 Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride
 The priest, the slave, and the liberticide
 Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite
 Of lust and blood ; he went, unterrified,
 35 Into the gulf of death ; but his clear Sprite
 Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the sons of light.

V

Most musical of mourners, weep anew !
 Not all to that bright station dared to climb :
 And happier they their happiness who knew,
 40 Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
 In which suns perished ; others more sublime,
 Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
 Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime ;
 And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
 45 Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene
 abode.

VI

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perished,
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
 And fed with true love tears instead of dew ;
 50 Most musical of mourners, weep anew !
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
 The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blew
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste ;
 The broken lily dies — the storm is overpast.

VII

55 To that high Capital, where kingly Death
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
 He came ; and bought, with price of purest breath,
 A grave among the eternal. — Come away !
 Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
 60 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof ! while still
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay ;
 Awake him not ! surely he takes his fill
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

VIII

He will awake no more, oh, never more !
 65 Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
 The shadow of white Death, and at the door
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place ;
 The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
 70 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
 So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
 Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

IX

- Oh, weep for Adonais! — The quick Dreams,
 The passion-winged Ministers of thought,
 75 Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
 The love which was its music, wander not, —
 Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
 But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn
 their lot
 80 Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
 They ne'er will gather strength, nor find a home
 again.

X

- And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head,
 And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,
 “ Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead ;
 85 See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
 Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
 A tear some dream hath loosened from his brain.”
 Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise !
 She knew not 'twas her own, as with no stain
 90 She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

XI

- One from a lucid urn of starry dew
 Washed his light limbs, as if embalming them ;
 Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw
 The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
 95 Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem ;
 Another in her wilful grief would break
 Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem
 A greater loss with one which was more weak ;
 And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

XII

100 Another Splendour on his mouth alit,
 That mouth whence it was wont to draw the breath
 Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
 And pass into the panting heart beneath
 With lightning and with music; the damp death
 105 Quenched its caress upon its icy lips;
 And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
 Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,
 It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its
 eclipse.

XIII

And others came, — Desires and Adorations,
 110 Winged Persuasions, and veiled Destinies,
 Splendours and Glooms and glimmering Incarnations
 Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;
 And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
 And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
 115 Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
 Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might
 seem
 Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

XIV

All he had loved, and moulded into thought
 From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
 120 Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
 Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
 Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
 Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;
 Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
 125 Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
 And the wild winds flew around, sobbing in their dismay.

XV

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
 And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
 And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
 130 Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
 Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day ;
 Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
 Than those for whose distain she pined away
 Into a shadow of all sounds :— a drear
 135 Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

XVI

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
 Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
 Or they dead leaves ; since her delight is flown,
 For whom should she have waked the sullen year ?
 140 To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
 Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
 Thou, Adonais ; wan they stand and sere
 Amid the faint companions of their youth,
 With dew all turned to tears, odour to sighing ruth.

XVII

145 Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
 Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain :
 Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
 Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
 Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
 150 Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
 As Albion wails for thee ; the curse of Cain
 Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
 And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest !

XVIII

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
 155 But grief returns with the revolving year ;
 The airs and streams renew their joyous tone ;
 The ants, the bees, the swallows, re-appear ;
 Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier ;
 The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
 160 And build their mossy homes in field and brere ;
 And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
 Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

XIX

Through wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean
 A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,
 165 As it has ever done, with change and motion,
 From the great morning of the world when first
 God dawned on Chaos ; in its stream immersed,
 The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light ;
 All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst,
 170 Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight
 The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

XX

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit tender,
 Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath ;
 Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
 175 Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,
 And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath ;
 Nought we know dies. Shall that alone which knows
 Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
 By sightless lightning? th' intense atom glows
 180 A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

XXI

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
 But for our grief, as if it had not been,
 And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
 Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
 185 The actors or spectators? Great and mean
 Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
 As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
 Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
 Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to
 sorrow.

XXII

190 *He* will awake no more, oh, never more!
 "Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother, rise
 Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
 A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs."
 And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
 195 And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
 Had held in holy silence, cried: "Arise!"
 Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
 From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

XXIII

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
 200 Out of the East, and follows wild and drear
 The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
 Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
 Has left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
 So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania,
 205 So saddened round her like an atmosphere
 Of stormy mist, so swept her on her way,
 Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

XXIV

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
 Through camps and cities rough with stone and steel,
 210 And human hearts, which to her aery tread
 Yielding not, wounded the invisible
 Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell;
 And barbed tongues, and thoughts more sharp than
 they,
 Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
 215 Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
 Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

XXV

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
 Shamed by the presence of that living Might,
 Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
 220 Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
 Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
 "Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
 As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
 Leave me not!" cried Urania: her distress
 225 Roused Death; Death rose and smiled, and met her
 vain caress.

XXVI

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
 Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
 And in my heartless breast and burning brain
 That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,
 230 With food of saddest memory kept alive,
 Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
 Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
 All that I am to be as thou now art!
 But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

XXVII

- 235 " O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
 Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
 Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
 Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
 Defenceless as thou wert, oh! where was then
 240 Wisdom the mirror'd shield, or scorn the spear?
 Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
 Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
 The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

XXVIII

- " The herded wolves, bold only to pursue,
 245 The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead,
 The vultures, to the conqueror's banner true,
 Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
 And whose wings rain contagion, — how they fled,
 When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,
 250 The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
 And smiled! — The spoilers tempt no second blow;
 They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

XXIX

- " The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
 He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
 255 Is gathered into death without a dawn,
 And the immortal stars awake again:
 So it is in the world of living men;
 A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
 Making earth bare, and veiling Heaven, and when
 260 It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
 Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

XXX

Thus ceased she ; and the mountain shepherds came,
 Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent ;
 The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
 265 Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
 An early but enduring monument,
 Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
 In sorrow ; from her wilds Ierne sent
 The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
 270 And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

XXXI

'Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
 A phantom among men, companionless
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
 Whose thunder is its knell ; he, as I guess,
 275 Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
 Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
 With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
 And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
 Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their
 prey.

XXXII

280 A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift —
 A love in desolation masked — a Power
 Girt round with weakness — it can scarce uplift
 The weight of the superincumbent hour ;
 It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
 285 A breaking billow ; — even whilst we speak
 Is it not broken ? On the withering flower
 The killing sun smiles brightly ; on a cheek
 The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may
 break.

XXXIII

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
 290 And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue ;
 And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
 Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew
 Yet dripping with the forest's noon-day dew,
 Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
 295 Shook the weak hand that grasped it ; of that crew
 He came the last, neglected and apart ;
 A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart.

XXXIV

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
 Smiled through their tears ; well knew that gentle band
 300 Who in another's fate now wept his own ;
 As in the accents of an unknown land
 He sang new sorrow ; sad Urania scanned
 The Stranger's mien, and murmured : " Who art thou ? "

He answered not, but with a sudden hand
 305 Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
 Which was like Cain's or Christ's. Oh ! that it should
 be so !

XXXV

What softer voice is hushed over the dead ?
 Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown ?
 What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
 310 In mockery of monumental stone,
 The heavy heart heaving without a moan ?
 If it be he, who, gentlest of the wise,
 Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed one ;
 Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
 315 The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

XXXVI

Our Adonais has drunk poison — oh!
 What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
 Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
 The nameless worm would now itself disown;
 320 It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
 Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
 But what was howling in one breast alone,
 Silent with expectation of the song,
 Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

XXXVII

325 Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
 Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
 Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
 But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
 And ever at thy season be thou free
 330 To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow;
 Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;
 Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
 And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt — as now.

XXXVIII

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
 335 Far from these carrion-kites that scream below;
 He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
 Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.
 Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
 Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
 340 A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
 Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
 Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

XXXIX

Peace, peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep —
 He hath awakened from the dream of life —
 345 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
 Invulnerable nothings — *We* decay
 Like corpses in a charnel ; fear and grief
 350 Convulse us and consume us day by day,
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

XL

He has outsoared the shadow of our night ;
 Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 355 Can touch him not, and torture not again ;
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain ;
 Nor when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
 360 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

XLI

He lives, he wakes — 'tis Death is dead, not he ;
 Mourn not for Adonais. — Thou young Dawn,
 Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone ;
 365 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan !
 Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair !

XLII

370 He is made one with Nature : there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird ;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
375 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
Which wields the world with never wearied love
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

XLIII

He is a portion of the loveliness
380 Which once he made more lovely : he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear,
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
385 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear ;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

XLIV

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;
390 Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
395 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

XLV

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
 Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
 400 Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
 Yet faded from him ; Sidney, as he fought
 And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
 Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
 Arose ; and Lucan, by his death approved ;
 405 Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reprovèd.

XLVI

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
 410 "Thou art become as one of us," they cry ;
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,
 Silent alone amid a Heaven of song.
 Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng !"

XLVII

415 Who mourns for Adonais ? oh come forth,
 Fond wretch ! and know thyself and him aright.
 Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth ;
 As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
 Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
 420 Siate the void circumference : then shrink
 Even to a point within our day and night ;
 And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink
 When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

XVLIII

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
 425 Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought
 That ages, empires, and religions, there
 Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
 For such as he can lend, — they borrow not
 Glory from those who made the world their prey;
 430 And he is gathered to the kings of thought
 Who waged contention with their time's decay,
 And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

XLIX

Go thou to Rome, — at once the Paradise,
 The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
 435 And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
 And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
 The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
 Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
 440 Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
 A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

L

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
 Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
 And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
 445 Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
 This refuge for his memory, doth stand
 Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
 A field is spread, on which a newer band
 Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
 450 Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

LI

Here pause : these graves are all too young as yet
 To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
 Its charge to each ; and if the seal is set,
 Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
 455 Break it not thou ! too surely shalt thou find
 Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
 Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
 Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
 What Adonais is, why fear we to become ?

LII

460 The One remains, the many change and pass ;
 Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of *Etérnity*,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments. — Die,
 465 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !
 Follow where all is fled ! — Rome's azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

LIII

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart ?
 470 Thy hopes are gone before : from all things here
 They have departed ; thou shouldst now depart !
 A light is past from the revolving year,
 And man, and woman ; and what still is dear
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
 475 The soft sky smiles, — the low wind whispers near :
 'Tis Adonais calls ! oh, hasten thither,
 No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

LIV

That light whose smile kindles the Universe,
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,
 480 That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
 Which, through the web of being blindly wove
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 485 The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

LV

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 490 Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
 The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
 I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
 Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 495 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

(1-117) Tell the meaning of the word "Adonais." When Shelley heard of the death of Keats, he was living at Pisa. It was in the spring of 1821 that this elegy was written. What line in "Lycidas" is recalled by (10)? Surely one recounts with "soft enamoured breath" the melodic poems of Keats'. In what poem does Keats make death so beautiful that it is rich to die? (29-36) Milton was the sire of an immortal strain. Homer and Virgil were the two other "sons of light." (37-45) Many mediocre poets "tapers" had been happier in their obscurity than if they had climbed to Milton's "bright station"; many illustrious poets "in their refulgent prime" had perished miserably, as Edmund Spenser, neglected by man or God; and "some yet live," Byron and Shelley, who are

". . . treading the thorny road,
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode."

(46-49) Read stanza LIII. of Keats' "Isabella" where the maiden sheds tears over her "sweet Basil." Interpret (62-63) by "Ode to a Nightingale." Explain "The eternal Hunger." The heart of Keats' is regarded as the fold of the sheep of dreams. (118-153) Scan 126. Compare the grief of Spring with that in "Lycidas." Where, before, has the Hyacinth legend been mentioned? Shelley erroneously believed that Keats had come to his death on account of adverse criticism meted out by Gifford. Shelley is not really sick at heart by reason of the death of Keats. Compare Milton's grief for Edward King. (154-189) From nature's phenomena, Shelley tries to prove that nought of matter dies. Keats soon will be as if he had never been, and those who grieve will soon be as he; therefore, grief is mortal and as subject to change as nature. (190-252) (190) Here for the second time is the wild throb of a compressible pulse, which reminds us of Professor C. F. Johnson's words: "This poem of *Adonais* is so surcharged with emotion that it causes us to doubt if Shelley could have been a long-lived man had he escaped the violent death he was soon to meet." Give Trelawny's account of Shelley's death by drowning. "Recollections of Shelley and Byron," Chapter XI. What books were being read by him at the time? (244-252) Professor C. F. Johnson in his "Elements of Literary Criticism," commenting on the wolves, ravens, and vultures, says these "are to Shelley, not a particular set of living men, but rather the principles of stupidity, greed, and selfishness, which manifest themselves in society in continual conflict with righteousness, love, and spiritual illumination." Byron's javelins were flung in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" at Brougham and Jeffrey. Keats when attacked by the savage Quarterly did not use the same tactics. (253-288) Note Shelley's return to pastoral style. Byron is the Pilgrim of Eternity. Moore is the sweetest of Ireland's lyrists. Shelley is represented by

". . . frail Form,
A phantom among men."

