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# A RECESSION OF ENGLISH POETRY

# A RECESSION OF ENGLISH POETRY

BY

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' To *will goodness and imagine beauty is alone truly to live* "

FICHTE.

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TO MY STUDENTS PAST
AND PRESENT
WHO GIVING MUCH
HAVE INCURRED
WHATEVER I CAN GIVE

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# PREFACE.

Somewhere, I think it is in *On Life: and Letters,* Anatole France, in a perfectly charming essay on Jean-Jarques Weiss, quotes him thus: "*A course of the faculty* (Aix-en-Provence ), *a course in eloquence and poetry, , . . is only possible, can only escape the tedium of empty triviality, can only have substance and value, if it is the common achievement of the master and his audience* ....

I do not think I need hesitate to say that the following pages have been mainly inspired by the Honours students of my College by reason of the richness of their response to the few crumbs of enthusiasm I have only been able to fling to them from time to time amid the all pervading drudgery of educational routine. In so many colleges the audience is despaired of chiefly owing to the fact that in India they come ill-equipped to get at grips with the teacher. It is the severest of handicaps and one that many students never quite succeed in overcoming.

Whatever may seem ambitious in the following pages, and I feel that they have been ambitious, has been really owing to the fact that some effort of the kind must be worth whil'e if an educational institution is to remain educational in any real sense of the term.

But if the work has been initially addressed to Honours students the writer feels that the ordinary B.A. student also should not object if he is introduced as he goes along to a little more *literary general knowledge* than the usual bazaar notes are found capable of furnishing. But, after all, this is largely a matter for his teacher's discretion, and the present historical and critical apparatus that he will here find interleaved may not be in any way to his taste.

About that I do not think there is any compulsion, and, from his point of VIEW, the book may be equally well

treated I've no doubt if they are neglected entirely. A text-book of poetry we are enjoying at the moment has not a note in it.

It is only two or three years ago that the B.A. Honours student appeared among us as a startling and new phenomenon in the university firmament of this Province. As far as my reading of him goes he has come to stay, which is the reading too I think of my present colleagues, and of my late colleagues, Professors Langhorne and Firth, to whom he owes more for his existence than to anyone of us; for none of us know so thoroughly, so intimately, or can have such understanding of the student mind, as those who have offered a life and a career on the educational altars of a province.

It has long been felt that there was a certain quota of students, distinctly in advance of their fellows, yet who never had a chance to emerge, since they often were prevented from continuing on into the M.A. Thus they got lost altogether, and were equipped to face the future with only the ordinary B.A. course of study, a course confined rigidly to the kind of text-book with which we are already far 'too familiar. The only way out seemed to initiate an Honours course of study, and the response has seemed to many of us to be one of really genuine enthusiasm and zeal. There has seemed a real desire from many quarters to have doors opened that shall lead out into more open country, into *countries of the mind.* Students, we have found, have come more and more to understand and appreciate the value of ideas as against mere accumulation of facts. About them there now begins to cling the fascination of discovery, for students begin to perceive why in Europe a Renaissance, as a movement of ideas was a thing of far better worth, than a French Revolution. And this they have come to understand, I for one believe, through a new and more vital apprehension of letters.

Once again, the present book may seem too ambitious: to many it may appear an entirely gratuitous piece of

fussiness and busybodying on the part of the writer. This however he has felt prepared to risk, and if to a few it seems to help over the stile into a country not so severely bound by present horizons, to help indeed out of a kind of Flanders ditch, the writer will have felt amply repaid for labours, which he hopes have not been absolutely mechanical; which during a part of their progress, at any rate, have given him a genuine, and he trusts not wholly selfish, pleasure.

It is at any rate an attempt at a carry through on more detailed lines of what had already been introduced in *New Paths in English Poetry* for Intermediate students. I am only sorry that the excellently calculated wisdom of some of my colleagues on the Board of Studies in English should have found it necessary to deprive the Punjab of that truly magnificent reach of English poetry from Sidney to Milton and to which—doubtless this they had earnestly considered—students had already been partially introduced in the Intermediate Selection mentioned above. It had been my fond hope to see the B A. student of this province and particularly the B,A. Hons. student, pass out equipped with the best possible general knowledge of English poetry from Sidney to Rupert Brooke. Others however in their far greater omniscience hnve thought better, and we must be thankful indeed that English poetry begins with William Wordsworth.

BiA one thing the author can say with conviction, and that is, that the book would certainly never have been attempted, let alone carried to its conclusion, if he had not felt that whatever credit may be due is because the book is certainly *the common achievement of the teacher and his student audience.*

LAHORE, JUNE 1931. ERIC DICKINSON,

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**The author would like also to express his further indebtedness to the numerous authorities who have been consulted in the preparation of the following pages. Many he has tried to acknowledge in the footnotes specially prepared for this purpose, but he fears some will even there have been oversighted: One debt however he cartnot refrain trum mdre emphatically acknowledging—the debt to Professors Legouis and Cazamian, whose two inspiriting and fascinating volumes no student of literature can afford for a moment to disregard.**

To Principal Parkinson I owe a debt for allowing me to reprint my article *The Making of Poetry* from the *Punjab Educational Journal*,.

THE AUTHOR.

# AN APPROACH TO POETRY.

## I

If we would ever taste the full flavour of English poetry, if we would ever realise the full differences distinguishing one poem from another; if we would ever take delight in seeing, hearing, and knowing something of the verses put before us, we cannot afford to dispense with some little knowledge of the rules governing the making of verses. We must understand that each poem, however short or trifling, is under some sort of control regulating its size, its shape, and its sound, and the business of prosody is to tell us something more about each of these items, for by their proper determination we shall be able to decide what kind of metre a particular poem is written in, and from this, how the effects pleasing or otherwise have been gained. But first we should understand that a poet *docs not choosr a particular metre to write in first of all* just for the fun of the thing. The metre that will ultimately ensue after he has written a few lines will have depended entirely upon his particular mood, grave or gay, and the particular feeling that has motivated it.

The unit of measure in English prosody is the *foot*, and a foot is made up of two or three syllables. These syllables are of two kinds—accented and unaccented, and for convenience they are usually indicated by the following symbols:—

**Long,** or accented
**Short,** or **unaccented**

Syllables in combination give us words, and these

words afford us an infinite variety of accent, thus:—

Completely
casual,
refer
dreadful

We see here in these words, that one syllable in each has an accent or stress attached to it. This is known as the *tonic accent a*nd no word however long can have more than one of these.

We see from the above the variation of position of the tonic accent or stress A study of this will be found to yield us not one kind of *foot* hut several. The most common kinds of feet in English poetry are four, two dissvllabic, and two trisyllabic, thus:—

| *Dibsyllnhu* | | *Trisyllabic* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Iamb | ⏑ – | Anapaest | ⏑ ⏑ – |
| TrorhL-p | – ⏑ | Dactyl | – ⏑ ⏑ |

The *iambic* measure largely preponderates in English poetry, and various authorities have estimated it as much as five-sixths.

In each of the poems that we shall meet with in the following selection we shall find, on an examination, that one of the above feet will predominate, and this ascendency of a particular foot will give us *the name of its basic metre.* Let us now quote a few familiar examples to see how things work in practice. Here are two that will be familiar to every *English-speaking* school-boy all the world over:—

(a) The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were teaming in purple and gold.

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

We wish to discover which of our above feet predominate in these two examples, for the answer to such a question will give us the name of its metre.

Firstly, we should treat these words, *working now in combination,* exactly in the same way that we treated them when single, we must look for the accented or stressed syllable, and having found it, place a little tick over it. The first quotation treated thus should yield this:

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold

And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.

Using the symbols we suggested at the beginning, the crescent for the unaccented and the dash for the accented we arrive at this:

⏑ ⏑ — | ⏑ ⏑ — | ⏑ ⏑ — | ⏑ ⏑ —

Similarly treating the next quotation we arrive at this:

The trurfcW tolls the knell of parting day.

Referring above again to your table of signs you will find (a) possesses ⏑ ⏑ — and (b) ⏑ — giving our two quotations as (a) anapaestic, and *(b)* iambic for their basic metres.

In considering the metre of a poem it is never safe to identify less than half-a-dozen lines or so. In the first stages of practice it is best to copy out six or seven lines, leaving a space in between, as room in which to write your symbols of identity; then opposite each line write the number of your full stresses with a note of any intrusion of feet differing from the norm. Finally, divide your feet off by a line drawn vertically at the point of

division between the feet. The result should be thus:—

˘ — ˘ — ˘ — ˘ — ˘ —

The cur | few tolls | the knell | of part I ing day

POETIC LITENCE.

II

So far we seem to have been following rather an exact science, but this is because just yet, we have made no mention nf the use of variants in the making of verses. Supposing our poems to have been written on the plan of the above examples, and with absolute regularity throughout, then Byron's *Destruction of Sennacherib* and Cray's *Elccry* would have achieved just the one thing most fatal tn a poet's success—*complete monotony of sound.* This difficulty has been got over by the institution of a few poetic licences, one of the most important being thr *interchange of one kind of foot for another,* a process known us *substitution.* There is one kind of foot which we have not mentioned at present but which is very useful in this connection, namely the *spondee,* having the symbol —, for example: *white rose.* Keats has used the substitution of this foot in some of the end lines of his stanzas; in *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* with most calculated effect :—

The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the rold *hill sti/f.*
˘ ˘ — | — —|

and

Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no *birds sing*
˘ — | — — |

Beyond these licences there is one that plays perhaps the most important part in the development of English narrative poetry—namely the *caesura,* or pause. In narrative verse—Goldsmith's *Deserted Village,* Matthew Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum,* to name but two of the most familiar, we have a rhythm that is a musical flow of sound continuous over a lengthy period, approximating at its strongest to what we may call a paragraph unit. Examples of this are best seen in the work of Shakespeare and Milton. The rhythm here will of course depend upon the metrical arrangement of accented and unaccented syllables, but it will depend to an even greater extent upon the breaks or pauses dividing it off into phrases of different length. Mark Antony's speech should be examined with this in mind, noticing- how the pause is used as an effective aid to eloquence.

The pause is of two kinds, one *final* at the end of a line, and the other *cacsitral,* having positions *within* the line. If the verse is rhymer! the final pause is unmistakable, but in unrhymed, especially the unrhymed pentameter, *blank vcrsr,* it is often lost altogether. The later history of blank verse development sees the breaking down of stopped or final endings, and the increase of usage in the *shifting* or *moving caesura,* as was discovered by Marlowe and completed by Shakespeare. The varied position of the pause in the line may be seen *by* a glance at these few examples:—

Say, men fede
On songs I *sing,* I and therefore bask the bees
On my flowdr's breast I as on a platform broad:

Sweet | are the uses of adversity.

O, | beware, | my lord, | of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster | which doth mock
**The meat it feeds on:**

There is however one period in the history of English prosody when the pause obeyed a very definite **res trie-**

tion, a period approximating to what is known in books of literature as the *Age of Pope.* The rules of English verse were considered by the experts to have been flagrantly abused. A tightening up process was therefore initiated and the pause, which had been considered to be one of the worst offenders, was only allowed to walk abroad in a straight jacket, and must take nearly a middle path thus:—

> But anxious cares I the pensive nymph oppressed.
> And secret passions I laboured in her breast,
> Not youthful kings ! in battle seized alive,
> Not srmrnful virgins | who their charms survive,
> No[1] ardent lovers | robbed of all their bliss,
> Not ancient ladies | when refused a kiss,
> Nor tyrants fierre i that unrepenting die.

We see the pause recurring after the second foot in each line of these heroic couplets, and often Pope will keep this up for many lines in succession. The monotonous swing of hundreds of line such as theae becomes wearisome in the extreme and detracts in no small measure from the charm of his translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey,* in which we find the same trick repeated:—

> Swift, at the word I the herald speeds along,
> The lofty ramparts, | through the martial throng,
> And finds the heroes | bathed in sweat and gore,
> Opposed in combat | on the dusty shore.

where the goal seems the maintenance of an absolute balance.

You have seen here a five foot iambic line (iambic pentameter) rhymed, and referred to usually by its name of *Heroic Couplet* or *Heroic Measure,* perhaps the most frequently used of any English metre for purposes of

narrative. But with it we have seen how in the eighteenth century a great victory for monotony was secured. Th:? music of poesy was no longer allowed to trip, or dance, but must walk with a military precision, moving, as a famous critic has put it, with the regularity of *' a High Dulch clock or Low Dutch grenadier'*

Yet what may be enthroned in one century may be dethroned in the next, and so it was with the tyrannies set up in the eighteenth century by Bysshe in his *Art of Poetry,* the famous pamphlet which had largely destroyed the opportunities for expression of the infinite variety that is in the natural genius of the English speech. With the coming of Wordsworth and Coleridge English poetry once again recovered the freedom it had known and used to such astonishing purpose in the Age of Shakespeare. Mixed metres, once again, came into use, and particularly, the interchange or substitution of one kind of foot for another, the introduction of anapaests, trochees, spondees, into the iambic basic measure, and so on. In addition to this we find copious illustrations of 'the mingling of long and short measures in elegant complexity.' Once again the varied and infinitely melodic harmonies of English verse-music were restored as they had been in the days of Shakespeare and Milton. Milton has given us exquisite examples of mixed metre in *L'Allegro* and // *Pcnscroso* where iambic and trochaic feet are mingled irregularly. The *Romantic Revolt* was a reaction against three distinct eighteenth century conventions—diction, metre, and subject-matter

## VERSE PATTERNS.

### Ill

We have so far been mainly discussing the metres of English poetry but we must now turn our attention to another important item, namely, verse patterns, which has to do with length of lines, size of stanzas, and so on.

When referring to the word, ' verse,' it is used in the sense of a line, and the length of a line is determined by the number of feet in it and which may vary from one to eight. These are known under the following names:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Monometer | Verse of one foot. |
| Dimeter | verse of two feet. |
| Trimeter | verse of three feet. |
| Tetrameter | verse of four feet. |
| Pentameter | verse of five feet. |
| Hexameter | verse of six feet. |
| Heptametcr | verse of seven feet. |
| Dctameler | verse of eight feet. |

This last in our list is very rare and possesses no important illustrations to detain us. Iambic trimeter alternating with iambic tetrameter constitutes one of the simplest measures in English poetry, namely, *Ballad Metre.* The iambic pentameter is known as *Heroic Measure,* and in its unrhymed form constitutes the famous *Blank Verse* of literature. The iambic tetrameter whose normal line is of eight syllables in its rhymed form is known as the *Octosyllabic Couplet* and is frequently a favourite measure for longer narrative poems from the fourteenth to the twentieth century. Tennyson's *In Memoriam* is written in the iambic tetrameter, in combination of four verses to a stanza, known as *quatrains.*

When verses are combined in detached groups of varying number of lines to form a shape or pattern this unit of shape is known as a *stanza* Verse in stanza form may be identified with practically the whole of English lyric poetry and the extent of the stanza may vary from two to sixteen and the verses range in length from one to eight feet. One of the most famous stanzas is the Spenserian, named after the poet Spenser, who used a stanza of nine lines consisting of eight heroics followed by an Alexandrine, or line of six feet, in bis poem the *Faery Queen.* Byron's *Childe Harold* was also written

in this stanza. Four *heroics,* rhyming alternately, as in Gray's *Elegy,* constitute the *Elegiac stanza.* The Sonnet affords another interesting example of pattern. The perfect Italian type—for it is Italian in origin—conists of fourteen decasyllabic lines divided into two unequal groups of eight and six lines known as the *octave* and the *sestet* Shakespeare ignored the division adhering only to the fourteen lines which he rhymed alternately, concluding with a couplet.

## POETIC ORNAMENT.

## IV

" *Between the language of prose and the language of poetry there is, in -fact, no difference at all—save a differ' ence of poetry; and that is why, so long as there is poetry, there will be foctir dirtion."* [1] Thus has a recent professor of poetry in the University of Oxford attempted to relieve himself of further responsibilities in the matter. Tht truth is poetry is more of an art than prose and is therefore more, if not chiefly, concerned with beauty, for ' art, if it is siuressful, is judged to be beautiful.' But the essential difference between verse and prose, Professor Lascelles Abercrombie, of Ieeds University, has I think brought nearest for us when he says ' The plain fact is that patterns of prose-rhythm *do not regularly* repeat.' But it is upon the first of these observations that I wish to enlarge, though the .second should be considered carefully for it affords a clue to a good deal of that vexed problem—the distinction between prose and verse.

If we admit that poetry is more concerned with beauty than prose how is this brought about ? It is brought about by the time-worn practice of a series of poetic devices or tricks, all mustered to the end of present-

[1] Professor Garrod.

ing us with the conviction of a sense of beauty. Let us quote a moment from a poet you will find among the moderns in this book:

> What shall we tell you ? Tales, marvellous tales
> of ships and stars and isles where good men rest,
> Where nevermore the roe of sunset pales
> And winds and shadows fall towards the West.
>
> And there the world's first huge white-bearded kings
> In dim glades sleeping, murmur in their sleep
> And closer round their breasts the ivy clings,
> Cutting its pathway slow and red and deep.
>
> And how beguile us ? Death has no repose
> Warmer and deeper than that Orient sand
> Which hides the beauty and bright faith of those
> Who made the Golden Journey *to* Samarkand.

If a poet has succeeded in giving us beauty it is more than probable that he has had resource to some of the following aids approximating to a list something- like this, and which I give as it should be useful in apprehending and appreciating further poems in this book:

> Imagery, or power of picture-making
> Metaphor and Simile.
> Symbolism.
> Suggestion.
> Personification and Antithesis.
> Verbal melody and Alliteration.
> The Epithet
> The Arresting Line, or Stanza.

Let us consider the above extract with reference to one or two items from the list and see how they are applicable to enquiry.

The- first and immediate appeal made to us in the above verses is through their imagery, the power of their pictorial values. The poet loses no time, and the word

*marvellous* in the first line more than prepares us for that which follows. We are being treated to an exquisite specimen of what has been called *the poetry of refuge or escape,* the poetry of romantic vision. The best picture of all is surely container! in the middle stanza with its suggestion of brooding mystery, the hint of a forest background in the ' dim glades,' and over all the effect of timelessness sn powerfully suggested by the picture of the ivy clinging, and ' Cutting, its pathway slow and red and deep,' So, we see, we have discovered two from our list already. And we have made another discovery, the power of a single word does not depend for its shade of meaning on its dictionary value but is dependent upon the words that surround it for the delight it gives, and particularly its power of suggestion:

> "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death."

" Shakespeare's lines arc commonplace prose; but they are magnificent poetry. We know that in all the English utter the real conterit of their words is not in the things they describe and define, but in the indescribable and indefinable things they suggest."

This art of suggestion and picture-making power is one of the strongest inheritances in the history of English poetic development from Chaucer to to-day, and among its chief ornaments. The application of the above you will find worked out with further detail in the essay that follows on, " *The Making of Poetry,"* and some one or two from the list I have offered you will find present in every poem you encounter throughout this book.

[1] *Comedy.* John Palmer. (Martin Seeker.)

## THE MAKING OF POETRY.

" *Poetry at its strongest destroys this world to create* n *new"* Thus Mr. Laurence Rinyon in a definition that I think explains what must be for him at any rate the most essential function of poetic content at its strongest In these observations my principal aim will be to examine just how such a process works in practice. You will perhaps be good enough to accompany me behind the scenes in order that we may discover a little how our friend the poet gets his effects and puts them over the footlights. Before we do this, however, I wish to make a short digression in suggesting a few of the possible difficulties an English poet must encounter in facing Indian readers of his work.

Perhaps it has not occurred to many that one of the most difficult handicaps the poet has to face in his bid for recognition is that of his audience. The Victorian Age was ripe for Tennyson but not for Robert Browning. That India is ripe for a Tagore or an Tqbal may be true, but for any modern English poet still highly questionable.

How many of my Indian friends, I wonder, will tell me that they ever read English poetry for the pleasure given them nr that their apprehension has really strayed much further 'than " The Assyrian came down," " On Stanley, On!" with possibly, the " beauteous evening, calm and free," to moderate their transports should they have grown too restive? I was greatly impressed myself, when young, with " *Tkc Chary? of the Light Brigade"* and the *"Battle of the Baltic,"* and in case I should become too immoderate a patriot, was passed on to " *We are Seven"* and *" Lucy Gray.'" I* did not emerge from this idea of English poetry until an American friend, having first fed himself well on buttered toast read to me *Kubla Khan.* But my phase of complete philistinism did

not cease until nearly two years later, for I suppose buttered toast, and kind American enthusiasts were not always forthcoming.

To-day in India I believe the chances of comprehending a poet's magic are as difficult as they were fifteen years ago in England. It is not in my province now to suggest the reasons, but doubtless the historian might be able to satisfy you. Over a hundred years ago, perhaps I may not be entirely wrong in assuming that the court exercised some cultural influence and stimulus upon the painter and the poet, despite the Moghul decadence. Tu-day it seems to me that the wealthy patron of learning and art as an integral feature of the social fabric is lamentably absent, with the result that we have lost a good deal of the secret of listening, and of seeing; of serving in fact as highly sensitised receivers of transmitted subtleties. If I may continue my digression a few moments more I will give you an illustration of what I myself was witness of a few years ago.

A few years ago the All-India Musical Conference held its fifth annual meeting in Lucknow, and as I was a humble financial subscriber to the promotion of its activities T was nnt left out of the invitations. Before, however, I had attended more than a few of its sittings I discovered that a considerable portion of the large audience there gathered to do homage to a very exquisite national art often grew impatient and dissatisfied with the fare provided. I pondered the reason for this and was not long in drawing the conclusion, later endorsed for me by the Vice-President of the Conference—that the Lucknow audience was no longer in possession of the secrets that caused the music, to which they listened, to rise above the cheap popular theatre stuff and reach a level of calculated and studied art, for the spirit of Sultan Adil Shah of Bijapur was not with them.

To conclude this digression, then, it seems we have to-day to overcome considerable obstacles in our path if

we wish to become appreciative of the efforts of poets and musicians. I am sure in English poetry ypu would all prefer a Popeian rhythm, and a content of what Bishop Kurd called, " good sense," mixed with moral precept.

Will you now encourage yourselves a little to forsake this mental attitude and join with me in entering- new worlds of the poetic firmament? I have a little poem that may help us on a good deal:—

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them:
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them.

I too will something make
And joy in the making;
Altho' to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered in waking.

That is a very short poem indeed but I think it is a very appealing one. But just what is the nature of its appeal ? Firstly, there is nothing incomprehensible in it, and it reawakens an experience common to all, and so at once captures our sympathy and attention. But how did it get expressed in this way, what process did it undergo in the making ? I will try to answer that if I can. It seems to me that two very vital processes have taken place, namely, impulse and inspiration and both occasioned by a particular quality of intensity in the emotional experience, a kind of white heat or flame that distinguishes the poet, as compared with the dull red flame, that may be the emotional register achieved by the ordinary individual. Impulse is the motive force and inspiration its quality in feeling or idea. Without inspired impulse that purest type of poetry, *lyric,* cannot be produced. Impulse to joyous movement finds expression in the dance: did not the daughters of the Pandavas dance "the dance of the

cosmic rhythm in front of Shiva's shrine to the time-beat of the waves?'[1] Impulse to joyous sound finis expression in the song, Have you never heard, in Kashmir, that haunting song of the rice-tenders, just as the declining sun lengthens the chenar shadow across the emerald fields, a song) voiced in unison by groups of young men and boys as they bend low over the green blades ? Suddenly, without warning, it seems to awake, and arise, and steal with a caress across the emerald grasses to the feet of the mountains. Such surely are the impulses that spring from joy and exultation.

Is it not something of these qualities that we find in "I love all beauteous things ?" Does not joy in this world of sense, joy lifted to the pitch of exultation, supply the impulse, the impulse to sing ? The song is the vehicle to which inspiration leashes thought and control. The result is idea-transformed into rhythm without discord and which we have come to term a poem, or 'elevated expression of elevated thought.' And what in this case is the elevated thought ? Knowledge of the beauty about us, which is always with us, and which So many of us fail to see, and the making of more beauty—' *and joy* ***in*** *the making'*

One of the great features in this little poem is its simplicity, which connotes sincerity. One of the tests for great poetry is sincerity and it is a quality never absent from the verse of the late poet-laureate, and frequently may claim affinities with even this:

> When the voices of children are heard on the green,
> And laughing is heard on the hill.
> My heart is at rest within my breast
> And everything else is still.

William Blake had perhaps not too much ' good sense ' but a good deal of divine nonsense that would have con-

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'Havell,

siderably annoyed Mr. Addison. Simplicity was an clement insisted on by Matthew Arnold for all who would subscribe to his ' Grand Style.' I do not think frequently a good deal of India, where the epithet, and the superlative one for preference is so popular, would feel inclined to agree with him. But this simplicity has obvious pitfalls, and Wordsworth was not self-critic enough to escape them all.

I have said that the experience we here find expressed, appeals to us, because it is an experience that must be common to many of us: how is it then that we differ so from the poet ? The difference is that the poet feels three or four times as intensely, and sees three or four times as clearly. We may liken him to a sensitive stringed instrument waiting the moment when the touch of that great master—Experience—shall cause him to vibrate to articulate music. The master comes of course to all of us in turn, but We are only the inferior instruments and respond but ill to the ideas and truths that he would have us tell to others for their uplifting and betterment. It is only when he comes upon the poet that he finds the convenient material for the shaping of great prophets and great teachers. It is this idea of the poet that I would have you keep constantly before vou as you follow me in these remarks, and as later you follow this book.

The title I have chosen above is *'The Making of Poetry.'* But, so far, I fancy that I may reasonably be accused of writing on the subject in far too general terms. It is time therefore that I turned to more concrete illustrations and invited you into the poetic workshop itself. A workshop that happens to be conveniently available is that of William Wordsworth. The English lake district of course supplied Wordsworth with most of his material, and there is a wickedly amusing cartoon of Mr. Max Beerbohm depicting William interviewing a little girl, possibly the cartoonist's idea of Lucy Gray, in a shower of rain. Each party seems to have some difficulty in appreciating the

other's point of view. .William wishes to elicit further details of the little girl's life, doubtless for a poem he is contemplating, and the results of which we know so well. Beyond exhibiting profound bewilderment Lucy does not appear to respond at all to the poet's blandishments. Sometimes however William found his subject without having to take a long walk, or talk to little girls. There is the case of the '*Solitary Reaper'* Recollect this stanza a moment:

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

This bears the quality of inspiration. But what excited it ? It was brought into being simply from Wordsworth's reading: he had been looking into a book on a journey in the Highlands, and a page had sent him musing. What particularly had haunted him had been the rhythm of the concluding words of a paragraph. Almost before he was aware he had written a poem to which those phrases supplied the key. Sometimes it may be from a walk, sometimes it may be from a book or painting frequently it is from some experience simple or trivial in itself but of vital significance to the highly developed sensibility of the poet, so vital because the impulse once started, the moment of inspiration and creation follows.

Wordsworth's theory about the right moment for creative composition is interesting. He held the principle as some of you no doubt are aware, that the right moment for composition was not at the time of receiving the impulse- : he suggested that the moment might be too turbulent, that the necessary control for a perfect guiding of the impression could not arrive until *tranquillity* ensued.

*" Emotion recollected in tranquillity "* was the phrase he used to express this principle. But although Wordsworth laid down this dictum for his own guidance don't imagine that all poets follow it, or that he always followed it himself.

There is however one famous example of the application of this method by Wordsworth and perhaps also it is familiar to many of you—it is the poem on the old leech-gatherer. There is plenty of data for telling us how this was composed. In the diary of his sister Dofothy we learn that the image of an old man met at dusk was kept in the poet's mind for a year and a half. And yet how intensely he had come to live in the poet's imagination we can best see by comparing the entry in Dorothy's journal with the poem William made. This feature of dwelling upon a thing until it is ripe fur delivery is a thing shared in common by Tennyson, whose lyrics were often generated by one single phrase which he had rolled about in his mind.

I have introduced this subject with a digressirm on the difficulties that must be experienced by any Indian audience ' listening in ' to an English poet The difficulties are somewhat greater, frequently enough, than those of the old relationship between myself and Mr. Campbell. If we explore a little further and see the poet at work with a few of his instruments and effects, a few of the difficulties, at least, should be cleared away, and we should be able to follow him with our applause, for it is for this reason mainly that I trouble you with this enquiry into the making of poetry.

For purposes of exposition I have now to bring to your notice a poem whose remoteness from anyone in the early nineteenth century, unless it were Keats, must be fairly obvious. It is a poem whose appeal for a Western audience lies largely in its suggestion of the East as a place of colour, mystery, and romance, an idea that many of the English have lost, but the French have managed

to retain, because we are a little inclined to see the East through the eyes of a United Service Club, while thp French see it by way of Chateaubriand and Pierre Loti. and you yourselves, perhaps, do not see it at all. Rut do not think India has altogether lost it. To-day if any of you take the trouble to *go* up to Srinagar and listen to the Khans as they talk, still you may hear of the precious stuffs they bring in from Central Asia, down through the parses, of those who make the journey to Bokhara, to Yakand and Samarkand. But who is there to tell the talc to you? None as this young poet tells it, and whose voice is now for ever hushed and still. Here are the verses, and they will not suffer by repetition:

What shall we tell you ? Talcs, marvellous tales
Of ships and stars and isles where g-ood men rest,
Where nevermore the rose of sunset pales,
And winds and shadows fall towards the West:

And there the world's first huge white-bearded kings
In dim glades sleeping, murmur in their sleep,
And closer, round their hreasts the ivy-clings.
Cutting its pathway slow and red and deep

And how beguile you ? Death has no rrpose
Warmer and deeper than that Orient sand
Which hides the 'beauty and bright faith of thnse
Who made the Golden Journey to Samarkand

What is the effect we have *got* there and 'what' the means that produce it ? Tbcre is T think nn doub' thnt pictorial emitnit makes the first nnd immediate appeal How is this picture impression conveyed ? The word marvellous in the first line serves as the key setting to what follows; it is as it were a background. Ships, stars, and isles, in the next line give a beautiful and arresting pictorial content, while the next two lines round the whole conception off with fairy-like magic. But it is the next

stanza that is the most beautiful of all; the picture of the [1] huge white-bearded kings' in their setting of 'dim glades.' Now there is one particular feature I wish you to notice and that is that none nf these words taken at their purely dictionary value have anything extraordinary about them. For example, the word *huge* applied to a box would mean very little but applied where it is does it not serve to endow the white-bearded kins with a halo of mysterious pnuer? They are big with the stature of the first men in history, they have known the triumphs of keen physical prowess in their time, they have been vested with more than normal human gifts, and all this is to assist in conveying the image of their present helplessness; for are they not fast asleep, while round about their breasts the ivy clings? Aain note how by suggestion we know how sound they sleep, since the ivy furrows a path over their bodies, *'slow, and red, and deep.'*

Do you now' perceive how words begin to take on new values far beyond their intrinsic dictionary worth, through powers of association and suggestion? Dictionaries and synonyms help us little more in these stanzas than they can help in:

> Not poppy, nor mandragora
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world

to win the wonder that is there.

Take only the word *king* as another example of what I wish to illustrate; both in its singular and plural forms it has tremendous associative values in colour and in power, as in such contexts as these:

> One day I would he glad
> With crowned vermilion kings
> Whose scarves are lilies blowing
> Where youth for ever sings.

Or:

> Such beauty is the magic of old kings
> Who webbed enchantments on the bowlb of night

and our former quotation:

> And there the worU's first huge white-bearded kinps.

It is a word to conjure the most fragrant fancies. In the first quotation above it has been used to serve as a symbol of the power of triumphant and everlasting joy.

Once, that unhappy French genius, Paul Verlaine. said, ' it is the successful blending of the undefined and the definite in words that constitutes the triumph of the poet's art,' That, probably, is an idea entirely foreign to you, and for the most part I believe divorced from any Eastern code of aesthetics. The East, being intensely conservative, is hard put to when asked to tolerate, let alone appreciate new departures from the old established rules of prosody and diction I am now possibly inviting you to new attitudes, and they have no doubt the disadvantage of breaking through habit. Said. Monsieur Anatole France, defending the symbolist movement in his cnuntry: ' The prosody of Hoileau and the classics is ileacl. Why should the prosody of Victor Hugo and the romantics be eternal? Scarcely any one, that I can see, save the old lions of 1830, if there are any left, lament what is happening in poetry to-day.' But students in India rleplore v,'hat is happening to English poetry and sigh dismally for the great days gone by, of ' *Gray's Elegy,'* and *The Deserted Village,* where everything is straightforward, and no fuss.

I do not expect you to understand what Verlaine meant unless I try to make it a little plainer. There is a lyric of Tennyson that always seems to me to carry out this idea very happily. I will be satisfied by quoting just

four lines:

> Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white:
> Now waves the cypress in the palace walk:
> Now winks the gold-fin in the porphyry font:
> The firefly wakens waken thou with me.

Ask any friend of ) ours who has been to Kashmir to describe to you the Nishat Bagh. How many pages do you think he might take ? Tennyson in just four lines lias laid nut for us a perfect garden of richness. How has it been done? It has been done with the assistance of about seven words: crimson, white, cypress, palace, porphyry and font. Tennyson suggests but does not name. I wish you could be absolutely convinced that it is this fact that constitutes the real difference between the function of words in poetrv and in prose. In prose they *state,* in poetry they *suggest.* It is essentially the poet's business to give impressions and not facts. Here is Macaulay at work:

> How sweet it is at that enchanting hour
> When earth is fresh with April's sunny shower,
> To wander through some green ?and quiet lane
> O'erhung with briars and wild flowers moist with rain,

which is something- different from the present poet-laureate's :

> I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills
> Coming in Solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain.

One is a poet, the other a careful and literary observer of Nature.

From these examples—the word " solemn" for instance in the above—you no doubt have perceived that the chief instrument of suggestion is the *epithet.* A great deal of responsible literature has been written about the

power of the epithet, and notably in one or two pamphlets of the English Association, to which I gladly refer any who arc interested to make a further and more detailed study. I hope sincerely also that they may not be only Honours students since this is a matter concerning the first and one of the most elementary items for any intelligent appreciation of the selections you are constantly dealing with in your courses of English study in the B.A. But if it does seem too formidable—this which I am inviting you now to do—please at any rate look at that extremely valuable and new series published by Messrs. Nelson called, *'English Spoken and Written,'* and particularly Vol. IV. The chapter I wish to refer you to is, I think, entitled *Expression in Verse.*

Never was I, when firt coming to India, so staggered as to find that students of English had no conception at all that the poetry they daily read might ever possibly contain pictorial values. Once indeed I was told that Mr. Wordsworth appealed very much, because, " he had nice sceneries." When however I begged for a description of these *sceneries* I was met with embarrassment and silence. For many years I suppose teachers have informed their students that Wordsworth's landscapes are very fine and left it at that. Yet word-painting is one of the chief delights the poet finds in the making of his poetry as most of you must acknowledge if you can recollect Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes.* For me one of the most beautifully vivid word-pictures is this of Robert Louis Stevenson. It is called *The House Beautiful:*

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool beside the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit
And poplars at the garden foot
Such is the place that I live in,

Bleak without and bare within.
Yet shall your ragged moor receive,
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And 'the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase
Your garden gleams and gleams again,
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendour: here
The army of the stars appear.
The neighbour hollows dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset;
And oft the morning muser see
Larks rising from the broomy ha,
And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobwdb dew-bediamonded.
When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime.
And when snow-bright the moor expands,
How shall your children clap your hands!
To make this earth our heritage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

There are many beauties there that I have no time to dwell on though I would greatly love to. But you yourselves go through this poem *at* Stevenson sometime carefully and pick out the epithets in it that have most claim to success. Notice particularly how the poet has expended all the cunning of the descriptive art upon a scene that for him is entirely satisfying- without the intrusion of a single personal elemLiit. Above all, who can deny the direct appeal of its freshness antl colour ? The love of the open air, the loveliness that may **be** found in the seasons at all

times is there pure and without stint.

But in this business of the making of poetry there are still other devices the poet must be constantly using if he would contribute to our pleasure and delight. Two at any rate must be quite familiar to you—*metaphor* and *simile.* Do you not think Robert Burns has managed one of them very well in this ?

O my Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve's like the melodic
That's sweetly played in tune.

Here is *simile,* if simile means to compare one thing with another in order to bring clearer a conception of the original image to one. Note the assistance of colour is again very pleasing.

If *metaphor* is to name one thing by another, to render the former more alive and vivid to one's vision, surely one of the most matchless ever penned was Keats' ' bright star,' ' Nature's patient sleepless Eremite.' Or if you wish to be gripped at once by the force of some dramatic truth, Walter Savage Landor, a much neglected poet, can offer this:

I warmed both hands before the fire of life:
It sinks and I am ready *to* depart.

But if you should think these no better than new-fangled notions, Sir Walter Raleigh is no whit behind, though his age was the age of Akbar:

Passions are likened best to floods and streams,
The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb,

And is not that a very perfect simile ?

The added intensity and power which the poet gains by the skilful and just use of such devices as these is, I

think, dear. Here we behold again the practice not so much of the letter as the spirit: ' the letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life' is one of the most pregnant of biblical aphorisms.

Even to-day we have not quite forgotten these little things: of humorous metaphor it would be difficult to better Mr. Chesterton's 'tattered outlaw of the earth' for that stalwart quadruped the donkey. What again of the charm we so often find in our to-day's Wordsworth, Mr. W. H. Davies ?

> A falling star:
> It was a tear of pure delight
> Run down the face of Heaven this happy night.

That betrays no falling off I think. These are the things I would ask you to look out for in your poetry studies, and to beg your teachers to reveal to you. Poetry that has been mixed with these ingredients is bound to compel our admiration and delight: something of these are the beauties to put about us, since they give us glimpses of that infinite variety in the wealth of life which God certainly intended for us, and which dictionaries and zealous study of word-meanings will never put in a thousand years.

But the poet's resources are not even yet exhausted. There are two further aids which I cannot pass over without making some mention: the employment of *personification* and *antithesis.*

Have you ever seen or heard Mr. Ralph Hodgson's *Time, You Old Gipsy Man ?* Here it is:

> Time, you old gipsy man,
> Will you not stay,
> Put up your caravan
> Just for one day ?
> All things I'll give you,
> **Will you be my guest,**

Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with May,
Time, you old gipsy,
Why hasten away ?

Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush
Under Paul's dome;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
And oft once again
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
off to another
Ere that's in the tomb.
Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day ?

That is really full of many things—it is in the first place full of what I have referred to as the poetry of colour, of word association, of pictures, and of pretty conceits: it combines all the attributes of what we may call the poetry of hearing, seeing, and knowing: its music with its short jolly rhythms, merry as a brook bubbling along under spring sunshine, has an immense fascination. If it fails to please you no doubt you are all preparing for more serious careers than I have any knowledge of, but if any among you are able to bring Time before your little brothers and sisters half as prettily and convincingly

as that, assuredly they will grow up with their homes full of purpose and beauty.

Again in this art of *personification,* with just three lines of bewildering beauty Mr. W. H. Davies can accomplish this for us:

> I turned my head and saw the wind
> Dragging the corn by her golden hair
> Into a dark and lonely wood.

As for *antithesis,* old parson Herrick knew well what he was about when he wrote:

> Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
> Old Time is still a-flying:
> And this same flower that smiles to-day
> To-morrow will be dying.

Before my observations come to their close I have to revert back once again to that cryptic remark of Mr. Laurence Binyon, for I cln not feel I have yet sufficiently laboured its significance.

He said, you remember that *'poetry at its strongest destroys this world to create a new.'* I wonder if any of you can recollect in your poetry readings any poem completely subscribing to such an idea. Well, I think there are two poems that must be known to you—*The Ancient Marivter* and *Kubla Khan;* poems of magic indeed if any are. Coleridge with a marvellous mastery has drawn us away from the things of this world to somewhere that is iofinitely more strange than any fairyland we could have dreamed. Combined with a marvellous descriptive power is a music every whit as effortless. Of *The Ancient Mariner* says Professor Quiller-Couch, ' Its words do not cumber it, exquisite words come to it but it uses and straightway forgets them: not Shakespeare himself, unless by snatches, so sublimated the lyrical

tongue, or obtained effects so magical by the barest necessary means."

The same might be said of *Kubla Khan.* You remember:

> In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A stately pleasure-dome decree:
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measmehss to man
> Down to a sunless sea.

Here transportation many many leagues away to things immeasurably remote and mysterious is at once accomplished by the names *Xanadu, Kubla Khan,* and *Alph,* while the whole effect is rounded off by *sacred river, caverns, measureless* and *sunless sea.* What a piece of magic vision is thus conjured up: a wave of the wand and Dame Mystery has been lured from her incommunicable haunts at the command of the magician: what an unerring Tightoess too has led Coleridge to the word *sunless!* Here is success achieved far beyond the *Lady of Shalott* because the images in that poem are too clear, too pre-Raphaelite, there is not enough mystery, enough atmosphere.

Among Coleridge's successors I do not think there are any to-day except Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. De la Mare, and Mr. J. E. Flecker.

One more world there is however that I must tell you a little of, a world you here in India find perhaps the most difficult of all to understand and appreciate since it was a world as vivid to the inhabitants of the old cities of Corinth or Herculaneum as the world of the Maha-

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[1] See also for a remarkable study in the making of poetry, Professor Lowe's *The Road to Xanadu,* in which he plays the part of a super-sleuth, to track down Coleridge's sources and illustrate the reactions upon so astonishing a mind,

bharata no doubt was to the inhabitants of Pataliputra: the world of Pan, and of his rout of fauns and satyrs. Yet the wealth of beauty that has been woven by English poets out of the Greek and Roman mythologies is remarkable. *The Faun in Literature* might well supply a happy subject for a student's thesis covering the periods from Spenser and Ben Jonson onwards. English poetry has perhaps never been made so rich as when the aid of the ' Great God Pan' has been besought, or of Bacchus anil his ' charmed pards.' But for him Mrs. Browning had not made this:

> What was he doing, the Great God Pan,
> Down in the reeds by the river ?
> Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
> Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
> And breaking the golden lilies afloat
> With the dragon-fly on the river,

nor John Keats this:

> Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs I whence came ye,
> So many, and so many, and such glee ?
> Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
> Your nuts in oak-tree cleft ?

about which Wordsworth could only say that it was a pretty piece of paganism. Nor had Matthew Arnold seen:—

> Did Silenus
> Come, lolling in the sunshine
> From the dewy forest-coverts,
> This way at noon.
> Sitting by me, while his Fauns
> Down at the water-side
> Sprinkled and smothered
> His drooping garland ….

And now lastly I would write of that class of poetry which is made chiefly with the intention of *appealing to the ear* of its audience. One, among that brave band of teachers who in England just now are doing so much to relieve the drudgery of poetry instruction has said—[1] a cultivated ear is part of the technique which enables the student to interpret poetry for others and to appreciate it for himself.' Prosody I believe, until recently, has been ignored in most of the universities of Indin, and that is perhaps why Algernon Charles Swinburne is known to the University of Japan and refused admission here, where most people believe English metre invariably obeys the formal precise rhythms of Alexander Pope, like this:

> This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
> And all Arabia breathes from yonder box,
> The tortoise here and elephant unite,
> Transformed to combs, the speckled with the white.

To enter into details would trespass on your patience too much. However retaining a moment that rhythm of Pope will you contrast it for yourselves just now with this:

> And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
> Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid.
> Follows with dancing and fills with delight
> The Maenad and the Bassarid;
> And soft as lips that laugh and hide
> The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
> And screen from seeing and leave in sight
> The god pursuing, the maiden hid.
>
> The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
> Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
> The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
> Her bright breast shortening into sighs;

The wild vine **ship**' with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

That might easily be an impression retained of a Pompeian wall painting, though we must coofess that the music makes the first demand on our attention. And if the myth of Proserpine is known to you, what again of this for music ?

