

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_210327

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OSMANIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Call No. 821.81/T31P Accession No. G 1860

Author Allen G. K. Tennyson L. A.

Title Poems.

This book should be returned on or before the date
last marked below.

BELL'S ANNOTATED ENGLISH CLASSICS

POEMS BY TENNYSON

BELL'S
ANNOTATED ENGLISH CLASSICS
FOR EXAMINATION CANDIDATES

Edited by S. E. WINBOLT, M.A.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST. BOOKS I. AND II.
Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by C. F.
GREGORY, is. 9d.

SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE. BOOK I. Edited.
with an Introduction and Notes, by S. E.
WINBOLT, M.A. 2s. 6d.

SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE. BOOK V-
Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by
S. E. WINBOLT, M.A. is. 9d.

BURKE'S SPEECHES ON AMERICA. Edited,
with an Introduction and Notes, by F. A.
CAVENAGH, M.A. is. 9d.

SELECTED POEMS BY LORD TENNYSON.
Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the
Rev. G. K. ALLEN, is. 9d.

LONDON: G. BELL AND SONS LTD.
YORK HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, W.C. 2

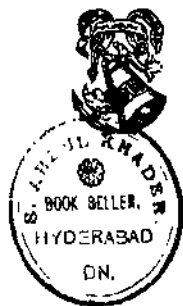
POEMS BY
ALFRED
LORD TENNYSON

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

THE REV. G. K. ALLEN, M.A.

HEADMASTER, LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM, WATFORD



LONDON
G. BELL AND SONS LTD.
1927

First Published 79/5
Reprinted 1927

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
MORRISON AND GIBB LTD., LONDON AND EDINBURGH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION—	
A. Biographical	vii
B. Poems	ix
C. Metre	xi
D. Grammar	xi
E. Law	xi
F. The Sea	xii
G. Criticisms	xii
H. List of Authorities	xiv
I. RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS	I
II. ENONE	6
III. THE LOTOS-EATERS	14
IV. THE PALACE OF ART	20
V. A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN	31
VI. ST. AGNES' EVE	41
VII. <u>ULYSSES</u>	43
VIII. THE LORD OF BURLEIGH	46
IX. ST. SIMEON STYLITES	49
X. " YOU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT EASE "	56
XI. " OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS "	58
XII. " LOVE THOU THY LAND "	59

	PAGE
XIII. THE ⁴ LADY OF SHALOTT	63
XIV. SIR GALAHAD	69
XV. DORA	72
XVI. ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WEL- LINGTON	77
XVII. THE BROOK	85
XVIII. <u> </u> TIHONUS	92
XIX. THE VOYAGE	95
XX. ENOCH ARDEN	99
XXI. BOADICEA	125
NOTES	129

INTRODUCTION

A. BIOGRAPHICAL

ALFRED TENNYSON was born on August 6, 1809, at Somersby, a Lincolnshire village of which his father was rector. At the age of seven he was sent to Louth Grammar School, where he remained till he was twelve. With the exception of these few years, he spent his boyhood and youth in the quiet, cultured atmosphere of the rectory house, where he was educated with his elder brother, Charles, by his father. Here he acquired not only a thorough grounding in the classics, but enough of natural science to give him a permanent bent to it. He was a great reader, and the best of modern literature was at hand in his father's library. By the age of twelve he had composed an epic of 6000 lines, after Scott's lays, and also a poem after Thomson's *Seasons*. In 1827 Alfred and Charles published a small volume of poetry entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*. In 1828 the two brothers went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, where Alfred gained the Chancellor's gold medal for a poem on the rather uninspiring subject of Tmbuctoo, and where he began his friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam, whose memory he immortalised in *In Memoriam*. At Cambridge his time was mainly spent in social intercourse with his friends, most of whom afterwards became famous men (*e.g.* Trench, Kemble, Merivale, Spedding), and in writing. He never took kindly to the teaching of the place or to the teachers, and his father's death in 1831 cut short his residence there. In 1830 Tennyson published *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*. Two further volumes appeared in 1832 and 1842. His reputation was by now fully established, though his greatest

works were, still to come. Among these were *The Princess* (1847), *In Memoriam* (1850), *Idylls of the King* (1859-1885), and *Enoch Arden* (1864). On the death of Wordsworth in 1850, Tennyson succeeded him as Poet-Laureate. In 1874 he was gazetted Baron of Aldworth and Farringford, his two seats in Sussex and in the Isle of Wight. He died on October 6, 1892, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the grave of Browning.

[It is no exaggeration to say that Tennyson is the poet of the nineteenth century. His popularity is due to the fact that he is a representative English poet and that he is a consummate artist. He is a representative poet because he reflects the general feelings of his age on the great things in this world—religion, morals, and social life. He does not give always the most advanced ideas nor the latest teaching, but we find in his poems the broad general results of culture and experience. On the subject of religion and morals he is not so analytical and detailed in his teaching as Browning. He lays stress rather on the foundation-stones of all true religion—honour, purity, the sanctity of marriage and duty. These are the keynotes of such poems as *Guinevere*, *Morte d'Arthur*, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*. With regard to social life and development Tennyson fixes his faith on a gradual, orderly growth. He was no believer in revolutionary tactics: the "red fool fury of the Seine" he calls the work of the French revolutionaries; and on the other hand, "raw Haste" was to him but "half-sister to Delay." His Freedom must be "sober-suited," a Freedom which

" slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent."

Tennyson may be regarded as the heir to the poetical school of Byron, Shelley, and Keats. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott indeed survived them, but their best work was already done, and they belonged to an earlier school. Tennyson in his early days took Byron and Shelley as his models, and on the death of Byron the world seemed to him a blank. The first signs that Tennyson was to bring in a new age of

poetry are seen in some of his poems of 1830. Most of them, says Stopford Brooke, were very much like the other poetry of the time, but these few new things set Tennyson apart. "He who wrote them was quite certain to write better and better poetry. There are poems in this book of 1830 in which the fresh utterance of a new Maker of song is ringing clear, in which he has got free altogether of the past." It was not to be long now before Tennyson cut himself quite free from the traditions of the past, from the influence of Byron and Shelley, who attacked with such eagerness the society and ideas of respectability. Tennyson dwelt more and more, as time went on, on the conservative, the law-abiding, and the regular elements of human life. The simple, pure loves of men, women and children, the pains and sorrows of humanity, the nobility and the greatness that are to be found in man—these are the inspiring motives of his poems, rather than licence and the desire to tilt at all human institutions. Tennyson was always conscious of being set apart as a prophet, and of the duties which he owed to humanity.) He could not conceive of his work as being done for aught else than the good of humankind. He wrote for the world of homely men and women, and his thoughts, blown like arrow-seeds over the whole world with melodies and light, take root, and become flowers in the hearts of men, till high desires are born, and truth is multiplied on truth."

B. POEMS

The poems in this volume are representative of most of Tennyson's work. *The Lady of Shalott* is an early poem, and a venture into the fruitful fields of Arthurian romance. (The five poems dealing with classical subjects were written at various times, and show how steeped Tennyson was in the spirit and beauty of the classics.) The *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* is among the best of the poet's patriotic poems: it shows his conception of honour, duty, and love for one's country. *The Palace of Art* deals with a question of perennial interest; *A Dream of*

Fair Women is a work of the highest imagination, while *The Lord of Burfeigh* is a graceful example of the humbler ballad.

These poems give us several instances of Tennyson's chief characteristics.

I. His DESCRIPTIONS AND CLOSE OBSERVATION OF NATURE

- (a) " Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave." (*Lady of Shalott.*)
- (b) " And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem."
- (c) " Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn."
- (d) " The crisping ripples on the beach."
(*Lotos-Eaters.*)
- (e) " And at their feet the crocus brake like fire."
(*Enone.*)

II. His DICTION AND AVOIDANCE OF THE COMMONPLACE

- (a) " The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes."
- (b) " She raised her piercing orbs."
(*A Dream of Fair Women.*)
- (c) "A hundred winters snowed upon his breast."
- (d) " And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, drew
Rivers of melodies." (*Palace of Art.*)

III. His HARMONY OF RHYTHM, REPETITION, AND MELODY

- (a) " All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone,
Through every hollow cave and alley lone."
- (b) " For ever climbing up the climbing wave."
(*Lotos-Eaters.*)
- (c) " Mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering sod."
- (d) " And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves
Beneath the windy wall."
(*Palace of Art.*)
- (e) " Far-folded mists and gleaming halls of morn."
(*Tithonus.*)

C. METRE

Tennyson makes use of every type of metre, examples of most of them being given in this book. His blank verse reaches a very high level of excellence and is nearly always distinguished by his own simple grandeur of style. In the lays, ballads, and odes the scansion is frequently that of Trochees (- w), the Iambus (^ -) and Anapaests (w -), varied by the introduction of Dactyls (- w) and Spondees (- -) to avoid monotony.

D. GRAMMAR

Tennyson has few peculiarities of grammar. His usages are almost invariably normal. Any unusual expression or word is explained in the notes. He has a fondness for Old Saxon words and expressions, and frequently coins words of his own; e.g. selfless, tonguester, foam-fountains, rain-rotten.

E. LAW

No estimate of Tennyson would be complete without some references to his recognition of the all-pervading presence of Law. In *In Memoriam* he writes—

" I curse not nature, no, nor death;
For nothing is that errs from law.

And again he expresses his belief in

" One God, one law, one element."

His nobility of thought, his reverence for all that is pure and true, must be recognised. The famous passage in (*Enone*,

" Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
Are the three hinges of the gate of life,"¹

is instinct with this spirit of Honour and Duty. At the root of his poetry, as Stopford Brooke says, lie " the ever-working immanence of God in man, the brotherhood of the human

¹ These were the words in the first edition of the poem.

Prof. George Saintsbury says: "There is probably no other instance anywhere of a poet who for more than sixty years wrote better poetry than any one of his contemporaries who were not very old men when he began, and for exactly fifty of those years was recognised by the best judges as the chief poet of his country if not of his time."

Again he speaks of Tennyson, as "great in the character and variety of his accomplishment, in the volume of it, and, above all, in the extraordinarily sustained quality of his genius and the length of time during which it dominated and pervaded the literature of his country. The influences of Pope and Dryden were weak in force and merely external in effect, the influence of Byron was short-lived, that of Wordsworth was partial and limited, in comparison with the influence of Tennyson. Of this, as of a mere historical fact, there can be no dispute among those who care to inform themselves of the facts and to consider them coolly."

And again, he says that Tennyson's versification, save in one or two respects, "is by far the most perfect of any English poet, and results in a harmony positively incomparable. So also his colour and outline in conveying the visual image are based on a study of natural fact and a practice in transferring it to words which are equally beyond comparison. Take any one of a myriad of lines of Tennyson, and the mere arrangement of vowels and consonants will be a delight to the ears: let any one of a thousand of his descriptions body itself before the eye, and the picture will be like the things seen in a dream, but firmer and clearer."

H. LIST OF AUTHORITIES

Tennyson: A Memoir. By his SON,

Tennyson. By STOPFORD BROOKE.

Tennyson. By ANDREW LANG, in "Modern English Writers," *Selections from Tennyson.* By ROWE and WEBB.

Tennyson. By Sir ALFRED LYALL, in "English Men of Letters Series."

The Early Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By JOHN CHURTON COLLINS.

Illustrations of Tennyson. By the same.

Tennyson as a Student and Poet of Nature. By Sir NORMAN LOCKYER and WINIFRED L. LOCKYER.

A Commentary on Tennyson's In Memoriam. By A. C. BRADLEY.

The Age of Tennyson. By Prof. HUGH WALKER.

The Works of Tennyson, with notes by the Author. Edited by HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON.

POEMS BY TENNYSON

I

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time; 5
And many a sheeny summer-morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime 10
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop, rustling thro'¹
The low and bloomed foliage, drove
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clov⁶
The citron-shadows in the blue : 15
By garden porches on the brim,
The costly doors flung open wide,
Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,
And broider'd sofas on each side:
In sooth it was a goodly time, 20
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid,

- Often, where clear-stemm'd platans guard
 The outlet, did I turn away
 The boat-head down a broad canal 25
 From the main river sluiced, where all
 The sloping of the moon-lit sward
 Was damask-work, and deep inlay
 Of braided blooms unmown, which crept
 Adown to where the water slept. 30
 A goodly place, a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.
- A motion from the river won
 Ridged the smooth level, bearing on 35
 My shallop thro' the star-strown calm,
 Until another night in night
 I enter'd, from the clearer light,
 Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm,
 Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb 40
 Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the dome
 Of hollow boughs.—A goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.
- Still onward ; and the clear canal 45
 Is rounded to as clear a lake.
 From the green rivage many a fall
 Of diamond rillets musical,
 Thro' little crystal arches low
 Down from the central fountain's flow 50
 Fall'n silver-chiming, seem'd to shake
 The sparkling flints beneath the prow,
 A goodly place, a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid. 55
- Above thro' many a bowery turn
 A walk with vary-colour'd shells
 Wander'd engrain'd. On either side
 All round about the fragrant marge

RECOLLECTIONS OF ARABIAN NIGHTS 3

From fluted vase, and brazen urn 60
In order, eastern flowers large,
Some dropping low their crimson bells
Half-closed, and others studded wide
With disks and tiars, fed the time
With odour in the golden prime 65
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon-grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung ; 70
Not he : but something which possess'd
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepres'd,
Apart from place, withholding time, 75
But flattering the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black the garden-bowers and grots
Slumber'd : the solemn palms were ranged
Above, unwoo'd of summer wind : 80
A sudden splendour from behind
Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-green,
And, flowing rapidly between
Their interspaces, counterchanged
The level lake with diamond-plots 85
Of dark and bright. A lovely time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Dark-blue the deep sphere overhead,
Distinct with vivid stars inlaid, 90
Grew darker from that under-flame :
So, leaping lightly from the boat,
With silver anchor left afloat,
In marvel whence that glory came
Upon me, as in sleep I sank 95
In cool soft turf upon the bank,

Entranced with that place and time,
 So worthy of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence thro' the garden I was drawn— 100
 A realm of pleasance, many a mound,
 And many a shadow-chequer'd lawn
 Full of the city's stilly sound,
 And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round
 The stately cedar, tamarisks, 105
 Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
 Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
 Graven with emblems of the time,
 In honour of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid. 110

With dazed vision unawares
 From the long alley's latticed shade
 Emerged, I came upon the great
 Pavilion of the Caliphat.
 Right to the carven cedarn doors 115
 Flung inward over spangled floors,
 Broad-based flights of marble stairs
 Ran up with golden balustrade,
 After the fashion of the time,
 And humour of the golden prime 120
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight
 As with the quintessence of flame,
 A million tapers flaring bright
 From twisted silvers look'd to shame 125
 The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd
 Upon the mooned domes aloof
 In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd
 Hundreds of crescents on the roof
 Of night new-risen, that marvellous time, 130
 To celebrate the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly
 Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
 Serene with argent-lidded eyes 135
 Amorous, and lashes like to rays
 Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
 Tressed with redolent ebony,
 In many a dark delicious curl,
 Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone ; 140
 The sweetest lady of the time,
 Well worthy of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
 Pure silver, underpropt a rich 145
 Throne of the massive ore, from which
 Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold,
 Engarlanded and diaper'd
 With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
 Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirred 150
 With merriment of kingly pride,
 Sole star of all that place and time,
 I saw him—in his golden prime,
 THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID !

(1853)

II

(ENONE

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine, 5
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus 10
Stands up and takes the morning : but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
Mournful (Enone, wandering forlorn 15
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade 20
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

" O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill:
The grasshopper is silent in the grass : 25
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,

Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps.
The purple flowers droop : the golden bee
Is lily-cradled : I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love, 30
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

" O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Hear me O Earth, hear me O Hills, O Caves 35
That house the cold crown'd snake! O mountain brooks,
I am the daughter of a River-God,
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed, 40
A cloud that gather'd shape : for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

" O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. 45
I waited underneath the dawning hills,
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine :
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd, white-hooved, 50
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

" O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Far-off the torrent call'd me from the cleft:
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes 55
I sat alone : white-breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved ; a leopard skin
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Cluster'd about his temples like a God's ;
And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brightens 60
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

" Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palrn
 Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold, 65
 That smelt ambrosial!y, and while I look'd
 And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech
 Came down upon my heart.

" ' My own (Enone,
 Beautiful-brow'd (Enone, my own soul,
 Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingrav'n 70
 " For the most fair," would seem to award it thine,
 As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
 The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
 Of movement, and the charm of married brows/

" Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. 75
 He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
 And added ' This was cast upon the board,
 When all the full-faced presence of the Gods
 Ranged in the halls of Peleus ; whereupon
 Jtose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due : 80
 But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
 Delivering, that to me, by common voice
 Elected umpire, Here comes to-day,
 Pallas and Aphrodité, claiming each
 This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave 85
 Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
 Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
 Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods/

" Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 It was the deep midnight : one silvery cloud 90
 Had lost his way between the piney sides
 Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
 Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
 And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
 Violet, amaracus, and asphodel, 95
 Lotos and lilies : and a wind arose,
 And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
 This way and that, in many a wild festoon

Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
 With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'. 100

" O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
 And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd
 Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
 Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom 105
 Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
 Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
 Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
 Proffer of royal power, ample rule
 Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue no
 Wherewith to embellish state, ' from many a vale
 And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
 Or labour'd mines undrainable of ore.
 Honour,' she said, ' and homage, tax and toll.
 From many an inland town and haven large, 115
 Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel
 In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

" O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Still she spake on and still she spake of power,
 ' Which in all action is the end of all; 120
 Power fitted to the season ; wisdom-bred
 And throned of wisdom—from all neighbour crowns
 Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
 Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
 From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born, 125
 A shepherd all thy life but yet king-born,
 Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power
 Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd
 Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
 Above the thunder, with undying bliss 130
 In knowledge of their own supremacy

" Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
 Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of power
 Flatter'd his spirit; but Pallas where she stood 135

Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
 O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
 Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
 The while, above, her full and earnest eye
 Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek 140
 Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

" ' Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
 Yet not for power, (power of herself
 Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law, 145
 Acting the law we live by without fear;
 And, because right is right, to follow right
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.¹

" Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Again she said : ' I woo thee not with gifts. 150
 Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
 To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
 So shalt thou find me fairest,

Yet, indeed,
 If gazing on divinity disrobed
 Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair, 155
 Unbiass'd by self-profit, oh ! rest thee sure
 That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
 So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,
 Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,
 To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks, 160
 Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
 Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,
 Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
 Cornmeasure perfect freedom.'

" Here she ceased,
 And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, ' O Paris, 165
 Give it to Pallas !' but he heard me not,
 Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me !

" O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.

Idalian Aphrodite beautiful, 170
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder : from the violets her light foot 175
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

" Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes, 180
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
Half-whisper'd in his ear, ' I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.'
She spoke and laugh'd : I shut my sight for fear:
But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm, 185
And I beheld great Herd's angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die. 190

" Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest—why fairest wife ? am I not fair ?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard, 195
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most loving is she ?
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew 200
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

" O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge 205
High over the blue gorge, and all between

The snowypeak and snow-white cataract
Foster'd the callow eaglet—from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat 210
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone CEnone see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them ; never see them overlaid
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars. 215

" O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her,
The Abominable, that uninvited came 220
Into the fair Peleian banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change ; that I might speak my mind
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men. 225

" O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone ?
Seal'd it with kisses ? water'd it with tears ? 230
O happy tears, and how unlike to these !
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face ?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight ?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth, 235
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids : let me die. 240

" O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts

Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
 Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
 Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills, 245
 Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
 My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
 Conjectures of the features of her child
 Ere it is born : her child !— a shudder comes
 Across me : never child be born of me, 250
 Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes!

" O mother, hear me yet before I die.
 Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
 Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
 Walking the cold and starless road of Death 255
 Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
 With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
 Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
 Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
 A fire dances before her, and a sound 260
 Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
 What this may be I know not, but I know
 That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
 All earth and air seem only burning fire."

(1832)

III

THE LOTOS-EATERS

" COURAGE ! " he said, and pointed toward the land,
" This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon, 5
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.
A land of streams ! some, like a downward smoke, 10
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land : far off, three mountain-tops, 15
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd : and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.
The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West; thro' mountain clefts the dale 20
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seem'd the same !
And round about the keel with faces pale, 25
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

THE LOTOS-EATERS

15

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
 To each, but whoso did receive of them, 30
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
 Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
 On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;
 And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake, 35
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
 And sweet it was to dream of Father-land,
 Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore 40
 Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
 Then some one said, " We will return no more ; "
 And all at once they sang, " Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam." 45

CHORIC SONG

I

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, 50
 Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
 Here are cool mosses deep,
 And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep, 55
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

2

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
 While all things else have rest from weariness ?

All things have rest: why should we toil alone, 60
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown :
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings, 65
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
" There is no joy but calm ! "
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things ?

3

Lo ! in the middle of the wood, 70
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow 75
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days, 80
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

4

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea. 85
Death is the end of life ; ah, why
Should life all labour be ?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last ? 90
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil ? Is there any peace

THE LOTOS-EATERS

17

In ever climbing up the climbing wave ? 95
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
 In silence ; ripen, fall and cease :
 Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

5

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem 100
 Falling asleep in a half-dream !
 To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
 To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;
 Eating the Lotos day by day, 105
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
 To muse and brood and live again in memory, no
 With those old faces of our infancy
 Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

6

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
 And dear the last embraces of our wives 115
 And their warm tears ; but all hath suffer'd change ;
 For surely now our household hearths are cold :
 Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes over-bold 120
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten-years' war in Troy,
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle ?
 Let what is broken so remain. 125
 The Gods are hard to reconcile :
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There is confusion worse than death,

Trouble on- trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath, 130
Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

7

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelids still, 135
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill-
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine— 140
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine !
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

8

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak: 145
The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is
blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we, 150
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was
seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in
the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind. 155
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly
curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted Jands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and
fiery sands, 160

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and
praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil, 165

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,

Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;

Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—down
in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,

Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel. 170

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore

Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;

Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

(1832)

IV

TO——

WITH "THE PALACE OF ART"

I SEND you here a sort of allegory,
(For you will understand it) of a soul,
A sinful soul possessed of many gifts,
A spacious garden full of flowering weeds,
A glorious Devil, large in heart and brain, 5
That did love Beauty only, (Beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind)
And Knowledge for its beauty; or if Good,
Good only for its beauty, seeing not
That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge, are three sisters 10
That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sunder'd without tears.
And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie 15
Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
Was common clay ta'en from the common earth
Moulded by God, and temper'd with the tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man.

THE PALACE OF ART

I BUILT my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.
I said, " O Soul, make merry and carouse,
Dear soul, for all is well."

THE PALACE OF ART 21

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnish'd brass, 5
 I chose. The ranged ramparts bright
 From level meadow-bases of deep grass
 Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf
 The rock rose clear, or winding stair. 10
 My soul would live alone unto herself
 In her high palace there.

And " while the world runs round and round," I said,
 " Reign thou apart, a quiet king,
 Still as, while Saturn whirls, his stedfast shade 15
 Sleeps on his luminous ring."

To which my soul made answer readily:
 " Trust me, in bliss I shall abide
 In this great mansion, that is built for me,
 So royal-rich and wide." 20

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Four courts I made, East, West and South and North,
 In each a squared lawn, wherefrom
 The golden gorge of dragons spouted forth
 A flood of fountain-foam.

And round the cool green courts there ran a row 25
 Of cloisters, branch'd like mighty woods,
 Echoing all night to that sonorous flow
 Of spouted fountain-floods.

And round the roofs a gilded gallery
 That lent broad verge to distant lands, 30
 Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky
 Dipt down to sea and sands.

From those four jets four currents in one swell
 Across the mountain stream'd below
 In misty folds, that floating as they fell 35
 Lit up a torrent-bow.

And high an every peak a statue seem'd
 To hang on tiptoe, tossing up
 A cloud of incense of all odour steam'd
 From out a golden cup. 40

So that she thought, " And who shall gaze upon
 My palace with unblinded eyes,
 While this great bow will waver in the sun,
 And that sweet incense rise ? "

For that sweet incense rose and never fail'd, 45
 And, while day sank or mounted higher,
 The light aerial gallery, golden-rail'd,
 Burnt like a fringe of fire.

Likewise the deep-set windows, stain'd and traced,
 Would seem slow-flaming crimson fires 50
 From shadow'd grotts of arches interlaced,
 And tipt with frost-like spires.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Full of long-sounding corridors it was,
 That over-vaulted grateful gloom,
 Thro¹ which the livelong day my soul did pass, 55
 Well-pleased, from room to room.

Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,
 All various, each a perfect whole
 From living Nature, fit for every mood
 And change of my still soul. 60

For some were hung with arras green and blue,
 Showing a gaudy summer-morn,
 Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew
 His wreathed bugle-horn.

One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand, 65
 And some one pacing there alone,
 Who paced for ever in a glimmering land.
 Lit with a low large moon.

One show'd an iron coast and angry waves.
 You seem'd to hear them climb and fall 70
 And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,
 Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full-fed river winding slow
 By herds upon an endless plain,
 The ragged rims of thunder brooding low, 75
 With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil.
 In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
 Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
 And hoary to the wind. 80

And one, a foreground black with stones and slags,
 Beyond, a line of heights, and higher
 All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,
 And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd 85
 On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
 Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
 A haunt of ancient Peace.

Nor these alone, but every landscape fair,
 As fit for every mood of mind, 90
 Oi gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern, was there,
 Not less than truth design'd.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Or the maid-mother by a crucifix,
 In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,
 Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx 95
 Sat smiling, babe in arm.

Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea,
 Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
 Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily;
 An angel look'd at her. 100

Or thronging all one porch of Paradise,
 A group of Houris bow'd to see
 The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes
 That said, We wait for thee.

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son 105
 In some fair space of sloping greens
 Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,
 And watch'd by weeping queens.

Or hollowing one hand against his ear,
 To list a foot-fall, ere he saw no
 The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian king to hear
 Of wisdom and of law.

Or over hills with peaky tops engrail'd,
 And many a tract of palm and rice,
 The throne of Indian Cama slowly sail'd 115
 A summer fann'd with spice.

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd,
 From off her shoulder backward borne :
 From one hand droop'd a crocus : one hand grasp'd
 The mild bull's golden horn. 120

Or else flush'd Ganymede, his rosy thigh
 Half-buried in the Eagle's down,
 Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky
 Above the pillar'd town.

Nor these alone : but every legend fair 125
 Which the supreme Caucasian mind
 Carved out of Nature, for itself was there,
 Not less than life, design'd.

* * * * *

Then in the towers I placed great bells that swung,
 Moved of themselves, with silver sound ; 130
 And with choice paintings of wise men I hung
 The royal dais round.

For there was Milton like a seraph strong,
Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild;
And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song, 135
And somewhat grimly smiled.

And there the Ionian father of the rest;
A million wrinkles carved his skin ;
A hundred winters snow'd upon his breast,
From cheek and throat and chin. 140

Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set
Many an arch high up did lift,
And angels rising and descending met
With interchange of gift.

Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd 145
With cycles of the human tale
Of this wide world, the times of every land
So wrought, they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burden slow,
Toil'd onward, prick'd with goads and stings ; 150
Here play'd, a tiger, rolling to and fro
The heads and crowns of kings ;

Here rose, an athlete, strong to break or bind
All force in bonds that might endure,
And here once more like some sick man declined, 155
And trusted any cure.

But over these she trod : and those great bells
Began to chime. She took her throne :
She sat betwixt the shining Oriels,
To sing her songs alone. 160

And thro' the topmost Oriels' colour'd flame
Two godlike faces gazed below ;
Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam,
The first of those who know.

And all those names, that in their motion were 165
Full-welling fountain-heads of change,
Betwixt the slender shafts were blazon'd fair
In diverse raiment strange :

Thro' which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, blue,
Flushed in her temples and her eyes, 170
And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, drew
Rivers of melodies.

No nightingale delighteth to prolong
Her low preamble all alone,
More than my soul to hear her echo'd song 175
Throb thro' the ribbed stone ;

Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth,
Joying to feel herself alive,
Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible earth,
Lord of the senses five ; 180

Communing with herself: " All these are mine,
And let the world have peace or wars,
'Tis one to me." She—when young night divine
Crown'd dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicious toils— 185
Lit light in wreaths and anadems,
And pure quintessences of precious oils
In hollow'd moons of gems,

To mimic heaven ; and clapt her hands and cried,
" I marvel if my still delight 190
In this great house so royal-rich, and wide,
Be flatter'd to the height.

"O all things fair to sate my various eyes!
O shapes and hues that please me well!
O silent faces of the Great and Wise, 195
My Gods, with whom I dwell!

" O God-like isolation which art mine,
 I can but count thee perfect gain,
 What time I watch the darkening droves of swine
 That range on yonder plain. 200

" In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin,
 They graze and wallow, breed and sleep;
 And oft some brainless devil enters in,
 And drives them to the deep."

Then of the moral instinct would she prate, 205
 And of the rising from the dead,
 As hers by right of full-accomplish'd Fate;
 And at the last she said :

" I take possession of man's mind and deed.
 I care not what the sects may brawl. 210
 I sit as God holding no form of creed,
 But contemplating all."
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

Full oft the riddle of the painful earth
 Flash'd thro' her as she sat alone,
 Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth, 215
 And intellectual throne.

And so she throve and prosper'd : so three years
 She prosper'd : on the fourth she fell,
 Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,
 Struck thro' with pangs of hell. 220

Lest she should fail and perish utterly,
 God, before whom ever lie bare
 The abysmal deeps of Personality,
 Plagued her with sore despair.

When she would think, where'er she turn'd her sight, 225
 The airy hand confusion wrought,
 Wrote " Mene, mene," and divided quite
 The kingdom of her thought.

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
 Fell on her, from which mood was born 230
 Scorn of herself; again, from out that mood
 Laughter at her self-scorn.

" What! is not this my place of strength," she said,
 " My spacious mansion built for me,
 Whereof the strong foundation-stones were laid 235
 Since my first memory ? "

Rut in dark corners of her palace stood
 Uncertain shapes ; and unawares
 On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears of blood,
 And horrible nightmares, 240

And hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame,
 And, with dim fretted foreheads all,
 On corpses three months-old at noon she came,
 That stood against the wall,

A spot of dull stagnation, without light 245
 Or power of movement, seem'd my soul,
 'Mid onward-sloping motions infinite
 Making for one sure goal.

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand ;
 Left on the shore ; that hears all night 250
 The plunging seas draw backward from the land
 Their moon-led waters white.

A star that with the choral starry dance
 Join'd not, but stood, and standing saw
 The hollow orb of moving Circumstance 255
 Roll'd round by one fix'd law.

Back on herself her serpent pride had curl'd.
 " No voice," she shriek'd in that lone hall,
 " No voice breaks thro' the stillness of this world :
 One deep, deep silence all ! " 260

She, mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering sod,
Inwapt tenfold in slothful shame,
Lay there exiled from eternal God,
Lost to her place and name;

And death and life she hated equally, 265
And nothing saw, for her despair/
But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,
No comfort anywhere ;

Remaining utterly confused with fears,
And ever worse with growing time, 270
And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,
And all alone in crime :

Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round
With blackness as a solid wall,
Far off she seem'd to hear the dully sound 27*,
Of human footsteps fall.

As in strange lands a traveller walking slow,
In doubt and great perplexity,
A little before moon-rise hears the low
Moan of an unknown sea ; 280

And knows not if it be thunder or a sound
Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry
Of great wild beasts; then thinketh, " I have found
A new land, but I die."

She howl'd aloud, " I am on fire within. 285
There comes no murmur of reply.
What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die ?"

So when four years were wholly finished,
She threw her royal robes away. 290
" Make me a cottage in the vale," she said,
" Where I may mourn and pray.

" Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully built:

Perchance I may return with others there

295

When I have purged my **guilt.**"

(1832)

V

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
 " *The Legend of Good Women*," long ago
 Sung by the morning star of song, who made
 His music heard below ;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath 5
 Preluded those melodious bursts, that fill
 The spacious times of great Elizabeth
 With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art
 Held me above the subject, as strong gales 10
 Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my heart,
 Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land
 I saw, wherever light illumineth,
 Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand 15
 The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
 Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,
 And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
 And trumpets blown for wars; 20

And clattering flints batter'd with clanging hoofs:
 And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries;
 And forms that pass'd at windows and on roofs
 Of marble palaces;

- Corpses across the threshold ; heroes tall 25
Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall;
Lances in ambush set;
- And high shrine-doors burst thro' with heated blasts
That run before the fluttering tongues of fire; 30
White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and masts,
And ever climbing higher ;
- Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,
Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes,
Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates, 35
And hush'd seraglios.
- So shape chased shape as swift as, when to land
Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,
Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
Torn from the fringe of spray. 40
- I started once, or seem'd to start in pain,
Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak,
As when a great thought strikes along the brain,
And flushes all the cheek.
- And once my arm was lifted to hew down 45
A cavalier from off his saddle-bow,
That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town ;
And then, I know not how,
- All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought
Streamed onward, lost their edges, and did creep 50
Roird on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and brought
Into the gulfs of sleep.
- At last methought that I had wander'd far
In an old wood : fresh-wash'd in coolest dew,
The maiden splendours of the morning star 55
Shook in the steadfast blue.

Enormous elmtree-boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath
Their broad curved'branches, fledged with clearest green,
New from its silken sheath. 60

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

There was no motion in the dumb dead air, 65
Not any song of bird or sound of rill;
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd
Their humid arms festooning tree to tree, 70
And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd
The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew
The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn
On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drench'd in dew, 75
Leading from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame. 80

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

At length I saw a lady within call, 85
Stilller than chisell'd marble, standing there;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
 Froze my swift speech : she turning on my face 90
 The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,
 Spoke slowly in her place.

" I had great beauty : ask thou not my name :
 No one can be more wise than destiny.
 Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came 95
 I brought calamity."

" No marvel, sovereign lady : in fair field
 Myself for such a face had boldly died,"
 I answer'd free; and turning I appeal'd
 To one that stood beside. 100

But she, with sick and scornful looks averse,
 To her full height her stately stature draws;
 " My youth," she said, " was blasted with a curse :
 This woman was the cause.

" I was cut off from hope in that sad place, 105
 Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears:
 My father held his hand upon his face;
 I, blinded with my tears,

" Still strove to speak : my voice was thick with sighs
 As in a dream. Dimly I could descry no
 The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,
 Waiting to see me die.

" The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat;
 The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and the shore;
 The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat; 115
 Touch'd ; and I knew no more."

Whereto the other with a downward brow :
 " I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
 Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me deep below,
 Then when I left my home." 120

Her slow full words sank thro' the silence drear, •
As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea :
Sudden I heard a voice that cried, " Come here,
That I may look on thee."

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise, 125
One sitting on a crimson scarf unroll'd ;
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began :
" I govern'd men by change, and so I sway'd 130
All moods. Tis long since I have seen a man.
Once, like the moon, I made

" The ever-shifting currents of the blood
According to my humour ebb and flow.
I have no men to govern in this wood : 135
That makes my only woe.

" Nay—yet it chafes me that I could not bend
One will; nor tame and tutor with mine eye
That dull cold-blooded Caesar. Prythee, friend,
Where is Mark Antony ? 140

" The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime
On Fortune's neck : we sat as God by God :
The Nilus would have risen before his time
And flooded at our nod.

" We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit 145
Lamps which outburn'd Canopus. O my life
In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife,

" And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's alarms,
My Hercules, my Roman Antony, 150
My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,
Contented there to die !

" And there he died : and when I heard my name
Sigh'd forth with life I would not brook my fear
Of the other : with a worm I balk'd his fame. 155
What else was left ? look here ! "

(With that she tore her robe apart, and half
The polish'd argent of her breast to sight
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh,
Showing the aspick's bite) 160

" I died a Queen. The Roman soldier found
Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,
A name for ever !—lying robed and crown'd,
Worthy a Roman spouse."

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range 165
Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance
From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change
Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for delight;
Because with sudden motion from the ground 170
She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd with light
The interval of sound.

Still with their fires Love tipt his keenest darts;
As once they drew into two burning rings
All beams of Love, melting the mighty hearts 175
Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,
And singing clearer than the crested bird,
That claps his wings at dawn. 180

" The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel
From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,
Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,
Far-heard beneath the moon.

" The balmy moon of blessed Israel . 185
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine :
All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell
With spires of silver shine."

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door 190
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied
To where he stands,—so stood I, when that flow
Of music left the lips of her that died 195
To save her father's vow;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure ; as when she went along
From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with welcome light,
With timbrel and with song. 200

My words leapt forth : " Heaven heads the count of crimes
With that wild oath." She render'd answer high :
" Not so, nor once alone ; a thousand times
I would be born and die.

" Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root 205
Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath,
Feeding the flower; but ere my flower to fruit
Changed, I was ripe for death.

¹¹ My God, my land, my father—these did move
Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave, 210
Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love
Down to a silent grave.

" And I went mourning, ' No fair Hebrew boy
Shall smile away my maiden blame among
The Hebrew mothers '—emptied of all joy, 215
Leaving the dance and song,

" Leaving, the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower. 220

" The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
We heard the lion roaring from his den ;
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
Or, from the darken'd glen,

" Saw God divide the night with flying flame, 225
And thunder on the everlasting hills.
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of ills.

" When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,
Strength came to me that equall'd my desire. 230
How beautiful a thing it was to die
For God and for my sire!

" It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father's will;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell, 235
Sweetens the spirit still.

" Moreover it is written that my race
Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth." Here her face
Glow'd, as I look'd at her. 240

She lock'd her lips : she left me where I stood :
" Glory to God," she sang, and past afar,
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively, 245
As one that from a casement leans his head,
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
And the old year is dead,

" Alas ! alas ! " a low voice, full of care,
Murmur'd beside me : " Turn and look on me : 250
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,
If what I was I be.

" Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor!
O me, that I should ever see the light!
Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor 255
Do hunt me, day and night."

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust:
To whom the Egyptian : "O, you tamely died !
You should have clung to Fulvia's waist, and thrust
The dagger thro' her side." 260

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams,
Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery
Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams
Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broadened on the borders of the dark, 265
Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her last trance
Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of Arc,
A light of ancient France ;

Or her, who knew that Love can vanquish Death,
Who kneeling, with one arm about her king, 270
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
Sweet as new buds in Spring.

No memory labours longer from the deep
Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep 275
To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight. With what dull pain
Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike
Into that wondrous track of dreams again !
But no two dreams are like. 280

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,
Desiring what is mingled with past years,
In yearnings that can never be exprest
By signs or groans or tears;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints, faded by its heat.