(275-279) Some of these consuming thoughts, pursuing him from a questionable past, are reminders of his cruel treatment of Harriet Westbrook. (289-342) Notice the heart that shows the wildly vibrating pulse of Shelley's. (297) Cf. A. Y. L. I., Act II. 1. 30-63. (300) Here there is a recognition on the part of Shelley that the premature death of Keats may come to him, since in some respects their lives had been similar. From Shelley's life explain (305). The poet and critic who possessed the "softer voice" was Leigh Hunt. In what poem does

Keats express the feeling as if he had drunk poison and had sunk Lethe-wards? (343-369) Here begins Part II. of the elegy. Observe the skill in the transition from the difficulty of believing Keats to be dead to the acceptance of it: the consolation from now on is to be afforded by calm philosophy such as avers whatever is must be right. Where in "Lycidas" is a similar, abrupt transition? (370-405) Keats has gone to join his immortal bird so that he may make more sweet all of nature's music; his presence will everywhere be felt since he is one with the love which burns at the core of the universe. All things are beautiful since they have made possible the beautiful; everything is forced by "plastic stress" to produce beauty, even Death bears such in its ugliness so that it may usher a mortal into heaven's light. (388-396) Whatever on earth was beautiful forever retains its beauty. Death seems a veil, but in reality it is a raised one. A change to the beauty of another life is destined for the heart of Keats, who had yearned after that ineffable glory of beauty which has never been revealed to the greatest of those who have sought to pierce the azure or to ransack the tomb. Death moves like a wind of light over the dark waters of a current moving towards heaven, and pushes a vessel laden with the soul gently to the longwished for port, where transitory beauty is abiding and permanent such as Keats found traced on the brede of his "Cold Pastoral." Explain (397). Why should Thomas Chatterton welcome Keats? Spenser's "Astrophel" suggested this elegiac use of Sir Philip Sidney. Why should Keats be compared to Lucan? (406-441) Shelley finely classifies Keats' poetry by elevating the poet to the throne on the hitherto kingless sphere as the "Vesper of our throng" of poets that have untimely died. (415-423) Explain. Cf. Byron's "Cain," Act II. Sc. 1, where the first murderer is drawn to the utmost bounds of space, where he looks backward on the cosmos in search of earth, and sees in a mass of innumerable lights something which hardly shines as bright as a firefly. Who are Rome's sceptred sovereigns that still rule us from their urns? What stanzas of "Childe Harold" are remembered? (442-477) Analyse a great, dynamic phrase. (478-486). Explain (482-485)-(487-495). What poets, previously known, have written lines dramatically foreshadowing premature deaths? Compare the close of this elegy with those of previously read monodies. Professor C. F. Johnson makes a fine general estimate of the whole poem when he says of Shelley: "He could not have been more in earnest—more thrilled in every fibre of his being—had he seen the embodiments of the spiritual forces face to face."

What is the sum of the indebtedness of "Adonais" to "Lycidas"?

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe spirit —
 Bird thou never wert —
 That from heaven or near it
 Pourest thy full heart
 5 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 10 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
 Thou dost float and run,
 15 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight ;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 20 Thou art unseen, — but yet I hear thy shrill delight —

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 25 Until we hardly see, — we feel, that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,

As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
30 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
35 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody : —

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
40 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
45 With music sweet as love — which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
50 Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the
view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
55 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
thieves,

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers, —
 All that ever was,
 60 Joyous and clear and fresh, — thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine :
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 65 That panteth forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine, would be all
 But an empty vaunt —
 70 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 75 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be :
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee :
 80 Thou lovest, — but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 85 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not :
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught ;
 90 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
 thought.

Yet, if we could scorn
 Hate and pride and fear,
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 95 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 100 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know ;
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow
 105 The world should listen then — as I am listening now.

(1-15) Read Mrs. Shelley's "Note on the Poems of 1820" in regard to the composition of this ode. In (6-10) note the high vowel (i) which causes us to tilt our heads in watching the flight of the lark, and the sibilants that aid the ear in catching the rustling of its wings. The poet does not describe the lark's plumage as Emerson does in portraying his snow-bird in "The Titmouse." To Shelley the lark is "an unbodied joy." (16-70) In (21-25) count the number of high vowels which increase in tension to denote that the song of the lark is almost beyond hearing; that the soaring has brought the bird to a tremendous height. Note the simile interpreting Shelley's mission in English poetry. In (76-85), what lines in Keats' "Ode To A Nightingale" are echoed? Cf. (86-90) with I, VII. and VIII. of Keats' ode, and analyse

the similitudes. What lines of Byron are recalled by (88-89)? (91-105) Observe that Shelley desires the lyrical powers of the lark. Compare Coleridge's desire for the symphony of the Abyssinian's voice and dulcimer; and Edgar A. Poe's desire for the lute music of Israfel's. Analyse this finest lyric in our language by applying the touchstone of these lines :

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.

To —.

Scan Stanza XVI (76-80).

In this poem each stanza seems to be a passionate outburst forming a full note of the lark's. The first four lines are composed of staccato trills, forming a half-note until by the metre of the fifth line there is a lingering trill that completes the stanzaic note with unsurpassable sweetness. It can be plausibly urged that Shelley, on the eventful evening of the composition of this lyric near Leghorn, while the warbling lark ascended perpendicularly, stood nervously writing the jerky trimeters; and that, when the bird gave prolonged trills as it zigzagged rests for easier upward movements, Shelley slid his pencil accordingly, doubling the trimeters into Alexandrines.

Shelley conveys distance by his Alexandrines as Keats does in his one iambic hexameter in "The Ode To A Nightingale." The dash in (105) seems to indicate that the lark's voice is no longer heard; that the poet is listening in vain, sobbing out, instead of the bird, the pathetic note of all the staccatos and Alexandrines in the ode. Shelley leaves the lark singing at heaven's gate. Cf. Wordsworth's "Sky-lark," where the bird is brought back to its nest.

Scan stanza four of Part I. of "The Sensitive Plant." What would the poets of the Classical School have thought of such a metrical system? Scan (21-30) of "The Cloud."

THOMAS CAMPBELL

1777-1844

The best singer of war in a race and language which are those of the best singers and not the worst fighters in the history of the world, — in the race of Nelson and the language of Shakespeare. — *Saintsbury*.

Optional Poems

Ye Mariners Of England —
 Hohenlinden.
 The Soldier's Dream.
 A Thought Suggested By The New Year.
 Lochiel's Warning.
 Drink Ye To Her That Each Loves Best —

Phrases

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view. . . .
 — *The Pleasures Of Hope. Pt. I.*

Like angel visits, few and far between. . . .
 — *The Pleasures Of Hope. Pt. II.*

Few, few shall part, where many meet! — *Hohenlinden.*

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 — *Lochiel's Warning.*

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

I

Of Nelson and the North,
 Sing the glorious day's renown

When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 5 And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on. —

II

10 Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line :
 It was ten of April morn by the chime :
 15 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death ;
 And the boldest held his breath,
 For a time. —

III

But the might of England flushed
 20 To anticipate the scene ;
 And her van the fleeter rushed
 O'er the deadly space between.
 " Hearts of oak ! " our captains cried, when each gun
 From its adamantine lips
 25 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane-eclipse
 Of the sun. —

IV

Again ! again ! again !
 And the havoc did not slack,

- 30 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back :
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;
 Then ceased — and all is wail,
 As they strike the shattered sail ;
 35 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom. —

v

- Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hailed them o'er the wave ;
 “ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
 40 And we conquer but to save : —
 So peace instead of death let us bring ;
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 With the crews, at England's feet,
 And make submission meet
 45 To our King.” —

vi

- Then Denmark blessed our chief,
 That he gave her wounds repose ;
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 50 As death withdrew his shades from the day,
 While the sun looked smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away. —

vii

- 55 Now joy, Old England, raise !
 For the tidings of thy might,

By the festal cities' blaze,
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 60 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore ! —

VIII

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 65 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died,
 With the gallant good Riou :
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 70 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave ! —

Consult Southey's "Life of Nelson," Ch. VII., so as to give an accurate account of the naval engagement. (19-20) John Tyndall said of Tennyson in connection with this poem, "He admired the bold swing of 'The Battle of the Baltic,' though it had some very faulty lines. He took me up rather quickly when I referred to the verses beginning:

' But the might of England flushed
 To anticipate the scene ;'

remarking that it was the most faulty line in the piece." Note the fault. (23-27) According to Tyndall, these lines were highly praised by Tennyson. (64-72) "And the mermaid's song condoles." Tennyson claims that this line is infelicitous phrasing, which serves as a false note, lending bathos to the poem. He has correctly estimated its poetic demerits. Name the martial lyrics in English poetry.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry." —

5 " Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water ? "
 " O, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter. —

" And fast before her father's men
 10 Three days we've fled together,
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.

" His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
 Should they our steps discover,
 15 Then who will cheer my bonny bride
 When they have slain her lover ? " —

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
 " I'll go, my chief — I'm ready :
 It is not for your silver bright ;
 20 But for your winsome lady :

" And by my word ! the bonny bird —
 In danger shall not tarry ;
 So though the waves are raging white,
 I'll row you o'er the ferry." —

25 By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking ;
 And in the scowl of heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
 30 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men,
 Their trampling sounded nearer. —

“O haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,
 “Though tempests round us gather;
 35 I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father.” —

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her, —
 When, oh! too strong for human hand,
 40 The tempest gathered o’er her. —

And still they rowed amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing :
 Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore ;
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

45 For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover :—
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief,
 50 “Across this stormy water :
 And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter! — oh my daughter!”

’Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing :—
 55 The waters wild went o’er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS MOORE

1779-1852

His is the poetry of the bath, of the toilette, of the saloon, of the fashionable world : not the poetry of nature, of the heart, or of human life. — *Hazlitt.*

Optional Poems

Come, Rest In This Bosom —
 As Slow Our Ship —
 Love's Young Dream.
 The Time I've Lost In Wooing —
 The Last Rose Of Summer.
 The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls —
 Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms —

Phrases

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.
 — *Come, Rest In This Bosom.*

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

Oft in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me :
 5 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken ;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimmed and gone,
 10 The cheerful hearts now broken !

Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

15 When I remember all
 The friends so linked together
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 20 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but him departed.

25 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

Here is depicted manufactured emotion similar to Antony's for Fulvia, of which Enobarbus says, "indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow." Cf. *Ant. & Cleo.* Act I. 2. Cf. "The Old Familiar Faces" by Charles Lamb, and "I Remember, I Remember" by Thomas Hood, wherein we see vapid pathos of insincere artists. In "The Last Tournament" Tennyson falls into a like error, when he uses the same "unmeaning bit of decoration" in his picture of Lancelot, arbiter of the jousts, who, languidly indifferent to the overthrow of Arthur's knights, is

"Sighing weariedly, as one
 Who sits and gazes on a faded fire,
 When all the goodlier guests are past away."

FAREWELL! — BUT WHENEVER —

Farewell! — but whenever you welcome the hour
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,

Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.

- 5 His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

- And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
10 To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night ;
Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles —
15 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, " I wish he were here ! "

- Let fate do her worst ; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
20 And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd !
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd —
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Classify the fine phrase. Interpret the poem from the point of view of its having been criticised as salable pathos. The songs of the Caroline poets are echoed in Moore's *vers de société* and Irish melodies.

THOMAS HOOD

1798-1845

One of the noblest—and, speaking of Fancy, one of the most fanciful of modern poets, was Thomas Hood.—*Edgar A. Poe.*

Optional Poems

Flowers.
 The Fair Ines.
 The Death-Bed.
 I Remember, I Remember.
 The Dream Of Eugene Aram.
 The Haunted House.
 The Song Of The Shirt.

Phrases

To know I'm farther off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

—*I Remember, I Remember.*

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

One more Unfortunate,
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death!

5 Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care;—
 Fashion'd so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments,
10 Clinging like cerements ;
 Whilst the wave constantly
 Drips from her clothing ;
 Take her up instantly,
 Loving, not loathing. —

15 Touch her not scornfully
 Think of her mournfully,
 Gently and humanly ;
 Not of the stains of her,
 All that remains of her
20 Now, is pure womanly.