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands,
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are .sweeter
Than love's Who fears to greet her,
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands,

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scnrn.

We arc not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
To-day will die ta-morrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Such was something of the music that took Victorian England, the world of the sixties, by storm, and made men gasp. Says Professor Quiller Couch in an eloquent tribute: ' Here was a man who, five hundred years after Chaucer, in the long line of descent which already boasted Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, Browning all so great and so different —had suddenly discovered a new door and thrust it open upon what seemed endless vistas of beauty. Here was a man who, coming after these mighty inventors, could take the language in which they had wrought and convert it to a music as unlike any of theirs, as absolutely fresh and original, as it was patently the music of a peer.'

[1] The music of a peer,' he tells us. It is just that which I wish you to recognise, for if you rpad this without having forsaken your 18th century attitude, this very modest endeavour of mine to bring to you a knowledge of something of the making of poetry will have been vain indeed. At least these verses perhaps will have shewn you how necessary it is occasionally to have some of our poetry read to us aloud, for this is by far the best way to provide ourselves ear-training. There has been here too at work yet one further instrument from the poet's workshop—*alliteration.* Used by Swinburne it is used with consummate skill. But do not think that he was the first alliterative poet, for the history of English poetry will tell you something quite different.

And now to conclude. A little perhaps you have been taken towards the inner shrine of the temple, a little

you have glimpsed the inner mysteries, and to which in the ancient W3rld one dared not presume. Perhaps a little some of you may have come to realise that this affair of poets and poetry-making is not a business alone of examination; a little perhaps you have iinderstond that pregnant phrase—*the letter killcth, but the Spirit piveth life.* A little you will have come to realise that if any should continue to give you the *letter* and reject the *Spirit* he ought to be held guilty of a most criminal piece of cheating because he shall have sent you away knowing much no doubt by heart but knowing less by means of love and understanding, which is to say that you shall have been denied your birthright and sent away in ignorance.

Is it for us teachers to take unto ourselves the exclusiveness of the priests of old ? Is it for us to debar any from being present with us when we celebrate the *mundras* within 'the' temple courts? Is our word to go as unrhallrnprd as that of a fhaldean seer, or one of Kenya's witrh-doctors of to-day? By no means, for we arc no longer in the nineteenth centurv whrn these matters fnr the mnsf- part sepmpd to be reserved fnr the priests a[1] one. Then it was onlv for the few to cmestion into cause and effect, to ask reasons for this begins: beautiful and that ugly only the few were permitted an educated taste. And vet if each one of us have not something of such an equipment the sum of our experience must remain as nil. From day to day we shall let time slip by, with one day just as another day, in deadly recurring mrmotonv We shall he hut as broken receivers for the messages of Gnrt: truth will be unknown to us, fnr truth exists in experience alone-, and we shall none of us he fit for the reception of experience What watchword then must we adopt ? I think—*to be awake!*[1] In England

[1] **Which means much the same as that advice contained in the two words at the entrance to the Delphian temple of Apollo:—*Know thyself.***

they are not sleeping. An influential London daily journal had this recently: "The more our boys and girls write verses, the better qualified will they he to know their own inadequacy and monumental achievement." In other words, he who desires the perfume of the incense must burn the incense.

If jt is the business of everybody to write prose c[imposition in nrder better to understand prose, as much also is it his business to practise a little verse-making for the better appreciation of poets and poetry.

When pnets die we pay them all honour: but isn't it fairer to gi'c them a little honour while they are here among us ? Although the French poet Baudelaire guaranteed tu produce poets after the prospective candidates had completed a spcchl course of exercises designed by himself, I have not heard that his success was of a kind to encourage anyone else in the attempt. Certainly it is not your business to be pnets, and yet for the sake of India, I do suggest that it is the business of every one of you to speak a living word for India to-day, that once again she may rank as one of the great articulate nations of the world.

Through the medium of your societies, of better class magazines, better class papers, encourage taste, encourage vernaculars, promote ideas, stimulate those among you who have beautiful thoughts to give them utterance in beautiful language,, and language adapted to the needs of to-day, and not the needs of the age of the Guptas, or of Mahmud of Ghazni This must ever remain •impossible of achievement until you regard your studies in literature as also a thing apart from any examination purpose It should be your portion of this task to help your teachers in their efforts of assisting you in the business of recognition of the marvels about you, in their efforts at quickening your apprehensions and perceptions, and all to the end of rendering you fit to absorb your experiences when they touch you. Never should you allow yourselves to be negatived by any cram system of cduca-

tion, and the road along which I would have you accompany them should help much to avoid it. In your approach to poetry you should wish to arrive at no other goal than the goal of '*enchanted seeing*' through the knowledge of enchanted making.

# THE HISTORIC GENESIS.

## I

### *Anglo-Saxon.*

For a true evaluation of English poetry by the student a brief survey of the beginnings is essential.

It should be recognised that English poetry is fed from two main founts: the Anglo-Saxon, and the Anglo-French. In order that the student may better apprehend this let him a moment consider it in the form of the following table-—

| | ANGLO-SAXON | | ANGLO-FRENCH. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Narrative | Elegiac | Narrative (French) | Lyric [Provencal] |
| Form | Rhymeless, syllables unfixed, accent, alliteration. | The same, with addition of refrain. | Metre and Rhyme, Vocabulary Latinized. | Rhyme and Stanza. |
| Content | Sea-roving. Battle, Heroic subjects, Christianity. | Reflective sentiment, Vanity of life, Regret of things past. | Matters of Britain, France, Rome to Roe Great. | Love, the Seasons, Political songs, Religious songs. |

It should at once be clear from the above that in ont particular Anglo-Saxon poetry differs fundamentally from modern—in metre; secondly that it possesses no lyric poetry, in our modern sense of the term.

In Anglo-Saxon poetry every line is cut into two half lines by a pause. Each line, (verse), has four stressed or accented syllables. The half-verses are linked together by alliteration and the two accented syllables of the first hallf, and one of the accented syllables of the

second half begin with the same consonant, thus:

> leoht and lif somod. tof se gewyrcth,
> hafath under heofanum heahfaestre dom
>
> Both light and life who lives for honour
> Hath steadfast glory under the stars.

After Langland, true comprehension of the value of alliteration as a most powerful aid to the versifiers' art was not recognised until Swinburne, ami in him we find present two of the main elements of the Anglo-Saxon tradition—alliteration, and the sea.

There was one other great characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon poetry, and one that was organic to the very language—the composite word. The Anglo-Saxons called a grave—dea*th-chamber,* while for the sea we find this interesting variation:

> Whet upon the *whale-way* irresistibly my heart.

For the Anglo-Saxons the sea has become as natural an element as the dry land, and passion for the sea and sea-roving sets the colour and the tone to the greater portion of their literature. That it is ever to remain part of the great heritage of the English people, we can grasp more fully, when to-day we look at the work of Tennyson, Swinburne, Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Masefield.

But no survey of Anglo-Saxon poetry, however brief, could be complete without reference to the decided note of melancholy peivading the elegiac portion of their poetry. The note of reflective sentiment, " the sense of the vanity o[ life, and melancholy regret for departed glories," is not met again in such strength until the Ossianic poetry of the nineteenth century, when we have displayed what has been called " the Celtic spirit." Our best examples in Anglo-Saxon poetry arc *Widsith,* who finds comfort for his sorrow in recovering the memories of past sorrows, *Dear's Lament, The Wanderer, The Seafarer, The Ruin,*

*The Wife's Complaint*—all nntique in verse but modern in effect.

Two brief extracts will do more to keep the above in memory than panes of discussion. The first I 'ull use is a translation of a few lines of *The Wanda cr.* Here we are shown in the lament of the young the oppressed with sadness and grief because i)f the lord who is absent and the bitterness of exile:

> And it seemeth to him in spirit, that he seeth his man-lord,
> Chppeth him and kisseth him, on his knee he layeth
> Hands and head alike, as when he from hour to hour,
> Erewhile, in the older days, did enjoy the gift-stool.
> When the friendless mn forthwith doth awaken,
> And he sees before him only fallow waves,
> And sea-birds a-bathing, broadening out their plumes;
> Falling sleet and snow sifted through the hall—
> Then the wounds of the heart all the heavier are !
>
> *The Wanderer.*

And this from Dssian:

With grief the sad mourner dies' Earth here encloses the lovc'iest pair on the hill The grass grows between the stones of the tomb, I often sit in the mouroful shade The wind sighs through the grass, their memory rushes in my mind Undisturbed you now sleep together; in the tomb of the mountains you rest aliine'

*Death of Cramora and Connal (Cairi-Thura).*

This note of melancholy we see strongest to-day in the poet of the *Celtic Twilight,* Mr. W. B. Yeats.

"Everywhere is 'the fluttering sadness of earth;' " Memories and ghosts .... The sea is a symbol of the 'drifting bitterness of life.' It is the 'bitter-tide,' 'the dim sea that cries her old cry still.' The 'dim tides

[1] Professor Tinker.

are hurled upon the wharves of sorrow,' " [1]

But it is time we now turned to the Anglo-French poetry, for we enter a world that by contrast were nigh to a dream of paradise.

## II

### *Anglo-French.*

Mists and cloud, sleet and rain, ice and snow, hardship and suffering, *the* ever-enduring cooflict with the sea, the never-ending struggle against foes, and pervading all the half-light of the Arctic North, such is the atmosphere we are made to feel in the Anglo-Saxon poetry. But with the Norman Conquest of 1066 there came a people to the shores of Britain who brought with them more than expert knowledge of arms and strategy. There came with the Normans the knowledge of a life that had ever moved in the pure sunlight of open day: in the poetry of the Normans the word *clear* was one of the most frequent and most apprehended. What a contrast this must have offered to the Saxon inhabitants, familiar with the doom-haunted wastes of Grendel's lair. Absolute or *pur?* poetry, about which there is so much academic discussion to-day, excludes horror, doom, or violent laughter. The Normans brought with them a literature of light before which the fen-mists about the lairs of monsters dissolved and grew iofinitely remote, until all that was heard was a melodious chanting in a world of perpetual spring, to be sometimes broken by a stir of heroes with a blow of trumpets, summoning in the dawn a people to new courage and new emprise: for what man had not heard of Roland

[1] Forrest Reid: W. B. Yeats. *A Critical Study.* (Seeker.)

and the trump of Roncesvalles! To the French, then, we owe our modern narrative forms with their heavy debts to the metrical romances. " But it is in Provence that you may find the ancestry of English poetry," says Mr. Earle Welby in his pleasant little *Popular History of English Poetry.* Thus it is to the French that we owe our present forms in English poetry, for Provencal had produced no less than nine hundred forms of stanza construction, and had an extraordinarily elaborate science of rhyming, Going still further back to the origin of this fertility in rhyming we discover that it is in great measure part of the astonishing Saracenic contribution to art and culture which flourished at the court of the Emperor Barbarossa in Sicily.

The remarkable iofluence of the poetry of Provence[1] was due to the rise of the Troubadours, a word derived from the Provencal verb *trobar,* to find or invent. It was the troubadours who improvised and discovered new and striking stanzaic forms for the elaborate lyrics they composed. Guilhem IX (b. 1071) count of Poitiers and Aquitaine is the earliest of whom anything definite is known and he may be taken as Europe's finest modern poet, using the kind of verse everybody uses now. He was typical of his class, -for "he knew well how to sing and make verses, and for a long time he roamed all through the land to deceive the ladies . . . ." where *deceive* does not have quite the same value as we give it to-day.

We see, therefore, that the troubadours belonged to a noble class, and no fewer than twenty-three were reigning princes, among whom was Richard I of England. The social iofluence exerted by this group was remarkab'e, cultivating an atmosphere around them of culture and taste never previously achieved. The poetic forms most

[1] There were two languages in France at this time—French and Provencal—the former in the North, the latter in the South.

in use among the troubadours were *vers* and *canso.* The former referred to any composition intended to be sung, no matter on what subject, but the latter was reserved particularly for all amatory effusions There were also two others which remind us oE the reservations in Indian music for morning and evening *rags*: these were the *alba* or morning song, and the *scrcna* or evensong. Two more deserve mention—the *pastorclla,* generally relating to the love-adventures of a knight with a shepherdess, and the *planh,* or elegy, and in this kind the most famous was that of Bertran de Born on Henry Plantagenet, brother of Richard, the Lion Heart.

In England, Provencal literature flourished at its liveliest at the court of Henry II, under the patronage of his queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine. It is from the troubadours and their varied stanza forms that we derive the Middle English secular lyric. Uofortunately it never loses its impersonal note, for subjectivity becomes the gift of the Renaissance. The themes of the Middle English lyric remain for the most part artificial and conventional: praise of the beloved put forth in conventional similes—a phase shared by Persian poetry at its Worst: with a background of Spring, or Summer, we have the inevitable nightingale and rose. Again the qualities of the lady were usually of such a high order as to make the poet bewail continually her heavenly exaltation in tones of shrillest hyperbole.

But a few lyrics do reinnin to us of greater worth and art. One of the most delightful of them is—

ALISDUN.

March is yielding to April,
Leaf and flower afresh they spring,
Little birtilings at their will
In their wise do sing.
I in love and longing go

For the sweetest maid I know,
She can bring me out of woe,
I to her am bound.
A happy chance doth me betidr,
Methinks that Heaven my choice did guide
From other maids to turn aside,
And light on Alisoun.

And then we have another poem filled with all the charming associations of an English spring:

## SPRING SONG.

Lent is come with Love to town,
With blossom, and with birdling's rune.
That all gladness bringeth—
Daisies blow on down and dale,
Sweetly trills the nightingale,
Each her glad song singeth.
The Throstle-cock doth loudly cry,
Past is winter's misery
When the woodruff springeth;
Yea, so glad the birdhngs be
When they winter's warning see
That the woodland ringeth.

The Middle English lyric falls into three main categories : the religious lyric, produced under the ecclesiastical influence, and very strong; the political songs—made Famous in Provence with Bertran de Born; and the secular and amatory lyrics of the kind we have noticed above.

Among; the religious lyrics we have to notice one—*Quia Amore Languco.* It is perhaps the most perfect of all and its spirit is scarcely recaptured until the seventeenth

centurymyastics:

*****
*****

Upon this I saw a tree.
Beneath, there sat a Man alone,
Wounded from Head to Foot was He,
I saw His Heart's Blood nin adown.
Well fitted He to wear a Crown,
Such gracious mien He sure did show;
I asked his grief, He spoke anon
" Quia Amore langueo!"
[Because of Love I suffer!)

But, on the whole, the mediaeval lyric rather shows the way than leaves any particular outstanding contribution to the genesis of the lyric.

"The emotion of the mediaeval poet takes the form of a set theme, whether of praise or plaint, as in the love-lyric, or of ascetic renunciation, as in the religious lyric, or of evanescence, of mutability, the melancholy reflection of the pissing of things—theme beloved alike by the poets of the Greek Anthology, by the minstrels of the Middle Ages, and by the poets of the Renaissance—which Spenser, as last of the mediaevals, has sung so eloquently. Nowhere in the mediaeval lyric do we find the note of personal recollection and coofession, the subjective and individualistic note of the sonnets of Sidney and Drummonu and Shakespeare, *or* of the lyrics of Donne; nowhere anything like the purely personal accent of Shelley's lyric cry; that concentrated utterance of the soul's despair of the modern idealist, sounding like the wail of a lost spirit:

O World, O life, O time,
On whyse last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood 'before;
When will return the glory of your prime ?
No more; ah ! nevermore I

"The Middle English period was, doubtless, a period of artistic and poetic education for the race, and the gains are not a few, but most of them seem to be lost before the sixteenth century—lost

from disuse, and fading into insignificance before the new and brilliant gains of the poetry founded on Italian art, that more fortunate offspring and development on a foreign soil of the happy first iofluence of the Troubadour song,"[1]

We see therefore that the iofluence and stimulus busy at the court of Eleanor of Aquitaine had to wait for its full fruition when it was received back yet once again through the far-reaching and gracious hands of Italian culture. Roer Ascham in his *Schoolmaster* cast scorn and derision at the Italianate Englishman of the Tudors, because of his faulty and superficial assimilation, unwitting that the same iofluence, in a different form, was already marvellously at work among those who soon became the greatest of the Elizabethans, and whose greatoess could not have blazed for us so eternally but for the inheritance of Italy, and the revived strains of that fair music that had hovered over the morning's of Provence, issuing from the throats of plumed young singers, moving gloriously towards death, most pitiful, in the market-places of Toulouse, Albi, and Carcassonne, where a great culture had been humbled fainting in the flames, never more to be seen or heard again of man:

*****

.... the fair fields of France
Gave birth to myriad poets and singers unknown
Who in a main flight gathering their playful flock
Settled in Languedoc, on either side the Rhone
Within the court and county of Raymond of Toulouse.

' ' ' ' '

.... the names that held
Place in my heart and now shall have place in my line
Were Avignon, Belcaire, Montelimar, Narbonne,
Beziers, Castelnaudary, Beam and Carcassonne,
And truly I could have shared their fancy could I have lived

[1] Frederick Ives Carpenter. *The English Lyric.* (Blackie.)

> Among those glad Jongleurs, living again for me,
> And had joy'd with them in that liberty and good will
> Which men call toleration, a thing so stiff to learn
> That ID sceptics 'tis left and cynics. In Provence
> Jew quarrelled not with Gentile - there was peace and love
> 'Twixt Saracen and Christian, Catalan and Frank;
> And (wonder beyond wonder) here was harboured safe,
> Flourishing and multiplying, that sect of all sects
> Abominable, persecuted and defamed,
> Who with their Eastern chaffering and insidious talk
> Had ferreted through Europe to find peace on earth
> With Raymond of Toulouse,—those ancient Manichees.[1]

Thus, the late poet-laureate, in a tribute worthy of its subject. This interesting religious sect that grew to health and success on the soil of Provence became in turn the victim of one of the cruellest wars ever waged in support of ecclesiastical intolerance. Rome struck, and the Albigenses were hunted to their death, and where there had been singers, " a silence, unbroken silence prevailed."

* * * * *

The rest is for the following pages to essay in gradual poetic procession, uofolding' before the reader's eyes, without undue haste, or hurry, and, it is hoped without too great tediousness. The reader, now, 'vill pass straight to the rebirth of English poetry under Surrey and Wyatt, for it is scarcely to our purpose to linger further over a period of hiatus following the death of Chaucer, when the lyric fell into disuse, and when the originality of a Skelton concerned itself mostly, not with repairing the untunefulness of English poetic numbers, but preferred to tilt a realistic wit against the conventional chivairic code of the courts of love, and the atmosphere of rose and nightingale. The modern English lyric whose development it is one of our main purposes to reveal dawns with the Renaissance.

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[1] *The Testament of Beauty*. Robert Bridges. (O.U.P.).

Let us then now take flight over a century. Lo, we have entered the capital of Harry Tudor. Her streets are thronged with men whose eyes are purposeful and alert, and as we scan the mien of courtiers, scholars, merchants, we are quickly made aware of a great awakening abroad among them, they all seem eager and busy about some great discovery. There is reason for it, for there have been great happenings : two things have come to pass to work a miracle in men's minds. In 1453 of the previous reign, Constantinople had fallen to the Turk releasing a flood of MSS. and scholars to Italy; in the last decade of the century Columbus had landed at Palos on his return from his first voyage, and told the wondering Spaniards of the New World which had been discovered beyond the seas.

The Renaissance had achieved its climacteric.

## THE LYRIC FORM.

*"Think ye St. Augustine would have stained his graver learning with a book of poetry had he fancied its dearest end to be the vanity of love-sonnets and epithalamiums? No, no, he thought with this our poet, that every foot in a high-born verse might help to measure the soul into that better world. Divine poetry I dare hold . … to be the language of the angels; it is the quintessence of fantasy and discourse centered in heaven; 't is the very outgoings of the soul . . . "*

CRASHAW

From the Preface to his '*Steps to the Temple.*'

Palgrave laid it down in the preface to his *Golden Treasury* that for the purposes of the anthology the term, ' lyrical,' essentially implied ' that each poem shall turn on some single thought, feeling, or situation, In accordance with this, narrative, descriptive, and didactic poems,—unless accompanied by rapidity of movement, brevity, and the colouring of human passion,—have been excluded.'

From this it is easy to deduce that the famous anthologist insists that for the purpose of his understanding of the term, ' lyric,' it could only be satisfied if two conditions were fulfilled—*unity of impression and brevity*- A little later he is at pains to inform us something of the nature of the quality for which he seeks in the lyric: ' that a poem shall be worthy of the writer's genius,—that it shall be a perfection commensurate with its aim,—that we should require finish in proportion to brevity,—that passion, colour, and originality cannot atone for serious imperfections in clearness, unity, or truth,—that a few good lines do not make a good poem …. above all, that excellence should be looked for rather in the whole than in the parts . . , .'

This is all quite interesting and very much to the point, but there is still one aspect of the lyric which the anthologist only lightly stresses and then dismisses thus: ' Blank verse and the ten-syllabled couplet, with all pieces markedly dramatic, have been rejected as alien from what is understood by *Song* . . . .'

We see at once that what is in the mind of Palgrave with regard to his impression of the lyric is *Song.* This is a very good idea to get in one's head implying as it does of course the presence of two elements—rhythm and melody.

The scope of the present book it will be found emphasises pre-eminently the place of the lyric, and this has been done deliberately because the writer believes that this form is the most important form in English poetry. He has found that he has a very sound body of opinion to support him. Mr. Hilaire Belloc—who has at least one or two exquisite lyrics to his name—tells us that " behind all lyric poetry lies a tune and air .... the lyric at its best is one of the achievements of man; it is an expression of the appetite for beauty and should partake of something of the nature of the miracle."

Mr. Laurence Binyon is equally convinced when he says—" Poetry at its strongest has the power to destroy this world to create a new," where the examples of *The Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan* at once occur.

Yet again Mr. Arthur Machen informs us, that " The most perfect form of literature is, no doubt, lyrical poetry which is, one might say, almost pure idea, and with scarcely an alloy of artifice expressed in magic words, in the voice of music."

But perhaps Professor Grierson in his *Lyrical Poetry from Blake to Hardy* helps us most when he insists that we cannot improve on Arnold who abides by the Greek classification for kinds of poetry, " their categories of epic, dramatic, lyric and so forth, have a natural propriety and Should be adhered to." We gather that for the Greeks

lyric poetry was written to be sung, " to be sung on quite definite occasions far quite definite purposes, religious or secular—the Hymn, the Paean, the Hypochem, the Nome, the Dithyramb, Dirges and Wedding Songs, nature songs such as the Linos and the song of Adonis."

Again, Greek lyrics [1] were written expressly for song, and the poet in most cases simultaneously created the accompanying melody. Thus the rhythm of the words indicates exactly that of the music, and as the metre is simple or involved, regular and stately or abrupt and impetuous, such must have been the character of the melody."

" The mediaeval lyric of Western Europe," continues Professor Grierson, " springing from a root as popular as the Greek, had the same close dependence on music and dance .... the idea that a song was intended to be sung was never consciously abandoned till the end of the seventeenth century. Dryden and the young courtiers of the Court of Charles II, the last court in England which was a focus and inspiration of literature and nuuic and painting, were the last inheritors of the tradition which dates from the troubadours of Provence."

Sifting the evidence we find the following attributes used consistently in all discussions affecting the lyric: song, music, magic, miracle, and brevity. One further essential factor that must arise out of any consideration of the lyric has not yet been mentioned, namely, the character, substance, or content, as separated from its form metrically. It may be remembered that Hegel contended in his *Esthctik,* that "when poetry is objective it is epical, and when it is subjective, lyrical." This is another way of saying that it is really " the personal thought, or passion, or inspiration, which gives its character to lyric poetry. The lyric has the function of revealing, in terms of pure art, the secrets of the inner life, its hopes, its fantastic joys, its sorrows, its delirium." This is what I have often had occasion to refer to as

[1] the note of ecstasy' so essential to the lyric mood. But again I cannot refrain from quoting Professor Criers on. He has put it eloquently for us as follows:

" Lyrical poetry, song, took its rise, as the very name indicates, in union with music and dance, and even though the poet no longer writes with music and dance as conceived accompaniment to his words he yet retains what was the essential motive and effect of the union, the trinity in union. A good song, even if set to no music, and read in silence, still sings and dances in the reader's brain, because it is still an expression of the mood of ecstasy of escape, from the control of reason and prudence and all the routine of life, an escape which in earlier days men and women sought, quite consciously, in song and dance on festival occasions, and we in our different way still do. For what music and dance and revel combined does at a lower level and for a large number, a good lyric —Shelley's *Hymn of Pan,* Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale,* Swinburne's *Itylus*—will still do for the lover of poetry sitting alone in the garret .... The ecstasy of joy and of sorrow, of love and death—these have been at all times the burden of song, clearly and simply uttered in the songs of the people, subtilised and complicated in more courtly and literary poetry."

And yet possibly Swinburne has put it for us most succinctly when he stresses the necessity of *sublimity* in great poetry. It must contain, to an even more extended degree than Crashaw would have it—" *the very outgoings of the soul"* To this the great lyric has always subscribed most notably if we go back to the great origins of lyric poetry—to Sappho.

Lastly if we would comfort ourselves without too much fuss we may do worse than conclude with Monsieur Jouffroy the famous French aesthetician of the ' forties' and say that lyrical poetry is ' really nothing more than another name for poetry itself.'

As for the purpose behind the lyric poet it has perhaps

never been better expressed than by the late poet-laureate:

I *too* will something make
And joy in the making:
Altho' to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
**Remembered in waking.**

# A RECESSION

OF

# ENGLISH POETRY.

# LYRICS DF THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE.

*This is the way to all good aventure;*
*Be glad, thou Reader, and thy sorrow offcast.*
*All open am I, pass in, and speed thee fast!*

*Chaucer.*

*Give Beauty all her right,*
*She's not to one form tied;*
*Each shape yields fair delight,*
*Where her perfections bide.*

*Campion.*

## SIR THOMAS WYATT 1503-1542

### *ForQet Not Yet.*

Forget not .yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet !

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service none tell can;
Forget not yet !

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scoroful ways,
The paioful patience in delays
Forget not yet.

Forget not ! oh ! forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss,
Forget not yet !

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved:
Forget not yet !

*Line*

*3.* **travail**—labour.

**9.** **assays**—attempts, endeavours.

## *An Earnest Suit to His Unkind Mistress Not to Forsake Him.*

And wilt thou leave me thus ?
  Say nay ! say nay ! for shame !
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay !

  And wilt thou leave me thus ?
That hath loved thee so long ?
In wealth and woe among
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay !

  And wilt thou leave me thus ?
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart.
Neither for pain nor smart:
And wilt thou leave me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay !

  And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity,
Of him that loveth thee ?
Alas ! thy cruelty !
And wilt thou leave me thus ?
  Say nay ! say nay !

*Line*

**4. gramc—distress.**

*Sir Thomas Wyatt.*

## *My LittCj Aivake!*

My lute, awake, perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun;
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute, be st'll, for I have done

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon.
Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan ?
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not *so* cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection ;
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts, through love's shot;
By whom unkind thou hast them won,
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie withered and old,
In winter nights that are so cold
Plaining in vain unto the moon ;
Thy wishes then dare not be told.
Care then who list, for I have done.

*Line*

*19.* reference to Cupid,

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon;
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begun.
Now is this song both sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I have done,

## *Love's Inconstancy.*[1]

I find no peace, and all my war is done;
I fear and hope, I burn and freeze likewise;
I fly above the wind, yet cannot rise;
And nought I have, yet all the world I seize on.
That looseth, nor locketh, holdeth me in prison,
And holds me yet, yet can I 'scape no wise;
Nor lets me live, nor die, at my devise,
And yet of death it giveth none occasion.

Without eyes I see, and without tongue I plain;
I wish to perish, yet I ask for health;
I love another, and yet I hate myself;
I feed in sorrow and laugh in all my pain;
Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,
And my delight is causer of my grief.

***Line***
**7. at my devise—as I wish.**

[1]**The above sonnet is a direct translation from the Italian of Petrarch.**

# Sir *Thomas WyaK.*

Sir Thomas Wyatt returning from Italy in 1527 strikes the first true lyric note in English poetry. His great desire was to restore the lyric secret to the charm of English verse and which since the age of Chaucer had been so much in neglect and loss. During his travels the continental forms of verse-making with their attractive case and elegance had fasrinated him enormously, in the sonnet, Petrarch, and in the lyric, the French poet. Clement Marat, who wrote delightful songs for music to entertain the courtiers of Francis I. It is, however, with the sonnet form lhat the note of lyricism returns to English poetry chiefly owing to "the expenditure of the careful artistic finish and search for the rare word which it requires."[1]

" When Wyatt came, the weightier forms of English verse were dead and rotten; his foreign importations, his sonnets, his rondeaus, his terza rima, were too green; but the English lyric still lived. Grafted Dn that native stock his foreign graces came to flower; his poetry is the child, like Chaucer's, at once of England, France, and Italy." .... He is the embodiment both of an age that was dying and an age that was springing to life, of April and October, of Renaissance and Middle Age——" 2

The examples of Wyatt's lyrics given here well illustrate the facility and power he had attained over this medium. A feature that should he especially noted is his use of the refrain, a traditional and organic feature of the English lyrical and ballad forms. The sonnet we have chosen is a direct translation from Petrarch and became the accepted model for all young poets who aspired to elegance at court and the favour of their ladies.

In modern times, Wyatt has scarcely received the attention he deserves, and he has often enough been dismissed as a mere historical innovator, chiefly owing to the uncouthness of a good deal of his verse where he is obviously lacking in command of his medium. Unevenness of execution was perhaps his chief fault, but in spite of this Wyatt must ever remain "a poet of a few deeply poignant yet polished lyrics."[3]

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[1] Legouis.

'F. L. Lucas.

[2] Legouis.

Recently he has been compared with John Donne.[1] "Both writers have a directoess, a poignant sincerity of utterance, that makes most poets seem a little unreal beside their best; both have the same impatient passion for rending the veils of make-believe from life, But Wyatt was far the smaller poet, though the finer person—gentler in character, as well as breeding, a charming, graceful, melancholy figure ; whereas Donne seems to me sublime and detestable in equal proportions, whether as a young man slinging vitrirl at his mistresses, or an old one fishing for souls from the pulpit of St. Paul's with basketfuls of worms. The greatest men are not the best; but one quality which the very greatest have and Donne has not, was Wyatt's—pity. For lack of that the most splendid music of the Elizabethan has at times a touch of brass about it, both to ear and tongue ; Donne could compass things more magnificent, but never that quieter, nobler bitterness of Wyatt's finest song:

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain
That makest but fame[1] an earnest pain;
Think not alone under the sun
Unjust to cause thy lovers plain,
Although my lute and I have done.

Perchance thee lie withered and old
The winter nights that are so chid,
Plaining in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told:
Care then who list, for I have done.

There breathes a simple dignity that Donne with all his tortured imagination could not catch."[1]

This comparison with Donne is interesting because, if any one note is common to both, it is the note of modernity, and one of our best authorities on the Renaissance has named Wyatt "the father of modern English poetry."

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[1] See list of contents.

[2] F. L. Lucas in *The Sunday Times* reviewing [M] *The Poetry of Sir Thomas Wyatt, A Selection and a Study."* By E. M. W. Tillard. (Scholartis Press).

Above all there is a "singing quality" discernible in Wyatt's best verse, that absolute essential to the pure lyric, and this was in great measure due to the fact that Wyatt was an accomplished player on the lute as the times necessitated the [1] perfect courtier' to be. " The new poetry in England was to be full of courily feelings and ideas. It was essentially a literature not of a people at large, but a narrow circle." Another authority gives us the key to this when he says:

"The new poetry was distinctively a product of the court in the beginning, flourishing there and nowhere else. In Italy, every courtier had been a poet, and every poet a courtier. Castiglione, (the famous author of *The Courtier),* who had himselt visited England, laid it down as a rule for his courtier to cultivate and polish his native language,"[1]

We have seen then how Wyatt, the accomplished courtier of Henry VIII, with such models and direction before him, and such understanding of his time, was urged to do a greater thing for England than any dreamed.

## THE EARL OF SURREY 1516-1547

### *Vow to Low Faithfully.*

Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice,
In temperate heat where he is felt and seen;
In presence prest of people, mad or wise;

Lin':

4. in presence prest—crowded and pushed in the presence of people, etc.

1 Einstein. *The Italian Renaissance in England.*

Set me in high or yet in low degree,
In longest night or in the shortest day,
In clearest sky or where clouds thickest be,
In lusty youth or when my hairs are grey.
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell.
In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood;
Thrall or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
Sick or in health, in evil fame or good:
Hers will I be, and only with this thought
Content myself although my chance be nought. '

## *The Age of Childhood.*

Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear,
And every thought did show so lively in mine eyes
That now I sighed, and then I smiled, as cause of thought did rise.
I saw[1] the little boy, in thought, how oft that he
Did wish of God to scape the rod, a tall young man to be;
The young man eke that feels his bones with pains oppressed,
How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest;
The rich old man that sees his end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again, to live so much the more.

*Line*
". thrall—slave.

[1] Translated from Petrarch.

Whereat full oft I smiled, to see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change degree;
And musing thus I think the case is very strange
That man from wealth to live in woe doth ever seek to change.
Thus thoughtful as I lay, I saw my withered skin,
How' it doth show my dented jaws, the flesh was worn so thin;
And eke my toothless chaps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and shuts as I do speak, do thus unto me say:
Thy white and hoarish hairs, the messengers of age,
That show like lines of true belief that this life doth assuage,
Bids thee lay hand and feel them hanging on thy chin,
The which do write two ages past, the third now coming in.
Hang up, therefore, the bit of thy young wanton time,
And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life define.
Whereat I sighed and said: Farewell, my wonted joy,
Truss up thy pack and trudge from me to every little boy,

*Line*

**12. degree—position in life.**

**18. right way—the way leading to the nourishment of my body, in other words—my mouth.**

And tell them thus from me, Their time most happy is,
If to their time they reason had to know the truth of this.

## THE EARL OF SURREY.

Henry hfnward, Earl of Surrey, described in a record of 1539 as 'the most foolish proud boy that is in England,' shares with Wy&tt the credit for naturalizing French and Italian forms on English soil. His first literary iofluences were received through his mother and later through his tutor who set him exercises in making Latin and English verses and grounded him in modern languages! Spanish. Italian, and French. Among the books young people in those day' were encouraged to read were Castiglione's *Courtier,* anrl Elyot's *Governour,* one of which had already gained an international fame, to leave an enduring impress upon the flower of European culture. Both wen: aristocratic documents designed especially for the instruction and training of statesmen. From these books one learned that among the vital studies deemed fitting as parts of the essential equipment of a young nobleman were those ol verse-making, music, dancing, and fencing. For the perfect sum uf these gifts assembled in one person we need look no further than *to* the fascinating figure of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark: the soldier blended with the scholar.

The attitude of these gifted young men of the court of Henry VIII towards the subject of love was based largely on patterns familiar to the devotees of the snciem and honourable code of chivalry. Three types of women were recognised above all: 'the insipid idol of male worship who shows "mercy" and "pity" to her lovers according to the regulation pattern of the *Courts of Love;* the fickle mistress like Crcssida *[vide* Chaucer's and Shakespeare's *Troilus and Crejsida)* who is inconstant to one lover, and so violates the code of chivalry ; and the uofaithful wife of the class of Guinevere [wife of King Arthur), and Iseult (wife of King Mark. The first of these was made universally familiar through the verse of Petrarch and his successors and notably in his apostrophes to the divinq Laura, Surrey, as it was the duty and delight at this time of every young man to do, fell under the spell

of Petrarch, as we have shown in the sonnet here recorded which is a translation direct from the Italian master. Along with Wyatt he can safely claim to have established the sonnet firmly on English soil. But, as all the text-books of literature will tell you, he did more than this, for it is he who gave to Enplish verse the opportunity to reveal the resources of *blank verse* as an instrument whose possibilities resolved themselves into the marvels we have found in the verse of Marlowe and Shakespeare. Herd is a specimen of what Surrey did:

## *The Death of Laocoon.*[1]

Twice winding him about
With folden knots and circled tails his waist,
Their scaled backs did compass twice his neck,
With reared heads aloft and stretched throats.
He with nis hands stravc to unloose the knots
Whose- sacred fillets all besprinkled were
With filth of gory blood and venom rank,
And tr the stars such dreadful bhouts he sent,
Like to the sound the roaring bull forth lows
Which from the altar wounded doth astart,
The swerving axe when he shakes from his neck.

There we arc able to see how it can be said that Surrey was "the first poet to free the natural ihythms of English speech from the five-foot prison of the 'iambic' line." One authority has in an interesting examen traced the development of *blank verse* out of the sonnet, with the dual debt to Chauctr's decasyllabic line:

A Knight there was, and that a worthy man,
That from the tyme that he first bigan
To lyden out, he loved chivalrye,
TrouUie and honour, freedom and curteisye.

---

[1]*A* priest of Apollo at Troy, who incurred the enmity of Athena for hurling a spear at the wooden horse which the Trojans were about to take inti,' the city. As he was offering a sacrifice to Poseidon, he was destroyed, with his two sons, by two huge serpents which the angry goddess caused to come up out of the sea.

This same authority claims further that without the sonnet the five-foot iambic line could never have been the instrument it was even for Chaucer; and Chaucer he reminds us, "was conversant with the poetry of Petrarch and Boccaccio and probably knew them in the flesh. Turn to Wyatt and the significance of the form in its relation to the development of English poesies becomes clear and unmistakable."[1]

Finally, we should remember with Puttenham,[a] that Surrey above all 'had tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poesy.' The full significance of our debt to Surrey can well be summed up in that one word *style,* a commodity at this period more urgently needed than any other.

Surrey's Sihort life ends in tragedy, due as many have said to that ' intolerable pride,' one of his chief characteristics. He was accused of setting up rival claims as successor to Henry VIII, and this, aggravated by the jealousies of certain noblemen, brought him to the 5caffold on January 21, 1547, just two weeks before Henry's own death

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## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY 1S54-1586

### *To the Moon.*

With how sad steps, D Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with huw wan a face !
What, may it be that even in heavenly place

---

IT. W. H. Crosland in *The English Sonnet.*

[1] Puttenham. There were three important books of poetic criticism in the Elizabethan period—*The Discourse of English Poetrie* by William Webbe, *The Art of English Poesie* by George Pultetiham, and the *Apology for Poetrie* by Sir Philip Sidney.

That busy archer his sharp arrows tries !
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,
I read it in thy looks; thy languish! grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
That, even of fellowship, D Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?

## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The English sonnet approaches its first perfection in the work uf Sir Philip Sidney. His sonnet sequence, from which this srimet is taken, was named *Astrophel and Stella.*

The lady of the sonnets was Penelope Devereux, daughter of the Karl of Essex and wife of Lord Rich She is ' Stella, his star; he, Astrophel, enamoured of the star.[1]

The over-ornamentation and wealth of conceit and metaphor which it was the fashion of the time to strew lavishly upon one's thoughts and moods is largely absent in Sidney's sonnets. There is an unmistakable note of sincerity always present.

The really splendid opening of this sonnet has long been famous by quotation, and fascinated both Shelley and Wordsworth. Personification, that favourite conversion of poets in all times is here freely drawr upon.

After Sidney's death England witoessed a remarkable out-burst of sonnet-cycles which indeed btcatoe one of the chief characteristic., of the l59D's. Sidney more than any man of his age became the supreme model of ' *the perfect co,urtiet.'*

*Line*

4. that busy archer—Cupid.

## *Sir Philip Sidney.*

His courage and heroism when mortally wounded before Zutphen in the Netherlands rounded off a career which already was a by-word among the chivalry of Europe.

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## JOHN LYLY 1554-1606

### *Cupid and my Campaspe.*

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

JOHN LYLY.

One of the mo'jt important of Shakespeare's processors. To Lyly Shakespeare owed much of the atmosphere of 'escape[1] that ive associate with such immortal comedies as *A Midsummer Night's Dream, As You Like It,* and *Twelfth Night.* Lyly's plays were witty and graceful.

In the poem here we have an example of a beautifully sustained conceit. It is taken from the play of *Campaspe* (1581), which showed the cooflict raging in Alexander's breast ' for his captive, the Theban Limpaspe,' and his ' desire fo: glory and his consciousness of his loyal duty.'

John Lyly won fame with his novel *Euphues, the Analonue of Wit.* which ran through five editions in six years 1575-1591).

"Its far-fetched conceits, its extravagance of gallantry, its endless metaphors, from the classics and especially from natural history, its curious and gorgepus descriptions of dress, and its pale imitation of chivalry, were all reflected in the life and talk and dress of the court of Elizabeth." [1]

Lvly occupies the highest place in that period of transition tthin the poetry of the ' courtly-makers ' i on the wane; the poetry "utlLii fur thr fe v, ana the rise of the popular poetry: or verse written for the populace, from the hands of Marlowe and Shakespeare and the other playwrights who threaded the dramas with pearl' of 'crse, many of them uoforgettable.

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## CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE 1564-1593

### *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.*

Come, live with me and be my Love,
And **we** will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Or woods or steepy mountain yields.

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

---

[1] Stopford Brooke.

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

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fairlmed slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

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

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

*Line*

B Madrigals—the madrigal was an unaccompanied song of from three to six voices, to be suoff by a small group of friends sitting round a table in the home or in the tavern.

10. posies—bouquets, bunch of flowers.

". kirtle—a sort of gown or outer petticoat.

12. myrtle—an evergreen shrub with beautiful and fragrant leaves.

21. swains—country lovers.

## *Christopher Marlowe.*

Shakespeare's great predecessor in the drama was Christopher Marlowe, who, with his *Tainbwlane* gave a lead that iofluenced the whole of the Elizabethan drama, and gave to the theatre the character cast almost in more than mortal mould, the—' colossus that bestrides the world.[1] Marlowe through the mouth of *Tamburlan?* thunder', at us his marvellous lines filled with such a stoage novel exuberance and cn-npy as carried the Elizabethan audience away with them completely. But Marlowe could if he liked put on quiet mood, and it is in this pastoral lyric mood that we here find him.

The pastoral convention was established for Tuior England firmly and prettily in the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney about 159D. It at once "inculcated in a whole generation a taste for literary jewellery, both real and false."

Arcadia, the kingdom of King Basileus, is the magic land of escape from the trammels and bondage of the petty worries of to-day. "Here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old, there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work and her hands kept tune *to* her voice-music."

Arcadia has become a symbol, along with Arden, Broceliande, and Cockaigne, for the kingdoms of impossible happiness, those kingdoms eternally sought after by all true romantics.

Here is the kingdom of Marlowe's poem. It is a pretty mood but there are beauties discoverable bcjiond the delight taken in the pastoral setting "Melodious birds sing madrigals" has something about it of that same enchantment we know of in Tennyson's " murmur of bees in immemorial elms."

The poem above all is a poem of sunshine and of that ' merry month of May' so very dear to the England of the Tudors when she was merry England, the England of the May festival that endured so long in the hunts of fht countryside with the attendant rites of the Mdjpole and the morris-dance, and the sweet jargoning of knee and ankle bells as tanned and lively swains skipped high.

## *The Shepherd's Wife's Song.*

*(From " The Morning Garment")*

Ah, what is love ? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter too :
For kings have cares that wait upon .1 crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown :
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such swret desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shephe'rcl swain ?

