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PREFACE

THE use of pupils' books as a means of self-education is now an established practice in most schools. In books of poetry the pupil specially needs some guidance to enable him to make full use of his opportunities for self-instruction. It demands an extraordinary feat of mental adjustment to turn from a lesson, say, on arithmetic, and at a moment's notice to attune the senses to the appreciation of poetry. The teacher has not always the time to prepare the children's minds for the study. These books of *Poets and Poetry* have been prepared to supplement the work of the teacher and to stimulate the mental activities of the children.

The poems are arranged in groups, those in each group being linked by a common subject or thought. The notes at the beginning of each section are framed with the object of creating a suitable atmosphere for the study of the poems, and the notes and exercises at the end of each section will guide the pupil to a fuller appreciation of the beauty of poetry.

The sketches in the Junior Books are mainly intended as pictorial illustrations of certain words and phrases unfamiliar to children, especially to those children living in cities.

The majority of the poems are from the works of modern poets—Robert Bridges, Laurence Binyon, Patrick Chalmers, William Davies, Walter de la Mare, John Drinkwater, Rose Fyleman, Wilfrid Gibson, Thomas Hardy, F. W. Harvey, Rudyard Kipling, John Masefield, Sir Henry Newbolt, Alfred Noyes, J. C. Squire, James Stephens, Dorothy Margaret Stuart, Wilfred Thorley, William Butler Yeats, etc.

There are in all six books in the series, *viz.*, *Junior Books* I., II., III., and *Senior Books* I., II., III.

The Editor is specially indebted to J. H. Fowler, M.A., for reading the proofs and making many valuable suggestions.

CONTENTS

I. POETRY OF EARTH.

	PAGE
OF RAIN - - - - -	<i>William Ernest Henley</i> - 11
AT GRAFTON - - - - -	<i>John Drinkwater</i> - 13
REAL PROPERTY - - - - -	<i>Harold Monro</i> - 13
THE VOICE OF GOD - - - - -	<i>James Stephens</i> - 15
TEMPER IN OCTOBER - - - - -	<i>V. L. Edminson</i> - 20
DUCKS - - - - -	<i>F. W. Harvey</i> - 21
THE POETRY OF A ROOT CROP - - - - -	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> - 24
NOVEMBER - - - - -	<i>Richard Watson Dixon</i> - 24
THE EAGLE - - - - -	<i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i> - 25
LARKS - - - - -	<i>Robert Bridges</i> - 28
LARKS - - - - -	<i>Katharine Tynan Hinkson</i> - 29
A GREEN CORNFIELD - - - - -	<i>Christina Rossetti</i> - 29
THE KNIGHT'S RETURN - - - - -	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> - 30

II. THOUGHTS AT EVENTIDE.

HYMN TO DIANA - - - - -	<i>Ben Jonson</i> - 40
NIGHTFALL - - - - -	<i>John Milton</i> - 41
AS WE RUSH, AS WE RUSH IN THE TRAIN	<i>James Thomson</i> - 41
VESPERS - - - - -	<i>T. E. Brown</i> - 42
SONG - - - - -	<i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i> - 42
MOONLIT APPLES - - - - -	<i>John Drinkwater</i> - 48
NOCTURN - - - - -	<i>William Ernest Henley</i> - 49
BY THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES AT CHARING CROSS - - - - -	<i>Lionel Johnson</i> - 49
WINTER NIGHTFALL - - - - -	<i>J. C. Squire</i> - 51
TO SLEEP - - - - -	<i>William Wordsworth</i> - 56
DREAMING - - - - -	<i>S. T. Coleridge</i> - 57
RENOUNCEMENT - - - - -	<i>Alice Meynell</i> - 58
CROSSING THE BAR - - - - -	<i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i> - 59
I. M. MARGARITAE SORORIS - - - - -	<i>William Ernest Henley</i> - 60

III. NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE.

FLANNAN ISLE - - - - -	<i>Wilfrid Wilson Gibson</i> - 72
THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN - - - - -	<i>William Butler Yeats</i> - 76

	PAGE
IN LADY STREET - - -	<i>John Drinkwater</i> - - 78
THE PATRIOT - - - -	<i>Robert Browning</i> - - 81
LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI - -	<i>John Keats</i> - - - 82
A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT - -	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i>
PAN - - - - -	<i>E. Hamilton Moore</i> - - 87
TO ME AT MY FIFTH-FLOOR WINDOW	<i>William Ernest Henley</i>
HEAR US, GREAT PAN! - - -	<i>John Keats</i> - - - 88

IV. OF REMEMBRANCE.

TO A BULL-DOG - - -	<i>J. C. Squire</i> - - - 97
FOR THE FALLEN - - - -	<i>Laurence Binyon</i> - - 100
THE HUNDREDTH YEAR - - -	<i>Sir Henry Newbolt</i> - - 101
HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE - - -	<i>William Collins</i> - - 102
AS TOILSOME I WANDERED VIRGINIA'S WOODS - - - - -	<i>Walt Whitman</i> - - - 103
SHELLEY'S SKYLARK - - -	<i>Thomas Hardy</i> - - - 105
FAME AND FRIENDSHIP - - -	<i>Austin Dobson</i> - - - 106
OUT OF THE NIGHT - - -	<i>William Ernest Henley</i> - - 107
REQUIESCAT - - - - -	<i>Matthew Arnold</i> - - 108
DIRGE FROM "CYMBELINE" - - -	<i>William Shakespeare</i> - - 108
THE KNIGHT'S TOMB - - -	<i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i> - - 109
EPITAPH - - - - -	<i>Robert Herrick</i> - - - 110

V. THE SONNET.

THE COMMON STREET - - -	<i>Helen Gray Cone</i> - - - 114
THE HARVEST HOME - - - -	<i>Lord Thurlow</i> - - - 115
ON HIS BLINDNESS - - - -	<i>John Milton</i> - - - 117
OZYMANDIAS - - - - -	<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> - - 118
FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - - -	<i>William Wordsworth</i> - - 121
ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON - - -	<i>Lord Byron</i> - - - 122
BY THE SEA - - - - -	<i>William Wordsworth</i> - - 122
ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER - - - - -	<i>John Keats</i> - - - 123
ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET -	<i>John Keats</i> - - - 123
ON THE SHORTNESS OF TIME - - -	<i>Wilfrid Scawen Blunt</i> - - 124
SONNET - - - - -	<i>J. C. Squire</i> - - - 124
THE SOLDIER - - - - -	<i>Rupert Brooke</i> - - - 125

CONTENTS

5

VI. MEN WHO MARCH AWAY.

	PAGE
MEN WHO MARCH AWAY - - - <i>Thomas Hardy</i> -	134
HAPPY IS ENGLAND NOW - - - <i>John Freeman</i> - - -	135
INTO BATTLE - - - - <i>Julian Grenfell</i> - - -	136
A HARROW GRAVE IN FLANDERS - <i>Marquess of Crewe</i> - - -	137
BACK TO REST - - - - <i>William Noel Hodgson</i> - - -	138
LAST POST - - - - <i>W. E. Henley</i> - - -	139

VII. OF REFLECTION.

THE COMFORTERS - - - - <i>Dora Sigerson Shorter</i> -	146
THE WOODSURGE - - - - <i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i> -	147
THUNDERSTORMS - - - - <i>William Henry Davies</i> -	148
IN SPRING - - - - <i>Walter Savage Landor</i> -	148
THE OLD STOIC - - - - <i>Emily Brontë</i> - - -	149
A SONG OF FLIGHT - - - - <i>Christina Rossetti</i> - - -	150
A CHARM - - - - <i>Rudyard Kipling</i> - - -	154
A SONG OF THE ENGLISH - - - <i>Rudyard Kipling</i> - - -	155
THE KING - - - - <i>Rudyard Kipling</i> - - -	156
SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE - - - <i>Arthur Hugh Clough</i> - - -	160
TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON - - - <i>Richard Lovelace</i> - - -	161
BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND - <i>William Shakespeare</i> -	162
MAGNA EST VERITAS - - - - <i>Coventry Patmore</i> - - -	163
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK - - - - <i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i> - - -	163
VIRTUE - - - - <i>George Herbert</i> - - -	164

VIII. MISCELLANEOUS.

ODE - - - - <i>Arthur O'Shaughnessy</i> -	169
WAR SONG OF THE SARACENS - - - <i>James Elroy Flecker</i> - - -	170

IX. FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK.

VERSES FROM THE POEMS - - - - -	171
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I. POETRY OF EARTH.



THE GLEANERS, from the Painting by Jean Francois Millet.

Part I.

Earth is crammed with heaven,
And every bush afire with God,
But only he who sees
Puts off his shoes.

E. B. Browning.

In the short poetical extract at the head of this chapter there is an underlying thought that cannot be fully understood without a knowledge of the following passage from Exodus iii, 2-5.

“ And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush : and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.

“ And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt.

“ And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I.

“ And he said, Draw not nigh hither : put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.”

You will see at once how this passage from the Bible illumines the thought contained in the lines above. There is always more in a good poem than one at first perceives.

The introductions to the poems in this book, and the notes and exercises at the ends of the chapters, have been framed with the object of assisting the reader to discover and appreciate the full meanings of the poems.

The chapters are divided into sections with the principal poems grouped separately from the text, so that the reader can, if he wishes, study the poems before referring to the text.

1. *Of Rain.* This poem by William Ernest Henley graphically describes the appearance of the countryside during heavy rain. There is here no thought of happiness, such as Robert Loveman expressed when, writing on a similar subject, he said—

It isn't raining ran to me,
It's raining daffodils!

“The weary, dreary rain” seems to have depressed the poet's spirit, and on reading the poem we call to mind days of disappointment, when continued rain spoilt our holidays or interfered with our sport. There are many interesting poetical devices to notice in this poem. The rhythm is that of a slow march suggesting heavy and continuous rain.

A sómbre sággíng sky
Of tossed and tumbled wráck.

The repetition of the line, “The weary, dreary rain,” at the end of each stanza is an emphatic refrain, that heightens the monotonous effect and helps to bind the whole together.

There are many onomatopoeic words in the poem, that is, words in which the sound conveys the sense—*whispering* in the trees, *pattering* on the pane, *flickering* from the caves, *gurgling* down the drain, etc.

A number of striking expressions have been used, the cumulative effect of which is to work on our feelings and make us heartily dislike “the weary, dreary rain.” Note, in the first four lines, for instance, the effectiveness of the adjectives which are made the more emphatic by the alliterative use of *s* and *t*:

*A sombre, sagging sky
Of tossed and tumbled wrack
And ragged clouds, that lie
To meet the wind's attack.*

Note, too, the number of epithets that convey the general sense of dreariness—*sigh, rot, die, crack, dank, chill, discomfortable*, etc., etc.

The *Envoy* is a short summarised explanation of the poem. Here no less than eight verbs are used to summarise the catalogue of dreariness—it *lapses* not, it *cleaves*, it *dins*, it *duns*, it *deaves*, it *worries* and *wastes* and *grieves*. The effect of such a catalogue of epithets and verbs in the poem is rather humorous. Perhaps that was the poet's intention. By the time he had exhausted his vocabulary on the rain maybe he was smiling.

2. *At Grafton*. "God laughed." What a striking keynote of happiness and contentment! This expression leads us to expect something very good—and we find it. The poet finds Grafton so beautiful that he likens it to "a jewel in a jewelled plain." His picture, however, is not defined in detail, the outlines only are suggested, and it is left to our imagination to complete the scene. With the inward eye we see, perhaps, the cottages with their creepers climbing up the walls, the coloured curtains of the windows, the swallows twittering about their nests under the eaves of the "golden thatch," the gently rising smoke from the curious chimneys, the deep blue sky, and much more. We can ponder on the words and fill in the scene at will. The second stanza, too, begins with a striking keynote—"God's beauty"—the "woven wonder" of beauty on roof and wall and path and lowly stall.

The reverent spirit of the poem is kept up in the last stanza—the hills with their "frank brows to God"—the clear and open face of nature looking upwards. There is a suggestion of distant music that floats along on the "soft-lipped breeze" enfolding the jewel of Grafton in delicious harmony—the sound of distant sheep and "the breath of Bristol tide."

By the poet's magic, by his sympathy, and the reverent treatment of his subject, we are made to feel that even the *men* of Grafton are different from other men. Is there such a place as Grafton? What does it signify? It is a type of many places that, by their beauty, their men, their scents, their music, glorify God.

3. *Real Property.* This poem begins with an urgent request that is almost a command - "Tell me about that harvest field." And how well the narrator knows the picture! There is only one real picture for him; that one of the "fifty acres of living bread." Wordsworth, in his poem on the daffodils, said that the sight of the dancing flowers brought him great wealth:

I gazed - and gazed - but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

The *wealth* was a beautiful picture stored up in his mind -

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

That is the idea also in this poem about the harvest field. The picture so impressed itself upon the poet's mind, that it not only gave him great pleasure at the time, but ever afterwards:

The colour has painted itself in my heart.
The form is patterned in my head.

So now I take it everywhere.

Truly, as Keats wrote:

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

One beautiful picture of the harvest field recalls others. There were some lime trees (or lindens) at the farthest end of the field, "limes all full of the mumbling bee," and a tall hedge "hazy and cool and breathing sweet"; and always, at a moment's notice, the narrator could picture this "paradise."

There are some forcible expressions in the poem. Note, for instance, the following—*living* bread; under the pavement the live earth *aches*; go within your *secret* mind; I've *bought* that field.

But beauty is not only to be treasured, it is to be *shared*:

Sometimes when I have found a friend
I give a blade of corn away.

4. *The Voice of God.* James Stephens, an Irish poet, is a great lover of nature. In nature he sees not only beauty and mystery, but happiness and laughter; like Blake, he sees that all things express the joy of the Creator, as well as His power. *The Voice of God* is a reverent poem, full of the joy and laughter of life. The grasses laugh, trees and mountains thunder in mighty glee, the person in the poem (anybody—everybody) dances and sings and shouts upon the laughing clay. The poet lures us to look about with our eyes and listen with our ears, and we, too, shall discover some of nature's secrets; shall share in the joy and laughter of life, and shall understand with our hearts something of the "Voice of God."

1. OF RAIN.

A sombre, sagging sky
Of tossed and tumbled wrack
And ragged clouds, that lie
To meet the wind's attack,
Or march in columns black
And serried; then a still,
A feverish kind of thrill;
And whispering in the leaves.

POETRY OF THE EARTH

And pattering on the pane,
 It falls in very sheaves,
 The weary, dreary rain.

The summer seems to sigh
 As she were flouted back.
 The grasses rot and die,
 The corn begins to crack.
 The flowers would like to pack,
 It's all so dank and chill,
 Discomfortable and shrill :
 While, flickering from the eaves
 And gurgling down the drain,
 The sodden world receives
 The weary, dreary rain.

The big trees, broad and high,
 Grow thick and blurred and slack.
 The birds, too dull to fly,
 Brood dismal, and the track
 Shines. If a sudden quack
 Sound from the ducks that swill,
 The damp hush takes it ill.
 But ever and on it weaves
 Its rhythms with might and main,
 And all its will achieves,
 The weary, dreary rain.

Envoi.

It lapses not : it cleaves
 A way to heart and brain ;
 It dins, it duns, it deaves,
 It worries and wastes and grieves,
 The weary, dreary rain.

William Ernest Henley.

2. AT GRAFTON.

God laughed when He made Grafton
That's under Bredon Hill,
A jewel in a jewelled plain.
The seasons work their will
On golden thatch and crumbling stone,
And every soft-lipped breeze
Makes music for the Grafton men
In comfortable trees.

God's beauty over Grafton
Stole into roof and wall,
And hallowed every paved path
And every lowly stall,
And to a woven wonder
Conspired with one accord
The labour of the servant,
The labour of the Lord.

And momentarily to Grafton
Comes in from vale and wold
The sound of sheep unshepherded,
The sound of sheep in fold,
And, blown along the bases
Of lands that set their wide
Frank brows to God, comes chanting
The breath of Bristol tide.

John Drinkwater.

3. REAL PROPERTY.

Tell me about that harvest field.
Oh! Fifty acres of living bread.
The colour has painted itself in my heart.
The form is patterned in my head.

POETRY OF THE EARTH

So now I take it everywhere ;
 See it whenever I look round ;
 Hear it growing through every sound,
 Know exactly the sound it makes -
 Remembering, as one must all day,
 Under the pavement the live earth aches.

Trees are at the farther end,
 Limes all full of the mumbling bee :
 So there must be a harvest field
 Whenever one thinks of a linden tree.

A hedge is about it, very tall,
 Hazy and cool, and breathing sweet.
 Round paradise is such a wall
 And all the day, in such a way,
 In paradise the wild birds call.

You only need to close your eyes
 And go within your secret mind,
 And you'll be into paradise :
 I've learnt quite easily to find
 Some linden trees and drowsy bees,
 A tall sweet hedge with the corn behind

I will not have that harvest mown :
 I'll keep the corn and leave the bread.
 I've bought that field : it's now my own :
 I've fifty acres in my head.
 I take it as a dream to bed.
 I carry it about all day. . . .

Sometimes when I have found a friend
 I give a blade of corn away.

Harold Monro.

4. THE VOICE OF GOD.

I bent again unto the ground
 And I heard the quiet sound
 Which the grasses make when they
 Come up laughing from the clay.

—*We are the voice of God!*—they said :
 Thereupon I bent my head
 Down again that I might see
 If they truly spoke to me.

But, around me, everywhere,
 Grass and tree and mountain were
 Thundering in mighty glee,
 —*We are the voice of deity!*—

And I leapt from where I lay :
 I danced upon the laughing clay :
 And, to the rock that sang beside,
 —*We are the voice of God!*—I cried.

James Stephens.

Part 2.



“Bryony berries burned from every hedge.”

5. *Temper in October.* Temper, the heat of mind, or passion, seems to have little connection with October, yet, the poet has woven the two into an original and forcible poem. The first two lines give the key :

He rode at furious speed to Broken Edge,
 And he was very angry, very small.

We picture at once the man with the temper, a man so overwhelmed with hot passion that he could not be still ; he mounted his horse and rode at " furious speed to Broken Edge," a place, like Grafton, set in a beautiful country. He was " very angry," but " very small"—someone to be pitied, someone very insignificant as he suffered his temper to control him.

As he urged his horse onwards with lash and spur, his passionate brain was seething. Reason and Good Sense, those happy masters of a quiet mind, whispered " it matters not," how " absurd to let a trifle grow immense." But Busy Brain would not let him rest. Had he not a right to be angry, for his cause was a righteous one ? The scarlet berries of the hips and haws dancing on the twigs arrested his sight : their twinkling eyes laughed at the fantastic notion of Temper in such a heavenly place, " Poor, queer old Waxy ! " said they. We seem to catch the glimpse of a smile dawning on his stern lips. Surely the whole business was ludicrous ! It was something to be laughed at !

" He lingered in the lane at Broken Edge." Gradually the love of God that made the rich beauty of the October day overwhelmed and calmed his soul :

(O fool, O blind and earthbound thus to grieve !)

Earthbound ! - manacled with chains to earth. Such is one whose temper gains control ; he cannot look heavenwards and feel the beauty and the love of God.

The poem ends with a wonderfully satisfying picture. At length, calm and peaceful, he rode back in the twilight—for he had lingered long and hidden in the trees he whispered the deep penitence for his madness :

" God, You have made a very perfect world,
Don't let me spoil it ever any more."

6. *Ducks*. " From troubles of the world I turn to ducks." These are the opening lines of a very quaint poem by F. W. Harvey. Our interest is at once aroused. What were " the troubles of the world " ?

and why "turn to ducks"? There is an important incident in the poet's life that explains the first line. When the Great War broke out, in August 1914, the poet enlisted, and soon won the D.C.M. The next year he obtained a Commission, and the year following that he was taken prisoner. He was confined in seven different German prison camps, and in a very interesting book called *Comrades in Captivity* he has written a record of his life there. The hardships of this life did not prevent him from seeing the beauty and the humour in such commonplace things as ducks.

This is a most original poem. The metre is irregular, but the peculiar style seems to suit the subject. The poem is full of detailed pictures of the habits of ducks. We see them sleeping, finding curious things to eat, waddling sailor-like, paddling, etc., etc. Indeed, we learn more about the habits of ducks from this humorous poem than we should do from many pages of prose, for the poet enlists our sympathy in the subject and we are led to watch the ducks with keen and kindly eyes.

Note the picture of them at night :

When night is fallen *you* creep
Upstairs, but drakes and dillies
Nest with pale water-stars,
Moonbeams and shadow bars,
And water-lilies.

And note the picture of them swimming in the sunlight :

And ducks are soothy things
And lovely on the lake
When that the sunlight draws
Thereon their pictures dim
In colours cool.

Even the lines that seem childish convey exactly the right impression:

Quack !
They waddle round, they do.
They eat all sorts of things,
And then they quack.

In the third stanza there is a marked change in the movement of the poem, for the poet is now in serious, reflective mood. The joy of watching the comical ducks has enabled him to forget "the troubles of the world," and he begins to understand why God "turned His mind from big things to fashion little ones."

He made the comical ones in case the minds of men
Should stiffen and become
Dull, humourless and glum :
And so forgetful of their Maker be
As to take even themselves—*quite seriously*.

Compare the last line of the poem—"And He's probably laughing still at the sound that came out of its bill"—with the first line of *At Grafton*—"God laughed when He made Grafton."

7. *The Poetry of a Root Crop*. Can there really be poetry in a root crop? Poetry in swedes and carrots! Charles Kingsley has clearly shown that there is poetry, and beautiful poetry, too, in such commonplace objects, if one has the eyes to see and a heart to understand. In this short poem are many charming images and pictorial words. Consider the first four lines:

Underneath their eider-robe
Russet swede and golden globe,
Feathered carrot, burrowing deep,
Steadfast wait in charmed sleep.

Underneath their eider-robe is not this a pretty picture of the roots buried deep under the snow, the feathery snow like the soft white feathers of the eider duck? By the word-painter's brush the beauty of the common roots is revealed—*russet swede, golden globe, feathered carrot*. Then, they *steadfast wait*—that is, they wait patiently under the ground, for their sleep is *charmèd*—they are under a magic spell, and in springtime will wake to a new and glorious life. The roots are *treasure-houses* in which man's food is locked up by the magic of angels; food to make "milk and hair, and blood, and bone."

The vegetable grows not only by absorbing material from the earth, but also by taking into itself part of the air :

Children of the barren stone ;
Children of the flaming Air.

The air is personified as smiling, and gazing down on the world with a vast blue eye.

Every line in this poem is crammed with thought, and is worthy of reflection. Note, especially, the arresting simile in the last lines :

Frozen fields that surpliced lie,
Gazing patient at the sky ;
Like some marble carven nun,
With folded hands when work is done,
Who mute upon her tomb doth pray,
Till the resurrection day.

8. *November*. Here is one of the tiny jewels of the English language. In two short stanzas, only sixty words in all, are no less than nine pictures suggestive of late autumn— willows, the swelling stream, ragged bushes, rusty rushes, clouded gleam (of late sunshine), hoary-headed thistle, bare branches, the linnet, and the robin. It has been well said that poetry is the most perfect speech of man. We have already noticed in other places of this book that a poet usually suggests more than he tells, and that statement is particularly apt in this case. You would find it very interesting to fill in the pictures of which the outlines only are indicated. How readily one could enlarge on the swelling stream— the stream swollen by the autumnal rains— or the ragged bushes, or the bare branches. Indeed, each line means very much more than at first appears. It is a very tuneful lyric, easy to memorise, and well worth learning. The stanza-form is pleasing to the eye ; notice how the rhyme-scheme has helped the artistic effect.

9. *The Eagle*. The eagle is called “ the king of birds.” He has a terrifying majestic appearance, and a marvellous keenness of sight. He builds his eyrie amid the wild grandeur of mountain scenery. John Burroughs, an eminent naturalist, says of this bird—the eagle

“ draws great lines across the sky ; he sees the forests like a carpet beneath him ; he sees the hills and valleys as folds and wrinkles in a many-coloured tapestry ; he sees the river as a silver belt connecting remote horizons. We climb mountain peaks to get a glimpse of the spectacle that is hourly spread out beneath him. Dignity, elevation, repose, are his.”

The poem is an example of Tennyson's masterly handling of words. In six lines, he gives us an unforgettable picture of an eagle.