 Make no deep scrutiny
 Into her mutiny
 Rash and undutiful ;
 Past all dishonor,
25 Death has left on her
 Only the beautiful.

 Still, for all slips of hers,
 One of Eve's family —
 Wipe those poor lips of hers,
30 Oozing so clammy ;
 Loop up her tresses
 Escaped from the comb,
 Her fair auburn tresses ;
 Whilst wonderment guesses
35 Where was her home ?

 Who was her father ?
 Who was her mother ?

Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
40 Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
45 Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
50 Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed ;
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
55 Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
60 From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver ;
65 But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river :

Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled —
70 Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran, —
75 Over the brink of it,
Picture it, — think of it,
Dissolute Man !
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can !

80 Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly
85 Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, — kindly, —
Smooth and compose them ;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly !

90 Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity,

- 95 Perishing gloomily,
 Spurred by contumely,
 Cold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest, —
- 100 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast!
- Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behaviour,
- 105 And leaving, with meekness,
 Her sins to her Saviour!

This poem is the first picture of a "man-stifled town" in English poetry since "The Rape of the Lock," "The Deserted Village," and "The Task." It is an analysis of the dissolute in London of 1844, of which Shelley in "Peter Bell The Third" had earlier written:

"Hell is a city much like London —
 A populous and a smoky city;
 There are all sorts of people undone,
 And there is little or no fun done;
 Small justice shown, and still less pity."

Scan (43-48) (56-62). For a similar dark picture of New York life in *ante-bellum* days read "Unseen Spirits," by N. P. Willis.

IT WAS THE TIME OF ROSES

- It was not in the winter
 Our loving lot was cast;
 It was the time of roses,
 We pluck'd them as we pass'd.
- 5 That churlish season never frown'd
 On early lovers yet:

Oh! no — the world was newly crown'd
With flowers when first we met!

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
10 But still you held me fast;
It was the time of roses,
We pluck'd them as we pass'd.

What else could peer thy glowing cheek,
That tears began to stud?
15 And when I ask'd the like of Love,
You snatch'd a damask bud;

And op'd it to the dainty core,
Still glowing to the last.
It was the time of roses,
20 We pluck'd them as we pass'd.

The Victorian Era

1832-1900

THE NEO-ROMANTIC SCHOOL OF SCIENTIFIC, RELIGIOUS,
SOCIALISTIC, AND IMPERIALISTIC CONTROVERSY.

ALFRED TENNYSON

1809-1892

With regard to this particular and very critical gift (felicity of using nature in every way by means of the finest metaphors and similes), it seems to us that he may challenge comparison with almost any poet, either of ancient or modern times. — *W. E. Gladstone.*

Optional Poems

The Poet.
 Œnone.
 The Death Of Œnone.
 The Palace Of Art.
 The May Queen.
 The Lotos-Eaters.
 A Dream Of Fair Women.
 Locksley Hall.
 Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.
 St. Agnes' Eve.
 Sir Galahad.
 Sir Launcelot And Queen Guinevere.
 Enoch Arden.
 The Brook.
 Ode On The Death Of The Duke Of Wellington.
 The Charge Of The Light Brigade.
 The Grandmother.
 In Memoriam.

Maud.
 Idylls Of The King.
 Tiresias.
 Frater Ave Atque Vale.
 Demeter And Persephone.
 Far-Far-Away.

Phrases

That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.— *In Memoriam*.

'Tis better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all.— *In Memoriam*.

Move upward, working out the beast,
 And let the ape and tiger die.— *In Memoriam*.

. . . one far-off divine event
 To which the whole creation moves.— *In Memoriam*.

. . . a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier
 things. — *Locksley Hall*.

Universal ocean softly washing all her warless Isles.
 — *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*.

The league-long roller thundering on the reef. . .
 — *Enoch Arden*.

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life. . . .
 — *Idylls Of The King. Dedication*.

Closed his death-drowsing eyes, and slept the sleep. . . .
 — *Balin And Balan*.

Man dreams of Fame, while woman wakes to love.
 — *Merlin And Vivien*.

For men at most differ as Heaven and earth,
 But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell.
 — *Merlin And Vivien*.

He is all fault who hath no fault at all. . . .

— *Lancelot And Elaine.*

He makes no friend who never made a foe.

— *Lancelot And Elaine.*

O, sweeter than all memories of thee,

Deeper than any yearnings after thee

Seem'd those far-rolling, westward-smiling seas. . . .

— *The Last Tournament.*

And rolling far along the gloomy shores,

The voice of days of old and days to be.

— *The Passing Of Arthur.*

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

On either side of the river lie

Long fields of barley and of rye,

That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;

And thro' the field the road runs by

5 To many-tower'd Camelot ;

And up and down the people go,

Gazing where the lilies blow

Round an island there below

The island of Shalott.

10 Willows whiten, aspens quiver,

Little breezes dusk and shiver

'Thro' the wave that runs forever

By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot.

15 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,

Overlook a space of flowers,

And the silent isle imbowers

The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
20 Slide the heavy barges trail'd.
By slow horses ; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot :
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
25 Or at the casement seen her stand ?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
30 Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot :
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
35 Listening, whispers " 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
40 A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
45 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,

- Shadows of the world appear.
 There she sees the highway near
 50 Winding down to Camelot :
 There the river eddy whirls,
 And there the surly village-churls,
 And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.
- 55 Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;
- 60 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
 The knights come riding two and two.
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

- But in her web she still delights
 65 To weave the mirror's magic sights,
 For often thro' the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot.
 Or when the moon was overhead,
 70 Came two young lovers lately wed ;
 " I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

- A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,
 75 The sun came dazling thro' the leaves,
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight forever kneel'd
 To a lady in his shield,
 80 That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.
 85 The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot :
 And from his blazon'd baldric slung
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armour rung,
 90 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
 The helmet and the helmet-feather
 Burn'd like one burning flame together,
 95 As he rode down to Camelot.
 As often thro' the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

100 His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;
 On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;
 From underneath his hemlet flow'd
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 105 From the bank and from the river
 He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
 " Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

The leaves upon her falling light —
 Thro' the noises of the night
 140 She floated down to Camelot :
 And as the boat-head wound along
 The willow hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

145 Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.

150 For ere she reach'd upon the tide
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
 155 By garden-wall and gallery,
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
 160 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 165 Died the sound of royal cheer;
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot :

But Lancelot mused a little space ;
 He said, " She has a lovely face ;
 170 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

"Canon Ainger in his *Tennyson for the Young* quotes the following interpretation, given him by my father :

"The new-born love for something, for some one in the wide world from which she has been so long secluded, takes her out of the region of shadows into that of realities."—*Memoirs I. 117.*

"The Lady of Shalott" was first published in 1832. When it was revised in 1842, the lady was deprived of her velvet bed, her pearl garland, her "blinding, diamond bright," and her sumptuous vesture, because Tennyson saw that, if he presented her in simple attire, her purity and beauty would be shown to much greater advantage. *Vide* "Memoirs" I. 190-191.

This poem should encourage the pupils to read the "Idylls of the King," since it is almost imperative that they read "Lancelot and Elaine." The Lady of Shalott and the Lily Maid of Astolat are identical, Shalott being a contraction of Astolat, Guilford, in Surrey. Define an idyl. In this poem, there is an antithesis intended between the homely and the heroic. (5) "To many-tower'd Camelot." Cf. "Gareth and Lynette," 184-190; "The Holy Grail," 225-231. (7) "Gazing where the lilies blow." Cf. (111) "She saw the water-lily bloom." (10-11) Cf. "Lancelot and Elaine," 408-409; 520-522. (28-36) Cf. Shelley's "Ode To A Skylark," 41-45. (37-45) Cf. "Lancelot and Elaine," where the maid weaves the silken case with braided blazonings for Lancelot's shield. Cf. "Lancelot and Elaine," 1027-1039. (80) Cf. "Lancelot and Elaine," 1-27. (107) Cf. "Lancelot and Elaine," 340-350. (111) Cf. "Lancelot and Elaine," 1141 and 1331, where the emblem of the purity of Elaine's unrequited affection is a lily. Likewise, compare "Balin and Balan," 254-263, where Lancelot, among the lilies of the long white walk leading toward the bower, tells his spiritual dream to Guinevere of how the maiden saint in the shrine received light only from the spotless lily in her hand. (116) Cf. "Lancelot and Elaine": "And loved him with that love which was her doom." (136) Cf. "Lancelot and Elaine," 1151. Note that which suggests the myth of the dying swan in (136-144). (154-162) Cf. "Lancelot and Elaine," where the crisis of the "Idylls" is presented. Lancelot and Guinevere are in the oriel overlooking the river quarreling about the diamonds until the queen, in jealousy, flings them

athwart the bow of Elaine's barge. The tomb had been only a shadow, now it becomes substance, since on the stream of the present floats the chance of Lancelot's past. This scene typifies the passing of purity from Camelot, leaving sense the victor over Arthur and his knights. As Elaine was served by Lancelot, so was Arthur by Guinevere. (154) Cf. "Lancelot and Elaine," 1235-1263. In (168) cf. "Lancelot and Elaine," 1260, "And Lancelot later came and mused at her." Observe in Part III. that Lancelot receives profuse imagery in detail of knightly equipment, while on the contrary throughout the poem the Lady of Shalott receives no other adornment than that afforded by her simple white robe. How is the idyl strengthened by this forcible contrast? The refrain in this poem indicates a relationship to the original folk-ballad.

ULYSSES

It little profits that, an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 5 That hoard and sleep and feed and know not me.
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
 Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone: on shore, and when
 10 Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name;
 For, always roaming with a hungry heart,
 Much have I seen and known — cities of men,
 And manners, climates, councils, governments
 15 (Myself not least, but honoured of them all) —
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met;
 Yet all experience is an arch where through
 20 Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
 Forever and forever when I move.

- How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnished, not to shine in use !
 As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 25 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains ; but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence — something more,
 A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 30 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
 This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —
 35 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and through soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 40 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
 There lies the port ; the vessel puffs her sail ;
 45 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toiled and wrought and thought with me,
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads, you and I are old.
 50 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil.
 Death closes all ; but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks ;
 55 The long day wanes ; the slow moon climbs ; the deep

- Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order, smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 60 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 65 Though much is taken, much abides; and though
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are:
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 70 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

"*Ulysses* was written soon after Arthur Hallam's death, and gave my feeling about the need of going forward, and braving the struggle of life perhaps more simply than anything in 'In Memoriam.'" — *Mem-oirs I. 196*. The opening lines portray the restive spirit of the sea-rover who had been doomed in the under-world by Tiresias to winnow constantly with an oar to lands and peoples knowing not Poseidon or the taste of bread mingled with salt, and, finally, after giving sacrifices to Poseidon, to find such a death as that given by the skatebone at the hands of his son Telegonus.

(2) "among these barren crags" (Ithaca). *τρηχεῖν' ἀλλ' ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος*. It is rugged but a kindly nurse of heroes. — *Odyssey IX. 27. (6-7)* "I will drink | Life to the lees." Cf. "Macbeth," Act II. 3: "and the mere lees | Is left this vault to brag of." Give an account of the wanderings of Ulysses wherein he greatly enjoyed and suffered. (10) Cf. *Pluviasque Hyadas geminosque Triones.* — *Æn. I. 744.* (11) "I am become a name." Cf. Byron's "Prophecy of Dante," Canto I.:

"And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
 The name of him — who now is but a name."

In (22-24), cf. "Merlin and Vivien," 470-478. Merlin while talking to Vivien said he once met a squire with wooden shield, on which was

painted a golden eagle soaring in azure to the golden sun, and under was written "I follow fame."

"And speaking not, but leaning over him,
I took his brush and blotted out the bird,
And made a gardener putting in a graff,
With this for motto, 'Rather use than fame.'"

(43) Comment on "He works his work, I mine." (45) This line shows the fascination of his old life. (56) "The deep | Moans round with many voices." Cf. "Demeter and Persephone," "the waves that moan about the world," and "The Voyage," "The houseless ocean's heaving field." (57) "'Tis not too late to seek a newer world." Cf. Longfellow's "Morituri Salutamus":

"Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate. . . ."

and :

"What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
Not *Œdipus Coloneus*, or Greek Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gate-way of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

(59-61) Cf. "The Last Tournament," 581-583:

"O sweeter than all memories of thee,
Deeper than any yearnings after thee
Seem'd those far-rolling, westward smiling seas."