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

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his meat;
And blither too:
For kings have often fears when they do sup, "
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth a king upon his bed of down;
More sounder too:

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

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

## ROBERT GREENE.

If for one quality above all others the Elizabethan lyric is famous it is for the quality of spontaneity, and this quality we find a' iU- happiest and most perfect expression in the lyrics of Robert Greene It is uofair to ask, as Mr. William Watson the poet does, that the Elizabethan lyric should put a little more passionate and intellectual substance into its dainty warblings. Says Mr. Watson, " If the poet ever really is in love he is marvellously successful in keeping his secret even one would suppose from a lady.'[1]

But this is only to misunderstand the entire aim of the Elizabethan lyric artist. He is not out to make you sad, but to make you glad, for his spirit is full of the vital and joyous knowledge of a new world's dawn about him and of marvels he had

***Line***

**34. sithe—time.**

not dreamed. He will not permit himself to be serious, for his is the glorious vigorous cry of the young Daphnis in love with all of summer's mirth and frolic, with all its caressing beauty; in love with the essence of life itself; and! its secret is the discovery of that new and amazing world won from the heart of classic story, which invited the Renaissance to helieve that art was to help men to appreciate life, and to enjoy it.

And ;n:

" His flocks once forced, he comes home at night,
As merry as a King in his delight."

Life is like some lovely game revelling in the spontaneous grace of its expression. The poet tricks out fancies for his lady—who neither takes him too seriously—as a pedlar tricks out wares, not to trouble her and cast her in dejection, but to make her merry 95 she walks within the orchard close:

Much a day there was God wot,
He would love and she would not,
She said, never man was true;
He said, none was false to you,
He said, he had loved her long;
She said, love should have no wrong.

It is an alniosphere of dainty raillery that breathes for us in passages such as these: a social gallantry expressed through an exquisite pastoral convention that vows eternally. Theocritus and Longus arc not dead:

Ah, what is love ? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king.

## *Szvert-and -Twenty.*

Q mistress mine, where are you rpaming ?
O, stay and hear ! your true love's coming.
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter.
What's to come is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come and kiss me, sweet-and-twenty !
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

## [1] *It was a Lover.*

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey ncmino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie
In the spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,

How that a life was but a flower
In the spring-time, etc.

And therefore take the present time
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

## *Sonnet.*

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

*Line*

2. wights—persons.
5. blazon—the science or rules of coats of arms, the figures, etc., in armoural bearings.

## *William Shakespeare.*

Shakespeare the dramatist is known to nearly all, but Shakespeare the writer of exquisite lyrics is known far Irss. Mpn of these are to be found scattered throughout the plays. The sonnets stand aloie and if we had no mn e it would be sufficient testimony to Shakespeare's lyric genius, to establish the fart that he was possessed of an ear attuned to purfeet harmonies of song.

An eminent critic writing on the snnnet says that there is scarcely a sonnet of Wordsworth that has not one faulty lirfe examined by standards of pure sound felicity, but nearly all Shakespeaie's will stand the test. With all their lavish decoration and ,signs of the poet's workshop the note uf deep and passionate emotion will not be stifled. It seems almost impossible to support the theses of some critics that they are 'mere literary exercises.'

"The essential beauty of a lyric lies in the melody of the oral word—sung, intoned, or spoken." When studying these lyrics of the Elizabethans this should be remembered. They were true Songs written for one purpose beyond all—to be sung. Contrast this with the fate of most poems to-day—the absence of any chance to ejaculate beyond the tyranny of the printed page. In Elizabethan times poetry and music went hand in hand as with the ancient Indian tradition—for the cithar read the Elizabethan lute.

*It Was A Lover* is one of the most typical belonging to such a singing tradition. For an inspiriting and lively account of Elizabethan taste and practice in this art see the chapter on *Tudor Songs and Ballads* in *The Shaping of English Literature,* by Amy Cruse.

## THOMAS DEKKER. 1570-1641

### *Sweet Content.*

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
O sweet content !
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?
O punishment !
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?
O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring ?
O sweet content !
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears ?
O punishment !
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king !
O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face.
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

**THOMAS DEKKER.**

**A contemporary of Shakespeare, but one whose life was scarcely tinged with success.**

**In Dekker there was much of the realist; he had seen prison and knew the seamy side of London life with all its jostling**

throng of charlatans, thieves, and vagabonds of every description. Being tired of painting in *too* drab colours he turned in *The Shoemaker's Holiday* to a delightfully sunny and romantic picture. He is justly famous for the few exquisite lyrics scattered through his plays.

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BEN JoNSON 1573-1637

## *Slow, Slow, Fresh Fount.*

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears;
Yet slower yet, oh faintly, gentle springs;
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers, "
Fall grief in showers;
Our beauties are not ours;
Oh, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

## *Song: To Celia.*

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Dr leave a kiss but in the cup,
And 1" not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

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

## BEN JONSDN.

With Shakespeare, Ben Joiison is the great twin figure of the Elr,'abcthan age His limitations are quickly perceived, for he had little of Shakespeare's immense range or vigour. He la the most classic figure of his time.: "he aimed at putting much meaning into the metrical line and his composition tended to be consecutive and regular. He subordinated fire, and dash to logic. He taught soundness, reflection, self-control" 1

Restraint, discipline, balance, polish, finish, all these things Ben Jonson regarded highly and inherited from his Latin training. His culture was 'fundamentally Latin' while his knowledge of Greek was unmatched for his time The Greek iofluence is best seen in his lyrics many of them in imitation of the Greek Anthology. He wrote beautiful elegies and poignant epitaphs only to be surpassed by the lyrics of his disciple Herrick. As a humanist his place is easily the highest in English literature before Milton.

Here we have two little love poems depending for their success nut on any depth of emotion tout on a supreme power of

[1]Legoois.

clegant flattery. They are beautiful examples of Jonson's power of compression, finish, and restraint.

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## JOHN DOWLAND.

### *Weep You No More, Sad Fountains.*

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast ?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently uaste.
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets.
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

*Author unknown.*

*From John Dowland's Third and Last Book of Songs and Airs,* 1503.

JOHN DOWLAND.

John Dowlani was a musician of repute and exceptionally skilful in playing on the lute. He touk his degree as Bachelor

of Music at Oxford in 1588, having travelled extensively in France and Germany. After his degree the Continent again saw much of him and for a time he became lutanist to the King of Denmark.

He is responsible for the publication of three song-books known as *John Dowland's Fir.it, Second, Third and Last Book of Sonys mid Airs,* and the song here represented has been chosen from the last named.

The sheer delicacy and haunting spontaneity of this song were hard to match in the whole range of the Elizabethan lyric.

## WILLIAM BYRD.

### *A Feigned Friend.*

A feigned friend by proof I find
To be a greater foe
Than **he** that with a spiteful mind
Doth seek my overthrow:
For of the one I can beware,
With craft the other breeds my care.

Such men are like the hidden rocks
Which in the seas doth lie
Against the which each ship that knocks
Is drowned suddenly:
No greater fraud nor more unjust
Than false deceit hid under trust.

*Author unknown*

*From the Song-books of William Byrd.* 1588-1611.

WILLIAM BYRD.

William Byrd was another musician whose place in the history of English music rests to-day un foundation recently made secure

by Mr. Frank Howes in an interesting monograph. He issued several song-books which appeared in 1588-1589 and 1611, drawing largely from material written early in the reign of Elizabeth. His preferences in the lyric tend towards those possessing a moral or didactic purpose But he did nut wnte his own work: the only composer known tu hav-j wiuteri his own work was Campion.

The sung-books occiip a very important place in the social history of this time. Singing seems to have been almost universal in Elizabethan England. " The country side, the street Corner, tha cottage, and the tavern rang with ballads, rounds, catches, and three-men s songs. The craftsman's shop was 'a very bird-cage,' says Dekker, or Deloney, in his *Gentle Craft*, writes that every j Durneyman shoemaker had to be able to 'sound the trumpet, or play upmi the flute, and bear his part in a three-men's song, and readily anchor up his tools in rhyme."[1]

Thus we see how much a part oi the life of the English people was this business of poetry-making: as beauty with Plato, it became a matter of everyday politics.

## THOMAS CAMPION 1619- ?

### *When Thou Must Home.*

When thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White lope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love 5

*Line*
4. Helen— Helen of Troy.

[1] Rebel and Hudson: *Poetry of the English Renaissance.* (BlackwellJ

From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move,
Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masks and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake; ,
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how .thou didst murder me.

## *The Man of Life Upright.*

The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent:

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence:

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

## *Jack and Joan.*

Jack and Joan they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Do their week-days[1] work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy day:
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen;
Lash out, at a country feast,
Their silver penny with the best.

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

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

*Line*

9. nappy—heady, slrftog
12. crabs—crab—apples.
19. tutties—nusepavs, bunches of **flowers**

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

No, you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights;
Though you scorn the homespun gray,
And revel in your rich array:
Though your tongues dissemble deep,
And can your heads from danger keep.
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain.

## THOMAS CAMPION.

With Campion we arrive at one of the most graceful song-writers of all the Elizabethans. The most successful of his song" are scattered among his masques It must always be remembered that some of the most delightful examples of Elizabethan song-writing were heard on the stage, and he who would collect them must ransack the plays. Among Campion's contemporaries, Dekker, Greene, and Lodge will longest be remembered for at least one or tuo perfect specimens. In these Elizabethan songs " the nimble versification is uofailingly marvellous Every resource and variety of form is used—the eight aivl MX syllabled iambic line, the seven syllabled trochaic line, the anapaestic Hie, combinations of tbes'j metres, refrains which do not scan but which delight the ear, simple and double rhyine, ihe most various arrangement", of echoing words. The lav governing them cannot be specified, for almost each one lias its distinct form, line or stanza. They art made for music, and their only lule is to fit the air with which, nr for which tlie' have been created." 1 Thir penetrating analysis

' Legouis.

will be better grasped when we become aware that Campion was not only a poet but a nrusician As a composer we are told th.it he was 'at his Ut in ruilf-smuus snugs of ddiciously pretty runes,' distinguished by 'neatoess uf workmanship'

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## JOHN FLETCHER. 1579-1625

### *The Satyr's Song.*

Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou mnst powerful maid and whitest.
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
Eyes of stars, and golden-tressed.
Like Apollo ! Tell me, sweetest,
What new service nnw is meetest
For the Satyr ? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, ami gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thre light ?
Shall I dive into the sea

*Lme*

5. Apollo—sun-god of the Greeks and Romans, patron of poetry and music.
7. Satyr—a sylvan deity, represented as part man and part goat.

And bring thee coral, making wav
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces ? Dearest, shall
I catch thec wanton fawns, nr flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours ? Get thee fruit,
Or steal from Heaven old Orpheus' lute ?
All these I'll venture for and more,
To do her service all these Woods adore.

Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about these woods as quick
As the breaking light, and prick
Down the lawns and down the vales
Faster than the wind-mill sails.
So T take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as Phoebus' brat doth send
Dr the earth, may still befriend
Thee and this arbour !

## *Hymn to Pan.*

All yc woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,

*Line*

20. Orpheus—a poet wh.3 could move inanimate otijects Liy the music of his lyre.

3D. Phoebus—the sun-sod, the sun.

Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured. Daffadillies,
Roses, pinks and loved lilies
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honoured, ever young !
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

## JOHN FLETCHER.

John Fletcher must ever raiik high in the history of English pastoral poetry if only for the wonderful success he achieved in his play of *The Faithfi'l Shepherdess.*

The English pastoral inherits from a great tradition, from Greece through Theocritus and Longus, from Italy through Virgil and Tasso, and England through Sidney and Spenser. English poetry has drawn upon this great pastoral tradition to an even greater extent than her continental rivals, France and Italy.

Two brief extracts will best scive to show the kind of atmosphere insinuated by the pastoral convention and the term Arcadian.

*Line*

20. Pan—the Greek god of pastures, flocks and woods, worshipped in Arcadia and fond of music—with goat's legs and feet and sometimes horns and ears.

"And so it was that one and the other looked forward to the day when the vintage would be over and they might return to the fields according to custom, and instead of the noise of the vintagers hear the sound of the flute and the bleating of the flock.

"And not many days had passed over when all was done, the last grapes gathered and crushed underfoot, the wine drawn off into jars and sealed with oil. And Daphnis and Chloe being no longer needed, they led their flcrks to the fields as before; and bringing to the nymphs the first fruit offerings, great clusters hanging on the branches, they worshipped with great joy and exaltation as they had always done. . . . . And it so happened whilst they were thus happy that one day an old man wearing a worn hat woven out of goat's hair, with clogs on his feet .... sat down beside them and began to speak to them.

'I am that old Philela, children, who in former time sang many songs to the nymphs. Many times have I played the flute to God, Pan, and have led many great herds of cattle by the flute alone."[1]

Here is the second:

"The third day after in the time that the morning did throw roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun. . . . . rising from under a tree, which might have been their pavilion, they went on their journey which by and by welcomed Musiriorus' eyes, weaned with the wasted soil of Laconis, with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witoessed So to by the cheerful disposition of many well tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security; while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dam's comfort; here a shepherd's boy

[1] Trans. George Moore. *The Pastoral Loves of Daphnis and Chloe.*

piping as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess, knitting and withal singing; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work and her hands kept time to her vnicc-music."[1]

It is a world of beauty—this world of the Renaissance, and of the search after beauty beiuty to be lived splendidly, to be lived perfectly, to have distilled the very essence from the day's ecstasy—for who can tell how long it shall endure ?

> Youth is wondrous but how fleeting I
> Sing, and laugh, and banish sorrow;
> Give to happiness good greeting,—
> Place thy hopes not on the morrow[2] ....

Vividly this world had been recaptured by the candle-toil of the scholar and the understanding and munificence of his patron. To-day again it lives and glows; Pan and Syrinx they are not dead for the forest floors stir once more with the wind of that immortal fleeting. Still the lovers of escape may find it in the pages of Jacopo Sannazzaro who conquered Europe with his Arcadia, and the beauty of its pictures, which possessed all the marvellous light and grace of those nude famous for us in the pastorals of Georgione.

" Oh, her delightful people—gods, heroes, and nymphs] Oh! her brooding landscapes, her serene epithets, her fables, her myths, her luminous legends: her Parnassus, her Olympus, and her sweet realm of Cythera Hebes, and Phoebus, moving with the rhythm of a goddess in the spring-time; in the foreground the youths garlanded with roses- the flute-players in the myrtles- the cars of doves circling in the azure: the charm of Anacreon, ths shepherds of Theocritus, the harmonious and yielding forms conjured by Tibullus, Propertius and Ovid, the exquisite shapes magnificent and perfect, all this limpid world, candid, happy, from

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[1] Sir Philip Sidney. *The Arcadia.*
[2] Lorenzo de Medici.

which all veils have been torn away to glitter in the Sun, virginal and pure, where sorrow is unknown. Thus has she permeated the poesy of Italy: thus is the meaning of Renaissance! "[1]

Something thus is the heritage of Greece or Rome, such heritage making possible the glories of Shakespeare and Michael Angela, for the delight and enchantment of an astonished world.

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## JOHN DONNE. 1575-1631

### *Song.*

Sweetest love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;

---

i" Oh! son peuple charmant des dieux, des heios et des nymtfliesl Oh! ses pay sages tranquilles. Oh! ses calmes epithetes! Et ses fables, et ses mthcs, et SPS [egendes claires! et son Parnasse, et son Dlympe, et son doux royaume dc Cohere! Hgbes et Phebes, marchant d'nn pas de dfiesse ihns le printemps I Adolescents au front ceint de roses! Jouers des flutes dans les myrtes! Chars des colombes envoles dans l'azur! Et les graces d'Anacreon, et les bergcrs de Theocritc, et les formes hrirmonicuses et souples dea Tibulle, des Prrperce, des Dvidc, et les beaux modeles, et la simplicite magnifique et parfaite! Tout ce monde limpide, candide, heureux, dont les voiles viennent d'etre arraches seulement et qui luit au soleil, n'a pas encore etc exploits, DU a peine. Abrs il envahit la poesie italieruic, et c'est la Renaissance." *(La Quattro' crnto*—Philippe Monnier. Tome II. Chap. V.)

But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense.
Nor half so short a way;

Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Hastier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall.
Cannot undo another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall!

But come bad chance.
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st thou sigh'st no wind.
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth drcay,

That thou lov'bt me, as thou say'st
It cannot be
If in thine life them waste,
Thou art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill.
Destiny may take my part
And may thy fears fulfil;

But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep:
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

## *The Will,*

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies: here I bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women or the sea, my tears.
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any who abroad hath been.
My money to a Capuchin.

*Line*

3. Argus—described in Greek mythology as having a, hundred eyes, some always awake.
13. Jesuits—members of the Society of Jesus, 1534—*commonly*. crafty intriguers.
buffoons—clowns, fools, those who answer by jests or grimaces
15. Capuchin—a Franciscan monk, so called from his capuche or hood.

Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the Schismatics
Df Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to a University
My modesty I give to soldiers bare;
My patience let gamesters share.
Thou, I e , taught'st mr, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;
To nature, all that I in rhyme have writ;
And to my company my wit.
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when I do but restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls,
I give my physic books; my written rolls

*Line*

19. Roman Catholics—those who recognise the spiritual supremacy of the Pope,
20. schismatics—those who separate from the church on account of difference of opinion.

Of moral counsels, I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which pass among
All foreigners, mine English tongue.
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger Invers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying, because love dies too.
Then all your beauties wdl be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth;
And all our graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent, and practise this one way, to annihilate all three.

## *The Canonization.*

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palsy, or my gout,
My five gray hairs, or ruined fortune flout;
With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve,
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his honour, or his grace;

*Line*

39. Bedlam—conuption of Bethlehem. St. Mary of Bethlehem, a priory in London, later converted into a mad-house.

Or the king's real, or his stamped face
Contemplate; what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injured by my love ?
What merchants[1] ships have my sighs drowned ?
Who says my tears have overflowed his ground ?
When did my colds a forward spring remove ?
When did the heats which my veins fill
Add one more to the plaguy bill ?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another fly,
We're tapers too, and at our own cost die,
And we in us find the eagle and the dove.
The phoenix riddle hath more wit
By us; we two being one, are it.
So to one neutral thing both sexes fit,
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,
And if uofit for tombs and hearse
Dur legend be, it will be fit for verse;

*Line*

17. litigious—inclined to engage in lawsuits.
21. tapers—candles.
*23.* phoenix—a fabulous bird with BOD years of life. After burning itself on a funeral pile it rose from its own ashes.

And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,
And by these hymns, all shall approve
Us canonized for love,

And thus invoke us: You whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage;
You, to whom love was peace, that no'v is rage.
Who did the whole world's snul contract, and drove
Into the glasses of your eyes—
So made such mirrors and such spies
That they did all to you epitomize,—
Countries, towns, courts; beg from above
A pattern of your love !

## JOHN DONNE

When John Donuc wrote " Fur God's sake hold ynur tongue and let me love;" lie was really answering the dominant love rnnvcrtim of the time—Petrarchan Pi.ilnnism. Petrarch nan established a series of states rccrssary for the lover to pass through and his 'Laura[1] had become the pattern for all poets uiihiitatiiuly to follow The lover must alternately burn and freeze, to sorrow when removed from the beloved unc's presence, to live only in her sight, and feel that all inspiration proceeded from her alone The Petrarchan lady was to be as beautiful and virtuous as she

*Line*
36 cenonized —enrolled in the canon or Jist of saints.
38 hermitage — dwelling of a hermit or ascetic.

was cold and indifferent to her loer. The type never varied, she possessed no individuality, no life or movement; she was in fact a stationary sun, radiating all happiness yet insensible of her own attractions.[1] The highest compliment had been paid to Spenser when he had heen called the English Petrarch.

John Donne had felt intensely the unreality of all this and daring innovator that he was struck the first great note of colloquial intimacy in English literature, He is the first magnificent reaction against the pastoral, mythological, allegorical, and Platonic conventions insisted on by the whole body of Elizabethan poets. The conventions and the morals held up by chivalry he despised. Equally he despised the over-smooth, sweetly cloying, and often monotonous rhyme of his age. A 'wrencher of accent' Ben Jonsun called him; in later times, "the advance guard of the Brownings of our age." And yet as with Browning he could remain susceptible to the pure lyric impulse. He is our first great realist in English poetry.

In the *'Song'* we find him in this rarer mood. In its smoothness it is nearer the Elizabethan song-books, but in its subtlety of thought it remains John Donne The school of Donne became famous for their 'conceits' or far-fetched figures, of such a kind as deduces every kind of consequence from the fact that a flea hops from biting him to suck his mistress's blod.' It finally overstepped the bounds when the sense of self-criticism and of proportion became lost, and developed into the pu¨e fantastic.

In stanza the fifth we are told that it is pitiable that man's boasted power is incapable of extending the hours of good fortune: on the contrary (stanza the sixth) when misfortune visits us we are obliged to let it pass with paioful slowness. In the next—'When thou sigh'st.... ' the sigh is not a breath, or wind, but a hint of thy soul-sickness and so moving me that my soul is sigh'd away with it becoming one with it. The poem is a *tour de force* in subtlety. 'They who one another keep alive, ne'er parted be,[1] is another way of saying that they who are dependent on each other for their life's interest cannot be parted whatever distance may be imposed. Their minds' communion will keep their interest in each other evergreen.

## *Man.*

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is man, to whose creation
All things are in decay?

For man is ev'rything,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more;
Reason and speech we only bring;
Parrots may thank us if they are mute,
They go upon the- score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the World besides.
Each part may call the farthest brother,
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far
But man hath caught and kept it as h's prey •
His eyes dismount the highest star;
He is in little all the sphere;
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth cloth rest, heav'n move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure.
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws;
Music and light attend our head;
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being, to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat;
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty ?
Then how are all things neat !

More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of; in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes hjm pale and wan.
Oh, mighty love ! Man is one world and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built, O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last !
Till then afford us so much wit
That as the world serves us we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

GEORGEHERBERT.

George Herbert has been called 'the saint' of what is known as ' the metaphysical school' of English poetry. His entry into the Church fold was at the close of his short life and offers an interesting contrast to his earliei career as 'wit and courtier of James I.'

At the age of thirty-seven he took orders and became rectcr of BemertDn, in Wiltshirr, where he died only three years later. He became through his friend Nicholas Ferrar, one of the community of Little Giddmg, a small but remarkable expression of 'the Catholic aspirations of the High Church party.'

[1] Herbert,' says Professor Samtsbury, ' is not prodigal of the finest strokes of poetry,' and has, adds Mr. Massingham, 'been a favourite with readers rather than with critics. Herbert, in fact, in spirit anl temper, in range rnd depth, and in his quaint mannerisms of conceit, allusion, and metaphor, is a domestic poet He literally carries out Wordsworth's theory of poetic language and brings the fire-irons as well as the fire to the altar.'

What is really worthy of remark in the verse of Herbert is the personal and intimate note so lacking in the greater part of Elizabethan poetry, and the whole is animated by a spirit of gentleness and piety which won him Isaak Walton's epithet ot 'holy Mr. Herbert.'

As for the creed expressed in the poem here given, some of us will doubtJcss remember that of Shakespeare through the mouth of Hamlet:

'What a piece of work is Man I How noble in reason, how iofinite in faculty, in form, and moving, how express and admirable in action, hou like an angel in apprehension; how like a god!

Was there not something too of this knowledge 'behind the marvelb wrought for an astonished world in the labours of that great sculptor, Michael Angelo ?

But what finer lines might not the body of youth of any country hold perpetuate before itself than those of Herbert ?

> Since then, my God, thou hast
> So brave a palace built, 0 dwell in it,
> That it may dwell with thee at last!

## *To Anthea, Who May Command Him Anything.*

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shalt do so for thee.

Bid me to wtep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see:
And having none, yet will I keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
Ev'n death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

## *Robert Herrick.*

## *Corinna's Going a-Maying.*

Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne
Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest,
Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin
Nay, profanation to keep in,
Whenas a thousand Virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, "to fetch-in May.

Rise; and put on your Foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and green;
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept,
Against you come, some Orient pearls unwept:
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:

*Line*

**3. Aurora—goddess of the Dawn.**

**10. matins—the daily morning service of the Church of England.**

**17. Flora—goddess of the Spring.**

And Titan on the Eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street; each street a Park
Made green, and trimmed with trees: see how
Devotion gives each House a Bough,
Or Branch: each Porch, each door, ere this,
An Ark a Tabernacle is
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't ?
Conic, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done by staying;
But my Comma, come, Id's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring- in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatched their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green gown has been g'iven;
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, Love's Firmament:
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked, yet we're not a-Maying.

## *Robert Herrick.*

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

## *To Blossoms.*

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:

And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile: they glide
Into the grave.

## *To Music, to Becalm His Fever'*

Charm me asleep, and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers,
That being ravished, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou power that canst sever
From me this ill;
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire,
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep
My pains asleep,
And give me such reposes,
That I, poor I,
May think, thereby,
I live and die
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like'a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers,
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
**A baptism o'er the flowers.**

Melt, melt my pains,
With thy soft strains;
That having ease me given,
With full delight
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For Heaven.

## *To the Virgins, to Make Much of* ***Tim?.***

Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

# ROBERT HERRICK.

Robert Herrick was the son of Nicholas Herrick, a goldsmith, who lived in Goldsmith's Row in the city of London. After the death of his father the boy served as an apprentice to his uncle in the same trade. He was at St. John's College, Cambridge, and on leaving became absorbed in that famous literary circle known as 'the tribe of Ben,' which acknowledged the supremacy of Ben Jonson. The meeting-place of the circle has been commemorated by Herrick who was to cherish it all his life:

' .... those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun,
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad.

Df all the band of Cavalier poets none enjoyed so perfect and equable a lyric gift as Robert Herrick Even to-day so fresh his lyrics seem that they come to us like the lilt of a song that rises over the brow of the hill at morning

One of the supreme poets of domestic life, he interprets it as an epicure. No poet perhaps otoer than Martial ' ever loved perfumes more, indoors and out of doors, the breaths of flowers, of spices, of women, of bees, of amber, of burning wood, of wine, of milk and cream, of baked pear,'[1] as did Herrick.

[1] Though clock,
To tell me how night draws hence, I've none,
A cock
I have to sing how day draws on.
I have
A maid, my Frew, by good luck sent
To save
That little Fates me gave or Itot.
A hen
I keep, which, ereeking day by day,
Tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay.

---

' Edward Thomas.

A goose
I have, which with a jealous ear
Lets loose
Her tongue to tell that danger"'! ntar.
A lamb
I keep (tame) with my morsels fed,
Whose dam
An orphan left him [lately dead).
A cat
I keep that plays about by house,
Grown fat
With eating many a miching mouse.

At first when he had been obliged to quit his friends and the intellectual stimulus the London life afforded him he was inclined to be bitter and abuse a fate that had reserved for him the life of a clergyman in an obscure country parish. But, as we can SCR from so much of his poetry, lie ditrovered compensations and became more than reconciled to the beauties of nature about him, the glory of spring blossoms, and of meadows fresh and green:

The Damask meadows, and the pebbly streams
Sweeten, and maki: soft your dreams:
The purling springs, groves, birds, and well-wecved bowers,
With fields enamelled with flowers.

"Here in green meadows sits eternal May." And looking out upon that loveliness he is minded of one thing more than another—of those ancient poets who, as now with him, had understood the haunting irony of 'the brevity of time.' He looks at the cherry-blossoms in their pride and writes:

Ye may simpe'-, blush 'nd smile,
And perfume the air awhile;
But sweet things, ye must begone,
Fruit, ye know is coming on.

**And then "in one of the most perfect titles in the whole world of poetry " he gives us that which will always be heard wherever the English speech is known •**

**[1] Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,**
Old Time is still a-flying-
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying'

**And it makes no difference that Ausonius had given us in the 4th century.**

Collige, virgo, rosas dum flos novus et nova pubes.[1]

**Life's transitoriness. Time, the arch-enemy, before whose obliterative motion nothing can be sacred. We have hard the lament in Catullus, we have heard it once again in the age of that last marvellous Italian blossoming when Lorenzo de Medici tells us:**

Quant 'e bella giovenezzu
Ma si fugge tuttavia;[2]

The theme was one'Herrick could never forget and he 'spent the best part of his youth mourning over the brevity of life.[1]

One thing however Robert Herrick had done before he left London and 'the tribe of Ben:[1] he had made a pact with the fairies Thereafter 'for him Dbcron walks through a grove 'tinselled with twilight, and is led by the shine of snails.'[8]

'After the feast, my Shapcot see
The fairy court I give to thee.'

---

[1] Gather roses, girl, while yet the flower and your youth are new.

[2] Youth is wondrous but how fleeting I

•A. H. BulJen.

The Latin poet to whom he was most indebted was Martial, and not Catullus as some have insisted.

[11] No one carefully reading the *Hesperides* can fail to be struck with the extraordinary similarity they bear to the *Epigrams* of Martial; and the parallel will be found to run throughout the writings of the two poets____the differences being that Herrick is much the more religious pagan among the two, and that he is as much a rural as Martial an urban poet. But in the frequent references to himself and his book, the fondness for gurns and spices, the de-light in the picturesque IE 5 of private life, the art of making a complete gem-like poem in the purest possible lines .... and the trick of writing confidential little poems to all sorts of friends——in all these and many mere qualities one can hardly tell where to look for a literary parallel more complete."[1]

## GFOKGE WITHER 1588-1667

### *The Manly Heart.*

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day
Dr the flowery meads in May—
If she think not well of me
What care I how fair she be ?

Shall my silly heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature ?

[1] Edmund Gosse. *Seventeenth Century Studies.*

Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican
If she be not so to me
What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget mine own ?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of Best;
If she be not such to me.
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high
Shall I play the fool and die ?
She that bears a noble mind
If not outward helps she find,
TVnks what with them he would do
Who vfthryfr them dares her woo;
And unless that mind I see-
What rare T how grent she be ?

Hreat or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me. this believe,
I will die ere she shall prieve;
If she slight me when I Woo,
I ran scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me
What care I for whom she be ?

## GEORGE WITHER.

George Wither is her- in reactionary mood against the popular pos« of despondent lovers. He was a reactionary in more ways than one. He felt very strongly about the low standard of morality as practised at the court of James I. This led him to the writing

of a pamphlet couched in the most vehement terms and which let! to his arrest and imprisonment.

The major portion of his writings is in the firm of satire

## THOMAS CAREW. 1598-1639

### *Song.*

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past.
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars 'light
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies.
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

*Line*

13. Phoenix—a fabulous bird said to have arisen from it? own ashes and therefore the emblem of immortality.

## *Thomas Carrw,*

## *To a Lady that Desired I would Love Her,*

Now you have freely given me leave to love,
What will you do ?
Shall I your mirth or passion move
When I begin to woo ?
Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too ?

Each petty beauty can disdain, and I—
Spite of your hate—
Without your love can see, and die.
Dispense a nobler fate !
Tis easy to destroy; you may create.

Then give me leave to love, and love me too:
Not with design
To raise, as Love's curst rebels do,
When puling poets whine,
Fame to their beauty, from their blubbered eyne.

Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear
Your beauties rays;
Joys are pure streams ; your eyes appear
Sullen in sadder lays ;
In cheerful numbers they shine bright with praise

Which shall not mention, to express you fair,
Wounds, flames, and darts,
Storms in your brow, nets in your hair,
Suborning all your parts,
Or to betray, or torture captive hearts.

*Line*

**14. puling—the cry as of a chicken,**
**15. blubbered eyne—eyes swollen with weeping.**
**24. suborning—causing to commit perjury.**

I'll make your eyes like morning suns appear,
As mild and fair;
Your brow as crystal smooth and dear;
And your dishevelled hair
Shall flow like a calm region of the air.

Rich Nature's store, A-hich is the poet's treasure,
111 spend to dress
Your beauties, if your mine of pleasure
In equal thankfulness
You but unlock, so we each other bless.

THOMAS CAREW.

The verses of Carew were mostly amatory. He was the great love-trifler of the court of Charles II, and his verses received the approbation of his contemporaries fnr their unfaltering polish and elegance. The sort of thing that appealed to the young wits of the Merry Monarch's court may be understood immediately by only a casual glance at some of Carew's titles to his poems. Here are a few: *To A Lndy That Defied I Would Love Hrr; The Tooth-Ache Cured By A Kiss; To Celia, Upon Love's Ubiquity; To My Inconstant Mistress, Who Shall Be Damned For Her False Apostasys. To Celia, When He Sends Her White Roses.*

In the white you may discover
The paleness of the fainting lover,
In the red, the flames still feeding
On my heart with fresh \vounds bleeding.

From this and much more like it we can see at once that we are no longer dealing with rather naive and delightful children singing their plaints in perpetual Man mornings of Tudor England hut with entirely sophisticated men of the world. " Cynicism, persiflage ladinapc, gallantry, and rococo conceits mark the verses nf Carew, Suckling, Lovelace, and Randolph; when they succeed

it is by a happy lyric accident, but the result then is seen in little masterpieces of inimitable charm."[1]

*"To A Lady That Desired 1 Would Love Her* is quite typical of this school, it is the outcome of a mood that is not far too clever to be sincere* nimbler.fss of wit and fancy is its all-pervading tone.

Carew was one of 'the sons of Ben,' but the influence of Donne is more to be seen in his writings than that of Jonson.

## RICHARD LOVELACE. 151B-155B

### *To Allhea from Prison.*

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Dur hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

[1] Legouis.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud, how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

## *To Lucdtsta going to the Wan$.*

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

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

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

## *Richard Lovelace.*

As Carew is the true court poet, so Richard Lovelace is the true cavalier. He was more than commonly endowed with good looks that ensured him a never-failing approbation from the ladies. 'Dash, gallantry, frivolity, loyalty and wit, these were considered the essential qualities of the Cavalier group. Lovelace has won his place in the anthologies because of one or two inimitably finished poems expressing the very essence of the Cavalier ideal.[1]

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## EDMUND WALLER. J605-16S7

### *Go, Lovely Rose.*

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

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

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd.
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair ! 20

## EDMUND WALLER.

The poetry of Edmund Waller affords one of the most interesting studies to the student of social history of the Stuart period. His life embraces a considerable period for he was born in the year in which *Kiny Lear* was played and died in the year in which Dryden published the *Hind and the Panther.* His career was a strange and chequered one nnr was it permitted him to play the part ot a hero. He was caught while engaged in a plot which bore his name and having as its object to consolidate the position of the court party, and only saved his life by turning informer. Life was however extremely precious to Mr. Waller: he was rich, he was fastidious, in short a man of most elegant taste and refinement, so much as to win him praise from notable Frenchmen, La Fontaine, and Corneille, among others. A man classical in temper and liberal in disposition was the pose of Mr. Waller. Some **of** the critics have been rather hard on him. "His career/[1] says Mr. Massmgham, " is an entertaining record of adjustments to the numerous and disconcerting changes of government .... His literary product is no less contemptible than his public career ———He was, with Denham, as is well-known, 'one of the first refiners of our language and poetry;[1] in other words, he fathered Sir John Beaumont's pU-a for Simplicity of language and the smooth heroic couplet."

We find in Waller something of the wit of the metaphysical poets, but it is 'attenuated, diluted, and purified[1] Waller married Pnrothy, a daughter of the Earl of Leicester, tLe *Sachanssa* of his poems, which name he formed, as he used to say pleasantly, from ' Sachanssa,' sugar.

Critics have complained that his love poems are manifestly poems of occasion and designed "to make a direct social sensation." But this is rather to underesiiinate the quality of Waller's endowments.

Mr. George Santayana has called Whitman and Browning ' poets of barbarism.' This may serve to hint at the gulf between Waller and Donne. The passion and the downrightness are entirely absent and no one need attempt to look for them, nor will it help to regret them in any estimate of Waller. " His nature," says his sponsor, Mr. Thorn Drury, "was essentially different, and he gave of what he had."

Some idea of the general direction of Waller's muse may be gleaned from a glance at a few of the titles of his poems: *To my Lord Admiral, of his late sickness and recovery, To Zelinda, To Amorct, To Phyllis, To a lady singing a song of his composing, To a lady from whom he received a silver pen,* etc.

We see evidences of a nature that was never more amused, or supremely at its ease, than when exhibiting unrivalled posturing before ladies of quality.

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## THOMAS TKAHERNE 1636-1674

### *Walking.*

To *walk* abroad is, not with eyes,
But thoughts, the fields to see and prize;
Else may the silent feet,
Like logs of wood,
Move up and down, and see no good,
Nor joy nor glory meet.

Ev'n carts and wheels their place do change,
But cannot see, though very strange
  The glory that is by:
    Dead puppets may
Move in the bright and glorious day,
  Yet not behold the sky.

And are not men than they more blind.
Who having eyes yet never find
  The bliss in which they move ?
    Like statues dead
They up and down are carried
  Yet neither see nor love.

To *walk* is by a thought to go,
To move in spirit to and fro,
  To mind the good we see,
    To taste the sweet,
Observing all the things we meet
  How choice and rich they be:

To note the beauty of the day,
And golden fields of corn survey,
  Admire each pretty flower
    With its sweet smell
To praise their Maker, and to tell
  The marks of His great power:

To fly abroad, like active bees,
Among the hedges and the trees,
  To cull the dew that lies
    On every blade,
From every blossom, till wt lade
  Our minds, as they their wings:

Observe these rich and glorious things,
The rivers, meadows, woods, and springs,
The fructifying sun,
To note from far
The rising of each twinkling sLar
For us his race to run.

A little child these well perceives,
Who, tumbling in green grass and leaves,
May rich as kings be thought:
But there's a sight
Which perfect manhood may delight,
To which we shall be brought:

While in those pleasant paths we talk
Tis *that* towards which at last we walk;
For we may by decrees
Wisely proceed
Pleasures of love add praise to heed,
From viewing herbs and trees.

## THOMAS TRAHERNE.

Traherne strikes a note of seriousness and fervour shared with the group of seventeenth century religious poets of which Henry Vaughan is the most famous.

In this poem our attention is drawn to the need for a greater consciousness of the natural wonders in the world about us. Stanzas three and four are a prelude to the teachings of Wordsworth. How few of us ' observe all the things we meet' and grasp their true significance, or realise the miracles ' their Maker' has wrought for us. Observation is sadly lacking in many, and yet upon it depends the ripening of our intelligence, and personality. It is impossible to progress ii: the development of ourselves if we at all stultify our powers of observation. " No poet baa succeeded

in recalling so instinctively and vividly the impressions of a child when he fir^t awakes to all the wonder and the glory of the world around him."[1]

Traherne was only recently restored to the Parnassus of English poetry by Bertram Dobeli in 1903. Hitherto he was unknown, and the source of his poems had been ascribed to Herbert.

## HENRY VAUGHAN 1621-1693

### *Friends Departed.*

They are all gone into the world of light !
And I alone sit ling'ring here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

[1] Lewis Jones (Quart. Rev., Del. 19D4).

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the Heavens above !
These are your walks, and yuii have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the Just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep:
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted, themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn up there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee !
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

*Line*
27. tranacend—surmount, surpass.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass:
Or else remove me hence unto that hill.
Where I shall need no glass.

## / *Walked the Other Day to Spend My Hour.*

*I* walked the other day, to spend my hour,
Into a field,
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
A gallant flower;
But winter now had ruffled all the bower
And curious store
I knew there heretofore.

Yet I, whose search loved not to peep and peer
I'the face of things,
Thought with myself, there might be other springs
Besides this here,
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year.
And so the flower
Might have some other bower.

Then taking up what I could nearest spy,
I digged about
That place where I had seen him to grow out;
And by and by
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie,
Where fresh and green
He lived of us unseen.

*Line*
**38. perspective—a view, or vista.**

Many a question intricate and rare
Did I there strow;
But all I could extort was, that he now
Did there repair
Such losses as befell him in the air,
And would erelong
Come forth most fair and young.

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his head,
And, stung with fear
Of my own frailty, dropped down many ;i tear
Upon his bed;
Then sighing whispered, ' Happy are the dead !
What peace doth now
Rock him asleep below !'

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs
From a poor root,
Which all the winter sleeps here under foot,
And hath no wings
To raise it to the truth and light of things,
But is still trod
By every wandering clod !

O Thou, whose spirit did at first inflame
And warm the dead,
And by a sacred incubation fed
With life this frame,
Which once had neither being, form, nor name,
Grant I may so
Thy steps track here below,

*Line.*

45. **incubation—ihe** act of sitting on eggs to hatch **them.**

That in these masques and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way;
Anrl by those hid ascents climb to that day
Which breaks from Thee,
Who art in all things, though invisibly;
Show me Thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease;

And from this care, where dreams and sorrows reign,
Lead me above,
Where light, joy, leisure, and true comforts move
Without all pain;
There, hid in thee, show me his life again,
At whose dumb urn
Thus all the year I mourn.

## HENRY VAUGHAN.

The mood of prayer and heartfelt communion with God i's found in nearly all the verse of the Welsh Doctor. Henry Vaughan; but prayer that is not reserved For the chamber's privacy, or the House of God alone, but that may flourish equally abroad among the fields and under the starry sky. He can anticipate Wordsworth for us in lines like these: ..,

> Happy those early days when I
> Shined in my angel infancy.

That state of childhood's innocence is boo with him a perfect state. The further we read of Vauijhau the more we are compelled to admit him to the sacred brotherhood of the mystics. In the East the note of ecstasy and remoteness from this world even to-day is not too rare a feature. Ill India names come to US quickly of those who react against the modern age—an age which someone has called 'an age of busiressmen, an age of grocers and clerks.' The memory of his dead friends can conjure to Vaughan such lines as these, where such memory:

**Glows and glitters in my lonely breast**
**Like stars upon some gloomy grove.**

**In English poetry, that is only paralleled in the celestial broodings of Blake, or the dim twilight ecstasies of the Irish poets, A. E., and Yeats. In Italy we have seen it in the swoons of the Umbrian mystics, St. Francis of Assisi anJ Joachim di Flore.**

**In the first of these two poems Vaughan cn-trasts the happy state of the *'Friends Departed*[9] with that of his own dull one on this rarth. Lastly he calls upon God to 'resume His spirit,' allow Him to be known and felt, and so break the mundane tyrannies and establish a finer liberty on earth than is yet known. Either do this, ' disperse these mists,' Tcmr.ve these uncertainties, or remove me to the heavenly hill where I shall need no aids to discover the beauties that can make me one in understanding of the heavenly harmonies my friends enjoy.**

**The second poem is perhaps a little more difficult to probe the meaning, but a little patience will discover a beautiful and satisfying enough message.**

**The poet first takes us with him on a familiar walk among the fields where he is reminded of the fresh beauty of a flower, once seen, but now hidden from the harsh breath of winter. Then he digs about ' that place where I had seen him to grow out' and shortly he ' saw the warm recluse' fresh and green in the little bed beneath the ground.**

**In the poem we find the flower has taken on an intimate and human personality in the poet's eye:. Now to his tender enquiry it gives him answer that, 'he is repairing such losses as fell to him when he had raised his hear! above the ground.[1] Note now how beautifully this personification is heightened in the first line of the fifth stanza. Here at last we find the full purpose of the poet revealed—the comparison of man's life with the life of a flower.**

**The poem we see has become an allegory elaborately and artfully sustained.**

**The conclusion is a heartfelt and ecstatic invocation directly to the Godhead that He shall enable the poet to understand ths devious ways of apparent death in the earth's tomb, and *by* the**

same wonderful ascents the flower takes, help him to climb to that final marvellous felicitation in heaven above, that second life of the departed, and 'at whose dumb urn/ the grave, all the year he mourns.

