

Tennyson Calendar

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A TENNYSON CALENDAR



A TENNYSON
CALENDAR

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

ANNA HARRIS SMITH



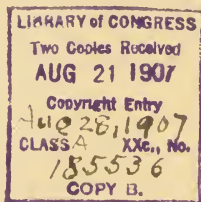
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JANUARY

JANUARY FIRST

THE night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my
friend,
Comes up to take his own.

There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
A new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

Death of the Old Year

JANUARY SECOND

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Morte D'Arthur

JANUARY THIRD

Fly, happy happy sails and bear the Press;
Fly happy with the mission of the Cross;
Knit land to land, and blowing havenward
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll,
Enrich the markets of the golden year.

The Golden Year

JANUARY FOURTH

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping
something new:

That which they have done but earnest of the
things that they shall do.

Locksley Hall

JANUARY FIFTH

He heeded not reviling tones,
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Tho' cursed and scorn'd, and bruised with stones:

But looking upward, full of grace,
He pray'd, and from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face.

The Two Voices

JANUARY SIXTH

For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.

Ode on the Death of Wellington

JANUARY SEVENTH

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat;

Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things ev'n as he were by.

In Memoriam

JANUARY EIGHTH

I will not shut me from my kind,
And, lest I stiffen into stone,
I will not eat my heart alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind.

In Memoriam

JANUARY NINTH

O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here, thro' the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!

Enid

JANUARY TENTH

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

"Love Thou Thy Land"

JANUARY ELEVENTH

I said, "The years with change advance:
If I make dark my countenance,
I shut my life from happier chance."

The Two Voices

JANUARY TWELFTH

Reign thou above the storms of sorrow and ruth
That roar beneath; unshaken peace hath won
thee :

So shalt thou pierce the woven glooms of truth ;
So shall the blessing of the meek be on thee ;
So in thine hour of dawn, the body's youth,
An honourable eld shall come upon thee.

Sonnet

JANUARY THIRTEENTH

Let there be thistles, there are grapes ;
If old things, there are new ;
Ten thousand broken lights and shapes,
Yet glimpses of the true.
Let raffs be rife in prose and rhyme,
We lack not rhymes and reasons,
As on this whirligig of Time
We circle with the seasons.

Will Waterproof's Monologue

JANUARY FOURTEENTH

Late, late, so late ! and dark the night and chill !
Late, late, so late ! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we : for that we do repent ;
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

Guinevere

JANUARY FIFTEENTH

Watch what main-currents draw the years :
Cut Prejudice against the grain :
But gentle words are always gain :
Regard the weakness of thy peers.

"Love Thou Thy Land"

JANUARY SIXTEENTH

Is this enough to say
That my desire, like all strongest hopes,
By its own energy fulfill'd itself,
Merged in completion?

The Gardener's Daughter

JANUARY SEVENTEENTH

Two children in two neighbour villages
Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas ;
Two strangers meeting at a festival ;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall ;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease ;
Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-
tower,
Wash'd with still rains and daisy-blossomed ;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred ;
So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

Circumstance

JANUARY EIGHTEENTH

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the
proud ;

Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and
cloud ;

Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or
frown ;

With that wild wheel we go not up or down ;

Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands ;

Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;

For man is man and master of his fate.

Enid

JANUARY NINETEENTH

Oh! who would fight and march and counter-
march,

Be shot for sixpence in a battle-field,

And shovell'd up into a bloody trench

Where no one knows?

Audley Court

JANUARY TWENTIETH

He,

Vex'd with a morbid devil in his blood

That veil'd the world with jaundice, hid his face

From all men, and commercing with himself,

He lost the sense that handles daily life—

That keeps us all in order more or less—

And sick of home went overseas for change.

Walking to the Mail

JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST

For Love himself took part against himself
To warn us off, and Duty loved of Love—
O this world's curse,—beloved but hated—came
Like Death betwixt thy dear embrace and mine,
And crying, "Who is this? behold thy bride,"
She push'd me from thee.

Love and Duty

JANUARY TWENTY-SECOND

For me, I thank the saints, I am not great.
For if there ever come a grief to me
I cry my cry in silence, and have done :
None knows it, and my tears have brought me
good :

But even were the griefs of little ones
As great as those of great ones, yet this grief
Is added to the griefs the great must bear,
That howsoever much they may desire
Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud.

Guinevere

JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD

Shy she was, and I thought her cold ;
Thought her proud, and fled over the sea ;
Fill'd I was with folly and spite,
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

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Bitterly wept I over the stone :
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away :

There lies the body of Ellen Adair!
And there the heart of Edward Gray!

Edward Gray

JANUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget?
Many suns arise and set.
Many a chance the years beget.
Love the gift is Love the debt.
Even so.

The Miller's Daughter

JANUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

Love is hurt with jar and fret.
Love is made a vague regret.
Eyes with idle tears are wet.
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget:
Ah, no! no!

The Miller's Daughter

JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

Forgive! How many will say, "forgive," and
find
A sort of absolution in the sound
To hate a little longer! No; the sin
That neither God nor man can well forgive,
Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.

Sea Dreams

JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Overquick art thou
To catch a loathly plume fall'n from the wing
Of that foul bird of rapine whose whole prey
Is man's good name.

Vivien

JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

The world will not believe a man repents :
And this wise world of ours is mainly right.
Full seldom *does* a man repent, or use
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,
And make all clean, and plant himself afresh.

Enid

JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH

Ah yet, tho' all the world forsake,
Tho' fortune clip my wings,
I will not cramp my heart, nor take
Half-views of men and things.

Will Waterproof's Monologue

JANUARY THIRTIETH

O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows.

The Princess

JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest :

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

In Memoriam



FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY FIRST

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

The White Owl

FEBRUARY SECOND

Every day hath its night:
Every night its morn:
Thorough dark and bright
Wingèd hours are borne;
Ah! welaway!
Seasons flower and fade;
Golden calm and storm
Mingle day by day.
There is no bright form
Doth not cast a shade—
Ah! welaway!

Song

FEBRUARY THIRD

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

To J. S.

FEBRUARY FOURTH

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

"Love Thou Thy Land"

FEBRUARY FIFTH

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power, (power of herself
Would come uncall'd for,) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

Ænone

FEBRUARY SIXTH

What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule!¹
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?

Morte D'Arthur

FEBRUARY SEVENTH

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

"Love Thou Thy Land"

FEBRUARY EIGHTH

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Locksley Hall

FEBRUARY NINTH

Nothing will die ;
All things will change
Through eternity.
'Tis the world's winter ;
Autumn and summer
Are gone long ago.

Nothing Will Die

FEBRUARY TENTH

All thoughts, all creeds, all dreams are true,
All visions wild and strange ;
Man is the measure of all truth
Unto himself. All truth is change :

All men do walk in sleep, and all
Have faith in that they dream :

For all things are as they seem to all,
And all things flow like a stream.

Oi péovtes

FEBRUARY ELEVENTH

My name, once mine, now thine, is closelier
mine,
For fame, could fame be mine, that fame were
thine,
And shame, could shame be thine, that shame
were mine.
So trust me not at all or all in all.

Vivien

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

Vivien

FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

“Thro' slander, meanest spawn of Hell
(And women's slander is the worst),
And you, whom once I loved so well,
Thro' you, my life will be accurst.”

I spoke with heart, and heat and force,
I shook her breast with vague alarms—
Like torrents from a mountain source
We rush'd into each other's arms.

The Letters

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

We parted : sweetly gleam'd the stars,
And sweet the vapour-braided blue,
Low breezes fann'd the belfry bars,
As homeward by the church I drew.
The very graves appear'd to smile,
So fresh they rose in shadow'd swells ;
“Dark porch,” I said, “and silent aisle,
There comes a sound of marriage bells.”

The Letters

FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in
his glowing hands ;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden
sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all
the chords with might ;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in
music out of sight.

Locksley Hall

FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

All precious things, discover'd late,
To those that seek them issue forth ;
For love in sequel works with fate,
And draws the veil from hidden worth.

The Day Dream

FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon
days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to
golden keys.

Locksley Hall

FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the
strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the
living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest
Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd fore-
head of the fool!

Locksley Hall

FEBRUARY NINETEENTH

A still small voice spake unto me,
"Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?"

Then to the still small voice I said,
"Let me not cast in endless shade
What is so wonderfully made."

The Two Voices

FEBRUARY TWENTIETH

"If all be dark, vague voice," I said,
"These things are wrapt in doubt and dread,
Nor canst thou show the dead are dead.

"The sap dries up: the plant declines.
A deeper tale my heart divines."

The Two Voices

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

In Memoriam

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

And me this knowledge bolder made,
Or else I had not dared to flow
In these words toward you, and invade
Even with a verse your holy woe.

'T is strange that those we lean on most,
Those in whose laps our limbs are nursed,
Fall into shadow, soonest lost:
Those we love first are taken first.

To J. S.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD

Behold, we know not anything ;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I ?
An infant crying in the night :
An infant crying for the light :
And with no language but a cry.

In Memoriam

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

They never learned to love who never knew to
weep.