(62-64) "These lines do not make me weep, but there is in me what would fill whole Lachrymatories as I read."—*Thomas Carlyle*. As we

read "It may be that the gulfs will wash us down," these lines in "Demeter and Persephone" come to mind:

"And souls of men who grew beyond their race
And made themselves as Gods against the fear
Of Death and Hell."

According to Dante's "Inferno," Canto 26, they pushed beyond the Pillars of Hercules into the Atlantic past the "land's last limit," and while anxiously peering at the verge of the horizon for Elysian fields, a league-long roller with inaudible tread washed them into the gulfs. Thus occurred the passing of Ulysses. As in a former poem, how has the romantic been applied to the classical? "Ulysses" is a fine ethical antidote to "The Lotos-Eaters."

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

5 O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
10 To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
15 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me,

When and where was this poem written? "Half a mile to the south of Clevedon in Somersetshire, on a lonely hill, stands Clevedon Church, 'obscure and solitary,' overlooking a wide expanse of water; where the Severn flows into the Bristol Channel. It is dedicated to St. Andrew, the chancel being the original fishermen's chapel.

"From the graveyard you can hear the music of the tide as it washes against the low cliffs not a hundred yards away. In the manor aisle of the church, under which is the vault of the Hallams, may be read this epitaph to Arthur Hallam, written by his father. . ."—*Memoirs I. 295-6*. The burial of Arthur took place on January 3rd, 1834.

"On the evening of one of these sad winter days, my father had already noted down in his scrap-book some fragmentary lines, which proved to be the germ of 'In Memoriam.'

Where is the voice I loved? Ah where
Is that dear hand that I would press?
Lo! the broad heavens cold and bare,
The stars that know not my distress!"

— *Memoirs I. 107*.

Tennyson had not visited Hallam's grave before writing this poem.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE

'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
5 And thinking of the days that are no more.

'Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
10 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

'Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes

The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
 15 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

‘ Dear as remember’d kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign’d
 On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
 20 O Death in Life, the days that are no more.’

He told me that he was moved to write “Tears, idle tears” at Tintern Abbey ; and that it was not real woe, as some people might suppose, “it was rather the yearning that young people occasionally experience for that which seems to have passed away from them forever.” That in him it was strongest when he was quite a youth. He said, “Old Carlyle, who is never moved by poetry, once quoted those lines of mine, while we were out walking.”

— *Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, Memoirs II. 73.*

“It is a perfect piece of art with a certain sentimental and feminine quality, which we do not find in the virile and rugged Browning.”—
Johnson, Elements of Literary Criticism, p. 220.

Is this canon of criticism applicable to the poem : “A poem which is all sweetness is detestable, and a composition of any kind which consists of fine phrases with no intellectual coherence is hardly less so” ?
 See *Johnson, Elements of Literary Criticism, p. 221.*

In this poem, as in Wordsworth’s line “Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,” you are conscious of the pathetic abiding of the transient. What phrases in Wordsworth’s “Ode On Immortality” are at once remembered on reading the first four lines ? In the second stanza we are reminded of what “passings” in Tennyson’s poetry ? This lyric is cast in what form of verse ?

TO VIRGIL

I

Roman Virgil, thou that singest
 Ilion’s lofty temples robed in fire,
 Ilion falling, Rome arising,
 wars, and filial faith, and Dido’s pyre ;

II

- 5 Landscape-lover, lord of language
 more than he that sang the Works and Days,
 All the chosen coin of fancy
 flashing out from many a golden phrase ;

III

- Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
 10 tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd ;
 All the charm of all the Muses
 often flowering in a lonely word ;

IV

- Poet of the happy Tityrus
 piping underneath his beechen bowers ;
 15 Poet of the poet-satyr
 whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers ;

V

- Chanter of the Pollio, glorying
 in the blissful years again to be,
 Summers of the snakeless meadow,
 20 unlaborious earth and oarless sea ;

VI

- Thou that seest Universal
 Nature moved by Universal Mind ;
 Thou majestic in thy sadness
 at the doubtful doom of human kind ;

VII

- 25 Light among the vanish'd ages ;
 star that gildest yet this phantom shore ;
 Golden branch amid the shadows,
 kings and realms that pass to rise no more ;

VIII

Now thy Forum roars no longer,
 30 fallen every purple Cæsar's dome —
 Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm
 sound forever of Imperial Rome —

IX

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd,
 and the Rome of freemen holds her place,
 35 I, from out the Northern Island
 sunder'd once from all the human race,

X

I salute thee, Mantovano,
 I that loved thee since my day began,
 Wielder of the stateliest measure
 40 ever moulded by the lips of man.

II. Hesiod wrote "Works and Days." "many a golden phrase." Some fine examples of Virgil's phrasal power are :

"Nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda." — *Georg. IV. 470.*

"Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt." — *Æn. I. 462.*

"Dis aliter visum. . . ." — *Æn. II. 428.*

"Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis. . . ." — *Æn. VI. 127.*

"quæ lucis miseris tam dira cupido?" — *Æn. VI. 721.*

In the sixth book of the "Æneid," 473-474, there is pathos of love, where Dido spurns Æneas in Hades, preferring her first and true to her last and false :

"Conjux ubi pristinus illi

Respondet curis æquatque Sychæus amorem."

"Where her former husband Sychæus sympathises with all her sorrows and loves her with a love equal to her own." — *Sellar.*

III. Cf. *Georg. I. II. IV. III* "in a lonely word." "In April the President of Magdalen, Oxford, and Mrs. Warren called upon us. My father spoke of Virgil to him, saying, 'Milton had evidently studied

Virgil's verse.' Warren mentioned the 'lonely word' in the ode to Virgil:

"All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word."
 "'Yes,' my father said, and quoted '*cunctantem ramum,*' in Book VI. as an instance."—*Memoirs II.* 384-385.

It seems that "Demoror," Book II. 648, is preferable, where Anchises on the couch during the burning of Troy at first refuses to go with Æneas, lest he should prove too great an encumbrance. "Demoror" pictures the pathos of old age which would refuse to ruin youth.

IV. Cf. *Georg. IV.* 565-566:

"Carmina qui lusi pastorum, audaxque juvena,
 Tityre, te patulæ cecini sub tegmine fagi."

Also, *Ecloga I.*

"Poet of the poet-satyr. . . ." Cf. *Ecloga VI.* Varus. This eclogue gives an amusing account of the entrapment of Silenus, who, under compulsion, sings of the creation and of various myths.

V. Cf. *Georg. Ecloga IV.* Pollio. Virgil with power of Messianic inspiration prophesies a golden age in a child, who, with the virtues of his fathers, shall rule the land of Saturnus.

"Summers of the snakeless meadow," etc.

"Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni | Occidet."—*IV.* 24.

"Cedet et ipse mari vector, nec nautica pinus

Mutabit merces: omnis feret omnia tellus."—*IV.* 38-39.

VI. "Universal Nature moved by Universal Mind." Cf. *Æneid VI.* 727. "Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet."

Virgil holds a deep sense of the eternal mysteries. Throughout the "Æneid" are scattered questions and vague conjecturings on human life. Virgil holds out perpetual rest as the best for which mortals may hope, but even in this he dramatically hedges when he makes Æneas ask his father Anchises why a throng unable to possess "longa oblivia" is gathered on the banks of the sullen river desiring again to enter this world of labour and pain.

"quæ lucis miseris tam dira cupido?"

What hopelessness is written in this line and in "Securos latices et longa oblivia potant," suggesting perhaps that neither heaven nor hell is a permanent abode, that recognisable rest is nowhere by reason of the endless agitation of mind which works with matter.

VII. But most Virgilian of all are the two central lines:

Light among the vanish'd ages; star that gildest yet this phantom
shore;

Golden branch amid the shadows, kings and realms that pass to
rise no more.

Ay, this it is which lives for us out of the confused and perishing Past! The gross world's illusion and the backward twilight are lit by that sacred ray.

And how noble a comparison is that of the elect poet himself to his one golden bough in Avernus' forest, which gleamed amid the sea of green!

Talis erat species auri frondentis opaca

Ilice; sic leni crepitabat bractea vento.—*Frederic W. H. Myers.*

VIII. What is the metrical system of the "Æneid"?

"thine ocean-roll of rhythm." The "Æneid" is full of sonorous lines, showing perfection of rhythmical arrangement, such as:

"Talia voce refert: 'O terque quaterque beati. . .'"—*I. 94.*

"Præcipitat suadentque cadentia sidera somnos."—*II. 9.*

"Incipit et dono divom gratissima serpet. . . ."—*II. 269.*

"Non fugis hinc præceps, dum præcipitare potestas.

Iam mari turbari trabibus, sævasque videbis

Conlucere faces, iam fervere litora flammis. . . ."—*IV. 565-567.*

"Tum rauca adsiduo longe sale saxa sonabant. . . ."—*V. 866.*

"Tu regere imperio populos; Romane, memento. . . ."—*VI. 851.*

"Parcere subiectis, et debellare superbos."—*VI. 853.*

IX, X. Who discovered the northern island (Ultima Thule)? Scan X.

Classify the finest phrase in the poem. Observe the matchless unity of this poem. W. H. Myers says: "And surely that ode 'To Virgil,' read with due lightening of certain trochaic accents in the latter half of each line, touches the high-water mark of English song."

MERLIN AND THE GLEAM

I

O young Mariner,
You from the haven
Under the sea-cliff,
You that are watching
5 The gray Magician
With eyes of wonder,
I am Merlin,
And I am dying,
I am Merlin
10 Who follow The Gleam.

II

Mighty the Wizard
Who found me at sunrise
Sleeping, and woke me
And learn'd me Magic !
15 Great the Master,
And sweet the Magic,
When over the valley,
In early summers,
Over the mountain,
20 On human faces,
And all around me,
Moving to melody,
Floated The Gleam.

III

Once at the croak of a Raven
who crost it,
25 A barbarous people,
Blind to the magic,
And deaf to the melody,
Snarl'd at and cursed me.
A demon vext me,

- 30 The light retreated,
The landskip darken'd,
The melody deaden'd,
The Master whisper'd
"Follow The Gleam."

IV

- 35 Then to the melody,
Over a wilderness
Gliding, and glancing at
Elf of the woodland,
Gnome of the cavern,
40 Griffin and Giant,
And dancing of Fairies
In desolate hollows,
And wraiths of the mountain,
And rolling of dragons
45 By warble of water,
Or cataract music
Of falling torrents,
Flitted The Gleam.

V

- Down from the mountain
50 And over the level,
And streaming and shining on
Silent river,
Silvery willow,
Pasture and plowland,
55 Horses and oxen,
Innocent maidens,
Garrulous children,
Homestead and harvest,
Reaper and gleaner,

60 And rough-ruddy faces
Of lowly labour,
Slided The Gleam. —

VI

Then with a melody
Stronger and statelier,
65 Led me at length
To the city and palace
Of Arthur the king ;
Touch'd at the golden
Cross of the churches,
70 Flash'd on the Tournament,
Flicker'd and bicker'd
From helmet to helmet,
And last on the forehead
Of Arthur the blameless
75 Rested The Gleam.

VII

Clouds and darkness
Closed upon Camelot ;
Arthur had vanish'd
I knew not whither,
80 The king who loved me,
And cannot die ;
For out of the darkness
Silent and slowly
The Gleam, that had waned to a
wintry glimmer
85 On icy fallow
And faded forest,
Drew to the valley
Named of the shadow,

And slowly brightening
90 Out of the glimmer,
And slowly moving again to a melody
Yearningly tender,
Fell on the shadow,
No longer a shadow,
95 But clothed with The Gleam.

VIII

And broader and brighter
The Gleam flying onward,
Wed to the melody,
Sang thro' the world ;
100 And slower and fainter,
Old and weary,
But eager to follow,
I saw, whenever
In passing it glanced upon
105 Hamlet or city,
That under the Crosses
The dead man's garden,
The mortal hillock,
Would break into blossom ;
110 And so to the land's
Last limit I came —
And can no longer,
But die rejoicing,
For thro' the Magic
115 Of Him the Mighty,
Who taught me in childhood,
There on the border
Of boundless Ocean,
And all but in Heaven
120 Hovers The Gleam.