5. TEMPER IN OCTOBER.

He rode at furious speed to Broken Edge,
 And he was very angry, very small ;
 But God was kind, knowing he needed not
 A scolding, nor a swift unpleasant fall,
 Nor any high reproach of soul at all.
 “ It matters not,” said Reason and Good Sense ;
 “ Absurd to let a trifle grow immense.”
 “ It matters very much,” said Busy Brain ;
 “ You cannot be content and calm again,
 For you are angry in a righteous cause.”
 “ Poor, queer old Waxy ! ” laughed the hips and haws.
 “ God has a sense of humour,” said a ball
 Of orange-gold inside a spindle-berry--
 “ And ‘ Christ our Lorde is full exceeding merrie.’ ”

He lingered in the lane at Broken Edge,
 Bryony berries burned from every hedge ;
 Snails in the deep wet grass of fairy rings
 Told him of unimaginable things.
 Love was in all the colours of the sky,
 Love in the folded shadows of the high
 Blue hills, as quiet as any Easter Eve.
 (O fool, O blind and earthbound thus to grieve !)

He turned his horse. Through level sunset-gleams
 He saw a sudden little road that curled
 And climbed elusive to a sky of dreams.
 His anger over Broken Edge was hurled
 To scatter into nothing on a gust
 Of wind which brought the twilight to the trees.
 The drifted leaves, the white October dust
 Hiding the beechnuts for the squirrels' store,
 Heard the low whisper on his knees :—
 " God, You have made a very perfect world,
 Don't let me spoil it ever any more."

V. L. Edminson.

6. DUCKS.

I.

From troubles of the world
 I turn to ducks,
 Beautiful comical things
 Sleeping or curled
 Their heads beneath white wings
 By water cool,
 Or finding curious things
 To eat in various mucks
 Beneath the pool,
 Tails uppermost, or waddling
 Sailor-like on the shores
 Of ponds, or paddling
 —Left ! right !—with fanlike feet
 Which are for steady oars
 When they (white galleys) float
 Each bird a boat
 Rippling at will the sweet
 Wide waterway . . .

POETRY OF THE EARTHII

When night is fallen *you* creep
 Upstairs, but drakes and dillies
 Nest with pale water-stars,
 Moonbeams and shadow bars,
 And water-lilies :
 Fearful too much to sleep
 Since they've no locks
 To click against the teeth
 Of weasel and fox.
 And warm beneath
 Are eggs of cloudy green
 Whence hungry rats and lean
 Would stealthily suck
 New life, but for the mien,
 The bold ferocious mien
 Of the mother-duck.

II.

Yes, ducks are valiant things
 On nests of twigs and straws,
 And ducks are soothy things
 And lovely on the lake
 When that the sunlight draws
 Thereon their pictures dim
 In colours cool.
 And when beneath the pool
 They dabble, and when they swim
 And make their rippling rings,
 O ducks are beautiful things !

 But ducks are comical things :—
 As comical as you.
 Quack !

They waddle round, they do.
They eat all sorts of things,
And then they quack.
By barn and stable and stack
They wander at their will,
But if you go too near
They look at you through black
Small topaz-tinted eyes
And wish you ill.
Triangular and clear
They leave their curious track
In mud at the water's edge,
And there amid the sedge
And slime they gobble and peer
Saying " Quack ! quack ! "

III.

When God had finished the stars and whirl of coloured suns
He turned His mind from big things to fashion little ones,
Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made, and then
He made the comical ones in case the minds of men
Should stiffen and become
Dull, humourless and glum :
And so forgetful of their Maker be
As to take even themselves—*quite seriously*.
Caterpillars and cats are lively and excellent puns :
All God's jokes are good—even the practical ones !
And as for the duck, I think God must have smiled a bit
Seeing those bright eyes blink on the day He fashioned it.
And He's probably laughing still at the sound that came out of its
bill !

F. W. Harvey.

7. THE POETRY OF A ROOT CROP.

Underneath their eider-robe
 Russet swede and golden globe,
 Feathered carrot, burrowing deep,
 Steadfast wait in charmed sleep ;
 Treasure-houses wherein lie,
 Locked by angels' alchemy,
 Milk and hair, and blood, and bone,
 Children of the barren stone ;
 Children of the flaming Air.
 With his blue eye keen and bare,
 Spirit-peopled smiling down
 On frozen field and toiling town—
 Toiling town that will not heed
 God His Voice for rage and greed ;
 Frozen fields that surpliced lie,
 Gazing patient at the sky ;
 Like some marble carven nun,
 With folded hands when work is done,
 Who mute upon her tomb doth pray,
 Till the resurrection day.

Charles Kingsley.

8. NOVEMBER.

The feathers of the willow
 Are half of them grown yellow
 Above the swelling stream ;
 And ragged are the bushes,
 And rusty now the rushes,
 And wild the clouded gleam.

The thistle now is older,
 His stalk begins to moulder,
 His head is white as snow ;
 The branches all are barer,
 The linnet's song is rarer,
 The robin pipeth now.

Richard Watson Dixon.

9. THE EAGLE.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands ;
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,
 Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

 The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;
 He watches from his mountain walls,
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

Part 3.

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

Tennyson.

The poems in this section are about larks. The joyous song of the lark has attracted the attention of poets from time immemorial. William Shakespeare, the great Elizabethan poet and playwright, refers to the lark on many occasions. Here is an extract from one of his plays, *Cymbeline*. (*Phoebus* is the sun personified.)

Hark ! Hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings.
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies ;

POETRY OF THE EARTH

And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes :
 With everything that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise :
 Arise, arise !

Here is another extract, from *Venus and Adonis*.

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
 The sun ariseth in his majesty,
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

John Milton, the famous seventeenth century poet, in a well-known poem called *L. Allegro*, wrote

To hear the Lark begin his flight
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise.

The most noted poem on the lark is that written by Percy Bysshe Shelley. Shelley was one of the renowned poets of the early nineteenth century ; his contemporaries were William Wordsworth, John Keats and S. T. Coleridge. Shelley's ode *To a Skylark* has been printed in various books for many years, so that there is no need to include it here. It is full of wonderful imagery and singularly beautiful music. If for any of your English exercises you wish to find examples of the use of similes, you will find a number in Shelley's ode ; among other comparisons, he says :

Higher still and higher,
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning
 Thou dost float and run ;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight ;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

The following stanza from this poem is frequently quoted :

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not :
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught ;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

On page 105 is a poem by Thomas Hardy on *Shelley's Skylark*. It is a poem of remembrance for the skylark itself, for Hardy suggests in this poem that *this* wonderful skylark should never be forgotten :

Go find it, faeries, go and find
 That tiny pinch of priceless dust,
 And bring a casket silver-lined,
 And framed of gold that gems encrust ;
 And we will lay it safe therein,
 And consecrate it to endless time ;
 For it inspired a bard to win
 Ecstatic heights in thought and rhyme.

S. T. Coleridge did not write much first-rate poetry himself, but he was a guiding spirit to the other poets of his time. One of his best-known poems is *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, from which is taken this extract :

“ Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the skylark sing ;
 Sometimes all little birds that are,
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning !

POETRY OF THE EARTH

And now 't was like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute ;
 And now it is an angel's song,
 That makes the heavens be mute."

Here are the opening lines from a charming poem called *The Lark Ascending*, by George Meredith. This writer is best known as a novelist, but some of his poetry is of high merit, and deserves a place in any collection of gems of English poetry :

He rises and begins to round,
 He drops the silver chain of sound,
 Of many links without a break,
 In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,
 All interwolved and spreading wide,
 Like water-dimples down a tide
 Where ripple ripple overcurls
 And eddy into eddy whirls ;

There is no need to comment on the next four poems about the lark, as they are all easily understood. Two of them are by modern writers—the first by Robert Bridges, and the second by an Irish poet, Katharine Tynan Hinkson. The third poem is by Christina Rossetti (1830-91) a sister of the famous poet and artist, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. (There is a poem—*The Woodspurge*—by Dante Gabriel Rossetti on page 147). The last poem on the lark is by Charles Kingsley, with whose name you are now quite familiar. The lark in this song is a symbol of the joy in the knight's heart.

10. LARKS.

What voice of gladness, hark !
 In heaven is ringing ?
 From the sad fields the lark
 Is upward winging.

High through the mournful mist that blots our day
 Their songs betray them soaring in the grey.
 See them ! Nay, they

In sunlight swim ; above the furthest stain
Of cloud attain ; their hearts in music rain
Upon the plain.

Sweet birds, far out of sight
Your songs of pleasure
Dome us with joy as bright
As heaven's best azure.

Robert Bridges.

11. LARKS.

All day in exquisite air
The song clomb an invisible stair,
Flight on flight, story on story,
Into the dazzling glory.

There was no bird, only a singing,
Up in the glory, climbing and ringing,
Like a small golden cloud at even,
Trembling 'twixt earth and heaven.

I saw no staircase winding, winding,
Up in the dazzle, sapphire and blinding,
Yet round by round, in exquisite air,
The song went up the stair.

Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

12. A GREEN CORNFIELD.

The earth was green, the sky was blue :
I saw and heard one sunny morn,
A skylark hung between the two,
A singing speck above the corn ;

POETRY OF THE EARTH

A stage below, in gay accord,
 White butterflies danced on the wing,
 And still the singing skylark soared
 And silent sank and soared to sing.

The cornfield stretched a tender green
 To right and left beside my walks ;
 I knew he had a nest unseen
 Somewhere among the million stalks :

And as I paused to hear his song,
 While swift the sunny moments slid,
 Perhaps his mate sat listening long,
 And listened longer than I did.

Christina Rossetti.

13. THE KNIGHT'S RETURN.

Hark ! hark ! hark !
 The lark sings high in the dark.
 The werewolves mutter, the night hawks moan,
 The raven croaks from the Raven-stone ;
 What care I for his boding groan,
 Riding the moorland to come to mine own
 Hark ! hark ! hark !
 The lark sings high in the dark.

Hark ! hark ! hark !
 The lark sings high in the dark.
 Long have I wander'd by land and by sea,
 Long have I ridden by moorland and lea ;
 Yonder she sits with my babe on her knee,
 Sits at the window and watches for me !
 Hark ! hark ! hark !
 The lark sings high in the dark.

Charles Kingsley.

NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. OF RAIN. William Ernest Henley (1849-1903) was born at Gloucester, and educated at the Crypt Grammar School of that town. He became a poet, playwright, critic and journalist. Owing to a serious illness, he was compelled to spend some twenty months in hospital in Edinburgh. While there he wrote many of his poems, and became friendly with Robert Louis Stevenson, who visited him during his illness. After leaving hospital, he devoted himself to literary work, and collaborated with Stevenson in four plays.

Note that in this poem the rhyming words in each stanza correspond, so that *sly, sigh* and *high* rhyme together; and *wrack, back* and *slack*; and *lie, die* and *fly,*— and so on.

Wrack—thin flying clouds; *serried columns*—dense columns, close-set, shoulder to shoulder; *flouted*—mocked, jeered at; *duns*—pesters; *deaves*—deafens.

Exercises. (1) Make a list of all the words in this poem that help to convey the sense of *dreariness*. (2) Quote striking instances of alliteration in the poem. (3) Explain the significance of the italicised words: *siggling* sky; *feverish* kind of thrill; the *sodden* world; a *sudden* quack. (4) Explain the rhyming in this poem.

2. AT GRAFTON. *Exercises.* (1) From this poem quote examples of repetition and alliteration. (2) Describe in your own words the picture suggested in the second stanza. (3) Describe in your own words the picture suggested by these lines:

And, blown along the bases
Of lands that set their wide
Frank brows to God, comes chanting
The breath of Bristol tide.

(4) Scan the first four lines of the last stanza. (5) Explain the rhyming in this poem.

3. REAL PROPERTY. Harold Monro, a poet and critic, in 1912 founded in London "The Poetry Bookshop," where poetry is sold, published, read aloud, and expounded.

Limes—well-known trees, the sweet-scented flowers of which attract the "mumbling bee."

Exercises. (1) *Real property* is a term used by lawyers to denote property *in land*. In what sense



LEAVES AND FLOWERS OF
LIME TREES

are the words used in this poem? (2) Quote the three lines that express a thought similar to that contained in Wordsworth's poem of the daffodils:

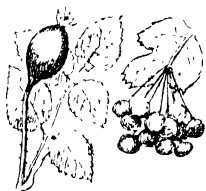
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

(3) What is *the blade of corn* that is sometimes given away? (4) Comment on the words used to describe the bee - *mumbling* bee, *drowsy* bee. What other epithets might be used of a bee? (5) What do you understand by the word *paradise* as used in this poem? How many times is the word repeated? Why is it repeated? (6) By reference to this poem explain Keats's phrase—"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

4. THE VOICE OF GOD. In connection with this poem it is interesting to read the passage from the Bible, I Kings, xix. Elijah's life had been threatened by Jezebel, who had slain all the other prophets. Elijah sought safety by fleeing to Beersheba, and from that place journeyed on to Mount Horeb, where he lodged in a cave. While he was there he was told by God to go forth and stand upon the mountain.

"And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake:

"And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice."



HIPS AND HAWS

5. TEMPER IN OCTOBER. *Road . . . elusive*—one not easily discerned: *hips and haws*—the scarlet fruits of the wild rose and hawthorn respectively: *bryony berries*—round, red fruits of a vine that grows freely in hedgerows.

Exercises. (1) Write appreciative notes on the following phrases:

(a) Bryony berries burned from every hedge.

(b) . . . Through level sunset-gleams
He saw a sudden little road that curled
And climbed elusive to a sky of dreams.

(2) Quote an example of the alliterative use of *c*. (3) What is the significance of the italicised phrase in the following lines?

Love was in all the colours of the sky
Love in the folded shadows of the high
Blue hills, *as quiet as any Easter Eve.*

(4) Explain the force of the italicised words : He *lingered* in the lane ; through *level* sunset-gleams ; a *sudden* little road ; a *sky of dreams*. (5) What figure of speech is used freely in the first stanza ?

6. DUCKS. Note the simile—"or waddling sailor-like"; and the metaphor—"when they (white galleys) float, each bird a boat."

Mien—manner : *topaz*—a semi-precious stone of which the characteristic colour is yellow : *weasel*—a small, slender-bodied, carnivorous animal, very active, bold and blood-thirsty, that preys on birds, mice, rats, rabbits, etc.



WEASEL.

Exercises. (1) Quote the lines which convey to you the best picture, and say why you have selected them.

(2) Make a list of the words that specially apply to ducks. (3) Why does the poet say that "ducks" are "valiant things" ? (4) Explain :

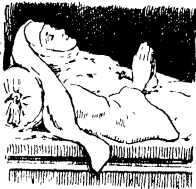
(a) Nest with pale water-stars.

(b) As to take even themselves—*quite seriously*.

7. THE POETRY OF A ROOT CROP. Charles Kingsley (1819-75) was born at Holne in Devonshire. He was educated at King's College, London, and Magdalen College, Cambridge, afterwards being ordained and becoming rector of Eversley, Hampshire, in 1844. This living he held for the remainder of his life. Kingsley was a novelist, poet, and social reformer : he was one of those people who can do many things, and do them well. Of his novels, *Westward Ho!* is his best known and by many regarded as his best work. *Hereward the Wake* is another novel with a fine romantic flavour, while the inimitable *Water-Babies* and *The Heroes* are classics among children's books. A writer has said of him, "it is not a small thing to have written the best songs of the period, songs which have been translated into so many languages ; and it is not a small thing to have written the best English hexameters."

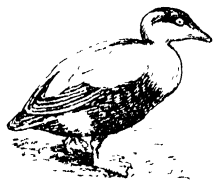
"He had the divine gift of exciting the deepest emotions with the simplest words."

Alchemy—was originally the art of extracting juices from plants for medicinal purposes : *surplices*—the ordinary outer vestment of white linen worn by clergy over the cassock : *nun*—a woman devoted to a religious life under certain vows ; commonly, a woman who lives in a convent, under vows of poverty, chastity and obedience :



'Like some marble carven nun.'

POETRY OF THE EARTH



EIDER DUCK.

eider duck—genus of wild duck, famed for the soft down which it uses for lining its nest.

Exercises. (1) Comment on the three compound words in this poem. (2) Explain the simile in the last six lines.

8. NOVEMBER. There is a humorous poem on *November* written by Thomas Hood (1799-1845), much of whose poetry was remarkable, as in this instance, for its verbal dexterity. The poem gives a picture of the discomfort experienced in a fog-bound city during the month when fogs are prevalent :

No sun — no moon !
 No morn — no noon —
 No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day —
 No sky — no earthly view —
 No distance looking blue —
 No road — no street — no " 't' other side the way " —
 No end to any Row —
 No indications where the Crescents go —
 No top to any steeple —
 No recognitions of familiar people —
 No courtesies for showing 'em —
 No knowing 'em !
 No travelling at all — no locomotion,
 No inkling of the way — no notion —
 " No go " — by land or ocean —
 No mail — no post —
 No news from any foreign coast —
 No Park — no Ring — no afternoon gentility —
 No company — no nobility, —
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds
 No vember !

Exercises. (1) Expand the picture suggested by one of the lines into about six lines of prose. (2) What picture is presented by the line " The robin pipeth now " ? (3) Explain the simile used in the poem. (4) Show that this lyric has *music, pictures and thought.*

9. THE EAGLE. Here is an interesting extract from one of Shakespeare's plays, *King Lear*. It vividly describes the sensations of two men who look down the steep face



EAGLE'S HEAD.

of Dover Cliff to the beach below. The passage helps to illustrate Tennyson's line—"The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls."

Come on, sir, here's the place : stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low !
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles : half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade !
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock, her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

10. LARKS. Robert Bridges was educated at Eton and Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He became a doctor, and held appointments in London hospitals. In 1913 he was made Poet Laureate, a post he held for seven years. He died in 1930.

Dome us- to cover as with a dome of a building.

Exercises. (1) Explain the significance of the italicised words: *sad* fields; *mourful* mist; heaven's best *azure*. (2) Explain the following:

(a) Their songs betray them soaring in the grey.

(b) Their hearts in music rain upon the plain.

(3) Comment on the stanza-scheme of the poem.

11. LARKS. *Exquisite*—giving rare satisfaction by reason of its excellence: *sapphire*—a precious stone of a deep blue colour: *clomb*—the old past tense of *climb*.

Exercises. (1) Explain the simile in the second stanza. (2) What imagery of the lark's flight is used in this poem? (3) Explain: "Up in the dazzle, sapphire and blinding."

12. A GREEN CORNFIELD. *Exercises.* (1) Suggest another title for this poem. (2) Explain the following:

(a) A skylark hung between the two.

(b) A stage below, in gay accord.

(3) Quote striking examples of alliteration in the poem. (4) What was the season of the year? Give reasons for your answer. (5) How many times is

singing mentioned in the poem? What is the effect of this repetition? What other examples of repetition are there in the poem?

13. THE KNIGHT'S RETURN. *Werewolves*—in *Folklore* a werewolf was a person transformed into a wolf, or a person capable of assuming a wolf's form.

A marked feature of much of Kingsley's poetry is the frequent use of repetition of words and sounds. In this short poem we have the repeated sounds in *hark, lark, dark*; then there is *raven* and *Raven-stone*; also *Long have I wander'd* and *Long have I ridden*. In the following song from Kingsley's *Water-Babies* there is a wealth of alliteration, especially of the sounds of *s*:

THE SUMMER SEA.

Soft soft wind, from out the sweet south sliding,
Waft thy silver cloud webs athwart the summer sea;
Thin thin threads of mist on dewy fingers twining
Weave a veil of dappled gauze to shade my babe and me

Deep deep Love, within thine own abyss abiding,
Pour Thyself abroad, O Lord, on earth and air and sea;
Worn weary hearts within Thy holy temple hiding,
Shield from sorrow, sin, and shame my helpless babe and me.

Exercises. (1) Give a short account of the scene suggested by the second stanza. (2) This poem was written as a song to be set to music. Comment on the following: (a) The open vowels; (b) the repetition; (c) the simple language; (d) the regular form of the poem; (e) the rhyming. (3) Quote two lines in which the rhythm suggests the movement of the knight on his horse.



II. THOUGHTS AT EVENTIDE.



ARTEMIS (Diana), Goddess of the Moon.

Part 1.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden glimmering vapours
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded,
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows,
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Longfellow.

Many beautiful poems have been written under the influence of the quietude of evening, when all the busy world is hushed. The most famous poem of Thomas Gray, the *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, breathes the very atmosphere of eventide. The poem is full of deep reflection suited to the minds of adults with wide experience of the world, but the following opening stanzas of the poem are easily understood by all, for they are simply descriptive of the hushed sounds that the poet heard as he stood in reflective mood in the churchyard of Stoke Poges at the close of the day. The curfew was the bell rung every evening as a signal to put out fires and go to

bed. In England its introduction is usually attributed to William the Conqueror, but it was possibly of older date. William, however, issued an order making the practice general. The custom survived during the Middle Ages, and at certain places in England the curfew bell is still rung at eight o'clock.

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.

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

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

Many poets have written of the wondrous glory of the heavens at night. There are some beautiful passages on this subject in the Bible :

The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the
firmament sheweth his handywork.

Ps. xix. 1.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy
fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou
hast ordained ;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him ? and
the son of man, that thou visitest him ?

Ps. viii. 3, 4.

When the morning stars sang together, and all
the sons of God shouted for joy.

Job, xxxviii. 7.

In earlier times men believed that the sun, moon and stars revolved round the earth which, they imagined, was fixed in the centre of the

heavens. It was supposed that these heavenly bodies made sweet harmonious music as they revolved. In the following lines, William Shakespeare referred to this pleasant fancy ; in the last two lines he suggested that mortals are unable to hear the music.

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

The moon was one of the gods venerated by our Saxon forefathers. We are reminded of this fact by our word Monday, the name of the second day of the week. Even in these days, all superstitions concerning the moon have not died out, for some people still refuse to look through glass at a new moon, and many still turn over the money in their pockets when seeing the new moon for the first time. Moonlight scenes are frequently described in poetry. The romance and magic of fairyland are generally associated with moonlight. Often, in poetry, the moon is personified and spoken of as a woman. Here is a delightful passage from Shelley's *Cloud* :

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

14. The *Hymn to Diana* is a graceful lyric written by Ben Jonson, one of the learned English poets, who wrote most of his poems and dramas during the reign of James I.

The Romans looked on the moon as a goddess and called her Diana. She was represented as a huntress armed with a bow, quiver and arrows, or with a spear and accompanied by stags and dogs. When the wind is blowing the clouds swiftly along the sky in front of the moon, Diana seems to be riding amongst them, as a hunter rides amongst the trees in the forest.

In Greek mythology the moon goddess was called Artemis. She and her twin brother Apollo were supposed to have been born on Mt. Cynthos, in the island of Delos, hence the moon is sometimes personified as *Cynthia*. Hesperus is the evening star.

The remaining poems in this section are all concerned with *Thoughts at Eventide* :

14. HYMN TO DIANA.

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,

Now the sun is laid to sleep,

Seated in thy silver chair

State in wonted manner keep :

Hesperus entreats thy light,

Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade

Dare itself to interpose ;

Cynthia's shining orb was made

Heaven to clear when day did close :

Bless us then with wishèd sight,

Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,

And thy crystal-shining quiver ;

Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever :
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Ben Jonson.

15. NIGHTFALL

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad.
 Silence accompanied : for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung.
 Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

John Milton.

16. AS WE RUSH, AS WE RUSH IN THE TRAIN.

As we rush, as we rush in the train,
 The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
 But the starry heavens above the plain
 Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
 The silver doves of the forest of Night,
 Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
 Companions of our flight.

THOUGHTS AT EVENTIDE

We will rush ever on without fear ;
 Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet !
 For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,
 While the Earth slips from our feet !

James Thomson.

17. VESPER.

O Blackbird, what a boy you are !
 How you do go it !
 Blowing your bugle to that one sweet star —
 How you do blow it !
 And does she hear you, blackbird boy, so far ?
 Or is it wasted breath ?
 “ Good Lord ! she is so bright
 To-night ! ”
 The blackbird saith.

T. E. Brown.

18. SONG.

I.

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

II.

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

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.



Part 2.

And rise, O moon, from yonder down,
 Till over down and over dale
 All night the shining vapour sail
 And pass the silent-lighted town,
 The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,
 And catch at every mountain head,
 And o'er the friths that branch and spread
 Their sleeping silver through the hills.
Tennyson.