Love and Sorrow

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismay’d?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
Some one had blunder’d :
Their’s not to make reply,
Their’s not to reason why,
Their’s but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

The Charge of the Light Brigade

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

For once, when I was up so high in pride
That I was halfway down the slope to Hell,
By overthrowing me you threw me higher.

Enid

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

“Not war, if possible,
O king,” I said, “lest from the abuse of war,
The desecrated shrine, the trampled year, [flower
The smouldering homestead, and the household
Torn from the lintel—all the common wrong—
A smoke go up thro’ which I loom to her
Three times a monster.”

The Princess

FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that
Honour feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each
other’s heels.

Locksley Hall

FEBRUARY TWENTY-NINTH

Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite quite sure
That there is one to love me;
Then let come what come may
To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.

Maud



MARCH

MARCH FIRST

HE spoke among you, and the Man who
spoke ;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
Who never spoke against a foe—

Ode on the Death of Wellington

MARCH SECOND

The path of duty was the way to glory :
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

Ode on the Death of Wellington

MARCH THIRD

O lift your natures up :
Embrace our aims : work out your freedom. Girls,
Knowledge is now no more a fountain seal'd :
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite
And slander, die. Better not be at all
Than not be noble.

The Princess

MARCH FOURTH

Like men, like manners: like breeds like, they say.
Kind nature is the best: those manners next
That fit us like a nature second-hand ;
Which are indeed the manners of the great.

Walking to the Mail

MARCH FIFTH

Will some one say, then why not ill for good?
Why took ye not your pastime? To that man
My work shall answer, since I knew the right
And did it; for a man is not as God,
But then most Godlike being most a man.

Love and Duty

MARCH SIXTH

Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man

The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow ?

The Princess

MARCH SEVENTH

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark ;
I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light !
Three angels bear the holy Grail :
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

Sir Galahad

MARCH EIGHTH

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the
younger day :
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Locksley Hall

MARCH NINTH

For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by
the veil.

Who knows the ways of the world, how God will
bring them about?
Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world
is wide.
Shall I weep if a Poland fall? shall I shriek if a
Hungary fail?
Or an infant civilization be ruled with rod or with
knout?
I have not made the world, and He that made it
will guide.

Maud

MARCH TENTH

Heaven weeps above the earth all night till morn,
In darkness weeps, as all ashamed to weep,
Because the earth hath made her state forlorn
With self-wrought evils of unnumbered years,
And doth the fruit of her dishonour reap.
And all the day heaven gathers back her tears
Into her own blue eyes so clear and deep,
And showering down the glory of lightsome day,
Smiles on the earth's worn brow to win her if she
may.

The Tears of Heaven

MARCH ELEVENTH

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.

In Memoriam

MARCH TWELFTH

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers and he
bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness
of his rest.

Locksley Hall

MARCH THIRTEENTH

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing pur-
pose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the
process of the suns.

Locksley Hall

MARCH FOURTEENTH

Think you this mould of hopes and fears
Could find no statelier than his peers
In yonder hundred million spheres?

The Two Voices

MARCH FIFTEENTH

Would that my gloomed fancy were
As thine, my mother, when with brows
Propped on thy knees, my hands upheld
In thine, I listened to thy vows,
For me outpoured in holiest prayer—
For me unworthy!—and beheld
Thy mild deep eyes upraised, that knew
The beauty and repose of faith,
And the clear spirit shining through.
Oh! wherefore do we grow awry—
From roots which strike so deep?

MARCH SIXTEENTH

But help me, heaven, for surely I repent.
For what is true repentance but in thought —
Not ev'n in inmost thought to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us:
And I have sworn never to see him more,
To see him more.

Guinevere

MARCH SEVENTEENTH

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

Vivien

MARCH EIGHTEENTH

Comfort ? comfort scorn'd of devils ! this is truth
the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy
heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is
on the roof.

Locksley Hall

MARCH NINETEENTH

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she
speak and move:
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was
to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the
love she bore?

No—she never loved me truly: love is love for
evermore.

Locksley Hall

MARCH TWENTIETH

What words are these have fall'n from me?
Can calm despair and wild unrest
Be tenants of a single breast,
Or sorrow such a changeling be?

Or doth she only seem to take
The touch of change in calm or storm;
But knows no more of transient form
In her deep self, than some dead lake

That holds the shadow of a lark
Hung in the shadow of a heaven?

In Memoriam

MARCH TWENTY-FIRST

'T were better not to breathe or speak,
Than cry for strength, remaining weak,
And seem to find, but still to seek.

Moreover, but to seem to find
Asks what thou lackest, thought resign'd,
A healthy frame, a quiet mind.

The Two Voices

MARCH TWENTY-SECOND

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon :
My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord :
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

St. Agnes' Eve

MARCH TWENTY-THIRD

I dream'd there would be Spring no more,
That Nature's ancient power was lost :
The streets were black with smoke and frost,
They chatter'd trifles at the door.

In Memoriam

MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;

Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

In Memoriam

MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH

Night slid down one long stream of sighing wind,
And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep.

The Gardener's Daughter

MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH

Shall we not look into the laws
Of life and death, and things that seem,
And things that be, and analyze
Our double nature, and compare
All creeds till we have found the one,
If one there be?

Supposed Confessions

MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

It is man's privilege to doubt,
If so be that from doubt at length,
Truth may stand forth unmoved of change,
An image with profulgent brows,
And perfect limbs, as from the storm
Of running fires and fluid range
Of lawless airs, at last stood out
This excellence and solid form
Of constant beauty.

Supposed Confessions

MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgement blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.

In Memoriam

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH

Altho' I be the basest of mankind,
From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin,
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet
For troops of devils, mad with blasphemy,
I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold
Of saintdom, and to clamour, mourn and sob,
Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer,
Have mercy, Lord, and take away my sin.

St. Simeon Stylites

MARCH THIRTIETH

And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm.

In Memoriam

MARCH THIRTY-FIRST

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush;
Or underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March.

In Memoriam



APRIL

· · ·

APRIL FIRST

TAKE warning! he that will not sing
While yon sun prospers in the blue,
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,
Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.
The Blackbird

APRIL SECOND

I am any man's suitor,
If any will be my tutor:
Some say this life is pleasant,
Some think it speedeth fast:
In time there is no present,
In eternity no future,
In eternity no past.
We laugh, we cry, we are born, we die,
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?
The "How" and the "Why"

APRIL THIRD

The fresh-flushing springtime calls
To the flooding waters cool,
Young fishes, on an April morn,
Up and down a rapid river,
Leap the little waterfalls
That sing into the pebbled pool.
Rosalind

APRIL FOURTH

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

In Memoriam

APRIL FIFTH

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

In Memoriam

APRIL SIXTH

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame
And I be lessen'd in his love?

In Memoriam

APRIL SEVENTH

Morn in the white wake of the morning star
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.

The Princess

APRIL EIGHTH

Like souls that balance joy and pain,
With tears and smiles from heaven again
The maiden Spring upon the plain
Came in a sunlit fall of rain.

In crystal vapour everywhere
Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,
And, far in forest-deeps unseen,
The topmost elm-tree gather'd green
From draughts of balmy air.

Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere

APRIL NINTH

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

In Memoriam

APRIL TENTH

Earth is dry to the centre,
But spring, a new comer,
A spring rich and strange,
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Through and through,
Here and there,
Till the air
And the ground
Shall be filled with life anew.

Nothing Will Die

APRIL ELEVENTH

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this
day is done
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond
the sun—
For ever and for ever with those just souls and
true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make
we such ado?

The May Queen

APRIL TWELFTH

Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang: "They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change."

In Memoriam

APRIL THIRTEENTH

Courage, St. Simeon! This dull chrysalis
Cracks into shining wings, and hope ere death
Spreads more and more and more, that God hath
now
Sponged and made blank of crimeful record all
My mortal archives.

St. Simeon Stylites

APRIL FOURTEENTH

O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

Will

APRIL FIFTEENTH

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still!
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,

And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

Will

APRIL SIXTEENTH

A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride;
A courage to endure and to obey;
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life,
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

Isabel

APRIL SEVENTEENTH

For woman is not undevelop't man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.

The Princess

APRIL EIGHTEENTH

Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods.

Ulysses

APRIL NINETEENTH

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave;
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

In Memoriam

APRIL TWENTIETH

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that doats on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere

APRIL TWENTY-FIRST

So dark a mind within me dwells,
And I make myself such evil cheer,
That if I be dear to some one else,
Then some one else may have much to fear,
But if I be dear to some one else,
Then I should be to myself more dear.
Shall I not take care of all that I think,
Yea ev'n of wretched meat and drink,
If I be dear,
If I be dear to some one else.

Maud

APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

“What is it thou knowest, sweet voice?” I cried.
“A hidden hope,” the voice replied :

So heavenly-toned, that in that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower,

To feel, altho' no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

The Two Voices

APRIL TWENTY-THIRD

Cry, faint not: either Truth is born
Beyond the polar gleam forlorn,
Or in the gateways of the morn.

The Two Voices

APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new-year delaying long;
Thou doest expectant nature wrong;
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

In Memoriam

APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH

The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow :

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May.