IX

Not of the sunlight,
 Not of the moonlight,
 Not of the starlight!
 O young Mariner,
 125 Down to the haven,
 Call your companions,
 Launch your vessel,
 And crowd your canvas,
 And, ere it vanishes
 130 Over the margin,
 After it, follow it,
 Follow The Gleam.

Consult "Memoirs" I. Preface, 12-15, for a running commentary on autobiographical elements in this poem. When was this poem written? See "Memoirs" II. 366. (11) In "Merlin and Vivien," it was Bleys who taught magic to Merlin, who speedily outran his master in the art. (35-48) Here is the callow poetry of Tennyson colouring nature with the tinge of passing moods by which it ascends the first mountain peak of his art. (49-62) Fantastic imagery and mountain scenery make poetry, but Tennyson realises that his art has a plateau level, where may be pictured the pastoral that touches the lives of English peasants. (62-75) With maturity of expression which comes from a man in his prime, Tennyson writes with all the light of the gleam about Arthur in Camelot, "the city of shadowy palaces." Describe Camelot as it appears in "Gareth and Lynette"; the palace, in the "Holy Grail"; and Arthur as presented in "The Coming of Arthur," where a momentary likeness of himself flashed about his order. (76-78) Arthur H. Hallam and King Arthur are here united. (79-81) Cf. "Morte d'Arthur," 295-298:

". . . and all the people cried,
 'Arthur is come again: he cannot die.'
 Then those that stood upon the hills behind
 Repeated—'Come again, and thrice as fair.'"
 (93-95) "In Memoriam," XXII:

". . . somewhere in the waste
 The Shadow sits and waits for me."

(96-109) Without premature methodisation in arrangement of knightly panoply, Tennyson tilted with his sharp lance of faith and hit the shadow that ceased to be a shadow when he finished writing his "In Memoriam." All of his subsequent poetry breathes with the spirit of his immortal elegy; death fascinates him to the last, and here the grave is lit, "Would break into blossom," by the gleam of a reachable ideal. (110-111)

" And so to the land's
Last limit I came."

He has followed ideal poetry through wilderness, across valley, up mountain, down pastoral levels, to the city built to music and therefore never built at all, from the Arthurian palace without its King to hamlet and city, from their dead to the land's last limit, where lies "the far-rolling westward-smiling seas," to where the Gleam beckons as it did to the blameless King. In October, 1892, Tennyson passed to where, beyond these voices (raven-croaks) in the city built forever, he secured Coleridge's Abyssinian maid's symphony and Poe's Israfelic fire, — the perfect adaption of poetic imagination to metre, "The Gleam," the ideal lyrical gift. This poem is cast in what metre?

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
5 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
10 And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
15 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

“‘Crossing The Bar’ was written in my father’s eighty-first year, on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had the Moaning of the Bar in his mind, and after dinner he showed me this poem written out.

“I said, ‘That is the crown of your life work.’ He answered, ‘It came in a moment.’ He explained the ‘Pilot’ as ‘That Divine and Unseen Who is always guiding us.’

“A few days before my father’s death he said to me: ‘Mind you put “Crossing The Bar” at the end of all editions of my poems.’”—*Memoirs II, 366-7*. Cf. Tennyson’s poetic passings: The Lady of Shalott; Ulysses; Enoch Arden; Arthur Hallam in “In Memoriam” CIII; and Arthur and Elaine in the “Idylls of the King.” Also, read “The Passing of Scyld” in fytte one of “Beowulf” and the passing of Hiawatha. (5-8) Cf. The “Coming of Arthur”:

“And then the two
 Dropt to the cove, and watch’d the great sea fall,
 Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
 Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
 And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
 Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame:
 And down the wave and in the flame was borne
 A naked babe, and rode to Merlin’s feet,
 Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried “The King!
 Here is an heir for Uther!”

Merlin, on being questioned in regard to Bleys’ account of Arthur’s birth, explained the problem of birth by presenting the one of death in his tercet rime:

“Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom blows:
 Sun, rain, and sun! And where is he who knows
 From the great deep to the great deep he goes.”

After reading this poem and thinking on Tennyson’s going to the great deep in 1892, the pupil will appreciate these lines from “In Memoriam”:

“But there is more than I can see,
 And what I see I leave unsaid,
 Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
 His darkness beautiful with thee.”

For an account of the beautiful death of the poet, the pupils should read “Memoirs” II. 427-428.

ROBERT BROWNING

1812-1889

Browning never greatly cares about the glory of words or beauty of form: he has told me that the world must take him as it finds him. . . . I wish I had written his two lines :

" The little more and how much it is,
The little less and what worlds away."

He has plenty of music in him, but he cannot get it out. — *Tennyson*.

Optional Poems

How They Brought The Good News From Ghent To Aix.

Soliloquy Of The Spanish Cloister.

Cristina.

De Gustibus —

Saul.

My Star.

By The Fireside.

The Boy And The Angel.

The Last Ride Together.

A Grammarian's Funeral.

Andrea Del Sarto.

Cleon.

Gold Hair ; A Story Of Pornic.

Evelyn Hope.

Abt Vogler.

A Face.

In A Balcony.

Reverie.

Rabbi Ben Ezra.

Pippa's Songs (Pippa Passes).

Earl Mertoun's Song (Blot In The 'Scutcheon).

Phrases

There are flashes struck from midnights. . . — *Cristina*.

. . . 'tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what
man Would do! — *Saul*.

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for? — *Andrea del Sarto*.

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can. . .
— *Abt Vogler*.

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect
round. — *Abt Vogler*.

God stooping shows sufficient of his light
For us i' the dark to rise by. And I rise.
— *The Ring and the Book*.

CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME

I

My first thought was, he lied in every word,
That hoary cripple, with malicious eye
Askance to watch the working of his lie
On mine, and mouth scarce able to afford
5 Suppression of the glee, that pursed and scored
Its edge, at one more victim gained thereby.

II

What else should he be set for, with his staff?
What, save to waylay with his lies, insnare
All travelers who might find him posted there,
10 And ask the road? I guessed what skull-like laugh
Would break, what crutch gin write my epitaph
For pastime in the dusty thoroughfare,

III

If at his counsel I should turn aside
 Into that ominous tract which, all agree,
15 Hides the Dark Tower. Yet acquiescingly
I did turn as he pointed : neither pride
Nor hope rekindling at the end descried.
 So much as gladness that some end might be.

IV

For, what with my whole world-wide wandering,
20 What with my search drawn out through years, my
 hope
 Dwindled into a ghost not fit to cope
With that obstreperous joy success would bring, —
I hardly tried now to rebuke the spring
 My heart made, finding failure in its scope.

V

25 As when a sick man very near to death
 Seems dead indeed, and feels begin and end
 The tears, and takes the farewell of each friend,
And hears one bid the other go, draw breath,
Freelier outside ("since all is o'er," he saith,
30 "And the blow fallen no grieving can amend");

VI

While some discuss if near the other graves
 Be room enough for this, and when a day
 Suits best for carrying the corpse away,
With care about the banners, scarves, and staves :
35 And still the man hears all, and only craves
 He may not shame such tender love and stay.

VII

Thus, I had so long suffered in this quest,
 Heard failure prophesied so oft, been writ
 So many times among "The Band" — to wit,
 40 The knights who to the Dark Tower's search addressed
 Their steps — that just to fail as they, seemed best,
 And all the doubt was now — should I be fit?

VIII

So, quiet as despair, I turned from him,
 That hateful cripple, out of his highway
 45 Into the path he pointed. All the day
 Had been a dreary one at best, and dim
 Was settling to its close, yet shot one grim
 Red leer to see the plain catch its estray.

IX

For mark! no sooner was I fairly found
 50 Pledged to the plain, after a pace or two,
 Than, pausing to throw backward a last view
 O'er the safe road, 't was gone; gray plain all round:
 Nothing but plain to the horizon's bound.
 I might go on: naught else remained to do.

X

55 So, on I went. I think I never saw
 Such starved, ignoble nature; nothing throve:
 For flowers — as well expect a cedar grove!
 But cockle, spurge, according to their law
 Might propagate their kind, with none to awe,
 60 You'd think; a burr had been a treasure trove.

XI

No! penury, inertness, and grimace,
 In some strange sort, were the land's portion. "See
 Or shut your eyes," said Nature peevishly,
 "It nothing skills: I cannot help my case:
 65 'Tis the Last Judgment's fire must cure this place,
 Calcine its clods and set my prisoners free."

XII

If there pushed any ragged thistle stalk
 Above its mates, the head was chopped; the bents
 Were jealous else. What made those holes and rents
 70 In the dock's harsh swarth leaves, bruised as to balk
 All hope of greenness? 'tis a brute must walk
 Pashing their life out, with a brute's intents.

XIII

As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair
 In leprosy: thin dry blades pricked the mud
 75 Which underneath looked kneaded up with blood.
 One stiff blind horse, his every bone a-stare,
 Stood stupefied, however he came there:
 Thrust out past service from the Devil's stud!

XIV

Alive? he might be dead for aught I know,
 80 With that red gaunt and coloped neck astrain,
 And shut eyes underneath the rusty mane;
 Seldom went such grotesqueness with such woe;
 I never saw a brute I hated so:
 He must be wicked to deserve such pain.

XV

85 I shut my eyes and turned them on my heart.
 As a man calls for wine before he fights,
 I asked one draught of earlier, happier sights,
 Ere fitly I could hope to play my part.
 Think first, fight afterward — the soldier's art:
 90 One taste of the old time sets all to rights.

XVI

Not it! I fancied Cuthbert's reddening face
 Beneath its garniture of curly gold,
 Dear fellow, till I almost felt him fold
 An arm in mine to fix me to the place,
 95 That way he used. Alas, one night's disgrace!
 Out went my heart's new fire and left it cold.

XVII

Giles, then, the soul of honor — there he stands
 Frank as ten years ago when knighted first.
 What honest man should dare (he said) he durst.
 100 Good — but the scene shifts — faugh! what hangman
 hands
 Pin to his breast a parchment? His own bands
 Read it. Poor traitor, spit upon and curst!

XVIII

Better this present than a past like that;
 Back therefore to my darkening path again!
 105 No sound, no sight as far as eye could strain.
 Will the night send a howlet or a bat?
 I asked: when something on the dismal flat
 Came to arrest my thoughts and change their train.

XIX

A sudden little river crossed my path
 110 As unexpected as a serpent comes.
 No sluggish tide congenial to the glooms ;
 This, as it frothed by, might have been a bath
 For the fiend's glowing hoof — to see the wrath
 Of its black eddy bespate with flakes and spumes.

XX

115 So petty, yet so spiteful! All along,
 Low scrubby alders kneeled down over it ;
 Drenched willows flung them headlong in a fit
 Of mute despair, a suicidal throng :
 The river which had done them all the wrong,
 120 Whate'er that was, rolled by, deterred no whit.

XXI

Which, while I forded, — good saints, how I feared
 To set my foot upon a dead man's cheek,
 Each step, or feel the spear I thrust to seek
 For hollows, tangled in his hair or beard !
 125 — It may have been a water-rat I speared,
 But, ugh ! it sounded like a baby's shriek.

XXII

Glad was I when I reached the other bank.
 Now for a better country. Vain presage !
 Who were the strugglers, what war did they wage
 130 Whose savage trample thus could pad the dank
 Soil to a splash ? Toads in a poisoned tank,
 Or wild cats in a red-hot iron cage —

XXIII

The fight must so have seemed in that fell cirque.
 What penned them there, with all the plain to choose?
 135 No footprint leading to that horrid mews,
 None out of it. Mad brewage set to work
 Their brains, no doubt, like galley-slaves the Turk
 Pits for his pastime, Christians against Jews.

XXIV

And more than that — a furlong on — why, there!
 140 What bad use was that engine for, that wheel,
 Or brake, not wheel — that harrow fit to reel
 Men's bodies out like silk? with all the air
 Of Tophet's tool, on earth left unaware,
 Or brought to sharpen its rusty teeth of steel.

XXV

145 Then came a bit of stubbed ground, once a wood,
 Next a marsh, it would seem, and now mere earth
 Desperate and done with; (so a fool finds mirth,
 Makes a thing, and then mars it, till his mood
 Changes and off he goes!) within a rood —
 150 Bog, clay, and rubble, sand and stark black dearth.