19. *Moonlit Apples.* What a pretty suggestive title is this for a poem! The very sound of the words is seductive—moon-lit apples. Our imagination is instantly aroused. We immediately conjure up scenes by silvery moonlight; we are carried away on a magic carpet to a beautiful orchard where from ghostly trees flecked with moonlight hang rows and rows of shining apples.

Then we read the first stanza of the poem, and again on the magic carpet we are instantly transported to another scene:

At the top of the house the apples are laid in rows,
And the skylight lets the moonlight in, and those
Apples are deep-sea apples of green. There goes
A cloud on the moon in the autumn night.

Is not that a charming picture? Cannot you *see* the apples all laid out so smooth and round, their rosiness turned by the moonlight into deep-sea green; and cannot you *smell* the delicious aroma that belongs to ripening apples? That is the clever part of the word-painting of a poet. He throws on his canvas a few splashes of colour, a mere suggestion of the finished picture, and leaves us to complete the scene, each to his own liking. If we are interested to look round the loft and up through the skylight we can do so at our pleasure; we can imagine ourselves ascending the creaking stairs to the top of the house, or if we wish to ask a friend to accompany us to the moonlit loft we are at liberty to do so.

Notice in the next three stanzas how the poet produces the atmosphere of silence that accompanies the night. It is so still in the house that the sound of a mouse can be heard scratching in the wainscot; the steep stair is quiet, and in the corridors "there is nothing but sleep." Moonlight, dreams and silence,—those are the subjects of this fanciful poem. The whole is clinched by the last lines:

. . . They keep
Tryst with the moon, and deep is the silence, deep
On moon-washed apples of wonder.

20. *Nocturn.* A nocturn, or nocturne, is a name used in music for a night-piece, or a serenade, especially a dreamy, pensive instrumental composition, expressive of sentiment appropriate to evening or night. This poem is neither dreamy nor pensive, but its sentiments are most appropriate to night. Have you ever sat up till midnight waiting alone in a room for the return of someone? Or, ill in bed, have you waited and waited for the weary hours to pass? If so, you will fully appreciate the opening stanza of this poem, you will feel the loneliness of the "barren heart of midnight," and you will see with your mind's eye the shadows made by the firelight, and hear with what loud reports the wood and coal crack at midnight, and above the noise you will catch all too clearly the persistent sound of a "cistern leaking." The rhythm, "rough, unequal, half-melodious" of the dripping water is vividly expressed. We feel that *we* must "listen, listen, listen." The simile of the buzzing insect (how forcible is this onomatopoeic word *buzzing*!) is very apt, and our feelings are so worked upon that the noise persists in our brain as we read—

Dropping, dripping, drip-drip-dropping,
In the drip-drop of the cistern.

21. *By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross.* Charles I. (b. 1600, d. 1649), king of Great Britain and Ireland, was at the close of the Civil War tried, condemned and beheaded as "a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy." The king met his death with dignity and composure. Nothing in his life became Charles like the leaving it. So noble was his bearing at his execution that one of his foes, a puritan poet, Andrew Marvell, wrote :

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene, . . .
But bowed his comely head
Down as upon a bed.

Charles was a failure as a king, but his private life was without blemish. It was said of him that he was "the worthiest of gentlemen,

the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father and the best Christian that the age in which he lived produced.”

This grand and solemn poem by Lionel Johnson relates the reflections of a man as he gazes at night on the statue that was erected at Charing Cross to the king's memory. By those qualified to judge, this statue is considered one of the finest in London. The metre of the poem is in keeping with the thoughts :

Sombre and rich, the skies ;
Great glooms, and starry plains.

The references in Johnson's poem to the king's life and manner of death are striking and pathetic :

The saddest of all kings
Crowned, and again disrowned.

Comely and calm, he rides
Hard by his own Whitehall.

Whitehall, in front of which the King was executed, was at that period the chief residence of the Court in London. It was destroyed by fire in 1698.

Never was face so stern
With sweet austerity.

The king was always most reserved and reticent ; only one man, the Duke of Buckingham, ever enjoyed his friendship. His features were dignified, but weak and unhappy.

The passing of his breath
Won his defeated ends.

The result of the execution of Charles was an extraordinary revulsion of feeling in favour of the monarchy, in which the incidents of Charles' misgovernment were completely forgotten. He soon became in the popular veneration a martyr and a saint.

Speak after sentence ? Yea :
And to the end of time.

The request of Charles to be heard before the Lords and Commons was rejected, and his attempts to answer the president of the Court were silenced. Sentence was pronounced and the king was removed by the soldiers, uttering his last broken protest that if a king could not receive justice, there was small hope of justice for the people—“ I am not suffered to speak. Expect what justice other people will have.”

The last lines express a firm belief in the perfection of God's wisdom :

The stars and heavenly deeps
Work out a perfect will.

22. *Winter Nightfall*, by J. C. Squire, describes in picturesque language the reflections of a man who on a winter's night stands outside an empty house. In the first stanza we are told of the desolate appearance of this ancient Georgian dwelling, and by the tone of the description our minds are prepared for the gloomy details that follow :

The old yellow stucco
Of the time of the Regent
Is flaking and peeling :
The rows of square windows
In the straight yellow building
Are empty and still.

It is supposed that a colonel once lived in the house, and the onlooker muses on what manner of man the colonel was. Then follow a number of questions as though the onlooker were soliloquising. He wonders whether the rain and the wind and the cold were very trying to the colonel when he lived there, and he wonders whether the colonel shut himself up in his study at night and mused on his boyhood's days and his life in India. The answer to all the questions is supplied by the questioner himself—“ Perhaps.”

The next stanza emphasises the former account of desolation.

The colonel and his furniture have vanished ; the place is a wilderness :

And there's grass in his gateway,
 Grass on his footpath,
 Grass on his doorstep :
 The garden's grown over,
 The well-chain is broken,
 The windows are bare.

The onlooker turns away from the desolate scene, and through the "straggling, discoloured rags of the daylight" takes to the wet sticky road.

Although so little is actually told about the colonel and his house, it is remarkable how the poet sets us thinking, and how our own unspoken answers to the questions make us feel that we know a great deal about the ancient house and its former inmate.

19. MOONLIT APPLES.

At the top of the house the apples are laid in rows,
 And the skylight lets the moonlight in, and those
 Apples are deep-sea apples of green. There goes
 A cloud on the moon in the autumn night.

A mouse in the wainscot scratches, and scratches, and then
 There is no sound at the top of the house of men
 Or mice ; and the cloud is blown, and the moon again
 Dapples the apples with deep-sea light.

They are lying in rows there, under the gloomy beams ;
 On the sagging floor ; they gather the silver streams
 Out of the moon, those moonlit apples of dreams,
 And quiet is the steep stair under.

In the corridors under there is nothing but sleep.
 And stiller than ever on orchard boughs they keep
 Tryst with the moon, and deep is the silence, deep
 On moon-washed apples of wonder.

John Drinkwater.

20. NOCTURN.

At the barren heart of midnight,
 When the shadow shuts and opens
 As the loud flames pulse and flutter,
 I can hear a cistern leaking.

Dripping, dropping, in a rhythm,
 Rough, unequal, half-melodious,
 Like the measures aped from nature
 In the infancy of music ;

Like the buzzing of an insect,
 Still, irrational, persistent . . .
 I must listen, listen, listen
 In a passion of attention ;

Till it taps upon my heartstrings,
 And my very life goes dripping,
 Dropping, dripping, drip-drip-dropping,
 In the drip-drop of the cistern.

William Ernest Henley.

21. BY THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES
AT CHARING CROSS.

Sombre and rich, the skies ;
 Great glooms, and starry plains.
 Gently the night wind sighs ;
 Else a vast silence reigns.

THOUGHTS AT EVENTIDE

The splendid silence clings
 Around me : and around
 The saddest of all kings
 Crowned, and again discrowned.

Comely and calm, he rides
 Hard by his own Whitehall :
 Only the night wind glides :
 No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

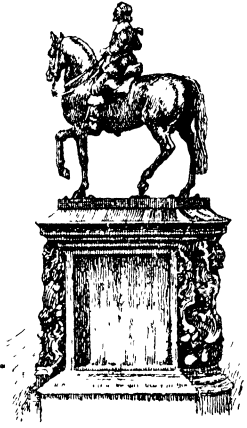
Gone, too, his Court : and yet,
 The stars his courtiers are :
 Stars in their stations set ;
 And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,
 The fair and fatal king :
 Dark night is all his own,
 That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate :
 The stars ; or those sad eyes
 Which are more still and great :
 Those brows ; or the dark skies ?

Although his whole heart yearn
 In passionate tragedy :
 Never was face so stern
 With sweet austerity.

Vanquished in life, his death
 By beauty made amends :
 The passing of his breath
 Won his defeated ends.



THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES
 AT CHARING CROSS

Brief life, and hapless ? Nay :
Through death, life grew sublime.
Speak after sentence ? Yea :
And to the end of time.

Armoured he rides, his head
Bare to the stars of doom :
He triumphs now, the dead,
Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,
Vexed in the world's employ :
His soul was of the saints ;
And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe !
Men hunger for thy grace :
And through the night I go,
Loving thy mournful face.

Yet, when the city sleeps ;
When all the cries are still :
The stars and heavenly deeps
Work out a perfect will.

Lionel Johnson.

22. WINTER NIGHTFALL.

The old yellow stucco
Of the time of the Regent
Is flaking and peeling :
The rows of square windows
In the straight yellow building
Are empty and still ;

THOUGHTS AT EVENTIDE

And the dusty dark evergreens
 Guarding the wicket
 Are draped with wet cobwebs,
 And above this poor wilderness
 Toneless and sombre
 Is the flat of the hill.

They said that a colonel
 Who long ago died here
 Was the last one to live here :
 An old retired colonel,
 Some Fraser or Murray,
 I don't know his name :
 Death came here and summoned him,
 And the shells of him vanished
 Beyond all speculation :
 And silence resumed here,
 Silence and emptiness,
 And nobody came.

Was it wet when he lived here,
 Were the skies dim and hurrying,
 Was the rain so irresolute ?
 Did he watch the night coming,
 Did he shiver at nightfall
 Before he was dead ?
 Did the wind go so creepily,
 Chilly and puffing,
 With drops of cold rain in it ?
 Was the hill's lifted shoulder
 So lowering and menacing
 So dark and so dread ?

Did he turn through his doorway
And go to his study,
And light many candles ?
And fold in the shutters,
And heap up the fireplace
 To fight off the damps ?
And muse on his boyhood,
And wonder if India
Ever was real ?
And shut out the loneliness
With pig-sticking memoirs
 And collections of stamps ?

Perhaps. But he's gone now,
He and his furniture
Dispersed now for ever ;
And the last of his trophies,
Antlers and photographs,
 Heaven knows where.
And there's grass in his gateway,
Grass on his footpath,
Grass on his doorstep ;
The garden's grown over,
The well-chain is broken,
 The windows are bare.

And I leave him behind me,
For the straggling, discoloured
Rags of the daylight,
And hills and stone walls
And a rick long forgotten
 Of blackening hay :

THOUGHTS AT EVENTIDE

The road pale and sticky,
 And cart-ruts and nail-marks,
 And wind-ruffled puddles,
 And the slop of my footsteps
 In this desolate country's
 Cadaverous clay.

J. C. Squire.

Part 3.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
 In blanchèd linen, smooth, and lavendered.

Keats.

The poets have woven many pleasing fancies about the subject of *Sleep* - "Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night." One of the most arresting passages is the following extract from Shakespeare's play, *Macbeth*. Macbeth has just murdered Duncan, King of Scotland, who was sleeping for the night at Macbeth's Castle of Inverness. Macbeth is horror-struck by the deed he has done, and he is talking to his wife, Lady Macbeth :

Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more !
 Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep,
 Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast, --

Lady M. What do you mean ?

Macbeth. Still it cried, "Sleep no more !" to all the house :
 "Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
 Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !"

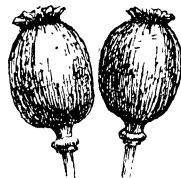
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy thane,
 You do unbend your noble strength, to think
 So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there : go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macbeth. I'll go no more :
I am afraid to think what I have done :
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal ;
For it must seem their guilt.

John Keats, when writing of sleep, makes frequent references to the *poppy*. From the juice of the poppy chemists extract a powerful narcotic that induces sleep, so that the poppy is taken as a symbol of sleep—"Yet I must not forget Sleep, quiet with his poppy coronet."



POPPY CAPSULES.

Moreover, through the dancing poppies stole
A breeze, most softly lulling to my soul ;
And shaping visions all about my sight
Of colours, wings, and bursts of spangly light ;
The which became more strange, and strange, and dim,
And then were gulfed in a tumultuous swim :
And then I fell asleep.

What, but thee, Sleep ? Soft closer of our eyes !
Low murmurer of tender lullabies !
Light hoverer around our happy pillows !
Wreather of poppy buds, and weeping willows !

Here is another fragment by the same author :

O magic sleep ! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hushed and smooth ! O unconfined
Restraint ! imprisoned liberty ! great key

THOUGHTS AT EVENTIDE

To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
 Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
 Echoing grottoes, full of tumbling waves
 And moonlight ; ay, to all the mazy world
 Of silvery enchantment !—who, upfurled
 Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
 But renovates and lives ?—

In the following extract we see how Tennyson associated music with sleep :

There is sweet music here that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
 Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ;
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

These lines are taken from Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* :

Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole !
 To Mary Queen the praise be given !
 She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
 That slid into my soul.

The three following poems are on the subject of sleep. The first is a sonnet by William Wordsworth. (The Sonnet is described in Chapter V.) The next, *Dreaming*, is a simple, pleasing poem by S. T. Coleridge, and the third, *Renouncement*, by a modern writer, Alice Meynell, is another beautiful sonnet with the same underlying thought as in *Dreaming*.

23. TO SLEEP.

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,
 One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky,

By turns have all been thought of, yet I lie
 Sleepless ; and soon the small birds' melodies
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees :
 And the first Cuckoo's melancholy cry.
 Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
 And could not win thee, Sleep ! by any stealth :
 So do not let me wear to-night away :
 Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth ?
 Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health !

William Wordsworth.

24. DREAMING.

If I had but two little wings,
 And were a little feathery bird,
 To you I'd fly, my dear !
 But thoughts like these are idle things,
 And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly :
 I'm always with you in my sleep !
 The world is all one's own ;
 But then one wakes, and where am I ?
 All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids ;
 So I love to wake ere break of day ;
 For though my sleep be gone,
 Yet, while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
 And still dreams on.

S. T. Colcridge.

25. RENOUNCEMENT.

I must not think of thee ; and, tired yet strong,
 I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
 The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
 And in the sweetest passage of a song.

O just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
 This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright ;
 But it must never, never come in sight ;
 I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
 When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
 And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
 With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
 I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

Alice Meynell.

26. *Crossing the Bar.* In the latter years of his life, Alfred, Lord Tennyson continued to write much poetry. He was sixty-six years of age when his first drama, "Queen Mary," was published, and he continued writing almost to the end of his life. Among the swan-songs¹ that came from him there was at least one, *Crossing the Bar*, which will be unforgettable. It served as his dirge when he was laid in Westminster Abbey, October 12, 1892, his death having taken place six days before.

The imagery of the poem is suggested by the eventide of life, and the sailing of a ship from a harbour, across the sandy bar that guards its entrance, to the distant unknown ocean beyond.

The presence of the bank of sand, or gravel, called the bar is often indicated by the rough water that beats against the obstruction.

¹ *Swan-song*—There is an ancient fable that a swan sings melodiously just before it dies.

It is remarkable how Tennyson has selected his words to make poetical music and poetical pictures in such lines as—

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam.

Say these lines aloud and listen to the tranquil music which is reminiscent of the sound of the calm, deep waters.

In Tennyson's note to this poem he says, "The Pilot has been on board all the while, but in the dark I have not seen him." His son adds that Tennyson explained the Pilot as "that Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us," and explains that his father "had often watched the pilots from Southampton Water climb down from the great mail-ships into their cutters off Headon Hill, near the Needles."

27. *I. M. Margaritæ Sororis* (In Memory of Sister Margaret), by William Ernest Henley, is a poem on a similar subject to that of *Crossing the Bar*—the passing of the soul from this life to the life beyond. In this poem the imagery is suggested by eventide, and the twittering of a late lark. This, too, is a poem full of pictures and thoughts. It is an example of free verse, that is, unrhymed verse in which the metre is irregular.

26. CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark ;

THOUGHTS AT EVENTIDE

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

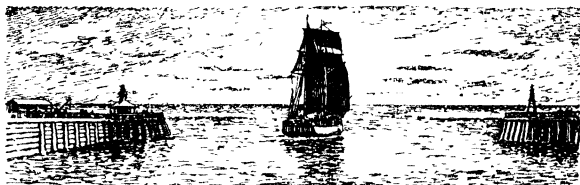
27. I. M. MARGARITAE SORORIS.

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies ;
 And from the west,
 Where the sun, his day's work ended,
 Lingers as in content,
 There falls on the old, gray city
 An influence luminous and serene,
 A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
 In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
 Shine, and are changed. In the valley
 Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
 Closing his benediction,
 Sinks, and the darkening air
 Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
 Night with her train of stars
 And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing !
 My task accomplished and the long day done,
 My wages taken, and in my heart
 Some late lark singing.
 Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
 The sundown splendid and serene,
 Death.

William Ernest Henley.



SHIP CROSSING THE BAR OF A HARBOUR.

NOTES AND EXERCISES.

14. HYMN TO DIANA. Ben Jonson (c. 1573-1637) was born at Westminster and educated at Westminster School. He became a student for a short time at St. John's College, Cambridge. He was also in turn a bricklayer's apprentice, a soldier, an actor, and lastly, a dramatist. In 1616 he published his works, being the first English dramatist to do this. He was granted a royal pension and became Poet Laureate. He died in London in comparative poverty, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Exercises. (1) Explain the terms *myth* and *personification* by reference to this poem. (2) Explain—"Give unto the flying hart Space to breathe, how short soever." (3) Comment on the rhyming and metre of this poem. (4) Comment on the use of the sibilant sounds in this poem.

15. NIGHTFALL. John Milton (1608-74), one of our most famous poets, was born in London. He was the son of a scrivener, and was educated at St. Paul's School and at Christ's College, Cambridge. Like his father, he sympathised with the Puritans, and he became Latin Secretary to the Council of State under Cromwell. Some time after, his eyes, which had always been weak, failed him, and he became totally blind. His great poetical work, *Paradise Lost*, was dictated by the poet to his daughters. He was arrested at the Restoration, and after his release lived in retirement. At his death he was buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, a monument to his memory being placed in Westminster Abbey about sixty years later.

Amorous—loving; passionate: *descant*—melody.

Exercises. (1) Comment on the force of the italicised words: *still* Evening; *Twilight gray*; *sober* livery; silence was *pleased*; her *peerless* light. (2) Explain: (a) Now glowed the firmament with living sapphires.

(b) Hesperus, that led the starry host, rode brightest.

(3) Explain what is meant by saying that this extract is written in blank verse.

16. AS WE RUSH, AS WE RUSH IN THE TRAIN. *Exercises.* (1) What figure of speech is used in the second stanza? What other poetical names do you know for the stars? (2) Explain in your own words the introduction and the conclusion of this poem.

18. SONG. *Exercises.* (1) Do you think that this would make a good song for singing? Give reasons for your answer. (2) What sort of atmosphere is produced by the opening lines? (3) Make a list of words from the poem that suggest gloom and depression. (4) What is the season of the year? Give as many reasons as you can for your answer.

19. MOONLIT APPLES. John Drinkwater, the son of an actor, was educated at Oxford High School. At one time he was a clerk in an insurance office, and while there published his first volume of verse. The best-known of his plays, *Abraham Lincoln* has had great success both in this country and in America.

Tryst—an appointed place of meeting.

Exercises. (1) What is the rhyme-scheme of this poem? What connection is there between the rhymes in the stanzas? (2) Why is a *cloud* mentioned in the first two stanzas? (3) What is the main connecting link between the third and fourth stanzas? (4) Comment on the effectiveness of the italicised words: *deep-sea* apples; *dapples* the apples; on the *sagging* floor. (5) Scan the first stanza. Point out variations in the feet.

20. NOCTURN. *Pulse*—a short, quick motion regularly repeated: *ape*—mimic, as an ape mimics human actions.

Exercises. (1) There are no rhymes in this poem. What devices are used to heighten the rhythmical effect? (2) What means are adopted to work upon the emotions? (3) Explain the significance of the similes in the poem. (4) Explain the force of the italicised words: *barren* heart; shadow *shuts* and *opens*; flames *pulse* and *flutter*; *passion* of attention.

21. BY THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES AT CHARING CROSS. Lionel Johnson (1867-1902) was educated at Winchester College, and at New College, Oxford. He was specially interested in Greek and Latin and English literature.

Stars in their stations set; and every wandering star—The earth is only one of a great number of spheres in space. The nearest of these is the moon, which is a cold mass of rock. The stars are also spheres far larger than the moon and billions of miles away. These stars are fiery hot like our sun. The sun is the centre of a family of spheres which form the solar system. In this system, there are eight large spheres called planets, of which the earth is one, and more than six hundred small planets. All members of the solar system travel, or revolve, round the sun. *Planet*, which means *wanderer*, was the name given

by the ancients, because planets were observed in different parts of the heavens on different days.

And art to him was joy—Charles I. had a fine artistic sense. He succeeded in bringing together during twenty years an unrivalled collection of paintings, of which a great part was dispersed at his death. Shakespeare was “the closest companion of his solitudes.”

Exercises. (1) How would you describe the *atmosphere* produced in the first three stanzas? (2) Some of the stanzas are built up on contrasts. Give examples and explanations of three such stanzas. (3) What is the force of the two adjectives in the line “The *fair* and *fatal* king”? (4) When a writer for the sake of effect, or emphasis, asks a question to which he does not want an answer, he is employing a figure of speech known as *Interrogation*, or *Rhetorical Question*. Give examples from this poem of the use of rhetorical questions. (5) What incidents are suggested by the line “No crowds, nor rebels, brawl”? (6) Explain the verse: “King, tried in fires of woe!”

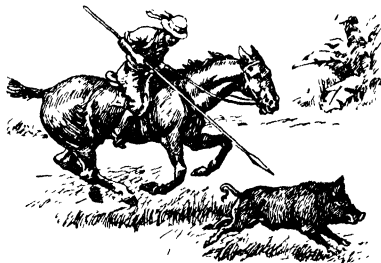
22. WINTER NIGHTFALL. J. C. Squire was born at Plymouth in 1884, and was educated at Blundell's School, and later at Cambridge. (Blundell's School is the school mentioned in *Lorna Doone*.) He began his literary work by writing parodies, but soon went on to serious criticism. He is the editor of a literary magazine called the *London Mercury*.

The stanza-form of the poem is new to this book. There are twelve verses in each stanza, each verse having two stressed syllables:

The old yellow stucco
Of the time of the Régent
Is flaking and peeling.

The sixth line in each stanza rhymes with the twelfth, the other lines being unrhymed.

Stucco—plaster used as a coating: *Regent*—when George III. in his old age was declared incapable of ruling, the Prince of Wales became Regent: *beyond speculation*—knowledge of its whereabouts: *dun*—of a grayish colour; gloomy: *lowering*—dark and threatening: *pig-sticking*—wild-boar hunting with a spear—so called by Anglo-Indians: *cadaverous*—of the colour of a dead body.



PIG-STICKING.

Exercises. (1) How does the title of the poem agree with the subject of it ? (2) Quote passages from the poem that illustrate the desolate appearance of the house. (3) Quote a striking example of repetition in the poem. What is the force of this repetition ? (4) Explain the significance of the italicised words : *poor wilderness* ; hill's *lifted* shoulder ; *blackening* hay ; *wind-ruffled* puddles ; *desolate* country's ; *cadaverous clay*. (5) Describe the house and its situation in your own words.

23. TO SLEEP. *Exercises.* (1) From this poem what can you learn of the poet's love of nature ? (2) What were the first sounds heard at early morning ? (3) Quote the rhetorical question asked in this poem. (4) What does the poet say about sleep ?

24. DREAMING. *Exercises.* (1) Explain :

(a) The world is all one's own.

(b) Sleep stays not, though a monarch bid.

(2) When does the speaker in this poem let his imagination run freely ?