(1832)

VI

ST. AGNES' EVE

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon :
My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent-towers 5
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord :
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies, 10
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark, 15
To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee ;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be. 20
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;	25
The flashes come and go ;	
All heaven bursts her starry floors,	
And strows her lights below,	
And deepens on and up ! the gates	
Roll back, and far within	30
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits	
To make me pure of sin.	
The sabbaths of Eternity,	
One sabbath deep and wide—	
A light upon the shining sea—	35
The Bridegroom with his bride 1	

(1837)

VII

ULYSSES

IT little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me. 5
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10
Vext the dim sea : I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all; 15
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades 20
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me 25
Little remains : but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,

A bringer of new things; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30
 To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil 35
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners, 45
 Souls that have toil'd and wrought, and thought with me—
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil; 50
 Death closes all: but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
 The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep 55
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60
 Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho' 65
 We are not now that strength which in old days

Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, ,we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

70

(1842)

VIII

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH

IN her ear he whispers gaily,
" If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well."
She replies, in accents fainter, 5
"There is none I love like thee."
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
Presses his without reproof: 10
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.
" I can make no marriage present;
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant, 15
And I love thee more than life."
They by parks and lodges going
See the lordly castles stand :
Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land. 20
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
" Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
So she goes by him attended, 25
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers;

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH

47

Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
 Parks and order'd gardens great, 30
 Ancient homes of lord and lady,
 Built for pleasure and for state.
 All he shows her makes him dearer:
 Evermore she seems to gaze
 On that cottage growing nearer, 35
 Where they twain will spend their days.
 O but she will love him truly!
 He shall have a cheerful home;
 She will order all things duly,
 When beneath his roof they come. 40
 Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
 Till a gateway she discerns
 With armorial bearings stately,
 And beneath the gate she turns;
 Sees a mansion more majestic 45
 Than all those she saw before:
 Many a gallant gay domestic
 Bows before him at the door.
 And they speak in gentle murmur,
 When they answer to his call, 50
 While he treads with footstep firmer,
 Leading on from hall to hall.
 And, while now she wonders blindly,
 Nor the meaning can divine,
 Proudly turns he round and kindly, 55
 "All of this is mine and thine."
 Here he lives in state and bounty,
 Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
 Not a lord in all the county
 Is so great a lord as he. 60
 All at once the colour flushes
 Her sweet face from brow to chin:
 As it were with shame she blushes,
 And her spirit changed within.
 Then her countenance all over 65
 Pale again as death did prove:

Bu,t he clasp'd her like a lover, And he cheer'd her soul with love. So she strove against her weakness, Tho' at times her spirits sank :	70
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness To all duties of her rank : And a gentle consort made he, And her gentle mind was such That she grew a noble lady,	75
And the people loved her much. But a trouble weighed upon her, And perplex'd her, night and morn, With the burthen of an honour Unto which she was not born.	80
Faint she grew, and ever fainter, As she murmur'd, " Oh, that he Were once more that landscape-painter, Which did win my heart from me ! "	85
So she droop'd and droop'd before him, Fading slowly from his side :. Three fair children first she bore him, Then before her time she died. Weeping, weeping late and early, Walking up and pacing down,	90
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh, Burleigh-house by Stamford-town. And he came to look upon her, And he look'd at her and said, " Bring the dress and put it on her, That she wore when she was wed."	95
Then her people, softly treading, Bore to earth her body, drest In the dress that she was wed in, That her spirit might have rest.	100

(1842)

IX

ST. SIMEON STYLITES

ALTHO' I be the basest of mankind,
 From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin,
 Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet
 For troops of devils, mad with blasphemy,
 I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold 5
 Of saintdom, and to clamour, mourn and sob,
 Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer,
 Have mercy, Lord, and take away my sin.
 Let this avail, just, dreadful, mighty God,
 This not be all in vain, that thrice ten years, 10
 Thrice multiplied by superhuman pangs,
 In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and cold,
 In coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous throes and cramps,
 A sign betwixt the meadow and the cloud,
 Patient on this tall pillar I have borne 15
 Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet, and snow;
 And I had hoped that ere this period closed
 Thou wouldst have caught me up into thy rest,
 Denying not these weather-beaten limbs
 The meed of saints, the white robe and the palm. 20
 O take the meaning, Lord : I do not breathe,
 Not whisper, any murmur of complaint.
 Pain heap'd ten-hundred-fold to this, were still
 Less burthen, by ten-hundred-fold, to bear,
 Than were those lead-like tons of sin, that crush'd 25
 My spirit flat before thee,

And spake not of it to a single soul,
Until the ulcer, eating thro' my skin,
Betray'd my secret penance, so that all
My brethren marvell'd greatly. More than this
I bore, whereof, O God, thou knowest all. 65

Three winters, that my soul might grow to thee,
I lived up there on yonder mountain side. 70

My right leg chain'd into the crag, I lay
Pent in a roofless close of ragged stones;
Inswathed sometimes in wandering mist, and twice
Black'd with thy branding thunder, and sometimes 75
Sucking the damps for drink, and eating not,
Except the spare chance-gift of those that came
To touch my body and be heal'd, and live :
And they say then that I work'd miracles,
Whereof my fame is loud amongst mankind, 80
Cured lameness, palsies, cancers. Thou, O God,
Knowest alone whether this was or no.
Have mercy, mercy ; cover all my sin.

Then, that I might be more alone with thee,
Three years I lived upon a pillar, high 85
Six cubits, and three years on one of twelve ;
And twice three years I crouch'd on one that rose
Twenty by measure ; last of all, I grew
Twice ten long weary weary years to this,
That numbers forty cubits from the soil. 90

I think that I have borne as much as this—
Or else I dream—and for so long a time,
If I may measure time by yon slow light,
And this high dial, which my sorrow crowns—
So much—even so.

And yet I know not well, 95
For that the evil ones come here, and say,
" Fall down, O Simeon : thou hast suffered long
For ages and for ages ! " then they prate
Of penances I cannot have gone thro',
Perplexing me with lies ; and oft I fall, 100
Maybe for months, in such blind lethargies,
That Heaven, and Earth, and Time are choked.

But yet

Bethink thee, Lord, while thou and all the saints
 Enjoy themselves in heaven, and men on earth
 House in the shade of comfortable roofs, 105
 Sit with their wives by fires, eat wholesome food,
 And wear warm clothes, and even beasts have stalls,
 I, 'tween the spring and downfall of the light,
 Bow down one thousand and two hundred times,
 To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the Saints; no
 Or in the night, after a little sleep,
 I wake : the chill stars sparkle ; I am wet
 With drenching dews, or stiff with crackling frost.
 I wear an undress'd goatskin on my back ;
 A grazing iron collar grinds my neck; 115
 And in my weak, lean arms I lift the cross,
 And strive and wrestle with thee till I die:
 O mercy, mercy ! wash away my sin.
 O Lord, thou knowest what a man I am ;
 A sinful man, conceived and born in sin : 120
 'Tis their own doing ; this is none of mine ;
 Lay it not to me. Am I to blame for this,
 That here come those that worship me ? Ha ! ha !
 They think that I am somewhat. What am I ?
 The "silly people take me for a saint, 125
 And bring me offerings of fruit and flowers :
 And I, in truth (thou wilt bear witness here)
 Have all in all endured as much, and more
 Than many just and holy men, whose names
 Are register'd and calendar'd for saints. 130
 Good people, you do ill to kneel to me.
 What is it I can have done to merit this ?
 I am a sinner viler than you all.
 It may be I have wrought some miracles,
 And cured some halt and maim'd ; but what of that ? 135
 It may be, no one, even among the saints,
 May match his pains with mine ; but what of that ?
 Yet do not rise : for you may look on me,
 And in your looking you may kneel to God.
 Speak ! is there any of you halt or maim'd ? 140

I think you know I have some power with Heaven
From my long penance : let him speak his wish.

Yes, I can heal him. Power goes forth from me.
They say that they are heal'd. Ah, hark ! they shout
" St. Simeon Stylites." Why, if so, 145
God reaps a harvest in me. O my soul,
God reaps a harvest in thee. If this be,
Can I work miracles and not be saved ?
This is not told of any. They were saints.
It cannot be but that I shall be saved ; 150
Yea, crown'd a saint. They shout, " Behold a saint! "
And lower voices saint me from above.
Courage, St. Simeon ! This dull chrysalis
Cracks into shining wings, and hope ere death
Spreads more and more and more, that God hath now 155
Sponged and made blank of crimeful record all
My mortal archives.

O my sons, my sons,
I, Simeon of the pillar, by surname
Stylites, among men ; I, Simeon,
The watcher on the column till the end ; 160
I, Simeon, whose brain the sunshine bakes ;
I, whose bald brows in silent hours become
Unnaturally hoar with rime, do now
From rny high nest of penance here proclaim
That Pontius and Iscariot by my side 165
Show'd like fair seraphs. On the coals I lay,
A vessel full of sin : all hell beneath
Made me boil over. Devils pluck'd my sleeve ;
Abaddon and Asmodeus caught at me.
I smote them with the cross ; they swann'd again. 170
In bed like monstrous apes they crush'd my chest:
They flapp'd my light out as I read : I saw
Their faces grow between me and my book :
With colt-like whinny and with hoggish whine
They burst my prayer. Yet this way was left, 175
And by this way I 'scaped them. Mortify
Your flesh, like me, with scourges and with thorns;
Smite, shrink not, spare not. If it may be, fast

Whole Lertts, and pray. I hardly, with slow steps,
 With slow, faint steps, and much exceeding pain, 180
 Have scrambled past those pits of fire, that still
 Sing in mine ears. But yield not me the praise :
 God only thro* his bounty hath thought fit,
 Among the powers and princes of this world,
 To make me an example to mankind, 185
 Which few can reach to. Yet I do not say
 But that a time may come—yea, even now,
 Now, now, his footsteps smite the threshold stairs
 Of life—I say, that time is at the doors
 When you may worship me without reproach ; 190
 For I will leave my relics in your land,
 And you may carve a shrine about my dust,
 And burn a fragrant lamp before my bones,
 When I am gather'd to the glorious saints.

While I spake then, a sting of shrewdest pain 195
 Ran shrivelling thro' me, and a cloudlike change,
 In passing, with a grosser film made thick
 These heavy, horny eyes. The end ! the end !
 Surely the end ! What's here ! a shape, a shade,
 A flash of light. Is that the angel there 200
 That holds a crown ? Come, blessed brother, come.
 I know thy glittering face. I waited long ;
 My brows are ready. What! deny it now ?
 Nay, draw, draw, draw nigh. So I clutch it. Christ!
 'Tis gone: 'tis here again; the crown! the crown! 205
 So now 'tis fitted on and grows to me,
 And from it melt the dews of Paradise,
 Sweet! sweet! spikenard, and balm, and frankincense.
 Ah ! let me not be fool'd, sweet saints : I trust
 That I am whole, and clean, and meet for Heaven. 210

Speak, if there be a priest, a man of God,
 Among you there, and let him presently
 Approach, and lean a ladder on the shaft,
 And climbing up into my airy home,
 Deliver me the blessed sacrament; 215
 For by the warning of the Holy Ghost,
 I prophesy that I shall die to-night,

A quarter before twelve.

But thou, O Lord,
Aid all this foolish people ; let them take
Example, pattern : lead them to thy light,
(1842)

220

X

"YOU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT EASE"

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
 Within this region I subsist,
 Whose spirits falter in the mist,
 And languish for the purple seas ?

It is the land that freemen till, 5
 That sober-suited Freedom chose,
 The land, where girt with friends or foes
 A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
 A land of just and old renown, 10
 Where Freedom slowly broadens down
 From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,
 But by degrees to fullness wrought,
 The strength of some diffusive thought 15
 Hath time and space to work and spread,

Should banded unions persecute
 Opinion, and induce a time
 When single thought is civil crime,
 And individual freedom mute ; 20

" YOU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT EASE " 57

Tho' Power should make from land to land,
The name of Britain trebly great—
Tho' every channel of the State
Should almost choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth, 25
Wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South.

(1842)

XI

"OF OLD SAT FREEDOM"

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights :
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice, 5
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race, 10
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face-

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks, 15
And, King-like, wears the crown :

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears ; ' 20

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

(1842)

XII

"LOVE THOU THY LAND"

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

True love turn'd round on fixed poles, 5
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings 10
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,
That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day, 15
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds. 20

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

- Nor toil for title, place, or touch 25
Of pension, neither count on praise :
It grows to guerdon after-days :
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch;
- Not clinging to some ancient saw;
Not master'd by some modern term ; 30
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm:
And in its season bring the law;
- That from Discussion's lip may fall
With Life, that, working strongly, binds—
Set in all lights by many minds, 35
To close the interests of all.
- For Nature also, cold and warm,
And moist and dry, devising long,
Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form. 40
- Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed, by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.
- So let the change which comes be free 45
To ingroove itself with that which flies,
And work, a joint of state, that plies
Its office, moved with sympathy.
- A saying, hard to shape in act;
For all the past of Time reveals 50
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.
- Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The Spirit of the years to come 55
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits
 Completion in a painful school;
 Phantoms of other forms of rule,
 New Majesties of mighty States— 60

The warders of the growing hour,
 But vague in vapour, hard to mark;
 And round them sea and air are dark
 With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd, 65
 Is bodied forth the second whole.
 Regard gradation, lest the soul
 Of Discord race the rising wind ;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
 And heap their ashes on the head ; 70
 To shame the boast so often made,
 That we are wiser than our sires.

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star
 Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
 To follow flying steps of Truth 75
 Across the brazen bridge of war—

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
 Must ever shock, like armed foes,
 And this be true, till Time shall close,
 That Principles are rain'd in blood; 80

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

Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay, 85
 Would serve his kind in deed and word,
 Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
 That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes : 90
And if some dreadful need should rise
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke:

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom of the dead ;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed 95
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

(1842;

XIII

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot; 5
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, 10
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers, 15
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd 20
By slow horses ; and unhail'd
The shallop ffiteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:

But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
 Or at the casement seen her stand ? 25
 Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly 30
 From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot:
 And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers "Tis the fairy 35
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II

THERE she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colours gay.
 She has heard a whisper say,
 A curse is on her if she stay 40
 To look down to Camelot.
 She knows not what the curse may be,
 And so she weaveth steadily,
 And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott. 45

And moving thro' a mirror clear
 That hangs before her all the year,
 Shadows of the world appear.
 There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot: 50
 There the river eddy whirls,
 And there the surly village-churls,
 And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT 65

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, 55
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue 60
 The knights come riding two and two :
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights, 65
 For often thro' the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights,
 And music, went to Camelot:
 Or when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed ; 70
 " I am half-sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves,
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,
 The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves, 75
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
 A redcross knight for ever kneel'd
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field, 80
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.
 The bridle bells rang merrily 85
 As he rode down to Camelot:

And from his blazon'd baldric slung
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armour rung,
 Beside remote Shalott. 90

All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
 The helmet and the helmet-feather
 Burn'd like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot. 95
 As often thro' the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ; 100
 On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;
 From underneath his helmet flow'd
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 From the bank and from the river 105
 He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
 " Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces thro' the room, 110
 She saw the water-lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot,
 Out flew the web and floated wide ;
 The mirror crack'd from side to side ; 115
 " The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shallott.

PART IV

IN the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

67

The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining

120

Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

125

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance

130

Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

135

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot:

140

And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,

145

Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

150

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery, 155
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame, 160
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this ? and what is here ?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer; 165
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, " She has a lovely face ;
God in his mercy lend her grace, 170
The Lady of Shalott."