In Memoriam

APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH

Who can say
Why To-day
To-morrow will be yesterday?
Who can tell
Why to smell
The violet, recalls the dewy prime
Of youth and buried time?
The cause is nowhere found in rhyme.

Song

APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame.

A Dream of Fair Women

APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH

Is it, then, regret for buried time
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and takes
The colours of the crescent prime?

Not all: the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

In Memoriam

APRIL TWENTY-NINTH

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the
robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself an-
other crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the bur-
nish'd dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns
to thoughts of love.

Locksley Hall

APRIL THIRTIETH

You must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad
New-year;

Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest
merriest day ;

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to
be Queen o' the May.

The May Queen



MAY

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MAY FIRST

THE night-winds come and go, mother, upon
the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten
as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the
live-long day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen o' the May.

The May Queen

MAY SECOND

Fair year, with brows of royal love
Thou comest, as a king.
All in the bloomèd May.
Thy golden largess fling,
And longer hear us sing;
Though thou art fleet of wing,
Yet stay.
Alas! that eyes so full of light
Should be so wandering!

Song

MAY THIRD

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

In Memoriam

MAY FOURTH

The path of duty was the way to glory :
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outred
All voluptuous garden-roses.

Ode on the Death of Wellington

MAY FIFTH

And I must work thro' months of toil,
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil
To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom :
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.

Amphion

MAY SIXTH

I wonder'd, while I paced along :
The woods were fill'd so full with song,
There seem'd no room for sense of wrong.

So variously seem'd all things wrought,
I marvell'd how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought.

The Two Voices

MAY SEVENTH

The varying year with blade and sheaf
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains;
Here rests the sap within the leaf,
Here stays the blood along the veins.
Faint shadows, vapours lightly curl'd,
Faint murmurs from the meadows come,
Like hints and echoes of the world
To spirits folded in the womb.

The Day-Dream

MAY EIGHTH

A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded
lime
In the little grove where I sit—ah, wherefore can-
not I be
Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful
season bland,
When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of
a softer clime,
Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent
of sea,
The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the
land?

Maud

MAY NINTH

All the land in flowery squares,
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
Smelt of the coming summer, as one large cloud
Drew downward: but all else of Heaven was pure
Up to the Sun, and May from verge to verge,
And May with me from head to heel.

The Gardener's Daughter

MAY TENTH

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear
the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the full-
ness of the Spring.

Locksley Hall

MAY ELEVENTH

Mine be the strength of spirit fierce and free,
Like some broad river rushing down alone,
With the selfsame impulse wherewith he was
thrown
From his loud fount upon the echoing lea:—
Which with increasing might doth forward flee
By town, and tower, and hill, and cape, and isle,
And in the middle of the green salt sea
Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a mile.

Sonnet

MAY FIFTEENTH

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

In Memoriam

MAY SIXTEENTH

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace:
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet.
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep full of rest from head to feet;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

To J. S.

MAY SEVENTEENTH

We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty
fair in her flower ;
Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an un-
seen hand at a game
That pushes us off from the board, and others ever
succeed ?
Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here for
an hour ;
We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a
brother's shame ;
However we brave it out, we men are a little breed.

MAY EIGHTEENTH

And the parson made it his text that week, and
he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the black-
est of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought
with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter
to fight.

The Grandmother's Apology

MAY NINETEENTH

Arise, my God, and strike, for we hold Thee just,
Strike dead the whole weak race of venomous
worms,
That sting each other here in the dust;
We are not worthy to live.

Maud

MAY TWENTIETH

These are slanders : never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.

Elaine

MAY TWENTY-FIRST

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame;
But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim. *In Memoriam*

MAY TWENTY-SECOND

Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.

Morte D'Arthur

MAY TWENTY-THIRD

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life.

Ulysses

MAY TWENTY-FOURTH

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul. *"Love Thou Thy Land"*

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH

Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope
Haunting a holy text, and still to that
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,"
Said, "Love, forgive him:" but he did not speak;
And silenced by that silence lay the wife,
Remembering our dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

Sea Dreams

MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

The little hearts that know not how to forgive.

Maud

MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH

For mockery is the fume of little hearts.
And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
Before high God.

Guinevere

MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Cry, faint not, climb: the summits slope
Beyond the furthest flights of hope,
Wrapt in dense cloud from base to cope.

The Two Voices

MAY TWENTY-NINTH

Yet all experience is an arch wherethro',
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.

Ulysses

MAY THIRTIETH

“Dead? he? of heart-disease? what heart had he
To die of? dead!”

“Ah, dearest, if there be
A devil in man, there is an angel too,
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart.”

Sea Dreams

MAY THIRTY-FIRST

Ay me! I fear
All may not doubt, but everywhere
Some must clasp Idols. Yet, my God,
Whom call I Idol? Let thy dove
Shadow me over, and my sins
Be unremembered, and thy love
Enlighten me.

Supposed Confessions



JUNE

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JUNE FIRST

SWEET after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below
Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy breath
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas
On leagues of odour streaming far,
To where in yonder orient star
A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

In Memoriam

JUNE SECOND

But any man that walks the mead,
In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,
According as his humours lead,
A meaning suited to his mind.

The Day-Dream

JUNE THIRD

Sometimes a little corner shines,
As over rainy mist inclines
A gleaming crag with belts of pines.

The Two Voices

JUNE FOURTH

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many
songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

The Poet's Song

JUNE FIFTH

Sometimes the linnet piped his song:
Sometimes the throstle whistled strong:
Sometimes the sparrowhawk, wheel'd along,
Hush'd all the groves from fear of wrong:
By grassy capes with fuller sound

In curves the yellowing river ran,
And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan,
 Above the teeming ground.

Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere

JUNE SIXTH

As she fled fast thro' sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her play'd,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid :
She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd
 The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
 Upon her perfect lips.

Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere

JUNE SEVENTH

The slow sweet hours that bring us all things good,
The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill,
And all good things from evil, brought the night.

Love and Duty

JUNE EIGHTH

And Eustace turn'd, and smiling said to me,
"Hear how the bushes echo! by my life,
These birds have joyful thoughts. Think you they
 sing

Like poets, from the vanity of song?
Or have they any sense of why they sing?
And would they praise the heavens for what they
have?"

The Gardener's Daughter

JUNE NINTH

And I made answer, "Were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but only love,
That only love were cause enough for praise."

The Gardener's Daughter

JUNE TENTH

She sleeps: her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart.

The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd
That lie upon her charmed heart.

She sleeps: on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest:
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells

A perfect form in perfect rest. *The Day-Dream*

JUNE ELEVENTH

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"

"O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"

"O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"

"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"

And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapour buoy'd the crescent-bark,

And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,

The twilight died into the dark. *The Day-Dream*

JUNE TWELFTH

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old :
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess follow'd him.

The Day-Dream

JUNE THIRTEENTH

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours,
The slow result of winter showers :
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

The Two Voices

JUNE FOURTEENTH

O joy to him in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking through the heat.

In Memoriam

JUNE FIFTEENTH

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one ;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

Maud

JUNE SIXTEENTH

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
She is coming, my life, my fate ;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near ;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late ;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear ;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

Maud

JUNE SEVENTEENTH

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead ;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

Maud

JUNE EIGHTEENTH

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 ;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

The Princess

JUNE NINETEENTH

I falter where I firmly trod,
 And falling with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs *
That slope thro' darkness up to God;

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

In Memoriam

JUNE TWENTIETH

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the
 deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

Ulysses

JUNE TWENTY-FIRST

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

Ulysses

JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

In Memoriam

JUNE TWENTY-THIRD

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

In Memoriam

JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH

Like simple noble natures, credulous
Of what they long for, good in friend or foe,
There most in those who most have done them ill.

Enid

JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

Whither away, whither away, whither away? fly
no more.
Whither away from the high green field, and the
happy blossoming shore?

Day and night to the billow the fountain calls ;
Down shower the gambolling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea :
Out of the live-green heart of the dells
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells
High over the full-toned sea.

The Sea Fairies

JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat,
Nor any cloud would cross the vault,
But day increased from heat to heat,
On stony drought and steaming salt ;
Till now at noon she slept again,
And seem'd knee-deep in mountain grass,
And heard her native breezes pass,
And runlets babbling down the glen.
She breathed in sleep a lower moan,
And murmuring, as at night and morn,
She thought, "My spirit is here alone,
Walks forgotten, and is forlorn."

Mariana in the South

JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH

The Sun will run his orbit, and the Moon
Her circle. Wait, and Love himself will bring
The drooping flower of knowledge changed to fruit
Of wisdom. Wait : my faith is large in Time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.

Love and Duty

JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

“Flower in the Crannied Wall”

JUNE TWENTY-NINTH

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the minster-towers.

The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.

The Gardener's Daughter

JUNE THIRTIETH

Airy, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can ;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

Lilian



JULY

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JULY FIRST

AND brushing ankle-deep in flowers,
We heard behind the woodbine veil
The milk that bubbled in the pail,
And buzzings of the honeyed hours.