25. RENOUNCEMENT. Alice Meynell (1850-1922), wife of Wilfrid Meynell, wrote lyric poetry of a delicate charm and subtle thoughtfulness, as well as some critical essays.

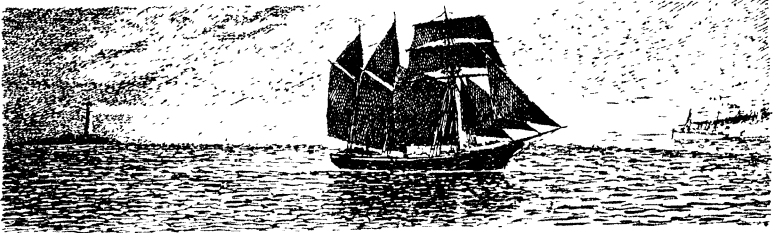
This poem, *Renouncement*, is considered one of the loveliest sonnets in modern poetry. Its simple monosyllables produce a wonderful music.

Exercises. (1) Explain the title of this poem. (2) How does the speaker show that his (or her) thoughts are beautiful ? (3) Explain the simile - "Must doff my will as raiment laid away."



III. NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE.

Part 1.



And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a
dear delight.

Tennyson.

28. *Flannan Isle* is a grim story told by a Northumbrian poet, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, the writer of *The Dancing Seal* and *The Ice Cart*, two poems which were included in Senior Book II. The keynote of the story is given in the first stanza, and our interest is aroused by the news brought by a passing ship :

“ Though three men dwell on Flannan Isle
To keep the lamp alight.
As we steered under the lee, we caught
No glimmer through the night.”

The story then goes on to describe the sea trip of three men to “ the lonely isle,” and our minds are gradually prepared for a gruesome discovery :

So ghostly in the cold sunlight
It seemed, that we were struck the while
With wonder all too dread for words.

The mystery of the “ three queer black ugly birds ” is very telling, especially as they looked “ like seamen sitting bolt-upright,” and a

feeling of creepiness and awe comes over us as we see the birds plunge silently into the water and disappear from view “without a sound, or spurt of white.”

The word-picture of the men “too mazed to speak” climbing “the track in single file” up to the lighthouse door is most realistic. We feel with the men how much safer it would be on the boat, than on that steep track up which they climb and climb and climb.

Then comes the climax of the story. It is most dramatically told. The seekers have a foreboding of tragedy—probably of death. Did they not see those “three queer black ugly birds”? As they pause on the threshold plucking up courage to enter the door, even the smell of the tar and limewash has “some strange scent of death.” We see them “hard on each other’s heels”—afraid to be alone for a single moment—burst into the room. We watch them stand spell-bound as they see the familiar sight of the table spread for dinner—but no human being. We listen—but the only sound is that of the “feeble cheeping bird that starved upon its perch.” Anxiety becomes conviction. We see them hunting high and low, and looking at each other with frightened eyes. But with all their searching there is no sign or clue to the tragedy—

But a door ajar, and an untouch’d meal,
And an overtoppled chair.

But they cannot yet leave the lighthouse. They feel impelled to stay. Again they listen, and the memory of other terrible tragedies that have occurred in the lighthouse surges through their frightened minds. There seems to be a curse on the place. So graphically is the story told that we feel a “chill clutch on our breath”; we want to assist in the search; we look about and try to suggest in our minds what might be the explanation, and ever our eyes revert to “the untouch’d meal and the overtoppled chair.”

The last two lines dramatically summarise the story :

Three men alive on Flannan Isle,
Who thought on three men dead.

29. *The Ballad of Father Gilligan* is a mystical story by the famous Irish poet, William Butler Yeats.

The story is about one of those pious priests who dedicate their lives to work among the poor. This old priest "was weary night and day," for he was in constant request to comfort his parishioners. It was a time of exceptional sickness or plague, when half of the priest's flock were either dead or dying.

Note the graphic line—"at the moth-hour of eve." It expresses in a word the twilight and the silence. The "moth-hour" is mentioned again in the fourth stanza, and "the moths" in the sixth stanza. There is something eerie in the appearance of moths, and the touch and sound of their wings are ghostly.

The coming on of night is simply and beautifully told. We see the starlit heavens and hear the rustling of the leaves by the night wind, and imagine the world asleep :

And stars began to peep.
They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind ;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

The early morning is again described by a realistic touch of the artist—"upon the time of sparrow chirp." Perhaps you have noticed how early in the morning the sparrows chirp from their nests under the eaves or in the hedges, long before they fly out to greet the dawn.

We watch the good old priest, troubled at heart, mount his horse and hurry with impetuous speed to the sick man's cottage—"he rode now as he never rode." He had not intended to sleep, but had been overwhelmed by exhaustion. His worst fears are too well founded. The poor man is dead. But with what *joy* he died !

"When you were gone, he turned and died
As merry as a bird."

Who took the form of Father Gilligan and comforted the sick man at his passing while Father Gilligan slept? That is the mystery of the ballad. There is no mystery, however, in the old priest's mind, and his simple heartfelt prayer is very touching.

30. *In Lady Street* by John Drinkwater is a poem of detailed description of a striking contrast. We are told of a street whose aspect has little in keeping with its name—*Lady Street*. It is an unlovely place of “dingy rows of sloven houses, tattered shops,” where the very buildings seem to reflect the lives and characters of the inhabitants. In such a street one is not surprised to hear the cries of the sellers “of rags and bones and sickening meat.”

When the sun shines in *Lady Street* the brightness only emphasises the dullness—“then all the grey dull desolation grows in state more dull and grey and desolate.” So dominant is the greyness that even “the sun is a shamefast thing,” and it seems as if the sun feels its brightness is out of keeping in that mean place. “Yet one grey man in *Lady Street* looks for the sun.” This man who has never travelled much, nor achieved any greatness in life, lives in a poor lowly home. But he is very happy, for he is ever thinking of the joyous days of his youth spent among the birds, the flowers and the fruits in Gloucester lanes. Again “he hears the wind among the barley-blades,” and though he lives alone, “alone yet not alone, for sweet are Gloucester lanes in *Lady Street*,” he has always for companionship the sweet remembrance of those early days.

Below his “cobwebbed room this grey man plies a trade—a coloured trade.” Notice how these two words—coloured trade—completely change the tone of the description. The man has a stall on which are piled the coloured fruits, flowers and vegetables grown on Gloucester ground. There are “apples red with Gloucester air,” “yellow plums and gaudy brave chrysanthemums.” Sometimes the rich hues of the feathers on a pheasant's neck add to the riot of colour spread forth on his stall. In springtime the

wind will waft the scent of violets, and then "gay daffodils this grey man sets among his treasure."

The man does not heed the unloveliness of Lady Street, and is not depressed by the continual noise of traffic, nor the cries of the street-sellers and the fortune-tellers, for he bears in his heart that which is a continual source of joy, that which makes him say "the sun is sweet on Gloucester lanes in Lady Street." He has eyes only for the beautiful. And so it comes about that—

In that one spot
Of Lady Street the sun is not
Ashamed to shine and send a rare
Shower of colour through the air.



"The netted avenues of hops"

31. *The Patriot*. Certain events in history have shown how fickle, uncertain and treacherous is popularity. Men who by some notable action had gained the applause of the multitude, found out at a later day how quickly that applause could be turned into roars of hate. Some of those, for instance, who were foremost in engineering the French Revolution and who were at one time almost worshipped like gods by the people were a little later dragged to the guillotine.

In this tragic poem of *The Patriot*, it is such a victim who speaks; some man, who was once regarded as the saviour of the people and is now looked on as their enemy, is going to be executed as a common

criminal. The man remembers the glorious past and contrasts it with the cruel present :

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad.

So great was the crush to see the hero that “ the house-roofs seemed to heave and sway ” with the crowds watching on the housetops. The joy-bells made such a din with their ringing that the sound filled the air like something visible. If he had asked the glad people for the *sun* they would willingly have given it and asked, “ ‘ What else ’ can we give you ? ”

But how different now ! The man says he did not ask for anything for himself, he wanted the sun to give to the people. He made every possible sacrifice for the people’s sake—“ nought man could do, have I left undone.”

And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There is no one on the housetops, and only a few palsied folk sit at the windows to see him pass, for all have gone to the streets and the gallows to see him die. They throw stones at him as he passes, and he thinks that his forehead bleeds, but he cannot be sure, for his hands are tied tightly behind him.

Here are the victim’s last thoughts :

Thus I entered, and thus I go !
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
“ Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me ? ”—God might question : but instead
’Tis God shall repay : I am safer so.

If the man had died in his triumph—for some have been known to drop down dead in the midst of rejoicing—God might have said that he had had his reward from the world. But now the world kills him, and God will repay.

32. *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* is John Keats’s finest lyric, a

fantastic thing, with a romantic atmosphere. The title is taken from that of an old French poem, and it means "The Beautiful Pitiless Lady." The original poem is very dull, and it seems to have been its romantic title which fired Keats' imagination to write this mysterious story of a knight who was in love with a fair lady. She was a strange and beautiful woman, a fairy or enchantress, who lulled the knight into a magical sleep.

Note the desolate cadence of the opening question :

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering ?

Each stanza is skilfully closed by a line of four strong syllables which accentuate each step of the tragic mystery. The weird atmosphere of the poetry is increased by lines which have no connection with those that precede it. Compare, for example, the first two lines of this second stanza with the last two lines :

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms !
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

The poem is full of pictures. We have frequently noted how a poet suggests the outline of a picture and leaves the reader to fill in the details. Here Keats gives a picture of the desolation of winter, or late autumn, merely by selecting two characteristic signs of the season :

The sedge has wither'd from the lake
And no birds sing.

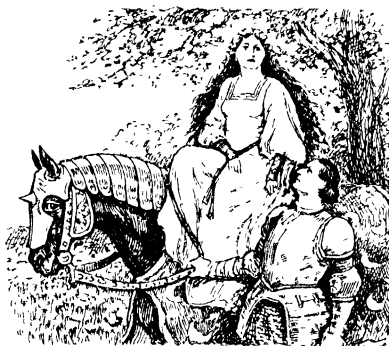
Is not that last a wonderfully forcible line ? What a complete picture of desolation it presents ! These two lines that add so much to the general atmosphere of the poem are repeated in the last stanza. Note, too, that in the second stanza is another picture suggestive of winter :

The squirrel's granary is full
And the harvest's done.

It is fascinating to watch the enchantress as she lures the knight to his destruction. He is attracted by her beauty and he makes her garlands and bracelets of flowers ; he sets her on his steed and she entrances him with her voice in song ; she feeds him with sweet roots, honey and manna : and finally she weeps and sighs in her elfin grot--

And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And the magic sleep overtook the knight, and he was tortured by horrible dreams, and finally woke to find himself alone "on the cold hill's side." Not only does the enchantress break his heart, but he is left apparently a dying man. His brow is deadly pale and moist with fever-dew, the flush on his cheek is fading fast like a fading rose.



" I met a lady in the meads."

28. FLANNAN ISLE.

*Though three men dwell on Flannan Isle
To keep the lamp alight,
As we steered under the lee, we caught
No glimmer through the night.*

A passing ship at dawn had brought
The news, and quickly we set sail
To find out what strange thing might ail
The keepers of the deep-sea light.

The winter day broke blue and bright
With glancing sun and glancing spray
While o'er the swell our boat made way
As gallant as a gull in flight.

But as we neared the lonely Isle
And looked up at the naked height,
And saw the lighthouse towering white
With blinded lantern that all night
Had never shot a spark
Of comfort through the dark,
So ghostly in the cold sunlight
It seemed that we were struck the while
With wonder all too dread for words.
And, as into the tiny creek
We stole, beneath the hanging crag
We saw three queer black ugly birds—
Too big by far in my belief
For cormorant or shag -
Like seamen sitting bolt-upright
Upon a half-tide reef :
But as we neared they plunged from sight
Without a sound or spurt of white.

And still too mazed to speak,
We landed and made fast the boat
And climbed the track in single file,
Each wishing he were safe afloat
On any sea, however far,
So it be far from Flannan Isle :

NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE

And still we seemed to climb and climb
As though we'd lost all count of time
And so must climb for evermore ;
Yet all too soon we reached the door—
The black sun-blistered lighthouse door
That gaped for us ajar.

As on the threshold for a spell
We paused, we seemed to breathe the smell
Of limewash and of tar,
Familiar as our daily breath,
As though 'twere some strange scent of death ;
And so yet wondering side by side
We stood a moment still tongue-tied,
And each with black foreboding eyed
The door ere we should fling it wide
To leave the sunlight for the gloom :
Till, plucking courage up, at last
Hard on each other's heels we passed
Into the living-room.

Yet as we crowded through the door
We only saw a table spread
For dinner, meat and cheese and bread,
But all untouched and no one there ;
As though when they sat down to eat,
Ere they could even taste,
Alarm had come and they in haste
Had risen and left the bread and meat,
For at the table-head a chair
Lay tumbled on the floor.

We listen'd, but we only heard
The feeble cheeping of a bird

That starved upon its perch ;
And, listening still, without a word
We set about our hopeless search.
We hunted high, we hunted low,
And soon ransacked the empty house ;
Then o'er the Island to and fro
We ranged, to listen and to look
In every cranny, cleft or nook
That might have hid a bird or mouse :
But though we searched from shore to shore
We found no sign in any place,
And soon again stood face to face
Before the gaping door,
And stole into the room once more
As frightened children steal.
Ay, though we hunted high and low
And hunted everywhere,
Of the three men's fate we found no trace
Of any kind in any place
But a door ajar and an untouched meal
And an overtoppled chair.

And as we listened in the gloom
Of that forsaken living-room —
A chill clutch on our breath —
We thought how ill-chance came to all
Who kept the Flannan Light,
And how the rock had been the death
Of many a likely lad —
How six had come to a sudden end
And three had gone stark mad,
And one, whom we'd all known as friend,
Had leapt from the lantern one still night

NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE

And fallen dead by the lighthouse wall—
 And long we thought
 On the three we sought,
 And on what might yet befall.

Like curs a glance has brought to heel
 We listened, flinching there,
 And looked and looked on the untouched meal
 And the overtopped chair.

We seemed to stand for an endless while,
 Though still no word was said,
 Three men alive on Flannan Isle,
 Who thought on three men dead.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

29. THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN.

The old priest Peter Gilligan
 Was weary night and day ;
 For half his flock were in their beds,
 Or under green sods lay.

Once, while he nodded on a chair,
 At the moth-hour of eve,
 Another poor man sent for him,
 And he began to grieve.

“ I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
 For people die and die ” ;
 And after cried he, “ God forgive !
 My body spake, not I ! ”

He knelt, and leaning on the chair
He prayed and fell asleep ;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind ;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.

“ Mavrone, mavrone ! the man has died,
While I slept on the chair ” ;
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen ;
The sick man's wife opened the door :
“ Father ! you come again ! ”

“ And is the poor man dead ? ” he cried.
“ He died an hour ago.”
The old priest Peter Gilligan
In grief swayed to and fro.

“ When you were gone, he turned and died
As merry as a bird.”
The old priest Peter Gilligan
He knelt him at that word.

NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE

“ He who hath made the night of stars
 For souls who tire and bleed,
 Sent one of His great angels down
 To help me in my need.

“ He who is wrapped in purple robes,
 With planets in His care,
 Had pity on the least of things
 Asleep upon a chair.”

William Butler Yeats.

30. IN LADY STREET.

All day long the traffic goes
 In Lady Street by dingy rows
 Of sloven houses, tattered shops—
 Fried fish, old clothes and fortune-tellers—
 Tall trams on silver-shining rails,
 With grinding wheels and swaying tops,
 And lorries with their corded bales,
 And screeching cars. “ Buy, buy ! ” the sellers
 Of rags and bones and sickening meat
 Cry all day long in Lady Street.

And when the sunshine has its way
 In Lady Street, then all the grey
 Dull desolation grows in state
 More dull and grey and desolate,
 And the sun is a shamefast thing,
 A lord not comely-housed, a god
 Seeing what gods must blush to see,
 A song where it is ill to sing,
 And each gold ray despitously
 Lies like a gold ironic rod.

Yet one grey man in Lady Street
Looks for the sun. He never bent
Life to his will, his travelling feet
Have scaled no cloudy continent,
Nor has the sickle-hand been strong.
He lives in Lady Street ; a bed,
Four cobwebbed walls.

But all day long
A time is singing in his head
Of youth in Gloucester lanes. He hears
The wind among the barley-blades,
The tapping of the woodpeckers
On the smooth beeches, thistle-spades
Slicing the sinewy roots ; he sees
The hooded filberts in the copse
Beyond the loaded orchard trees,
The netted avenues of hops ;
He smells the honeysuckle thrown
Along the hedge. He lives alone,
Alone—yet not alone, for sweet
Are Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.

Aye, Gloucester lanes. For down below
The cobwebbed room this grey man plies
A trade, a coloured trade. A show
Of many-coloured merchandise
Is in his shop. Brown filberts there,
And apples red with Gloucester air,
And cauliflowers he keeps, and round
Smooth marrows grown on Gloucester ground,
Fat cabbages and yellow plums,
And gaudy brave chrysanthemums ;

NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE

And times a glossy pheasant lies
 Among his store, not Tyrian dyes
 More rich than are the neck-feathers ;
 And times a prize of violets,
 Or dewy mushrooms satin-skinned,
 And times an unfamiliar wind
 Robbed of its woodland favour stirs
 Gay daffodils this grey man sets
 Among his treasure.

All day long

In Lady Street the traffic goes
 By dingy houses, desolate rows
 Of shops that stare like hopeless eyes.
 Day long the sellers cry their cries,
 The fortune-tellers tell no wrong
 Of lives that know not any right,
 And drift, that has not even the will
 To drift, toils through the day until
 The wage of sleep is won at night.
 But this grey man heeds not at all
 The hell of Lady Street. His stall
 Of many-coloured merchandise
 He makes a shining paradise,
 As all day long chrysanthemums
 He sells, and red and yellow plums
 And cauliflowers. In that one spot
 Of Lady Street the sun is not
 Ashamed to shine and send a rare
 Shower of colour through the air ;
 The grey man says the sun is sweet
 On Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.

John Drinkwater.

31. THE PATRIOT.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad.
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day!

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, " Good folk, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies! "

They had answered, " And afterward, what else? "

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun,
To give it my loving friends to keep: '
Nought man could do have I left undone,
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now--
Just a palsied few at the windows set—
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate - or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind,
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE

Thus I entered, and thus I go !

In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.

“ Paid by the world, what dost thou owe

Me ? ”—God might question : but instead

’Tis God shall repay : I am safer so.

Robert Browning.

32. LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

“ O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,

Alone and palely loitering ?

The sedge has wither’d from the lake,

And no birds sing.

“ O what can ail thee, knight at-arms !

So haggard and so woe-begone ?

The squirrel’s granary is full,

And the harvest’s done.

“ I see a lily on thy brow

With anguish moist and fever-dew,

And on thy cheeks a fading rose

Fast withereth too.”

“ I 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.

“ 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.

- “ 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.
- “ She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said
‘ I love thee true.’
- “ She took me to her elfin grot.
And there she wept and sigh’d full sore
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.
- “ And there she lullèd me asleep
And there I dream’d—Ah ! woe betide !
The latest dream I ever dream’d
On the cold hill’s side.
- “ I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all :
They cried— ‘ La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall ! ’
- “ I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill’s side.
- “ And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither’d from the lake,
And no birds sing.”

John Keats.

Part 2.



" With the dragon-fly on the river "

The poems in this section are all concerned with the god Pan. Pan was, in Greek mythology, the great god of flocks and shepherds. He was a horned, sharp-eared, and goat-footed creature, born among the wooded hills of Arcadia, and when his mother saw him, she ran away through fear, but he was carried by the god Hermes to Mt. Olympus, where all the gods were delighted with him. In Arcadia he was the god of forests, pastures, flocks and shepherds ; he dwelt in grottoes, wandered on the summits of mountains and rocks, and in valleys, either amusing himself with the chase, or leading the dances of the nymphs. He fell in love with the beautiful nymph Syrinx, but, frightened at his appearance, she fled from him, and at her request was transformed into a reed. From this reed the god made the musical instrument known as the syrinx, or Pan's pipes.

Pan, like other gods who dwelt in forests, was dreaded by travellers to whom he sometimes appeared, and whom he startled with sudden awe or terror. Hence, sudden fright without any visible cause was ascribed to Pan, and was called Panic fear. He is further said to have had a terrific voice, and with a kind of trumpet formed out of a shell he terrified the Titans in their fights with the Olympian gods.

Associated with Pan are the Panisci, male and female forest imps, who sent evil dreams and apparitions to terrify mankind. These imps were the *fauns* of Roman mythology, the companions of Faunus who occupied a position similar to that of Pan. In later

times Pan came to be regarded as the god of universal nature. The pine and oak were sacred to him, and his offerings were goats, lambs, cows, new wine, honey and milk.

33. *A Musical Instrument.* This poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, describes how "the great god Pan" made his musical instrument. Pan, the poet tells us, is heedless of the suffering through which the instrument is perfected.

34. The next poem, *Pan*, by E. Hamilton Moore, musically blends the real and the fanciful. Seeing a little gutter child dancing along and blowing shrill music through a comb and a piece of paper, the poet imagines that Pan has been lured from his "woodland haunts" and goes tripping along through a sordid street in the guise of this gutter child. Notice the metaphor used in describing the child's eyes. Is it not a pretty fancy to call them "forget-me-nots from paradise"?

We learn from this poetical fragment that even in such an unlikely place as a "sordid street" the spirit of Pan prevails.

35. *To Me at my Fifth-floor Window* tells of pan-pipe music played on a most prosaic instrument. It is a strange flight of fancy to imagine that the rows of chimney-pots "are sets of pipes pandean for every wind that blows." From his window high up on the fifth-floor the poet watches the smoke rising from them, wandering and wavering like some visible form of the music the wind is playing to accompany his wistful thoughts of a loved one who is absent.

36. *Hear us, Great Pan!* This is an extract from a notable poem of John Keats, called *Endymion*.

33. A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

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.

NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river :
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river ;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river !)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

“ This is the way,” laughed the great god Pan
(Laughed while he sat by the river),
“ The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed.”
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan !
Piercing sweet by the river !
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man :
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

34. PAN.

Round and about the sordid street
With grimy face and dusty feet,
Tattered jacket, ragged vest,
And flaunting paper plume for crest,
Laughing lips and shining eyes
— Forget-me-nots from paradise—
And upturned nose impertinent,
With all his tawdry world content—
Pan, of his woodland haunts beguiled,
Is come again, a gutter child,
That lightly trips on twinkling toes,
And through a comb and paper blows
Fantastic music as he goes.

E. Hamilton Moore.

35. TO ME AT MY FIFTH-FLOOR WINDOW.

To me at my fifth-floor window
The chimney-pots in rows
Are sets of pipes pandean
For every wind that blows ;
And the smoke that whirls and eddies
In a thousand times and keys
Is really a visible music
Set to my reveries.

NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE

O monstrous pipes, melodious
 With fitful tune and dream,
 The clouds are your only audience,
 Her thought is your only theme !

William Ernest Henley.

36. HEAR US, GREAT PAN !

Hear us, great Pan !

“ O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
 Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
 What time thou wanderest at eventide
 Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
 Of thine enmossèd realms : O thou, to whom
 Broad-leavèd fig trees even now foredoom
 Their ripen'd fruitage ; yellow girted bees
 Their golden honeycombs ; our village leas
 Their fairest blossomed beans and popped corn ;
 The chuckling linnæus its five young unborn,
 To sing for thee ; low creeping strawberries
 Their summer coolness ; pent-up butterflies
 Their freckled wings : yea, the fresh budding year
 All its completions—be quickly near,
 By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
 O forester divine !

“ Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies
 For willing service : whether to surprise
 The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit ;
 Or upward ragged precipices flit
 To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw ;
 Or by mysterious enticement draw

Bewildered shepherds to their path again ;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their outpeeping ;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak apples, and fir cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king ! ”

John Keats.

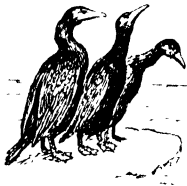


PETER PAN.

Bronze statue by Sir George Frampton, R A , erected in Kensington Gardens in 1912.

NOTES AND EXERCISES.

28. FLANNAN ISLE. *Shag*—a cormorant; a genus of sea birds having a sac under the beak.



CORMORANTS.