XXVI

Now blotches rankling, colored gay and grim,
 Now patches where some leanness of the soil's
 Broke into moss or substances like boils:
 Then came some palsied oak, a cleft in him
 155 Like a distorted mouth that splits its rim
 Gaping at death and dies while it recoils.

XXVII

And just as far as ever from the end :
 Naught in the distance but the evening, naught
 To point my footstep farther ! At the thought,
 160 A great black bird, Apollyon's bosom friend,
 Sailed past, nor beat his wide wing dragon-penned
 That brushed my cap — perchance the guide I
 sought.

XXVIII

For, looking up, aware I somehow grew,
 'Spite of the dusk, the plain had given place
 165 All round to mountains — with such name to grace
 Mere ugly heights and heaps now stolen in view.
 How thus they had surprised me,— solve it, you !
 How to get from them was no clearer case.

XXIX

Yet half I seemed to recognize some trick
 170 Of mischief happened to me, God knows when —
 In a bad dream, perhaps. Here ended then,
 Progress this way. When in the very nick
 Of giving up, one time more, came a click
 As when a trap shuts — you're inside the den.

XXX

175 Burningly it came on me all at once,
 This was the place ! those two hills on the right,
 Crouched like two bulls locked horn in horn in fight ;
 While to the left, a tall scalped mountain — Dunce,
 Dotard, a-dozing at the very nonce,
 180 After a life spent training for the sight !

XXXI

What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?
 The round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart,
 Built of brown stone, without a counterpart
 In the whole world. The tempest's mocking elf
 185 Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf
 He strikes on, only when the timbers start.

XXXII

Not see? because of night perhaps? — why, day
 Came back again for that! before it left,
 The dying sunset kindled through a cleft:
 190 The hills, like giants at a hunting lay,
 Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay, —
 “Now stab and end the creature — to the heft!”

XXXIII

Not hear? when noise was everywhere! it tolled
 Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears
 195 Of all the lost adventurers my peers, —
 How such a one was strong, and such was bold,
 And such was fortunate, yet each of old
 Lost! lost! one moment knelled the woe of years.

XXXIV

There they stood, ranged along the hill-sides, met
 200 To view the last of me, a living frame
 For one more picture! in a sheet of flame
 I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
 Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
 And blew “*Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.*”

(1-48) Observe that the simile of the dying man throws a light on the hero's mentality. (48) Explain "estray." (85-108) His past life does not contain happy reminiscences which enable him to throw off the sensuous waves that beat against his brain from the starved ignoble nature and the grotesque horse. In the presence of physical failure mental portraits of past successes in the lives of his friends do not sustain and soothe. (109-126) The wrathful river is filled with the bodies of those who have failed in reaching their ideals. (127-156) Note that the scenery by the hero's movement has become more horrible. Progression means the recognition on his part of an "Inferno" where annihilation is unshunnable. Retrogression would neither remove these "Tophet tools" of torture nor relieve the monotony of the situation. Browning is marvelously accurate in describing nature affected with physical foulness such as came upon Job when Satan touched him: in this respect analyse the portrayal of "the palsied oak." (157-174) It is evening, and this scenery beyond the river however sterile can produce life; as the previous landscape had its horse, so this possesses its bird. The redness of sunset has given way to the blackness of night; the devil's stallion has given birth to the bird of ill-omen. Note the change which now occurs in nature. The place of the stunted, impassable mountains is no worse than the plain of abortive fecundation. The hero has come to the end of progression and is in the presence of failure when he hears the click of its trap. (175-204) All of our hero's former life had been ruined by man, and now the hostile attitude of nature is added to make the catastrophe complete. The "dying sunset" lends an artistic power. Childe Roland now hears the reveille of death and the roll-call of the failures who, as he, had sought the ideal; "lambent annihilation," "a sheet of flame," has come, and the ghosts of those who had failed are lined up to see him come, as they had come, in sight of that which materially is impossible to obtain in this part of the universe.

This poem is thoroughly Browningsque in teaching that all must "Try the clod ere test the star" and that:

"Life is probation and the earth no goal,
But starting point of man: compel him strive,
Which means, in man as good as reach the goal."

Note the difference between pure and impure allegory. Name the three great allegories in English literature, and tell by whom these have been written. In each, what is x , the unknown quantity? Supply the missing x in each of the following pieces:

The Vision of Mirza. — *Joseph Addison.*

The Deserted House. — *Alfred Tennyson.*

The Idylls of the King. — *Alfred Tennyson.*

Merlin and the Gleam. — *Alfred Tennyson.*

Crossing the Bar. — *Alfred Tennyson.*

“Where Lies The Land To Which The Ship Would Go?” — *A. A. Clough.*

The Beleaguered City. — *H. W. Longfellow.*

Compare the *x* in “Childe Roland” to that found in Longfellow’s “Excelsior” and “Victor and Vanquished.” Is “Childe Roland” an example of pure allegory?

PROSPICE

Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the piace,
 5 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 10 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle’s to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 15 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay life’s glad arrears
 20 Of pain, darkness and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 25 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul!
 I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

(17-20) ". . . fare like peers
 The heroes of old," etc.

Cf. "Beowulf," 2814-16: ". . . ealle wyrd forswēop
 Mīne māgas tō metod-sceaftē,
 Eorlas on elne ; ic him aefter seal."

"Fate has swept all my kinsmen away into eternity, princes in chivalry; I must after them."— *The Deeds of Beowulf, Earle*.
 Beowulf to Wiglaf before meeting death in the flames of the fire-drake. (27) Browning would clasp his wife's soul. Mrs. Browning's death caused this poem to be written. Has Tennyson written anything in a similar strain? What strong likeness exists between this poem and Longfellow's "Victor and Vanquished"? Read Matthew Arnold's "A Wish" in order to see how an agnostic poet faces death.

EPILOGUE

(From *Asolando*)

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
 When you set your fancies free,
 Will they pass to where — by death, fools think, imprisoned —
 Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
 5 — Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken !
 What had I on earth to do
 With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly ?
 Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless did I drivel
 10 — Being — who ?

One who never turned his back but marched breast for-
 ward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would
 triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 15 Sleep to wake.

No, at noon-day in the bustle of man's work-time
 Greet the unseen with a cheer !
 Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
 "Strive and thrive !" cry "Speed, — fight on, fare ever
 20 There as here !"

(1-20) Compare the view of death presented in this poem of 1889 with the views of death of 1855 and 1864 in "Childe Roland" and "Prospice." One evening before his death illness, as Browning was correcting the proof of this poem, what did he say to his daughter-in-law and sister concerning the third verse ?

The whole poem is an inspiration for young people by faith and activity to fight against feelings of depression, slothfulness, and cowardliness. What phase of nineteenth century thought does Browning represent ? Cf. Tennyson.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

1806-1861

The most inspired woman of all who have composed in ancient or modern tongues, or flourished in any land or time. — *E. C. Stedman.*

Optional Poems

Cowper's Grave.
 Lady Geraldine's Courtship.
 The Lady's "Yes."
 The Cry Of The Children.
 A Song For The Ragged Schools.
 The Dead Pan.
 A Court Lady.
 My Heart And I.
 De Profundis.
 Sonnets From The Portuguese.

Phrases

Or from Browning some "Pomegranate," which, if cut deep
 down the middle,

Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.
 — *Lady Geraldine's Courtship.*

For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
 Than men in benediction. — *Aurora Leigh.*

And floated from me like a silent cloud
 That leaves the sense of thunder. — *Aurora Leigh.*

. . . the eyes smiled too,
 But 'twas as if remembering they had wept,
 And knowing, they should, some day, weep again.

— *Aurora Leigh.*

A holiday of miserable men
Is sadder than a burial-day of Kings. — *Aurora Leigh*.

Albeit softly in our ears her silver song was ringing,
The foot-fall of her parting soul is softer than her singing.
— *Felicia Hemans*.

Hold, in high poetic duty,
Truest Truth the fairest Beauty! — *The Dead Pan*.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

I

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat
5 And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river?

II

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river.
The limpid water turbidly ran,
10 And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

III

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
15 And hacked and hewed as a great god can
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

IV

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
20 (How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith like the heart of a man
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor, dry, empty thing
In holes as he sate by the river.

V

25 "This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river!)
"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music they could succeed."
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
30 He blew in power by the river!

VI

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
35 And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

VII

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
40 The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain —
For the reed which grows never more again
As a reed with the reeds of the river.

Compare this poem with James Russell Lowell's "The Finding of the Lyre" and with Thomas Moore's "The Origin of the Harp." Andrew Marvell of the seventeenth century, in "The Garden," writes :

"When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race;
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed."

HOW DO I LOVE THEE ?

(Sonnets from the Portuguese)

XLIII.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being, and ideal Grace.
5 I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
10 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! and if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Discuss the overlying, beautiful "sense-rhythm" that transcends this sonnet's metrical structure, and compare the waves of emotion to those in the systolic and diastolic sonnet CXVI. of Shakespere's.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1822-1888

Tell Mat not to write any more of those prose things, like 'Literature and Dogma,' but to give us something like his 'Thyrsis,' 'Scholar Gypsy,' or 'For-saken Merman.'— *Tennyson*.

Optional Poems

Requiescat.
 Resignation.
 Sohrab And Rustum.
 Tristram And Iseult.
 West London.
 Immortality.
 The Strayed Reveller.
 Philomela.
 A Wish.
 The Scholar-Gypsy.
 Rugby Chapel.
 Thyrsis.

Phrases

Cold, cold as those who lived and loved
 A thousand years ago. — *Tristram and Iseult*.

The aids to noble life are all within. — *Worldly Place*.

. . . that cold succor, which attends
 The unknown little from the unknowing great,
 And points us to a better time than ours. — *West London*.

. . . only he
 His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
 Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life. — *Immortality*.

And some find death ere they find love ;
 So far apart their lives are thrown
 From the twin-soul that halves their own.— *Faded Leaves.*

. . . this strange disease of modern life,
 With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
 Its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts. . . .
 — *The Scholar Gypsy.*

The Spirit of the world

 let a sardonic smile,
 For one short moment, wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine! — Heine's Grave.

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
 The other powerless to be born. . . .
 — *The Grande Chartreuse.*

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

- Come, dear children, let us away ;
 Down and away below !
 Now my brothers call from the bay,
 Now the great winds shoreward blow,
 5 Now the salt tides seaward flow ;
 Now the wild white horses play,
 Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
 Children dear, let us away !
 This way, this way !
- 10 Call her once before you go —
 Call once yet !
 In a voice that she will know :
 “ Margaret ! Margaret ! ”
 Children's voices should be dear
 15 (Call once more) to a mother's ear ;

- Children's voices, wild with pain —
 Surely she will come again !
 Call her once and come away ;
 This way, this way !
- 20 " Mother dear, we cannot stay !
 The wild white horses foam and fret."
 Margaret ! Margaret !
- Come, dear children, come away down ;
 Call no more !
- 25 One last look at the white-wall'd town,
 And the little grey church on the windy shore ;
 Then come down !
 She will not come though you call all day ;
 Come away, come away !
- 30 Children dear, was it yesterday
 We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
 In the caverns where we lay,
 Through the surf and through the swell,
 The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
- 35 Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
 Where the winds are all asleep ;
 Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
 Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
 Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
- 40 Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;
 Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
 Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
 Where great whales come sailing by,
 Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
- 45 Round the world for ever and aye ?
 When did music come this way ?
 Children dear, was it yesterday ?

- Children dear, was it yesterday
 (Call yet once) that she went away?
 50 Once she sate with you and me,
 On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
 And the youngest sate on her knee.
 She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
 When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
 55 She sigh'd, she looked up through the clear green sea;
 She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
 In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
 'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah me!
 And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with thee."
 60 I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
 Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"
 She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.