In Memoriam

JULY SECOND

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I
linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more
and more.

Locksley Hall

JULY THIRD

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
And heap their ashes on the head;
To shame the boast so often made,
That we are wiser than our sires.

"Love Thou Thy Land"

JULY FOURTH

O yet, if Nature's evil star
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
To follow flying steps of Truth
Across the brazen bridge of war—

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If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true, till Time shall close,
That Principles are rain'd in blood;

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
But with his hand against the hilt,
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace.

"Love Thou Thy Land"

JULY FIFTH

Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away.

"Love Thou Thy Land"

JULY SIXTH

When will the hundred summers die,
And thought and time be born again,
And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
Bring truth that sways the soul of men?
Here all things in their place remain,
As all were order'd, ages since.
Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
And bring the fated fairy Prince.

The Day-Dream

JULY SEVENTH

To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

Ulysses

JULY EIGHTH

Life piled on life
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.

Ulysses

JULY NINTH

At eve a dry cicala sung,
There came a sound as of the sea;
Backward the lattice-blind she flung,
And lean'd upon the balcony.
There all in spaces rosy-bright
Large Hesper glitter'd on her tears,
And deepening thro' the silent spheres,
Heaven over Heaven rose the night.
And weeping then she made her moan,
"The night comes on that knows not morn,
When I shall cease to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

Mariana in the South

JULY TENTH

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly long'd for death.

'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that I want. *The Two Voices*

JULY ELEVENTH

Love trebled life within me, and with each
The year increased.

The daughters of the year,
One after one, thro' that still garden pass'd:
Each garlanded with her peculiar flower
Danced into light, and died into the shade.

The Gardener's Daughter

JULY TWELFTH

Ah, one rose,
One rose, but one, by those fair fingers cull'd,
Were worth a hundred kisses press'd on lips
Less exquisite than thine. *The Gardener's Daughter*

JULY THIRTEENTH

A crowd of hopes,
That sought to sow themselves like winged seeds,
Born out of everything I heard and saw,
Flutter'd about my senses and my soul;
And vague desires, like fitful blasts of balm
To one that travels quickly, made the air
Of Life delicious, and all kinds of thought,
That verged upon them, sweeter than the dream
Dream'd by a happy man, when the dark East,
Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn.

The Gardener's Daughter

JULY FOURTEENTH

O Blackbird ! sing me something well :
While all the neighbours shoot thee round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,
Where thou may'st warble, eat and dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all
Are thine ; the range of lawn and park :
The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,
All thine, against the garden wall.

The Blackbird

JULY FIFTEENTH

He had never kindly heart,
Nor ever cared to better his own kind,
Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it.

Sea Dreams

JULY SIXTEENTH

The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our dream
When sweetest ; and the vermin voices here
May buzz so loud—we scorn them, but they sting.

Elaine

JULY SEVENTEENTH

I would dwell with thee,
Merry grasshopper,
Thou art so glad and free,
And as light as air ;

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Thou hast no sorrow or tears,
Thou hast no compt of years,
No withered immortality,
But a short youth sunny and free. *The Grasshopper*

JULY EIGHTEENTH

For every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon. *The Two Voices*

JULY NINETEENTH

But were I loved, as I desire to be,
What is there in the great sphere of the earth,
And range of evil between death and birth,
That I should fear,—if I were loved by thee?

Sonnets

JULY TWENTIETH

All the inner, all the outer world of pain
Clear Love would pierce and cleave, if thou wert
mine,
As I have heard that, somewhere in the main,
Fresh-water-springs come up through bitter brine.

Sonnets

JULY TWENTY-FIRST

The violet varies from the lily as far
As oak from elm: one loves the soldier, one
The silken priest of peace, one this, one that,
And some unworthily.

The Princess

JULY TWENTY-SECOND

Have I not found a happy earth?
I least should breathe a thought of pain.
Would God renew me from my birth
I'd almost live my life again.
So sweet it seems with thee to walk,
And once again to woo thee mine—
It seems in after-dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the wine.

The Miller's Daughter

JULY TWENTY-THIRD

He makes no friend who never made a foe.
But now it is my glory to have loved
One peerless, without stain.

Elaine

JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

The quick lark's closest-carolled strains,
The shadow rushing up the sea,
The lightning-flash atween the rains,
The sunlight driving down the lea,
The leaping stream, the very wind,
That will not stay, upon his way,
To stoop the cowslip to the plains,
Is not so clear and bold and free
As you, my falcon Rosalind.

Rosalind

JULY TWENTY-FIFTH

Live—yet live—
Shall sharpest pathos blight us, knowing all
Life needs for life is possible to will—
Live happy; tend thy flowers; be tended by
My blessing! Should my Shadow cross thy thoughts
Too sadly for their peace, remand it thou
For calmer hours to Memory's darkest hold,
If not to be forgotten— not at once—
Not all forgotten.

Love and Duty

JULY TWENTY-SIXTH

I know that this was Life,—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love.

In Memoriam

JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,
While I am over the sea!
Let me and my passionate love go by,
But speak to her all things holy and high,
Whatever happen to me!

Me and my harmful love go by ;
But come to her waking, find her asleep,
Powers of the height, Powers of the deep,
And comfort her tho' I die.

Maud

JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH

My mother pitying made a thousand prayers ;
My mother was as mild as any saint,
Half-canonized by all that look'd on her,
So gracious was her taçt and tenderness.

The Princess

JULY TWENTY-NINTH

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure ;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

In Memoriam

JULY THIRTIETH

Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music.

The Princess

JULY THIRTY-FIRST

Happy he

With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

The Princess



AUGUST

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AUGUST FIRST

BE mine a philosopher's life in the quiet wood-
land ways,
Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace
be my lot,
Far-off from the clamour of liars belied in the hub-
bub of lies ;
From the long-neck'd geese of the world that are
ever hissing dispraise
Because their natures are little, and, whether he
heed it or not,
Where each man walks with his head in a cloud
of poisonous flies.

Maud

AUGUST SECOND

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known
me—to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart
than mine !

Yet it shall be : thou shalt lower to his level day
by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sym-
pathise with clay.

Locksley Hall

AUGUST THIRD

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated
with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight
to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have
spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than
his horse.

Locksley Hall

AUGUST FOURTH

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a
moulder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so
slight a thing.

Locksley Hall

AUGUST FIFTH

Something it is which thou hast lost,
Some pleasure from thine early years.
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost!

In Memoriam

AUGUST SIXTH

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,
Not any song of bird or sound of rill;
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd
Their humid arms festooning tree to tree,
And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd
The red anemone.

A Dream of Fair Women

AUGUST SEVENTH

On either side 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
 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.

The Lady of Shalott

AUGUST EIGHTH

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

The Lady of Shalott

AUGUST NINTH

I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams.

Sir Galahad

AUGUST TENTH

'T is a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings;
In a moment we shall meet;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

Maud

AUGUST ELEVENTH

Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice
But to move to the meadow and fall before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.

Maud

AUGUST TWELFTH

But am I not the nobler thro' thy love?
O three times less unworthy! likewise thou
Art more thro' Love, and greater than thy years.

Love and Duty

AUGUST THIRTEENTH

And never yet, since high in Paradise
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind
Than lived thro' her, who in that perilous hour
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,
And felt him hers again: she did not weep,
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain.

Enid

AUGUST FOURTEENTH

But now by this my love has closed her sight
And given false death her hand, and stol'n away
To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell
Among the fragments of the golden day.
May nothing there her maiden grace affright!
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.

Maud

AUGUST FIFTEENTH

And all that night I heard the watchman peal
The sliding season: all that night I heard
The heavy clocks knolling the drowsy hours.

The drowsy hours, dispensers of all good,
O'er the mute city stole with folded wings,
Distilling odours on me as they went
To greet their fairer sisters of the East.

The Gardener's Daughter

AUGUST SIXTEENTH

It is not true that second thoughts are best,
But first, and third, which are a riper first ;
Too ripe, too late ! they come too late for use.

Sea Dreams

AUGUST SEVENTEENTH

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be ;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me :
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

Maud

AUGUST EIGHTEENTH

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 ;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

The Princess

AUGUST NINETEENTH

The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight
plain,
Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun,
Never to rise again.

A Dream of Fair Women

AUGUST TWENTIETH

And from within me a clear under-tone
Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful
clime,
"Pass freely thro': the wood is all thine own,
Until the end of time."

A Dream of Fair Women

AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

The Lotos-Eaters

AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND

How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing
lowly)
With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath
the pine.

The Lotos-Eaters

AUGUST TWENTY-THIRD

To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of
brass!

The Lotos-Eaters

AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows :
There in due time the woodbine blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone.

In Memoriam

AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH

We ceased : a gentler feeling crept
Upon us : surely rest is meet :
"They rest," we said, "their sleep is sweet,"
And silence follow'd, and we wept.

In Memoriam

AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

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 !

"Break, break, break"

AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH

And the stately ships go on
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!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

"Break, break, break"

AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH

Why the life goes when the blood is spilt?
What the life is? where the soul may lie?
Why a church is with a steeple built;
And a house with a chimney pot?
Who will riddle me the how and the what?
Who will riddle me the what and the why?