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## RICHARD CRASHAW I6i3?-i649

### *The Flaming Heart.*

*Upon the book and picture of the seraphical Saint Teresa as she is usually expressed with a seraphim beside he*.*

O heart, the equal poise of love's both parts,
Big alike with wounds and darts,
Live in these conquering leaves; live all the same,
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame:
Live here, great heart, and love and die and kill
And bleed and wound, and yield and conquer still.
Let this immortal life, where'er it comes,
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms.
Let mystic deaths wait on't, and wise souls be
The love-slain witness of this life of thee.
O sweet incendiary ! show here thy art,
Upon this carcass of a hard cold heart,
Let all thy scattered shafts of lights, that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combined against this breast, at once break in
And take away from me my self and sin.
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,

And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
D thou undaunted daughter of desires !
By all thy dower of lights and fires,
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,
By all thy lives and deaths of love,
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they,
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's di aught of liquid fire,
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul and sealed thee his,
By all the heav'ns thou hast in him,
Fair sister of the seraphim !
By all of him we have in thee,
Leave nothing of myself in me:
Let me so read thy life that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

## RICHARD CRASHAW.

Grashaw's lyric flights have only been equalled by Shelley, while the lines we have here tn St. Teresa are an example of the brightest achievement of the muse of religious ecstasy. There is a voluptuousness akin to Keats in the work of Crashaw, but he owes a great deal to Renaissance Spain, and Italy. There is a femininity that is quite with the Elizabethan and Carolins temper. Herbert was fond of the ' conceit,' but Crashaw overwhelms us with them, stretching this at times perilously close to the ridiculous, as thus:

When some new bright gutst
Takes up among the star* a room,
And Heaven will make a feast.
Angels with their bottles come.

## *To His Coy Mistress.*

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We should sit down and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day;
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood;
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.
But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor in thy marble vault shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try

***Line***

**8. the flood—the Deluge, in which Noah and his family, only, were preserved of the sons of Dien.**

That long preserved virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust.
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapped power.
Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one ball.
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Through the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

## *Bermudas.*

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song.

[1] What should we do but sing his praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto[v] an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?

**Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,**
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.

He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
**On daily visits through the air.**

He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.

He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.

With cedars chosen by his hand
From Lebanon he stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.

He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
**A temple where to sound his name.**

***Lint***

**9. wracks—a by-form of wrecks.**
**26. Lebanon—Mt. Lebanon, on the outskirts of Jerusalem.**
**28. ambergris—a fragrant substance found floating on the sea and originating in the intestines of the sperm whale.**

**D let our voice his praise exalt**
**Till it arrive at heaven's vault,**
**Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may**
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay!'

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note:
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time,

## ANDREW MARVELL.

**Marvell was Milton's friend with a warm admiration for Oliver Cromwell Both acted as secretaries to the Privy Council.**

**Marvel! and Milton are the two pre-eminent singers of the Puritan Party.**

**One of the main features which distinguishes Marvell's poetry is the fondness he displays for natural scenery, landscape, gardens, and orchards. Nowhere is his sense for scenery and luscious colour SD successfully displayed as in the poem here. His interest in the exotic and the foreign marks him as a romantic before his time. For an equal sense of tropical richness we have to wait for Keats, while in prose we can be reminded of those wonderfy] pages brimful of colour in the novels of Joseph Conrad—that novelist of colour.**

**In the poetry of colour it is hard to match this radiant example:**

**He hangs in shade the orange bright**
**Like golden lamps in a green night**

*Line*

**3d. Mexique Bay—Gulf of Mem.**

The poem imagines "a Puritan refugee from the Stuart tyranny singing praises to God as he rows along the coast of an island in the Bermudas." But it is something more: it breathes of the true romantic's desire for escape into lands deliriously impossible and remote*'

## MILTON 1608-1674

### *The Land of Eternal Summer.*

To the ocean now 1 fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund spring;
The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours
Thither all their bounties bring.
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds with musky wing
About the cedmrn alleys fling
Nlard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue

Than her purpled sCarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound,
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced
Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranced,
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Makes her eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done:
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue: she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

*Line*

*27.* **Assyrian queen—Ishtar, identified in Greek mythology with Aphrodite or Venus.**

Here we have Milton in a mood with no trace-as yet of those austerities that later were to shadow his life, and yet a life, even in the shadow, that had in it so much of beauty.

Almost it seems we hear an echo of that exquisite creation of *The Tempest*—Ariel, in these strains.

The passage is from *Comus,* a masque written for the family of the Earl of Bridgwater. Milton's masque is a creation apart from the tradition set by Ben Tonson with its frequent display of a lavish pageantry. Into his masque Milton has infused a moral and didactic intention. But there are portions of great loveliness where, despite the Puritan temper, beauty must have its way.

" Milton's songs are exquisite garden flowers,'[1] has said an eminent French critic: here is one of them I

# LYRICS DF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

*" To be sure a single beautiful line has wrought the world more good than all the masterpieces of mechanism"*

THE GARDEN OF EPICURUS,
ANATOLE FRANCE.

## *Nurse's Song.*

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

"Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of the night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies."

"No, no, let us play, fur it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all cover'd with sheep."

"Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed."
The little ones leaped and shouted and laughed
And all the hills echoed.

### WILLIAM BLAKE.

Here is one of the exquisite songs of childhood for which William Blake was. famous. Blake has few affinities with the eighteenth century with its dominant note of 'commonsense? It seems a strange and unaccountable anomaly that the century which produced an Addison and a Johnsor at its close produced a Blake. Collins, Blake, Chatterton are the great romantic precursors. As an estimate of Blake's wonderful apprehensions of the kingdom of childhood the following by an eminent nineteenth century critic can hardly be bettered:

" His work begins in the Garden of Eden, or of the childhood of the world, and there is something in it of the naivete of beasts: the lines gambol awkwardly, like young lambs. His utterance of the state of innocence has in it something of the giptesqueness ok babies, and enchants the grown nian, as they do. Humour exists unconscious of itself, in a kind of awed and open-eyed solemnity. He stammers into a speech of angels, as if just awakening out of Paradise It is the primal instincts that speak first, before riper years have added wisdom to intuition It is as if intuition itself ripened. And *so* Blake goes through life with perfect mastery of the terms of existence, as they present themselves to him: 'perfectly happy, wanting nothing,' as he said, when he was old and poor; and able in each stage oflife *to* express in art the corresponding stage of his own development. He is the only poet who has written the songs of childhood, of youth, of mature years, and of old age, and he died singing."[1]

## ROBERT BURNS. 1759-1796

### *To Mary in Heaven.*

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
Oh Mary ! dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

[1] Arthur Symuns.

That sacred hour can I forget ?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love ?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too sDon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care !
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channel deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest ?
See thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

ROBERTBURNS.

There is a brooding melancholy haunting this song of Burns with its strong pastoral feeling, a feeling that is in the very roots of English poetry:

The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
The birds sang love on every spray,

Just as they did in the days of Chaucer and the *Romaunt of the*[1] *Rose.*

The gift of spontaneous ease is the unique gift of the Scotch poet Burns in his songs. Most of the poems of Burns are in dialect but may easily be mastered, and no understanding of the true worth of English poetry can be complete without some estimate of Burns' remarkable lyric genius.

"In the work of Burns are to be found the inner elements of romanticism: personal effusion, sensibility, a keen love for nature, a wealth of imaginative fancy, a sympathetic interest in the poor and in animals. . . . . His work is of a mixed nature. A great part is composed of occasional verse, short poems, mere sketches one might say_____What remains is almost entirely of the *first* order; whether it be that realistic imaginative verse, *so* lively and yet so sympathetically human, which evokes the truculence of the *Jolly Beggars* and the wondrous adventure of *Tarn o'Shantcr;* or the still inoffensive mockery which gibes at Doctor Hornbook; or that which penetrates with keener irony th£ secret grudges harboured up in *Holy WilliSs Prayer;* or again, the sterling strength and frankness cast into the ballad form of John Barleycorn; or lastly, the fresh and graceful simplicity of the idylls and elegies, where the atmosphere is either one of tenderness or one of sad regret."[1]

[1] Ca7amian.

## *Three Years She Grezv.*

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, [f] A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown ;
This Child I tn myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

' Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse : and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

' She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs :
And ht-rs shall hr the brp-thing Vnlm.
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

[1] Thp floating- clourls their state shall lead
To her; for her the willow bend :
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grare that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathv.

[1] The stars of midnio-Wt shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulc-ts danre their wavward round
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.



lip

[1] And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.'

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

## *The Solitary Reaper.*

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

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

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

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

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Perhaps it may not be commmly supposed that Wordsworth might be accused of dullness, yet one of his cnntcmporaries found him so—Byron. Wordsworth wrote too much and published all he wrote, and did not enhance his repntatinn consequently. Dn *going* through the work of Word worth in bulk we must oftrn be forced to the conclusion that if he. was Jacking in any our: thing it was in self-crilicif.nl But Iherp were times when of all our poets he was the most capable of great poetry, and it is this gift, that despite his obvious faults, has won him a place alongside Shakespeare and Milton as the third greatest poet of English literature.

He achieves at times the highest pinnacle of inspiration derived from the apprehension of nature as a marvellous harmony of which humanity forms an essential part. "He did not," says

Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, "as Goethe did, regard nature as the garment of eternal spirit; nature was for Wordsworth the very life and action of eternal spirit. Once let humanity come in as part of nature it cannot remain discordant: all must at last resolve as a final harmony.[11]

For inspiration that has re-ached a summit of enchantment there is Jittle in Wordsworth to equal this:

> The stars of midnight shall be dear
> To her; and she shall han her ear
> In many a secret place
> While rivulets dance their wayward round
> And beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face.

Some of Wordsworth's greatest poetry is in his longer poems, especially the *Prelude.*

---

## JOHN CLARE. 1793-1864

### *Come Hither.*

Come hither, my dear one, my choice one, and rare one,
And let us be walking the meadows so fair,
Where on pilewort and daisies the eye fondly gazes,
And the wind plays so sweet in thy bonny brown hair.

Come with thy maiden eye, lay silks and satins by;
Come in thy russet or grey cotton gown;
Gome to the meads, dear, where flags, sedge, and reeds appear,
Rustling to soft winds and bowing low down.

Come with thy parted hair, bright eyes, and forehead bare;
Come to the white-thorn that grows in the lane;
To banks of primroses, where sweetness reposes,
Come, love, and let us be happy again.

## JOHN CLARE.

Interest in the work of John Clare has Fecently been revived by the activities of Mr. Edmund Blunden, himself a nature port relying on traditional themes and traditional manner. His poetry has strong affinities with John Clare and it was this which led him and his friend Mr. Allan Porter of the *Spectator* to edit a new edition of Clare's work along with some additional material they had discovered—according to report in the usual, old, forgotten attic—the tnunt of so many things tc-day unregarded and outworn.

In Clare we find a poet who is in fresh and delightful intimacy with nature. Like Bluomfidcl, the author of *The Farmer's Boy*, who started life as a shoemaker, Clare started in equally humble circumstances, in fact humbler—as a ploughbuy. He managed to put by sufficient pence during eight weeks' work to pay for a month's schooling. One incident stamping the boy's character reads as follows: Falling in love with Thomson's *Seasons* he hoarded up a shilling to purchase a copy; at daybreak on a spring morning he walked a distance of six or seven miles to make the purchase and had to wait till the shops were opened Returning home he composed his first piece of poetry—*The Morning Walk.* In 1820 *Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery*, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire peasant were published for which Clare was paid £20).

We feel his power of observation is more professional than Wordsworth's. There are times when Clare commands the power of exquisite music as in the poem we have quoted here.

## JDHN KEATS. 1795-1821

### *The Devon Maid.*

Where be you going, you Devon maid ?
And what have ye there in the basket ?
Ye tight little fairy, just fresh from the dairy,
Will ye give me some cream if I ask it ?

I love your hills and I love your dales,
And I love your flocks a-bleating;
But oh, on the heather to lie together,
With both our hearts a-beating!

I'll put your basket all safe in a nook;
Your shawl Til hang on a willow;
And we will sigh in the daisy's eye,
And kiss on a grass-green pillow.

## JDHN KEATS.

We are more familiar with the work of Keats through his longer poems, next he is remembered for one or two fine sonnets, but his work in the lyric lies half neglected and forgotten. We have here one of the daintiest, and in a mood of rare happiness. It is to be found in an epistle to his friend Haydon, the painter, to whom Keats owed so much for his introduction to immortal works in painting and sculpture.

## *The Indian Serenade.*

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining- bright,
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how ?
To thy chamber window, Sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
And the Champak's odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart;—
As I must on thine,
0 ! beloved as thou art !

0 lift me from the grass !
1 die ! I faint ! I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
Dn my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast;—
Dh ! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

## *To The Night.*

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night !
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,

Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought !
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me ?
Thy swtet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side ?
Wouldst thou me ?—and I replied,
No, not thee !

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thoii art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon !

**In** *The Indian Serenade* **we** have an expression of Shelley's lyric genius in a mood of ' delicious sadness,[1]

" Shelley's lyricism is incomparable .... never was the soul of a poet *so* spontaneously lyrical .... Everything with Shelley is the occasion for a musical stir . . . Shelley has the gift of lending it the sweetest and most liquid harmonies. A delicious sadness emanates from this blending of notes, now high and now low .... and the song they compose is the very utterance of the wounded sensibility . . . ." Thus has written Monsieur Cazamian in a tribute at once shiewd and penetrating.

The key of Shelley's attitude is contained in the word Move/ and of his peculiar conception of it: 'the truest name of that perfection, called Intellectual Beauty, Liberty, Spirit of Nature, is Love.' Whatever in the world has any worth is an expression 01 love. Love sometime talks. Love talking musically is poetry.

The work we have left of Shelley and Keats should give pause for utter bewilderment if we recollect that both, even as Chatterton, are really boy poets. Nonu of them reached the age of thirty. Yet into Shelley's brief life he had crowded 'much study, much love, many friendships, much trust, much talk, much music.'

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## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE 1772-1834

### *Lewti, or the Circassian Love-Chant,*

At midnight by the stream I roved,
To forget the form I loved.
Image of Lewti ! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

The moon was high, the moonlight gleam,
And the shadow of a star,
Heaved upon Tamaha's stream;
But the rock shone brighter far.
The rock half-sheltered from my view
By pendent boughs of tressy yew.
So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,
Gleaming through her sable hair.
Image of Lewti ! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

I saw a cloud of palest hue,—
Onward to the moon it passed:
Still brighter and more bright it grew,
With floating colours not a few,
Till it reached the moon at last;
Then the cloud was wholly bright,
With a rich and amber light !
And so with many a hope I seek,
And with such joy I find my Lewti;
And even so my pale wan cheek
Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty !
Nay, treacherous image ! leave my mind,
If Lewti never will be kind.

The little cloud—it floats away,
Away it goes; away so soon ?
Alas! it has no power to stay:
Its hues are dim, its hues are gray—
Away it passes from the moon!
How mournfully it seems to fly,
Ever fading more and more,
To joyless regions of the sky—
And now 'tis whiter than before !

As white as my poor cheek will be,
When, Lewti ! on my couch I lie
A dying man for love of thee.
Nay, treacherous image ! leave my mind—
And yet, thou did'st nut look unkind.

I saw a vapour in the sky;
Thin and white, and very high:
I ne'er beheld so thin a cloud,
Perhaps the breezes, that can fly
Now below and now above,
Have snatch'd aloft the lawny shroud
Of lady fair—that died for love.
For maids, as well as youths, have perish'd
From fruitless love too fondly cherish'd.
Nay, treacherous image ! leave my mind—
For Lewti never will be kind.

Hush ! my heedless feet from under,
Slip the crumbling banks for ever:
Like echoes to a distant thunder,
They plunge into the gentle river.
The river-swans have heard my tread,
And startle from their reedy bed.
0 beauteous birds! methinks ye measure
Your movements to some heavenly tune !
D beauteous birds ! 'tis such a pleasure
To see you move beneath the moon,
1 would it were your true delight
To sleep by day and wake by night.

I know the place where Lewti lies,
When silent night has closed her eyes;
It is a breezy jasmine-bower,
The nightingale sings o'er her head:

Voice of the night, had I the power
That leafy labyrinth to thread,
And creep, like thee, with soundless tread,
I then might view her bosom white
Heaving lovely to my sight,
As these two swans together heave
Dn the gently-swellihg wave.

Oh ! that she saw me in a dream,
And dreamt that I had died for care !
All pale and wasted I would seem,
Yet fair withal, as spirits are !
I'd die indeed, if I might see
Her bosom heave, and heave for me !
Soothe, gentle image ! soothe my mind !
To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

## *Kubla Khan.*

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
But D ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover I
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted

By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this Earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced,
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Dr chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing- rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a rriazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverrts measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the weaves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,

That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair '
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy drearl,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The refrain so marked in *Lcwti* has more than an echo of the despondent lover we have noticed in the seventeenth and eighteenth century lyrics, but to it there is joined a feeling of the most complete abandon l& the romrntic ideal that the century of Coleridge ushered in. Moonlight and the moon, what phantasies are they not capable of conjuring ? A haunted castle under a waning rnnr>n might well have been the most appropriate device for any genuine romanticist to blazon upon his shield. Join to the[P'] a strange and eerie maiden as we have seen in *Christabel* and here we have the main ingredients of the romantic obsession. When into this picture strolls the figure of the steahhy lover at his midnight assignation, wrapped in his all-concealing cloak, and on his head the wide-brimmed hat beloved of Italian opera, his face—when a chance moonbeam discovers it—redolent of a brooding melancholy, we know at once we are in the world of Ann Rarklyffe and *The My\tcnes of Udolplw.* the world of the Victorian maiden, who could be thrilled with far the less bother than in the davs when *Antadis* Avas dead.

Coleridge gives us a wealth of rnmantic background here-midnight, the despondent lover, moonlight, the gentle river and the swans:

O beauteous birds I methinks ye measure
Your movements to some heavenly tune.

*D* beauteous birds I 'tis such a pleasure
To see you move beneath the moon,

Echoes of Keats seem to linger here:

Oh! that she saw me in a drum,
And dreamt that I had died for care!
All pale and wasted I would seem.

And Lewti of course must lie in a jasmine-bower while the nightingale sings over her head. All the properties are as firmly established as those of Ihe Persian poet brooding in his garden, amid the bulbuls and the flowers.

Kubla Khan is one of the supreme examples in the English language of the 'poetry of refuge/ of inspiration, and escape.

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BYRDN. 1788-1824

## *Yovih and Age.*

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away
When the glow of early thought tieclines in feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone. which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for other's woes, it dare not dream its own:
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their fnrmer hope of rest;
Tfc hut as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreathe,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.

Dh! could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd scene,—
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me !

## BYRON.

If not for England, for the Continent of Europe, Byron grew to identification with the romantic figure incarnate, and wielded an influence in his different way as remarkahle am[1] certainly more far-reaching in the permanency of its lesults as the figure uf Napoleon hi'nsclf.

Byron's reputation rests mainly upon his longer poems and some of his dramas. Byron, a tiernendous egoist, found himself in conflict with his age, especially its religion, social morality and politics, all of which he touches in his epical-satire of *Don Tunn.* In this poem we find a remarkable facility in the handling of his medium, a sureness of touch and a finish that links him with Dryden.

"Byron definitively establishes in England the European type of Romantic artist, whose art feeds on his very disease, who takes a voluptuous delight in self-reproach, and who weaves his remorse into a texture of beauty,"[1]

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## SIR WALTER SCOTT. 1771-isaz

### *Love the Lord of AIL*

*[Albert Graeme's Song).*

**It** was an English ladye bright
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.

---

[1] Cazamian.

Blithely they saw the rising[1] sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,
But they were sad ere clay was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all.

That wine she had not tasted well
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all.

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all.

And then he took the cross divine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
And died for her sake in Palestine;
So Love was still the lord of all.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

We might almost call this poem a truncated ballad. The ballad must tell a story, and so does this. Then too it possesses

a refrain, an often indispensable feature of the folk-ballad. In length however it falls far below that required by the traditional models.

Scott loses no time letting us know what it is he proposes to do: spiritedly he would illustrate to us an episode in the life of the Scottish border We are acquainted at once with the precise situation: briefly, that an English lady would marry a Scottish gentleman. But that alone would not make a story, and for true love to he shown, it may not run smooth, so of course the lady's brother will never admit a Scottish knight for brother-in-law. Not by honourable conflict does lie try to prevent the union of the two lovers but by means despicable, dark and devious: the wine-cup and the lurking poison. Dead in her true love's arms the lady falls, and the sun still shining fair on Carlisle wall. Note how here the refrain is made to yjrve the purpose of heightening the effect by tragic contrast. Retribution follows swift, for the two men fight and the brother is made to follow his sister, for Scott is not squeamish in the matter ol poetic justice. Yet one more sacrifice this poetic justice demands—for such deed of violence a penance is required and the Crusade? were always helpful in such emergencies. The hero dies fighting gloriously for his lady's sake in far oft PilLstinc.

In noticing this poem one should observe what an unerring economy is practised by Scott. The problem confronting him as with all problems affecting Art is not what to put in but what to leave out. This story has practically been retold flor you in prose, but what a terribly cumbersome affair compared with Scott's poem. One thing more: it is perfectly direct and simple and this is a quality the best ballads must always expect from their authors.

## *Fat? ! I Have Asked Few Things.*

Fate ! I have asked few things of thee,
And fewer have to ask.
Shortly, thou knowest, I shall be
No more: then con thy task.

If one be left on earth so late
Whose love is like the past,
Tell her in whispers, gentle Fate !
Not even love must last.

Tell her I leave the noisy feast
Of life, a little tired,
Amid its pleasures few possessed
And many undesired.

Tell her with steady pace to come
And, where my laurels lie,
To throw the freshest on the tomb,
When it has caught her sigh.

Tell her to stand some steps apart
From others on that day,
And check the tear (if tear should start)
Too precious for dull clay.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDDR.

A charming poem by a writer who has most stood the test of fame as a ITDSC writer. A contemporary of Lamb and Wordsworth he lived long (beyond the Romantic period. The most famous prose work is his *Imaginary Conversations.*

He attained most felicity in his short poems. These have strong affinities with the classical period of English poetry in their clean-cut precision and simplicity of diction.

"Landor's poetic style" is the reason adduced as the cause for "his comparative obscurity." "He deliberately set himself in opposition to the tendencies of the eighteenth centuiy and nineteenth century decorative poetry . . . ."[1]

In the preface to his "Hellenics" hp tells us that the poetry of his time for him "is oftener prismatic than diaphanous." In these few words he has uttered one of the tersest comments written on the Romantic Movement and of its practitioners that we have. Landor's choice of epithet was severe and classic in the extreme. Mr. Aldington 111 an essay on Landor has pointed out to us that .Arnold could use such cpnliLts as these: "warm, green, happy, fair, cool, buoyant, fresh, virginal, sweet.[11] For this critic these are 'literary' and unnecessary. He goes on to ask—"does not that mark the different between a weak emotional poet and a strong classic poet ?"

## MATTHEW ARNOLD. 182Z-1B88

### *Dover Beach.*

The sea is calm to-night,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the Straits;—on the French coast, the light
Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night air 1

**i Richard Aldington.**

Only, from the long line of spray
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
Listen ! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd;
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another ! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,

*Line*

**15. Sophocles—the second of the three great Greek tragedians—Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides,**

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept With confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

## *Philomela.*

Hark ! ah, the Nightingale !
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlight cedar what a burst!
What triumph ! hark—what pain !

O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy l^ewildered brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
Say, will it never heal ?
And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm ?

Dost thou to-night behold
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild ?
Dost thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
The too clear web, and thy dumb Sister's shame ?

*Line*

**21. dumb Sister—Procne, Sister of Philomela, in the old Greek legend, which, on account of their misfortunes, changed one into a nightingale and the other into a swallow. The tale is in Ovid's Metamorphoses.**

Dost thou once more assay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor fugitive, the feathery change
Dnce more, and once more seem to make resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis and the high Cephissian vale ?
Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves !
Again—thou hearest ?
Eternal Passion !
Eternal Pain !

## MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Matthew Arnold is perhaps the best representative of the intellectual character of the Victorian era in contrast with the previous Romantic period

Out of the contemplation of a natural scene—the sea, the Straits of Dover, the French coast—arises a reflective mood marked strongly with a philosophy of pessimism. It is in ths domain of philosophical poetry that Arnold occupies a high place. " Outwardly classical he possesses an inward romanticism from which he may not escape. The headlong emotional outpourings of Byron and Shelley spelt *too* much disorder for his fondness for restraint. Sadness and melancholy belong to him however as well as the romantic and it is perhaps because of these elements that his poetry is still read much to-day rather than for those classical qualities in it ami in which he took pride."[1]

*Line*

27. Daulis—a province of Greece.

[1] CazanuLD.

## *Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal.*

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The firefly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danae to the stars
And all thy heart lies open unto me.
Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake;
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

## *0 SivalloWj Swallow.*

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

D Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and **light**
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And **cheep** and twitter twenty million **loves.**

0, were I thuu that she might take me in.
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green ?

0 tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

**ALFRED, LORD** TENNYSON.

We have seen the fondness for compact and condensed expression in Lander, a feeling taken over from the seventeenth Century lyrics. Tennyson shared it to the full. He is the heir to a Romantic tradition but unites with it the classic demand of a highly finished form of which he is the supreme master. The two poems here are both beautiful examples of this art. The second shows what a cunning power of music he can wield. Only after a close attention do we detect Lhe absence of rhyme or become aware that we have been compensated by the introduction of cunning verbal harmonies.

His power of word-painting is well revealed in the first lyric. The extraordinary skill in this he shares with Keats

## GEORGE MEREDITH.

### *Love Within the Lover's* ***Breast.***

Love within the lover's breast
Burns like Hesper in the West,
O'er the ashds of the sun,
Till the day and night are done;
Then, when dawn drives up his car—
Lo ! it is the morning star.

Love ! thy love pours down on mine,
As the sunlight on the vine,
As the snow rill on the vale,
As the salt breeze on the sail;
As the song unto the bird
Dn my lips thy name is heard.

As a dewdrop on the rose
In thy heart my passion glows;
As a skylark to the sky,
Up into thy breast I fly;
As a seashell of the sea
Ever shall I sing of thee.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

The fame of George Meredith was won by his skill as a novelist. As a poet his appeal is to the few and not the mullitude. But it is in this medium that at times comes to him an exquisite lyric gift, capable too of sustaining itself over long flights ol memorable song, as notably in his famous *Love in the Valley,*

The atmosphere and treatment of the poem here might have equally belurged to the seventeenth as to the nineteenth century. " Meredith is a lyrical poet, moved to song by a passionate impulse which is what distinguishes the genuine lyrical poet from the accomplished writer in lyrical form. When the wit and the

thinker arc controlled by the passionate imagination of the poet his song has a music of its own. If the requisites of true lyric poetry art, according to Leopardi, 'inspiration or frenzy' and the perfection of 'clearness and .... simplicity, the simplicity which is really identical with naturalness, and the upposite of perceptible affections of any kind/ Meredith attained to the first not often to the second But he does at times, and Leopardi's clearness included the statement of the vague, what transcends mere logic and the clearness of scientific statement. Meredith's obscureness is in part the effect of the rarity and elevation of his thought. For he was in all his maturcr poetry a metaphysical poet, a poet inspired at once by his vivid sense of life and nature, and by the interpretation of their inter-relation which he had derived from experience and his reading of modern science." [1]

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ROBERT BROWNING. IBIZ-IBSP

## *A Light Woman.*

So far as our story approaches the end,
Which do you pity the most of us three?—
My friend, or the mistress of my friend
With her wanton eyes, or me ?

My friend was already too good to lose,
And seemed in the way of improvement yet,
When she crossed his path with her hunting noose
And over him drew her net.

---

**iGrieraon,**

When I saw him tangled in her toils,
A shame, said I, if she adds just him
To her nine-and-ninety other spoils,
The hundredth for a whim !

And before my friend be wholly hers,
How easy to prove to him, I said,
An eagle's the game her pride prefers,
Though she snaps at a wren instead !

So, I gave her eyes my own eyes to take,
My hand sought hers as in earnest need,
And round she turned for my noble sake,
And gave me herself indeed.

The eagle am I, with my fame in the world,
The wren is he, with his maiden face.
—You look away and your lip is curled ?
Patience, a moment's space !

For see, my friend goes shaking and white;
He eyes me as the basilisk:
I have turned, it appears, his day to night,
Eclipsing his sun's disk.

And I did it, he thinks, as a very thief:
" Though I love her—that, he comprehends—
One should master one's passions (love, in chief),
And be loyal to one's friends ! ff

And she,—she lies in my hand as tame
As a pear late basking over a wall;
Just a touch to try and off it came;
'Tis mine,—can I let it fall ?

With no mind to eat it, that's the worst !
Were it thrown in the road, would the case assist?
'Twas quenching a dozen blue-flies[1] thirst
When I gave its stalk a twist.

And I,—what I seem to my friend, you see:
What I soon shall seem to his love, you guess:
What I seem to myself, do you ask of me ?
ND hero, I confess.

Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,
And matter enough to save one's own:
Yet think of my friend, and the burning coals
He played with for bits of stone !

One likes to show the truth for the truth;
That the woman was light is very true:
But suppose she says,—Never mind that youth !
What wrong have I done to you ?

Well, anyhow, here the story stays,
So far at least as I understand;
And, Robert Browning, you writer of plays,
Here's a subject to your hand !

ROBERT BROWNING.

Browning tells a story here in the terse colloquial way that he could adopt when he would with such consummate ease and verve. It is a moving story that we are told and its actors are limited to three—the poet, his friend, and the woman who comes between. The friend's character IF brushed in for us convincingly with just one masterly touch—'The wren is he, with his maiden face.[1] Browning then tells us how he himself meets the reward of all such interventions as he would make to save his friend:

"And I did it, he thinks, as a very thief:"

What would such a theme have become in the hands of Tennyson. Tennyson we must remember was the popular idol of Victorian England, but Browning " fully exemplifies one of the dominant tendencies of Victorian poetry, and probably the more important one, because it comes nearer to expressing the originality of the period[1] ihc craving fot analysis and moral criticism .... Browning's typical form, that towards \\hich all other forms may be said to converge, is the monologue; there properly resides the newness of his art."[1]

## ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE 1H7-1909

### *A Forsaken Garden.*

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
If a step should snund or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand *J*

*Line*

**1. coign—wedge.**

[1] Caramian.

So long have the grey bare walls lain guestless,
Through branches and briers if a man make way,
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the strait waste place that tlie years have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when lie wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
One gaunt black blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping.
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, " Look thither,"
Did he whisper ? " look forth from the flowers to the sea;
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blosSDins **wither,**
And men that love lightly may die—but we ? "
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened
**Love was dead.**

Or they loved their life through, and then went **whither ?**
And were one to the end; but what end who knows ?
Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them ?
What love was ever as deep as a grave ?
They are loveless now as the E^rass abnve them
Or the wave.

All are at one row, roses and lovers.
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Df the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
We shall sleep.

**Here** death may deal not again for ever; &
Here change may come not till all change end,
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead-

## *Itylus.*

Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow,
How can thy heart be full of the spring ?
A thousand summers are over and dead.
What hast thou found in the spring to follow ?
What hast thou found in thine heart to sing ?
What wilt thou do when the summer is shed ?

O swallow, sister, D fair swift swallow,
Why Wilt thou fly after spring to the south,
The soft south whither thine heart is set?

Shall not the grief of the old time follow ?
Shall not the song thereof cleave to thy mouth ?
Hast thou forgotten ere I forget ?

I-'[1]

Sister, my sister, O fleet sweet swallow,
Thy way is long to the sun and the south;
But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,
Shedding my snng upon height, upon hollow,
From tawny body and sweet small mouth
Feed the heart of the night with fire.

I, the nightingale, all spring through,
D swallow, sister, O changing swallow,
All spring through till the spring be done,
Clothed with the light of the night on the dew,
Sing, while the hours and the wild birds follow,
Take flight and follow and find the sun.

Sister, my sister, D soft light swallow,
Though all things feast in the spring's guest-chamber
How hast thou heart to be glad thereof yet ?
For where thou fliest I shall not follow,
Till life forget anil death remember,
Till thou remember and I forget.

Swallow, my sister, O singing swallow,
I know not how thou hast heart to sin7.
Hast thou the heart ? is it all past over ?
Thy lord the summer is good to follow,
And fair the feet of thy lover the spring:
But what wilt thou say to the spring thy lover ?

O swallow, sister, O fleeting swallow,
My heart in me is a molten ember
And over my head the waves have met.
But thou wouldst tarry or I would follow,
Could I forget or thou remember,
Couldst thou remember and I forget.

O sweet stray sister, O shifting swallow,
The heart's division divideth us.
Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree;
But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow
To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
The feast of Daulis, the Thracian sea.

O swallow, sister, O rapid swallow,
I pray thee sing not a little space.
Are not the roofs and the lintels wet ?
The woven web that was plain to follow,
The small slain body, the flowerlike face,
Can I remember if thou forget ?

O sister, sister, thy first-begotten !
The hands that cling and the feet that follow,
The voice of the child's blood crying yet
*Who hath remembered me ? who hath forgotten T*
Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,
But the world shall end when I forget.

*Line*

47. the slaying of Itylus—the son of Procne, slain by his mother and her sister Philomela, and served up as a banquet to his father Tereus. On his pursuit they were changed into a swallow and nightingale respectively. (See Ovid's Metamorphoses).

## ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

For some reason Swinburne is a poet rather cold-shouldered in volumes PI verse devised for Indian students, and yet no comprehensive knowledge of English pottry could possibly be final with such an omission. After Shelley he has the most supreme gift of singing in the whole range of English poetry.

The subject-matter of Swinburne is not easy for the Indian student, for his inspiration is largely a classical one and derives from the Golden Age of Greece, and the hierarchy of her tutelary gods and goddesses, and from the legends of her heroes.

Profcssur Qtaller-Couch in a graphic page has described for us how the young poet took the worlds of Oxford and Cambridge by storm; how they went hand in hand down the streets, chanting his gorgeous refrains, and extolling his rhymes, with every gesture of frenzied enjoyment, to the no little scandal and horror of the athletic and disciplinary bodies of those sacrosanct institutions. Swinburne carried the youth of thus,; days off their feet more than anything by his usage of a splendid rhetoric, so much condemned by to-day's literary hierophants, and original-gesture seekers.

Swinburne is a Romantic as genuine as Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It has been well said that he 'prolonged an impulse,[1] for he continued the generation of Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Landor. His one constant theme is the exaltation of freedom—with Italy substituted for Byron's Hellas. Swinburne looks back to Greece and its pantheism, and to the Middle Ages for its love of sensuous beauty, in which case he is with the Pre-Raphaehtes.

"His lyricism remains everywhere the very soul of his work .... His genius is not philosophical; least of all is it dramatic. His narrative, descriptive, elegiac poems acquire animation and rise to a higher level as soon as in their progress they can catch on to one of the favourite themes—the sea, the joy of effort, the glory of life and the universality of death, the prodession of the seasons, the power and tha fragility of love ... '-

The poems given here are two of his very finest expressions.

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**i Cazainian.**

## *When I Am Dead, My Dearest.*

When I am dead, my dearest,
bmg no sad songs lor me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-trees:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet:
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

CHRISTINA RDSSETTI.

Christina Rossetti has a remarkable lyric gift that in its purity and poignancy at its best reminds us of the seventeenth century devotionalists. Prof. Grierson has pointed out her nearness to Donne in such pieces as *Passing away, saith the world, passing away,* and, *By day she woos me, soft exceeding fair.* But he goes on to tell us that equally with Donne she ir still far away " from th- spirit of Herbert .... the longing of Vaughan to break through the dividing veil, the ecstasies of Crashaw. She had neither the passion and courage of Emily Bronte, nor the fine ardent spirit and eager sympathy of the more faulty artist Elizabeth Barrett Browning. It is the lyrical spontaneity and the delicate conscientious art of her cloistered poetry that has given it sucn life BB it has.[11]

## *Daisy.*

Where the Lhistle lifts a purple crown
Six foot out of the turf,
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill
D the breath of the distant surf !—

The hills look over on the South,
And southward dreams the sea;
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse and raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listen'd with big-lipp'd surprise,
Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine:
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,
Nor knew her own sweet way;
But there's never a bird so sweet a song
Throng'd in whose throat that day.

D, there were flowers in Storrington
Dn the turf and on the spray;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day !

Her beauty smooth'd earth's ftirrow'd face I
She gave me tokens three:—
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
**And a wild raspberry.**

A berry red, a guileless look,
A still word,—strings of sand !
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
Fly down to her little hand.

For, standing artless as the air,
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand,
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end:
Their scent survives their close;
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose !

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way:—
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
She went, and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone
And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul
Was sad that she was glad;
At all the sadness in the sweet,
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seem'd to see her, still
Look up with soft replies,
And take the berries with her hand,
And love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends.
That is not paid with moan:
For we are born in other's pain,
And perish in our own.

## FRANCIS THOMPSON.

A beautiful poem written for a child—possibly the child of Thompson's friend and benefactor, Wilfred Meynell, the Catholic publisher. It is interesting to compare this with Wordsworth's Lucy poems with which it has some affinities.

Notice the ballad ring in this poem, but converted to a highly personalised expression. We get such fine echoes as this:

D. there were flowers in Sturringtun
Dn the turf and an the spray;
Em the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that dayl

A beautifully poignant touch is heie:

A berry red, a guileless look,
A still word,—sbringj of sand I
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
Fly down to her little hand.

What a beautiful and singularly apt conceit have we not, In

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way:—
The sea's eye had a mist in it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

Thompscn handles his lyrical instiument with a consummate touch. The one poem which ranks him with the mystics is that

***most* blazing of all his inspirations—*The Hound of Heaven.***

**His life was one of the most pathetic of all poets. According to the legend, and not very far from fact either, Thompson was reduced to selling matches in the London streets. Privation and exposure to a difficult climate brought on a decline, the fatal termination of which was only for the time postponed by the intervention of the Meynell family.**

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## ROBERT BRIDGES. 1844-1930

### *I Will Not Let Thee Go.*

I will not let thee *go.*
Ends all our month-long love in this ?
Can it be summed up so,
Quit in a single kiss ?
I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
If thy words' breath could scare thy deeds,
As the soft south can blow
And toss the feathered seeds,
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
Had not the great sun seen, I might;
Or were he reckoned slow
To bring the false to light,
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go,
The stars that crowd the summer skies
Have watched us so below
With all their million eyes,
I dare not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
Have we not chid the changeful moon,
Now rising late, and now
Because she set too soon,
And shall I let thee go ?

I will not let thee go.
Have not the young flowers been content,
Plucked ere their buds could blow,
To seal our sacrament ?
I cannot let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
I hold thee by too many bands:
Thou sayest farewell, and lo !
I have thee by the hands,
And will not let thee go.

## / *Luve All Beauteous Things.*

*I* love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them.

1 t30 will something make
And joy in the making;
Altho' to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking. ID

## / *Have Loved Flowers That Fade.*

*I* have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made.
With sweet immemorial scents:
A honeymoon delight,— 5
A Joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour:—
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs, that die
Before their charm is writ ID
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it.
Notes, that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere:— 15
My song be like an air !

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom:
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb ! 20
Fly with delight, fly hence !
'Twas thine love's tender sense
To feast; now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

## ROBERT BRIDGES.

The late poet-laureate, Robert Bridges, is the writer of the most accomplished, finished, lyrical expression. He will probably be remembered by his short poems long after his more sustained ones are forgotten. His unerring mastery of the lyric form is beautifully displayed in / *Will Not Let Thee Go,* where he is found at his puiest and best.

In his exquisite recapture of the refrain for purely lyric use he takes us at once back to Wyatt and *Forget Not Yet:* from the century rendered auspicious under the House of Windsor to the green days of the House of Tudor. We here witness an interesting and significant continuity of tradition, one of the most precious inheritances of English poetry, something that sets it apart as unique and distinct in the history of world contribution to great poetry.

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## W. B. YEATS. (1855— )

### *Adam's Curse.*

We sat together at one summer's end,
That beautiful mild woman, your close friend,
And you and I, and talked of poetry.

I said: " A line Will take us hours maybe;
Yet if it does not seem a moment's thought,
Our stitching and unstitching has been naught.
Better go down upon your marrow bones
And scrub a kitchen pavement, or break stones
Like an old pauper, in all kinds of weather;
For to articulate sweet sounds together

Is to work harder than all these, and yet
Be thought an idler by the noisy set
Df bankers, schoolmasters, and clergymen
The martyrs call the world."

That woman then
Murmured with her young voice, for whose mild sake
There's many a one shall find out all heartache
In finding that it's young and mild and low :
" There is one thing that all we women know,
Although we never heard of it at school—
That we must labour to be beautiful."
I said : " It's certain there is no fine thing

Since Adam's fall but needs much labouring.
There have been lovers who thought love should be
So much compounded of high courtesy
That they would sigh and quote with learned looks
Precedents out of beautiful old books;
Yet now it seems an idle trade enough."
We sat grown quiet at the name of love;

We saw the last embers of daylight die,
And in the trembling blue-green of the sky
A moon, worn as if it had been a shell
Washed by time's waters as they rose and fell
About the stars and broke in days and years.

I had a thought for no one's but your ears ;
That you were beautiful, and that I strove
To love you in the old high way of love;
That it had all seemed happy, and yet we'd grown
As weary-hearted as that hollow moon.

## *W. B. Ynts.*

## *The Stolen Child.*

Where dips the rocky highland
Df Sleuth Wood in the lake,
There lies a leafy island
Where flapping herpns wake
The drowsy water rats;
There we've hid our faery vats
Full of berries,
And of reddest stolen cherries.
*Come* azcwv. *0 human child!*
*To the waters and the wild*
*With a faery, hand in hand,*
*For the world's more full of we'eping than you can understand.*

Where the wave of moonlight glosses
The dim grey sands with light,
Far off by furthest Rosses
We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances,
Mingling hands and mingling glances
Till the moon has taken flight:
To and fro we leap
And chase the frothy bubbles,
While the World is full of troubles
And is anxious in its sleep.
*Come away, 0 human child!*
*To the waters and the wild*
*With a iacrv, hand in hand,*
*For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.*

Where the wandering water gushes
From the hills above Glen-Car,

**In** pools among the rushes
That scarce could bathe a star,
We seek for slumbering trout,
And whispering in their ears
Give them unquiet dreams;
Leaning softly out
From ferns that drop their tears
Over the young streams.
*Come away, O human child!*
*To the waters and the mid*
*With a faery, hand in hand,*
*For the world's more full of weeping than yon can understand.*

Away with us he's going,
The solemn-eyed:
Hell hear no more the lowing
of the calves on the warm hillside;
Dr the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast,
Or see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal chest.
For he comes, the human child,
To the Waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
From a world more full of weeping than he can understand.

W. B. YEATS.

**W. B. Yeats is an Irish poet and is linked With India for iis by his keen appreciation of the Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore. Both have the distinction of winning the Nobel Prize for literature. Yeats' introduction to *Gitahjali* is one of the most understanding and enthusiastic appreciations the Bengali poet has received,**

Yeats derives his inspiration largely from the stores of myth and legend of old Ireland in that time when over the hills of morning and in the twilight time the folk and the rives spoke each other kindly and fair. That rnchanted time he has revived for us in verse of the most charming originality and haunting metre.

Yeats is as strong in the beauties of his personal verse as in the other; nowhere is the mark of *A* certain wistfulness so noticeable; nowhere is the note of clarity and of 'colloquial intimacy ' so insistent. To those who are still further curious one of thr most interesting studies of this poet has been made by Forrest Reid in *W. B. Yeats, A Critical Study.*'

Historically Yeats is the most remarkable of the later nineteenth century poets in his prosody. " His prosody is based upon what Mr. Bridges lias called 'the natural-speech stress,[1] rather than on that which is ordered by the 'numeration of syllables' and a strict regularity of accent. Only, indeed, in this way could he get that admirable variety into his metres which makes their music so wonderful."