(1832)

XIV

SIR GALAHAD

MY good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure. 5
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel :
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands, 10
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall! 15
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine :
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine. 20
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes, 25
 A light before me swims,
 Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns :
 Then by some secret shrine I ride;
 I hear a voice, but none are there; 30
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings, 35
 And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark ;
 I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
 I float till all is dark. 40
 A gentle sound, an awful light!
 Three angels bear the holy Grail:
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God ! 45
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory slides,
 And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
 Thro' dreaming towns I go, 50
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.
 The tempest crackles on the leads,
 And, ringing, spins from brand and mail;
 But o'er the dark a glory spreads, 55
 And gilds the driving hail.
 I leave the plain, I climb the height;
 No branchy thicket shelter yields;
 But blessed forms in whistling storms
 Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields. 60

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease, 65
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams ;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour that I wear, 70
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony 75
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
" O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on ! the prize is near." 80
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

(1842)

XV

DORA

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode
 William and Dora. William was his son,
 And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
 And often thought " I'll make them man and wife."
 Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all, 5
 And yearn'd towards William ; but the youth, because
 He had been always with her in the house,
 Thought not of Dora.

Then thgre came a day

When Allan call'd his son, and said, " My son :
 I married late, but I would wish to see 10
 My grandchild on my knees before I die :
 And I have set my heart upon a match.
 Now therefore look to Dora ; she is well
 To look to ; thrifty too beyond her age.
 She is my brother's daughter: he and I 15
 Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
 In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
 His daughter Dora : take her for your wife ;
 For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
 For many years." But William answer'd short; 20
 " I cannot marry,Dora ; by my life,
 I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
 Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said :
 " You will not, boy ; you dare to answer thus!
 But in my time a father's word was law, 25
 And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
 Consider, William : take a month to think,

And let me have an answer to my wish ;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again." 30
But William answer'd madly ; bit his lips,
And broke away, The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house, 35
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said : " My girl, I love you well; 40
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law/
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
" It cannot be : my uncle's mind will change ! " 45

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William ; then distresses came on him ;
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save, 50
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought 55
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said :

" I have obey'd my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
This e'vil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone, 60
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you :
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye 65
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad

Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound 70
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field

And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child ;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him, 75
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound ;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers 80
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.

Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said; " Where were you yesterday ? 85
Whose child is that ? What are you doing here ?"

So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, " This is William's child ! "
" And did I not," said Allan, " did I not
Forbid you, Dora ? " Dora said again ; 90

" Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone ! "
And Allan said, " I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.

I must be taught my duty, and by you ! 95
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell 100
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down 105

And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise no
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.

And Dora said, " My uncle took the boy ;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you :
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answer'd Mary, " This shall never be, 115

That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself;
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home; 120
And I will beg of him to take thee back,
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd 125
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch : they peep'd, and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks, 130
Like one that loved him ; and the lad stretch'd out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in : but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her : 135
And Allan set him down, and Mary said:

" O Father !—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child ; but now I come
For Dora : take her back ; she loves you well. 140
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men ; for I ask'd him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me—

I had been a patient wife : but, Sir, he said
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus : 145
 ' God bless him !' he said, ' and may he never know
 The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then he turn'd
 His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am !
 But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
 Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight 150
 His father's memory ; and take Dora back,
 And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
 By Mary. There was silence in the room ;
 And all at once the old man burst in sobs :— 155
 " I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.
 I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.
 May God forgive me !—I have been to blame.
 Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about
 The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times, 160
 And all the man was broken with remorse;
 And all his love came back a hundredfold ;
 And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
 Thinking of William.

So those four abode
 Within one house together; and as years 165
 Went forward, Mary took another mate;
 But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

(1842)

XVI

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF
WELLINGTON

i

BURY the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall, 5
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

2

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore ?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for, 10
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

3

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go, 15
And let the sorrowing crowd *about* it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow ;
The last great Englishman is low.

4

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past. 20

78 THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute :
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute, 25
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war, 30
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew, 35
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
Such was he whom we deplore. 40
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

5

All is over and done :
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son. 45
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river, 50
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd :
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds : 55
Bright let it be with his blazon'd deeds,

Dark in its funeral fold.
 Let the bell be toll'd :
 And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
 And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd 60
 Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
 And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
 He knew their voices of old.
 For many a time in many a clime
 His captain's-ear has heard them boom 65
 Bellowing victory, bellowing doom ;
 When he with those deep voices wrought,
 Guarding realms and kings from shame;
 With those deep voices our dead captain taught
 The tyrant, and asserts his claim 70
 In that dread sound to the great name,
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,
 In praise and in dispraise the same,
 A man of well-attemper'd frame.
 O civic muse, to such a name, 75
 To such a name for ages long,
 To such a name,
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,
 And ever-ringing avenues of song.

6

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest, 80
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?
 Mighty seaman, this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man, 85
 The greatest sailor since our world began.
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes;
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea ; 90
 His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
 O give him welcome, this is he,
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites^

80 THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son, 95
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor-ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won ; 100
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines, 105
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms, no
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men, 115
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings, 120
And barking for the thrones of kings ;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dash'd on every rocky square 125
Their surging charges' foam'd themselves away ;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew. 130
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON 81

In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo !
 Mighty seaman, tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile, 135
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit among things divine,
 If love of country move thee there at all, 140
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
 And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
 In full acclaim,
 A people's voice,
 The proof and echo of all human fame, 145
 A people's voice, when they rejoice
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
 Eternal honour to his name. 150

7

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;
 Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
 His Briton in blown seas and storming showers, 155
 We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
 Of boundless love and reverence and regret
 To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute control;
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul 160
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ; 165
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.

82 THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

But wink no more in slothful overtrust.	170
Remember him who led your hosts;	
He bad you guard the sacred coasts.	
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;	
His voice is silent in your council-hall	
For ever; and whatever tempests lour	175
For ever silent; even if they broke	
In thunder, silent; yet remember all	
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;	
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,	
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;	180
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow	
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;	
Whose life was work, whose language rife	
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;	
Who never spoke against a foe ;	185
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke	
All great self-seekers trampling on the right:	
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;	
Truth-lover was our English Duke;	
Whatever record leap to light	190
He never shall be shamed,	

8

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars	
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,	
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,	
He, on whom from both her open hands	19;
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,	
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.	
Yea, let all good things await	
Him who cares not to be great,	
But as he saves or serves the state.	20<
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,	
The path of duty was the way to glory :	
He that walks it, only thirsting	
For the right, and learns to deaden	
Love of self, before his journey closes,	20
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting	

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON 83

Into glossy purples, which outred
 All voluptuous garden-roses.
 Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory : 210
 He, that ever following her commands,
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward, and prevail'd,
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled 215
 Are close upon the shining table-lands
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
 Such was he : his work is done :
 But while the races of mankind endure,
 Let his great example stand 220
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
 Till in all lands and thro' all human story
 The path of duty be the way to glory:
 And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame 225
 For many and many an age proclaim
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him, 230
 Eternal honour to his name.

9

Peace, his triumph will be sung
 By some yet unmoulded tongue
 Far on in summers that we shall not see:
 Peace, it is a day of pain 235
 For one about whose patriarchal knee
 Late the little children clung :
 O peace, it is a day of pain
 For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
 Once the weight and fate of Europe hung. 240
 Ours the pain, be his the gain !
 More than is of man's degree
 Must be with us, watching here

84 THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere. 245
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane : 250
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true 255
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore 260
Make and break, and work their will;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul ? 265
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears :
The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; 270
He is gone who seem'd so great.—
Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State, 275
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him. 280
God accept him, Christ receive him.

(1852)

XVII

THE BROOK

AN IDYLL

" HERE, by this brook, we parted ; I to the East
 And he for Italy—too late—too late :
 One whom the strong sons of the world despise ;
 For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,
 And mellow metres more than cent for cent; 5
 Nor could he understand how money breeds,
 Thought it a dead thing; yet himself could make
 The thing that is not as the thing that is.
 O had he lived ! In our schoolbooks we say,
 Of those that held their heads above the crowd, 10
 They flourish'd then or then ; but life in him
 Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd
 On such a time as goes before the leaf,
 When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
 And nothing perfect: yet the brook he loved, 15
 For which, in branding summers of Bengal,
 Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air,
 I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
 Prattling the primroses fancies of the boy,
 To me that loved him ; for ' O brook,' he says, 20
 ' O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme,
 ' Whence come you ?' and the brook, why not ? replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden silly
 And sparkle out among the fern, 25
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges. 30

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

" Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out, 35
Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,
It has more ivy ; there the river; and there
Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles, 40
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set 45
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever. 50

" But Philip chatter'd more than brook or bird ;
Old Philip; all about the fields you caught
His weary daylong chirping, like the dry
High-elbow'd grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out, 55
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel 60
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go, 65
But I go on for ever.

"O darling Katie Willows, his one child !
 A maiden of our century, yet most meek;
 A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse;
 Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand ; 70
 Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

" Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,
 Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed, 75
 James Willows, of one name and heart with her.
 For here I came, twenty years back—the week
 Before I parted with poor Edmund ; crost
 By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,
 Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam 80
 Beyond it, where the waters marry—crost,
 Whistling a random bar of Bonny Boon,
 And push'd at Philip's garden-gate. The gate,
 Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,
 Stuck; and he clamour'd from a casement, ' run ' 85
 To Katie somewhere in the walks below,
 ' Run, Katie !' Katie never ran : she moved
 To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,
 A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,
 Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon. 90

" What was it ? less of sentiment than sense
 Had Katie ; not illiterate ; neither one
 Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
 And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies.
 Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed. 95

" She told me. She and James had quarrelled. Why ?
 What cause of quarrel ? None, she said, no cause;
 James had no cause : but when I prest the cause,
 I learnt that James had flickering jealousies
 Which anger'd her. Who anger'd James ? I said. 100
 But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine,
 And sketching with her slender pointed foot

Some figure like a wizard's pentagram
 On garden gravel, let my query pass
 Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd 105
 If James were coming. 'Coming every day,'
 She answer'd, 'ever longing to explain,
 But evermore her father came across
 With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;
 And James departed vex'd with him and her,' no
 How could I help her? 'Would I—was it wrong?'
 (Claspt hands and that petitionary grace
 Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)
 'O would I take her father for one hour,
 For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!' 115
 And even while she spoke, I saw where James
 Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,
 Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

"O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake!
 For in I went, and call'd old Philip out 120
 To show the farm: full willingly he rose:
 He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes
 Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.
 He praised his land, his horses, his machines;
 He praised his ploughs, his cows,- his hogs, his dogs; 125
 He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;
 His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
 Approved him, bowing at their own deserts:
 Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took
 Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each, 130
 And naming those, his friends, for whom they were:
 Then crost the common into Darnley chase
 To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern
 Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
 Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech, 135
 He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said:
¹ That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire.'
 And there he told a long long-winded tale
 Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,
 And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd, 140

And how he sent the bailiff to the farm
 To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd,
 And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,
 But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ;
 He gave them line : and five days after that 145
 He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,
 Who then and there had offer'd something more,
 But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung;
 He knew the man; the colt would fetch its price;
 He gave them line : and how by chance at last 150
 (It might be May or April, he forgot,
 The last of April or the first of May)
 He found the bailiff riding by the farm,
 And, talking from the point, he drew him in,
 And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale, 155
 Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

" Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he,
 Poor fellow, could he help it ? recommenced,
 And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,
 Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho, 160
 Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,
 Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,
 Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
 And with me Philip, talking still; and so
 We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun, 165
 And following our own shadows thrice as long
 As when they follow'd us from Philip's door,
 Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content
 Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots, 170
 I slide by hazel covers ;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows ; 175
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars ; 180
 I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever. 185

Yes, men may come and go ; and these are gone,
 All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,
 Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,
 But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
 Of Brunelleschi; sleeps in peace : and he, 190
 Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
 Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb :
 I scraped the lichen from it: Katie walks
 By the long wash of Australasian seas
 Far off, and holds her head to other stars, 195
 And breathes in April-Autumns. All are gone."

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile
 In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind
 Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook
 A tonsured head in middle age forlorn, 200
 Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath
 Of tender air made tremble in the hedge
 The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings;
 And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near,
 Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared 205
 On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within :
 Then, wondering, ask'd her " Are you from the farm ? "
 " Yes " answer'd she. " Pray stay a little : pardon me; 210
 What do they call you ? " " Katie." " That were strange.
 What surname?" "Willows." "No!" "That is my
 name."

" Indeed ! " and here he look'd so self-perplexed,
 That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he

Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes, 215
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
Then looking at her; " Too happy, fresh and fair,
Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
To be the ghost of one who bore your name
About these meadows, twenty years ago," 220

" Have you not heard ? " said Katie, " we came back.
We bought the farm we tenanted before.
Am I so like her ? so they said on board.
Sir, if you knew her in her English days, 225
My mother, as it seems you did, the days
That most she loves to talk of, come with me.
My brother James is in the harvest-field :
But she—you will be welcome—O, come in ! "

(1856)

XVIII

TITHONUS

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality 5
Consumes : I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn. 10

Alas ! for this gray shadow, once a man-
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God !
I ask'd thee, " Give me immortality." 15
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd 20
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide, 25
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me ? Let me go : take back thy gift:

Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance 30
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all ?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure, 35
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise, 40
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo ! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek. 45

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true ?
" The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me ! ay me ! with what another heart 50
In days far-off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
The lucid outline forming round thee ; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood 55
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd 60
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East:
How can my nature longer mix with thine ? 65
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkle4 feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die, 70
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground;
Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave:
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts, 75
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

(1860)

XIX

THE VOYAGE

1

WE left behind the painted buoy
That tosses at the harbour-mouth;
And madly danced our hearts with joy,
As fast we fled to the South :
How fresh was every sight and sound 5
On open main or winding shore !
We knew the merry world was round,
And we might sail for evermore.