The "How" and the "Why"

AUGUST TWENTY-NINTH

That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge, are three
sisters
That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sunder'd without tears.
And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
Was common clay ta'en from the common earth,
Moulded by God, and temper'd with the tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man.

To — (The Palace of Art)

AUGUST THIRTIETH

He has a solid base of temperament :
But as the waterlily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho' anchor'd to the bottom, such is he.

The Princess

AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST

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,

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,
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,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Crossing the Bar





SEPTEMBER

. . .

SEPTEMBER FIRST

O SOUND to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears!

In Memoriam

SEPTEMBER SECOND

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seem'd the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

The Lotos-Eaters

SEPTEMBER THIRD

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;

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Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the bliss-
ful skies.

The Lotos-Eaters

SEPTEMBER FOURTH

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of
things?

The Lotos-Eaters

SEPTEMBER FIFTH

Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?

The Lotos-Eaters

SEPTEMBER SIXTH

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing commerce loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-wing'd peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours;
Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood—
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of earth, and crown'd
with all her flowers.

Ode Sung at the Opening of the International Exhibition, 1862

SEPTEMBER SEVENTH

And oft I talk'd with Dubric, the high saint,
Who, with mild heat of holy oratory,
Subdued me somewhat to that gentleness,
Which, when it weds with manhood, makes a
man.

Enid

SEPTEMBER EIGHTH

At last I heard a voice upon the slope
Cry to the summit, "Is there any hope?"
To which an answer peal'd from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand;
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

The Vision of Sin

SEPTEMBER NINTH

Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

In Memoriam

SEPTEMBER TENTH

As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe
for his birth,
So many a million of ages have gone to the mak-
ing of man:
He now is first, but is he the last? is he not too
base?

Maud

SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH

O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

The Princess

SEPTEMBER TWELFTH

I would have hid her needle in my heart,
To save her little finger from a scratch
No deeper than the skin: my ears could hear
Her lightest breath: her least remark was worth

The experience of the wise. I went and came ;
Her voice fled always thro' the summer land ;
I spoke her name alone. Thrice-happy days !
The flower of each, those moments when we met,
The crown of all, we met to part no more.

Edwin Morris, or The Lake

SEPTEMBER THIRTEENTH

Kate hath a spirit ever strung
Like a new bow, and bright and sharp
As edges of the scymetar.
Whence shall she take a fitting mate ?
For Kate no common love will feel ;
My woman-soldier, gallant Kate,
As pure and true as blades of steel.

Kate

SEPTEMBER FOURTEENTH

I would I were an armèd knight,
Far famed for well-won enterprise,
And wearing on my swarthy brows
The garland of new-wreathed emprise ;
For in a moment I would pierce
The blackest files of clanging fight,
And strongly strike to left and right,
In dreaming of my lady's eyes.

Kate

SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH

Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain ;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain :
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

Love, art thou sweet ? then bitter death must be :
Love, thou art bitter ; sweet is death to me.
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

Elaine

SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

Ah, what shall I be at fifty
Should Nature keep me alive,
If I find the world so bitter
When I am but twenty-five ?
Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seem'd,
And her smile were all that I dream'd,
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet.

Maud

SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH

The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and
vain,
An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bounded
and poor ;
The passionate heart of the poet is whirl'd into
folly and vice.
I would not marvel at either, but keep a temper-
ate brain ;
For not to desire or admire, if a man could learn
it, were more
Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in a
garden of spice.

Maud

SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH

There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-
stars.

The Lotos-Eaters

SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH

Oh! sure it is a special care
Of God, to fortify from doubt,
To arm in proof, and guard about
With triple-mailed trust, and clear
Delight, the infant's dawning year.

Supposed Confessions

SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH

I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,
The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal.

The Miller's Daughter

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

The world is somewhat ; it goes on somehow ;
But what is the meaning of *then* and *now* ?

I feel there is something ; but how and what ?
I know there is somewhat ; but what and why ?
I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.

The "How" and the "Why"

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

Kate saith "the world is void of might."

Kate saith "the men are gilded flies."

Kate snaps her fingers at my vows ;

Kate will not hear of lover's sighs.

Kate

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

As thro' the land at eve we went,

And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,

We fell out, my wife and I,

O we fell out I know not why,

And kiss'd again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child

We lost in other years,

There above the little grave,

O there above the little grave,

We kiss'd again with tears.

The Princess

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

More soluble is this knot
By gentleness than war.

The Princess

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

So much the gathering darkness charm'd : we sat
But spoke not, rapt in nameless reverie,
Perchance upon the future man : the walls
Blacken'd about us, bats wheel'd, and owls whoop'd,
And gradually the powers of the night,
That range above the region of the wind,
Deepening the courts of twilight broke them up
Thro' all the silent spaces of the worlds,
Beyond all thought into the Heaven of Heavens.

The Princess

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Lo ! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.

The Lotos-Eaters

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

The Lotos-Eaters

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dream-
ful ease.

The Lotos-Eaters

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet then a river:
No where by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

A Farewell

SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver ;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver ;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

A Farewell

L. OF C.





OCTOBER

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OCTOBER FIRST

THOUGH Night hath climbed her peak of
highest noon,
And bitter blasts the screaming autumn whirl,
All night through archways of the bridgèd pearl,
And portals of pure silver walks the moon.
Walk on, my soul, nor crouch to agony,
Turn cloud to light, and bitterness to joy,
And dross to gold with glorious alchemy,
Basing thy throne above the world's annoy.

Sonnet

OCTOBER SECOND

Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe
That seems to draw—but it shall not be so:
Let all be well, be well.

Maud

OCTOBER THIRD

O let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet;
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

Maud

OCTOBER FOURTH

Not die; but live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.
O, why should Love, like men in drinking-songs,
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death?
Make answer, Maud my bliss,
Maud made my Maud by that long lover's kiss,
Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this?
"The dusky strand of Death inwoven here
With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more
dear."

Maud

OCTOBER FIFTH

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

In Memoriam

OCTOBER SIXTH

The bulrush nods unto its brother,
The wheatears whisper to each other :
What is it they say? What do they there?
Why two and two make four? Why round is not
square?
Why the rock stands still, and the light clouds fly?
Why the heavy oak groans, and the white willows
sigh?
Why deep is not high, and high is not deep?
Whether we wake, or whether we sleep?
Whether we sleep, or whether we die?
How you are you? Why I am I?
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?

The "How" and the "Why"

OCTOBER SEVENTH

A spirit haunts the year's last hours
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers :
 To himself he talks ;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
 In the walks ;
 Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers :
 Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
 Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

Song

OCTOBER EIGHTH

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
 An hour before death;
My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
 And the breath
 Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.
 Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
 Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

Song

OCTOBER NINTH

Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?

The Lotos-Eaters

OCTOBER TENTH

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

Maud

OCTOBER ELEVENTH

What is it? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

Maud

OCTOBER TWELFTH

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?

Maud

OCTOBER THIRTEENTH

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

Maud

OCTOBER FOURTEENTH

Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only thro' the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground :

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold.

In Memoriam

OCTOBER FIFTEENTH

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main.

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall ;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair.

In Memoriam

OCTOBER SIXTEENTH

To Sleep I give my powers away ;
My will is bondsman to the dark ;
I sit within a helmless bark,
And with my heart I muse and say :

O heart, how fares it with thee now,
That thou should'st fail from thy desire,
Who scarcely darest to inquire,
"What is it makes me beat so low?"

In Memoriam

OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross
All night below the darken'd eyes;
With morning wakes the will, and cries,
"Thou shalt not be the fool of loss."

In Memoriam

OCTOBER EIGHTEENTH

I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In Memoriam

OCTOBER NINETEENTH

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

In Memoriam

OCTOBER TWENTIETH

One writes, that "Other friends remain,"
That "Loss is common to the race"—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

In Memoriam

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST

I hold
That it becomes no man to nurse despair,
But in the teeth of clench'd antagonisms
To follow up the worthiest till he die.

The Princess

OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND

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,
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;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

The Princess

OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD

My princess, O my princess! true she errs,
But in her own grand way: being herself
Three times more noble than threescore of men,
She sees herself in every woman else,
And so she wears her error like a crown
To blind the truth and me.

The Princess

OCTOBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him.

The Princess

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.

The Princess

OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Dear, but let us type them now
In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
Of equal; seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal: each fulfils
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full stroke,
Life.

The Princess

OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle. Happy days
Roll onward, leading up the golden year.

The Golden Year

OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Less of sentiment than sense
Had Katie; not illiterate; neither one
Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,
Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

The Brook

OCTOBER TWENTY-NINTH

O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake!
For in I went, and call'd old Philip out
To show the farm: full willingly he rose:
He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes
Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.
He praised his land, his horses, his machines;
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs;
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts:
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each,
And naming those, his friends, for whom they
were:
Then crost the common into Darnley chase
To show Sir Arthur's deer.

The Brook

OCTOBER THIRTIETH

Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he,
Poor fellow, could he help it? recommenced,
And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,
Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,
Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
And with me Philip, talking still; and so
We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun,
And following our own shadows thrice as long
As when they follow'd us from Philip's door,

Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content
Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

The Brook

OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST

And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be.