- Children dear, was it yesterday?
 Children dear, were we long alone?
 65 "The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
 Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
 Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the
 bay.
 We went up the beach, by the sandy down
 Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town;
 70 Through the narrow-paved streets, where all was still,
 To the little grey church on the windy hill.
 From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
 But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
 We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
 75 And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded
 panes.
 She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
 "Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
 Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;

- The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.”
- 80 But, ah, she gave me never a look,
 For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book!
 Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
 Come away, children, call no more!
 Come away, come down, call no more!
- 85 Down, down, down!
 Down to the depths of the sea!
 She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
 Singing most joyfully,
 Hark what she sings: “O joy, O joy,
 90 For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
 For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
 For the wheel where I spun,
 And the blessed light of the sun!”
 And so she sings her fill,
 95 Singing most joyfully.
 Till the spindle drops from her hand,
 And the whizzing wheel stands still.
 She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
 And over the sand at the sea;
 100 And her eyes are set in a stare;
 And anon there breaks a sigh,
 And anon there drops a tear,
 From a sorrow-clouded eye,
 And a heart sorrow-laden,
 105 A long, long sigh;
 For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden
 And the gleam of her golden hair.
- Come away, away children;
 Come children, come down!
- 110 The hoarse wind blows coldly;

Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
115 Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
120 Singing : " Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she !
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
125 When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low ;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
130 And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom ;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
135 The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town ;
At the church on the hill-side —
And then come back down,
140 Singing : " There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she !
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea,"

(1-9) Explain "Now my brothers call from the bay." Test the metaphor "the wild white horses." (10-22) Note that the grip of the sea is seemingly as fierce on the mer-race as the power of religion on Margaret. "The wild white horses foam and fret." (30-47) Observe in their delirious pain that in intensity of wrong the past is confused with the present: the tragical present seems never to have had a causative past. What bell did the mer-race once hear, which now makes them hate all sweet music? Observe dramatic harmony in an agony presented by the unshut eyes of great whales which in search of something forever and aye sail round and round the world. Compare this accurate description of the sea bottom with that contained in Clarence's dream, "Richard III.," I. 4; in Keats' "Endymion" III. 119-136; in Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," Act IV., Panthea's vision; and in Kipling's "The Deep-sea Cables." (48-63) No promise is given in (62). (64-84) Subjective misery finds the objective scenery of a desolate grave-yard, where we are shut out in the blowing airs with the merchildren who feel the shiver of Margaret's coldness of heart, which is more frozen by far than the stones round about. (85-107) Here is presented the daily life of mother Margaret, whose heart

". . . chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe."

One half of the world's pleasure is drawn out of the other half's pain, and across the coffin of her past she reaches for the Bible and totters to the prison-bars, where are visible the wild white horses foaming and fretting above her little mermaid. Arnold has let out the stops furnishing a deep labouring adagio to a poem whose theme is: What will a woman give in exchange for her soul? (108-123) Observe the way in which the woe is intensified. (124-143) The poem closes showing that forever, so long as the merman and his mermaids and boys live, they shall love Margaret by perpetual creepings along the dunes to the windy hill and to the church. It seems harder for these heathen to resist the sea than it is for Margaret to resist the call of the priest and the holy well. In agony they give up their natural element, thus evincing stronger religious zeal than Margaret when she is nearest to the holy book. Their love far exceeds the love of Margaret, who never tries to come to them for one word of explanation in regard to her desertion. Have similar spiritual tragedies been presented in English fiction: *e. g.*, in Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth" and Mrs. Voynich's "The Gadfly"? What is the normal metre of the poem? Scan 23-29, 98-107.

DOVER BEACH

The sea is calm to-night.

The tide is full, the moon lies fair

Upon the straits ; — on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone : the cliffs of England stand,

5 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.

Come to the window, sweet is the night-air !

Only, from the long line of spray

Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd sand,

Listen ! you hear the grating roar

10 Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,

At their return, up the high strand,

Begin, and cease, and then again begin,

With tremulous cadence slow, and bring

The eternal note of sadness in.

15 Sophocles long ago

Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought

Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow

Of human misery ; we

Find also in the sound a thought,

20 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore

Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled !

But now I only hear

25 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,

Retreating, to the breath

Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear

And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true

30 To one another ! for the world, which seems

To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain ;
 35 And we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

(1-20) "moon-blanchéd sand." Cf. "Sohrab and Rustum" :

" . . . as the vast tide
 Of the bright rocking ocean sets to shore
 At the full moon."

Cf. "Tristram and Iseult" :

" . . . the roar
 Of the near waves came, sadly grand,
 Through the dark, up the drowned sand."

Cf. "A Summer Night": "moon-blanchéd street," and (131) of "The Forsaken Merman"; "blanchéd" is one of Arnold's favourite adjectives. (14) "The eternal note of sadness." In "Philomela" the refrain of the nightingale is :

"Eternal passion !
 Eternal pain !"

(21-28) This passing of faith is applicable to Arnold's life. Cf. "Sohrab and Rustum" :

"For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
 Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
 Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall ;
 And whether it will heave us up to land,
 Or whether it will roll us out to sea, —
 Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death, —
 We know not, and no search will make us know ;
 Only the event will teach us in its hour."

(29-37) Analyse this highest expression of Arnold's poetical power that voices the agnosticism that finally made him quit writing poetry.

SELF-DEPENDENCE

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
 What I am, and what I ought to be,
 At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
 Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

5 And a look of passionate desire
 O'er the sea and to the stars I send :
 "Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
 Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!"

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
 10 On my heart your mighty charm renew ;
 Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
 Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
 Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
 15 In the rustling night-air came the answer :
 "Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
 Undistracted by the sights they see,
 These demand not that the things without them
 20 Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
 And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll :
 For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
 All the fever of some differing soul.

25 "Bounded by themselves and unregardful
 In what state God's other works may be,
 In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
 These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice ! long since, severely clear,
 30 A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear :
 " Resolve to be thyself ; and know that he
 Who finds himself loses his misery ! "

Analyse this poem from the point of view of its interpreting a most selfish view of human life. In "Empedocles on Etna," Arnold expresses a similar poetic longing :

" Once read thy own breast right,
 And thou hast done with fears ;
 Man gets no other light,
 Search he a thousand years.

Sink in thyself ! there ask what ails thee, at that shrine."

In "Switzerland," he reaches out for

" The hush among the shining stars,
 The calm upon the moonlit sea ! "

In "A Summer Night" Arnold, with "the old unquiet breast" which is neither quite possessed by passion nor quite benumbed by the world, gazing at the heavens, which present neither languor, nor trouble, nor uncertainty, longs for that incontaminate calmness of equipoise that is in their mild deeps which know not the silent pain of one who has longed deeply and longed in vain. Arnold would have it said of him as Wordsworth said of Milton, "Thy soul was like a Star and dwelt apart." How do Arnold's poems show one phase of nineteenth century thought? Compare "Self-Dependence" with the last sonnet of Keats'.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

1837-

He is a reed through which all things blow into music.— *Tennyson*.*Optional Poems*

Atalanta In Calydon.
 Ave Atque Vale.
 A Match.
 Rococo.
 By The North Sea.
 Itylus.

Phrases

“Who swims in sight of the third great wave
 That never a swimmer shall cross or climb.”

— *The Triumph Of Time*.

DISAPPOINTMENT IN LOVE

(The Triumph Of Time)

257-288; 321-352

I will go back to the great sweet mother,
 Mother and lover of men, the sea.
 I will go down to her, I and none other,
 260 Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me;
 Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast;
 O fair white mother, in days long past
 Born without sister, born without brother,
 Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

265 O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
 Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
 Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,
 Thy large embraces are keen like pain.
 Save me and hide me with all thy waves,
 270 Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
 Those pure cold populous graves of thine,
 Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

I shall sleep and move with the moving ships,
 Change as the winds change, veer in the tide ;
 275 My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,
 I shall rise with thy rising, with thee subside ;
 Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,
 Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,
 As a rose is fulfilled to the roseleaf tips
 280 With splendid summer and perfume and pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days,
 Were it once cast off and unwound from me,
 Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,
 Alive and aware of thy ways and thee ;
 285 Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
 Clothed with the green and crowned with the foam,
 A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
 A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.

.

There lived a singer in France of old,
 By the tideless dolorous midland sea.
 In a land of sand and ruin and gold
 There shone one woman, and none but she.
 325 And finding life for her love's sake fail,
 Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,

Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,
And praised God, seeing ; and so died he.

Died, praising God for his gift and grace :

330 For she bowed down to him weeping, and said
“ Live ; ” and her tears were shed on his face
Or ever the life in his face was shed.

The sharp tears fell through her hair, and stung
Once, and her close lips touched him and clung
335 Once, and grew one with his lips for a space ;
And so drew back, and the man was dead.

O brother, the gods were good to you.

Sleep, and be glad while the world endures.

Be well content as the years wear through ;

340 Give thanks for life, and the loves and lures ;
Give thanks for life, O brother, and death,
For the sweet last sound of her feet, her breath,
For gifts she gave you, gracious and few,
Tears and kisses, that lady of yours.

345 Rest, and be glad of the gods ; but I,
How shall I praise them, or how take rest ?

There is not room under all the sky

For me that know not of worst or best,

Dream or desire of the days before,

350 Sweet things or bitterness, any more.

Love will not come to me now though I die,

As love came close to you, breast to breast.

(257-288) What is the central idea expressed by this flow of assonance, alliteration, and rime ? (321-352) In this acrobatism of metres observe the stanza which contains the normal system. Scan 345-352, and note that the third foot in every line is an anapest.

Swinburne is not a thinker. His greatness consists in making English poetry subject to new metrical systems ; on account of which the

birth of a dynamic phrase has become impossible. His combination of musical sounds is well nigh perfect and enchants as the rhythmical movements of *Duessa* enthralled the Red Cross knight, who, in contemplating the House of Pride, saw similar grace in every movement of its shivering, shifting foundations. The quicksands are Swinburne's metres, and the palace is his thought realm: much exterior, superficial beauty; but on rambling back to the postern gate one finds behind the paint and gilding only worm-eaten walls wherein ruined spiritual energy dwells.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

1828-1882

We are charmed by Rossetti's verse, but the burden, the message, is of slight import. Formal beauty is not everything.— *Charles F. Johnson.*

Optional Poems

The Burden Of Nineveh.

Sister Helen.

The Sea-Limits.

Rose Mary.

Inclusiveness. [The House Of Life.]

Lost Days. [The House Of Life.]

A Superscription. [The House Of Life.]

The Mono-Chord. [The House Of Life.]

The Ballad Of Dead Ladies, A Translation From François Villon, 1450.

Phrases

Oh! what is this that knows the road I came,

The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame,

The lifted shifted steeps and all the way?

— *The Mono-Chord. Sonnet LXXIX.*

SIBYLLA PALMIFERA; OR, SOUL'S BEAUTY

(For a Picture)

Under the arch of Life, where love and death,

Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw

Beauty enthroned; and though her gaze struck awe,

I drew it in as simply as my breath.

5 Hers are the eyes which, over and beneath,
 The sky and sea bend on thee, — which can draw,
 By sea or sky or woman, to one law,
 The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath.

This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
 10 Thy voice and hand shake still, — long known to thee
 By flying hair and fluttering hem, — the beat
 Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
 How passionately and irretrievably,
 In what fond flight, how many ways and days !

In this sonnet is felt the rhythmical pursuit of the human heart after beauty which according to Byron is :

“ A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.”

LOVESIGHT

HOUSE OF LIFE — IV

When do I see thee most, beloved one ?
 When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
 Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
 The worship of that Love through thee made known ?
 5 Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone,)
 Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
 Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
 And my soul only sees thy soul its own ?

O love, my love ! if I no more should see
 10 Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
 Nor image of thine eyes in any spring, —
 How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
 The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
 The wind of Death's imperishable wing ?

What are the rules for the perfect construction of a modern sonnet; and how does it differ from the Shakesperian and the Miltonic? Analyse the thought of the sestet. Fine critics place Rossetti at the head of all nineteenth century sonnet writers. What is Pre-Raphaelitism? Rossetti is the poet of mediæval romanticism.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

The blessed damozel leaned out
 From the gold bar of Heaven;
 Her eyes were deeper than the depth
 Of waters stilled at even;
 5 She had three lilies in her hand,
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem.
 No wrought flowers did adorn,
 But a white rose of Mary's gift,
 10 For service meetly worn;
 Her hair that lay along her back
 Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
 One of God's choristers;
 15 The wonder was not yet quite gone
 From that still look of hers;
 Albeit, to them she left, her day
 Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
 20 . . . Yet now, and in this place,
 Surely she leaned o'er me — her hair
 Fell all about my face . . .
 Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
 The whole year sets apace.)

25 It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on ;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun ;
So high, that looking downward thence
30 She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
35 The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.'

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
40 Their heat-remembered names ;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm ;
45 Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
50 Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the world. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path ; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

55 The sun was gone now ; the curled moon
 Was like a little feather
 Fluttering far down the gulf ; and now
 She spoke through the still weather.
 Her voice was like the voice the stars
 60 Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet ! Even now, in that bird's song,
 Strove not her accents there,
 Fain to be harkened ? When those bells
 Possessed the mid-day air,
 65 Strove not her steps to reach my side
 Down all the echoing stair ?)