II

Warm broke the breeze against the brow,
Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail: 10
The Lady's-head upon the prow
Caught the shrill salt, and sheer'd the gale.
The broad seas swell'd to meet the keel,
And swept behind : so quick the run,
We felt the good ship shake and reel, 15
We seem'd to sail into the Sun !

III

How oft we saw the Sun retire,
And burn the threshold of the night,
Fall from his Ocean-lane of fire,
And sleep beneath his pillar'd light! 20
How oft the purple-skirted robe
Of twilight slowly downward drawn,
As thro' the slumber of the globe
Again we dash'd into the dawn !

IV

New stars all night above the brim		25
Of waters lighten'd into view ;		
They climb'd as quickly, for the rim		
Changed every moment as we flew.		
Far ran the naked moon across		
The houseless ocean's heaving	field,	30
Or flying shone, the silver boss		
Of her own halo's dusky shield ;		

V

The peaky islet shifted shapes,		
High towns on hills were dimly seen,		
We past long lines of Northern capes		35
And dewy Northern meadows green.		
We came to warmer waves, and deep		
Across the boundless east we drove,		
Where those long swells of breaker sweep		
The nutmeg rocks and isles of clove.		40

VI

By peaks that flamed, or, all in shade,		
Gloom'd the low coast and quivering brine		
With ashy rains, that spreading made		
Fantastic plume or sable pine ;		
By sands and steaming flats, and	floods	45
Of mighty mouth, we scudded fast,		
And hills and scarlet-mingled woods		
Glow'd for a moment as we past.		

VII

0 hundred shores of happy climes,		
How swiftly stream'd ye by the bark !		50
At times the whole sea burn'd, at times		
With wakes of fire we tore the dark;		
At times a carven craft would shoot		
From havens hid in fairy bowers,		
With naked limbs and flowers and fruit,		55
But we nor paused for fruit nor flowers.		

VIII

For one fair Vision ever fled
 Down the waste waters day and night,
 And still we follow'd where she led,
 In hope to gain upon her flight. 60
 Her face was evermore unseen,
 And fixt upon the far sea-line ;
 But each man rnurmur'd " O my Queen,
 I follow till I make thee mine."

IX

And now we lost her, now she gleam'd 65
 Like Fancy made of golden air,
 Now nearer to the prow she seem'd
 Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge fair,
 Now high on waves that idly burst
 Like Heavenly Hope she crown'd the sea, 70
 And now, the bloodless point reversed,
 She bore the blade of Liberty.

X

And only one among us—him
 We pleased not—he was seldom pleased :
 He saw not far : his eyes were dim : 75
 But ours he swore were all diseased.
 " A ship of fools," he shriek'd in spite,
 " A ship of fools," he sneer'd and wept.
 And overboard one stormy night
 He cast his body, and on we swept. 80

XI

And never sail of ours was furl'd,
 Nor anchor dropt at eve or morn ;
 We loved the glories of the world,
 But laws of nature were our scorn ;
 For blasts would rise and rave and cease, 85
 But whence were those that drove the sail
 Across the whirlwind's heart of peace,
 And to and thro' the counter-gale ?

XII

Again to colder climes we came,
For still we follow'd where she led : 90
Now mate is blind and captain lame,
And half the crew are sick or dead.
But blind or lame or sick or sound
We follow that which flies before :
We know the merry world is round, 95
And we may sail for evermore.

(1864)

XX

ENOCHARDEN

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster ; then a moulder'd church ; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill; 5
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago, 10
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd 15
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up 20
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff :
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next, 25
While Annie still was mistress; but at times

Enoch would hold possession for a week :
" This is my house and this my little wife."
" Mine too," said Philip, " turn and turn about: "
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made 30
Was master : then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out, " I hate you, Enoch," and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake, 35
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love, 40
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him ;
But she loved Enoch; tho' she knew it not,
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes, 45
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie : and so prosper'd that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carcfuller in peril, did not breathe 50
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself
Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas: 55
And all men look'd upon him favourably :
And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill. 6c

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd

(His father lying sick and needing him) 65
 An hour behind ; but as he climb'd the hill,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face 70
 All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
 That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom ;
 Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
 And slipt aside, and like a wounded life 75
 Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
 There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
 Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
 Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells, 80
 And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
 Seven happy years of health and competence,
 And mutual love and honourable toil ;
 With children : first a daughter. In him woke,
 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish 85
 To save all earnings to the uttermost,
 And give his child a better bringing-up
 Than his had been, or hers ; a wish renew'd,
 When two years after came a boy to be
 The rosy idol of her solitudes, 90
 While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
 Or often journeying landward ; for in truth
 Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
 In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales, 95
 Not only to the market-cross were known,
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
 Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
 And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering. 100

Then came a change, as all things human change.
 Ten miles to northward of the narrow port

Open'd a larger haven : thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
Ana once when there, and clambering on a mast 105
In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell :
A limb was broken when they lifted him ;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one:
Another hand crept too across his trade no
Taking her bread and theirs : and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore 115
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her, he loved, a beggar : then he pray'd,
" Save them from this, whatever comes to me."
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance, 120
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go ?
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place ? 125
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun, 130
And isles a light in the offing : yet the wife—
When he was gone—the children—what to do ?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans ;
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her! 135
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was gone. 140

Should he not trade himself out yonder ? go
 This voyage more than once ? yea twice or thrice—
 As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
 Become the master of a larger craft,
 With fuller profits lead an easier life, 145
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,
 And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:
 Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
 Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born. 150
 Forward she started with a happy cry,
 And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
 Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
 Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,
 But had no heart to break his purposes 155
 To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
 Her finger, Annie fought against his will:
 Yet not with brawling opposition she,
 But manifold entreaties, many a tear, 160
 Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
 (Sure that all evil would come out of it)
 Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
 For her or his dear children, not to go.
 He not for his own self caring but her, 165
 Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
 So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
 Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
 To fit their little streetward sitting-room 170
 With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
 So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
 Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
 Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang, 175
 Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—

The space was narrow,—having order'd all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused ; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last, 180
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man 185
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
Whatever came to him : and then he said,
" Annie, this voyage by the grace of God 190
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, " and he,
This pretty, puny, weakly little one,— 195
Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home again.
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go." 200

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd
The current of his talk to graver things
In sailor fashion roughly sermonising
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard, 205
Heard and not heard him ; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow,

At length she spoke, " O Enoch, you are wise ; 210
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more."

" Well then," said Enoch, " I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day), get you a seaman's glass, 215
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,
" Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again,
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go. 220
And fear no more for me ; or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God ; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning ? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him ? and the sea is His, 225
The sea is His : He made it."

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness, 230
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said,
" Wake him not; let him sleep ; how should the child
Remember this ? " and kiss'd him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead dipt
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept 235
Thro' all his future ; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain : perhaps
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye; 240
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him ; 245
Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,

Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies, 250
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding " what would Enoch say ? "
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
Than what she gave in buying what she sold : 255
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,
Expectant of that news which never came,
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew 260
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
With all a mother's care : nevertheless,
Whether her business often call'd her from it,
Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell 265
What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it, 270
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
" Surely," said Philip, " I may see her now,
May be some little comfort; " therefore went, 275
Past thro' the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one, 280
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly,
" Annie, I came to ask a favour of you."

He spoke ; the passion in her moan'd reply 285
" Favour from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am ! " half abash'd him ; yet unask'd,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He set himself beside her, saying to her :

" I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
 Enoch, your husband : I have ever said
 You chose the best among us—a strong man :
 For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
 To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
 And wherefore did he go this weary way,
 And leave you lonely ? not to see the world—
 For pleasure ?—nay, but for the wherewithal
 To give his babes a better bringing-up
 Than his had been, or yours : that was his wish.
 And if he come again, vext will he be
 To find the precious morning hours were lost.
 And it would vex him even in his grave,
 If he could know his babes were running wild
 Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—
 Have we not known each other all our lives ?
 I do beseech you by the love you bear
 Him and his children not to say me nay—
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
 Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
 Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
 Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
 This is the favour that I came to ask."

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answer'd, " I cannot look you in the face;
I seem so foolish and so broken down. 315
When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
And now I think your kindness breaks me down ;
But Enoch lives ; that is borne in on me :
He will repay you : money can be repaid;
Not kindness such as yours."

And Philip ask'd, 320
" Then you will let me, Annie ? "

There she turn'd,
She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his head
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately, 325
And past into the little garth beyond.
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and every way,
Like one who does his duty by his own, 330
Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit, 335
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and then,
With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offence of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste, 340

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind :
Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
Light on a broken word to thank him with.
But Philip was her children's all-in-all; 345
From distant corners of the street they ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily ;
Lords of his house and of his mill were they;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him 350
And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn

Down at the far end of an avenue, 355
 Going we know not where : and so ten years,
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
 Fled forward, and no news of 'Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
 To go with others, nutting to the wood, 360
 And Annie would go with them ; then they begg'd
 For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too :
 Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
 Blanch'd with his mill, they found ; and saying to him,
 " Come with us, Father Philip," he denied ; 365
 But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
 He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,
 For was not Annie with them ? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began 370
 To feather toward the hollow, all her force
 Fail'd her ; and sighing, " let me rest," she said :
 So Philip rested with her well-content ;
 While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
 Broke from their elders, and tumultuously 375
 Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
 To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
 The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
 Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
 And calling, here and there, about the wood. 380

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
 Her presence, and remembered one dark hour
 Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
 He crept into the shadow : at last he said,
 Lifting his honest forehead, " Listen, Annie, 385
 How merry they are down yonder in the wood."
 " Tired, Annie ? " for she did not speak a word.
 " Tired ? " but her face had fall'n upon her hands ;
 At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
 " The ship was lost," he said, " the ship was lost! 390

No more of that! why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite ?" And Annie said,
" I thought not of it: but—I know not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary."

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke. 395
¹¹ Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long,
That tho' I know not when it first came there,
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance, 400
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well then—let me speak:
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help :
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so quick— 405
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
A father to your children : I do think
They love me as a father : I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine own ; 410
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad uncertain years,
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of His creatures. Think upon it:
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care, 415
No burthen, save my care for you and yours:
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know."

Then answer'd Annie ; tenderly she spoke :
" You have been as God's good angel in our house. 420
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice ? can you be ever loved
As Enoch was ? what is it that you ask ? "
" I am content," he answer'd, "to be loved 425
A little after Enoch." " O," she cried,
Sacred as it were, " dear Philip, wait a while:

If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
 Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:
 Surely I shall be wiser in a year: 430
 O wait a little ! " Philip sadly said,
 " Annie, as I have waited all my life
 I well may wait a little." " Nay," she cried,
 " I am bound : you have my promise—in a year :
 Will you not bide your year as I bide mine ? " 435
 And Philip answer'd, " I will bide my year."

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
 Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
 Pass from the Danish barrow overhead ;
 Then fearing night and chill for Annie rose, 440
 And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
 Up came the children laden with their spoil;
 Then all descended to the port, and there
 At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
 Saying gently, " Annie, when I spoke to you, 445
 That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong
 I am always bound to you, but you are free."
 Then Annie weeping answer'd, " I am bound."

She spoke ; and in one moment as it were,
 While yet she went about her household ways, 450
 Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
 That he had loved her longer than she knew,
 That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
 And there he stood once more before her face,
 Claiming her promise. " Is it a year ? " she ask'd. 455
 " Yes, if the nuts," he said, " be ripe again :
 Come out and see." But she—she put him off—
 So much to look to—such a change—a month—
 Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—
 A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes 460
 Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
 " Take your own time, Annie, take your own time."
 And Annie could have wept for pity of him;

And yet she held him on delayingly 465
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
Till half another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crost, 470
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;
Some that she but held off to draw him on;
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
As simple folk that knew not their own minds ; 475
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish ;
But evermore the daughter prest upon her 480
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan ; and all these things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced 485
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign, " my Enoch, is he gone ? "
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light, 490
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her ringer on the text,
" Under the palm-tree." That was nothing to her :
No meaning there : she closed the Book and slept: 495
When lo ! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun :
" He is gone," she thought, " he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms 500

Whereof the happy people strowing cried,
¹ Hosanna in the highest!" " Here she woke,
 Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him,
 " There is no reason why we should not wed."
 " Then for God's sake," he answer'd, " both our sakes, 505
 So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
 But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path, 510
 She knew not whence ; a whisper on her ear,
 She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
 Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
 What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often
 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch, 515
 Fearing to enter : Philip thought he knew :
 Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
 Being with child : but when her child was born,
 Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
 Then the new mother came about her heart, 520
 Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch ? prosperously sail'd
 The Ship *Good Fortune*, tho' at setting forth
 The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook 525
 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext
 She slipt across the summer of the world,
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
 She passing thro' the summer world again, 530
 The breath of heaven came continually
 And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
 Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
 Quaint monsters for the market of those times, 535
 A golded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage : at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows : 540
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them ; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of " breakers " came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all 545
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance, 550
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut, 555
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy, 560
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem ;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell 565
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning, " wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes, 570
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,

The lustre of the long convolvuluses
 That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
 Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
 And glories of the broad belt of the world, 575
 All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
 He could not see, the kindly human face,
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef, 580
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge, 585
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:
 No sail from day to day, but every day
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
 The blaze upon the waters to the east; 590
 The blaze upon his island overhead ;
 The blaze upon the waters to the west;
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail. 595