The Princess



NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER FIRST

TO-NIGHT the winds began to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day:
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies ;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea ;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world.

In Memoriam

NOVEMBER SECOND

Put down the passions that make earth Hell !
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy, down ! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear ;
Down too, down at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind.

Maud

NOVEMBER THIRD

His gain is loss ; for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about

A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd :
And that drags down his life.

Sea Dreams

NOVEMBER FOURTH

Home they brought her warrior dead :
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry :
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

The Princess

NOVEMBER FIFTH

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

The Princess

NOVEMBER SIXTH

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee ;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

St. Agnes' Eve

NOVEMBER SEVENTH

Again the voice spake unto me :
"Thou art so steep'd in misery,
Surely 't were better not to be.

"Thine anguish will not let thee sleep,
Not any train of reason keep :
Thou canst not think, but thou wilt weep."

The Two Voices

NOVEMBER EIGHTH

I said that "all the years invent ;
Each month is various to present
The world with some development.

“Were this not well, to bide mine hour,
Tho’ watching from a ruin’d tower
How grows the day of human power?”

The Two Voices

NOVEMBER NINTH

A second voice was at mine ear,
A little whisper silver-clear,
A murmur, “Be of better cheer.”

As from some blissful neighbourhood
A notice faintly understood,
“I see the end, and know the good.”

The Two Voices

NOVEMBER TENTH

A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper breathing low,
“I may not speak of what I know.”

Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes:

Such seem’d the whisper at my side.

The Two Voices

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

In Memoriam

NOVEMBER TWELFTH

Words weaker than your grief would make
Grief more. 'T were better I should cease ;
Although myself could almost take
The place of him that sleeps in peace.

To J. S.

NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee ;
Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

Maud

NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH

Yet pity for a horse o'er-driven,
And love in which my hound has part,
Can hang no weight upon my heart
In its assumptions up to heaven ;

And I am so much more than these,
As thou, perchance, art more than I,
And yet I spare them sympathy,
And I would set their pains at ease.

In Memoriam

NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

Love is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

In Memoriam

NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
That moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the vast of space
Among the worlds, that all is well.

In Memoriam

NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Yet is there one true line, the pearl of pearls;
"Man dreams of Fame while woman wakes to love."
True: Love, tho' Love were of the grossest, carves
A portion from the solid present, eats
And uses, careless of the rest; but Fame,
The Fame that follows death is nothing to us;
And what is Fame in life but half-disfame,
And counterchanged with darkness?

Vivien

NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH

Stabb'd through the heart's affections to the heart!
Seeth'd like the kid in its own mother's milk!
Kill'd with a word worse than a life of blows!
I thought that he was gentle, being great:
O God, that I had loved a smaller man!
I should have found in him a greater heart.

Vivien

NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

Love unreturned is like the fragrant flame
Folding the slaughter of the sacrifice
Offered to gods upon an altarthrone.

To —

NOVEMBER TWENTIETH

I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their
King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her.

Guinevere

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

The stern were mild when thou wert by,
The flippant put himself to school
And heard thee, and the brazen fool
Was soften'd, and he knew not why;

While I, thy dearest, sat apart,
And felt thy triumph was as mine;
And loved them more, that they were thine,
The graceful tact, the Christian art;

Not mine the sweetness or the skill,
But mine the love that will not tire,
And, born of love, the vague desire
That spurs an imitative will.

In Memoriam

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

In Memoriam

NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat,—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

And ah for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be!

Maud

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Yea too, myself from myself I guard,
For often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.

Maud

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Half fearful that, with self at strife
I take myself to task ;
Lest of the fullness of my life
I leave an empty flask.

Will Waterproof's Monologue

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

And slow and sure comes up the golden year.
Whenwealth nomoreshallrest in mounded heaps,
But smit with freër light shall slowly melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man
Thro' all the season of the golden year.

The Golden Year

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

But where the path we walk'd began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man ;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold ;
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip ;

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste ;
And think, that somewhere in the waste
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

In Memoriam

NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice "believe no more"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd "I have felt."

In Memoriam

NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

How sweet to have a common faith!
To hold a common scorn of death!
And at a burial to hear
The creaking cords which wound and eat
Into my human heart, whene'er
Earth goes to earth, with grief, not fear,
With hopeful grief, were passing sweet!

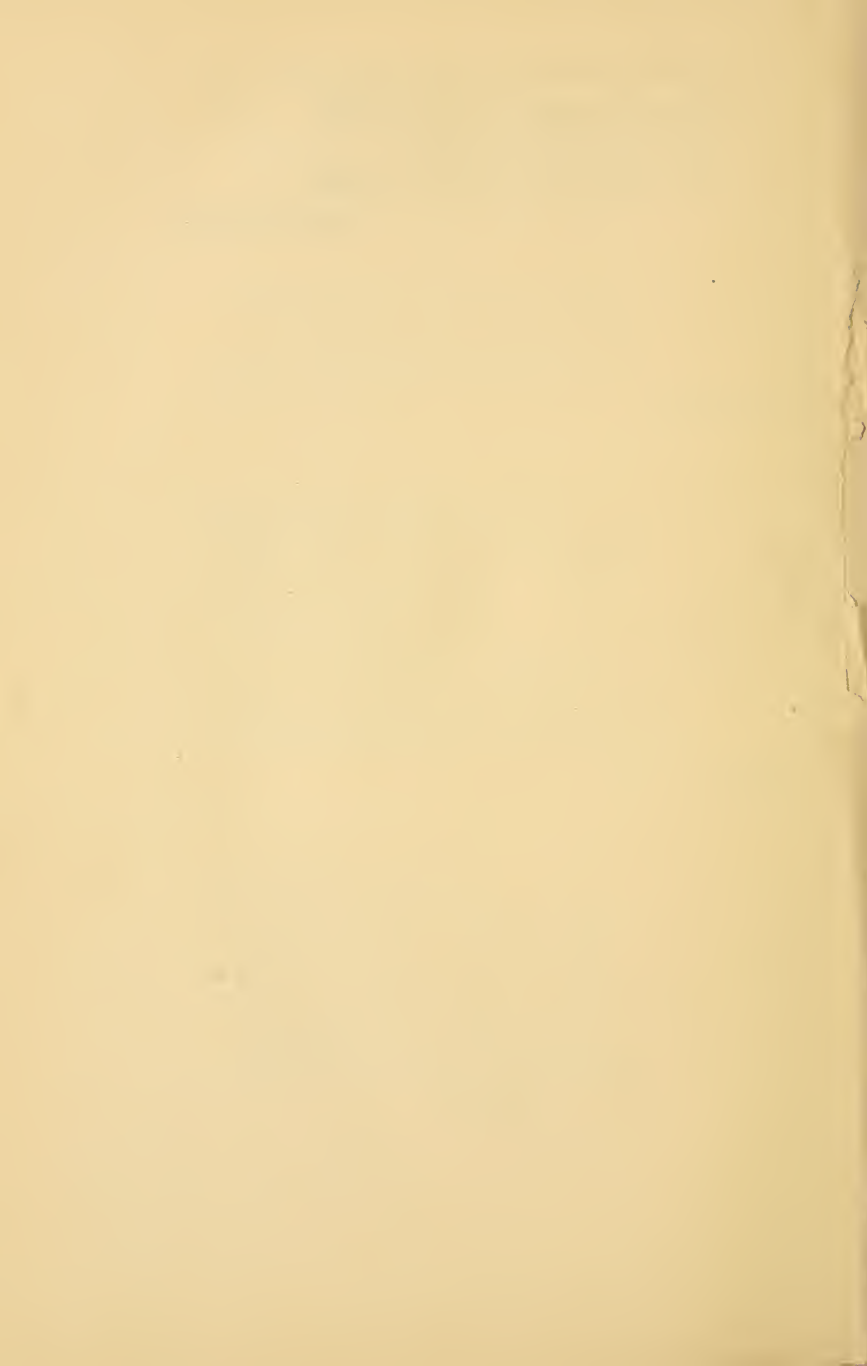
Supposed Confessions

NOVEMBER THIRTIETH

A grief not uninformed, and dull,
Hearted with hope, of hope as full
As is the blood with life, or night
And a dark cloud with rich moonlight.
To stand beside a grave, and see
The red small atoms wherewith we

Are built, and smile in calm, and say—
“These little motes and grains shall be
Clothed on with immortality
More glorious than the noon of day.”

Supposed Confessions





DECEMBER

. . .

DECEMBER FIRST

GREAT deeds cannot die:
They with the sun and moon renew their
light
For ever, blessing those that look on them.

The Princess

DECEMBER SECOND

Not clinging to some ancient saw;
Not master'd by some modern term;
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm
And in its season bring the law.

"Love Thou Thy Land"

DECEMBER THIRD

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we
have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not
its own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better
or worse,
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on
his own hearthstone?

Maud

DECEMBER FOURTH

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere

DECEMBER FIFTH

Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
My other dearer life in life,
Look thro' my very soul with thine!
Untouch'd with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes for ever dwell!
They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.