The poem here is an excellent example of Yeats' use of the 'natural-speech stress.' Note particularly how the diction is such as no eighteenth century poet could have dreamed of entertaining brought up on the artificial styles of Pope and Gray.

"If you have the right ear," sav> Mr. Forrest Reid, "his verse is the easiest verse in the world to read, because the time coincides so exactly with the sense. Read It *for* the sense, indeed, and you cannot fail to read it rightly,Ithe accent naturally falling on those syllables that must be stressed to gi\e the tune its value. In other words, the rhythm is governed by 'tine speech-stresses/ never, or very rarely, imposing, for the sake nt metre, a false accent, which is not in the 'natural speech-intonation"

What Yeats really feels is that poetry ta carry the greatest conviction of sincerity must not be touched with even a hint cf the artificial taint of the old 'poetic-diction.'

[1] Martin Seeker.

## *They Arc Not Long.*

They are nnt long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate:
I think they have no portion in us alter
We pass the gate.

They are not Inng, the days of wine and roses:
Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for awhile, then closes
Within a dream.

## ERNEST DOWSON.

Dne of the most perfect expressions of a young poet of the period known as 'the nineties[1] of the last century. There is an Eastern affinity in Dowson hard to deny, and his themes arc attractive in the way that much of Persian poetry attracts, recurrent themes of love and des^e and "the days of wine and roses." Dowson's experience is one of unrequited love and the 'self-pity[1] that arose out of it "To Dowson, as to all those who have not been 'content to ask unlikely gifts in vain,[1] nature, life, destiny, whatever one- chooses to call it, that power which is strength to the strong, presented itself as a barrier against which all one's strength only served to dash one to mure hopeless ruin. He was not a dreamer; destiny passes by the dreamer, sparing him because he clamours for nothing. He was a child, clamouring for so many things, all impossible. With a body too weak for ordinary existence, he desired all Ihe enchantments of all the senses. With a soul too shy to tell its own secret, except in exquisite evasions, he desired the boundless confidence of love. He sang one tune, over and over, and no one listened to him."

Thus Mr. Arthur Symons in a masterly little essay introducing the poems of Ernest Dowson.

## *Carrowmore.*

It's a lonely road through bogland to the lake of Carrowmore,
And a sleeper there lies dreaming where the water laps the shore:
Though the moth-wings of the twilight in their purples are unfurled,
Yet his sleep is filled with music by the masters of the world.
There's a hand is white as silver that is fondling with his hair;
There are glimmering feet of sunshine that are dancing by him there:
And half-open lips of faery that were dyed a faery red
In their revels where the Hazel Tree its holy clusters **shed.**

" Come away," the red lips whisper, " all the world is weary now;
'Tis the twilight of the ages and it's time to quit the plough.
Oh! the very sunlight's weary ere it lightens up the dew,
And its gold is changed and faded before it falls to you.

" Though your colleen's heart be tender, a. tenderer heart is near.
What's the starlight in her glances when the stars are shining clear ?

Who would kiss the fading shadow when the bower-face glows above ?
Tis the beauty of all Beauty that is calling for your love."

Dh ! the great gates of the mountain have opened once again,
And the sound of song and dancing falls upon the ears of men,
And the Land of Youth lies gleaming, flushed with rainbow light and mirth,
And the old enchantment lingers in the honey-heart of earth.

## GEORGE RUSSELL (A.E.).

A poem by a very distinguished countryman of Mr. Yeats and one who has won for himself a considerable reputation as a mystic- In India we have heard his praises sung by Dr. Cousins. He ia better known to literature under the pseudonym of A.E. Born in 1867, he became one of the noblest figure? of the Irish intellectual movement. A recent critic says that "his great gift is to create l lovely iridescent haze of words through which some truth shines, like a sun that is more glorious for the clouds its light irradiates."

The idea of beauty, beauty conceived not in the one dimension of the multitude, but the beauty that is synonymous with beauty of soul as well as form, the very truth of the -beauty that is still know and recognise it, this is the truth that lies at the heart's core in the world for those who have the patience and the humility to

"Tis the beauty of all Beauty that is calling for your **love."**

## **JOHN** MASEFIELD.

### *You Are Too Beautiful.*

You are too beautiful for mortal eyes,
You the divine unapprehended soul ;
The red worm in the marrow of the wise
Stirs as you pass, but never sees you whole.
Kven as the watcher in the midnight tower
Knows from a change in heaven an unseen star,
So from your beauty, so from the summer flower,
So from the light, one guesses what you are.
So in the darkness does the traveller come
To some lit chink, through which he cannot see,
More than a light, nor hear, more than a hum,
Of the great hall where kings in council be.
So, in the grave, the red and mouthless worm
Knows of the soul that held his body firm.

### *Beauty.*

I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain:
I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.

I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of the sea,
And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships;
But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to me,
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dark red curve of her lips.

## JOHN MASEFIELD.

A poet with the most considerably endowed gift for narrative iii modern poetry. In *Reynnrd the Fox* we have forged once again for us a definite link with the genius of Chaucer. No such prolific effort and output has been made in modern times with the narrative poem, not since William Morris and *The Earthly Paradise.*

In the sonnet here we find him forging a veritable link with Shakespeare himself, and it invites a most interesting comparison. Study carefu.ly the use of the epithets as handled by each poet and discover to whom does the advantage go and why ?

Heie again we find the preoccupation with beauty, and the ocauty at the heart of the sonnet is nearly akin, if it is not identical with that of A.E In the beauty of the poem that bears this title the secret is no secret, it is found in the intimate conclusion, where the beauty of the mystics is succeeded by personal confession:

> the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to me,
> Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dark red curve of her lins."

---

## THOMAS HARDY. 184<M9Z9

### *To The Moon.*

" What have you looked at, Moon,
In your time,
Now long past your prime ? "
" O, I have looked at, often looked at
Sweet, sublime,
Sure things, shudderful, night and **noon**
In my time."

" What have you mused on, Moon,
In your day,
So aloof, so far away ? " ID
[11] O, I have mused on, often mused on
Growth, decay,
Nations alive, dead, mad, aswoon,
In my day ! "

" Have you much wondered, Moon, 15
On your rounds,
Self-wrapt, beyond Earth's bounds ? "
"Yea, I have wondered, often wondered
At the sounds
Reaching me of the human tune 20
On my rounds."

" What do you think of it, Moon,
As you go ?
Is Life much, or no ?"
" D, I think of it, often I think of it 25
As a show
God ought surely to shut up soon,
As I go."

## THOMAS HARDY.

To almost all Thomas Hardy is known as one of the great Victorian novelists, the author of *Tess* and *Jude the Obscure.* Hardy even yet is comparatively unknown as a poet.

Prof. Grierscn has indicted Hardy with 'somewhat laboured and wheezy rhythms/ but this was because he was always experimenting in a great variety of metres and stanza forms. And yet, he says, "lyric after lyric justifies itself and lingers in the memory in virtue of the clear statement of the poet's feeling, and the depth, the beauty and the absolute sincerity of that feeling.[11]

If we look a moment at the poem presented here we shall at once recognise a new rhythm which at first by its very unfamiliarity we are inclined to judge as harsh and rugged. But once read over several times with careful searching after its lyric appeal we shall find it grow completely satisfying and right.

"There is a suppressed romanticism—with all his realism—" says Prof. Grierson, " in Hardy's poetry of life and nature. His heart and imaginations are on the side of the dreamers from Blake to Wordsworth, and Shelley and Keats, to Swinburne and Meredith, his sensitiveness to experience and to the thought of his day make him a poet, but a wistful poet of disillusionment.[11]

We find no little illustration of this in the accompanying poem, especially in the Moon's answer to the question as to what he thinks of Earth and earthly play:—

" O, I think of it, often I think of it
As a show
God DU^ht surely to shut up soon,
As I go."

---

## RUPERT BROOKE. 1887-1915

### *Heaven.*

Fish (fly-replete in depth of June,
Dawdling away their wat'ry noon)
Ponder deep wisdom, dark or clear,
Each secret fishy hope or fear.
Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond;
But is there anything Beyond ?
This life cannot be All, they swear,
For how unpleasant, if it were !
One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
Shall come of Water and Mud;

And, sure, the reverent eye must see
A purpose in Liquidity.
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,
The future is not Wholly Dry.
Mud unto mud !—Death eddies near—
Not here the appointed End, not here I
But somewhere, beyond Space and Time,
Is wetter water, slimier slime !
And there [they trust) there swimmeth One
Who swam ere rivers were begun,
Immense, of fishy form and mind,
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind;
And under that Almighty Fin,
The little fish may enter in.
Oh ! never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,
But more than mundane weeds are there,
And mud, celestially fair;
Fat caterpillars drift around,
And Paradisal grubs are found;
Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies.
And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish.

## *The Great Lover.*

*I* have been so great a lover: filled my days
SD proudly with the splendour of Love's praise,
The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,
Desire illimitable, and still content,
And all dear names men use, to cheat despair
For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear
Our hearts at random down the dark of life.

Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife
Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,
My night shall be remembered for a star
That outshone all the suns of all men's days.
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me
High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see
The inenarrable godhead of delight ?
Love is a flame:—we have beaconed the world's night.
A city:—and we have built it, these and I.
An emperor:—we have taught the world to die.
So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,
And the high cause of Love's magnificence,
And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names
Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,
And set them as a banner, that men may know,
To dare the generations, burn, and blow
Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming....
These I have loved:
White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours.
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is

***Line***

**15. inenarrable—impossible to tell or narrate.**

Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
The good smell of old clothes; and other such—
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns . . . .
Dear names,
And thousand other throng to me! Royal flames;
Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring;
Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing;
Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,
Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting train;
Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam
That browns and dwindles as the Wave goes home;
And washeii stones, gay for an hour; the cold
Graveness of iron; moist black earthen mould;
Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;
And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;
And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass;—
All these have been my loves. And these shall pass,
Whatever passes not, in the great hour,
Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power
To hold them with me through the gate of Death.
They'll play deserter, turn with traitor breath,
Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's trust
And sacramented covenant to the dust.
—Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall wake,
And give what's left of love again, and make
New friends, now strangers . . . .
But the best I've known,
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is blown
About the winds of the world, and fades from brains
Of living men, and dies.
Nothing **remains.**

*O* dear my loves, O faithless, once again
This one last gift I give: that after men
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,
Praise you, "All these were lovely;" say, "He loved."

## RUPERT BROOKE.

Rupert Brooke died in 1915 at the age of twenty-eight. A'. Cambridge he had 'been idolised, and any less sane and balanced a young man would have been irretrievably ruined. Never was so well expressed the alert, alive, keen intellectualism of healthy English youth as in the poetry of this young man. Curiosity and intense observant delight in the world is the chief characteristic of Brooke, a world embracing not only that of natural phenomena but the mental processes of human beings. In *'Heaven'* we get an amusing—for it is full of sly fun—transference of this interest to the world of Fish.

' *The Great Lover'* has 'been an inspiration to countless young men since it was written. Brooke, came to typify for his contemporaries, and us, who come after,—youth.

"His first book of verse had been published in 1911, he was a man of obvious ability, and he was only twenty-five years old; if there was anyone who could be taken as representative of the young intellectual life of the years just before the War it was surely he .... TP his friends, especially, I think, to those of them who, like myself, were a little his junior, Rupert. Brooke's poems seemed the very voice of their age. He seemed to express thoughts which we should have liked to utter, but could not for lack of skill. . . . . In much of his work, even of the last, there is an undergraduate touch—but what a delightful, youthful flavour this gives it:

And in that garden black and white,
Crerp whispers through the grass all night;
And spectral dance, before the dawn,
A hundred Vicars down the lawn;

Curates, long dust, will come and go
On lissom, clerical printless, toe;
And oft between the boughs is seen
The sly shade of a Rural Dean . . . .[1]

There we have a tribute from n, personal friend of Brooke's, and perhaps to gain all its significance we should not further delay a visit to Cambridge, and make pilgrimage to *The Old Vicarage, Gi ant cheater.*

## WALTER DE LA MARE. 1873-

### *The Listeners.*

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
" Is there anybody there ? " he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners

[1] Iolo Williams. *Poetry To-day.* (Herbert Jenkins).

That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the fa'nt moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred ami shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone

## WALTER DE LA MARE.

Dne of the most romantic poets we have to-day, and justly deserves the reputation of being 'pre-eminently the poet of magic'

The delicacy and btauly, the purely lyrical impulse of his verse carries us back to Herrick, with whom he shares the mantle of the faery court of Obercm. His magic he shares with Coleridge.

One of his admirers has said of him that 'he is so potent a

master of atmosphere, of enchantment, that when he chooses he can invest the simplest statement with unimaginable significance, moving to wonder, to terror, to a tremulous despairing recognition of life's loveliness and of the doom that overshadows it."

There arc two things to remnric in this poem, the strongly marked and very original rhythm, and the astonishing unity of effect gained by the lonely traveller and the empty house, all dependent on the steady accumulation by the pnet of his atmosphere __particularly of the eerie and the weird. It is one of those poems in which the au'hor fascinates us into anticipating and completing his situation:

"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.

Do not these few words contain the very essence of unwritten tragedy, and thrilling story ?

It is related that during his last sickness this poem Thomas Hardy preferred to have read to him before all others,

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## ANONYMOUS.

### *Tom of Oxford.*

*"But the devil a man*
*Will leave his can,*
*Till they hear the mighty toll."*

*The Merrie Christ Church Bells, From The Loyal Garland, or Pocsic for Kings,* 1624-

Toll Tom, toll !
Remorseless, ruthless, changeless,
Brazen articulation:
God's Recorder—

Seeing and hearing all.
To us-
Inscrutable, emotionless !
Is there no tenderness in you:
No sweet-toned motherhood
As Magdalen whispers
To her poplar madonnas ?
There is no change in you:
No message of relenting—
Not even to the hallowed places
Where the stars incline over Shotover hill.
You are inhuman !
Listen !
The sun gilded the streets of your city,
Raised the celandine-heads
Far over your pastures;
The air was scented,
Sweet joy of Spring
Was quick in intimate bosoms:
The air was quick with intimate song.
All was beauty !
Now go back in your mind.—
Yes, toll giant of Osney, toll !
You will not hear me—
No softening to my plaint ?

Don't you remember
Just such another day ?
The May was blooming:

*Line*

10. Magdalen—Magdalen College.
11. poplar madonnas—the row of Lumbardy poplars that nestle in the shadow of the bridge over the river Cherwell, hard by the college, and forming the most lovely vista.

Emma Trelauney—
A young girl,
The gipsy spilth in her hair
Entered your gates:
Fresh wind-flowers were in her hand—
It was her marriage day.
A smile was upon her face;
Beauty dwelt therein,
Such dreams were in her eyes,
Such beauteous ecstasy—
Two on the road to Emmaeus
When a wondrous presence arose in the path
Had such beauty.
Emma grown woman,
Long after, gave me the picture
To the tune of her wringer—
The squelch of her dolly-tub:
Gave it me gladly
While I watched the play of her arms.
Rich as Bellini's Madonnas.
Then—
A long interval
I return from a long wandering:
I come back to my city—
Toll giant, toll, you shall soften yet !
The city of spires
Again gilds her walls:

*Line*

43. The two disciples who saw the vision of Christ risen again.

49. dolly-tub—a tub in which clothes arc washed and stirred with a dully, or stick.

The yellow of celandines
Is again in the meadows—
All is gay:
Yet with secret, intimate communals.
Then-
There in the sun—
See !
Decrepit, shuffling,
A figure:
Ag-e—
Age, black in the sun,
Age grown hideous,
Lightning-struck,
Life-twisted, racked,
Cowers as if fearing a blow.
It blinks there in the sun:
I give it my hand—
Pitifully I beseech recognition.
What an awakening !
Down what an infinite maze of corridors
Has one atom of memory
To thread haltingly.
Still the eyes of Age
Take none of my warmth.
At last,
A voice croaks:
" Why master, master, sn it's you! "
Then into the eyes, creeps,
Just a little—
Of Youth.

*Line*

60. celandines—butter-cups: the small yellow flower that studs and gilds the pastures of the English meadow-lands.

But a beard of white straggling hairs
Sucks at the chin:
The neck is gnarled—
There is filth:
Rags ill-conceal the body's twisting.
Toll Tom, toll |
I must go—
I would run if I dared.
A blackbird is singing:
" Listen Emma, there is Spring—
You will warm again !
No, no, you've a long time yet;
Don't, don't be foolish !"

I am gone—
At the corner I turn to look back:
Age clings by an age-crumbling wall,
Black in the sun.
Time, Time the reaper is abroad—
His sickle is abroad to mock.
See, the Maypole is hung with crepe,
Toll inhuman bell,
Toll !

## ANONYMOUS

Tom is the famous Oxford bell, once included in a cluster of three great bells hung in the belfry of the Abbey of Osney, in the environs of the city of Oxford. Tom was saved from thr- fate that Overlook his brothers at the dissolution of the monasteries and was removed to Wolsey's new college of Christ Church. There to-day in a splendid belfry above the gateway, Tom is hung. Nightly he tings a curfew at five minutes to nine of a hundred and one strokes. In the old days all careful students were supposed ID 'be safe within the walls of their colleges before be fad finished

tolling his hundred and one. Only on one or two occasions has Tom been prevented from exercising his nightly offices. Oxford would not seem the same to her votaries were they to miss the old familiar brazen tongue of Tom in a summer's night.

In the iioem we must imagine ? young student to whom on a particular evening Tom carries a different significance. He brings to him a memory of how a thing has happened on this very day of his life leaving an impression that can never be obliterated—the apparition of an old family servant, no longer in the hue of health, and happy in the spring sunshine, but half paralysed, decrepit, breaking up.

The treatment is reflective, and except for its modern *vers-libre* form might serve as congenial theme for a Wordsworth. The secret of its interest lies perhaps in the carefully handled contrasts—the beauty of the brooding city *on* a day in spring, when hopes and dreams cannot but be fair in the heart of academic youth. In such a time what more natural than a vision of childhood's joy? On such a self-same day Emma Trelauney, "the gipsy spilth in her hair," entered the city, more graceful than the goddess Flora herself in the meads of May. And now, after the toll of the years, the arch enemy, lissom Time, has come to remind him of human frailty:

> There in the sun-
> See!
> Decrepit, shuffling !
> A figure !
> Age,
> Age, black in the sun.

**The rest the poem tells, and the overwhelming pity of it.**

# ODES.

*Music, when soft voices die,*
*Vibrates in the memory—*

*Shelley.*

# THE ODE.

The late Sir Edmund Gosse in the Introduction to his *English Odes* tells us that for him the ode is " Any strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical verse, directed to a fixed purpose, and dealing progressively with one dignified theme." This is a serviceable definition quite worthy of keeping in mind. Let us however for a moment lake a peep into the original models for the ode. We find then, as we have so often found before, that we cannot omit mention of Greece and our debt to her.

The Ode is a form of lyric poetry made originally famous by the Greek poet Pindar to celebrate the Olympic and other games and was addressed to the victorious athletes. Now this classical model of the ode consisted of irregular stanzas which were divided into groups of three, known as the *strophe,* chanted by one half of the singers, the *anti-strophe* by the other half, and the *epode* by the whole.

Two types of Ode—perhaps too conveniently recognised as regular and irregular—arc the most familiar to us in English poetry. The strict Pindaric ode is intricate and apparently irregular because of the varying length of its stanza. "All these stanzaic forms are commonly of the more elaborate sort, containing from seven or eight to twenty or thirty verses, with great variety in metrical length and arrangement of rime .... This form therefore preserves and enlarges the opportunity for adapting the metrical form flexibly to the elbb and flow of emotional utterance, but loses the restraint which imposes a kind of logical order upon the movement of the poem. The result is limitless opportunity in the hands of a skilful craftsman, but dangerous license in the hands of one whose sense of form is in need of guidance. Cowley, (in English poetry) the founder of the irregular ode, amusingly described its character in one of his own experiments in the form:

> "Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse, ....
> Now prances stately, and anon flies o'er the place;
> Disdains the servile law of any settled pace;
> Conscious and proud of his own natural force,
> 'Twill no unskilful touch endure,
> But flings writer and reader too that sits not sure."

Notwithstanding this dangerous freedom, some of the moat splendid lyrics uf modern English poetry have assumed the form ₃f the irregular ode. Their success appears to be due to a definite progression of thought which maintains the unity and consccutivcness of the poem, while the shifting strophic structure and metrical variety permit the form to represent the tension and relaxation of the poet's emotion,"[1]

The strictest imitation of the Pindaric model is afforded us by the poet Gray in *The Batd,* while examples of irregular ode are best found in Dryden's *Alexander's Feast,* Shelley's *Ode to Naples,* Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality,* Tennyson's *Ode on the Death of Wellington.* We thus perceive that in modern times the departure from the strict classical form is most favoured.

Finally we must be sure that the ode adheres to that 'singing quality' demanded by the lyric form but with an added dignity. The theme should be of an high and exalted kind such as best subscribes to that ' high seriousness ' Matthew Arnold required of the greatest poetry.

There is one other model for the ode which we have gained from the Latin poet Horace, and one of the most notable imitations in this form is the *Horatmn Ode upon Cromwell's Return Fiom Ireland.*

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SPENSER. 1552?-1S99

## *Prothalamion.*

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair;

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[1] *'An Introduction to Poetry.* Alden [Bell and Sous).

When I (whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In princes' court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away,
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain)
Walked forth to ease my pain
Along the shore of silver streaming Thames;
Whose rutty bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meads adorned with dainty gems
Fit to deck maidens[1] bowers,
And crown their paramours
Against the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

There, in a meadow, by the river's side,
A flock of Nymphs I chanced to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untied,
As each had been a bride;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrailed curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket
And with fine fingers cropt full featously
The tender stalks on hie.
Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
They gathered some; the violet, pallid blue,
The little daisy, that at evening closes,
The virgin lily, and the primrose true,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegroom's posies
Against the bridal day, which was not long:
Swfeet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the Lee;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
For love of Lecla, whiter did appear;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seemed foul to them, and bade his billows spare
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,
And mar their beauties bright,
That shone as heaven's light,
Against their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoons the Nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating nn the crystal flood;
Whom when they saw, they stood amazed still,
Their wondering eyes to fill;
Them seemed they never saw a sight so fair,
Of fowls so lovely, that they sure did deem
Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair
Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team;
For sure they did not seem
To be begot of any earthly seed,
But rather Angels, or of Angels' breed;
Yet were they bred of summer's heat, they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weed

The earth did fresh array;
So fresh they seemed as day,
Even as their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my Song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew—
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus' waters they did seem,
When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore,
Scattered with flowers, through Thessaly they stream,
That they appear, through lilies' plenteous store,
Like a bride's chamber floor.
Two of those Nymphs, meanwhile two garlands bound
Of freshest flowers which in that mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crowned,
Whilst one did sing this lay,
Prepared against that day,
Against their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

'Ye gentle birds! the world's fair ornament,
And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower.
Joy may you have, and gentle hearts' content
Of your love's couplement;
And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,
With her heart-quelling son upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath virtue to remove
All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile
For ever to assoil.
Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,

And blessed plenty wait upon your board;
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
That fruitful issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joys redound
Upon your bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said their bridal day should not be long:
And gentle Echo from the neighbour-ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous birds did pass along,
Adown the Lee, that to them murmured low,
As he would speak, but that he lacked a tongue,
Yet did by signs his glad affections show,
Making his stream run slow.
And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
'Gan flock about those twain, that did excel
The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser stars. So they enranged well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London. my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source;
Though from another place I take my name,
A house of ancient fame:
There when they came, vihereas those bricky towers
The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,'

Till they decayed through pride:
Next whercunto there stands a stately place, [1]
iWhere oft I gainetl gifts and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein \vont tn dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case;
But Ah! here fits not well
Old woes, but joys, to tell
Against the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,
And Hercules' two pillars standing near
Did make to quake and fear:
Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry!
That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
And endless happiness of thine own name,
That promiseth the same;
That through thy prowess, and victorious arms,
Thy country may be freed from foreign harms;
And great Elisa's glorious name may ring
Through all the world, filled with thy wide alarms,
Which some brave muse may sing
To ages following,
Upon the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

[1] **The** house **of Lord Essex.**

From those high towers this noble lord issuing, '
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hair
In the ocean billows he hath bathed fair,
Descended to the river's open viewing,
With a great train ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to be seen
Two gentle knights of lovely face anil feature,
Beseeming well the bower of any queen,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Jove they seemed in sight,
Which deck the baldrick of the heavens bright;
They two, forth pacing to the river's side,
Received those two fair brides, their love's delight;
Which, at th[j] appointed tide,
Each one did make his bride
Against their bridal day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

## SPENSER.

Here we have a type of Ode between the regular and irregular based on a single type (cf. Wr-rdsworth's Immortality Ode) of elaborate strophe with elaborate rime scheme- We may see a similar rime scheme in Collin's Ode on *The Superstitions in the Highlands.* Its vocabulary of course quickly dates it—' eftsoons' we are not much likely to find outside a Scott novel, and we find it redolent with the familiar properties so dear to Renaissance Europe—'Sweet-breathing Zephyrus,'—'hot Titan's beams,'—Jove, and Leda, Thessaly and Perseus' stream, and the rest. It is all a classical dressing because it was the fashionable pretence of the

[1] Issuing to receive the bridal procession.

time. But really it is all no more Thessaly that it was Athens in *A Midsummer Night's Dtcatn,* it is London and the Thames —' Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.' And what itir deed is behind it all? We are given an indication quite quickly:

" . . . . I (whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In princes' court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away,
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain)
Walked forth to ease my pain."

That pain was the difficulty of making his position secure at court. Spenser never succeeded, and perhaps the gods were kinder, for had not Burghley spirited him to Ireland we might never have had the *Faery Queen.*

Spenser goes for a walk along the shore of 'silver streaming Thames,' The result is a quite astonishing poem, astonishing in its verbal melody and power of painting for us all the luscious hues of an English spring-tide:

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,

The walk has more than refreshed the poet — it has put him again in countenance with the world. Suddenly the beauty of the day reminds him that the bridal day of the two children of his friend the Earl of Worcester is at last approaching, and he determines to weave a delicate fancy for theirs and his own delight. The bridal twain the poet's fancy transforms into the two swans, for the moment the central figuies of our picture:

Forsuretheydidnotseem seem
To be begot of any earthly seed,
But rather Angels, or of Angels' breed.

This whole poem we might call a subtly sustained compliment.

Persian poetry can show us a surfeit of panegyric, and Elizabethan was by no means deficient in it. But here we have a masterpiece of verbal felicity and picture-making, while *Great Elisa's* glorious name still rings through all the English world for ages following, in the muse of Edmund Spenser.

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## WILLIAM COLLINS. 1721 -1759

### *Ode to Evening.*

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

D nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-haired Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

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

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos[1]d,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple hell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:—

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

*The Ode to Evening* is one of Collins' most perfect poems, of which he lived to give us all too few. It is here in this young man's genius that we behold the first delicate unfolding of the romantic dawn, displaying itself in his case mostly in a fine meditative sentiment and melancholy, a fondness for old ruins and pleasing landscapes.

With Collins we find that a love of the past offers far more attractions than attention to the present. We have noticed the first signs of this in any strength in both Collins and Gray, and with Gray begins our first curious and attentive glance at the Icelandic saga literature, so remarkably recovered in the work of William Morris.

But the most romantic trait of all in Collins is "the faculty of feeling and of transmitting the subtle sensation of mystery; a faculty for suggestion and symbol . . . ."[1]

Here he is absolutely at variance with the main eighteenth century stream which identified itself with stern corrcctitude to habits of direct expression tolerating little that might withstand the light of day or the light of reason. India has always best understood the poetry of Pope because students need seldom be

[1]Cazamian.

bothered with such vexing questions as 'power of word association or ' art of suggestion/ questions which had certainly never bothered the times of Mahmud of Ghazni.

"In the *Ode to Evening* we see at work the methods of the impressionists, a treatment here rendered most delicately exquisite: a pensive colouring, rich in subdued restrained vibrations, spread out over the landscape as over the meditative mind that contemplates it, fuses in so harmonius a manner the charm of twilight, the paling lights, the oncoming silence and gloom, all that the hour holds of happy and foreboding intent, into one suggestion of a mysterious eloquence."[1]

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## KEATS. 1795-1821

### *Ode to a Nightingale.*

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk.
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
  But being too happy in thy happiness,
    That thoti, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
      In some melodious plot
  Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
    Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

1 Cazamian,

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South!
Full of the true, tho blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee; tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewiith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wuuldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep ?

## KEATS

What in the preceding Ode was the first faint distant warning note of the horns of Elfland now rings in our ears with beautiful and marvellous clearness.

With Keats we have at last reached the highest and most mature expression of the romantic ideal. Consider now from what a simple thing has a great marvel risen, perpetuate and for all time I What has happened ? Nothing, except that John Keats at Hampstead hard the nightingale. And what do we know about the nightingale? "The muscles of his throat are more robust than those of any other singing-bird! and his impassioned warblings abound in surprising transitions and the most delicate harmonies." Keats in his garden hears this 'robust singing-bird,' he listens; and the miracle begins.

The mood of the poem is the poet's secret melancholy contrasted with the free "full-throated" case and joyousness of the immortal songster.

In the second stanza we find words dependent entirely for their magic on the associations they conjure up, and its whole inspiration is supplied perhaps more than anything by that one word in the preceding stanza—' summer.'

Where there is summer there is sunlight, and what place more famous for its sunlight than southern France, and above all

romantic Provence and its May games, where around the May-pole the young men kissed by the South to the hue of gold, sing a nightingale song to the time of their dancing:

> Praise the first of May
> D God of Love,
> For the nightingale to-day
> With Spring has come.

The atmosphere of this stanza is drenched with classical allusion. Is not Flora, the Roman goddess of flowers and spring? Is not Hippocrene that fountain in Mt. Helicon, sacred to the Muses ?

In the third stanza we are Lack again in the mood of melancholy—" the weariness, the fever, and the fret.[11]

The next few stanzas show us the mood gathering itself for that final leap to the most marvellous verse perhaps in all lyric poetry, beginning—"Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird."

Finally, what an incredible Tightness seems to link the Asian with the European night, the fields of Boaz to the heights of Hampstead in the lone singer's all-pervading melody? The story of Ruth is one of the most beautiful of the Did Testament tales, the beauty of filial piety, the story of one who left home and friends to accompany an old woman to a strange land to dedicate her young life to the task of softening the years of desolate old age.

## *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.*

### 1

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light:
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it has been of yore;—
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

### II

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

### III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song.
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday!
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy!

IV

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal;
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While the earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are pulling,
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:

The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy.
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,—
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can

To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

## VII

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of p. pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogue of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part,
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

## VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;

Thou, best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage; thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind.—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;—
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

## IX

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benedictions: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast;
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings

Df sense and outward things.
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Df the eternal silence; truths that wake,-
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a seąson of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Dur souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And ser the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

## X

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day

**Feel the gladness of the May!**
**What though the radiance which was once so bright**
**Be now for ever taken from my sight,**
**Though nothing can bring back the hour**
**Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;**
**We will grieve not, rather find**
Strength in what remains behind;
**In the primal sympathy**
**Which having been, must ever be;**
**In the soothing thoughts that spring**
**Out of human suffering;**
**In the faith that looks through death,**
**In years that bring the philosophic mind.**

## XI

**And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,**
**Forebode not any severing of our loves!**
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight,
**To live beneath your more habitual sway.**
**I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,**
**Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;**
**The innocent brightness of a new-born day**
**Is lovely yet;**
**The clouds that gather round the setting sun**
**Do take a sober colouring from an eye**
**That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality!**
**Another race hath been, and other palms are won**
**Thanks to the human heart by which we live,**
**Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,**
**To me the meanest flower that blows can give**
**Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.**

# WORDSWORTH.

The Ode on Intimations of Immortality is a poem known to many intimately and at least by name to nearly all. It has in fact been made so often a class-room subject that possibly many of us have grown a little tired of it. Too often it has doubtless confronted many as a succession of rather trite and tedious platitudes We shall now try to examine it from the point of view of looking at it as one of the most sustained and emotionalised pieces of profundity in any language. For here within this poem lies too the kernel of most of Wordsworth's teaching, therefore of his view of life and his philosophy.

Considered first as thought what is it that we find ? In effect he tells us that it is in our period of childhood that we are empowered to live the great age of all our lives, and chiefly because at such a time we are endowed with the capacity for the greatest wonder and the keenest sight. Never can we be thrilled in after-life so much as by those impressions received in early childhood, for it is then that meadow, grove and stream are apparelled in celestial light, in the glory and freshness of a dream. When we are older and have taken on the sophistication of the world's contact, turn wherever we may, by night or day—the things which we .have seen we now can see no more.

This is the significance of Wordsworth's great opening, giving us at onse the very key-note of his Ode, the fundamental idea, that has so struck the poet that its significance has blazed upon him and worked on him till he is in a state of the highest emotional ecstasy.

And in that ecstasy music comes as well as words to deck and trick his song with a spontaneity at times as divinely puerile as a song of Blake. And then:

> ———-all the earth is gay;
> Land and sea
> Give themselves up to jollity.

And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday!
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy.

Here is the purity, the innocence of na'ure about him that he has found and recognised, untouched by the awful pettiness, the cruel shallowness born of the world's great cities; all about him are the living symbols of purity and sincerity:

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; . . .

The fulness *of* your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.

And so through this amazing poem we are led, with all its shining and shifting landscapes, its changing images, and charged through all with intense and exquisite significance that we can seem only fittingly to breathe, before the very throne of God himself:

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

Who remembering those lines does not shrink to think of the dross we take on as we plough our furrows through the unevenne'ss of the uprising years ? How much we lose ! And what hells can gape to snatch away the beauties and the truth for which our youth has stood ?

And then again what a tremendous apostrophe to childhood leaps at us in verse viii:

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;

And in ix, again that childhood's time:

Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain lisht of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Dur noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence; truths that wake
To perish never;

What a phrase with which to stand upon the pinnacle of poetry ?

————have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Df the eternal silencE'.

How does poetry of this quality of lyric ecstasy get composed we may well ask ourselves. And we may answer—only by retirement from the noisy rim of the world to the inner solitudes of the eternal silences—the mountains and the hills, or as Thomas a Kempis had earlier found—within the solitude of our inner chamber. Shun solitude, and we shall *never* know ourselves.

" His Tintern Abbey, his Dde on Intimations of Immortality, voice inner moods of so ardent and rare a quality that they isolate the poet from his average fellow-men, and give him a language, that is in itself, and not only in isolated terms, superior to that of normal experience."

So has said a French critic and saying has gone straight to the heart of the matter once and for all.

Of Wordsworth and his 'Nature' on which so many critics have already enlarged he says this:

"To him Nature appears as a formative influence superior to any other, the educator of senses and mind alike, the sower in our hearts of the deep-laid seeds of our feelings and beliefs. It speaks to the child in the fleeting emotions of its early years, and

stirs the young poet to an ecstasy, the glow of which illuminates all his work and the rest of his life."

The rare singing quality of this Ode is not the least remarkable thing about it, achieving at times that "divinely puerile spontaneousncss" akin to Blake that we have noticed before.

For the technique of verse, above all, he broke the domination of an outworn classical tradition—the highly artificial and dapper diction of the eighteenth century, when language by the deadening effect of custom has lost all power of suggestion.

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HOOD. 1799-1845

## *To Autumn.*

### I

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;—
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

### II

Where are the songs of Summer ?—With the sun,
Oping the dusky eyelids of the south,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.

Where are the merry birds ?—Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
  **Lest** owls should prey
  Undazzled at noon-day.
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

**III**

Where are the blooms of Summer ?—In the west,
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest
Like tearful Proserpine, snatch'd from her flow'rs
  To a most gloomy breast.
Where is the pride of Summer,—the green prime,—
The many, many leaves all twinkling ?—Three
  On the moss'd elm; three on the naked lime
Trembling,—and one upon the old oak tree!
  Where is the Dryads' immortality ?—
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
Dr wearing the long gloomy Winter through
  In the smooth holly's green eternity.

IV

The squirrel gloats on his accomplished hoard,
The ants have brimm'd their garners with ripe grain,
  And honey bees have stor'd
The sweets of Summer in their luscious crlls;
The swallows all have wing'd across the main;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
  And sighs her tearful spells
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
  Alone, alone,
  Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone

With the last leaves for a love-rosary,
Whilst all the wither'd world looks drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drowned past
In the hush'd mind's mysterious far away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance, grey upon the grey.

## V

D go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded
Under the languid downfall of her hair:
She wears a coronal of flowers faded
Upon her forehead, and a face of care;—
There is enough of withered everywhere
To make her bower,—and enough of gloom;
There is enough of sadness to invite
If only for the rose that died,—whose doom
Is Beauty's,—she that with the living bloom
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light;—
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear,—
Enough of chilly droppings for her bowl;
Enough of fear and shadowy despair,
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul!

HOOD.

Hood's *Ode To Aulumn is* far less widely known than Keats', but it is certainly superior. It wastes no time but opens with the full organ of its memorable first lines:

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence; listening
To silence——

It is difficult in the East to visualise the changes of season that are so much the charm of Europe. Autumn is a season of sadness and a symbol of mourning, since Spring, and Summer, with their glories, and their exquisite bird symphonies, with their rich and blooming landscapes, diapared with rich greens and golden yellows, have passed away. The trees are the chief mourners in this period when joy is absent, and looking at them, and remembering their luscious shadowy greens and seeing now their motley reds and browns we can no longer feel astonished at the legend of Proserpine. The very beautiful chestnut tree early changes his raiment for russet hues and his leaves are nearly the first to strew the forest floors. The air is filled with the dampness of the autumn rains and the grey skies seem no height above our heads. Winter's chill is not yet but the perfume of decaying vegetation is overwhelming all about us, pungent, but very pleasant. It is not the season of winds but of silences intense, as if the whole of nature waits in suspense upon the wand of winter; nothing disturbs us but the drip from the trees, monotonous and inexorable. It is the prelude of death. But upon all is a beauty truly memorable, the beauty of decay and to some of our poets, this season is dearest of all.

A strangely beautiful and wistful face is this Autumn that Hood has personified for us with that sureness of touch and concentrated vision worthy of an old master, for the first stanza is as if it were a painting fresh from the workshop of a Renaissance craftsman: it links with Keats and with Spenser.

The music of the poem is worth listening to carefully because the note of the lament is so charmingly sustained, and the choice of epithets is equally interesting to notice. But the poem is aa rich in its cadences as in its colour and emotional values, rich too in personification as this:

> But here the Autumn melancholy dwells
> And sighs her tearful spells

Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone.

The concluding stanza is equally beautifully sustained:

O go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded
Under the languid downfall of her hair I

Here it is interesting to compare the imagery in Swinburne's *The Garden of Proserpine:*

Pale beyond porch and portal
Crowned with calm leives she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands.

Hood was at one time a sub-editor of *The London Magazine* and was thus brought in touch with Charles Lamb. He won popularity and fame for his humorous poetry, but for posterity his best remembered poems are *The Bridge of Sighs* and *The Song of the Shirt.* In these poems he exhibits a social and emotional compassion reminding one of Charles Dickens; and here he is definitely with the Romantics.

# BALLADS.

*Clown.* *What hast here ? ballads ?*
*Mopsa.* *Pray now buy some, I have a ballad m print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.*

*The Winter's Tale.*

# THE BALLAD.

Mr. Henry Sidgwick in an excellent little treatise on the ballad informs us that a ballad "is, and always has been, so far from being a literary form that it is an its essentials, *not literary,* and has no single form. It is of a *genre* not only older than the Epic, older than Tragedy, but older than literature, older than the alphabet. It is lore, and belongs to the illiterate."

If we turn to Dr. Murray and his dictionary he defines a ballad for us as "a simple spirited poem in short stanzas, in which some popular story is graphically told."

Again Mr. Robert Graves has tabulated for us at some length what he regards as the constituents of the ballad-proper to be (the peasant ballad), and a little of it runs as follows:

1. The ballad-proper has no known author.
2. There is never an authoritative text of such a ballad.
3. It is incomplete without music, music of a repetitive kind (the refrain) that excites and sustains.
4. Though it may treat of Kings and Queens and notable figures in history, it is local, not cultural.
5. It is oral not literary.
5. It is not highly advanced technically.
7. It does not moralize or preach or express any partisan bias.
8. It 'begins at the last act of the drama and moves to the final climax without stage direction.

The above is quite interesting, but as vastly elaborated by Mr. Graves is a little wearisome.

The specimens of ballad we offer in the succeeding pages are made to include both the *ballad-proper,* as in *Thomas of Erceldoune* and *Chtlde of Elle,* and also the *literary ballad* with its strong revivals and echoes of the old, best s.een perhaps in

*La Belle Dame Sans Merci.* William Morris provided us with a famous one in, *Two Red Roses Across The Moon:*

> There was a lady lived in a hall,
> Large in the eyes, and slim and tall;
> And ever she sung from noon to noon,
> *Two red roses across the moon,*

Which John Stuart Calverly happily parodied for us in his— *Butter and Eggs and a Pound of Cheese.*

The folk-lore and legend out of which the ballads have sprung have ever remained the peculiar heritage of the peasant class in all countries. We here in the Punjab possess a quite remarkable ballad tradition.

The Blast has ever been fond of its tales, while the tyranny of the printed page is still an imposition yet unknown to most of the Indian countryside. The real India, who knows, perhaps the India that most matters, still dues not read, and when it is to be moved or entertained the appeal muit be made through resource to the oral tradition. Curiosity may still had some of the more understanding among us out into the summer night where we can find the *tabla* player, beating his drum with palm and fingers, and lulling us into a queer and sleepy pleasantness, while the village singer raises his voice to charm away the memory of the furious heat of day. Then only may we chance to hear the old sweet tales of Hir and Ranja; of the epic heroes; of Ram and Sita; Arjun and Draupadi; all the thousand and one legends that are still kept alive away from the crowded cities of modern India.

In Europe, too, the troubadour sleeps his last long sleep, but in Egypt the Mahaddit can still find honour. None will tell us now with easy and pleasant speech of Roland and Runcesvalles ; but it is not so long ago in the street of the musicians in El Cahiro that men spoke of Abu-Zeyd, El-Zahir, of Antar and Delhemeh, with all the brave pageant of Arabian heroes.

In India, however, certain it is that, when the heart of the summer night throbs in unison with the restless fingers of the *tabla-*

*player*, drowsy by now, maybe drugged a little, brooding and ecstatic with the visions of his insatiable desires, "but his hands never for a moment still ; when the village singer joining issue with the drummer coaxes away the intolerable burden of the past day's heat in the varied quaver of his lament for the loved one's absence with the words of Ghalib:

> The chain of life and the bonds of sorrow
> Are one and the same thing:
> What right have I to expect
> That I should be released from sorrow
> Before death comes'—

at such a time—still to-day, we may enter into the charmed circle and listen to the old sweet tales, till the night grows hushed and the moon looks down on all India's past marbled glories in the calm serene triumph of her full rimmed light.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ▪

Let the ballad then give stimulus and encourage and assist the preservation and further fascinating discovery of its Indian counterpart, let all of you join in such search, for the writing of a ballad is the most admirable exercise if only for the amount of directness and compression it demands; you must see to it that every one of your short stanzas shall be made to say something worth saying, also that assists and never hinders the legitimate progression of the narrative.

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## THOMAS OF ERCELDOUNE. 1225?-1300?