There often as he watch'd or seein'd to watch,
 So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
 A phantom made of many phantoms moved
 Before him haunting him, or he himself
 Moved haunting people, things and places, known 600
 Far in a darker isle beyond the line ;
 The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
 The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
 The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
 The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill 605
 November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
 And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away— 610
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere 615
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own, 620
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the *Good Fortune*, from her destined course, 625
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay :
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away 630
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it seem'd, 635
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what: and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue 640
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand ;
Whom, when their casks were fill'd, they took aboard :
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listened to it: 645
And clothes they gave him and free passage home;

But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
 His isolation from him. None of these
 Came from his county, or could answer him,
 If question'd, aught of what he cared to know. 650
 And dull the voyage was with long delays,
 The vessel scarce seaworthy ; but evermore
 His fancy fled before the lazy wind
 Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
 He like a lover down thro' all his blood 655
 Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
 Of England, blown across her ghostly wall:
 And that same morning officers and men
 Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
 Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it: 660
 Then moving up the coast they landed him,
 Ev'n in that harbour whence he said before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
 But homeward—home—what home ? had he a home ?
 His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon, 665
 Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,
 Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
 Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;
 Cut off the length of highway on before,
 And left but narrow breadth to left and right 670
 Of wither'd holt or tiltfi or pasturage.
 On the nigh-naked tree the Robin piped
 Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
 The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down :
 Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom ; 675
 Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
 Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
 His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home 680
 Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
 In those far-off seven happy years were born;
 But finding neither light nor murmur there

(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle), crept
Still downward thinking, " dead or dead to me ! " 685

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone ; but he was gone 690
Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days. 695

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Not let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
So broken—all the story of his house. 700
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child : and o'er his countenance 705
No shadow past, nor motion : any one,
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller : only when she closed,
" Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,"
He, shaking his gray head pathetically, 710
Repeated muttering " cast away and lost; "
Again in deeper inward whispers, " lost! "

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;
" If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy." So the thought 715
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;

There did a thousand memories roll upon him, 720
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
 The bird of passage, till he madly strikes 725
 Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
 The latest house to landward ; but behind,
 With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
 Flourished a little garden square and wali'd : 730
 And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
 A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
 Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
 But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
 Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence 735
 That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
 Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
 Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth :
 And on the right hand of the hearth he saw 740
 Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
 Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
 And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
 A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
 Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand 745
 Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
 To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
 Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd :
 And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
 The mother glancing often toward her babe, 750
 But turning now and then to speak with him,
 Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
 And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
 His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe 755

Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,— 760
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom, 765
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found, 770
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug 775
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

" Too hard to bear ! why did they take me thence ?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That did'st uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness 780
A little longer ! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too ! must I not speak to these ?
They know me not. I should betray myself. 785
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again, 790

All down the long and narrow street he went
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
 " Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve 795
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
 Prayer from a living source within the will,
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul. " This miller's wife," 800
 He said to Miriam, " that you told me of,
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives ? "
 " Ay, ay, poor soul," said Miriam, " fear enow !
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
 Why, that would be her comfort; " and he thought, 805
 " After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
 I wait His time," and Enoch set himself,
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought 810
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
 Yet since he did but labour for himself, 815
 Work without hope, there was not life in it
 Whereby the man could live; and as the year
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually 820
 Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed,
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
 For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall 825
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach
 To save the life despaired of, than he saw
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all,

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
 On Enoch thinking, " after I am gone, 830
 Then may she learn I loved her to the last."
 He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said,
 " Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
 Before I tell you—swear upon the book
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead." 835
 " Dead," clamour'd the good woman, " hear him talk!
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
 " Swear," added Enoch sternly, " on the book."
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upn her, 840
 " Did you know Enoch Arden of this town ? "
 " Know him ? " she said ; " I knew him far away.
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
 Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her; 845
 " His head is low, and no man cares for him.
 I think I have not three days more to live;
 I am the man." At which the woman gave
 A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
 " You Arden, you ! nay,—sure he was a foot 850
 Higher than you be." Enoch said again,
 " My God has bow'd me down to what I am ;
 My grief and solitude have broken me;
 Nevertheless, know you that I am he
 Who married—but that name has twice been
 changed— 855
 I married her who married Philip Ray.
 Sit, listen." Then he told her of his voyage,
 His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
 His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
 And how he kept it. As the woman heard, 860
 Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
 While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
 To rush abroad all round the little haven,
 Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
 But awed and promise-bounden she forbore, 865
 Saying only, " See your bairns before you go !

Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied.

" Woman, disturb me not now at the last, 870
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again ; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her; 875
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her. 880
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come, 885
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood,
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be :
This hair is his : she cut it off and gave it, 890
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss : wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her : 895
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."

He ceased ; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again 900
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang. 905
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
Crying with a loud voice, " A sail! a sail!
I am saved; " and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port 910
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

XXI

BOADICEA

WHILE about the shore of Mona those Neronian legionaries
 Burnt and broke the grove and altar of the Druid and
 Druidess,
 Far in the East Boadicea, standing loftily charioted,
 Mad and maddening all that heard her in her fierce volubility,
 Girt by half the tribes of Britain, near the colony Cdmu-
 lodiine, 5
 Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters o'er a wild con-
 federacy,

" They that scorn the tribes and call us Britain's barbarous
 populaces,
 Did they hear me, would they listen, did they pity me sup-
 plicating ?
 Shall I heed them in their anguish ? shall I brook to be
 supplicated ?
 Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant! 10
 Must their ever-ravenging eagle's beak and talon annihilate us?
 Tear the noble heart of Britain, leave it gorily quivering ?
 Bark an answer, Britain's raven ! bark and blacken innumer-
 able,
 Blacken round the Roman carrion, make the carcase a
 skeleton
 Kite and kestrel, wolf and wolfkin, from the wilderness,
 wallow in it, 15
 Till the face of Bel be brighten'd, Taranis be propitiated.
 Lo their colony half-defended ! lo their colony, Camulodtine !

There the horde of Roman robbers mock at a barbarous
adversary.

There the hive of Roman liars worship a gluttonous emperor-
idiot.

Such is Rome, and this her deity : hear it, Spirit of Cassive-
latin! 20

" Hear it, Gods! the Gods have heard it, O Icenian, O
Coritanian !

Doubt not ye the Gods have answer'd, Catieuchlanian,
Trinobant.

These have told us all their anger in miraculous utterances,
Thunder, a flying fire in heaven, a murmur heard aerially,
Phantom sound of blows descending, moan of an enemy
massacred, 25

Phantom wail of women and children, multitudinous agonies.
Bloodily flow'd the Tamesa rolling phantom bodies of horses
and men;

Then a phantom colony smoulder'd on the refluent estuary ;
Lastly yonder yester-even, suddenly giddily tottering—

There was one who watch'd and told me—down their statue
of Victory fell. 30

Lo their precious Roman bantling, lo the colony Camulodiine,
Shall we teach it a Roman lesson ? shall we care to be pitiful ?
Shall we deal with it as an infant ? shall we dandle it
amorously ?

" Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trino-
bant!

While I roved about the forest, long and bitterly medi-
tating, 35

There I heard them in the darkness, at the mystical ceremony,
Loosely robed in flying raiment, sang the terrible prophet-
esses.

' Fear not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery parapets !
Tho' the Roman eagle shadow thee, tho' the gathering
enemy narrow thee,

Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou shalt be the
mighty one yet! 40

Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to be
celebrated,
Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable,
Thine the lands of lasting summer, many-blossoming Para-
dises,
Thine the North and thine the South and thine the battle-
thunder of God.'
So they chanted: how shall Britain light upon auguries
happier ? 45
So they chanted in the darkness, and there cometh a victory
now.

Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trino-
bant!
Me the wife of rich Prasutagus, me the lover of liberty,
Me they seized and me they tortured, me they lash'd and
humiliated,
Me the sport of ribald Veterans, mine of ruffian violators ! 50
See they sit, they hide their faces, miserable in ignominy !
Wherefore in me burns an anger, not by blood to be satiated.
Lo the palaces and the temple, lo the colony Cdmulodune !
There they ruled, and thence they wasted all the flourishing
territory,
Thither at their will they haled the yellow-ringleted Briton-
ess— 55
Bloodily, bloodily fall the battle-axe, unexhausted, in-
exorable.
Shout Icenian, Catieuchlanian, shout Coritanian, Trinobant,
Till the victim hear within and yearn to hurry precipitously
Like the leaf in a roaring whirlwind, like the smoke in a
hurricane whirl'd.
Lo the colony, there they rioted in the city of Ciinobeline ! 60
There they drank in cups of emerald, there at tables of ebony
lay,
Rolling on their purple couches in their tender effeminacy.
There they dwelt and there they rioted ; there—there—they
dwell no more.
Burst the gates, and burn the palaces, break the works of
the statuary,

Take the hoary Roman head and shatter it, hold it abomin-
able, 65
Cut the Roman boy to pieces in his lust and voluptuousness,
Lash the maiden into swooning, me they lash'd and humili-
ated,
Chop the breasts from off the mother, dash the brains of
the little ones out,
Up my Britons, on my chariot, on my chargers, trample
them under us."

So the Queen Boadicéi, standing loftily charioted, 70
Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling glances lioness-
like,
Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters in her fierce
volubility.
Till her people all around the royal chariot agitated,
Madly dash'd the darts together, writhing barbarous line-
ments,
Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they shiver in
January, 75
Roar'd as when the rolling breakers boom and blanch on the
precipices,
Yeird as when the winds of winter tear an oak on a pro-
montory.
So the silent colony hearing her tumultuous adversaries
Clash the darts and on the buckler beat with rapid unanimous
hand,
Thought on all her evil tyrannies, all her pitiless avarice, 80
Till she felt the heart within her fall and flutter tremulously,
Then her pulses at the clamouring of her enemy fainted away.
Out of evil evil flourishes, out of tyranny tyranny buds.
Ran the land with Roman slaughter, multitudinous agonies.
Perish'd many a maid and matron, many a valorous
legionary. 85
Fell the colony, city, and citadel, London, Verulam,
Camulodune.

NOTES

I

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

THE poem was published in 1830 and shows many of Tennyson's characteristics, besides marking the rise of a new poet. The influence of Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* is perceptible throughout the poem. "Every verse is a picture of a new reach of the river Tigris: the sound of every word is studied in them, so that the words in their varied sound should do the same office for the poetry that the various tones of colour do for a painting/" To achieve this, Tennyson used a number of "double-shotted" adjectives, chosen as much for their sound as for their meaning. It was a practice he often followed, though moderating its use in later years.

Line.

3. Cf. Milton, *Nativity Hymn*, xiv.—
"Time will run back and fetch the age of gold."
6. *Adownis* the O.E. *of dune*, off the hill.
7. *Bagdat*, or Bagdad, on the eastern bank of the Tigris, was the capital of the empire of the Caliphs.
fretted, formed into ornamental tracery. Cf. "fretted vault" in Gray's *Elegy*.
- II. *Haroun Alraschid* was a contemporary of Charlemagne and ruled over territories extending from Egypt to Khorassan. He was renowned for his bravery, magnificence, and patronage of literary men.
13. Tennyson says this passage means that the deeps were driven before the prow.

Line,

- 17-19. All three lines are instances of the Nominative Absolute.
23. *platan*, the Oriental plane-tree. It is called *clear-stemm'd* because the trunk runs up to some height before throwing out any branches.
26. *sluiced*, from Low Latin, *exclusa*, a flood-gate. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 701, 702—
 " Veins of liquid fire
 Sluic'd from the lake."
34. A motion from the river caused a ripple on the surface of the canal.
37. A night caused by the shadows of the trees in addition to the actual night.
40. Cf. *Lotos-Eaters*, 18.
64. *tiars*. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, in. 625 : diadems.
70. *bulbul*, the Persian thrush, celebrated in Persian poetry as the nightingale is in English.
76. *flattering*, beautifying. Cf. Shakespeare, *Sonnet xxxiii*,
 " Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye/
 and *Aylmer's Field*, 175.
78. Notice the accented monosyllable.
81. The light suddenly streaming from the palace windows.
84. *counter change*, a heraldic term meaning an intermixture of colours. Cf. *In Memoriam*, LXXXIX. i, 2—
 " Witch elms that counterchange the floor
 Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright."
95. as though I were asleep.
103. *stilly*, poetic for *still*. Cf. *dully* for *dull* in *Palace of Art*, 275.
- III. *unawares*, unconsciously. An adverbial genitive: cf. *needs*.
114. The Pavilion of Pictures in the garden of Haroun Alraschid. "*The Caliphat*" is the empire or government of the Caliphs.
123. To the four elements Aristotle added a fifth—the

Line.

quinta essentia, the fifth essence or nature, the purest of all.

127. Why *moonèd* ?

134. " Nouredin, the fair Persian," in *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

146. *ore*, here used for the gold it contains. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 170, " new-spangled ore."

148. *diaper'd*, embroidered : from Old Fr. *diaspre*, a jasper; hence lit. " ornamented with jasper stones."

II

ÆNONE

The poem was published in 1832, but was practically rewritten when republished in 1842. (Enone was the daughter of the river-god Kebren, and was married to Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy, but was deserted by him for Helen, wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta. On the marriage of Peleus, Eris, the goddess of Strife, threw a golden apple " for the fairest " among the gods, in anger at not being invited to the marriage-feast. The three great goddesses, Heré, Athenfc, and Aphrodité, came to Ida that Paris might judge whose the apple should be, and he awarded it to Aphrodite. Then followed the rape of Helen from Sparta, and the Trojan War, during which he lived with Helen in Troy. At last, fatally wounded by the arrow of Pyrrhus, he came again to Ida to ask Ænone to heal his wound; but she refused, and Paris returned to Troy and died. Ænone quickly repented and hurried after him with remedies, but too late. In her grief she threw herself into the flames of the pyre on which his body was burnt (see *The Death of Ænone*).