The Miller's Daughter

DECEMBER SIXTH

Thou who stealest fire,
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present; oh, haste,
Visit my low desire!
Strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

Ode to Memory

DECEMBER SEVENTH

This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs: there is a hand that guides.

The Princess

DECEMBER EIGHTH

It is better to fight for the good, than to rail at
the ill;
I have felt with my native land, I am one with
my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom as-
sign'd.

Maud

DECEMBER NINTH

For all things serve their time
Toward that great year of equal might and rights,
Nor would I fight with iron laws, in the end
Found golden: let the past be past.

The Princess

DECEMBER TENTH

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom of the dead;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

"Love Thou Thy Land"

DECEMBER ELEVENTH

O thou that after toil and storm
 Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,
 Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
 Her early Heaven, her happy views;
 Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

In Memoriam

DECEMBER TWELFTH

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.

In Memoriam

DECEMBER THIRTEENTH

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
 If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
 Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
 Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
 And let the foolish yeoman go.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere

DECEMBER FOURTEENTH

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 There stands a spectre in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door:
 You changed a wholesome heart to gall.

You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere

DECEMBER FIFTEENTH

But, sir, you know
That these two parties still divide the world—
Of those that want, and those that have: and still
The same old sore breaks out from age to age
With much the same result.

Walking to the Mail

DECEMBER SIXTEENTH

We pass: the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

In Memoriam

DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the
battle flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the
world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful
realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal
law.

Locksley Hall

DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH

I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure ! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul.

Morte D' Arthur

DECEMBER NINETEENTH

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Morte D' Arthur

DECEMBER TWENTIETH

There is none that does his work, not one ;
A touch of their office might have sufficed,
But the churchmen fain would kill their church,
As the churches have kill'd their Christ.

Maud

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

I am a part of all that I have met.

Ulysses

DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

In Memoriam

DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move ;
The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun ;
The dark Earth follows wheel'd in her ellipse ;
And human things returning on themselves
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

The Golden Year

DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

The time draws near the birth of Christ :
The moon is hid ; the night is still ;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

.
Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

In Memoriam

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

And, further inland, voices echoed — “Come
With all good things, and war shall be no more.”
At this a hundred bells began to peal,
That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed
The clear church-bells ring in the Christmas morn.

Morte D' Arthur

DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

But we grow old. Ah ! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year ?

The Golden Year

DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

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.

Ulysses

DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.

The Lotos-Eaters

DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
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
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Ulysses

DECEMBER THIRTIETH

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

The Death of the Old Year

DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST

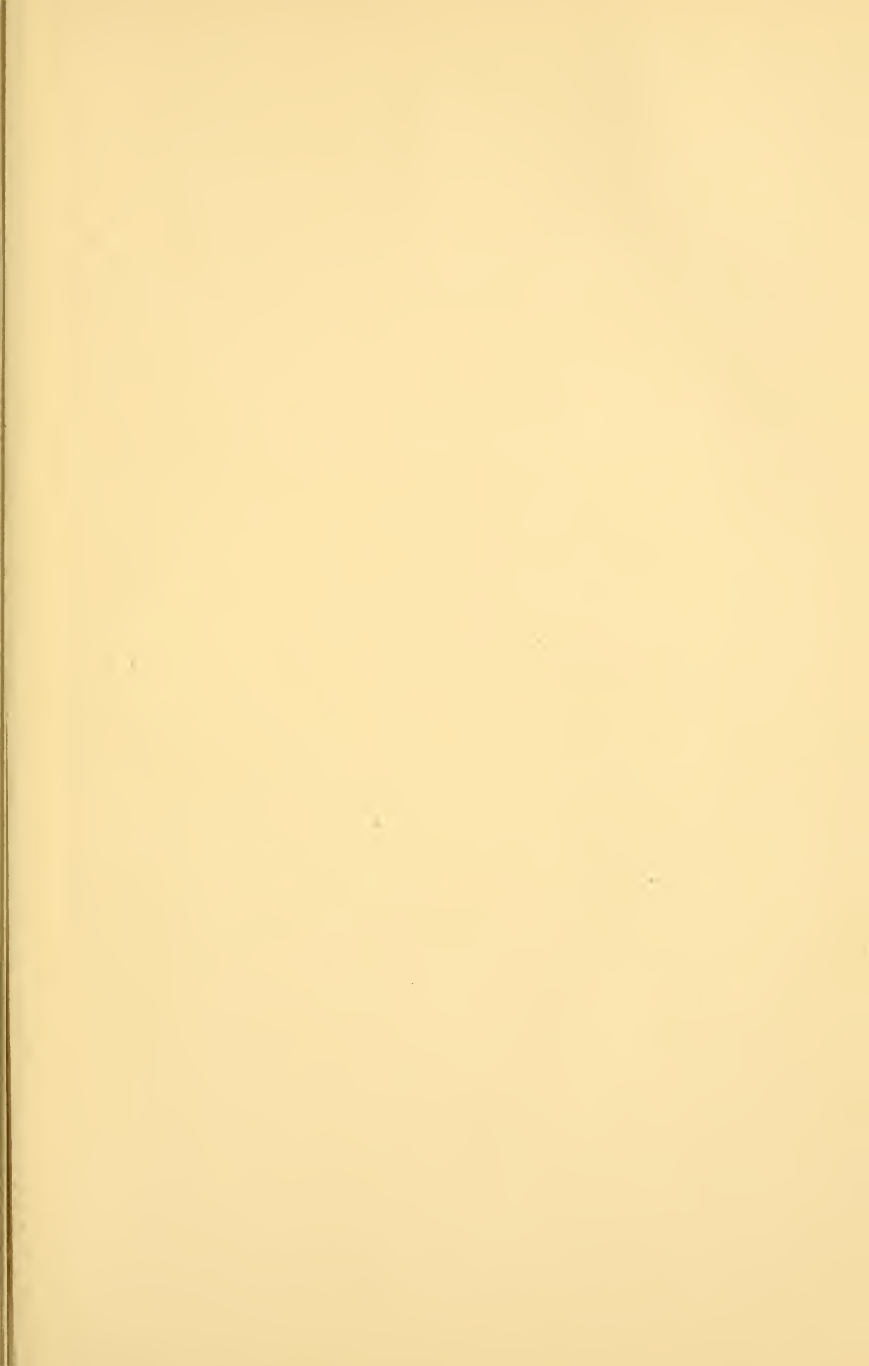
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

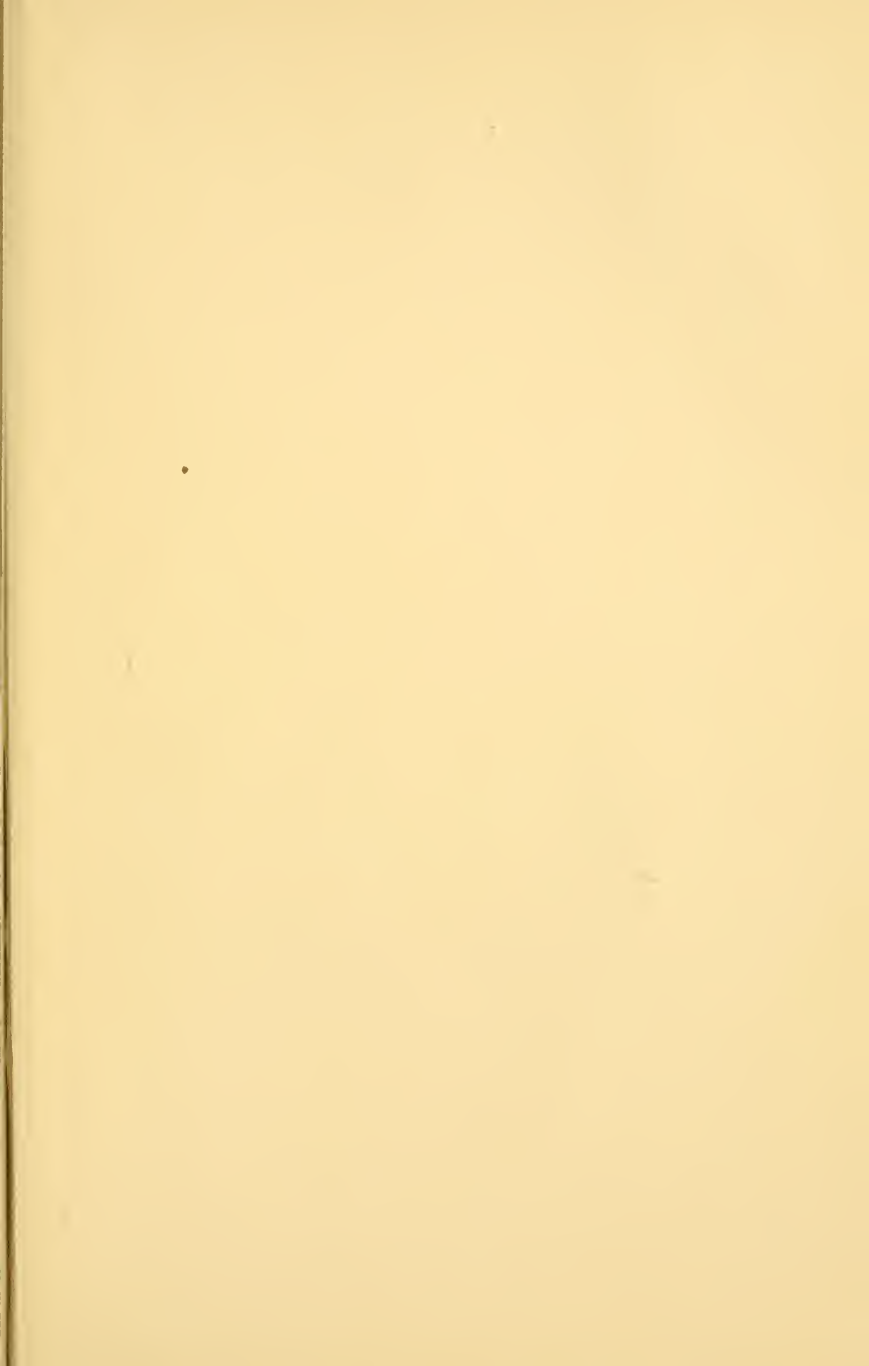
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