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A fairy he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a lady bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree,

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
  Her mantle o' the velvet fine;
At each loop of her horse's mane
  Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

True Thomas he pulled off his cap
  And touted low down on his knee:
" Hail to thee, Mary, Queen of Heaven!
  For thy peer on earth could never be."

" O no, O no, Thomas! " she said,
  " That name does not belong to me;
I'm but the Queen o'fair Elfland,
  That am hither come to visit thee."

" Harp and carp, Thomas!" she said,
  " Harp and carp along wi' me ;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips
  Sure of your body I will be."

[11] Betide me weal, betide me woe,
  That weird shall never daunten me."
Soon he has kissed her rosy lips,
  All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now, ye must go with me," she said;
  "True Thomas, ye must go wi' me;
And you must serve me seven years,
  Through weal or woe, as may chance be."

She's mounted on her milk-white steed;
  She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,
  The steed went swifter than the wind.

O they rode on, and farther on,
The steed went swifter than the wind;
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide ye there a little space,
And I will show you fairies three."

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briars?
That is the Path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few inquires.

"And see ye not yon broad broad road,
That lies across the lily leven?
That is the Path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the Road to Heaven.

"And see ye not yon bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the Road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night must gae.

"But, Thomas, ye shall hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For speak ye word in Elfyn-land,
Ye'll ne'er win back to your ain countrie."

O they rode on, and farther on,
And they waded rivers above the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was no starlight,
They waded through red blood to the knee;
For all the blood that's shed on earth
Runs through the springs o'that countrie.

Soon they came to a garden green,
And she pulled an apple from a tree:
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee tongue that can never lee."

" My tongue is mine own," true Thomas he said;
" A goodly gift ye would give to me!
I'd ne'er be able to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I might be.

" Nor could I speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair lady! "
"Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,
" For as I say, so it must be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair o'shoon of the velvet green;
And till seven years were gone and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

## THOMAS OF ERCELDDUNE.

In the Middle Ages a special class of poetry having as its subject-matter the things not essentially of this world was very popular: it figures buth in the metiical romances and in the ballads. One of the most perfect specimens of the former is the tale of ' Sir Drfeo' where mcdixval dress ind treatment mingles with old classic legend; of the latter the present poem affords a most interesting and beautiful example. Attributed to Thomas the Rimer, or Thomas of Erceldoune (circa 1220?) by Robert Mannyng of Brunne, and centuries later to the same author by

Sir Walter Scott, the poem is most probably taken from an earlier French original. Thomas is also credited with writing a version of the Tristram legend, but only a few fragments remain. Other examples of this 'other-world' poetry are Sir Launfal, a very charming treatment of a mortal and his elfin lover, by Marie de France; among the ballads *The Daemon Lover,* and *Clerk Sounder';* while to-day we have Sir Ernest Rhys' *Wedding of Pale Broiiu'in,* and Flecker's beautiful *Bryan of Brittany*— illustrations of the continuity of the 'weird and supernatural[1] element in so many of the old ballads.

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## BISHOP PERCY. 17Z9-18H

### *Childe of Elh.*

On yonder hill a castle stands
With walls and towers bedight,
And yonder lives the Childe of Elle,
A young and comely knight.

The ChiMe of Elle to his garden went,
And stood at his garden pale,
When, lo! he beheld fair Emmeline's page
Come tripping down the dale.

The Childe of Elle he hied him thence,
I wis he stood not still,
And soon he met fair Emmeline's page
Come climbing up the hill.

"Now Christ thee save, thou little foot-page,
Now Christ thee save and see!
Oh! tell me how does thy lady gay,
And what may thy tidings be?"

" My lady she is all woe-begone,
And the tears they fall from her eyne:
And aye she laments the deadly feud
Between her house and thine.

"And here she sends thee a .silken scnif
Bedewed with many a tear.
And bids thee sometimes think on her,
Who loved thee so dear.

" And here she sends thee a ring of gold
The last boon thou mayst have,
And bids thee wear it for her sake,
When she's laid in the grave.

" For, ah ! her gentle heart is broke,
And in the grave fast she'll be,
Since her father hath chosen a new new love,
And forbids her to think of thee.

" Her father hath brought her a churlish knight,
Sir John of the north country,
And within three days she must him wed,
Or he vows he will her slay.

" Now hip thee back, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair lady know
This night will I be at her bower-window,
Betide me weal or woe."

The boy he tripped, the boy he ran,
He neither stint nor stayed
Until he came to fair Emmeline's bower,
When kneeling down he said,

" *D* lady, I've been with thine own true love,
And he greets thee well by me;
This night will he be at thy bower-window,
And die or set thee free."

Now day was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleep,
All save the Lady Emmeline,
Who sat in her bower to weep:

And soon she heard her true love's voice
Low whispering at the Wall,
" Awake, awake, my dear lady,
Tis I thy true love call.

" Awake, awake, my lady dear,
Come mount this fair palfrey:
This ladder of ropes will let thee down,
I'll carry thee hence away."

" Now nay, now nay, thou gentle knight,
Now nay, this may not be;
For ill would they speak of my maiden fame,
Jf alone I should wend with thee."

" D lady, thou with a knight so true
May'st safely wend alone,
To my lady mother I will thee bring,
Where marriage shall make us one."

" My father is a baron bold,
Of lineage proud and high;
And what would he say if his daughter
Away with a knight should fly ?

"Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
And his meat should do him no good,
Until he hath slain thee, Childe of Elle,
And seen thy dear heart's blood."

" O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
And once without this wall,
I would not care for thy cruel father
Nor the worst that might befall."

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he seized her lily-white hand,
And down the ladder he drew:

And thrice he clasped her to his breast,
And kissed her tenderly:
The tears that fell from her fair eyes
Ran like the fountain free.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on a fair palfrey,
And slung his bugle about his neck,
And roundly they rode away.

All this beheard her own damsel,
In her bed whereas she lay,
Quoth she, " My lord shall know of this,
So I shall have gold and fee.

"Awake, awake, thou baron bold!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fled with the Childe of Elle
To do the deed of shame."

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And called his merry men all:
"And come thou forth, Sir John the knight,
Thy lady is carried to thrall."

Fair Emmeline scarce had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the town,
When she was aware of her father's men
Come galloping- over the down:

And foremost came the carlish knight,
Sir John of the north country:
" Now stop, now stop, thou false traitor,
Nor carry that lady away.

" For she is come of high lineage,
And was of a lady born,
And ill it beseems thee, a false churl's son,
To carry her hence to scorn."

" Now[1] loud thou liest, Sir John the knight,
Now dost thou lie of me;
A knight me got, and .1 lady me bore,
So never did none by thee.

" But light now down, my lady fair,
Light down and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knight
Do try this arduous deed.

" But light now down, my dear lady,
Light down, and hold my horse;
While I and this discourteous knigit
Do try our valour's force."

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While ftwixt her love and the carhsh knight
Passed many a baleful blow.

The Childe of Elle he fought so well,
As his weapon he waved amain,
That soon he had slain the carlish knight,
And laid him upon the plain.

And now the baron and all his men
Full fast approached nigh:
Ah! what may lady Emmeline do ?
Twere now no boot to fly.

Her lover he put his horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soon he saw his own merry men
Come riding over the hill.

" Now hold thy hand, thou bold baron,
I pray thee hold thy hand,
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts
Fast knit in true love's band.

" Thy daughter I have dearly loved
Full long and many a day;
But with such love as holy kirk
Hath freely said we may.

" O give consent, she may be mine,
And bless a faithful pair:
My lands and livings iire not small,
My house and lineage fair:

"My mother she was an earl's daughter,
And a noble knight my sire—"
The baron he frowned, and turn'd away
With mickle dole anl ire.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And did all trembling stand:
At length she sprang upon her knee.
And held his lifted hand.

" Pardon, my lord and father dear,
This fair young knight and me:
Trust me, but for the carlish knight
I never had fled from thee.

[11] Oft have you called your EmmeKne
Yntir darling and your joy;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroy."

The baron he stroked his dark-brown cheek.
And turned his head aside
Tn wipe away the starting tear
He proudly strove to hide.

In deep revolving thought he stood,
And mused a little space;
Then raised fair Emmeline from the ground,
With many a fond embrace.

" Here take her, Childe of Elle," he said,
And £n.ve her lily-white hand;
[11] Here take my dear and only child,
And with her half my land:

" Thy father once mine honour wronged
In days of youthful pride;
Do thou the injury repay
In fondness for thy bride,

"And as thou love her, and hold her dear,
Heaven prosper thee and thine:
Anil now my blessing wend with thee,
My lovely Emmeline."

## BISHOP PERCY.

This Ihallad is taken from the collection of Bishop Percy who through his *Reliqucr of English Poetry* (1765) popularised this form of literature against the convention of a whole age dominated by the correctly scanned and polite decorum of the school of Alexander Pope. Percy, greatly to his surprise, woke to find himself famous as the result of his antiquarian hobby.

Mr. Robert Graves[1] tells us that 'the greatest appreciation of the ballad-proper comes from schoolboys and schoolgirls/ This is a ballad that ought to win applause for all those who arc able to keep young. It happens to be, as well, one of the most direct and best-told stories in the whole collection, and the pleasantness and quaintness of its musical effects are worthy of notice.

Child? here means a young man of gentle birth — 'a young and comely knight/ We arc not left long in doubt of the action, for the arrival of ' fair Emmeline's page ' gives us at once a theme beloved of the ages of chivalry — the rescue of damsels in distress. A good deed needs must be dore, — to-day only the boy scouts are allowed such privileges— and a lady must be succoured, though her messenger would have the Childe of Elle think otherwise; which is only a woman's way.

The artful use of repetition lends a naive charm to many of the stanzas thus :

1 T*he English Ballad.* (Benn).

The boy he tripped, the boy he ran,
. . .
Now nay, now nay, thou gentle knight,
Now ray this may not be;
. . .
Fair Emmeline sighed, Fair Emmeline wept,
. . .
The baron he woke, the -baron he rose

The ballad is a good story, too, as it carries us forward to its moment of crisis and we are kept in doubt, till almost the last, if after all it is to go well with the Childe of Elle. But Emmeline's lover puts:

his horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soon he saw his own merry men
Come riding over the hill.

And then we know the ballad must sweep on happily to its predestined conclusion, for what can 'merry men' be for but to assist a foolish old man to regain his reason.

For the rest, decide on hnw many of the items of Mr. Graves' characteristics of 'the ballad-proper' this one fulfils, and having decided try and make a ballad yourselves based on any local theme nf the past or present.

## *La Belle Dam? Sans Merci.*

### *1*

" O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering ?
The sedge has withered frDm the lake,
And no birds sing.

### 2

" O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms.
So haggard and so woebegone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

### 3

"I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too."

### 4

"1 met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

### 5

" I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
.She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

6

"I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

7

" She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
'I love thee true.'

8

" She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she Wept, and sighed full sore
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

9

" And there she lulled me to sleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide-
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill side.

10

" I saw pale king's and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—'La Belle Dame Sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall."

11

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

12

" And that is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing."

## JOHN KEATS.

Keats seems to have breathed his very soul out in this charming ballad. The rich, dolorous music of *The Ode to the Nightingale* is here distinctly discernible. There is a delicate thread of tenderness working through the pnem. Such a touch Keats knew well how to impart to the best of his work, and perhaps nowhere more so than in his *Ode to Psyche.*

For Keats' great appreciator, Sir Sidney Colvin, *La Belle Dnmc* is his masterpiece. On the nther hand Palgrave says, 'Keats is not quite himself in this imitative ballad ' Elsewhere however he speaks of the line, 'And no birds sing,' as the finest in English literature.

The poem is exquisitely simple, exquisitely beautiful and romantic. Its chief value lies for many in the atmosphere of enchantment that has been created. It is a supreme example of that one great necessity of pure art—the knowledge of not what to put in but what to leave out.

The mournfulness that prevades the poem has been felt by many and for some it may seem what George Wyndham would have called 'a human document of intense suffering.'

To understand the life of any poet is to understand a little better his art. To understand Keats fully we should go to his letters. There we are at once struck with the question: why should he have fallen in love with Fanny Brawne and with no other woman, pprhaps the one \voraan who could do least for him? It is the question we might have asked m the case of *Andrea del Snrto.* With the knowledge of the details of that pitiful story who cannot but think that *La Belle Dame* is an exquisitely objective treatment of Keats' bitter and tragic experience ?

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. 1772-1834

### *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

#### PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three,
[11] By th\ long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?

" The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
" There was a ship." quoth he.
" Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon! "
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wed cling-Guest sat on a stnne:
He cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

" The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

" Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassnon,

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy rlitts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound'

"At length did cross .in Albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through !

"And a good south wind sprung) up behind;
The Albatross did follow.
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

" God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so ?"—" With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross."

PART II.

" The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

"And the good south wind still blew behind,
But ho sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

" And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

" Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fug and mist.

" The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

" Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

" All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

" Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be'
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upontheslimysea sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

" And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Mine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

" And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

" Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

## PART III.

[11] There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

" At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist

" A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite.
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

[11] With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

"See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more ?
Hither to work us weal—
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

" The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

" And straight the Sun was flecked with bars
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

"Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossamers?

"Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that Woman all her crew ?
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that woman's mate ?

" Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as *gold:*
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

"The naked hulk alongside rame,
And the twain were casting" dice;
[1] The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

"The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

"We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;

" From the sails the dew did drip—
Till dumb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

" One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

"Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

" The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or wne!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cro.ss-bow! "

PART IV.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

" I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on the wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony,

"The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand, thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

" I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

"I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

" An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

" The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

" Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burned away
A still and awful red.

" Beyond the, shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

" Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

" D happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me
And I blessed them unaware.

"The selfsame moment I could pray:
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The world has been given three supreme poems of magic and they are all to the credit of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and of these three only one was ever completed—*The Ancient Mariner—'* the other two, *Christabel* and *Kubli Khan* are but fragments, and there are many critics who have agreed that they could never have been more.

Coleridge was a man of most extraordinary mental powers and his fame has remained in that most rare of all human mani-

festations—the poet-critic. To-day we can still acknowledge that his criticism on Shakespeare contains some of the most penetrating wisdom in critical literature.

Historically, perhaps, Coleridge is most famous in literature for his association with the *Lynral Ballads,* that joint production of Wordsworth and himself, in the form of an experimental anthology, intended to ' lend the charm of imagination to a true picture of real nature' Coleridge it was agreed was to be in charge of " charm of the imagination " sections. Romance, and the romantic idea had fallen into oblivion, and it was the great ambition of the two poets to rescue it from the evil days on which ii had fallen and to bring back once more the twin spirits of beauty and romance into a world that had for nearly a century kicked them out of doors. One thing the iighteerlh century had cultivated beyond all others—artificiality of language. This, also, it was the desire of Wordsworth and Coleridge to reform and rescue from 'the deadeuing effect of custom' Both poets are concerned with man, and of interest in his varying emotions—'they deliberately make the human soul the centre of art.' The *Lyrical Ballads* really become a series of analytical studies in which realism and romance commingle, and the aim is, above all, to strike out, through sober means, spiritual beauty from fresh sources .... In accordance with the sharing of their common task, Wordsworth takes familiar reality as the object of his study, exalting it through the stiength of a reflective sensibility; Coleridge chooses the supernatural as his theme, and sets out to invest it with the semblance of truth as with the power to appeal to our feelings.

How far and how successfully this is accomplished in *The Ancient Manner* may easily be perceived. Mr. Arthur Symons whose stimulating studies in prose and verse have beautifully brought many of us to a knowledge of the secret things, has written perhaps the best encomium of *The Ancient Mariner'.*

"It is full of simple, daily emotion, transported, by an awful power of sight, to which the limits of reality are no lamer, into an unknown sea and air .... *The Ancient Mariner* is the most sustained piece of imagination in the whole of English poetry."

After your reading of Flecker's *Ballad of Iskander* would such a verdict still hold *good,* or not, and why ?

But for the very fullest discussion of this poem those who are further interested should turn to Professor Lowe's " *The Road to Xanadu*" The author follows his poet from the very germ of his idea to the triumph of his completed work.

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## ROBERT BROWNING. 1812-1889

### *Herve Riel.*

#### I

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Ranee,
With the English fleet in view.

#### II

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;

Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
" Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick or quicker still,
Here's the English can and will! "

III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
" Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass ? " laughed they:
" Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the Formidable here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons, and with flow at full beside
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring ? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay! "

IV

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
" Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left of us the fleet, linked together stern and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?
Better run the ships aground ! "
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
" Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

## V

" Give the word! " But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third ?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he Herve Riel the Croisickese.

## VI

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Herve Riel:
" Are you mad, you Malouins ? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues ?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Greve where the river disembogues ?

Are you bought by English gold ? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and Eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France ? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this Formidable clear,
Make the other follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Greve
And there lay them safe and sound ;
And if one ship misbehave
— Keel so much as graie the ground,
Why, I 've nothing but my life, — here 's my head ! " cries Herve Riel.

## VII

Not a minute more to wait.
" Steer us in, them, small and great !
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
" Captains, give the sailor place !
He is Admiral, in brief."
Still the north-wind, by God's grace !
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Gears the entry like a hound.

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief !
The peril, see, is past,
All are harboured to the last,
And just as Herve Kiel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late!

## VIII

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlookingi Greve
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
" Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Soliclor pleasant riding on the Ranee! "
Now hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance !
Out burst all with one accord,
" This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Herve Kiel!"

**As he stepped in front once more,**
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

IX

Then said Damfreville, " My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the Khig his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

X

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those Frank eyes of Breton blue:
" Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from the Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run ?—
Since, 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Gome! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
**That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.**

XI

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Herve Rid.
So, for better and for worse,
Herve Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Herve Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

ROBERT BROWNING.

In *Andrea del Sarto* we see Browning as the psychologist, the anatomizer of the human soul, expressed in what for him is the typical form—the monologue. Here we see him at work in a medium whose method is "by no means to dissect step by step individual consciousness but to describe an event graphically, swiftly, and dramatically: the method of the ballad. Once he had done it before as a perpetual joy for children in *The Pied Piper of Hawelin,* a work written to amuse little Willie Macready, the son of the famous actor, For his purpose he had borrowed from an old legend, but now he has gone to history itself. The story as we have it briefly is as follows:—"Herve Riel was a Breton Sailor

of Le Croisic, who after the great naval battle of La Hague in 1592, saved the remains of the French Fleet by skilfully piloting the ships through the shallows of the Ranee, and thereby preventing their capture "by the English. For this splendid service he was permitted to ask whatever reward he chose to name. The brave Breton asked merely for a uhole day's holiday, that he mighr visit his wife, the Belle Aarore."

The French are at war \vilh England, the personalities engaged being William III and Louis XIV. Louis' object is to restore James II to the throne of England. Admiral Turnville engaged the Frrnch Fleet off Cape La Hogue r.nd his victory ruined for ever the cause of the Stuarts and lowered considerably the prestige of the French Admiralty.

The realistic directness of Browning's treatment is admirably sustained, and the masterly handling of his stanzas is worth particular notice.

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## ALFRED, LORD TENNYSDN. 1809-1892

### *The Lady of Shahtt.*

#### PART I.

Dn either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro[1] the fields the road runs by
TD many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow,
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

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 Camclot.
Four grey walls, and four grey towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges Irail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot;
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement seen her stand ?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shabtt.

Dnly reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers " Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

## PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay,
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay

To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear,
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-haired page in rrimson dad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often through the silent nights,
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
" I am half-sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

## PART III.

A bowshot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick- Jewell' d shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd

His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lira" by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the bom,
She made three paces Ihro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd clown to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
" The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

## PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seer in a trance
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to CameloL

And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willow hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shabtt.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot:
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camclot.
Out upon the wharfs they came.
Knight and burgher, lord and dame.
And round the prow they read her name,
**The Lady of Shalott.**

Who is this ? and what is here ?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'! themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, " She has a lovely face;
God in His mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

## ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

We have the ballad treated here in a way that forms a tremendous contrast compared with such a treatment as we saw in *Childc of Elle.* Richness of detail and of colour, an extension of the stanza from four to nine lines to win us a music more varied and subtle, are the chief characteristics. But we have a tale splendidly told, reminding- us of Keats in the wealth of detail, but with a greater dramatic power. The poem was first published in 1832, but was worked over considerably for the 1842 volume. In its art it is Pre-Raphaelite, having a depth of finish, an attention to trifling details, a fidelity of descriptive talent recalling the ' minute realism of Raphael's predecessors in painting. This is perhaps our most polished and jewelled treatment of the ballad in literary dress. It is a series of paintings that glow and irradiate beneath the skies of Camelot, a tapestry that glows freshly as if Straight from the loom." The sources for his poem Tennyson of course found in the famous book of Sir Thomas Malory, the *Morte d'Arthur.*

[1] Cazamian.

## *The King's Tragedy.*

*I* Catherine am a Douglas born,
A name to all Scots dear,
And Kate Barlass they've called me now
Through many a waning year.

This old arm's withered now. 'Twas once
Most deft 'mong maidens all
To rein the steed, to wing the shaft,
To smite the palm-play ball.

In hall adown the close-link5d dance
It has shone most white and fair;
It has been the rest for a true lord's head,
And many a sweet babe's nursing-bed,
And the bar to a King's chamber.

Aye, lasses, draw round Kate Barlass,
And hark with bated breath
How good King James, King Robert's son,
Was foully done to death.

Through all the days of his gallant youth
The princely James was pent,
By his friends at first and then by his foes,
In long imprisonment.

For the elder, Prince, the kingdom's heir,
By treason's murderous brood
Was slain; and the father quaked for the child
With the royal mortal blood.

*T* the Bass Rock fort, by his father's care,
Was his childhood's life assured;
And Henry the subtle Bolingbroke,
Proud England's King, 'neath the southron yoke
His youth for long years immured.

Yet in all things meet for a kingly man
Himself did he approve:
And the nightingale through his prison-wall
Taught him both lore and love.

For once, when the bird's song drew him close
TD the opened window-pane,
In her bower beneath a lady stood,
A light of life to his sorrowful mood,
Like a lily amid the rain,

And for her sake, to the sweet bird's note,
He framed a sweeter Song,
More sweet than ever a poet's heart
Gave yet to the English tongue.

She was a lady of roval blood;
And when, past sorrow and teen,
He stood where still through his crownless years
His Scottish realm had been,
At Scone were the happy lovers crowned,
A heart-wed King nnd Queen.

But the bird may fall from the bough of youth,
And the song be turned to moan,
And Love's storm-cloud be the shadow of Hate
When the tempest-waves of a troubled State
Are beating against a throne.

Yet well they loved; and the god of Love,
  Whom well the King had sung,
Might find on the earth no truer hearts
  His lowliest swains among.

From the days when first she rode abrnad
  With Scottish maids in her train,
I Catherine Douglas won the trust
  Of my mistress sweet Queen Jane.

And oft she sighed, 'To be born a King!'
  And oft along the way
When she saw the homely lovers pass
  She has said, 'Alack the day!'

Years waned,—the loving and toiling years:
  Till England's wrong renewed
Drove James, by outrage cast on his crown,
  To the open field of feud.

Twas when the King and his host were met
  At the leaguer of Roxbro' hold.
The Queen o' the sudden sought his camp
  With a talc of dread to be told

And she showed him a secret letter writ
  That spoke of treasonous strife,
And how a band of his noblest lords
  Were sworn to take his life.

' Anrl it may be here or it may be there,
  In the camp or the court,' she said:
' But for my sake come to your people's arms
  And guard your royal head.[1]

Quoth he, 'Tis the fifteenth day of the siege,
And the castle's nigh to yield.'
' O face your foes on yonr throne,' she cried,
'And show the power you wield;
And under your Scottish people's love
You shall sit as under your shield.'

At the fair Queen's 'ide I stood that day
When he bade them raise the siege,
And back to his Court he sped to know
How the lords would meet their Liege.

But when he summoned his Parliament,
The louring brows hung round,
Like clouds that circle the mountain-head
Ere the first low thunders sound.

For he had tamed the nobles' lust
And curbed their power and pride,
And reached out an arm to right the poor
Through Scotland far and wide;
And many a lordly wrong-doer
By the headsman's ax? had died.

Twas then unspoke Sir Robert Graeme,
The bold o'ermastering man:—
' O King, in the name of your Three Estates
I set you under their ban!'

' For, as your lords trade oath to you
Of service and fealty,
Even in likewise you pledged your oath
Their faithful sire to be:—

' Yet all we here that are nobly sprung
Have mourned dear kith and kin
Since first for the Scottish Barons' curse
Did your bloody rule begin,'

With that he laid his hands on his King:—
'Is this not so, my lords?'
But of all who had sworn to league with him
Not one spake back to his words.

Quoth the King:—' Thou speak'st but for one Estate
Nor doth it avow thy gage.
Let my liege lords hale this traitor hence!
The Graeme fired dark with rage:—
'Who works for lesser men than himself,
He earns but a witless wage!'

But soon from the dungeon where he lay
He won by privy plot',
And forth he fled with a price on his head
To the country of the Wild Scots.

And word there came from Sir Robert Graeme
To the King at Edinbro':—
'No Liege of mine thou art; but I see
From this day forth alone in thee
God's creature, my mortal foe.

' Through thee are my wife and children lost,
My heritage and lands;
And when my God shall show me a way,
Thyself my mortal foe will I slay
With these my proper hands/

Against the coming of Christmas tide
That year the King bade call
I' the Black Friars' Charterhouse of Perth
A solemn festival.

And we of his household rode with him
In a close-ranked company;
But not till the sun had sunk frnm his throne
Did we reach the Scottish Sea.

That eve was clenched for a boding storm,
'Neath a toilsome moon half seen;
The cloud stooped low and the surf rose high;
And where there was d. line of the sky,
Wild wings loomed dark between.

And on a rock of the black beach-side,
By the veiled moon c-imly lit.
There was something seemed to heave with life
As the King drew nigh to it.

And was it only the tossing furze
Or brake of the waste sea-wold ?
Or was it an eagle bent to the blast ?
When near we came, we knew it at last
For a woman tattered and old.

But it seemed as though by a fire within
Her withered limbs were wrung;
And as soon as the King was close to her,
She stood up gaunt and strong.

'Twas then the moon sailed clear of the rack
On high in her hollow dome;
And still as aloft with hoary crest

Each clamorous wave rang home,
Like fire in snow the moonlight blazed
  Amid the champing foam.

And the woman held his eyes with her eyes:—
  [1] O King, thou art come at last;
But thy wraith has haunted the Scottish Sea
  To my sight for four years past.

[1] Four years it is since first I met,
  'Twixt the Duchray and the Dhu,
A shape whose feet clung close in a shroud,
  And that shape for thine I knew.

'A year again, and on Inchkeith Isle
  I saw thee pass in the breeze,
With the cerecloth risen above thy feet
  And wound about thy knees.

' And yet a year, in the Links of Forth,
  As a wanderer without rest,
Thou cam'st with both thine arms i[1] the shroud
  That clung high up thy breast.

[1] And in this hour I find thee here,
  And well mine eyes may note
That the winding-sheet hath passed thy breast
  And risen round thy throat.

' And when I meet thee again, O King,
  That nf death hast such sore drouth,—
Except thou turn again on this shore,—
The winding-sheet shall have moved once more
  And covered thine eyes and mouth.

' O King, whom poor men bless for their King,
Of thy fate be not so fain;
But these my words for God's message take,
And turn thy steed, O King, for her sake
Who rides beside thy rein!'

While the woman spoke, the Kind's horse reared
As if it would breast the sea,
And the Queen turned pale as she heard on the gale
The voice die dolorously.

When the woman ceased, the steed was still,
But the King gazed on her yet,
And in silence save for the wail of the sea
His eyes and her eyes met.

At last he said:—' God's ways are His own;
Man is bqt shadow and dust.
Last night I prayed by His altar-stone;
To-night I wend to the Feast of His Son.
And in Him I set my trust.

[1]1 have held my people in sacred charge,
And have not feared the sting
Df proud men's hate,—to His will resign'd
Who has but one same death for a hind
And one same death for a King.

'And if God in His wisdom have brought clnse
The day when I must die,
That day by water or fire or air
My feet shall fall in the destined snare
Wherever my road may lie.

' What man can say but the Fiend hath set
Thy sorcery on my path,
My heart with the fear of death to fill,
And turn me against God's very will
To sink in His burning wrath?'

The woman stood as the train rode past,
And moved nor limb nor eye;
And when we were shipped, we saw her there
Still standing against the sky.

As the ship made way, the moon once more
Sank slow in her rising pall;
And I thought of the shrouded wraith of the King,
And I said, ' The Heavens know all.[1]

And now, ye lasses, must ye hear
How my name is Kate Barlass:—
But a little thing, when all the tale
Is told of the weary mass
Df crime and woe which in Scotland's realm
God's will let come to pass.

'Twas a wind-wild eve in February,
And against the casement-pane
The branches smote like summoning hands,
And muttered the driving rain.

And when the wind swooped over the lift
And made the whole heaven frown,
It seemed a grip was laid on the walls
To tug the housetop down.

And the Queen was there, more stately fair
Than a lily in garden set;
And the King was loth to stir from her side.
For as on the day when she was his bride,
Even so he loved her yet.

Atid the Earl of Athole, the King's false friend,
Sat with him at the hoard;
And Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who had sold his sovereign Lord.

Yet the traitor Christopher Chaumbsr there
Would fain have told him all
And vainly four times that night he strove
To reach the King through the hall.

But the wine is bright at the goblet's brim
Though the poison lurk beneath;
And the apples still are red on the tree
Within whose shade may the adder be
That shall turn thy b'fe to death.

There was a knight of the King's fast friends
Whom he called the King of Love;
And to such bright cheer and courtesy
That name might best behove.

Arid the King and Queen both loved him well
For his gentle knightliness;
And with him the King, as that eve wore on,
Was playing at the chess.

And the King said, (for he thought to jest
And soothe the Queen thereby;)—
[f] In a book 'tis writ that this same year
A King shall in Scotland die.

"And I have pondered the matter o'er,
And this have I found, Sir Hugh,—
There are but two Kings on Scottish ground,
And those Kings are I and you.

'And I have a wife and a newborn heir,
And you are yourself alone;
So stand you stark at my side with me
To guard our double throne.

' For here sit I and my wife and child,
As well your heart shall approve,
In full surrender and soothfastness,
Beneath your Kingdom of Love.[1]

And the Knight laughed, and the Queen too smiled;
But I knew her heavy thought,
And I strove to find in the good King's jest
What cheer might thence be wrought.

And I said, 'My Liege, for the Queen's dear love
Now sing the song lhat of old
You made, when a captive Prince you lay,
And the nightingale sang sweet on the spray,
In Windsor's castle-hold..'

Then he smiled the smile 1 knew so well
When he thought to please the Queen;
The smile which under all bitter frowns
Of fate that rose between
For ever dwelt at the poet's heart
Like the bird of love unseen.

And he kissed her hand and took his harp,
And the music sweetly rang;
And when the song burst forth, it seemed
Twas the nightingale that sang.

*[i] Worship, ye lovers, on this May:*
*Of bliss your kalends are begun:*
*Sing with us, Away, Winter, away!*
*Come, Summer, the sweet season and sun!*
*Awake for shame,—your htavcn is won,*
*And amorously your heads lift all:*
*Thank Love, that you to his grace doth call!'*

But when he bent to the Queen, and sang
The speech whose praise was hers,
It seemed his voice was the voice of the Spring
And the voice of the bygone years.

*' The fairest and the freshest flower*
*That ever I saw before that hour,*
*The which o' the sudden made to start*
*The blood of my body to my heart.*
▾ ▾ ▾ ▾ ▾ ▾ ▾
*Ah sweet, are ye a worldly creature*
*Or heavenly thing in form of nature?'*

And the song was long, and richly stored
With wonder and beauteous things;
And the harp was tuned to every change
Of minstrel ministerings;
But when he spoke of the Queen at the last,
Its strings were his own heart-strings.

*' Unworthy but only of her grace,*
*Upon Love's rock that's easy and sure,*
*In guerdon of all my love's space*
*She took me her humble creature.*
*Thus fell my blissful aventure*
*In youth of love that from day to day*
*Flowereth aye new, and further I say.*

[1] *To reckon all the circumstance*
*As it happed when lessen gan my sore,*
*Of my rancour and woful cfiance,*
*It were too long,—I have done therefor.*
*And of this flower I say no more,*
*But unto my help her heart hath tended*
*And even from death her man defended.'*

'Aye, even from death,' to myself I said;
For I thought of the day when she
Had borne him the news, at Roxbro' siege,
Of the fell confederacy.

But Death even then took aim as he sang
With an arrow deadly bright;
And the grinning skull lurked grimly aloof,
And the wings were spread far over the roof
More dark than the winter night.

Yet truly along the amorous song
Of Love's high pomp and state,
There were words of Fortune's trackless doom
And the dreadful face of Fatft.

And oft have I heard again in dreams
The voice of dire appeal
In which the King then sang of the pit
That is under Fortune's wheel.

*'And under the wheel beheld I there*
*An ugly Pit as deep as hell,*
*That to behold I quaked for fear:*
*And this I heard, that who therein fell*
*Came no more up, tidings to tell:*
*Whereat, astound of the fearful sight,*
*I wist not what to do for fright,*[1]

And oft has my thought called up again
These words of the changeful song:—
[1] *Wist thoii thy fain and thy travail*
*To come, welt miglit'st Ihon weep and wail!*[1]
And our wail, O God! is long.

But the song's und was all of his love;
And well his heart via.s grac'd
With her smiling lips and her tear-bright eyes
As his arm went round her waist.

And on the swell of her long fair throat
Close clung the necklet-chain
As he bent her pcarl-tir'cl head aside,
And in the warmth of his love and pride
He kissed her lips full fain.

And her true face was a rosy red,
The very red of the rose
That, couched on the happy garden-bed,
In the summer sunlight glows.

And all the wondrous things of love
That sang sn sweet through the song
Were in the look that met their eyes,
And the look was deep and long.

'Twas then a knock came at the outer gate,
And the usher sought the King.
' The woman you met by the Scottish Sea.
My Liege, Would tell you a thing;
And she says that her present need for speech
Will bear no gainsaying/

And the King said: 'The hour is late;
To-morrow will serve, I ween.'
Then he charged the usher strictly, and said:
[1] No word of this to the Queen.[1]

But the usher came back to the King.
' Shall I call her bark?' quoth he:
' For as she went on her way, she cried,
"Woe! Woe! then the thing must he!"'

And the King paused, hut he did not speak.
Then he called for the Voidee-cup;
And as we heard the twelfth hour strike,
There by true lips and false lips alike
Was the draught of trust drained up.

So with reverence meet to King and Queen,
To bed went all from the board;
And the last to leave of the courtly train
Was Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who had sold his sovereign lord.

And all the locks of the chamber-door
Had the traitor riven and brast;
And that Fate might win sure way from afar
He had drawn out every bolt and bar
That made the entrance fast,

And now at midnight he stole his way
To the moat of the outer wall
And laid strong hurdles clnsely across
Where the traitors' tread should fall.

But we that were the Queen's bower-maids
Abne were left behind;
And with heed we drew the curtains close
Against the winter wind.

And now that all was still through the hall,
More clearly we heard the rain
That clamoured ever against the glass
And the boughs that beat on the pane,

But the fire was bright in the ingle-nook,
And through empty space around
The shadows cast on the arras'd wall
'Mid the pictured kings stood sudden and tall
Like spectres sprung from the ground.

And the bed was dight in a deep alcove;
And as he stood by the fire
The King was still in talk with the Queen
While he doffed his goodly attire.

And the .song had brought the image back
Of many a bygone year;
And many a loving word they said
With hand in hand and head laid to head;
And none of us went anear.

But Love was weeping outside the house,
A child in the piteous rain;
And as he watched the arrow of Death,
He wailed for his own shafts close in the sheath
That never should fly again.

And now beneath the window arose
A wild voice suddenly;
And the King reared straight, but the Queen fell back
As for bitter dule to dree;
And all of us knew the woman's voice
Who spoke by the Scottish Sea.

[f] O King,' she cried, ' in an evil hour
They drove me from thy gate;
And yet my voice must rise to thine ears;
But alas! it comes too late!

[1] Last night at mid-watch, by Aberdour,
When the moon was dead in the skies,
0 King, in a death-light of thine own
I saw thy shape arise.

[1] And in full season, as erst I said,
The doom had gained its growth;
Ami the shroud had risen above thy neck
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

'And no moon woke, but the pale dawn broke,
And still thy soul stood there;
And I thought its silence cried to my soul
As the first rays crowned its hair.

[1] Since then have I journeyed fast and fain
In very despite of Fate,
Lest Hope might still be found in God's will;
But they drove me from thy gate.

[1] For every man on God's ground, O King,
His death grows up from his birth
In a shadow-plant perpetually;
And thine towers high, a black yew-tree,
O'er the Charterhouse of Perth:[1]

That room was built far out from the house;
And none but we in the room
Might hear the voice that rose beneath,
Nor the tread of the coming doom.

For now there came a torchlight-glare,
And a dang of arms there came;
And not a soul in that space but thought
Of the foe, Sir Robert Graeme.

Yea, from the country of the Wild Scots,
O'er mountain, valley, and glen,
He had brought with him in murderous league
Three hundred armed men.

The King knew all in an instant's flash;
And like a King did he stand;
But there was no armour in all the room,
Nor weapon lay to his hand.

And all we women flew to the door
And thought to have made it fast;
But the bolts were gone and the bars were gone
And the locks were riven and brast.

And he caught the pale pale Queen in his arms
As the iron footsteps fell,—
Then loosed her, standing alone, and said,
' Our bliss was our farewell!'

And 'twixt his lips he murmured a prayer,
And he crossed his brow and breast;
And proudly in royal hardihood
l£\en so with folded arms he stood,—
The prize of the bloody quest.

Then on me leaped the Queen like a deer:—
'O Catherine, help!' she cried.
And low at his feet we clasped his knees
Together side by side.
[1] Oh! even a King, for his people's sake,
From treasonous death must hide''

[1] For her sake most!' I cried, and I marked
The pang that my words could wring.
And the iron tnngs from the chimney-nook
I snatched and held to the king:—
'Wrench up the plank' and the vault beneath
Shall yield safe harbouring/

With brnws low-to-nt, from my eager hand
The henvy heft did he take;
And the plank at his feet he wrenched and tore;
And as he frowned through the open floor,
Again I said, 'For her sake!'

Then he cried to the Queen, ' God's will be done!'
For her hands were clasped in prayer.
And down he sprang to the inner crypt;
And straight we dosed the plank he had ripp'd
And toiled to smooth it fair.

(Alas! in that vault a gap once was
Where thro' the King might have fled:
But three days since close-walled had it been
By his will; for the ball would roll therein
When without at the palm he play'd.)

Then the Queen cried, ( Catherine, keep the door,
And I to this will suffice!'
At her word I rose all dazed to my feet,
And my heart was fire and ice.

And louder ever the voices grew,
  And the tramp of men in mail;
Until to my brain it seemed to be
As though I tossed on a ship at sea
  In the teeth of a crashing gale.

Then back I flew to the rest; and hard
  We strove with sinews knit
To force the table against the door;
  But we might not compass it.

Then my wild gaze sped far down the hall
  To the place of the hearthstone-still;
And the Queen bent ever above the floor,
  For the plank was rising still.

And now the rush was heard on the stair,
  And 'God, what help?' was our cry.
And was I frenzied or was I bold?
I looked at each empty stanchion-hold,
  And no bar but my arm had I!

Like iron felt my arm, as through
  The staple I made it pass:—
Alack! it was flesh and bone—no more!
Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the door,
  But I fell back Kate Barlass.

With that they all thronged into the hall,
  Half dim to my failing ken;
Ami the space that was but a void before
  Was a crowrl of wrathful men.

Behind the door I had fall'n and lay,
Yet my sense was wildly aware,
And for all the pain of my shattered arm
I never fainted there.

Even as I fell, my eyes were cast
Where the King leaped down to the pit;
And ID ! the plank was smooth in its place,
And the Queen stood far from it.

And under the litters and through the bed
And within the presses all
The traitors sought for the King, and pierced
The arras around the wall.

And through the chamber they ramped and stormed
Like lions loose in the lair,
And scarce could trust to their very eyes.—
For behold! no King was there.

Then one of them seized the Queen, and cried,—
'Now tell us, where is thy lord?'
And he held the sharp point over her heart:
She dropped not her eyes nor did she start
But she answered never a word.

Then the sword half pierced the true, true breast;
But it was the Graeme's own son
Cried, 'This is a woman,—we seek a man!'
And away from her girdle zone
He struck the point of the murderous steel;
And that foul deed was not done.

**And forth flowed all the throng like a sea**
And 'twas empty space once more;
And my eyes sought out the wounded Queen
As I lay behind the door.

And I said: 'Dear Lady, leave me here,
For I cannot help you now:
But fly while you may, and none shall reck
of my place here lying low.'

And she said, 'My Catherine, God help thee!'
Then she looked to the distant floor,
And clasping her hands, 'O God help him/
She sobbed, 'for we can no more!'

But God He knows what help may mean,
It is mean to live or to die:
And what sore sorrow and mighty moan
Dn earth it may cost ere yet a throne
Be filled in His house on high.

And now the ladies fled with the gueen;
And through the open door
Then night-wind wailed round the empty room
And the rushes shook on the floor.

And the bed drooped low in the dark recess
Whence the arras was rent away;
And the firelight still shone over the space
Where our hidden secret lay.

And the rain had ceased, and the moonbeams lit
The window high in the wall,—
Bright beams that on the plank that I knew
Through the painted pane did fall,
And gleamed with the splendour of Scotland's crown
**And shield armorial.**

But then a great wind swept up the skies
And the climbing moun fell back;
And the royal blazon fled from the floor,
And nought remained on its track;
And high in the darkened window-pane
The shield and the crown were black.

And what I say next I partly saw
And partly I heard in sooth,
And partly since from the murderers' lips
The torture wrung the truth.

For now again came the armed tread,
And fast through the hall it fell;
But the throng was less; and ere I saw,
By the voice without I could tell
That Robert Stuart had come with them
Who knew that chamber well.

And over the space the Graeme strode dark
With his mantle round him flung;
And in his eye was a flaming light
But not a word on his tongue.

And Stuart held a torch to the floor,
And he found the thing he sought;
And they slashed the plank away with their swords;
And O God! I fainted not!

And the traitor held his torch in the gap,
All smoking and smouldering;
And through the vapour and fire, beneath
In the dark crypt's narrow ring,
With a shout that pealed to the room's high roof
**They saw their naked King.**

Half naked he stood, but stood as one
  Who yet could do and dare:
With the crown, the King was stript away,—
The Knight was 'reft of his battle-array,—
  But still the Man was there.

From the rout then stepped a villain forth,—
  Sir John Hall was his name;
With a knife unsheathed he leapt to the vault
  Beneath the torchlight-flame.

Of his person and stature was the King
  A man right manly strong,
And mightily by the shoulder-blades
  His foe to his feet he flung.

Then the traitor's brother, Sir Thomas Hall,
  Sprang down to work his worst;
And the King caught the second man by the neck
  And flung him above the first,

And he smote and trampled them under him;
And a long month thence they bare
All black their throats with the grip of his hands
  When the hangman's hand came there.

And sore he strove to have had their knives.
  But the sharp blades gashed his hands.
D James! so armed, thou haist battled there
  Till help had come of thy bands;
And oh! once more thou hadst held our throne
  And ruled thy Scottish lands!

But while the King o'er his foes still raged
With a heart that nought could tame,
Another man sprang flown to the crypt;
And with his sword in his hand hard-gripp'd
There stood Sir Robert Graeme.

(Now shame on the recreant traitor's heart
Who durst not face his King
Till the body unarmed was wearied out
With twofold combating!