Exercises. (1) Why is the first stanza in italics? (2) Quote phrases that illustrate the mystery of the story. (3) Explain the phrases in italics: Yet, *all too soon*, we reached the door: And saw the lighthouse towering white *with blinded lantern*: Of limewash and of tar *familiar as our daily breath*: Had never shot a *spark of comfort*. (4) Explain the similes used in the poem. (5) How often is the sight of the untouched meal and overturned chair mentioned? What is the object of this repetition? (6) Suggest an explanation for the disappearance of the lighthouse-keepers.

29. THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILIGAN. William Butler Yeats, an Irish poet and dramatist, was born at Dublin, and received his education in England and Dublin. He was at one time a student of art. His poetry is characterised by the blending of the real and the fanciful.

Exercises. (1) Explain:

(a) "My body spake, not I."

(b) And the moth-hour went from the fields.

(2) What is the underlying suggestion in the following verse? "Father! you come again!" (3) Tell briefly the introduction, climax and conclusion of the story.

30. IN LADY STREET. *Tyrian dyes*—celebrated purple dyes used by the Greeks and Romans, prepared from glands of certain shellfish: *woodpecker*—a brightly-coloured bird having specially shaped feet for clinging to the bark of trees, and a hard and chisel-like bill enabling it to drill the bark and wood for insect food: *filberts*—thick-shelled and sweet-flavoured nuts of the hazel, which grows freely in many hedge-rows and copses.



WOODPECKER.



FILBERT NUTS.

Exercises. (1) Show that the description in this poem is very detailed. (2) Comment on the compound words used in the poem. (3) Explain the significance of the italicised words:

sloven houses ; *sickening* meat ; *sinewy* roots ; *hooded* filberts ; *dewy* mushrooms. (4) To what class of words does *screeching* belong ? Point out any other words of the same class in the poem. (5) What is the grey man's business ? Describe his shop in your own words. (6) Comment on this simile—"desolate rows of shops that stare like hopeless eyes." (7) What striking contrast is there between the life of the grey man and that of other people in Lady Street ?

31. THE PATRIOT. Robert Browning (1812-89) was born at Camberwell, and received most of his education from a private tutor in his father's library, although he attended a school in Peckham for a time. He studied Greek at University College, London. Early in life he determined to make poetry his chief occupation. After his marriage with Elizabeth Barrett, also a poet, he settled at Florence and lived for many years in Italy. Mrs. Browning, who had always been delicate, died in 1861. Browning then came to London for a while, but went back to Italy in 1878 ; his last days were spent at his son's home in Venice, where he died in 1889. He was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Myrtle—a shrub with evergreen leaves and white or rosy flowers followed by black berries ; the ancients considered it sacred to the goddess Venus : *like mad*—an idiom of language used to express extreme action of any sort : *shambles*—the place of execution : *trou*—an archaic word meaning *think*, or *suppose*.



MYRTLE.

Exercises. (1) Tell in your own words the story of this poem. (2) Explain the following :

(a) It was roses, roses, all the way

(b) Thus I entered, and thus I go !

(c) I am safer so.

(3) Comment on the rhyming of the poem. (4) Scan the first stanza.

32. LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI. John Keats (1795-1821) was born in London, where his father kept some livery stables. He was sent to John Clarke's school at Enfield, and found a friend in Charles Cowden Clarke, the son of the schoolmaster. He later studied medicine, and held an appointment as dresser at Guy's Hospital, but being more interested in poetry than in surgery, he decided to give all his attention to literature. Following a breakdown in health, he left England and went to Italy with an artist friend, but his health did not improve and he died in Rome.

It is interesting to compare Keats's method in this poem, where he gives such a purely negative statement as "And no birds sing," leaving us to

conjure up to our imagination a picture of bare boughs, with the very different method he employs in the *Eve of St. Agnes*, with its enumeration of details :

St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was !
 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold ;
 The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
 And silent were the sheep in woolly fold.
 Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
 Like pious incense from a censer old,
 Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
 Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

Zone—girdle : *manna-dew* the food miraculously supplied to the Israelites in their journey through the wilderness (Exodus xvi.), hence, some specially good food : *grot*—a grotto ; a cave : *thrall*—bondage.

Exercises. (1) Explain how the natural and the supernatural are mingled in this poem. (2) Explain the following stanza :

I see a lily on thy brow
 With anguish moist and fever-dew,
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.

(3) Tell the story of the poem in your own words. (4) Explain the force of the italicised words : *palely* loitering ; a *faery's* child ; *elfin* grot ; *starred* lips. (5) Explain the suitability of the title of the poem. (6) In poetry we find many instances of the *inversion* of parts of a sentence. In the following line the epithets *full beautiful* follow the noun *lady*—“ I met a lady in the meads full beautiful.” Give like instances of inversion in the poem.

33. A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT. The beautiful water-lilies and the shining dragon-fly are each mentioned three times in the poem, for they are taken as types of the beauty about the river. Here is a charming passage on the dragon-fly from *The Two Voices*, one of Tennyson's poems :

“ To-day I saw the dragon-fly
 Come from the wells where he did lie.
 “ An inner impulse rent the veil
 Of his old husk : from head to tail
 Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
 “ He dried his wings : like gauze they grew :
 Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
 A living flash of light he flew.”

Ban—evil : *limpid*—clear : *turbidly*—muddily.

Exercises. (1) What effect had the god Pan on the river when he entered.

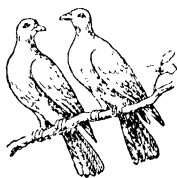
the water ? (2) What suggestion of the story of the reed is implied in the following line ? " Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man." (3) Tell in your own words how Pan made his pipe. (4) Which consonant and vowel sounds are used to help in suggesting the music made by Pan's pipes ? (5) What was the effect of Pan's music ? (6) Quote the lines that express sympathy for the fate of the reed. (7) Why did " the true gods sigh " ?

34. PAN. *Exercises.* (1) Why is this poem called *Pan* ? (2) Which do you consider the most striking feature of the boy ? Give reasons for your answer ? (3) Explain the significance of the italicised words : *sordid* street ; *staunting* paper plume ; *taudry* world ; *fantastic* music. (4) Why is the boy described as " content " ?

35. TO ME AT MY FIFTH-FLOOR WINDOW. *Exercises.* (1) Why are the chimney-pots called " pipes pandean " ? (2) Explain the phrase " Is really a visible music." (3) Why are the pipes called *monstrous*, and the tune *fitful* ? (4) Suggest another suitable title for the poem, and say why you suggest it. (5) How does this poem help one to appreciate the joys of imagination ?

36. HEAR US, GREAT PAN ! *Turtles* turtledoves : *leas* - meadows : *Naiads* - the nymphs believed to live in, and give life and perpetuity to lakes, rivers, springs, and fountains.

Exercises. (1) Explain the force of the compound words in the poem. (2) Comment on the italicised words from the first stanza : *poppied* corn ; *chuckling* linnet ; *creeping* strawberries ; *freckled* wings. (3) Select and explain six descriptive words from the second stanza. (4) What can you learn from this poem about eagles ? (5) How does this poem bear out the myth that Pan was the god of nature ?



IV. OF REMEMBRANCE.



“ I saw three ships come sailing ”

Part 1.

His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the night.

Tennyson.

37. *To a Bull-Dog.* It is only natural that poets living during the period of the Great European War should write poems of remembrance for some of those brave men who fell in that awful holocaust. The first two poems in this section are of a markedly different character. *To a Bull-Dog* is a soliloquy. There are two present in the room : but one, the bull-dog, cannot speak, he can only look at his master with a fond, questioning look in his brown eyes. The poem is straightforward and readily understood, and is very pathetic.

38. *For the Fallen* is an impressive poem, full of deep-sounding music and heartfelt feeling. Unlike the former poem, which is written in remembrance of one brave heart, this is written for all who gave their lives for their country. The pomp and dignity of the poem are relieved by the introduction of homely and familiar things :

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again ;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home.

The fourth stanza has been frequently used in memorial services since the War, and it is quoted on many war memorials. The simple emphatic words of the last line in this stanza are very striking—"We will remember them."

Notice the change in the rhythm of the last two stanzas, where the note of mourning changes to one of rejoicing. The imagery of the heroes and the stars in the last stanza is very beautiful :

As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

39. *The Hundredth Year* is a poem written by Sir Henry Newbolt to mark the centenary of the battle of Trafalgar, 1805. The keynote of the poem is given in the supplementary title, "Drake, and Blake, and Nelson's mighty name"—three of England's famous seamen. The first stanza suggests that while sleeping somewhere in Devon (the home of England's famous sea-dogs) the poet had a vision of three ships, and from each in turn he heard the voice of the captain. Even without the key of the supplementary title you would have no difficulty in recognising the references to Drake and Nelson. Francis Drake, the "master pirate," as he has been called, is a spectacular figure in English history, and one experiences a pleasing thrill when reading of his adventures in search of gold, and his fights with the Spaniards. Robert Blake commanded troops in the Parliamentary armies during the Civil War, and in 1649 was given command of the fleets of the Commonwealth. He proved himself more than a match for the great Dutch admirals De Witt, De Ruyter, and Van Tromp. He achieved his most brilliant feat in 1657, completely annihilating a Spanish squadron at Teneriffe. He died four months later as his ship was entering Plymouth Sound on the return voyage :

To live and die sea-ruling,
And home at last to sleep.

Horatio Nelson is England's foremost naval hero. His inspired

message to the fleet on the morning of the battle of Trafalgar is known to every school-boy.

Certain characteristics of these three great seamen are skilfully brought out in the poem, and the sound of the words, the movement of the music, and the arrangement of the rhymes, all help to convey the right impression of each man. One could hardly fail to associate these lines with Drake :

With a still, stern ambuscado,
With a roaring escalado,
We'll sack their Eldorado
And storm their dungeon hold.

40. *How Sleep the Brave.* This ode was written by William Collins in 1746 to commemorate those Englishmen who fell in the disastrous battles with the French and with the Young Pretender. Some of the gems of our poetry have been written in memory of soldiers who fought for the cause of chivalry, which is an ideal of man's duty to protect his fellow-men, the women, the suffering and the weak. This is a short and simple poem full of deep feeling and marked by the free use of personification. The rhetorical statement of the opening lines arrests the attention :

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

Our thoughts are immediately transported by these words to the foreign land where England's soldiers sleep beneath the turf. The poet shows that spring—"Spring, with dewy fingers cold"—beautifies a more fitting resting-place than the imagination could picture. The figures of Honour and Freedom are very picturesque. The usual idea of Freedom is that of being at liberty to go where one will. In this case Freedom chooses to remain and dwell by the tomb of the fallen, and to live the life of a hermit.

41. *As Toilsome I wandered Virginia's Woods.* Walt Whitman (1819-1892), the author of this poem, was an American, born in Long

Island, New York. He led a free and varied life. For ten years, after his poems had attracted some attention, he served as a voluntary nurse in the army hospitals of America :

Long, long I muse, then on my way go wandering,
Many a changeful season to follow, and many a scene of life.

The poet commemorates the tomb of an "unknown soldier," presumably one who was killed during the American Civil War. Virginia is one of the states on the Atlantic seaboard. The simple incident, simple yet so full of pathos, is told in free verse. There is a strong rhythm, but there are no rhymes, and the lines are of irregular metre. This free verse with its explanations in parenthesis lends itself to the narrative form.

There is little to tell ; the statements in both stanzas are arranged to emphasise the theme ; the writer had one and only one object in writing the poem— to commemorate the " unknown soldier " by the words carved on the tree, to let others know of the words that haunted his memory :

Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

37. TO A BULL-DOG.

We sha'n't see Willy any more, Mamie,
He won't be coming any more :
He came back once and again and again,
But he won't get leave any more.

We looked from the window and there was his cab,
And we ran downstairs like a streak,
And he said "Hullo, you bad dog," and you crouched to
the floor,
Paralysed to hear him speak,

OF REMEMBRANCE

And then let fly at his face and his chest
Till I had to hold you down,
While he took off his cap and his gloves and his coat,
And his bag and his thonged Sam Browne.

We went upstairs to the studio,
The three of us, just as of old,
And you lay down and I sat and talked to him
As round the room he strolled.

Here in the room where, years ago
Before the old life stopped,
He worked all day with his slippers and his pipe,
He would pick up the threads he'd dropped,

Fondling all the drawings he had left behind,
Glad to find them all still the same,
And opening the cupboards to look at his belongings
. . . Every time he came.

But now I know what a dog doesn't know,
Though you'll thrust your head on my knee,
And try to draw me from the absent-mindedness
That you find so dull in me.

And all your life you will never know
What I wouldn't tell you even if I could,
That the last time we waved him away
Willy went for good.

But sometimes as you lie on the hearthrug
Sleeping in the warmth of the stove,
Even through your muddled old canine brain
Shapes from the past may rove.

You'll scarcely remember, even in a dream,
How we brought home a silly little pup,
With a big square head and little crooked legs
That could scarcely bear him up,

But your tail will tap at the memory
Of a man whose friend you were,
Who was always kind though he called you a naughty dog
When he found you on his chair :

Who'd make you face a reproving finger
And solemnly lecture you
Till your head hung downwards and you looked very
sheepish !
And you'll dream of your triumphs too.

Of summer evening chases in the garden
When you dodged us all about with a bone :
We were three boys, and you were the cleverest,
But now we're two alone.

When summer comes again,
And the long sunsets fade,
We shall have to go on playing the feeble game for two
That since the war we've played.

And though you run expectant as you always do
To the uniforms we meet,
You'll never find Willy among all the soldiers
In even the longest street,

Nor in any crowd ; yet, strange and bitter thought,
Even now were the old words said,
If I tried the old trick and said " Where's Willy ? "
You would quiver and lift your head,

OF REMEMBRANCE

And your brown eyes would look to ask if I were serious,
 And wait for the word to spring.
 Sleep undisturbed : I sha'n't say *that* again,
 You innocent old thing.

I must sit, not speaking, on the sofa,
 While you lie asleep on the floor :
 For he's suffered a thing that dogs couldn't dream of,
 And he won't be coming here any more.

J. C. Squire.

38. FOR THE FALLEN.

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
 England mourns for her dead across the sea.
 Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
 Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill : Death august and royal
 Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
 There is music in the midst of desolation
 And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
 Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
 They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
 They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old :
 Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
 At the going down of the sun and in the morning
 We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again ;
 They sit no more at familiar tables of home ;
 They have no lot in our labour of the day-time :
 They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
 Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
 To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
 As the stars are known to the Night ;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust
 Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
 As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
 To the end, to the end, they remain.

Laurence Binyon.

39. THE HUNDREDTH YEAR.

“ Drake, and Blake, and Nelson's mighty name.”

The stars were faint in heaven
 That saw the Old Year die ;
 The dream-white mist of Devon
 Shut in the seaward sky :
 Before the dawn's unveiling
 I heard three voices hailing,
 I saw three ships come sailing
 With lanterns gleaming high.

The first he cried defiance --
 A full-mouthed voice and bold--
 “ On God be our reliance,
 Our hope the Spaniard's gold !
 With a still, stern ambuscado,
 With a roaring escalado,
 We'll sack their Eldorado
 And storm their dungeon hold ! ”

OF REMEMBRANCE

Then slowly spake the second—
 A great sad voice and deep—
 “When all your gold is reckoned,
 There is but this to keep :
 To stay the foe from fooling,
 To learn the heathen schooling,
 To live and die sea-ruling,
 And home at last to sleep.”

But the third matched in beauty
 The dawn that flushed afar ;
 “O sons of England, Duty
 Is England’s morning star :
 Then Fame’s eternal splendour
 Be theirs who well defend her,
 And theirs who fain would bend her
 The night of Trafalgar !”

Sir Henry Newbolt.

40. HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country’s wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy’s feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

William Collins.

41. AS TOILSOME I WANDERED VIRGINIA'S WOODS.

As toilsome I wandered Virginia's woods,
To the music of rustling leaves kicked by my feet (for 'twas autumn),
I marked at the foot of a tree the grave of a soldier ;
Mortally wounded he and buried on the retreat (easily all could I
understand),
The halt of a mid-day hour, when up ! no time to lose-- yet this sign
left,
On a tablet scrawled and nailed on the tree by the grave,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

Long, long I muse, then on my way go wandering,
Many a changeful season to follow, and many a scene of life,
Yet at times through changeful season and scene, abrupt, alone, or
in the crowded street,
Comes before me the unknown soldier's grave, comes the inscription
rude in Virginia's woods,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

Walt Whitman.

Part 2.

42. *Shelley's Skylark.* It is rare to find a poem of remembrance dedicated to a tiny bird. This beautiful poem by Thomas Hardy is written in commemoration of the skylark that inspired the poet Shelley to write his famous lyric--see page 26. The poet Hardy is in a deeply reflective mood. In the first two stanzas his imagination soars as he contemplates the immortality of the bird. Then, in striking contrast, he tells in a few simple and expressive words the facts of "its meek life." There is a curious blending of scientific facts and quaint fancy in the next two stanzas. In the one it is

suggested that the dust of the skylark may now be helping to make the green of a myrtle or the hue of a grape. In the other, the poet pleads to the faeries to "go and find that tiny pinch of priceless dust," and in a beautiful casket it shall be consecrated "to endless time."

In connection with the fourth stanza you might like to read these lines from Shakespeare's *Hamlet* :

Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :
O ! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw.

43. *Fame and Friendship*, by Austin Dobson, is a poetic gem in praise of Friendship. To make the statements more emphatic, Friendship is contrasted with Fame. Fame is contemptible. The few terse lines are full of meaning. The poet declares that he would rather be cherished by his friends than enjoy a lonely public renown. In the warm personal memory of a friend, whose love and understanding enables him to remember one's "better part" and forget one's failings, the man enjoys another life, even after death.

The last two lines might be contrasted with two lines from Mark Antony's oration over the body of Julius Caesar. Mark Antony said :

The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones.

But in *Fame and Friendship* we read :

Who doth his better part recall
And of his fault make funeral.

The friend to whom this poem was dedicated was the celebrated critic, Edmund Gosse.

44. *Out of the Night*, by William Ernest Henley, was dedicated to a dead friend, R. T. Hamilton Bruce.

The poem is sometimes called *Invictus*, a Latin word meaning *unconquerable*. The poem is a song of thanksgiving for an "unconquerable soul." It is the possession of an indomitable spirit that makes a man. Though he may be in the depths of sorrows and sufferings, hedged about with difficulties, thwarted in his aims by "the fell clutch of circumstance," beaten and wounded by the buffetings of events, he is still able to keep his head "unbowed," and remain undismayed by all that may befall. Looking forward through the years to the time when life gives place to death, he can face the great change still "unafraid." It will not matter to him how difficult the change may be, and he is undismayed by the thought of his failures, for he can still say :

I am the master of my fate :
I am the captain of my soul.

45. *Requiescat*. The Latin title of this poem means, "May he (or she) rest."

This is one of Matthew Arnold's early poems, but he never surpassed its music or its pathos. It is classed among the supreme English elegies. The diction of the poem is very simple, but in the last stanza there are three Shakespearean words, *cabin'd*, *inherit*, *vasty*, which add variety to the language.

The remaining poems in this chapter can all be classed under the general title of poems *Of Remembrance*, for that is the underlying thought in each.

42. SHELLEY'S SKYLARK.

Somewhere afield here something lies
In Earth's oblivious eyeless trust
That moved a poet to prophecies—
A pinch of unseen, unguarded dust :

OF REMEMBRANCE

The dust of the lark that Shelley heard,
 And made immortal through times to be ;—
 Though it only lived like another bird,
 And knew not its immortality :

Lived its meek life ; then, one day, fell—
 A little ball of feather and bone ;
 And how it perished, when piped farewell,
 And where it wastes, are alike unknown.

Maybe it rests in the loam I view,
 Maybe it throbs in a myrtle's green,
 Maybe it sleeps in the coming hue
 Of a grape on the slopes of yon inland scene.

Go find it, faeries, go and find
 That tiny pinch of priceless dust,
 And bring a casket silver-lined,
 And framed of gold that gems encrust ;

And we will lay it safe therein,
 And consecrate it to endless time ;
 For it inspired a bard to win
 Ecstatic heights in thought and rhyme.

Thomas Hardy.

43. FAME AND FRIENDSHIP.

Fame is a food that dead men eat,—
 I have no stomach for such meat.
 In little light and narrow room,
 They eat it in the silent tomb,
 With no kind voice of comrade near
 To bid the feaster be of cheer.

But friendship is a nobler thing,—
Of Friendship it is good to sing.
For truly, when a man shall end,
He lives in memory of his friend,
Who doth his better part recall
And of his fault make funeral.

Austin Dobson.

44. OUT OF THE NIGHT.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate :
I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley.

OF REMEMBRANCE

45. REQUIESCAT.

Strew on her roses, roses,
 And never a spray of yew !
 In quiet she reposes ;
 Ah, would that I did too !

Her mirth the world required ;
 She bathed it in smiles of glee.
 But her heart was tired, tired,
 And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
 In mazes of heat and sound.
 But for peace her soul was yearning,
 And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
 It flutter'd and fail'd for breath.
 To-night it doth inherit
 The vasty hall of death.

Matthew Arnold.

46. DIRGE FROM "CYMBELINE."

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages '—
 Golden lads and girls all must
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;

Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
 To thee the reed is as the oak :
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
 Fear not slander, censure rash,
 Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
 All lovers young, all lovers must,
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
 Nothing ill come near thee !
 Quiet consummation have ;
 And renown'd be thy grave !

William Shakespeare.

47. THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn ?
 Where may the grave of that good man be ?—
 By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
 Under the twigs of a young birch tree !
 The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
 And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
 And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
 Is gone, and the birch in its stead is grown.
 The Knight's bones are dust,
 And his good sword rust ;—
 His soul is with the saints, I trust.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

48. EPITAPH

UPON A CHILD THAT DIED.

Here she lies, a pretty bud
 Lately made of flesh and blood :
 Who as soon fell fast asleep
 As her little eyes did peep.
 Give her strewings, but not stir
 The earth that lightly covers her.

Robert Herrick.

NOTES AND EXERCISES.

37. TO A BULL-DOG. *Sam Browne*—name applied to the uniform belt worn by officers in the British army ; designed by General Sir Samuel Browne (1824-1901) : *paralysed*—unable to move : *canine*—having the nature of a dog.

Exercises. (1) Explain the simile—"And we ran downstairs like a streak."
 (2) Explain the following :

- (a) He would pick up the threads he'd dropped.
- (b) Shapes from the past may rove.
- (c) But now I know what a dog doesn't know.

(3) Scan the first stanza and comment on the metre. (4) Quote the stanza that refers to the long memory of a dog. (5) What adjective best describes this poem ? How does the poet get the effect he wishes to produce ? (6) Write a short account of *Mamie*.

38. FOR THE FALLEN. The last stanza but one of this poem is a little difficult to understand at first, but you will readily see the meaning if you read it as follows : As the stars are known to the Night they (the fallen) are known to the innermost heart of their own land, where our desires and our hopes profound are felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight.

August—of a quality inspiring admiration and reverence : *staunch* or *stanch*—unwavering ; resolute.

Exercises. (1) What is the key-note of this poem ? What adjective best

describes the poem ? (2) Comment on the line : “ They fell with their faces to the foe.” (3) Describe the picture suggested by the lines :

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.

(4) What is the scene suggested by the second stanza ? (5) Explain :

(a) There is music in the midst of desolation.

(b) As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness.

39. THE HUNDRETH YEAR. *Ambuscado*—from the Spanish *ambuscade*, a snare laid for an enemy ; an ambush : *escalado*—escalade, an attack on a fortified place, in which ladders are used to pass a ditch or mount a rampart : *Eldorado*—El Dorado ; an imaginary city or country, abounding in gold, located by the 16th-century Spaniards in the interior of S. America : *fain*—with joy, gladly.

40. HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE. William Collins (1721-59) was born at Chichester, and educated at Winchester, and Magdalen College, Oxford. In 1746, he went to London, and later formed friendships with James Thomson, the poet, and Samuel Johnson.

Exercises. (1) Comment on the significance of the italicised words : with *devy fingers cold* ; returns to *deck* their *hallowed mould* ; to bless the *turf*. (2) Give examples from this poem of the inversion of the usual order of adjectives in a sentence.