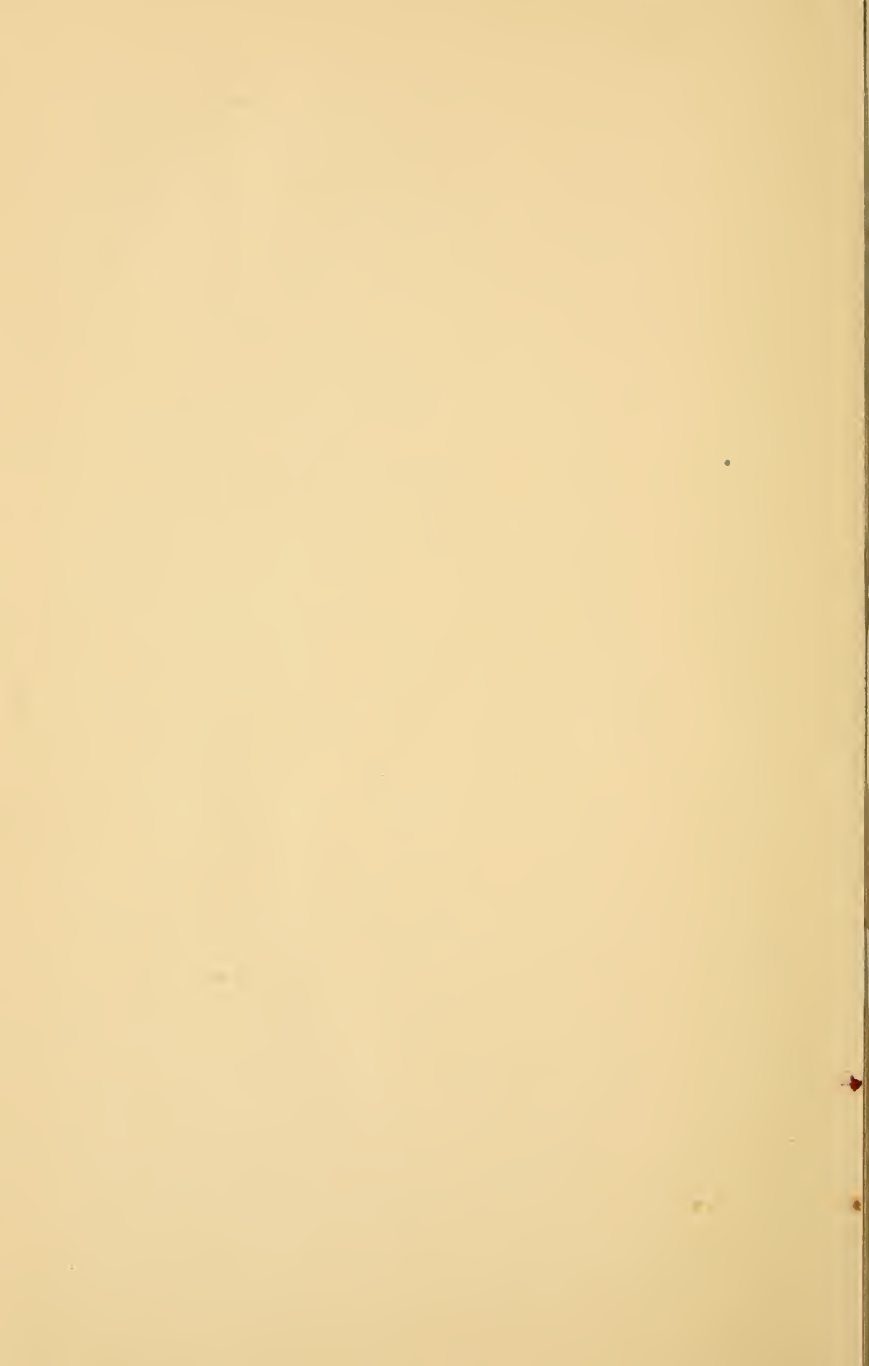
Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

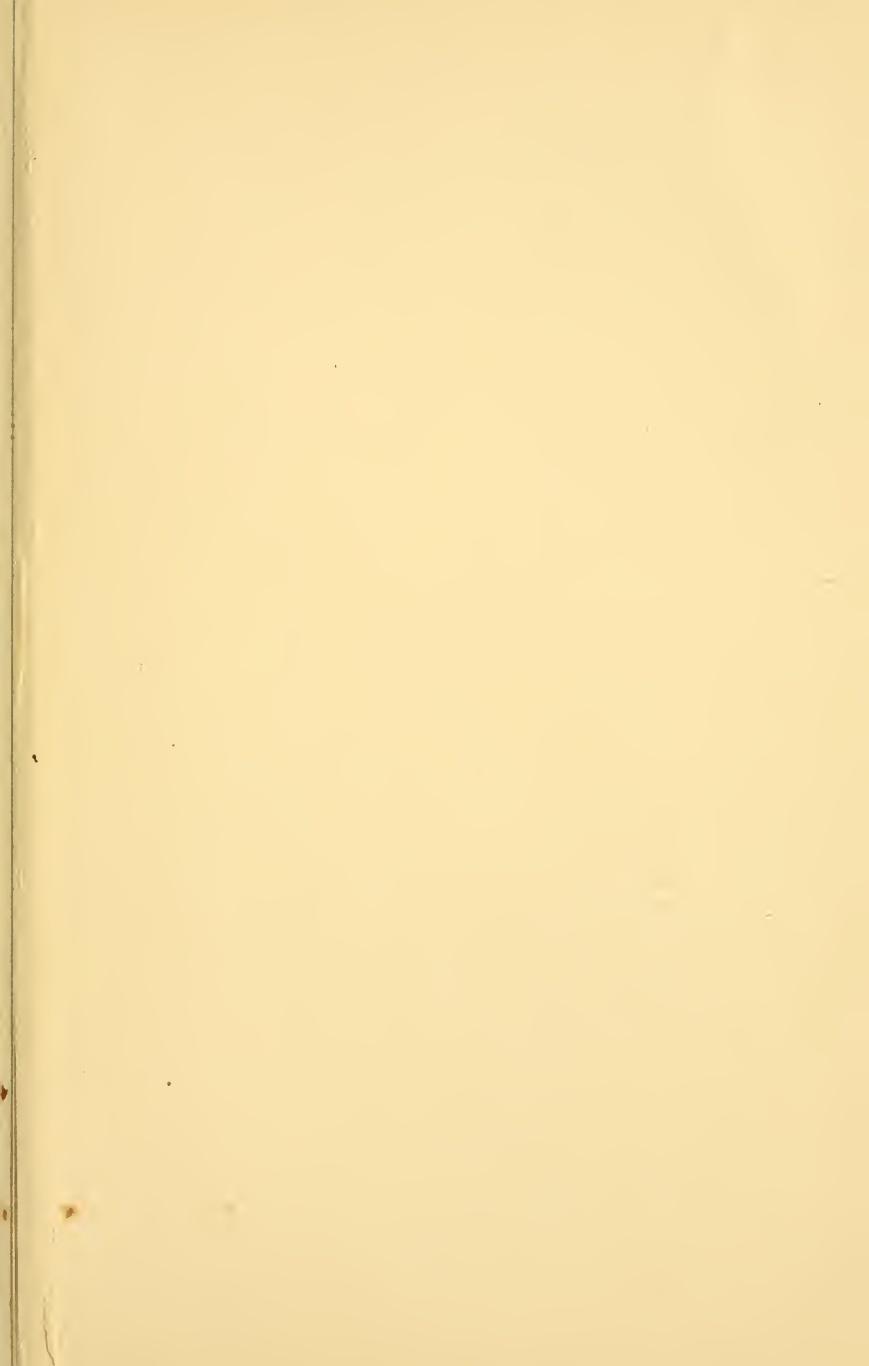
.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

In Memoriam









AUG 21 1907

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: May 2009

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