Ah! well might the people sing and say,
As oft ye have heard aright:—
[1] O *Robert Graeme, O Robert Graeme,*
*Who slew our King, God give thee shame!'*
For he slew him not as a knight.)

And the naked King turned round at bay,
But his strength had passed the goal,
And he could but gasp:—'Mine hour is come;
But oh' to succour thine own soul's doom,
Let a priest now shrive my soul!

And the traitor looked on the King's spent strength,
And said:—' Have I kept my word ?—
Yea, King, the mortal pledge that I gave ?
No black friar's shrift thy soul shall have,
But the shrift of this red sword!'

With that he .smote his King through the breast;
And all they three in that pen
Fell on him and stabbed and stabbed him there
Like merciless murderous men.

Yet seemed it now that Sir Robert Graeme,
Ere the King's last breath was o'er,
Turned sick at heart with the deadly sight
And would have done no more,

But a cry came from rhe troop above:—
'If him thou do not slay,
The price of his life that thou ilost spare
Thy forfeit life shall pay!'

O God! what more did I hear or see,
Or how should I tell the rest ?
But there at length our King lay slain
With sixteen wounds in his breast.

O God! and now did a bell boom forth,
And the murderers turned and fled;—
Too late, too late, O God, did it sound!—
And I heard the true men mustering round,
And the cries and the coming tread.

But ere they came, to the black death-gap
Somewise did I creep and steal;
And lo! or ever I swooned away,
Through the dusk I saw where the white face lay
In the Pit of Fortune's Wheel.

And now, ye Scottish maids who have heard
Dread things of the days grown old,—
Even at the last, of true Queen Jane
May somewhat yet be told,
And how she dealt for her dear lord 's sake
Dire vengeance manifold.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth,
In the fair-lit Death-chappelle,
That the slain King's corpse on bier was laid
With chaunt and requiem-knell.

And all with royal wealth of balm
Was the body purified;
And none could trace on the brow and lips
The death that he had died.

In his robes of state he lay asleep
With orb and sceptre in hand ;
And by the crown he wore on his throne
Was his kingly forehead spann'd.

And, girls, 'twas a sweet sad thing to see
How the curling golden hair,
As in the days of the poet's youth,
From the King's crown clustered there.

And if all had come to pass in the brain
That throbbed beneath those curls,
Then Scots had said in the days to come
That this their soil was a different home
And a different Scotland, girls!

And the Queen sat by him night and day,
And oft she knelt in prayer,
All wan and pale lin the widow's veil
That shrouded her shining hair.

And I had got good help of my hurt ;
And only to me some sign
She made; and save the priests that were there,
No face would she see but tnine.

And the month of March wore on apace ;
And now fresh couriers fared
Still from the country of the Wild Scots
With news of the traitors snared.

And still as I told her day by day,
Her pallor changed to sight,
And the frost grew to a furnace-flame
That burnt her visage white.

And evermore as I brought her word,
She bent to her dead King James,
And in the cold ear with tire-drawn breath
She spoke the traitors' names.

But when the name of Sir Robert Graeme
Was the one she had to give,
I ran to hold her up from the floor;
For the froth was on her lips, and sore
I feared she could not live.

And the month of March wore nigh to its end,
And still was the death-pall spread;
For she would nut bury her slaughtered lord
Till his slayers all were dead.

And now of their dooms dread tidings came,
And of torments fierce and dire;
And nought she spake,—she had ceased to speak,—
But her eyes were a soul on fire.

But when I told her the bitter end
Of the stern and just award,
She leaned o'er the bier, and thrice three times
She kissed the lips of her lord.

And then she said,—[r] My King, they are dead!'
And she knelt on the chapel-floor,
And whispered low with a strange proud smile,—
' James, James, they suffered more! '

Last she stood up to her queenly height,
But she shook like an autumn leaf,
As though the fire wherein she burned
Then left her body, and all were turned
To winter of life-long grief.

And 'O James!' she said,—'My James!' she said,—
' Alas for the woful thing,
That a poet true and a friend of man,
In desperate days of bale and ban,
Should needs be born a King!'

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

This is an historical ballad, and its hero is James T, King of Scotland, younger brother to that Duke of Rothsay who was murdered, under heart-rending circumstances, and of whom Sir Walter Scott has told us so movingly in his *Fair Maid of Perth.* Yet misfortune, which ever seemed to hang as a black shadow over all the doings of the House of Stuart, seemed to dog James from the beginning.

Sent by his father at the age of twelve to France for the furtherance of his education, since that court was considered the pattern for elegance and culture, he was captured by the English off Flarriborough Head in the spring of 1405. He remained a close prisoner in Windsor Castle for eighteen years.

Returning to Scotland in 1424 he began a reign that was marked at the outset by great energy and capacity. However, by a fault in his character, notably a conspicuous absence of tact, he alienated the sympathy of his nobles and rendered himself

unpopular. This ultimately led in 1437 to his assasination in the Black Friars' Convent at Perth. It is this incident that forms the basis of the above stirring ballad.

The period of James' imprisonment at Windsor has afforded perhaps one of the most romantic episodes in the history of English literature, it is the royal love-story of James and the Lady Joan Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, grandson of Edward III. James has left us the record of his experience in his famous poem *The King is Quair*—or King's Book.

William Michael Rossetti, the poet's brother, has told us something of the way in which *The King's Tragedy* came to be written. A friend of the poet challenged his ability to write " in the simple, direct, and emphatic style which is the style of the ballad-proper. The result of this was the immediate undertaking of two famous ballads—*The White Ship,* and *The King's Tragedy.* This remarkable poem was written during Rossetti's last illness. The care and elaborate detail and finish lavished on it does much *to* confute the charge of effeminacy levelled against the poet by Browning much of whose poetry would have benefited by half such ungrudging and untiring cara Here in this poem, "It is as if he had .... turned finally from the vain repining's of Southern tenderness to that simple Courage of the North which finds, like Arnold, the only remedy, not in any vain comforts, but in endurance of what must be enduicd. That tale of the death of James I of Scotland, like *Sister Helen,* is in the front rank of English ballads."[1]

And now consider for yourselves this ballad, taking measure of its faults, if any, of its beauties, and of its success considered as a whole. Remember the first duty of a story well told is to sustain its interest and to carry us forward with it to its moment of crisis. How has Rossetti succeeded in this ? Those portions of the poem in italics arc directly adapted by Rossetti from the King's own poem. What was Rotsetti's purpose in introducing it ?

The heritage of the weird and the supernatural is part of the heritage of the English ballad. Do you find this element plays

[1] K. L. Lucas. *Eighi Victorian Poets. (*Cambridge University Press.)

any part here, and if so does it help the story ? Note Rossetti tells his story through an eye-witness Docs it gain or lose by this method, and why ?

The quality of tragedy is gauged by the amount of tragic-irony we are compelled to feel. How does this ballad stand such a test ?

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## JAMES ELROY FLECKER. 1884 1915

## *The Ballad of Iskander.*

*Aflatun and Aristu and King Iskander*
*or Plato, Aristotle, Alexander.*

Sultan Iskander sat him down
On his golden throne, in his golden crown,
And shouted, " Wine and flute-girls three,
And the Captain, ho! of my ships at sea."

He drank his bowl of wine; he kept
The flute-girls dancing till they wept,
Praised and kissed their painted lips,
And turned to the Captain of all his Ships

And cried, " D Lord of my Ships that go
From the Persian Gulf to the Pits of Snow,
Inquire for men unknown to man! "
Said Sultan Iskander of Yoonistan.

" Daroosh is dead, and I am King
Of Everywhere and Everything:
Yet leagues and leagues away for sure
The lion-hearted dream of war.

"Admiral, I command you sail!
Take you a ship of silver mail,
And fifty sailors, young and bold,
And stack provision deep in the hold,

"And seek out twenty men that know
All babel tongues which flaunt and flow:
And stay! Impress those learned two,
Old Aflatun, and Aristu.

" And set your prow South-western ways
A thousand bright and dimpling days,
And find me lion-hearted Lords
With breasts to feed our rusting swords."

The Captain of the Ships bowed low.
" Sir," he replied, " I will do so."
And down he rode to the harbour mouth,
To choose a boat to carry him South.

And he launched a ship of silver mail,
With fifty lads to hoist the sail,
Anil twenty wibe-all tongues they knew,
And Aflatun, and Aristu.

There had not dawned the second day
But the glittering galleon sailed away,
And through the night like one great bell
The marshalled armies sang farewell.

In twenty days the silver ship
Had passed the Isle of Serendip,
And made the flat Araunian coasts
Inhabited, at noon, by Ghosts.

*In* thirty days the ship was far
Beyond the land of Cahobar,
Where men drink Dead Men's Blood for wine,
And dye their beards alizarine.

But on the hundredth day there came
Storm with his windy wings aflame,
And drave them out to that Lone Sea
Whose shores are near Eternity.

* * * * *

For seven years and seven years
Sailed those forgotten mariners,
Nor could they spy on either hand
The faintest level of good red land.

Bird or fish they saw not one;
There swam no ship beside their own
And day-night long the lilied Deep
Lay around them, with its flowers asleep,

The beams began to warp and crack,
The silver plates turned filthy black,
And drooping down on the carven rails
Hung those once lovely silken sails.

And all the great ship's crew who were
Such noble lads to do and dare
Grew old and tired of the changeless sky
And laid them down on the deck to die.

And they who spake all tongues there be
Made antics with solemnity,
Or closely huddled each to each
Talked ribald in a foreign speech.

And Aflatun and Aristu
Let their Beards grow, and their Beards grew
Round and about the mainmast tree
Where they stood still, and watched the sea

And day by day their Captain grey
Knelt on the rotting poop to pray:
And yet despite ten thousand prayers
They saw no ship that was not theirs.

When thrice the seven years had passed
They saw a ship, a ship at last!
Untarnished glowed its silver mail,
Windless bellied its silken sail.

With a shout tlie grizzled sailors rose
Cursing the years of sick repose,
And they who spake in tongues unknown
Gladly reverted to their own.

The Captain leapt and left his prayers
And hastened down the dust-dark stairs,
And taking to hand a brazen whip
He woke to life the long dead ship.

But Aflatun and Aristu.
Who had no work tha they could do,
Gazed at the stranger Ship and Sea
With their beards around the mainmast tree.

Nearer and nearer the new boat came,
Till the hands cried out on the old ship's shame—
" Silken sail to a silver boat,
We too shone when we first set float! "

Swifter and swifter the bright boat sped,
But the hands spake thin like men long dead—
" How striking like that boat were we
In the days, sweet days, when we put to sea."

The ship all black and the ship all white
Met like the meeting of day and night,
Met, ami there lay serene dark green
A twilight yard of the sea between.

And the tv/enty masters of foreign speech
Of every tongue they knew tried each;
Smiling the silver Captain heard,
But he shook his head and said no word.

Then Aflatun and Aristu
Addressed the silver Lord anew,
Speaking their language of Yoonistan
Like countrymen to a countrymnn.

And " Whence," they cried. " O Sons of Pride
Sail you the dark eternal tide ?
Lie your halls to the South or North,
And who is the King that sent you forth ?"

"We live," replied that Lnrd with a stnib,
"A mile beyond the millionth mile,
We know not South and we know not North,
And SULTaN ISKANDER sent us forth."

Said Aristu to Aflatun—
" Surely our King, despondent soon,
Has sent this second ship to find
Unconquered tracts of humankind."

But Aflatun turned round on him
Laughing a bitter laugh and grim.
" Alas," he said, " O Aristu,
A white weak thin old fool are you.

"And does yon silver Ship appear
As she had jouineyed twenty year ?
And has that silver Captain's face
A mortal or Immortal grace ?

"Theirs is the land (as I well know)
Where live the Shapes of Things Below:
Theirs is the country where they keep
The Images men see in sleep.

" Theirs is the land behind the Door,
And theirs the old ideal shore.
They steer our ship: behold our crew
Ideal, and our Captain too.

" And lo! beside that mainmast tree
Two tall and shining forms I see,
And they are what we ought to be,
Yet we are they, and they are we."

He spake, and some young Zephyr stirred,
The two ships touched no sound was heard;
The Black Ship crumbled into air;
Only the Phantom Ship was there.

And a great cry rang rcund the sky
Of glorious singers sweeping by,
And calm and fair on waves that shone
The Silver Ship sailed on and on,

## JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

Of all the heroes of old who with superb and imperious gesture have carved their way through the paths of history none has been more romantic, none has made more matter for legend and stnry than Alexander of Mocedon. We are apt to forget when we alight at Rawalpindi *en route* for the charms of Kashmir that not so very far away is the ruin of the ancient city of Taxila, which once in a late period of its history formed the centre of a satrapy left by Alexander. Greek influence did not cease until it had contributed something in art and culture to the city and the neighbouring country. Another Hellenic link with India of this same period is the name of the sceptic philosopher Pyrrho who came in Alexander's train ard left his bones to.rot in a Himalayan pass. The young *intelligentsia* of England to-day are mostly convinced Pyrrhonists. But how strong an encouragement does not fancy receive if it pauses at all to speculate on this Indo-Greek period ? Still more if it looks carefully at the keen chiselled features, the straight noses and firm chins to be seen on any railway platform or in any city street in the Punjab to-day Of course there is other blood, Scythian, Indo-Aryan, and a variety of mixture, but the further north you go the more does the cameo-cut fcature predominate and it denotes before all a pride of race? But all that is for the ethnologists, and these are but more than hints.

Jamrs Elroy Flecker died of consumption at Davos in Switzerland in 1916, leaving as legacy an inheritance as rich in promise as A\as that of Rupert Brooke He had studied first at Oxford, and then in Onenlal languages at Cambridge. In the richness of his cnlnur-texturr he is in the Spenser-Keats tradition, but in his infinite 'power of suggestion' he follows the prevailing interest of the moderns, and a wind from France has blown more than quietly on the technique of his muse.

We have here a medley of elements and influences. In thought this poem belongs to the modern ballad, also in its masterly and polished finish; in its directness too it does not forget the lesson

of the folk-ballad. We are not allowed to forget *The Ancient Mariner,* but there are touches quite 'beyond a Coleridge, particularly in the bizarre humour that peeps out so often, even when the moment seems to be most serious Who can ever forget the boldness of the opening, with Alexander's wonderful oriental metamorphosis: his Mussulman adoption ? Here is a mintahty lhat takes its orientalism as freshly as that famous Frederic II, son of the Emperor Barbarossa, at whose court Arabic uas spoken as freely as Provencal. Who can forget the bizarre jest of the 'land of Calcohar,' where men drink 'Dead Men's Blood for wine, and dye their beards alizarine.' ?

We are plunged directly into the business of the poem, as it is the business of all perfectly good ballads to do. Alexander is thirsty for more discoveries, and he calls his captain and states his wishes, commands him to gather a crew, and—wonderful thought—bids him impress among them those twin wonders of the ancient world—Plato and Aristotle,—'those learned *two,* old Aflatun and Aristu.' With a ' ship of silver mail' and *these,* what better ingredients could any story desire for its opening ?

The ' ship of silver mail,[1] the ' glittering galleon' sails forth over the calm ocean and long after 'through the night like one great bell' the marshalled armies sing them a farewell.

Fair journeying meets them until they come upon the hundredth day, and then 'there came storm with his windy wings aflame, and draws them out to that Lcne Sea whose shores are near Eternity.' And here we enter an atmosphere of Coleridge's *Ancient Muriner:*

> Bird or fish they saw not one;
> There swam no ship beside their own
> And day-night long the lilied Deep
> Lay around them, with its flowers asleep.

The next stanza might have come straight from Coleridge, the masterly mingling of romance and realism for which Shakespeare had prepared the way.

The beams began to warp and crack,
The silver plates turned filthy black,
And drooping down on the carven rails
Hung those once lovely silken sails.

Despair, indifference, the sense of life, of vigour, and of great design, the very mission of Alexander, the great emprise, even faith itself, all are slipping away, until:

"all the great ship's crew who were
Such noble lads to do and dare
Grew old and tired of the changeless sky
And laid them down on the deck to die."

All is without avail, and the great philosophers themselves are proven useless in this great extremity for have they not:

Let their Beards grow, and the Beards grew
Round and about the mainmast tree.

And now is not all this a cunning parallel that might illustrate the lives of every one of us?

Up to now we have suspected Flecker of little more than the desire to tell a very decorative stoiy, but here we see the signs of a double and deeper pnrpose, ever elusive, by the very nature of the treatment he has chosen, but the threads of which may yet be picked put if WE look carefully enough Do not all of us set out on youth's journey, is there not for us the great emprise, the goal, and the faith ? And then after a while surely are we beset; no longer may we keep our course or reckoning; we falter; we turn a^idc: we arc dismayed; and above all, those ideals with which we set- out with such confidence, those noble thoughts leading to equally noble actions, where are they ? All has become entangled and confused; all has gone down before the daemon of *self,* and our once glittering ship is no more a thing of beauty, for the 'silver plates' have turned—

filthy black
And drooping down on the carven rails
*Hang* those once lovely silken sails.

But the art of Flecker is that he will never allow us to be too aware of all this. First he would have us read the poem as a thing of beauty, and many have certainly so read it and bren content. Afterwards, if we so wish, he perhaps would have us reflect,, and out of such reflection I think such thoughts as these must come. The point at which they been to arise is on the appearance of the second ship

> Untarnished glowed its silver mail,
> Windless bellied the siiken sail

Then on the ancient bait there is the rustle of awakening, and the Captain Making his brazen whip wakes to life the long dead ship ' Only Aflatun and Anstu remain calm, gazing—

> at the stranger Ship and Sea
> With their beards around the mainmast tree.

And one of them, we may depend, s'ees a thing the others do not, and in this perhaps we are to recognise his great reward. What he sees is the failure of their great undertaking; to themselves they may seem even humbugs, but the wonderful thing is they have not failed in the wood's eyes, for the imaginations of men have been busied about them and their mysterious disappearance, and lo,—this, that they now see, is *themselves* as they still live in men's minds, for men have made of them a legend. And it is here that we must take an extension of Flicker's parable until it embraces the preciousnessof the imaginative powerof man out of which all legends must grow. For Time lias wrought upon that wo-idrous Argosy of Sultan Iskander until all connected with it have grown as splendid as ever Odysseus and his manners who live on in men's minds for ever immortal and unsullied by Time or Chance, by Death, Despair and the thousand nightmares of the soul.

But, to Aristu, the 'Silver Ship' is still an enigma, and he blunders before his brother philosopher.

> ' Surely our King, despondent soon,
> Has sent this second ship to find
> Unconquered tracts of human kind.'

Then from Plato's deeper knowledge he is answered:

"Alas," he said, " O Anstu,
A white weak thin old fool are you."

"And docs yon Silver Ship appear
As she had journeyed twenty year ?
And has that silver Captain's face
*A mortal or Immorldl grace ?*

That last is perhaps the most pregnant line in the whole poem for it is the great 'open sesame' of Flecker's meaning. The Captain's face of course has an immortal grace, for it is the face that now lives only in the imagination of men's minds—it is the face belonging to one who inhabits ' the country where they k?ep the Images men see in sleep'

We see now that the poem contains really a composite idea, for the Silver Ship and its Captain stand as symbols for our ideals, and the dazzling splendour of imagination, from which spring romance and legend The source of our lives which allows these qualities inherent in all of us to dwindle and tarnish is to fail in the perfection of our life's goal—to be perfect in mind as well as body Thus the Black Ship only apparently lias *failed* in achieving its object, for though it may be posted as missing men will never cease to talk of it while there is living speech, or of Sultan Iskander, Aflatun. or Austu because it has become part of the world's legend. This, then, is the comfort of the White Ship's message, and which at present only Aflatun truly perceives. Says Aflatun:

Theirs is the land behind the Door,
And theirs the old ideal shore.
They steer our ship: behold our crew
Ideal, and our Captain too.

And then we have the final supreme touch, and where we feel conviction must sink into the doubting Aristu:

"And lol beside the mainmast tree
Twu tall and shining forms I see,
And they are what we ought to be,
*Yet ive are they, and they are we."*

For the real is no more, and the unreal has become the real.

He spoke, and some young Zephyr stirred,
The two ships touched: no sound was 'heard;'
The Black Ship crumbled into air:
And only the Phantom Ship was there.

And with that the bow has been tied neatly on Hecker's surprising casket of beauty. For what are our most exquisle visions but phantoms that are more real than reality? " *We* are nearer waking when we dream that we dream," has said that young German philosopher, a car temporary uf Keats, ivho died of the same malady and at about the same time—Friedrich von Hardenbourg—' Novalis.'

And a great cry rang round the sky
Of glorious singers sweeping by.

And so they will always sing, for who does not hear still in calm sweet days the mariners of the old arch mariner—Odysjeus ? And are not these of that same company ?

And calm and fair on waves that shone
The Silver Ship sailed on and on.

And for those of us who can shield and preserve our phantoms so too shall we always sail: to such can never be denied the kingdom of heaven.

But here I have been trying to give a name to that which a genius has given to us out of his infinite power of 'poetic suggestions/ which, strictly speaking, is to have attempted the impossible.

## ANONYMOUS.

### *Broceliande.*

*" She told them of the fairy-haunted land*
*Away the other side of Brittany,*
*Beyond the heaths, edged by the lonely sea;*
*Of the deep forest-glades of Broceliande.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

They trampled the earth, a mighty host,
To harry the Ottoman:
Of Barbarossa was their song,
And Guy of Lusignan.

And some went there in hoods of black,
And some went quiet in gray,
But all blood-red were the liripipes
Of those who led the way.

The immaculacy of Christ was there
That would not let them fail:
The green, the white, and the red cross
Were set upon their mail.

And some there were half naked went
More markedly for zeal,
The cross in cicatrice upon the breast:
Christ's perdurable seal.

*Line*

4. Guy of LusJgnan, the King of the Syrian Christians, wlin helped Emperor Frederick Bar'barossa in the Crusade of 1118.
7. liripipes—the pendant part of the cap or hood affected by the men of the Middle Ages.
11. The colours of different nations.

The sun swung bw towards the west,
A cloud formed in the height,
When [jod sent all a marvel there
To hold the hush of night.

Ear off from Compostella rang
St James's holy bell:
From top to base the cloud was rent
Ere any man could tell.

Then bud and clear the jargoning
That grew upon the air,
With all the dule of Palestine,
And all of the despair.

"A miracle." said each to each,
"A miracle indeed:
Aye, Bethlehem and Babylon
The like hath not for need!

" In Armonye and Alisaundre,
In Lourdes and Sinai,
There hath not been such miracle
For men to quicken by."

But as they babbled strangely there,
Confusion in their breasts,
Upon a hill beside the way
A milk-white palfrey rests.

*Line*

33. **Armonyc and Alisaundre**—Armenia and Alexandria.
J4. **Lourdea and Sinai**—places famous **for** pilgrimages.

Upon its back a lady fair,
With brow all marble pale,
Eyes changeful as the wave that's tossed
In April's gleaming gale.

Her girdle wove by faery hand,
Her hair fell to her knees,
Her waist was like the willow-wand
All delicate to please.

Her palfrey was housell'd all of blue,
But flowers of flame had he,
And bells full oft danced on his head
In sweet-tongued sorcery.

Mournful her face as she watched them pass
With never a palinode:
And some she noted who ever kept
Their eyes upon the road,

Who took no heed of all that stir
But muttered paters, aves,
And ruth of all the saints entreat
To free the Soldan's slaves.

The tears welled in the lady's eyes,
"'Tis all of Christ zmd God,
They have no joy but in the cry
Of paynim lowly trod.

*Line*
49. housell'd—caparisoned.



**2ZP**

" The torment, pain and the shadow art here,
  But not the light that clears:
The god of the vintage is long since dead,
  In the inviolable toll of the years.

"Artois, Champagne, Picardy,
  And all that France holds dear,
Cast lots for Bernard or for me:
  The saints have made him peer!

[11] How many at sunset have passed my tower
  That glisters by the sea,
With love of the lute's fair servitude
  And joy's confederacy?

"The fragrance of beauty had they known
  As it stole from my window's height:
In the cloud of my hair I had them crowned,
  And their eyes had known my night. BD

" Once fair Giselle men called me,
  And their flowers in my hair;
And they gave me the marvel of their youth
  In the Spring's sweet air/

" But now the flowers are withered,
  And the young men's bodies scourged:
The blood-red stain nn the lilied field,
  The vision they have urged.

*Line*

69. Three fair provinces of France.

71. Bernard—Saint Bernard, who preached the second crusade of 1147.

[11] Helen, Iseult, HipparcTiia and Thais,
And the Lords of Charlemagne,
Are less than the leaves of yesteryear—
For Christ is Lord again."

And she turned aside on her palfrey white,
As the sun dipped under the hill,
And was lost in the wood of Broceliande
Where men can think no ill.

ANDNYMDUS

The aim in this poem seems to have 'been to illustrate two anciently conflicting ideals, the Christian and the Pagan. English literature is rich in themes of this nature from the Middle Ages to the present day. The Christian attitude has been well expressed thus. 'Terrified by sins, driven mad by the fear of hell a kind *of* gloom fell upon the world. Men caring nothing for any human affection or relationship, flog themselves to death in the mountains .... All men saw in this madness, this self torture a kind of ideal. All Europe seems to have been in a state of melancholia. Suddenly with a kind of immense relief .... the Crusades devastated Europe.'[1]

The writer in this poem has summoned to himself a powerful aid—the use of symbol; for what are the wood of *Broceliande* and *Pale Giselle* but symbols? Just as Arcadia, Arden, and Cockaigne, are symbols to express the impossible and unattainable, "the land of lost content, the happy highways where we went and cannot come again,'[7] so do Pale Giselle and Broceliande contain the same significance. Arcadia, that kingdom of escape, where love alone has sway, where our ideals bask themselves under the eternal skies of summer, where everything is more real than reality, and where the names sacred in the world's story of great loves put on immortality, this is the kingdom that alone can save us from the 'immense disillusion of reality.' And here too above all is Beauty,

[1] Edward Huttcm.

and the life beautiful. ' It is in Art that all beauty lies and there is nothing perfect upon earth but man has made it .... There is more truth in poetry than in history, and the only reality we may know is that which has been conceived by man.[12]

Beauty is part of the Pagan ideal, the life beautiful where eternal summer reigns, and the birds are never still, and lovers wander in marvellous communion and understanding, and passionate faith in divinity of love. This is the pagan lure, the lure *at Pale Giselle,* of *La Belle Dame,* and of the Queen of Elfland who kept Thomas of Erccldoune for seven long years and relrased him at last that he might give her message to a dolorous world.

*Brocelumde* is a lament for a world that would exchange beauty, and the life beautiful, for the shadow of the cross, suffering, and death.

---

'Edward Hutton.

# LONGER POEMS.

*Choice word and measured phrase above the reach of ordinary men.*

WORDSWORTH.

## *Tintern Abbey.*

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of live long winters! and again I hear
These wateis, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
Thehii hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wtiod run wild: these pastoral farms
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of Vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,

As have no slight or trivial influence
Dn that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts

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

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things, Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in thr shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,

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

WORDSWORTH.

**We find Wordsworth here in the mood of 'the confessional.' We arc to learn of the very nature of that response Nature has the power to evoke in him. Nature in childhood:**

**For nature then**
**(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,**
**And their glad animal movements all gone by)**
**To me was all in all . . . .**
**The sounding cataract**
**Haunted me like a passion:**

**But 'that time is past,' and now he has learned to look on nature, "not as in the hour of thoughtless youth but hearing oftentimes, the still sad music of humanity." He learns of the condition that tempers ecstasy with sublimity, and through all it is Nature who is nurse, tutor, friend:**

**For thou art with me here upon the banks**
**Df this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,**
**My dear, dear Friend.**

**Then follow lines, some of ihem the most remarkable in all literature in theii degree of glowing in abandon to the powers he has evolved:**

**.... in thy Voice I catch**
**The language of my former heart, and read**
**My former pleasures, in the shooting lights**
**Of thy wild eyes.**

**The Blessed Virgin, to the Catholic mystics, was not more real than Nature to this brooding Pantheist:**

For bhe can so inform
**The mind that is within us, so impress**
**With quietness and beauty, and so feed**
**With bfty thoughts, that neither evil tongues**
**Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men;**
**Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all**
**The dreary intercourse of daily life**

Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which WE behold
Is full of blessings.

Thus we have the keystone of the Wordsworthian faith, and for him it seemed sufficient, utterly, and wholly, enough.

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## **ALFRED, LORD** TENNYSON. **1809-1892**

### *Ulysses.*

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crag's,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That Invcd me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro[1] scudding drifts the rainy Hyades[1]
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name ;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,

[1] Hyades. The stars that were supposed to bring rain and personified under the names of seven nymphs. Originally entrusted by Zeus with the care of his infant son Dionysus, they were afterwards placed by him among the stars.

Myself not least, but honoured of them all ;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
-Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whoi-e margin fades
For ever and for ever when I niore.
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. 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; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this grey spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my snn, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good,
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,
When I am gone. He works his works, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail-
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took

The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil; SD
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods,
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we know.
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.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

One of the first difficulties you will meet with in this poem will be the impossibility of understanding it unless you know something of the character of the man whose name gives the title to the poem Ulyises, or Ddysseus as he was known ***to*** the Greeks, is the great renowned hero of Homer's epic, the Odyssey. One of the most charming prose versions to which you should give yourself early access is that of Charles Lamb, it is neither long nor difficult, and is beautifully retold. Since that will not be

immediately available a few brief remarks may serve as a useful introduction.

Ulysses was one of the principal heroes in the Trojan war and was married to Penelope, by whom he became the father of Telemachus. The Odyssey follows his adventures after the destruction of Troy and tells of his wanderings and the vexatious delays he and his companions experienced tryinjr to reach their island home of Ithaca, where Penelope long lind waited her husband sorely beset by jealous and headstrong suitors.

In Ulysses we find a man of infinite resource and judgment, one who despite the constant anger of the gods can ultimately win through out of all his trials He is not a young man but a middle-aged man of the world and of all the heroes of Greek legend the most endowed with intellect.

You may learn of a further wandering of Ulysses, if you are ever in the mood to seek further, in that delightfully told story *The World's Desire* by Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang.

In this version of Tennyson we are to suppose Ulysses emerged safely at last from all his troubles and yet not satisfied to have done with wandering Penelope has grown old in absence, and as he settles down to rule his kingdom he finds his subjects a little rough and uncouth. For him adventures had been so many, had crowded SD thick and fast, that to face the prospect of encountering no more appears to the hero unendurable and not to be borne. Not yet has the blood ceased to flow in riot through his veins, and this life of ease and indolence seems stagnation and living death. Life is not yet finished for him and he determines to take all that it can offer to the last drop in the cup

The poem is full of reminiscence of the past, and brooding on this he is stirred to passionate revolt, and resolve. He will leave his kingdom to Telemachus his son and wander once again, "sail beyond the sunset, and the baths of all the western stars" Perhaps he will reach the Happv Isles, the Isles of the Blest and meet the ghost of the great Achilles. Above all he will never give in, he is still a hero, though made weaker by Time and Fate. But his will is strong, he has never done knowing and he will not yield.

The character is finely conceived by Tennyson of this indomitable-willed, miOdle-aged man who has already touched the utmost depths of human suffering. The poem must rank among the best of Tennyson's classical poems.

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## ROBERT BROWNING. IBIZ-IW

### *Andrea Del Sarto.*

### *(Called " The Faultless Painter.'")*

But do not let us quarrel any more,
No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for once:
Sit down and all shall happen as you wish.
You turn your face, but does it bring your heart ?
I'll work then for your friend's friend, never fear,
Treat his own subject after his own way,
Fix his own time, accept too his own price,
And shut the money into this small hand
When next it takes mine. Will it ? tenderly ?
Oh, I'll content him,—but to-morrow, Love !
I often am much wearier than you think,
This evening more than usual, and it seems
As if—forgive now—should you let me sit
Here by the window with your hand in mine
And look a half hour forth on Fiesole,
Both of one mind, as married people use,
Quietly, quietly, the evening through,
I might get up to-morrow to my work
Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try.

To-morrow how you shall be glad for this!
Your soft hand is a woman of itself,
And mine the man's barer! breast she curls inside.
Don't count the time lost, either; you must serve
For each of the five pictures we require—
It saves a model. So ! keep looking so—
My serpentining beauty, rounds on rounds!
—How could you ever prick those perfect ears,
Even to put the pearl there! oh, so sweet—
My face, my moon, my everybody's moon,
Which everybody looks on and calls his,
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,
While she looks—no one's: very dear, no less !
You smile ? why, there's my picture ready made.
There's what we painters call our harmony'
A common greyness silvers everything,—
All in a twilight, you and I alike
—You, at the point of your first pride in me
(That's gone you know),—but I. at every point:
My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned down
To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole
There's the bell clinking from the chapel-top;
That length of convent-wall across the way
Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;
The last monk leaves the garden; days decrease
And autumn grows, autumn in everything.
Eh ? the whole seems to fall into a shape
As if I saw alike my work and self
And all that I was born to be and do,
A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's hand.
How strange now, Ionics the life He makes us lead!
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel He laid the fetter: let it lie!
This chamber for example—turn your head—
All that's behind us! vou don't understand

Nor care to understand about my art,
But you can hear at least when people speak;
And that cartoon, the second from the door
—It is the thing, Love! so surh things should be—
Behold Madonna, I am bold to say.
I can do with my pencil what I know,
What I see, what at bottom of my heart
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—
Do easily, too—when I say perfectly
I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are judge
Who listened to the Legnte's talk last week,
And just as much they used to say in France.
At any rate 'tis easy, all of it,
No sketches first, no studies, that's long past—
I do what many dream of all their lives
—Dream ? strive to do, and agonise to do,
And fail in doing. I could count twenty such
On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,
Who strive—you don't know how the others strive
To paint a little thing like that you smeared
Carelessly passing with your robes afloat,—
Yet do much less, so much less, someone says,
(I know his name, no matter) so much less '
Well, less is more, Lucrezia ! I am judged.
There burns a truer light of God in them.
In their vexed, beating, stuffed and stopped-up brain,
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
This low-pulsed fortnight craftsman's hand of mine
Their works drop groundwkrd, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter and take their place the sure enough,
Though they come back and cannnt tell the world.
My wnrks are nearer heaven, but I sit here.
The suOden blood of these men! at a word—
Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils too.

I, painting from myself and to myself,
Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame
Or their praise either. Somebody remarks
Morello's outline there is wrongly traced,
His hue mistaken—what of that ? or else,
Rightly traced and well ordered—what of that ?
Speak as they please, what does the mountain care ?
Ah, but a man's reach shnuld exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for ? all is silver-grey
Placid and perfect with my art—the Worse!
I know both what I want and what might gain—
And yet how profitless to know, to sigh
[II] Had I been two, another and myself,
Our head wtould have o'erlooked the world! " No doubt.
Yonder's a work, now, of that famous youth
The Urbinate who died five years ago.
(Tis copied, George Vasari sent it me.)
Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,
Reaching, that Heaven might so replenish him,
Above and through his art—for it gives way:
That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
Its body, so to speak: its soul is right.
He means ri^ht—that, a child may understand.
Still what an arm[1] and I could alter it.
But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
Dut of me! out of me! And wherefore out ?
Had vou enjoined them on me, given me soul.
We might have risen to Rafael, I and you.
Nay, Love, you did give all I risked, I think—
More than I merit, yes, by many times.
But had you—Oh, with the same perfect brow.
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird

The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged
" God and the glory! never care for gain.
The Present by the Future, what is that ?
Live for fame, side by side with Angela—
Rafael is waiting. Up to God all three! "
I might have done it for you. So it seems—
Perhaps not. All is as God over-rules.
Beside, incentives come from the soul's self;
The rest avail not. Why do I need you ?
What wife had Rafael, or has Angelo ?
In this world, who can do a thing, will not—
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:
Yet the will's somewhat—somewhat, too, the power—
And thus we half-men struggle. At the end,
God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.
'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,
That I am something underrated here,
Poor this long while, despised, to speak the truth.
I dared not, do you know, leave home all day,
For fear of chancing on the Paris lords.
The best is when they pass and look aside;
But they speak sometimes; I must bear it all.
Well may they speak ! That Francis, that first time,
And that long festal year at Fontainebleau !
I surely then could sometimes leave the ground,
Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,
In that humane great monarch's golden look,—
One finger in his beard or twisted curl
Over his mouth's good mark that made the smile,
Due arm about my shoulder, round my neck,
The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,
I painting proudly with his breath on me,
All his court around him, seeing with his eyes,

Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of souls
Profuse, my hand kept plying by those hearts,—
And, best of all, this, this, this face beyond,
This in the background, waiting on my work,
To crown the issue with a last reward!
A good time, was it not, my kingly days ?
And had you not grown restless—but I know—
Tis done and past; 'twas right, my instinct said;
Too live the life grew, golden and not grey,
And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should tempt
Out of the grange whose four walls make his world.
How could it end in any other way ?
You called me, and I came home to yon: heart,
The triumph was to have ended there; then if
I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost ?
Let my hands frame your fare in your hair's gold,
You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!
" Rafael did this, Andrea painted that—
The Roman is the better when you pray,
But still the other's Virgin was his wife—"
Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge
Both pictures in your presence; clearer grows
My better fortune, I resolve to think.
For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives,
Said one day Angelo, his very self,
To Rafael... I have known it all these years ..
(When the young man was flaming out his thoughts
Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,
Tno lifted up his heart because of it)
" Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how,
Who, were he set to plan and execute
As yon are, pricked on by your popes and kings,
Would bring the sweat intn that brow of yours!"
To Rafael's!—And indeer! the arm is wrong.

*I* hardly dare—yet, only you to see,
Give the chalk here—quick, thus the line should go!
Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!
Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,
(What he ? why, who but Michael Angelo ?
Do you forget already words like those ?)
If really there were such a chance, so lost,—
Is, whether you're—not grateful—but more pleased.
Well, let me think so. And you smile indeed!
This hour has been an hour! Another smile ?
If you would sit thus by me every night
I should work better, do you comprehend ?
I mean that I should earn more, give you more.
See, it is settled dusk now; there's a star;
Morello's gone, the watch lights show the wall,
The cue-o\vls speak the name we call them by.
Come from the window, Love,—come in, at last
Inside the melancholy little house
WE built to be so gay with. God is just.
King Francis may forgive me. Oft at nights
When I look up from painting, eyes tired out,
The walls become illumined, brick from brick
Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright gold,
That gold of his I did cement them with!
Let us but love each other. Must you go ?
That cousin here again ? he waits outside ?
Must see you—you, and not with me ? Those loans r
More gaming debts to pay ? you smiled for that ?
Well, let, smiles buy me! have you more to spend ?
While hand and eye and something of a heart
Are left me, work's my ware, and what's it worth ?
I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit
The grey remainder of the evening out,
Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly
How I could paint, were I but back in France,

One picture, just one more—the Virgin's face,
To hear them—that is, Michael Angela—
Not yours thii. time! 1 want you at my side
Judge all I do and tell you of its worth.
Will you ? To-morrow, satisfy your friend.
I take the subjects for his corridor,
Finish the portrait out of hand—there, there,
And throw him in another thing or two
If he demur; the whole should prove enough
To pay for this same Cousin's freak. Beside,
What's better and what's all I care about,
Get you the thirteen scudi for the ruff.
Love, does that please you ? Ah, but what does he,
The Cousin! what does he to please you more ?

I am grown peaceful as old age to-night.
I regret little, I would change still less.
Since there my past life lies, why alter it?
The very wrong to Francis!—it is true
I took his coin, was tempted and complied,
And built this house and sinned, and all is said.
My father and my mother died of want.
Well, had I riches of my own ? you see
How one gets rich! Let each one bear his lot.
They were born poor, lived poor, and poor they died:
And I have laboured somewhat in my lime
And not been paid profusely. Some good son
Paint my two hundred pictures—let him try!
No doubt, there's something strikes a balance. Yes,
You loved me quite enough, it .seems to-night.
This must suffice me here. What would one have?
In Heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance—
Four great walls in the New Jerusalem
Meterl on each side by the angel's reed,
For Leonard, Rafael, Angelo and me

To cover—the three first without a **wife,**
While I have mine! So—still they overcome
Because there's still Lucrezia,—as I choose.
Again the Cousin's whistle! Go, my Love.

ROBERT BROWNING.

This poem belongs to a class of composition for which Robert Browning was famous, namely ' dramatic monologues,'

In order to get the true spirit of this piece you must try and transport yourself to the Italy of the Renaissance, and of all cities of that time to the city of Florence, long rendered immortal as the home of art, and one art particularly, the art of painting. Like Oxford with whom she is often compared, Florence lies in a cup of the hills on the banks of the river Arno. One hill there is more famous than any of the others of which Milton sung —Fiesole. These hills are covered with rich verdure, but the most characteristic feature of the landscape is the Lombardy poplar growing tall, and straight, and lifting its tapering dark point to heaven. Scarcely a painting of note that has used as its background the Umbrian landscape has omitted this beautiful tree, and on Fiesole they grow in profusion.

According to George Vasari,, that astonishing biographer of the painters of his age, Andrea del Sarto was born in Florence in 1478. He has left us a very interesting account of Andrea's paintings but hardly satisfies our curiosity about his wife. But he does tell us that, after his marriage, he 'had much trouble for the rest of his life, being obliged to work far harder than before, because in addition to the usual labour and trials of such a condition, he suffered from additional ones, being tormented by jealousy and other things.'

Andrea passed into the service of the King of France, Francis I, and in a short time grew to fame and fortune. But there comes a day when some letters arrive from his wife and the vision of her they summon before him so works upon him that he feels

impelled to return to Florence. Hereafter misfortune dogs him. He had promised Francis he would return, but his wife makes him break his promise thereby earning the king's strong disfavour. Browning shows us the woman's character in this remarkable study, and shows us her husband pitifully in thrall to her beauty, bound over hand and foot to her merest whim. Browning does not spare her, and if the last account of her is true he doesn't need. The siege of Florence had brought the plague. We do not know for certain if Andrea took it, but undoubtedly he fell grievously sick. In this extremity his wife deserted him and he perished miserably in 1531 with not a single soul by to attend to his wants. His end is a fine example of tragic irony—the most distinguished painter of his age, honoured by princes and kings, dies uncared for and totally neglected.

One thing Vasari emphasises—Andrea's weakness, his fatal weakness. 'A timidity of spirit and a yielding simple nature prevented him from exhibiting a burning ardour and dash that joined to his other qualities would have made him divine.'

It is this fatal weakness that Browning has so masterfully caught for us in his poem, a weakness and submission before the imperious will of that other whose beauty ever rises before him, a beauty which he fatally as an artist and painter only can meticulously appraise and judge in its exquisite perfection: and understanding he meets his doom.