41. AS TOILSOME I WANDERED VIRGINIA'S WOODS. *Exercises.* (1) Scan the first three lines and comment on the metre of this poem. (2) What can you learn from this poem of the poet's habits ? (3) Could you tell it was autumn without the explanation in parenthesis ? What is the effect of the notes in parentheses ? (4) Suggest another suitable title for the poem, and state your reasons for selecting it.

42. SHELLEY'S SKYLARK. *Oblivious*--forgetful : *piped farewell*--at funerals, especially military funerals, farewell music is often played on pipes or other wind instruments : *bard*—poet.

Exercises. (1) Explain the following :

(a) That moved a poet to prophecies.

(b) And made immortal through times to be.

(c) Maybe it throbs in a myrtle's green.

(2) Explain how the real and the fanciful are mingled in this poem. (3) Quote a stanza from pages 26 and 27 which in your opinion explains “ For it inspired

a bard to win ecstatic heights in thought and rhyme." (4) Comment on the fitness of the italicised words : made *immortal* ; *meek* life ; *priceless* dust.

43. FAME AND FRIENDSHIP. Henry Austin Dobson (1840-1921) was born at Plymouth, and educated in England and Strasbourg. He was connected with the Board of Trade for many years, being Principal in the Harbour Department for a considerable period of his service. He was also a poet and essayist, and published several volumes of verse, biographies, etc., as well as contributed articles to magazines and reviews.

Exercises. (1) Tell briefly in your own words the meaning of this poem. (2) Which do you think is the truer statement about remembrance, that of Mark Antony or that of Austin Dobson ? (See page 104).

44. OUT OF THE NIGHT. The line, "It matters not how strait the gate," should be compared with the passage from St. Matthew vii, 13, 14.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate : for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat :

"Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Fell—cruel : *menace*—threat.

Exercises. (1) Explain the line : "Black as the Pit from pole to pole." (2) How can a man be the master of his fate, and the captain of his soul ? (3) Which of these three titles do you prefer for the poem ?

(a) In Memoriam R. T. Hamilton Bruce, 1846-1899.

(b) *Invictus*.

(c) Out of the Night.

State reasons for your answer. (4) There is a fine resonant sound about the first stanza. Say how this has been produced. (5) Comment on the fitness of the italicised words : *bludgeonings* of chance ; *looms* but the Horror.

45. REQUIESCAT. *Yew* is generally associated with mourning ; yew trees are frequently seen in churchyards.

Exercises. (1) What do we gather from the poem about the person commemorated in it ? (2) Explain :

(a) Her mirth the world required.

(b) Her cabin'd, ample spirit.

46. DIRGE FROM "CYMBELINE." "Cymbeline" is a romantic tragi-comedy by Shakespeare.

Golden—glancing like gold ; brilliant : *come to dust*—see Genesis iii, 19, "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return" : *thunder-stone*—thunder-

bolt ; meteoric stones are popularly identified with thunderbolts : *consign to thee*—seal the same contract with thee ; add their names to thine upon the register of death : *exorciser*—one who drives away evil spirits ; an exorciser could excite a prejudice against a person by asserting that he was possessed by an evil spirit : *consummation*—end ; completion.

Exercises. (1) Why is this poem called a dirge ? Give as many reasons as you can. (2) Explain :

(a) Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.

(b) To thee the reed is as the oak.

(3) What figure of speech is used in these lines ? What do you understand by the italicised words ?

The *sceptre, learning, physic*, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

(4) What can you learn from the last stanza about the superstitious beliefs of Shakespeare's time ?

47. THE KNIGHT'S TOMB. *Exercises.* (1) From this poem give examples of the use of the Rhetorical Question. What is the object of these questions ? (2) Mention words that seem to imitate certain sounds heard in nature. (4) How is a great lapse of time suggested in the poem ? (5) What is there in the poem to lead one to fancy that the knight was not insensible to the beauty of nature ? (6) Comment on the rhyming of the poem.

48. EPITAPH. An epitaph is an inscription on a tomb or a grave in memory or commendation of one buried there.



V. THE SONNET.

Who read for me the sonnet swelling loudly
Up to its climax and then dying proudly ?

The Sonnet is a particular verse form consisting of fourteen lines. The lines are typically iambic pentameters, that is, each consists of five feet, each foot having one stressed syllable preceded by an unstressed syllable—

The *cóm* | *mon stéet* | *climbed úp* | *against* | *the sýk* |

The lines are arranged in groups of eight and six. The first group is called the *octave*, and the second group is the *sestet*. The octave is made up of two quatrains running on two rhymes *a b b a* ; *a b b a* ; the rhymes in the sestet may vary, but they are often arranged *c d e*, *c d e*. This is the prescribed form of the regular Italian sonnet. Here is an example by a modern writer :

49. THE COMMON STREET.

The common street climbed up against the sky,	<i>a</i>	}	O	
Gray meeting gray ; and wearily to and fro	<i>b</i>			
I saw the patient, common people go,	<i>b</i>			
Each with his sordid burden trudging by.	<i>a</i>	}	C	
And the rain dropped ; there was not any sigh	<i>a</i>			
Or stir of a live wind ; dull, dull, and slow	<i>b</i>			
All motion ; as a tale told long ago	<i>b</i>	}	A	
The faded world ; and creeping night drew nigh.	<i>a</i>			
			E	
Then burst the sunset, flooding far and fleet,	<i>c</i>	}		S
Leavening the whole of life with magic leaven.	<i>d</i>			
Suddenly down the long, wet glistening hill	<i>e</i>			
Pure splendour poured—and lo ! the common street,	<i>c</i>	}	T	
A golden highway into golden heaven,	<i>d</i>			
With the dark shapes of men ascending still.	<i>e</i>			

Helen Gray Cone.

The sonnet had its origin in Italy during the 13th century. A great Italian poet, Petrarch (1304-43) was the first to popularise this verse form, and the name Petrarchan or Italian is given to one of the two chief classes of English regular sonnets. The second class is known as the Shakespearean sonnet. It also consists of fourteen lines of iambic pentameter, but they are composed of three quatrains and a couplet with the rhymes arranged *a b a b, c d c d, e f e f, g g*. We express this briefly by saying that a Shakespearean sonnet consists of "three quatrains of alternate rhyme, clinched by a rhyming couplet." The couplet *clinches* the poem, bringing the thought to a definite conclusion. Here is an example of a Shakespearean sonnet by a modern poet :

50. THE HARVEST HOME.

The crimson moon, uprising from the sea,	a)	
With large delight foretells the harvest near :	b)	
Ye shepherds, now prepare your melody	a)	Q
To greet the soft appearance of her sphere ;	b)	U
And, like a page enamoured of her train,	c)	A
The star of evening glimmers in the west :	d)	T
Then raise, ye shepherds, your observant strain,	c)	R
That so of the Great Shepherd here are blest.	d)	A
		I
Our fields are full with the time-ripened grain,	e)	N
Our vineyards with the purple clusters swell ;	f)	S
Her golden splendour glimmers on the main,	e)	
And vales and mountains her bright glory tell :	f)	

Then sing, ye shepherds, for the time is come	g)	COUP-
When we must bring the enriched harvest home.	g)	LET

Lord Thurlow.

The word sonnet means a little strain, or a little song. The sonnet form is used to express one single wave of emotion which rises and falls. The exposition of the poet's feeling flows to a climax in the octave, and the conclusion follows with an answering ebb in the

sestet. It is not only the number of verses, it is also their arrangement as to rhyme which makes a sonnet. Poems so arranged produce a certain melodic effect upon the ear, an effect which cannot be produced by any other arrangement of verses. The sonnet has always had a peculiar fascination for the expression of the poets' sincerest utterances. In this artistic and metrically pleasing form they can whisper the deep secrets of their hearts.

Scorn not the Sonnet ; Critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honours ; with this key
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;
 Camoens soothed with it an exile's grief ;
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
 His visionary brow : a glow-worm lamp,
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
 To struggle through dark ways ; and, when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains —alas, too few !

William Wordsworth.

In the Shakespearean sonnet the movement is not like that of a wave, it is like that of a blacksmith, who slowly raises his hammer, and then brings it down smartly. The hammer of the poet's thought is slowly raised during the first twelve lines, and is then brought down powerfully in the couplet.

The sonnets of the poet Milton are a little different from the Italian model. There is no division between the octave and the sestet, the sense being continued over from the eighth into the ninth line. Some writers group the Miltonic forms as a distinct class. Here is one of Milton's most famous sonnets. It is considered one of the finest in the English language. It expresses one feeling, a feeling of discontent that flows and ebbs like the tide. In the

last line the feeling of discontent has given place to a noble thought :

They also serve who only stand and wait.

The parable of the talents to which the poet refers—"That one talent which is death to hide"—is told in St. Matthew xxv, 14-30.

51. ON HIS BLINDNESS.

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

John Milton.

Sonnets are not always arranged in the prescribed form of the Italian and Shakespearean models, some of them are irregular. One of the most noted of these irregular sonnets is *Ozymandias* by Shelley. Perhaps, after reading the two former sonnets your ear will notice the irregularity. But *Ozymandias* is a magnificent sonnet. Notice the pompous line, " My name is Ozymandias, king of kings." There is a dramatic contrast between his boast, " Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair," and the decay and ruin which is all around—" Nothing beside remains." The last line paints a vivid picture of the desert—" The lone and level sands stretch far away." The " antique land " referred to in the first line is Egypt, a land where there are many such " colossal wrecks."

52. OZYMANDIAS.

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed ;
 And on the pedestal these words appear :
 " My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair ! " "
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

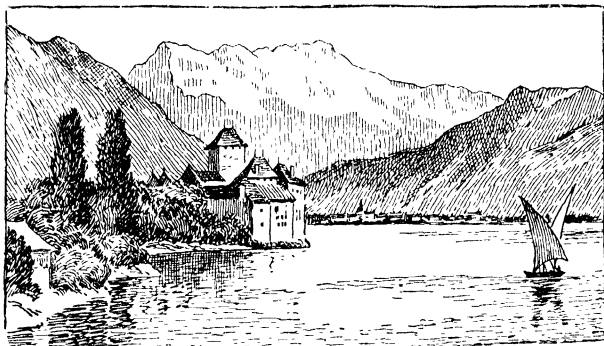
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

53. *From Westminster Bridge.* This is one of Wordsworth's great sonnets. Westminster Bridge spans the river nearly opposite Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. Wordsworth passed over the old stone bridge in a stage coach, very early on the morning of the 3rd September, 1802. Some hours later, while still riding in the coach, he put into this sonnet the impressions he had received in those few moments of crossing the bridge. Wordsworth, as you know, was a great lover of nature, and he was always soothed by the peace and calm of the country, but he was able to see beauty and to feel peace in the heart of London. He tells us in this sonnet that he had never seen greater beauty or felt so deep a calm, as on that morning in London. " Earth has not anything to show more fair . . . Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep ! "

There are some grand lines in this sonnet. Among others, notice the last three lines. How beautifully the first of these expresses the word-picture of the river—" The river glideth at his own sweet will " ; the second line has an awe-inspiring sound produced not only by the words " Dear God ! " but by the breathed *h* (the aspirate)

of *houses* and by the word *asleep*—"Dear God! the very houses seem asleep"; then in the last resonant line we are made to feel the silence of sleep by the fact that the "mighty heart" of London, that heart which is generally so tumultuously restless, "is lying still."

54. *On the Castle of Chillon.* If ever you go to Switzerland and find yourself on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, you will doubtless visit the Castle of Chillon, which is one of the finest medieval castles in Europe. Here you will be shown the cell in which Bonnivard was imprisoned in the 17th century, and you will see the stone pillar to which he was fastened, with the grooves in the stone worn by the chains which bound him. Then you will want to know, or to remember, who Bonnivard was. He was a native of Geneva, who fought for his country against the Duke of Savoy, who had it in subjection. Bonnivard was captured and imprisoned at Chillon.



CASTLE OF CHILLON.

The thrilling story of his life is told in *The Long Night* by Stanley Weyman.

Lord Byron visited the Castle of Chillon, and it inspired him to write this sonnet. There is one fine line which seems to contradict itself—"Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art." A statement of this kind is called a paradox.

55. *By the Sea.* This is another of Wordsworth's famous sonnets.

It "breathes the atmosphere of a summer evening by the sea." In the first line the poet makes his simple statement telling us of what he is about to write. "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free"—and then he goes on to expand his theme. The comparison made between the quiet holy time and the breathless adoration of a Nun is very beautiful.

Note the force of the word *tranquillity* in clinching the first quatrain. In the next line the gentleness of heaven *broods* - hangs or watches lovingly - over the sea. But, perhaps, the most wonderful lines are the seventh and eighth that end the octave. We seem to hear a huge wave gathering itself together; then we hear it break on the beach in the word "thunder," and finally it swishes back in the word "everlastingly" to rejoin the other water. These two lines are a magical bit of poetry :

And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Abraham's bosom was a common expression among the Jews to signify the blessedness of heaven (see St. Luke, xvi, 22).

56. *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer* is the most famous of the sonnets of John Keats. It was written in 1816, when he was 21 years of age. The poet tells us that he has read much great literature—"the realms of gold." He has made himself familiar with the poetry of Britain and Western Europe. (Apollo was the god of Music and Poetry.) He had often heard of Greek poetry, but he had never read any of it until he came across George Chapman's translation of Homer. Then he felt like an astronomer who is the first to see a new planet, or like Cortez when he discovered the Pacific Ocean. These simple facts are beautifully expressed in the sonnet. There is wonderful music in some of the lines, and striking pictures are presented by others. These two lines are frequently quoted :

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken.

The last line of the sonnet is very telling—

Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

The remaining sonnets in this chapter can be readily understood and appreciated without introductory notes, but the reader will find it serviceable to work the exercises at the end of the chapter.



“With eagle eyes he stared at the Pacific.”

53. FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

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

William Wordsworth.

THE SONNET

54. ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind !
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of Thee alone can bind ;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place
 And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Lord Byron.

55. BY THE SEA.

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

William Wordsworth.

56. ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne ;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

John Keats.

57. ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

The poetry of earth is never dead :
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;
That is the Grasshopper's —he takes the lead
In summer luxury, — he has never done
With his delights ; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never :
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

John Keats.

THE SONNET

58. ON THE SHORTNESS OF TIME.

If I could live without the thought of death,
 Forgetful of Time's waste, the soul's decay,
 I would not ask for other joy than breath
 With light and sound of birds and the sun's ray.
 I could sit on untroubled day by day
 Watching the grass grow, and the wild flowers range
 From blue to yellow and from red to grey
 In natural sequence as the seasons change.
 I could afford to wait, but for the hurt
 Of this dull tick of time which chides my ear.
 But now I dare not sit with loins ungirt
 And staff unlifted, for death stands too near.
 I must be up and doing— ay, each minute.
 The grave gives time for rest when we are in it.

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

59. SONNET.

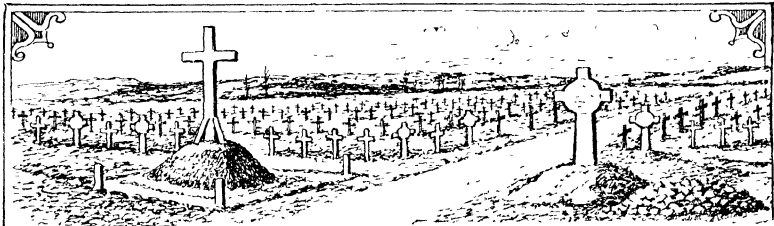
There was an Indian, who had known no change,
 Who strayed content along a sunlit beach
 Gathering shells. He heard a sudden strange
 Commingled noise ; looked up ; and gasped for speech.
 For in the bay, where nothing was before,
 Moved on the sea, by magic, huge canoes,
 With bellying cloths on poles, and not one oar,
 And fluttering coloured signs and clambering crews.
 And he, in fear, this naked man alone,
 His fallen hands forgetting all their shells,
 His lips gone pale, knelt low behind a stone,
 And stared, and saw, and did not understand,
 Columbus's doom-burdened caravels
 Slant to the shore, and all their seamen land.

J. C. Squire.

60. THE SOLDIER.

If I should die, think only this of me :
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given ;
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;
And laughter, learnt of friends : and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke.



BRITISH CEMETERY, between Albert and La Boisselle.

NOTES AND EXERCISES.

49. THE COMMON STREET. *Leavening*—transforming with a new spirit.

Exercises. (1) What do you understand by the words “climbed up against the sky”? (2) Why is the street called *common*? Mention any words or phrases in the poem that illustrate the meaning of the word as used here.

(3) By what adjectives could you describe (a) the octave, (b) the sestet of the poem? (4) How does this poem exemplify the meaning of Keats's lines?—

Who read for me the sonnet swelling loudly
Up to its climax and then dying proudly?

(5) Contrast the effect of the sun shining in *The Common Street* and in *Lady Street*. (See page 78).

50. THE HARVEST HOME. *Exercises*. (1) Explain how the couplet *clinches* this sonnet. (2) Explain the simile used in the poem. (3) Explain the force of the italicised words: with *large* delight; *soft* appearance; *time-ripened* grain. (4) In what sense is the word *shepherds* used in this poem? (5) Comment on the sound of this line when spoken aloud: "Her golden splendour glimmers on the main." Mention two other lines that sound well when spoken aloud. (6) How has a romantic air been given to this poem?

51. ON HIS BLINDNESS. *Post*—go as messenger: in olden days when an important message was sent to a distance the messenger would ride at full speed to a certain place, or posthouse, and would then change horses, or deliver the letter to another messenger. *Returning*—(see Matthew xxv, 19), "After a long time the lord of those servants cometh and reckoneth with them": *foolishly* foolishly; *prevent*—anticipate; *wait*—compare Ps. xxxvii, 7, "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."

Exercises. (1) What does the poem tell us about the period of Milton's life when he became blind? (2) What was Milton's *talent*? (3) Explain the question—"Both God exact day-labour, light denied?" (4) How does Milton say that men can best serve God? (5) What is the significance of the words *without rest*?

52. OZYMANDIAS. *Ozymandias*—A Greek form of an Egyptian name. *Exercises*. (1) What can you gather from this sonnet about Ozymandias himself? (2) Explain—"its sculptor well those passions read." (3) What is the climax of this story? (4) Quote the line that paints a picture of the desert. Of what importance is this line to the rest of the sonnet?

53. FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE. *Exercises*. (1) What marked difference is there in a view from Westminster Bridge now compared with the view when Wordsworth wrote his sonnet? Quote the passage to which this question refers. (2) Is the air of London usually *smokeless*? Why is the word used in this sonnet? (3) Explain the simile used in the poem.

54. ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON. (1) How does the poet explain the paradox in the line—"Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art"? (2) Explain the

line—"And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind." (3) Why does the poet express a hope that the marks worn by Bonnivard should never be effaced? (4) Explain the significance of the italicised words: *chainless* Mind; *dayless* gloom; thy *sad* floor. (5) The body can be bound with chains. What, says the poet, can bind the heart?

55. BY THE SEA. *Exercises.* (1) Explain the statement that this sonnet "breathes the atmosphere of a summer evening by the sea." (2) Quote lines to show that this sonnet has music, pictures, thought and feeling. (3) What contrast is implied between the worship of the Nun and that of the child in the poem?

56. ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER. *Apollo*—the god of music and poetry under whom the poets are represented as holding their kingdoms: *Homer*—the reputed author of the famous Greek epics, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*: *Cortez*—the Spanish conqueror of Mexico; it was really *Balboa*, a Spanish navigator, who was the first European to set eyes upon the Pacific Ocean, 25th Sept., 1513: *Darien*—the name formerly applied to the whole Isthmus of Panama: *demesne*—possessions: *ken*—sight; view.

Exercises. (1) Explain the rhyming of this sonnet. (2) Show that the sonnet "swells loudly and dies proudly." (3) Explain the significance of the italicised words: *deep-browed* Homer; with *eagle* eyes; with a *wild* surmise. (4) What picture is suggested by the last four lines of the sonnet?

57. ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET. *Grasshopper*—straight-winged insect remarkable for its long hind legs and jumping powers; it is common in fields during summer: *cricket*—straight-winged insect, closely related to the grasshopper, which it resembles somewhat in general form. One species infests kitchens and bakehouses, lurking in chinks near the fireplace, and though the cricket is harmless, its incessant chirping makes it a nuisance.

Exercises. (1) Explain the force of the italicised words: the birds are *faint*; hide in *cooling* trees; summer *luxury*, *pleasant* weed. (2) Explain the following:

(a) The poetry of earth is never dead.

(b) When the frost has wrought a silence.

(3) Why does the poet find the chirp of a cricket so pleasing?

58. ON THE SHORTNESS OF TIME. *Exercises.* (1) Compare the thoughts in the octave of this sonnet with the following lines from *Leisure*:

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

(2) Where in this sonnet does the change of feeling come? Is that the usual

place for the change? (3) Give (a) the literal, and (b) the inner meaning of "loins ungiirt and staff unlifted." (4) How is the rhyming arranged in this sonnet? To which class of sonnets does it belong?

59. SONNET. *Caravel*—light sailing-vessel.

Exercises. (1) What is the subject of this story? (2) In your own words describe the Indian as depicted in the poem. (3) Explain the significance of the italicised words: who strayed *content*; and *gasp*ed for speech; *doom-burdened* caravels. (4) Why is the word *magic* used in this poem? (5) Explain the importance of the following phrases:

(a) Who had known no change.

(b) And not one oar.

(5) Suggest a title for this sonnet, and state reasons for your choice.

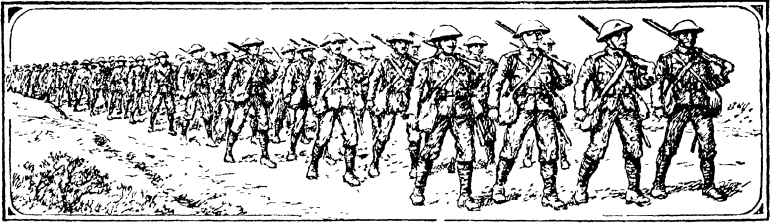
60. THE SOLDIER. Rupert Brooke (1887-1915) was the son of a House-master at Rugby School. He was himself educated at Rugby, and afterwards went to King's College, Cambridge, where his name is enrolled on the "Roll of Honour" in King's College Chapel. When the War broke out, he became an officer in the Royal Naval Division and was sent out to the Dardanelles, but he died on the way on the island of Scyros, August 1915. This sonnet gives expression to "that wonderful mood of impassioned exaltation in which the young Englishmen of 1914 met the sudden call for patriotic self-surrender."

Exercises. (1) Is this a *regular* sonnet? State reasons for your answer. (2) *Patriotism* is love of country. Show that this is a patriotic poem. (3) Which important word is several times repeated? What effect has this repetition on the mind of the reader? (4) What is the main thought of the octave? And what is the complementary thought of the sestet? (5) Explain: "Corner of a foreign field that is for ever England."



"And stared, and saw, and did not understand."

VI. MEN WHO MARCH AWAY.



A voice by the cedar tree,
In the meadow under the Hall !
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call !
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.

Lennyson.

61. *Men Who March Away.* The title of this chapter was suggested by this spirited poem by Thomas Hardy. There is a joyous **lift** in the rhythm of the marching music, and we hardly realise, as we picture the soldiers in full kit swinging along the road, that they are marching away to join the warring legions across the sea. It is a *Song of the Soldiers*; the men themselves ask the questions, and supply the answers. We seem to see the crowds in the street, at the doorways and windows, gazing at the long line of soldiers who pass so early in the morning. Some of the spectators are depressed by the sight, and they wonder why these men have such "faith and fire" within them to leave behind all that is dear to them, and "march away." The happy warriors seem to read in the faces of

some of the onlookers the thoughts uppermost in their minds, and they ask, "Do you wonder at 'the faith and fire within us'?" Some who pondered so deeply and sighed so sadly, thought that this action of the soldiers was a "purblind prank"—a childish sport of the short-sighted. But the soldiers boldly justified their action—"We well see what we are doing." Two reasons are given for "the faith and fire" within them—England needed them, and they believed in the justice of their cause :

Press we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

62. *Happy is England Now* is a powerful, thoughtful poem by John Freeman. It professes to express the national feeling during the period of the Great European War, a feeling of profound happiness. It is a time of intense sorrow, and yet with all the sadness there is an inner feeling of joy in the realization of precious things. The keynote of the poem is given in the title, and the poet introduces his subject by a dignified statement of the fact that the whole nation was united as one, boldly facing an "unguessed and unfear'd future." We often fail to realise how precious some things are to us until they are taken away, or are in danger of being taken away, and when "the destroying Dragon"—the symbol of war—threatened the land with destruction, everything seemed more dear than it had ever been before. Grief for the lost loved ones was turned to pride, and bitterness was turned to gladness, "since for this England the beloved ones died." England was not the aggressor in the war, the wrongs were not of her making, but when the Germans, considering the solemn international treaty as a "Scrap of Paper," overran the neutral territory of Belgium, the wrongs were "so sternly hers" that England had to take a share in the redressing of them. Then England was happy in the brave men who gave their lives and endured pain for the justice of their cause, and to save their glorious land from the destroying Dragon :

There's not a nobleness of heart, hand, brain
 But shines the purer ; happiest is England now
 In those that fight, and watch with pride and tears.