'I wish that he were come to me,
 For he will come,' she said.
 'Have I not prayed in Heaven ?— on earth,
 70 Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd ?
 Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
 And shall I feel afraid ?

'When round his head the aureole clings,
 And he is clothed in white,
 75 I'll take his hand and go with him
 To the deep wells of light ;
 As unto a stream we will step down,
 And bathe there in God's sight.

'We two will stand beside that shrine,
 80 Occult, withheld, untrod,
 Whose lamps are stirred continually
 With prayer sent up to God ;
 And see our old prayers, granted, melt
 Each like a little cloud,

85 'We two will lie i' the shadow of
 That living mystic tree
 Within whose secret growth the Dove
 Is sometimes felt to be,
 While every leaf that His plumes touch
 90 Saith His Name audibly.

'And I myself will teach to him,
 I myself, lying so,
 The songs I sing here ; which his voice
 Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
 95 And find some knowledge at each pause,
 Or some new thing to know.'

(Alas ! We two, we two, thou say'st !
 Yea, one wast thou with me
 That once of old. But shall God lift
 100 To endless unity
 The soul whose likeness with thy soul
 Was but its love for thee ?)

'We two,' she said, 'will seek the groves
 Where the lady Mary is,
 105 With her five handmaidens, whose names
 Are five sweet symphonies,
 Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
 Margaret and Rosalys.

'Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
 110 And foreheads garlanded ;
 Into the fine cloth white like flame
 Weaving the golden thread,
 To fashion the birth-robcs for them
 Who are just born, being dead.

115 ' He shall fear, haply, and be dumb :
 Then will I lay my cheek
 To his, and tell about our love,
 Not once abashed or weak :
 And the dear Mother will approve
 120 My pride, and let me speak.

' Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
 To Him round whom all souls
 Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
 Bowed with their aureoles :
 125 And angels meeting us shall sing
 To their citherns and citoles.

' There will I ask of Christ the Lord
 Thus much for him and me : —
 Only to live as once on earth
 130 With Love, only to be,
 As then awhile, for ever now
 Together, I and he.'

She gazed and listened and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild, —
 135 ' All this is when he comes.' She ceased.
 The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
 With angels in strong level flight.
 Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
 140 Was vague in distant spheres :
 And then she cast her arms along
 The golden barriers,
 And laid her face between her hands,
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

According to Hall Caine, Poe's "The Raven" caused this poem to be written. Contrast the central idea in "The Raven" with that in this ballad: the power of immortal, human passion *vs.* the power of mortal, immortal divine love. The sainted maiden Poe's Lenore is seeking to remove the shadow on the floor that will depart nevermore. Compare the damozel's disappointment with the surprise-sorrow which came to the feminine angel in Hay's "A Woman's Love."

Like Dante, who humanly loved his Beatrice while spiritually she was translating him to Paradise, is Rossetti who by his blessed damozel would be lifted beside the mystic tree of life and the blazing, smoky mount wherein God's censers are ever burning. Note the keen pathos portrayed by means of wild longings which produce a confessed shame that makes impossible his passing through the ten spheres to the empyreal walls of Heaven. "Lost, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven!"

Rossetti has idealised the fleshly beauty of the madonnas of the cathedral ages; he has interfused spiritual beauty with the imperfect beauty of the human body so that we may worship it. Cf. Spenser's "An Hymne In Honour Of Beautie":

" For of the soule the bodie forme doth take ;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make."

WILLIAM MORRIS

1834-1896

No writer since Chaucer has displayed so masterly a power of continuous narrative, or has rested his fame so completely upon the arts of simplicity and lucidity.— *W. J. Dawson.*

Optional Poems

The Defence Of Guenevere.
 The Earthly Paradise.
 The Life And Death Of Jason.
 The Day Of Days.
 Drawing Near The Light.
 The Day Is Coming.

Phrases

And underneath his feet the moonlit sea
 Went shepherding his waves disorderly. . . .

— *The Story Of Cupid And Psyche.*

AN APOLOGY

(From "The Earthly Paradise")

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
 I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
 Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
 Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
 5 Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
 Or hope again for aught that I can say,
 The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,
 From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
 10 And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,

Grudge every minute as it passes by,
 Made the more mindful that the sweet days die —
 — Remember me a little then I pray,
 The idle singer of an empty day.

- 15 The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
 That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
 These idle verses have no power to bear ;
 So let me sing of names remembered,
 Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
 20 Or long time take their memory quite away
 From us poor singers of an empty day.

- Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
 Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
 Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
 25 Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
 Telling a tale not too importunate
 To those who in the sleepy region stay,
 Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

- Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
 30 At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,
 That through one window men beheld the spring,
 And through another saw the summer glow,
 And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
 While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
 35 Piped the drear wind of that December day.

- So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
 If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
 Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
 Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
 40 Where tossed about all hearts of men must be ;

Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

(1-7) These lines refer to the epical singing of Virgil, Dante, and Milton. Herrick lyrically says:

“ I write of hell; I sing, (and ever shall)
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.”

It is otherwise with Morris, who, throughout his “Apology,” expresses the purpose of poetry as consisting of amusement which makes mortals forgetful of Hell and Heaven. In factory frowning cities, the “too much” of fashionable row is as tragical as the “too little” of poverty flat. And, for relief of this ennui “of an empty day,” Morris presents his “Earthly Paradise” in the manner of him who during the reign of Richard II. whiles away our time for fifty-six miles on the road to Canterbury with stories representing the palace of the courtier and the hut of the peasant. (15-28) In 1868 Morris was not fascinated by the hopeless social problem, but in later life all his poetic powers were given to it: this is regrettable, since by it his poetry suffers from the artistic point of view, however much his ear is solicitously placed over the hearts of those “who live and earn our bread,” whose times are crooked, and may never be set straight. He is a finer poet when dealing with a hero in myth than he is when portraying the hero of the slums. (25-28) In Spenser’s “Faerie Queene,” I. 1, stanzas 40-41, what explains “the ivory gate” and “the sleepy region”? (29-35) Morris like an enchanter possesses power in the month of December of presenting kaleidoscopically spring, summer, and autumn. (36-42) Morris possesses that power which Shakespere’s Gaunt would give his son Bolingbroke, who at the hands of Richard II. is about to tread a path of exile to the continent, — the power of making things as he likes and as you like them in spite of drear wind and steely winter seas. Cf. “Richard II.,” Act I. 3:

“ Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go’st, not whence thou com’st:
Suppose the singing-birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread’st the presence strew’d,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.”

If you would have a world as magicians of old wished and had it, read "Earthly Paradise," and by sheer force of will find your shadowy isle of bliss "Midmost the beating of the steely sea" of modern life. Compare "the steely sea" to Rossetti's "the iron-bosomed sea" in "The Portrait."

ATALANTA VICTORIOUS

(From "Atalanta's Race" in "Earthly Paradise")

I, 71-133

And there two runners did the sign abide
 Foot set to foot, — a young man slim and fair,
 Crisp-haired, well-knit, with firm limbs often tried
 In places where no man his strength may spare ;
 75 Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair
 A golden circlet of renown he wore,
 And in his hand an olive garland bore.

But on this day with whom shall he contend ?
 A maid stood by him like Diana clad
 80 When in the woods she lists her bow to bend,
 Too fair for one to look on and be glad,
 Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,
 If he must still behold her form afar ;
 Too fair to let the world live free from war.

85 She seemed all earthly matters to forget ;
 Of all tormenting lines her face was clear ;
 Her wide gray eyes upon the goal were set
 Calm and unmoved as though no soul were near ;
 But her foe trembled as a man in fear,
 90 Nor from her loveliness one moment turned
 His anxious face with fierce desire that burned.

Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's clang,
Just as the setting sun made eventide.
Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang,
95 And swiftly were they running side by side ;
But silent did the thronging folk abide
Until the turning-post was reached at last,
And round about it still abreast they passed.

But when the people saw how close they ran,
100 When half-way to the starting-point they were,
A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man
Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near
Unto the very end of all his fear ;
And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel,
105 And bliss unhop'd for o'er his heart 'gan steal.

But midst the loud victorious shouts he heard
Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound
Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afraid
His flushed and eager face he turned around,
110 And even then he felt her past him bound
Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there
Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There stood she, breathing like a little child
Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep,
115 For no victorious joy her red lips smiled,
Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep ;
No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep,
Though some divine thought softened all her face,
As once more rang the trumpet through the place.

120 But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,
 One moment gazed upon her piteously,
 Then with a groan his lingering feet did force
 To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see ;
 And, changed like one who knows his time must be
 125 But short and bitter, without any word
 He knelt before the bearer of the sword ;

Then high rose up the gleaming, deadly blade,
 Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place
 Was silence now, and midst of it the maid
 130 Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,
 And he to hers upturned his sad white face ;
 Nor did his eyes behold another sight
 Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

Should the scene be in Arcadia or Bœotia? Atalanta kills her lover, according to the legend. Morris has used the Chaucerian stanza. Define such. Define "Rime Royal," and give its history in English poetry. What is the plan of "Earthly Paradise" whereby twenty-four tales are told throughout the year? How many tales are told in the "Canterbury Tales"; and how many would have been told if the original scheme had been followed? The pupil, who may be interested as to whether this thoughtlessly cruel Atalanta was conquered, should read IV. of "Atalanta's Race," where Milanion, servant of love, wins by the ruse of the apples of the Hesperides, or rather by the artifice of love. According to a legend used by Edwin Arnold, it is Hippomenes and not Milanion who makes Atalanta succumb to the apples and to love.

ATALANTA

Greek Atalanta ! girdled high ;
 Gold-sandalled ; great, majestic Maid ;
 Her hair bound back with purple tie :
 And in her hand th' Arcadian blade,
 To doom the suitor who shall choose
 Challenge her to the race — and lose.

And at her side Hippomenes !
 Poised on his foremost foot ; with soul
Burning to win — if Pallas please —
 That course so perilous, whose goal
Is joy, or Death ! Apples of gold
His trembling fingers close enfold.

Oh, girls ! 'tis English as 'tis Greek !
 Life is that race ! Train so the soul
That, clad with health and strength, it seek
 A swifter still, who touches goal
First ; or — for lack of breath outdone —
Dies gladly, so such race was won !

Yet scorn not, if before your feet
 The golden fruit of life shall roll —
Truth, duty, loving service sweet —
 To stoop to grasp them ! So the soul
Runs slower in the race, by these :
But wins them — and Hippomenes !

— *Edwin Arnold.*

RUDYARD KIPLING

1865—

He is the poet of the Imperial idea, of the sense of Imperial responsibilities, of the romance of Imperial expansion.—“*Conditions of Great Poetry*,” *Quarterly*, July, 1900.

Optional Poems

The English Flag.
 The Coastwise Lights.
 The Song Of The Dead.
 The Deep-Sea Cables.
 The Sea-Wife.
 L'Envoi. [The Seven Seas.]
 Gunga Din.
 Fuzzy-Wuzzy.
 Mandalay.

Phrases

- . . . the thoughts that burn like irons if you think.
 —*The Song Of The Banjo.*
- . . . when the order moves the line
 And the lean, locked ranks go roaring down to die.
 —*The Song Of The Banjo.*
- For the sin ye do by two and two, ye must pay for one by
 one! — *Tomlinson.*
- . . . the lore of men that ha' dealt with men
 In the new and naked lands. — *The Sea-Wife.*
- . . . no one shall work for money, and no one shall work
 for fame;

But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
 Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things
 as They Are!—*L'Envoi* [*The Seven Seas*].

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old —
 Lord of our far-flung battle line —
 Beneath Whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine —
 5 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
 The captains and the kings depart —
 Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
 10 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away —
 On dune and headland sinks the fire —
 15 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 20 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use
 Or lesser breeds without the Law —
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

25 For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard —
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard —
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
30 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!
 Amen.

Ascertain the meaning of "recessional." What were the circumstances connected with the publication of this poem? What is the reason of its great popularity? Note the form of its verse. (13-18) What sonnet of Milton's breathes forth a warning to a nation "drunk with power"? Analyse the similitudes of the two poems. Compare the "Recessional's" note of Imperialism with that sounded in "The Sea-Wife." Compare Kipling's poetry with Tennyson's.

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