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## CHRISTINA GEDRGINA RDSSETTI 1830-94

### *Goblin Market.*

Morning and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry:
' Come buy our orchard fruits,
**Come** buy, come buy:

Apples and quinces,
Lemons and oranges,
Hump unpecked cherries,
Melons and raspberries,
Bloom-down-cheeked peaches,
Swart-headed mulberries,
Wild free-born cranberries,
Crab-apples, dewberries,
Pine-apples, blackberries,
Apricots, strawberries;—
All ripe together
In summer weather,—
Morns that pass by,
Fair eves that fly;
Come buy, come buy:
Our grapes fresh from the vine,
Pomegranates full and tine,
Dates and sharp bullaces,
Rare pears and greengages,
Damsons and bilberries,
Taste them and try:
Currants and gooseberries,
Bright-fire-like barberries,
Figs to fill your mouth
Citrons from the South,
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye;
Come buy, come buy,'
Evening by evening
Among the brooksides rushes,
Laura bowed her head to hear,
Lizzie veiled her blushes:
Crouching close together
In the cooling weather,
With clasping arms and cautioning lips,
With tingling cheeks and finger tips,

'Lie close/ Laura said,
Pricking up her golden head:
'We must not look at goblin men,
We must not buy their fruits:
Who knows upon what soil they fed
Their hungry thirsty roots?'
' Come buy call the goblins
Hobbling down the glen,
' Oh,' cried Lizzie, ' Laura, Laura,
You should not peep .it goblin men,'
Lizzie covered up her eyes,
Covered dose lest they should look;
Laura reared her glossy head,
And whispered like the restless brook:
'Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,
Down the glen tramp little men.
One hauls a basket,
One bears a plate,
One lugs a golden dish
Of many pounds weight.
How fair the vine must grow
Whose grapes are so luscious;
How warm the wind must blow
Through those fruit bushes.'
'No,' said Lizzie: ' No, no, no;
Their offers should not charm us,
She thrust a dimpled finger
In each ear, shut eyes and ran:
Curious Laura chose to linger
Wondering at each merchant man.
One had a cat's face,
One whisked a tail,
One tramped at a rat's pace,
One crawled like a snail,
One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry,

One like a ratel tumbled hurry-skurry.
She heard a voice like voice of doves
In the pleasant weather.

Laura stretched her gleaming neck
Like a rush-imbedded swan,
Like a lily from the beck,
Like a moonlit poplar branch,
Like a vessel at the launch
When its last restraint is gone.

Backwards up the mossy glen
Turned and trooped the goblin men,
With their shrill repeated cry,
'Come buy, come buy.'
When they reached where Laura Was
They stood stock still upon the moss,
Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother:
Signalling each other,
Brother with sly brother
One set his basket down,
One reared his plate;
Dne began to weave a crown
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown
(Men sell not such in any town);
One heaved the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her:

'Come buy, come buy,' was still their cry.
Laura stared but did not stir,
Longed but had no money:
The whisk-tailed merchant bade her taste
In tones as smooth as honey,
The cat-faced purr'd,

The rat-paced spoke a word
Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard;
One parrot-voiced and jolly
Cried 'Pretty Goblin' still for Tretty Polly;'—
Dne whistled like a bird.

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:
' Good folk, I have no coin;
To take were to purloin:
I have no copper in my purse,
I have no silver either
And all my gold is on the furze
That shakes in windy weather
Above the rusty heather.'
' You have much gold upon your head,'
They answered all together:
'Buy from us with a golden curl.'
She clipped a precious golden lock,
She dropped a tear more rare than pearl.
Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red'
Sweeter than honey from the rock,
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,
Dearer than water flowed that juice;
She never tasted such before
How should it cloy with length of use ?
She sucked and sucked and sucked the more
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore;
She sucked until her lips were sore;
Then flung the emptied rinds away
But gathered up one kernel stone,
And knew not was it night or day
As she turned home alone.

Lizzie met her at the gate
Full of wise upbraidings:
'Dear, you should not stay so late,

Twilignt is not good for maidens;
Should not loiter in the glen
In the haunts of goblin men.
Do you not remember Jeanie,
How she met them in the moonlight,
Took their gifts both choice and many,
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers
Plucked from bowers
Where summer ripens at all hours ?
But ever in the moonlight
She pined and pined away.
Sought them by night and day,
Found them no more but dwindled and grew grey
Then fell with the first snow,
While to this day no grass will grow
Where she lies low:
I planted daisies there a year ago
That never blow.
You should not loiter so.'
' Nay, hush,' said Laura:
' Nay, hush, my sister:
' ate and ate my fill,
Yet my' mouth waters still
To-morrow night I will
Buy more,' and kissed her;
' Have done with sorrow;
I'll bring you plums to-morrow
Fresh on their mother twigs,
Cherries worth getting;
You cannot think what figs
My teeth have met in.
What melons icy-cold
Piled on a dish of gold
Too huge for me to hold.
What pearhes with a velvet nap,

Pellucid grapes without one seed.
Odorous indeed must be the mead
Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink
With lilies at the brink,
And sugar-sweet their sap.'

Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest
Folded in each other's wings,
They lay down in their curtained bed:
Like two blossoms on one stem,
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow,
Like two wands of ivory
Tipped with gold for awful kings.
Moon and stars gazed in at them,
Wind sang them to lullaby,
Lumbering owls forbore to fly,
Not a bat flapped to and fro
Round their nest:
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Locked together in one nest.

Early in the morning
When the first cock crowed his warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie:
Fetched in honey, milked the cows,
Aired and set to rights the house,
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
Next churned butter, whipped up cream,
Fed their poultry, sat and sewed:
Talked as modest maidens should:
Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,

One content, one sick in part:
One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,
One longing for the night.

At length slow' evening came:
They went with pitchers to the reedy brook:
Lizzie most placid in her look,
Laura most like a leaping flame
They drew the gurgling water from its deep:
Lizzie plucked purple and rich golden flags
Then turning homewards said: ' The sunset flushes
Those furthest loftiest crags:
Come, Laura, not another maiden lags,
No wilful squirrel wags,
The beasts and birds are fast asleep.'
But Laura loitered still among the rushes
And said the bank was steep.

And said the hour was early still,
The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill:
Listening ever, but not catching
The customary cry,
[f] Come buy, come buy,'
With its iterated jingle
Of sugar-baited words :
Not for all her watching
Once discerning even one goblin
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling;
Let alone the herds
That used to tramp along the glen,
In groups or single,
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

Till Lizzie urged, 'O Laura, rome;
I hear the fruit-call but I dare not look:

You should not loiter longer at this brook:
Come with me home.
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,
Each glowworm winks her spark,
Let us get home before the night grows dark:
Fur clouds may gather
Though this is summer weather,
Put out the lights and drench us through;
Then if we lost our way what should we do?'

Laura turned cold as stone
To find her sister heard that cry alone,
That goblin cry,
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth
She dreamed of melons, as a traveller sees
False waves in desert drouth
With shade of leaf-crowned trees,
And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.

She no more swept the house,
Tended the fowls or cows,
Fetched honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,
Brought water from the brook:
But sat down listless in the chimney-nook
And would not eat.

Tender Lizzie could not bear
To watch her sister's cankerous care
Yet not to share.
She night and morning
Caught the goblins' cr'y:
' Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy:—
Beside the brook, along the glen,
She heard the tramp of goblin men,

The voice and stir
Poor Laura could not hear;
Longed to buy fruit to comfort her,
But feared to pay too rlear.
She thought of Jeanie in her grave
Who should have been a bride;
But who for joys brides hope to have
Fell sick and died
In her gay prime,
In earliest Winter time,
With the first glazing rime,
With the first snow-fall of crisp Winter time.

Till Laura dwindling
Seemed knocking at Death's door:
Then Lizzie weighed no more
Better and worse;
But put a silver penny in her purse,
Kissed Laura, crossed the heath with clumps of furze
At twilight, halted by the brook:
And for the first time in her life
Began to listen and look.

Laughed every goblin
When they spied her peeping:
Came towards her hobbling,
Flying, running, leaping,
Puffing and blowing,
Chucking, clapping, crowing,
Clucking and gobbling,
Mopping and mowing,
Full of airs and graces,
Pulling wry faces,
Demure grimaces,
Cat-like and rat-like,

Ratel—and wombat-like
Snail-paced in a hurry,
Parrot-voiced and whistler,
Helter-skelter, hurry-skurry,
Chattering like magpies,
Fluttering like pigeons,
Gliding like fishes
Hugged her and kissed her:
Squeezed and caressed her:
Stretched up their dishes,
Panniers, and plates:
' Look at our apples
Russet and dun,
Bob at our cherries,
Bite at our peaches,
Citrons and dates.
Grapes for the asking.
Pears red with basking
Out in the sun,
Plums on their twigs;
Pluck them and suck them,
Pomegranates, figs.'—

' Good folk,' said Lizzie,
Mindful of Jeanie:
' Give me much and many:—'
Held out her apron,
Tossed them her penny.
'Nay, take a seat with us,
Honour and eat with us.'
They answered grinning:
' Our feast is but beginning.
Night yet is early,
Warm and dew-pearly,
Wakeful and starry:

Such fruits as these
No man can carry;
Half their bloom would fly,
Half their dew would dry,
Half their flavour would pass by.
Sit down and feast with us.
Be welcome guest with us,
Cheer you and rest with us,'—
' Thank you/ said Lizzie: ' But one waits
At home alone for me:
So without further parleying,
If you will not sell me any
Df your fruits though much and many,
Give me back my silver penny
I tossed you for a fee/—
They began to scratch their pates,
No longer Wagging, purring,
But visibly demurring,
Grunting and snarling
One called her proud,
Cross-grained, uncivil;
Their tones waxed loud,
Their looks were evil.
Lashing their tails
They trod and hustled her,
Elbowed and jostled her,
Clawed with their nails,
Barking, mewing, hissing, mocking,
Tore her gown and soiled her stocking,
Twitched her hair out by the roots,
Stamped upon her tender feet,
Held her hands and squeezed their fruits
Against her mouth to make her eat.

White and golden Lizzie stood,
Like a lily in a flood, —
Like a rock of blue-veined stone
Lashed by tides obstreperously, —
Like a beacon left alone
In a hoary roaring sea,
Sending up a golden fire, —
Like a fruit-crowned orange-free
White with blossoms honey-Sweet
Sore beset by wasp and bee —
Like a royal virgin town
Topped with gilded dfttne and spire
Close beleaguered by a fleet
Mad to tug her standard down.

One may lead a horse to water,
Twenty cannot make him drink.
Though the goblins cuffed and caught her,
Coaxed and fought her,
Bullied and besought her,
Scratched her, pinched her black as ink,
Kicked and knocked her,
Mauled and mocked her,
Lizzie uttered not a word;
Would not open lip from lip
Lest they should cram a mouthful in :
But laughed in heart to feel the drip
Of juice that syrupped all her face,
And lodged in dimples of her chin,
And streaked her neck which quaked like curd.
At last the evil people
Worn out by her resistance
Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit.
Along whichever road they took,
Not leaving rOot or stone or shoot;

Some writhed into the ground,
Some dived into the brook
With ring and ripple,
Some scudded on the gale without a sound,
Some vanished in the distance.

In a smart, ache, tingle,
Lizzie went her way;
Knew not was it night or day;
Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,
Threaded copse and dingle,
And heard her penny jingle
Bouncing in her purse,—
Its bounce was music to her ear.
She ran and ran
As if she feared some goblin man
Dogged her with gibe or curse
Or something worse:
But not one goblin scurried after,
Nor was she pricked by fear;
The kind heart made her windy-paced
That urged her home quite out of breath with haste
And inward laughter.

She cried 'Laura,' up the garden,
'Did you miss me?
Come and kiss me.
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me;
Laura, make much of me:
For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin merchant men.'

**Laura started from her chair,**
Flung her arms up in the air,
Clutched her hair:
' Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted
For my sake the fruit forbiOden ?
Must your light like mine[1] be hiOden,
Your young life like mine be wasted,
Undone in mine undoing
And ruined in my ruin,
Thirsty, cankered, goblin-riOden?'—
She clung- about her sister,
Kissed and kissed and kissed her :
Tears once again
Refreshed her shrunken eyes,
Dropping like rain
After long sultry drouth;
Shaking with anguish, fear, and pain,
She kissed and kissed her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,
She loathed the feast:
Writhing as one possessed she leaped and sung,
Rent all her robe, and wrung
Her hands in lamentable haste,
And beat her breast
Her locks streamed like the torch
Borne by a racer at full speed,
Or like the mane of horses in their flight,
Or like an eagle when she stems the light
Straight toward the sun,
Or like a caged thing freed,
Or like a flying flag when armies run.

**Swift fire spread through her veins, knocked at her heart,**
Met the fire smouldering there
And overbore its lesser flame;
She gorged on bitterness without a name:
Ah! fool, to choose such part
Of soul-consuming care!
Sense failed in the mortal strife:
Like the watch-tower of a town
Which an earthquake shatters down,
Like a lightning-stricken mast,
Like a wind-uprooted tree
Spun about
Like a foam-topped waterspout
Cast down headlong in the sea,
She fell at last;
Pleasure past and anguish past,
Is it death or is it life ?

Life out of death.
That night long Lizzie watched by her,
Counted her pulse's flagging stir,
Felt for her breath,
Held water to her lips, *and* cooled her face
With tears and fanning leaves:
But when the first birds chirped about their eaves,
And early reapers ploOded to the place
Of golden sheaves.
And dew-wet grass
Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
And new buds with new day
**Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,**
**Laura awoke as from a dream,**
**Laughed in the innocent old way,**
**Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice;**

Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of grey,
Her breath was sweet .is May
And light danced in her eyes.

Days, weeks, months, years
Afterwards, when both were wives
With children of their own;
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,
Their lives bound up in tender lives;
Laura would call the little ones
And tell them of her early prime,
Those pleasant days long gone
Of not-returning time:
Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,
Their fruits like honey to the throat
But poison in the blood;
(Men sell not such in any town:)
Would tell them how her sister stood
In deadly peril to do her good,
And win the fiery antidote;
Then joining hands to little hands
Would bid them cling together,
' For there is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy Weather;
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down
To strengthen whilst one stands.'

CHRISTINA GEDRGINA RDSSETTI.

George Meredith, once in a mood dominated by the Spirit of Earth as she revealed herself to him, revelation *so* different from her revelation to Wordsworth, wrote a remarkable poem called

*The Woods of Wester main.* It is an enchanted forest, and is used as a symbol for life and man's battle with it. The cowardly man enters and finds all kinds of mimstiuiis forms arise who stretch out mocking arms and fingers, and poise, as if ready at any moment to leap and overwhelm him. However, with this, we are not concerned, but with just two haunting lines which should put us in just that mood to receive this eerie tale of Christina Rossetti:

> Enter these enchanted woods
> You who dare.

There is a moral behind Christina's poem, the Victorians were lather fond of morals; but we arc to read this poem for the magic it possesses rather than the moral. There's no hesitation about the fare provided, the gins and afrits of Arabian story-tellers are first-cousins to the Teutonic gnomes and goblins. T-he poem saw the light in '*The Germ*' the publication that first gave publicity to the Pro-Raphaelites. The subject of this poem was engraved with a perfectly exquisite little goblmish picture by the great Punch artist. Tenniel. Laura is discovered sitting in a forest glade, and all the little folk are crowding about her with beards streaming and wizened faces, enticing, tempting the child to partake of all the luscious fruits brought for their entertainment:

> Laughed every goblin
> When they spied her peeping:
> Came towards her hobbling,
> Flying, running, leaping,
> Puffing and blowing,
> Chuckling, clapping, crowing
> . . . . . .
> Stretched up their dishes,
> Panniers, and plates:

But Christina Rossetti's nature was of too serious a turn to give us a *Midsummer Night's Dream.* There is a snare somewhere, a trap, with far more unpleasant hints than Mr. Yeats could make for his fairyland;

"Sit down and feast with us.
Be welcome guest with us,
Cheer you and rest with us."

It sounds so full of pleasant fun and hospitality, but amid all these delights Lizzie is unable to forget her sister Laura who has been fatally bewitched by the will of the little men.

Then suOdenly we have the pleasant mask of Lhe fairy-world torn away and find the thing for which all the time the poem had been a preparation—the ugliness and evil that may lurk beneath the surface sweet. Notice, now, how well-chosen the metre has been as it gives us the sharp crisp animation of the scene of the angry goblins, and how for still greater swiftness the line shortens its length from a tetrameter to a trimeter and then to a dimeter:

They began to scratch their pates,
No longer wagging, purring,
But visibly demurring,
Grunting and snarling
Dne called her proud,
Cross-grained, uncivil;

It continues with such vigour and verve that reminds us of Browning in *Pied Piper* mood. What a contrast to one who could write such lines too as these:

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree:

which strikes the more typical melancholy note of her poetry. of the lyrical charm there is no question, and it would repay you to examine and discover to what tricks the poet has had resource in attaining so felicitous and charming a result.

The vigour and freshness of this child phantasy is immediately apparent, as also the originality of its rhyme scheme. It has been ailed an allegory—of what ?

Elsewhere the poetry of Christina Rossetti is marked with • deeply religious tinge, and she must be numbered among the group of mystical poets of English literature.

Her inner life "is that of a proud, passionate, pura aoul, which has experienced every emotion, even that of earthly lore, but which has never yielded itself to any."[1]

[1] Cazamian.

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## SWINBURNE. 1837-1909

### *Prelude.*

### *Tristram and Iseult.*

Love, that is first and last of all things made,
The light that has the living world for shade,
The spirit that for temporal veil has on
The souls of all men woven in unison,
One fiery raiment with all lives inwrought
And lights of sunny and starry deed and thought,
And alway through new act and passion new
Shines the divine same body and beauty through,
The body of spiritual fire and light
That is to worldly noon as noon to night,
Love, that is flesh upon the spirit of man
And spirit within the flesh whence breath began
Love, that keeps all the choir of lives in chime;
Love, that is blood within the veins of time;
That wrought the whole world without stroke of hand,

Shaping the breadth of sea, the length of land,
And with the pulse and motion of his breath
Through the great heart of the earth strikes life and death,
The sweet twain chords that make the sweet tune live
Through day and night of things alternative,
Through silence and through sounrl of stress and strife,
And ebb and flow of dying death and life;
Love, that sounds loud or light in all men's ears,
Whence all men's eyes take fire from sparks of tears.
That binds on all men's feet or chains or wings;
Love, that is root and fruit of terrene things;
Love$_4$ that the whole world's waters shall not drown,
The whole world's fiery forces not burn down;
Love, that what time his own hands guard his head
The whole world's wrath and strength shall not strike dead;
Love, that if once his own hands make his grave
The whole world's pity and sorrow shall not save;
love, that for very life shall not be sold,
Nor bought nor bound with iron nor with gold;
So strong that heaven, could love bid heaven farewell,
Would turn to fruitless and unflowering hell:
So sweet that hell, to hell could love be given,
Would turn to splendid and sonorous heaven;
Love, that is fire within thee and light above,
And lives by grace of nothing but of love;
Through many and lovelv thoughts and much desire
Led these twain to the life of tears and fire;
Through many and lovely days and much delight
Led these twain to the lifeless life of night.

Yea, but what then ? albeit all this were thus,
And soul smote soul and' left it ruinous,

And love led love as eyeless men lead men
Through chance by chance to deathward—Ah, what then ?

Hath love not likewise led them further yet,
Out through the years where memories rise and set,
Some large as suns, some moon-like warm and pale,
Some starry-sighted, some through clouds that sail
Seen as red flame through spectral float of fume,
Each with the blush of its own special bloom
On the fair face of its own coloured light,
Distinguishable in all the host of night,
Divisible from all the radiant rest
And separable in splendour ? Hath the best
Light of love's all, of all that burn and move,
A better heaven than heaven is ? Hath not love
Mate for all these their sweet particular air
To shine in, their own beams and names to bear,
Their ways to wander and their wards to keep,
Till story and song and glory and all things sleep ?
Hath he nut plucked from death of lovers dead
Their musical soft memories, and kept red
The rose of their remembrance in men's eyes,
The sunsets of their stories in his skies,
The blush of their dead blood in lips that speak
Of their dead lives, and in the listener's cheek
That trembles with the kindling pity lit
In gracious hearts for some sweet fever-fit,
A fiery pity enkindled of pure thought
By tales that make their honey out of nought,
The faithless faith that lives without belief
Its light life through, the griefless ghost of grief ?
Yea, as warm night refashions the sere blood
In storm-struck petal or in sun-struck bud,
With tender hours and tempering dew to cure

The hunger and thirst of day's distemperature B0
And ravin of the dry discolouring hours,
Hath he not bid relume their flameless flowers
With summer fire and heat of lamping song,
And bid the short-lived things, long dead, live long,
And thought remake their wan funereal fames,
And the sweet shining signs of wo-nen's names
That mark the months out and the weeks anew
He moves in changeless change of seasons through
To fill the days up of his dateless year
Flame from Queen Helen to Queen Guenevere?
For first of all the sphery signs whereby
Love severs light from darkness, and most high,
In the white front of January there glows
The rose-red sign of Helen, like a rose:
And gold-eyed as the shore-flower shelterless
Whereon the sharp-breathed sea blows bitterness,
A storm-star that the seafarers of love
Strain their wind-wearied eyes for glimpses of,
Shoots keen through February's grey frost and damp
The lamplike star of Hero for a lamp;
The star that Marlowe sang into our skies
With mouth of gold, and morning in his eyes;
And in clear March across the rough blue sea
The signal sapphire of Alcyone
Makes bright the blown brows of the wind-foot year;
And shining like a sunbeam-smitten tear
Full ere it fall, the fair next sign in sight
Burns opal-wise with April-coloured light
When air is quick with song and rain and flame,
My birth-month star that in love's heaven hath name
Iseult, a light of blossom and beam and shower,
My singing sign that makes the song-tree flower;

Next like a pale and burning pearl beyond
The rose-white sphere, whose Carthaginian pyre
Signs the sweet head of Maytime; and for June
Flares like an angered and storm-redilcning moon
Her signal sphere, whose Carthaginian pyre
Shadowed her traitor's flying sail with fire;
Next, glittering as the wine-bright jacinth-stone,
A star smith-risen that first to music shone,
The keen girl-star of golden Juliet bears
Light northward to the month whose forehead wears
Her name for flower upon it, and his trees
Mix their deep English song with Veronese;
And like an awful sovereign chrysolite
Burning, the supreme fire that blinds the night,
The hot gold head of Venus kissed by Mars,
A sun-flower among small sphered flowers of stars.
The light of Cleopatra fills and burns
The hollow of heaven whence ardent August yearns;
And fixed and shining as the sister-shed
Sweet tears for Phaethon disrobed and dead,
The pale bright autumn's amber-coloured sphere,
That through September sees the saOdening year
As love sees change through sorrow, hath to name
Franceses's; and the star that watches flame
The embers of the harvest overgone
Is Thisbe's, slain of love in Babylon,
Set in the golden girdle of sweet signs
A blood-bright ruby: last save one light shines
The star that made men mad, Angelica's;
An eastern Wonder of sphery chrysopras,
And latest named and lordliest, with a sound
Of swords and harps in heaven that ring it round,
Last love-light and last Jove-song of the year's,
Gleams like a glorious emerald Guenevere's.

These are the signs wherethrough the year sees move,
Full of the sun, the sun-god which is love,
A fiery body blood-red from the heart
Outward, with fire-white wings made wide apart,
That close not and unclose not, but upright
Steered without wind by their own light and might
Sweep through the flameless fire of air that rings
From heaven to heaven with thunder of wheels and wings
And antiphonies of motion-moulded rhyme
Through spaces out of space and timeless time.

So shine above dead chance and conquered change
The sphered signs, and leave without their range
Doubt and desire, and hope with fear for wife,
Pale pains, and pleasures long worn out of life.
Yea, even the shadows of them spiritless,
Through the dim door of sleep that seem to press,
Forms without form, a piteous people and blind
Men and no men, whose lamentable kind
The shadow of death and shadow of life compel
Through semblances of heaven and false-faced hell,
Through dreams of light and dreams of darkness tost
On waves innavigable, are these so lost ?
Shapes that wax pale and shift in swift strange wise.
Void faces with unspeculative eyes,
Dim things that gaze and glare, dead mouths that mure,
Featureless heads discrowned of hate and love,
Mockeries and masks of motion and mute breath,
Leavings of life, the superflux of death—
If these things and no more than these things be
Left when man ends or changes, who can see ?
Or who can say with what more subtle sense
Their subtler natures taste in air less dense
A life less thick and palpable than uurs,

Warmed with faint fires and sweetened with dead flowers
And measured by low music ? how time fares
In that wan time-forgotten world of theirs,
Their pale poor world too deep for sun or star
To live in, where the eyes of Helen are,
And hers who made as Grid's own eyes to shine
The eyes that met them of the Florentine,
Wherein the godhead thence transfigured lit
All time for all men with the shadow of it ?
Ah, and these too felt on them as God's grace
The pity and glory of this man's breathing face;
For these too, these my lovers, these my twain,
Saw Dante, saw God visible by pain,
With lips that thundered and with feet that trod
Before men's eyes incognisable God;
Saw love and wrath and light and night and fire
Live with one life and at one mouth respire,
And in one golden sound their whole soul heard
Sounding, one sweet immitigable word.

They have the night, who had like us the day;
We, whom day binds, shall have the night as they
We, from the fetters of the light unbound,
Healed of our wound of living, shall sleep sound.
All gifts but one the jealous God may keep
From our soul's longing, one he cannot—sleep.
This though he grudge all other grace to prayer,
This grace his closed hand cannot choose but spare.
This, though his ear be sealed to all that live,
Be it lightly given or lothly, God must give.
We, as the men whose name on earth is none,
We too shall surely pass out of the sun;
Out of the sound and eyeless light of things,
Wide a' the stretch of life's time-wandering wings,

Wide as the naked world and shadowless,
And long-lived as the world's own weariness.
Us too, when all the fires of time are rold,
The heights shall hide us and the depths shall hold.
Us too. when all the tears of time are dry,
The night shall lighten from her tearless eye.
Blind is the day and eyeless all its light,
But the large imhcwildercd eye of night
Hath sense and speculation; and the sheer
Limitless length of lifeless life and clear,
The timeless space wherein the brief worlds move
Clothed with light life and fruitful with light love
With hopes that threaten, and with fears that cease,
Past fear and hope, hath in it only peace.

Yet of these lives inlaid with hopes and fears,
Spun fine as fire and jewelled thick with tears,
These lives made out of loves that long since were,
Lives wrought as ours of earth and burning air,
Fugitive flame, and water of secret springs,
And clothed with joys and sorrows as with wings,
Some yet are good, if aught be gnod, to save
Some while from washing wreck and wrecking wave
Was such not theirs, the twain I take, and give
Out of my life to make their dead life live
Some days of mine, and Wow my living breath
Between dead lips forgotten even on death ?
So many and many of old have given my twain
Love and live song and honey-hearted pain,
Whose root is sweetness and whose fruit is sweet,
So many and with such joy have tracked their feet,
What should I do to follow ? yet I too,
I have the heart to follow, many or few
Be the feet gone before me; for the way,
Rose-red with remnant roses of the day

Westward, and eastward white with stars that break,
Between the green and foam is fair to take
For any sail the sea-wind steers for me
From morning into morning, sea to sea.

## SWINBURNE.

Among the three great *maticies* of the MiOdle Ages to which the professional story-tellers went for their material, the talc of *Trittiam,* from the matter of Britain, was one of the most popular and widely sung.

Those two women—Guinevere and Iseult—offended against the code of chivalry in the matter of their marriage vows. Yet their names ring through mediaeval story as symbols of the burden of love rising above earthly bonds and trammels. In the process of such treatment they seem to have! become largely excused, as also were not those two splendid names—Lancelot and Tristram—equally involved in a common rum.

If we look into the significance of all this, below the surface, deep down, what we really witness in this struggle of souls is the Pagan mind at woik versus the Christian This struggle had by no means been[1] finished in the MiOdle Ages, and won back to a more than partial triumph in the Renaissance. The sense of guilt and wrong-doing, the troubled conscience, racked at times to extremes of anguish and self-torture, is one with the nails and the thorns. But one thing was ever pushing upward, up through the shadow of the anguish and the terror, upwards toward the sunlight, a perpetual challenge to the Tightness of this Eastern cult—Hellenism. The Greeks never had a real sense of sin and regarded their offences but as shortcomings over all of which the sens? of reason and common-sense must prevail. If two were unfitted for each other, and having discovered the fact decided to separate, the Greek mind could not find it in itself to be furious and indignant, it would not denounce and threaten but would "point out the irrationality of sin, insisting that human beings

cannot rest in the irrational—nnt to be Isaiah or St. Paul, but to be Socrates."[1] The Greek mind could never quite have comprehended the tragedy of Tristram and Iseult. Love might have his freedom only provided Beauty was the result

Many poets have toyed with the Tristram legend, in modern times, notably two—Matthew Ainold and Tennyson. But no treatment has been so successful, so convincing in its note of fateful passion as this of Swinburne.

The story centres in the fatal voyage which Tristram, a vassal to the court of his uncle, King Mark of Kurnewal (Cornwall), makes to Ireland to bring back Iseult as the king's bride. The queen, her mother, has prepared a cup that is to be the loving-cup between King Mark and Iseult. Because of its powerful magic those who shall drink from it shall be bound together for ever in steadfast and mutual love. During the voyage Tristram takes a hand at the oars because of a sudden freshening breeze, with a hint of storm. Thirsty, at last, he begs Iseult for water. Going to her attendant Iseult finds her sleeping over a wondrous clip. Without disturbing her she brings hack the cup to Tristram.

> She sought and drew the gold cup forth and smiled
> Marvelling, with such light wonder as a child
> That hears of glad sad life in magic lands;
> And bare it back to Tristram with pure hands
> Holding the love-draught that should be for flame
> *To* burn out of them fear and faith and shame,
> And lighten all their life up in men's sight,
> And make them sad for ever."

Thus is forged within them the love they may not conquer, the love they may not lose, the love that shall be a thing with death.

In the poem there are many fine shots, for Swinburne knew how to tell his story dramatically as well as poetically. The great rival in the story, the other Iseult, Iseult of the White Hands, is drawn with an equal conviction, with all the hate that waxes within

[1] Livingstone. *The Greek Genius and Its Meaning to Us.* [0. U. P.).

her and that will not be stayed, with all the deception practised against the hero Tristram, even in the face of death.

At last the true Iseult is coming to Tristram with a love stronger than any strength, coming to be with him at the last, unwilling that he is stricken even unto death.

" If I come you shall know, for my ship's sails shftU be white, and black, if I come not."

Iseult of the White Hands lending Tristram on th$ deck of his ship sees the other ship with its message that has the power to stay awhile the wings of death hovering above the hero in the first light of dawn:

" the far first refluent ray
Filled all the hollow darkness full with day.
And on the deep sky's verge a fluctuant light
Gleamed, grew, shone strengthened into perfect sight,
As buried and dipped and rose again the sails clear white.
And swift and steadfast as a sea-mew's wing
It ncared before the wind, as fain to bring
Comfort, and shorten yet its narrowing track.
And she that saw looked hardly toward his back,
Saying, 'Ay, the ship comes surely: but her sail is black.'
And fain he would have sprung upright, and seen,
And spoken: but strong death struck sheer between,
And darkness closed as iron round his head:
And swift through the heart lay Tristram dead.

There is much that is superb in this poem with its nine books and a prelude. Malory has not been subjected to such Victorianism as he was fated to receive in the *'Idylls of the King.'* Few but Swinburne could have given us such a treatment as we have here. Chaucer could have been as human, but perhaps no one in English poetry could have so successfully sustained the note of passionate tragedy.

The *Prelude* is an overture exquisitely orchestrated for the drama to follow. Without exaggeration we have one of the finest apostrophies to love in the English language, in the very breath too of the great English tradition begun with Chaucer's prologue to the *Legend of Good Women,* when the birds in the jolly mnntfa

of May all " songen, blessed be seynt Valentynl"

The sources of the Tristram legend are to be found back in the mists of Celtic lore. From them the tale was caught by the French *trouvcres.* but waited the hand of Gottfried von Strasbourg[1] to mould it to any real semblance of our present Swinburne version. Gottfried's veision breaks off with Tristram's marriage to ' Isolde with the While Hands.' The poem was finished by two minor poets who supplied the conclusion with which we are now familiar. Gottfried has introduced into his story an astounding fineness of psychological motive, which, to judge from a general comparison of the Arthurian epic in both lands, is German rather than French; he has spiritualized and deepened his narrative; he has above all, depicted with a variety and insight, unusual in mediaeval literature, the effects of an overpowering passion. Yet, glowing and seductive as Gottfried's love-scenes are, they are never for a moment disfigured by frivolous hints or innuendo; the tragedy is unrolled with an earnestness that admits of no touoh of humour, and also, it may be aOded, with a freedom from moralizing which was easier to attain in the 13th than in the later centuries.

Miss Jessie Weston has provided us with the version of *Tristram* attributed to Thomas of Erceldoune.

## RUPERT BROOKE. 1887-1915

### *The Old Vicarage, Grantchester.*

*Cafe des Westens, Berlin.*

Just now the lilac is in bloom,
All before my little room;
And in my flower-beds, I think,
Smile the carnation and the pink;

[1] His epic *Tristan* was written about 1210.

[2] *Chief Middle English Poets.* Jessie Weston. **Harrap.**

And down the borders, well I know,
The poppy and the pansy blow ....
Oh! there the chestnuts, summer through,
Beside the river make for you
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
Deeply above; and green and deep
The stream mysterious glides beneath,
Green as a dream and deep as death.—
Oh, damn! I know it! and I know
How the May fields all golden show,
And when the day is young and sweet,
Gild gloriously the bare feet
That run to bathe ....
*Du lieber Cott !*
Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,
And there the shadowed waters fresh
Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.
*Temperamentvoll oil* German Jews
Drink beer around; and *there* the dews
Are soft beneath a morn of gold.
*Here* tulips bloom as they are told;
Unkempt about those hedges blows
An English unofficial rose;
And there the unregulated sun
Slopes down to rest when day is done,
And wakes a vague unpunctual star,
A slippered Hesper; and there-are
Meads towards Haslingfield and Coton
Where *das Betreten's* not verboten ....
.... would I were
In Grantchester, in Grantchester !—
Some, it may be, can get in touch
With Nature there, or Earth, or such.
And clever modern men have seen
A Faun a-peeping through the green,

**And felt the Classics were not dead,**
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low ....
But these are things I do not know.
I only know that you may lie
Day long and watch the Cambridge sky,
And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,
Until the centuries blend and blur
In Grantchester, in Grunt Chester ....
Still in the dawnlit waters cool
His ghostly Lordship swims his pool,
And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,
Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx;
Dan Chaucer hears his river still
Chatter beneath a phantom mill;
Tennyson notes, with studious eye,
How Cambridge waters hurry by ....
And in that garden, black and white
Creep whispers through the grass all night;
And spectral dance, before the dawn,
A hundred Vicars down the lawn;
**Curates,** long dust, will come and go
On lissom, clerical, printless toe;
And oft between the boughs is seen
The sly shade of a Rural Dean ....
Till, at a shiver in the skies
Vanishing with Satanic cries,
The prim ecclesiastic rout
Leaves but a startled sleeper-out,
Grey heavens, the first bird's drowsy calls,
The falling house that never falls.
God! I will pack, and take a train,
And get me to England once again!

For England's the one land, I know,
Where men with Splendid Hearts may go;
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,
The shire fur Men who Understand;
And of *that* district I prefer
The lovely hamlet Grantchester.
For Cambridge people rarely smile,
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile;
And Royston men in the iar South
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth;
At Over they fling oaths at one,
And worse than oaths at Trumpington,
And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,
And there's none in Harston under thirty,
And folks in Shelford and those parts,
Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,
And Barton men make cockney rhymes,
And Coton's full of nameless crimes,
And things are done you'd not believe
At Madingly on Christmas Eve.
Strong men have run for miles and miles
When one from Cherry Hinton smiles;
Strong men have blanched and shot their wives
Rather than send them to St. Ives;
Strong men have cried like babes, bydam,
To hear what happened at Babraham.
But Grantchester! ah, Grantchester!
There's peace and holy quiet there,
Great clouds along pacific skies,
And men and women with straight eyes.
Lithe children lovelier than a dream,
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,
And little kindly winds that creep
Rnund twilight corners, half asleep.

In Grantchester their skins are white,
They bathe by day, they bathe by night;
The women there do all they ought;
The men observe the Rules of Thought.
They love the Good; they worship Truth;
They laugh uproariously in youth;
(And when they get to feeling old,
They Up and shoot themselves, I'm told) ....

Ah God! to see the branches stir
Across the moon at Grantchester!
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten,
Unforgettable, unforgotten
River smell, and hear the breeze
Sobbing in the little trees.
Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand.
Still guardians of that holy land ?
The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,
The yet unacademic stream ?
Is dawn a secret shy and cold
Anadyomene, silver-gold ?
And sunset still a golden sea
From Haslingfield to Madingly ?
And after, ere the night is born,
Do hares come out about the corn ?
Oh, is the water sweet and cool
Gentle and brown, above the pool ?
And laughs the immortal river still
Under the mill, under the mill ?
Say, is there Beauty yet to find ?
And Certainty ? and Quiet kind ?
Deep meadows yet, for to forget
The lies, and truths, and pain ? .... oh! yet
Stands the Church clock at ten to three ?
And is there honey still for tea ?

## RUPERT BROOKE.

Perhaps of all the young poets who captured and enslaved the ardour and imagination of England's young men during the terrible days of 1914, and after, none was so remarkable or So full of promise as Rupert Brooke With looks as striking as a Shelley, a Byron, or a Keats, Brooke combined a charming personality, and an intellect, critical, and penetrating. No wonder then young ranibridgp Scit at his feet, while the Dons perhaps were conscious that their venerable seat of learning had been fortunate once again in her welcomes.

With Rupert Brooke we strike the definitely modern note of young England, with its habit of query, and of analysis of every' thing about them. To observe keenly was the thing, and for ever be asking—why ? There is ever an increasing Enlargement of range in subject-matter, and sometimes an intellectual hardness that does not eschew the scientific, such as we may find in the poetic work of Mr. Aldous Huxley, though to-day the Muse is deserted by him. We have a flash of this in Brooke in a poem like *"Heaven."*

But it is in the more traditional and more spontaneous mood, the poetry of sincerity, where we must look for the Brooke that will live for us: memorable and moving poems of the quality of *The Dead,* and *The Soldier :*

> These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
> Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth,

and:

> If I should die, think only this of me:
> That there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is for ever England.

Yet of all Rupert Brooke's poems none is so filled with the traditional spirit, with freshness and spontaneity as *The Old Vicarage, Grantchcstcr.* All the lush verdure of England's country-side, Chaucer's very England, and an atmosphere of soft incredible

quietude is here rendered more magical by the artful contrast with the doings of a summer's day surrounding the *Cafe des Wesiens,* Berlin:

> Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,
> And *there* the shadowed waters fresh
> Lean up to embrace the naked flesh,

Beside him the novelty is no longer so crisp, of 'the *temperamentvoll'* German Jews, who drink beer about him. It had all been very amusing enough for a time, this plunge into the German capital. But at last there has come this evening when sitting in the *Cafe des Westens* a nostalgia upon him, and the taste has grown stale in the mouth. No doubt in a foreign land nostalgia will come upon us sometime or other no matter how bewildering the beauties. We liavc Browning as the most historic case, and was ever a man so weOded to the country of his adoption ?

> Oh, to be in England
> Now that April's here I

Travellers in many lands find an appeal in England, an indefinable subtlety, a landscape whose undulations, with their shifting shadows upon greens of every hue, from emerald to myrtle, a landscape that stints nothing in colour or in contour, or in the picturesque. Except during the monsoon, northern India can show nothing beside the soft sweet bounty of that landscape, where as Andrew Marvell has put it, you may be brought to 'fl *green thought in a green shade.'* Even in that season of bliss, the cold winter weather—viewed from the train the northern Indian landscape yields a monotonous brown, with no sign of undulation for miles and miles, and from the *barbut,* the yellow blossom scarcely concealing the cruel thorns, we seem never to escape. Brown mud villages sometimes nestle beside a mango-grove. Then in February, begins a transformation, for

the winter crops are changing the face of the landscape, and the wonderful greens and yellows uf the mustard fields tell us the time of sowing has not been in vain. But there are few streams, and few trees, and flat uninterrupted horizon for miles and miles, just the same. Very few indeed may 'lie day long .... flower-lulled in sleepy grass;' nor here will 'tulips bluDin as they are told;' nor will vuu find a sign of hedges where may blow 'an English unofficial rose,' though possibly an official one might be encouraged; and as for a faun 'peeping through the green,' lord Krishna was never on any sort of terms with this specie, and they would have no chance, unless they changed into gopis. But in Grantchester it is very different:

> . . . . there the chestnuts, summer through,
> Beside the river make for you
> A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
> Deeply above; and green and deep
> The stream mysterious glides beneath,
> Green as a dream and deep as death.

Niir in Grantchester are we allowed to forget the great ones of English poetry:

> Dan Chaucer hears his river still
> Chatter beneath a phantom mill;
> Tennyson notes, with studious eye,
> How Cambridge waters hurry by ....

Somehow, with Vicars, our poet has opined that none in the English social system can be the epicures of quietude, of dignified retirement, to such a pleasant degree; kind to their flock, not least kind to themselves; sometimes a little shy, a little prim;—' but what more would you know? If indeed you would penetrate into the detail of English rural life, then there are waiting for you the novels of Anthony Trollope. But Rupert Brooke has caught for us the frock-coated gentry in these inimitable lines:

And in that garden, bizck and white
Creep whispers through the grass all night;
And spectral dance, before the dawn
A hundred Vicars down the lawn ;

Nor are curates forgotten:

Curates, long dust, will come a- d go
Dn lissom, clerical, prinlless toe ;

Throughout this poem, beyond the pictorial and satirical felicities, we have a music that flows with perfect mastery over the octosyllabic couplet.

Coming to the *thought,* one is nut in mind of an essay called *The Heavenly Contemplation* by Professor Chauncey Brcwster Tinker of Yale. In this essay the writer does more than suggest that a good many of our modern poets have got out of any habit of contemplation at all. He brings to his aid a most interesting piece of evidence from the pen of that virtuoso of the younger school of epigrammatists — Mr. Beverley Nichols. Mr. Nichols has been meeting Mr. Stravinsky who is considered the very last word in modern music. The composer shows him a manuscript of a piano sonata on the cover of which Stravinsky has written in large letters . " This sonata to be played with absolutely no expression whatever." Says Mr Nichols :—

" We might apply that remark of Stravinsky's to the whole of life as it is seen by the youth of England : ' This life is to he played with absolutely no expression whatever, because we knnw we are -born only to suffer, that everything is futile, and that the best we can do is to harden our hearts ' "

It may well be that many of the young men of India are saying the same thing— of those who think at all. What the East has known for centuries as *'kismet'* is now known to the West as 'defeatism since we cannot get away from our 'isms,' or better still ' futility.' But this present attitude to life seems to rest above all upon a definite inability or refusal by the young' men of to-day to see beauty, or find subject for 'heavenly contemplation or, with Plato, make beauty a matter for everyday politics.

Had Rupert Brooke been with us now it stems certain that we have sufficient evidence that he would not have joined with this fraternity. Of no poem more than *Grantchester* can we say so decidedly that 'the perpetual theme of futility' is so far away. *The Heavenly Contemplation* was never more splendid than in such lines as:

.... Grantchester! ah, Grantchester I
There's peace and holy quiet there,
Great clouds along pacific skies,
And men and women with straight eyes,
Lithe children lovelier than a dream,
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,
And little kindly winds that creep
Round twilight corners, half asleep.

It is suggested that to-day we have lost the capacity for seeing or needing such things as that, for are we not all engaged in running after Mr. Huxley, wjho like the young man in the German fairy-tale holds a magical goose under his arm, accumulating as he meanders on his intellectual way an ever increasing queue, and we may hardly take our leave until we are biOden. His cleverness is astounding, but it is used to express 'the perpetual theme of futility' in what Mr. Nichols has named his 'cold antiseptic prose'

But it is interesting to know that Professor Tinker and Mr. Nichols have both arrived at similar conclusions approached, we may suspect, through very different avenues: the values for which they have such regard, Brooke has written of for us in *The Busy Heart:*

*I* have need of a thousand things, lovely and durable,
And to taste them slowly, like tasting a sweet food:
I have need to busy my heart with quietude.

In those few lines Rupert Brooke has set down for us, once and for all, the things that matter if we would any of us, at any time, ever essay *The Heavenly Contemplation* in order to reach the heavenly heights.