63. *Into Battle* was written by a soldier poet. Julian Grenfell. After leaving Balliol College, Oxford, he became an officer in the British Army, serving first in India and then in Africa. When the Great War broke out he was sent with his regiment to France, where, in May 1915, he died of wounds after having been awarded the D.S.O. This poem was actually written on the battle front, for it was sent home in a letter. It breathes the spirit of cheerful courage and shows how nobly some men died for England.

In the first two stanzas a comparison is made between nature and man. It is early spring. Nature, with the aid of the earth and the sun, is struggling to bring forth its beauty into life. All life is striving, "and he is dead who will not fight." Nature -- the sun, the earth, the winds, the trees -- helps man to fight, and at the end gives "great rest."

The next five stanzas speak very lovingly of the soldier's companions -- the stars, the trees, the birds and the horses. They on that battle front are his dear comrades, and from each he gathers comfort and learns by their example.

Fortified in spirit by his communion with nature, he is ready to go into battle, not greatly afraid, for he knows that---

Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
 That it be not the Destined Will.

The last stanza graphically describes the battle front and the confidence of a bold heart ; the contrast between the first two and the last two lines is very striking :

The thundering line of battle stands,
 And in the air death moans and sings :
 But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
 And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

64. *A Harrow Grave in Flanders* relates the story of a young man who, in the midst of his studies at the famous public school of Harrow, joined the forces and was killed in Flanders. There are two unusual words in the poem which it is necessary to understand—*horoscope* and *alembic*. A horoscope is an observation of the heavens at the hour of a person's birth, by which the astrologer predicted the events of the baby's life. An alembic was a vessel or retort used by chemists of old for distilling the essence from a substance.



AN ALEMBIC

The first stanza is an explanation of the title. The soldier, the poet says, was "one of a hundred grains untimely sown"; he never blossomed into full manhood, or produced the fruits of his intellectual labours:

Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge,
He rests, unknown.

The next two stanzas tell us what the life of this man might have been—"his horoscope had been so plainly drawn." His future seemed clearly outlined; it was that of a boy whose success at school pointed to a life of some distinction in politics. But the war came, and the normal course of life was upset.

In the last stanza the poet asks a difficult question. Was war the alembic to distil the hero out of the man? None can answer the question yet. Perhaps, some day we shall understand the meaning. Meanwhile, "we ask—and wait."

65. *Back to Rest*, by William Noel Hodgson, expresses the thoughts of a soldier-poet as, at the back of the fighting-line, he rests for a few hours away from the turmoil of battle. He shows in three vividly contrasted pictures how the suffering and horror of war may help us to understand more of the beauty of nature and the nobility of man. Notice the first line. While imagining the scene at the rest-camp, think what memories would float on "a leaping wind from England" to the tired soldier.

The first picture shows how beautiful are the clear skies and the poplar trees, and how sweet are the sounds of sparrows and starlings "after the grime of battle."

In the next scene is a realistic picture of the battlefield—the aeroplanes, guns, gas, and other terrible accompaniments of modern warfare dealing out Death from every quarter. We see how they "charged and conquered," doubting and hopeless, but *after* the fight the men knew that "it was good," that the desperate effort had been worth while.

Finally, we are shown that only the one who knows how base it is possible for a man to be in the frenzy of war, can fully appreciate the divine nature of man's better self.

66. *Last Post.* This is a powerfully written poem in which the compelling and awesome sound of the Last Post is suggested by the reiteration of the line— "Blow, you bugles of England, blow!"

The first part tells of the Dead, their work accomplished, and their burial in the earth they loved. The second part deals with the cause for which they gave their lives. England is represented as a Mother, sad in the sacrifice of her sons, yet glorying in their honour. For they died for her, that her name might endure, and that the race of the English, quickened by the horror of war, might live on.

The Last Post is represented as proclaiming three things : honour to God, to England and to the Dead.

So to the Maker of homes, to the Giver of bread,
For whose dear sake their triumphing souls they shed,
Blow, you bugles of England, blow,
Though you break the heart of her beaten foe,
Glory and praise to the everlasting Mother,
Glory and peace to her lovely and faithful dead !

MEN WHO MARCH AWAY

61. MEN WHO MARCH AWAY.

(SONG OF THE SOLDIERS.)

What of the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away
 Ere the barn-cocks say
 Night is growing grey,

Leaving all that here can win us ;
 What of the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away ?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
 Friend with the musing eye,
 Who watch us stepping by
 With doubt and dolorous sigh ?

Can much pondering so hoodwink you !

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
 Friend with the musing eye ?

Nay. We well see what we are doing,
 Though some may not see—
 Dalliers as they be—
 England's need are we ;

Her distress would leave us ruing :

Nay. We well see what we are doing,
 Though some may not see !

In our heart of hearts believing
 Victory crowns the just,
 And that braggarts must
 Surely bite the dust,

Press we to the field ungrrieving,
 In our heart of hearts believing
 Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing grey,
Leaving all that here can win us ;
Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away.

Thomas Hardy.
September 5, 1914.

62. HAPPY IS ENGLAND NOW.

There is not anything more wonderful
Than a great people moving towards the deep
Of an unguessed and unfeared future ; nor
Is aught so dear of all held dear before
As the new passion stirring in their veins
When the destroying Dragon wakes from sleep.

Happy is England now, as never yet !
And though the sorrows of the slow days fret
Her faithfullest children, grief itself is proud.
Ev'n the warm beauty of this spring and summer
That turns to bitterness turns then to gladness,
Since for this England the beloved ones died.

Happy is England in the brave that die
For wrongs not hers and wrongs so sternly hers ;
Happy in those that give, give, and endure
The pain that never the new years may cure ;
Happy in all her dark woods, green fields, towns,
Her hills and rivers and her chafing sea.

MEN WHO MARCH AWAY

Whate'er was dear before is dearer now,
 There's not a bird singing upon his bough
 But sings the sweeter in our English ears :
 There's not a nobleness of heart, hand, brain
 But shines the purer ; happiest is England now
 In those that fight, and watch with pride and tears.

John Freeman.

63. INTO BATTLE.

The naked earth is warm with spring,
 And with green grass and bursting trees
 Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
 And quivers in the sunny breeze ;
 And life is colour and warmth and light,
 And a striving evermore for these ;
 And he is dead who will not fight ;
 And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
 Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth ;
 Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
 And with the trees to newer birth ;
 And find, when fighting shall be done,
 Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
 Hold him in their high comradeship,
 The Dog-Star, and the Sisters Seven,
 Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
 They stand to him each one a friend ;
 They gently speak in the windy weather ;
 They guide to valley and ridge's end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, " Brother, brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another :
Brother, sing."

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers ; -
O patient eyes, courageous hearts !

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only joy of battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him blind,
Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air death moans and sings ;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

Julian Grenfell.

64. A HARROW GRAVE IN FLANDERS.

Here in the marshland, past the battered bridge,
One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge,
He rests, unknown.

MEN WHO MARCH AWAY

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn—

School triumphs, earned apace in work and play ;
 Friendships at will ; then love's delightful dawn,
 And mellowing day.

Home-fostering hope ; some service to the State ;

Benignant age ; then the long tryst to keep
 Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate
 His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil

From life's alembic, through this holier fate,
 The man's essential soul, the hero will ?
 We ask—and wait.

Marquess of Crewe.

65. BACK TO REST.

A leaping wind from England,
 The skies without a stain,
 Clean cut against the morning,
 Slim poplars after rain,
 The foolish noise of sparrows
 And starlings in a wood—
 After the grime of battle
 We know that these are good.

Death whining down from heaven,
 Death roaring from the ground,
 Death stinking in the nostril,
 Death shrill in every sound,
 Doubting we charged and conquered—
 Hopeless we struck and stood.
 Now when the fight is ended
 We know that it was good.

We that have seen the strongest
Cry like a beaten child,
The sanest eyes unholy,
The cleanest hands defiled,
We that have known the heart-blood
Less than the lees of wine.
We that have seen men broken.
We know man is divine.

William Noel Hodgson.

66. LAST POST.

The day's high work is over and done,
And these no more will need the sun :
Blow, you bugles of England, blow !
These are gone whither all must go,
Mightily gone from the field they won
So in the workaday wear of battle,
Touched to glory with God's own red,
Bear we our chosen to their bed !
Settle them lovingly where they fell,
In that good lap they loved so well ;
And, their deliveries to the dear Lord said,
And the last desperate volleys ranged and sped,
Blow, you bugles of England, blow,
Over the camps of her beaten foe—
Blow glory and pity to the victor Mother,
Sad, O sad in her sacrificial dead !
Labour, and love, and strife, and mirth,
They gave their part in this kindly earth—
Blow, you bugles of England, blow !
That her Name as a sun among stars might glow,
Till the dusk of time, with honour and worth :

MEN WHO MARCH AWAY

That, stung by the lust and the pain of battle,
The One Race ever might starkly spread,
And the One Flag eagle it overhead !
In a rapture of wrath and faith and pride,
Thus they felt it, and thus they died ;
So to the Maker of homes, to the Giver of bread,
For whose dear sake their triumphing souls they shed,
Blow, you bugles of England, blow,
Though you break the heart of her beaten foe,
Glory and praise to the everlasting Mother,
Glory and peace to her lovely and faithful dead !

William Ernest Henley.



“ Victory crowns the just.”

NOTES AND EXERCISES.

61. MEN WHO MARCH AWAY. *Purblind*—in modern use signifies spiritual shortsightedness : *dolorous*—sorrowful : *hoodwink*—deceive by false appearances : *dalliers*—those who evade, delay, or waste time : *ruing*—grieving.

Exercises. (1) Would this poem make a good song for singing? State reasons for your answer. (2) Describe briefly the scene suggested by the second stanza. (3) How did the results of the Great War justify the following lines?—

And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust.

62. HAPPY IS ENGLAND NOW. *Exercises.* (1) Explain the title of this poem. (2) Mention all the reasons given for England's happiness in the Great War. (3) Explain the significance of the italicised words : the *deep* of an unguessed and *unfeared* future ; the sorrows of the slow days *fret* her faithfullest children ; wrongs so *sternly* hers ; her *chafing* sea.

63. INTO BATTLE. *Dog-Star*—Sirius, the brightest star in the constellation Canis Major, so called because the rising of this star was supposed by the ancients to be the cause of the sultry summer weather which caused dogs to go mad : *Sisters Seven*—the constellation The Pleiades : *Orion* a large and bright constellation on the equator, represented on pictorial charts by the figure of a man, a row of three stars forming *Orion's Belt*, and three other stars *Orion's Sword* : *Kestrel*—a common small falcon, noted for its habit of hovering in the air against wind.



KESTREL.

Exercises. (1) Explain :—“Leans to the sun's gaze glorying.” Do you know any particular instance of this phenomenon in nature? (2) Give an account in your own words of what the soldier learned and gained from nature. (3) Quote a passage that pleases you and say why you like it. (4) Explain the fitness of the italicised words : the *naked* earth ; the *glowing* earth ; before the *brazen* frenzy starts ; when the *burning* moment breaks. (5) By what devices has the stanza about the blackbird been made very musical?

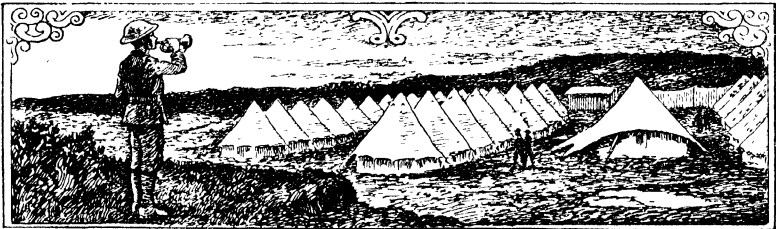
64. A HARROW GRAVE IN FLANDERS. *Exercise.* Explain the following : (a) Here in the marshland ; (b) grains untimely sown ; (c) the hard-won ridge ; (d) school triumphs.

65. BACK TO REST. *Exercises.* (1) Modern verse is often starkly realistic. Illustrate this statement by reference to the poem. (2) Which line is a striking contrast to the second line in the poem—"The skies without a stain"? (3) Comment on the significance of the italicised words: *slim* poplars; death *whining*; death *roaring*; death *stinking*; death *shrill*. (4) Explain the suitability of the title of the poem. What other title can you suggest for it?

66. LAST POST. *Last Post*—a military bugle-call, the last of the day, marking the time when the camp must settle down for the night; this call is now usually sounded also at a soldier's funeral: *their deliveries*—prayers for the dead: *last desperate volleys*—three rounds of blank shot fired over a soldier's grave.

It is interesting to compare the sentiments of this poem with those expressed in this extract from Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington":

Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.



LAST POST.

VII. OF REFLECTION.



Part 1.

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on ;
Judge not the play before the play is done.
Her plot hath many changes : every day
Speaks a new scene ; the last act crowns the play.

Francis Quarles.

The poems in this chapter are mainly of a reflective character, that is, they are mostly concerned with the thoughts and feelings of the poets when in contemplative mood.

67. *The Comforters* was written by Dora Sigerson Shorter, an Irish poet, whose death in 1918 was hastened by distress occasioned by the sufferings of the Great War. The poem expresses the feelings of one in great trouble who, turning to nature in the attempt to seek peace and quietness, finds comfort in the rain and the wind. We do not often associate comfortable feelings with wind and rain, for they frequently make us feel irritable and wretched. But here the soft wind and the gentle rain caressed the face of the troubled one with a light and soothing touch :

I heard the soft croon of the wind bend to my ears,
I felt the light kiss of the wind touching my hair

The soft little hands of the rain stroking my cheek,
The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

It seemed to the sufferer in the poem that the wind and the rain were sympathising with her. Perhaps the light touch awakened memories of a mother's delicate fingers and soothing voice !

This is a simple little poem about *little* things. There is much repetition of words and ideas. The musical rhythm of the verses is very pleasing ; there are many lightly stressed syllables which help to convey the impression of quick, light footsteps :

The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

Note, too, how the poet seems to have played on the sounds of *er* and *k*.

68. *The Woodspurge*, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, one of the master poets of the nineteenth century, is a thoughtful and interesting poem. The language of this poem is extremely simple, a fact which goes to prove that a good poet can weave the common words of a child into a beautiful bit of word-embroidery. The experience here described by the poet is familiar to many people. A person who is suffering mental pain from the loss of a friend or for some other cause, is apt to observe, during a special instant of his sufferings, some detail never noticed before about common things. The peculiar chirp of a bird, the scent or colour of a particular flower, a shadow on the wall, a ray of sunlight in a room, or some similar trifle is often noted with extraordinary vividness at a time of mental trouble. The speaker had doubtless often seen the little woodspurge without specially noticing it, but on observing the plant at a time of grief, when his mind was stunned, and almost a blank, he noted for the first time, and remembered for ever, that "the woodspurge has a cup of three."

69. *Thunderstorms*. Much of the poetry of William H. Davies is marked by its simplicity and originality. Here in the simple language of ordinary speech, he makes a striking comparison between thoughts and thunderstorms. Have you ever noticed that when a thunderstorm is impending, the birds hush their songs, and the

leaves and flowers hang as if lifeless in the heavy still atmosphere? Observe how fittingly the words have been selected to convey the impression of the oncoming storm—*drooping flowers and sulking, silent birds.*

Thunderstorms are frequently many hours in gathering; the effect on nature and on human beings is most depressing, and there is a general feeling of joyfulness when the storm bursts in refreshing showers. The poet welcomes the brooding thunderstorms of his mind, for he knows that they will presently rain him the welcome words of the poems in which his thoughts find joyful expression.

70. *In Spring.* The poet is here in a melancholy state of mind. He is deeply depressed by the loss of the friendship of his one remaining friend. He is alone.

He contemplates the ordinary course of events in nature, and so by a comparison conveys to us the impression of his sincere feelings. He tells us that the leaves, buffeted by the storms of spring and summer, "shine but the more." (Perhaps the poet here suggests that friendships are made the firmer and the sweeter after periods of misunderstanding or difficulties.) But by the end of the autumn all the leaves have fallen, except one, more tenacious than the rest, that still clings to the "solitary branch." At length this leaf falls, but who is there to notice it? And who can replace it on the tree?

So the poet compares friendship with the leaf, and laments the last, lost friendship that can never be renewed.

71. *The Old Stoic.* Many poets have written about the joys of freedom, for freedom implies the opportunity to express our own beliefs in actions. This poet's conception of freedom reminds us of that expressed in Henley's *Out of the Night* :

I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

The Stoics were followers of a Greek school of philosophy which was founded about 308 B.C. They cultivated an indifference to both pleasure and pain, that thereby they might be free in mind to devote

themselves to whatever they felt to be their duty. This is the freedom to which Emily Brontë aspires in this poem :

In life and death a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.

The poet shows an impatience at the ordinary worldly ideals, such as riches, love and fame, but an enduring loyalty to her own principles.

72. *A Song of Flight*, a beautiful lyric by Christina Rossetti, reflects the thought that "Time driveth onward fast." While we sleep, the sun starts on his race through the sky ; while we play, the winds are racing to their destined goal. If we would not let opportunities pass by, we, too, must be up and doing. Those are the simple subjects of the three stanzas, but there is an underlying mystical meaning.

Notice how skilfully the verses are contrived to convey the impression of the rapid movement of flight. Among other devices, observe the rhythm and the strong stresses of the metre ; the crisp sound of the lines ; the short emphatic sentences ; the staccato effect of the punctuation in certain cases, such as " Rapid, dominant, free " ; and the long line that closes each stanza carrying on the impression of sustained flight.

67. THE COMFORTERS.

When I crept over the hill, broken with tears,
When I crouched down on the grass, dumb in despair,
I heard the soft croon of the wind bend to my ears,
I felt the light kiss of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone on the height, my sorrow did speak,
As I went down the hill, I cried and I cried,
The soft little hands of the rain stroking my cheek,
The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

When I went to thy grave, broken with tears,
When I crouched down in the grass, dumb in despair,
I heard the sweet croon of the wind soft in my ears,
I felt the kind lips of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone by thy cross, sorrow did speak,
When I went down the long hill, I cried and I cried,
The soft little hands of the rain stroked my pale cheek,
The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

Dora Sigerson Shorter.

68. THE WOODSPURGE.

The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
Shaken out dead from tree and hill :
I had walked on at the wind's will,—
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was,—
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas !
My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon ;
Among those few, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory :
One thing then learnt remains to me,—
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

OF REFLECTION

69. THUNDERSTORMS.

My mind has thunderstorms,
 That brood for heavy hours :
 Until they rain me words,
 My thoughts are drooping flowers
 And sulking, silent birds.

Yet come, dark thunderstorms,
 And brood your heavy hours ;
 For when you rain me words,
 My thoughts are dancing flowers
 And joyful singing birds.

William Henry Davies.

70. IN SPRING.

In spring and summer winds may blow,
 And rains fall after, hard and fast :
 The tender leaves, if beaten low,
 Shine but the more for shower and blast.

But when their fated hour arrives,
 When reapers long have left the field,
 When maidens rifle turn'd-up hives,
 And their last juice fresh apples yield,

A leaf perhaps may still remain
 Upon some solitary tree,
 Spite of the wind and of the rain . . .
 A thing you heed not if you see.

At last it falls. Who cares ? Not one :
And yet no power on earth can ever
Replace the fallen leaf upon
Its spray, so easy to dis sever.

If such be love, I dare not say.
Friendship is such, too well I know :
I have enjoyed my summer day :
'Tis past : my leaf now lies below.

Walter Savage Landor.

71. THE OLD STOIC.

Riches I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn ;
And lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn :

And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, " Leave the heart that now I bear
And give me liberty ! "

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore ;
In life and death a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.

Emily Brontë.

72. A SONG OF FLIGHT.

While we slumber and sleep
 The sun leaps up from the deep
 —Daylight born at the leap!—
 Rapid, dominant, free,
 Athirst to bathe in the uttermost sea.

While we linger at play
 -- If the year would stand at May!--
 Winds are up and away
 Over land, over sea,
 To their goal wherever their goal may be.

It is time to arise,
 To race for the promised prize,
 --The Sun flies, the Wind flies--
 We are strong, we are free,
 And home lies beyond the stars and the sea.

Christina Rossetti.

Part 2.

The three reflective poems in this section were written by Rudyard Kipling.

73. *A Charm.* The original meaning of a *charm* was the chanting or reciting of a verse supposed to have magic power. Later, it also came to mean anything worn for its supposed efficacy to the wearer in averting ill or securing good fortune. Everyone is familiar with the quaint decorative objects called charms, amulets, or mascots that are worn on the person. In this poem, Rudyard Kipling tells of a charm that is a certain cure for sickness of soul—for tired hearts and minds.

The sickness of soul is the sickness of one who is so busily concerned with his own affairs that his eyes are closed by the worry and fret of life as with a web, and he is blind to the beauty of everything about him, and to the needs of others.

The first part of the charm consists of two handfuls of English earth to be laid upon the heart to the accompanying incantation of a prayer breathed for "the mere uncounted folk" who lie beneath the turf.

The second part of the charm consists in observing and enjoying to the full all the sweets of the English countryside that are spread forth during the changing seasons. No one can look upon the manifold beauties of his English home without a sense of healing and refreshment. He will see how rich in beauty are the common sights of every day, and to what a splendid heritage each one of us is born.

And reveal (which is thy need)
Every man a King indeed.

71. *A Song of the English* is not only reflective but didactic in its character, for it aims at teaching great truths, and offers sound advice. The strong, swinging rhythm of the song is reminiscent of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* (Senior Book I., p. 110):

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.

It is also reminiscent of Lord Macaulay's *Battle of Naseby* :

Oh, wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red ?

Much of the imagery and language of these three songs is based on the Bible. Each stanza in *A Song of the English* begins with a definite statement, and the poet then goes on to expound the truth of his statement and make the meaning more apparent. By reading the first four opening statements of the stanzas we can understand at a glance the nature of the teaching contained in the poem—(1)

Fair is our lot. (2) Yea, though we sinned. (3) Hold ye the Faith. (4) Keep ye the law.

The imagery in the first stanza has reference to the passage of the Israelites across the Red Sea as related in Exodus xiv, 21, 22 :

“ And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea ; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided.

“ And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground : and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.”

The story of this passage is told in stirring song in Exodus xv. The eighth verse runs —

“ And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea.”

As the Lord made a pathway across the Red Sea for the Israelites, so He has made a pathway of great ships that go “ to the ends of all the Earth.”

There are frequent warnings in the Old Testament against whoring after, or worshipping, false gods. The first of the Ten Commandments is very emphatic on the subject—“ Thou shalt have no other gods before me.” The third stanza of this poem beginning “ Hold ye the Faith ” has the same underlying thought as that contained in this commandment.

In the *Envoy* the poet seems to suggest that he felt himself unequal to the great task of finding fitting language to express his inward thoughts on this sublime subject, but he trusts that—

Through the naked words and mean
May ye see the truth between.

75. *The King* is another thoughtful poem. Its theme is Romance, but in addition, it tells in outline the story of the progress of man from earliest to modern times. The poet personifies Romance,

which is the embodiment of men's boyish longing for the mysterious, adventurous and picturesque, as a Boy-god—a King to whom all men give honour. The story is told by the people in various stages of the world's history. These people all believed in turn that Romance, their King, was present in the "good old days" of their forefathers, but that he went out of *their* lives with contemporary new inventions.

The Cave-men felt that Romance left them when the bone implements for hunting, used by their forefathers, were replaced by the more efficient flint arrowheads and jasper-tipped spears, which made the business of hunting easier but less adventurous. The Lake-folk felt that they had lost their King when they left their cave dwellings for huts built on piles out on the lakes, where life was more secure, but less romantic without the fear of sudden surprise from wild beasts or warlike foes.

Similarly, the Soldier at the end of the Middle Ages looked back regretfully on the time before the invention of gunpowder; the Trader on the time before all the great oceans had been explored and charted, and before everything was known about the movements of winds and seas; the Skipper of a steamship on the time before the advent of steam power; and finally, the season-ticket holder on the days of the coach. Each of these thought that Romance dwelt only in past history.

In the sixth stanza, the poet himself propounds a new idea. Romance, he suggests, is here with us now if we have eyes to see him. It is just as mysterious and wonderful to travel by train as by coach, and to travel by steam as by sail.

The poet concludes with an image which shows how strongly men's minds have always been attracted to the idea of Romance. But because men are blind to the wonders of contemporary invention—the "unconsidered miracle"—and because men have always looked to the past for food for their romantic thoughts—"hedged in a backward-gazing world"—it is the spirit of Romance itself that

makes the unthinking people still say—"Our King was with us—yesterday!"

73. A CHARM.

Take of English earth as much
 As either hand may rightly clutch.
 In the taking of it breathe
 Prayer for all who lie beneath.
 Not the great nor well-bespoke,
 But the mere uncounted folk
 Of whose life and death is none
 Report or lamentation.

Lay that earth upon thy heart,
 And thy sickness shall depart!

It shall sweeten and make whole
 Fevered breath and festered soul.
 It shall mightily restrain
 Over-busied hand and brain.
 It shall ease thy mortal strife
 'Gainst the immortal woe of life,
 Till thyself, restored, shall prove
 By what grace the Heavens do move.

Take of English flowers these—
 Spring's full-faced primroses,
 Summer's wild wide-hearted rose,
 Autumn's wall-flower of the close,
 And, thy darkness to illumine,
 Winter's bee-thronged ivy-bloom.
 Seek and serve them where they bide
 From Candlemas to Christmas-tide,
 For these simples, used aright,
 Can restore a failing sight.

These shall cleanse and purify
 Webbed and inward-turning eye ;
 These shall show thee treasure hid,
 Thy familiar fields amid ;
 And reveal (which is thy need)
 Every man a King indeed !

Rudyard Kipling.

74. A SONG OF THE ENGLISH.

Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage !
 (Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth !)
 For the Lord our God Most High
 He hath made the deep as dry,
 He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth !

Yea, though we sinned, and our rulers went from righteousness—
 Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garments' hem,
 Oh, be ye not dismayed,
 Though we stumbled and we strayed,
 We were led by evil counsellors—the Lord shall deal with them !

Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers sealèd us ;
 Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstale.
 Except ye pay the Lord
 Single heart and single sword,
 Of your children in their bondage He shall ask them treble-tale !

Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
 Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
 Make ye sure to each his own
 That he reap where he hath sown ;
 By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve the Lord !

.

Hear now a song—a song of broken interludes—
A song of little cunning ; of a singer nothing worth.

Through the naked words and mean

May ye see the truth between,

As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of all the Earth !

Rudyard Kipling.

75. THE KING.

“ Farewell, Romance ! ” the Cave-men said ;

“ With bone well carved He went away,

“ Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,

“ And jasper tips the spear to-day.

“ Changed are the Gods of Hunt and Dance,

“ And He with these. Farewell, Romance ! ”

“ Farewell, Romance ! ” the Lake-folk sighed ;

“ We lift the weight of flatling years ;

“ The caverns of the mountain-side

“ Hold Him who scorns our hutted piers.

“ Lost hills whereby we dare not dwell,

“ Guard ye His rest. Romance, Farewell ! ”

“ Farewell, Romance ! ” the Soldier spoke ;

“ By sleight of sword we may not win,

“ But scuffle `mid uncleanly smoke

“ Of arquebus and culverin.

“ Honour is lost, and none may tell

“ Who paid good blows. Romance, farewell ! ”

“ Farewell, Romance ! ” the Traders cried ;

“ Our keels have lain with every sea ;

“ The dull-returning wind and tide

“ Heave up the wharf where we would be ;

“ The known and noted breezes swell
“ Our trudging sails. Romance, farewell ! ”
“ Good-bye, Romance ! ” the Skipper said ;
“ He vanished with the coal we burn.
“ Our dial marks full-steam ahead,
“ Our speed is timed to half a turn.
“ Sure as the ferried barge we ply
“ Twixt port and port. Romance, good-bye ! ”

“ Romance ! ” the season-tickets mourn,
“ *He* never ran to catch his train,
“ But passed with coach and guard and horn—
“ And left the local—late again ! ”
Confound Romance ! . . . And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

His hand was on the lever laid,
His oil-can soothed the worrying cranks,
His whistle waked the snowbound grade,
His fog-horn cut the reeking Banks ;
By dock and deep and mine and mill
The Boy-god reckless laboured still.

Robed, crowned and throned, He wove his spell,
Where heart-blood beat or hearth-smoke curled,
With unconsidered miracle,
Hedged in a backward-gazing world :
Then taught his chosen bard to say :
“ Our King was with us—yesterday ! ”

Rudyard Kipling.

Part 3.

76. *Say not the Struggle.* In this poem the poet exhorts us not to lose heart in the face of difficulties which at first sight seem insurmountable. He wishes us to remember that all life is struggle and growth is slow, but when we cannot see the immediate results of our efforts we must not despair.

The poet helps us to realise the importance of our personal efforts by means of pictures. The first is the battlefield, where victory depends upon every man doing his utmost. The second picture is the ocean. Even the incoming tide seems to make little progress if we watch along a broad sandy beach, but its mighty power is easily marked by the flooding of the narrow inlets. The last picture is the rising sun. Viewed through an eastern window the sun, the very source of light and life, climbs but slowly up the heavens—"But, westward, look, the land is bright!"

Thus, although in our own immediate view the signs of progress (for ourselves, or for mankind at large) may be few or tardy, we may be sure that in some other direction the advance is still going on, steadily and continually.

As *Crossing the Bar* was one of the swan-songs of Tennyson, so this poem is considered by those who cherish Clough's memory, as his final testament to the world.

77. *To Althea, From Prison* is a famous poem by Sir Richard Lovelace (1618-58), an English cavalier and poet. For presenting to the Long Parliament the Kentish petition on behalf of King Charles I., he was imprisoned in the Gatehouse, Westminster, where he wrote this poem. Lovelace was a man of high character. He spent his estate in behalf of the royal cause, and he died a pauper.

The poet here gives a conception of freedom different from that in *The Old Stoic*. He is writing from prison to his lady, and even in that confinement he finds freedom in his love for her and in homage to God. He compares his liberty of soul with that of many joyous

things—birds, fishes, winds and angels. Such contentment, says the poet, arises from a quiet and an innocent mind, untouched by outward influences. The last stanza, which sums up the poem, is well known and is often quoted. Frequently, the line—“Stone walls do not a prison make”—is used as a title for the poem.

78. *Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind.* This charming ditty is sung by Lord Amiens in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. Its musical metre and rhyme give it the character of a song even when it is only recited.

When our feelings are hurt we are glad to turn our energies to something else that will brace us up the better to bear our pain. So it is with this singer. He rejoices in the wintry weather that is less of a hardship than false friends. The ironical couplet at the end of each stanza adds weight to the expression of his sentiment.

79. *Magna Est Veritas.* This Latin title means *Great is Truth*. We imagine that the poet has escaped from the busy life of the town to the serenity of a sheltered bay on the seashore. Here he sits, realising his own insignificance,—and probably that also of all the other frenzied workers in the “huge town.” He is conscious of the divine purpose directing the world, making *Truth* the one durable thing, that shall survive to the world's end.

80. *Break, Break, Break.* This wonderful lyric was written by Tennyson in memory of his dear friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, who was taken ill and died while on holiday abroad with his father.

The desolate cadence of the first and last stanzas is an echo of the sobbing of the sea. Note the effect on the ear of the repetition of the word *break*, with the short sounds of *b* and *k*; and note, too, the vowel sounds in the line “On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!” Tennyson's poetry is famous for its “chiselled verses”; observe the fitness of these adjectives—*cold gray* stones; *stately* ships; *vanish'd* hand; *tender* grace.

In Tennyson's note to this poem he says, “This poem first saw the light along with the dawn in a Lincolnshire lane at 5 o'clock in the

morning": but the imagined scene seems to be Clevedon, a little watering-place in the Bristol Channel, where Arthur Hallam lies buried.

81. *Virtue* was written by George Herbert (1593-1633), an English poet and divine. He led a saintly life, and is specially noted for his sacred poems. The simple imagery in this poem is very pleasing. That in the first two lines is a marriage of the earth and sky, for day is the result of the illumination of the earth by the sky. Notice the striking metaphor of spring—"A box where sweets compacted lie." The last stanza, in which a comparison is made between the endurance of seasoned timber and the immortality of virtue, is frequently quoted.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives,
 But, though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

76. SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE.

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
 The labour and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main,

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright !

Arthur Hugh Clough.

77. TO ALTHEA, 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 birds 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,
Our 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.

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.

OF REFLECTION

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

Richard Lovelace.

78. BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then, heigh, ho ! the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp,
 As friend remember'd not.
 Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then, heigh, ho ! the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

William Shakespeare.

79. MAGNA EST VERITAS.

Here, in this little Bay,
Full of tumultuous life and great repose,
Where, twice a day,
The purposeless, glad ocean comes and goes,
Under high cliffs, and far from the huge town,
I sit me down.
For want of me the world's course will not fail
When all its work is done, the lie shall rot ;
The truth is great, and shall prevail,
When none cares whether it prevail or not.

Coventry Patmore.

80. BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

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

Oh well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
Oh well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

81. VIRTUE.

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

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

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

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives,
 But, though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert.

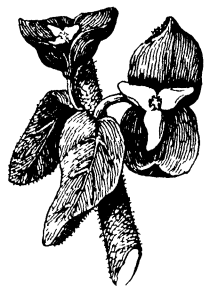
NOTES AND EXERCISES.

67. THE COMFORTERS. *Exercises.* (1) Give examples from this poem (*a*) of the repetition of the same words and (*b*) of the same idea in different words. (2) Comment on the suitability of the italicised words: *dumb* in despair; *soft croon* of the wind; *light kiss* of the wind; *stroking* my cheek. (3) What instances of personification are there in the poem? (4) Comment on the sounds of *cr* and *k* in the poem.

68. THE WOODSPURGE. Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882) was a poet and a painter. He was born in London, and was educated at a school attached to King's College where his father was a professor of Italian. Rossetti ranks higher as a poet than as a painter.

Woodspurge—a common weed bearing tiny yellow or greenish flowers enclosed in two large reddish bracts; the flowers may have two or three cups.

Exercises. (1) A word in the first stanza is repeated four times. What is the effect of this repetition? (2) Sincere grief is often speechless. Which line suggests that this is so?



WOODSPURGE.

69. THUNDERSTORMS. *Exercises.* (1) What qualities in this poem mark it as a good song for singing? (2) What figure of speech is used in the poem? Give examples. (3) What marked difference is exhibited by the flowers and birds before and after the thunderstorm?

70. IN SPRING. The author, Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864), was a great friend of Robert and Mrs. Browning. He had a volcanic temperament that involved him in endless quarrels; still he had many devoted friends. Carlyle called him, "the unsubduable old Roman."

Exercises. (1) Write a note on the simplicity of the language in this poem. (2) Why is the poem called *In Spring*? Suggest another appropriate title. (3) How does the poet enlist our sympathy? (4) Explain the lines:

(a) When maidens rifle turn'd-up hives.

(b) I have enjoyed my summer day.

(5) Explain the force of the italicised words: the *tender* leaves; their *fated* hour; some *solitary* tree.

71. THE OLD STOIC. Emily Brontë (1818-1848) was the daughter of a clergyman who held the living at Haworth, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Emily and her sisters Charlotte and Anne, together with their brother Branwell, were all gifted with literary and artistic tastes, and were encouraged by their father to write little imaginative stories while they were still children. Emily was the greatest genius of them all, her novel, *Wuthering Heights*, being greater than any of Charlotte's, and her poems show a sense of vision not possessed by either of her sisters. Like the other members of the family, Emily took up teaching for a time in order to help in supporting the home.

Exercises. (1) Which lines in *The Old Stoic* can be compared with the following?—"Fame is a food that dead men eat." (2) Which lines in *The Old Stoic* can be compared with the following from Byron's *Sonnet on Chillon*?—"Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind."

72. A SONG OF FLIGHT. Christina Rossetti (1830-94) was born in London. She was delicate, but possessed a spirit that bore physical and mental trials with strength and cheerfulness. She was a keen lover of books, animals and flowers. Much of her best poetry was produced in her early years. Christina was sister to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the poet and painter.

Exercises. (1) Explain with examples what devices have been used in this poem to give the impression of rapid movement. (2) Explain :

-- Daylight born at the leap !—
Rapid, dominant, free,
Athirst to bathe in the uttermost sea.

(3) Comment on the rhyming in this poem. (4) What moral may be drawn from this poem ? (5) What proverb does the poem illustrate ? (6) Which line, or lines, would you select from this poem to carve on a sun-dial ?

73. A CHARM. Rudyard Kipling, a distinguished poet and novelist, was born at Bombay. His father was an artist, and curator of the Lahore Museum. Kipling was sent over to England to be educated at the United Services College, Westward Ho, North Devon, which school he has described in his famous school stories entitled *Stalky & Co.* He spent several years in India as Assistant Editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore, and he has written many poems and tales descriptive of Indian life.

Candlemas—the feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary or Presentation of Christ in the Temple, celebrated on February 2nd;—so called because candles for the altar or other sacred uses are blessed on that day : *simples*—medicinal plants, each supposed to possess a virtue and constitute a simple remedy : *webbed*—an affection of the eye characterised by a film.

Exercises (1) The poet has freely coined compound words for this poem. Explain the fitness of the following compound words : not the great nor well-bespoke ; over-busied hand and brain ; full-faced primroses ; wide-hearted rose ; inward-turning eye. (2) What is the underlying thought of the poem ? (3) What is the poet's conception of " the immortal woe of life " ? (4) What is the two-fold meaning suggested by the phrase " thy darkness to illumine " ? (5) What is the hidden treasure alluded to in the last stanza ? (6) For which class of folk does the poet profess his sympathy ? (7) Explain :

And reveal (which is thy need)
Every man a King indeed.

74. A SONG OF THE ENGLISH. *Single heart*—having an honest heart ; free from duplicity : *cunning*—an archaic word meaning *skill*.

Exercises. (1) Explain the following :

- (a) O goodly is our heritage !
 (b) That he reap where he hath sown.

(2) Which line in this poem sums up what the English have done for the countries they have conquered ? Can you name one definite example ? (3) What are the conditions mentioned in the poem as being essential to the continuance of England's greatness ? (4) Quote two lines that have a specially resonant sound when read aloud. (5) Which line in the poem might fittingly have reference to the fate of the statue of Ozymandias ? (See page 118).

75. THE KING. *Arquebus*—a portable firearm invented about the middle of the 15th century : *culverin*—a kind of firearm and later a long cannon : *Banks*—submarine plateaux where fish swarm in vast numbers ; (the Dogger Bank and the Grand Banks of Newfoundland) : *reeking*—emitting vapour (fog is prevalent in the vicinity of the fishing banks).



SOLDIER WITH
ARQUEBUS.

Exercises. (1) Explain the title of this poem. What other suitable title can you suggest for it ? Give reasons for your answer. (2) State briefly the underlying thought of the poem. (3) What is your opinion of the "good old days" of travelling by stage-coach ? (4) What Romance is there in the life of an engine-driver ? (5) Why did the Soldier in the poem consider that King Romance was dead ? (6) Explain the significance of the italicised words : the *ignoble* arrowhead ; by *sleight* of sword ; the *unconsidered* miracle ; a *backward-gazing* world.

76. SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE. *Dupes*—victims of deceit ; perhaps, here, misled by their own imaginings.

Exercises. (1) What examples are given in the poem that "things are not what they seem" ? (2) Explain : "If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars." (3) Quote and explain the line which conveys a message of hope. (4) Why is the *team spirit* of first rate importance in a football match ?

77. TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON. *Love*—Cupid with the wings of a god that cannot be confined : *flowing cups*, etc.—this stanza presents a picture of a joyous festive scene when wine is drunk freely ; *committed and enlarged*—technical terms for *imprisoned* and *released* respectively : *that for an hermitage*—the prison for a place of retreat : *linnet*—a sweet-singing wild bird which was frequently imprisoned in a cage like a canary ; this practice is now happily rare.



CAGED LINNET.

Exercises. Explain the significance of the italicised words : to whisper at the *grates* ; *enlargèd* winds, that *curl* the flood. (2) From this poem what can you gather about the poet's loyalty to the king ? (3) Explain the simile in the poem. (4) Explain : "Stone walls do not a prison make." (5) Quote three musical lines from the poem.

78. BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND. *Exercises.* (1) Quote instances of personification in this poem. (2) Explain :

(a) Although thy breath be rude.

(b) Though thou the waters warp.

(3) Give all the reasons you can why this poem makes a good song for singing.

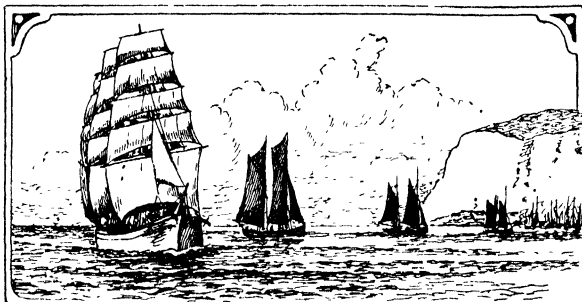
79. MAGNA EST VERITAS. *Exercises.* (1) Explain the contrasting statement in this line : " Full of tumultuous life and great repose." (2) Explain the force of the italicised words : The *purposeless, glad* ocean ; the *lie* shall *rot* ; the truth is great, and shall *prevail*.

80. BREAK, BREAK, BREAK. *Exercises.* (1) What adjective would you use to describe this lyric ? (2) Suggest another title for the lyric, and give reasons for your choice. (3) What pictures are presented in the second stanza ? What effect have these pictures on the rest of the poem ?

81. VIRTUE. *Exercises.* (1) Quote and explain the metaphor and simile in the poem. (2) Explain :

(a) Thy root is ever in the grave.

(b) But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.



" The stately ships go on."

VIII. MISCELLANEOUS.

82. ODE.

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams ;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams :
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory :
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth ;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the Old of the New World's worth ;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

83. WAR SONG OF THE SARACENS.

We are they who come faster than fate : we are they who ride early
or late :

We storm at your ivory gate : Pale Kings of the Sunset, beware !
Not on silk nor in samet we lie, not in curtained solemnity die
Among women who chatter and cry, and children who mumble a
prayer.

But we sleep by the ropes of the camp, and we rise with a shout, and
we tramp

With the sun or the moon for a lamp, and the spray of the wind in
our hair.

From the lands, where the elephants are, to the forts of Merou and
Balghar,

Our steel we have brought and our star to shine on the ruins of Rum.
We have marched from the Indus to Spain, and by God we will go
there agam ;

We have stood on the shore of the plain where the Waters of Destiny
boom.

A mart of destruction we made at Jalula where men were afraid,
For death was a difficult trade, and the sword was a broker of doom ;

And the Spear was a Desert Physician who cured not a few of
ambition,

And drave not a few to perdition with medicine bitter and strong :
And the shield was a grief to the fool and as bright as a desolate pool,
And as straight as the rock of Stamboul when their cavalry thundered
along :

For the coward was drowned with the brave when our battle sheered
up like a wave,

And the dead to the desert we gave, and the glory to God in our song.

James Elroy Flecker.

IX. FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK.

Verses from the Poems.

POEM NO

1. It lapses not : it cleaves
A way to heart and brain ;
It duns, it duns, it deaves,
It worries and wastes and grieves,
The weary, dreary rain.
2. And every soft-lipped breeze
Makes music for the Grafton men
In comfortable trees.
3. You only need to close your eyes
And go within your secret mind.
4. And, to the rock that sang beside,
- *We are the voice of God!* - I cried.
5. He saw a sudden little road that curled
And climbed elusive to a sky of dreams.
6. Caterpillars and cats are lively and excellent puns :
All God's jokes are good- even the practical ones !
7. Frozen fields that surpliced lie,
Gazing patient at the sky.
8. The linnets' song is rarer,
The robin pipeth now.
9. He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.
10. High through the mournful mist that blots our day
Their songs betray them soaring in the grey.
11. Yet round by round, in exquisite air,
The song went up the stair.
12. I saw and heard one sunny morn
A skylark hung between the two.
13. The werewolves mutter, the night hawks moan,
The raven croaks from the Raven-stone.

FORM NO

14. Bless us then with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.
15. Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires.
16. All the beautiful stars of the sky,
The silver doves of the forest of Night.
17. " Here and here did England help me : how can I help England ?
18. Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chully :
Heavily hangs the hollyhoek,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.
19. . . . They gather the silver streams
Out of the moon, those moonlit apples of dreams.
20. And my very life goes dripping,
Dropping, dripping, drip-drip-dropping,
In the drip-drop of the cistern.
21. Vanquished in life, his death
By beauty made amends :
The passing of his breath
Won his defeated ends.
22. The garden's grown over,
The well-chain is broken,
The windows are bare.
23. Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep ! by any stealth.
24. But in my sleep to you I fly :
I'm always with you in my sleep.
25. With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.
26. But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam.
27. Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

POEM NO

28. Of the three men's fate we found no trace
Of any kind in any place,
But a door ajar, and an untouch'd meal,
And an overtoppled chair.
29. And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.
30. He lives alone,
Alone—yet not alone, for sweet
Are Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.
31. Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
To give it my loving friends to keep !
Nought man could do have I left undone.
32. The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.
33. The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.
34. Laughing lips and shining eyes
—Forget-me-nots from paradise—
35. The chimney-pots in rows
Are sets of pipes pandean
For every wind that blows.
36. Hear us, great Pan !
“ O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles.”
37. And all your life you will never know
What I wouldn't tell you even if I could.
38. They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old :
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.
39. Before the dawn's unveiling
I heard three voices hailing,
I saw three ships come sailing
With lanterns gleaming high.

POEM NO

40. By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
41. On a tablet scrawled and nailed on the tree by the grave,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.
42. The dust of the lark that Shelley heard,
And made immortal through times to be.
43. For truly, when a man shall end,
He lives in memory of his friend.
44. I am the master of my fate :
I am the captain of my soul.
45. Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
It flutter'd and fal'd for breath.
46. The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.
47. The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust ;—
His soul is with the saints, I trust.
48. Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.
49. Then burst the sunset, flooding far and fleet,
Leavening the whole of life with magic leaven
50. The crimson moon, uprising from the sea,
With large delight foretells the harvest near.
51. " God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts ; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best.
52. " My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair ! "
53. Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.
54. Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art—
For there thy habitation is the heart—

POEM NO.

55. Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
56. Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken.
57. The poetry of earth is never dead.
58. I could afford to wait, but for the hurt
Of this dull tick of time which chides my ear.
59. He heard a sudden strange
Commingled noise ; looked up ; and gasped for speech.
60. And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given.
61. Press we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.
62. And though the sorrows of the slow days fret
Her faithfullest children, grief itself is proud.
63. And life is colour and warmth and light,
And a striving evermore for these.
64. Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge,
He rests, unknown.
65. The foolish noise of sparrows
And starlings in a wood—
After the grime of battle
We know that these are good.
66. Labour, and love, and strife, and mirth,
They gave their part in this kindly earth—
Blow, you bugles of England, blow !—
67. The soft little hands of the rain stroked my pale cheek,
The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.
68. I had walked on at the wind's will,—
I sat now, for the wind was still.

POEM No

69. My thoughts are dancing flowers
And joyful singing birds.
70. The tender leaves, if beaten low,
Shine but the more for shower and blast.
71. " Leave the heart that now I bear
And give me liberty ! "
72. It is time to arise,
To race for the promised prize.
73. Lay that earth upon thy heart,
And thy sickness shall depart !
74. Keep ye the Law — be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
75. Hedged in a backward-gazing world :
Then taught his chosen bard to say :
" Our King was with us --yesterday ! "
76. Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.
77. Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.
78. Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! unto the green holly
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly
79. When all its work is done, the lie shall rot ;
The truth is great, and shall prevail.
80. But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !
81. Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives,
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