In this, as in many other poems, Tennyson takes an ancient theme and gives it continual touches and variations which arise from modern life. " In *Ænone* he lays down that which in all his poetry and in his character also was one of the first of thoughts to him, not only the foundation of life, and

government, of true power, and, in the end, of beauty, but also the root of the glory and strength of England as he wished her to be " (S. Brooke). The scenery of this poem is really drawn from the valley of Caunteretz in the Pyrenees.

Line.

1. *Ida* was the mountain chain in Mysia, the southern boundary of Troas. Its highest peak was Gargarus.
- 2, *Ionia*, the district next to Mysia.
- 14-15. Cf. *Demeter*, 73, "forlorn of man," and *Paradise Lost*, x. 921, "forlorn of thee."
22. Several rivers had their source in *Ida*.
27. *cicala*, a species of grasshopper. In Plato's *Phadrus* Socrates gives the legend of the *cicalas*. See also Theocritus, *Idyls*, xvi,—
 " When the *cicala* at noon,
 Shunning the shepherd, chirps on a twig of a tree."
36. Why are some snakes said to be crowned? Cf. "basilisk," which means literally "little king."
40. Cf. *Tithonus*, 63. A similar tale is told of the walls of Thebes, which rose to the music of Amphion's lyre. See also *Gareth and Lynette*, 254-257—
 " And Fairy Queens . . .
 . . . each with harp in hand,
 And built it to the music of their harps."
51. *Simois* and *Scamander* were the two rivers of the plain of Troy, rising in Mount *Ida*.
- 56-57. Stars grow pale and white at dawn. Cf. *Gemini*, and *Enid*, 734—
 " The white and glittering star of morn."
60. Cf. rainbow. The sun shining on the drops of the cataract causes prismatic colours. Cf. *Sea fairies*, 28—
 " The rainbow hangs on the falling wave,"
65. The gardens of the *Hesperides* were supposed to be on an island in the far west. The *Hesperides* were the daughters of Night who, with the help of sleepless dragon, guarded the tree of golden apple

Line.

66. Ambrosia was the food of the gods, as nectar was their drink (from Grk. *ἄμβροτος*, Skt. *amrita* = immortal).
72. *Oread* or mountain-nymph.
74. The Greeks and Romans much admired eye-brows which met across the forehead. Tennyson's own note is : ^a *married brows*, meeting eye-brows."
78. *full-faced* means "not a face being absent/" or perhaps alluding to the majestic presence of the gods. Cf. *Palace of Art*, 163, "large-brow'd Verulam," and *Lotos-Eaters*, 7—
" Full-faced above the valley stood the moon."
81. *Iris*, the messenger of the gods, is called " swift of foot " by Homer.
83. *Here*, the wife of Zeus, is Queen of Heaven ; *Pallas Athenb*, the daughter of Zeus, is the goddess of wisdom; *Aphrodite* is the goddess of love and beauty.
94. Alluding to the flame-shaped petals, as well as to the colour, of the crocus. Cf. *The Progress of Spring*—
" The ground flame of the crocus breaks the mould."
95. *amaracus*, the aromatic marjoram.
asphodel, see *Lotos-Eaters*, 170.
96. *lotos*, a kind of water-lily.
102. The peacock was sacred to Here.
105. the voice of Here.
112. Cf. *Lear*, I. i. 68—
" Champains riched with plenteous rivers."
120. Here offers to satisfy the thirst for power, which, she asserts, is the aim of all men. But this power proceeds from wisdom, and so what she offers is mental force.
"True power was never born of brutish strength," says Lowell (*Prometheus*).
126. Paris was exposed in his infancy on the mountains, owing to a prophecy that he should bring ruin to Troy. Some shepherds, however, brought him up, and his father Priam at last acknowledged him.

Line.

- 129-130. See *Odyssey*, vi. 42-45, "Not by winds is it shaken, nor ever wet with rain, nor doth the snow come nigh thereto, but most clear air is spread about it cloudless, and the white light floats over it" ; *Lotos-Eaters*, 155-159 ; and Lucretius, *DC Rerum Natura*, in. 18, "peaceful abodes, which neither the winds shake nor clouds soak with showers, nor does the snow congealed with biting frost besmirk them with its white fall, but an ever cloudless sky vaults them over."
137. *O'er thwarted*, crossed—frequently used by Chaucer. Cf. *Troilus and Criseyde*, in. 685.
- 135-140. Pallas, as goddess of purity and wisdom, stands out white and colourless in contrast to the rosy beauty of Aphrodite.
- 142-148. Pallas answers the arguments of Here. The aim of life is not to have authority over others, but mastery over self. This achieved, the former will come uncalled-for. The great reward is to live the noble life, regardless of consequences. Cf. *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, 201-205.
151. Addition of reward.
156. *Unbiased*. Bias means literally the weight on one side of a bowl, which turns it from the straight course.
160. Invigorated by her influence, he will be fitted for a life of action, and his will, tempered by experience, will at length find that the rule of duty is really perfect freedom.
170. *Aphrodite* means "foam-born." Idalium was a town in Cyprus sacred to Aphrodite, and after her birth she was said to have first landed at Paphos, the capital of Cyprus.
171. *wells*, waters that have issued from a well-spring, whether of fresh water or sea-water (Bradley). Cf. *In Memoriam*, x. 17.
- Paphian*. Paphos, sacred to Aphrodite, was on the S.W. extremity of Cyprus.

Line.

174. *Ambrosial*, often applied by Homer to the hair of the gods ; it means " of heavenly beauty."

180. Her sly smile showed she knew what kind of gift would tempt Paris.

183. Helen.

195. *pard*, leopard. Cf. *As You Like It*, n. vii. 1. 150—
" Bearded like the pard."

Belief in the power of beauty, or more often, of chastity, to tame wild beasts, is often expressed by poets, ancient and modern. Cf. Aphrodite, with her wolves grisly grey and leopards swift, in the Homeric Hymn ; also Una and her lion in *The Faery Queen*, and the Princess with her two leopards.

204. To make ships for Paris' expedition to Sparta.

208. *callow*, unfledged.

210. Homer calls Ida " mother of wild beasts."

215. How may the stars be said to tremble, and why do they ? Cf. *On a Mourner*, vi. 3—
" Thro' silence and the trembling stars."

220. Eris.

244. She has a presentiment that she will in far-away time hold her lover's life in her hands, and refuse to give it back to him : " my far-off doubtful purpose." See *Death of CEnone*.

254. The laughter of Helen and Paris.

259. *Cassandra*, the daughter of Priam, was given by Apollo the gift of prophecy. But, to punish her for not returning his love, Apollo ordained that no man should believe what she prophesied. It is implied here that she knew of the coming fate of Troy.

III

THE LOTOS-EATERS

The poem was published in 1832, but very extensively altered for the edition of 1842. After the fall of Troy the

Greek heroes attempted to make their way home. But the wrath of the Gods pursued them, and in the *Odyssey* we read that Ulysses, among other adventures, came to the land of the Lotos-eaters, who gave his companions to eat of the lotos. "And whoso ate of the honey-sweet fruit of the lotos, would not bring me word nor come again; but would fain abide there with the Lotos-eaters, eating the lotos, and forget their journey" (*Odyssey*, *IK*. 82 ff.).

There is no description in Homer of the country, but Tennyson has painted a wonderful landscape, sympathising with and reflecting human feeling. So the air is languid, the streams fall in "slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn," the snow on the peaks is very old, the waves curve tenderly upon the shore, and the very sounds of Nature are hushed into dreamy forgetfulness. The poet may have found suggestions in Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* and in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, n. vi. (the description of the *Idle Lake*).

The poem gives expression to that mood of weary disgust in which doubts will force themselves upon us whether life has any prize to offer worth all the toil and trouble. "Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things? Death is the end of life, why then should life be labour?"

The antithesis to the poem is found in *Ulysses*,

Line,

i. *he*, Ulysses.

8. *smoke*. Cf. *The Princess*—

"wreaths of dangling water-smoke."

9. Note the poet's faculty of making word and rhythm an echo of the sense. The three caesuras, or reciting pauses, give the steady fall and plash of the stream. The image is said to have been suggested by the fall of Gavarine in the Pyrenees.

18. *Up-clomb*. Clomb is O.E. preterite of climb.

21. *down*, from O.E. *dun*, a hill.

23. *galingale*, a sweet-smelling tropical marsh plant of the papyrus species.

32-33. Before eating of the lotos the sound of the waves had reminded them of Ithaca and home.

Line.

, CHORIC SONG

(A song sung by the whole company)

53-56. Notice the effect of the four-fold rhyme.

66. Cf. *Macbeth*—

" the innocent sleep . . . balm of hurt minds."

68. The Lotos-eaters quote the sayings of the philosophers to their purpose : to the Stoics the highest good was the state of passionless serenity.

78. *waxing*, from Ger. *wachsen* and Lat. *vigor*.86. Cf. i Cor. xv. 32, "Let us eat and drink: for tomorrow we die." For the antithesis to this see *Ulysses*, 51—" Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done."95. Cf. *St. Agnes' Eve*—

" Still creeping with the creeping hours " ;

Palace of Art—

" Mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering sod."

106. *crisping*, from Lat. *crispus*, curled.

107. A masterly handling of vowel-tones.

109, *melancholy*. Derived from Gk. μέλας, black ; χόλος, gall, anger. Originally a disease supposed to proceed from excess of black bile. Then a kind of madness, in which the mind is always fixed on one object. Hence gloom or pensiveness. Cf. 77 *Penseroso*—" Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure."

113, The Greeks burned their dead and preserved the ashes in urns of gold or brass.

117. The hearth was the symbol of family life and affection. Cf. *In Memoriam*, xc.—" Could the dead, whose dying eyes
Were closed with wail, resume their life,
They would but find in child and wife
An iron welcome when they rise.

.

Line.

- The hard heir strides about their lands,
And will not yield them for a day."
120. In *Odyssey*, i., we read of the island princes who were wearying Penelope, the faithful wife of Ulysses, with their offers of marriage, and were eating of his substance.
124. *the little isle*, Ithaca.
133. *amaranth*, the purple flower of legend which never faded. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, in. 354, "immortal amaranth." *moly*, the magical white flower with the black root, which Hermes gave to Ulysses to counteract the potion of Circe. Cf. *Comus*, 636.
142. *acanthus*, a plant with graceful indented leaves, reproduced in the capital of Corinthian pillars.
148. A striking instance of the poet's genius in the use of "hollow oes and aes."
alley, a lane or avenue. Cf. *Comus*, 311—
"I know each lane and every alley green."
- 149-173. The metre now becomes trochaic, with the accent on the first syllable of each foot: some lines have six, some seven feet, with an extra syllable. Again note the poet's power of suiting the sound to the sense, as he depicts the Lotos-eaters throwing off their lethargy for a moment to accuse the Gods of cruel indifference to mankind, and to state their resolve to wander no more.
152. Note the alliterative compound.
164. Cf. *Macbeth*, v. v. 26—
"a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."
169. Elysium was the Greek heaven, where the souls of the virtuous went after death.
170. *asphodel*, the lily that grew in the fields of Elysium. Cf. *Odyssey*, XL 538—
"The spirit of the swift-footed Achilles roamed
With great strides over the asphodel meadow."

IV

THE PALACE OF ART

The poem was first published in 1832, but for the edition of 1842 underwent considerable alteration. As the poet explains in the preface, it is a sort of allegory. When Tennyson and Archbishop Trench were at Cambridge together, the latter remarked once, "Tennyson, we cannot live in art"; and the poet at a later date said this poem was an embodiment of his own belief that "the Godlike life is with man and for man." Here then we have a picture of a being possessed of the highest intellectual powers, who resolves to spend life in the contemplation of beauty and in aesthetic refinement. For this purpose he deems it necessary to build a lordly pleasure-house, to store it with all manner of works of art and to surround it with all the beautiful devices of Nature. Here he may live in seclusion, apart from the race of men. But such a course is contrary to Nature, for "he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be Shut out from Love," and find himself cut off from human sympathies. At length the Soul sees that it is only by descending from her intellectual throne that she can hope to share in the high destinies of Mankind.

"Make me a cottage in the vale," she says, "where I may mourn and pray" : "yet pull not down my palace towers," for when the Soul has learnt her lesson she may return and use the palace one day for the love of God and man.

It is the old story, that if we have not charity we are nothing. Bacon teaches the same lesson, and also Mrs. E. B. Browning in *The Poet's Vow*. It may be compared, too, with Browning's *Easter Day*, in which the Soul is taught that it is Hell to be alone, for without God the meaning of everything is gone ; and the man, to whom the whole world of Nature and beauty was given, begs again for the old life of struggle and want.

"This is Tennyson's confession of the duties of his art, and of the law of its practice : and it is characteristic of the

conclusion of the poem that now for the first time he begins that poetry of common human life, of the daily love of child and fover and wife and father and mother, of the ordinary sorrows and joys of men and women, which he wove all his life long with so much sweetness, tenderness and power, in homespun thread and colour, that there is no class, of whatever rank and knowledge, who will not take pleasure in it for all time, who will not love him for it " (S. Brooke).

The framework of the poem was suggested by Ecclesiastes ii. 1-17.

PREFACE

Line.

18. This may refer to an old Asiatic legend that the angels in sorrow took part in the creation of Man.

THE POEM

3. *carouse*, from German *gar am*, right out; used of emptying a bumper to anyone's health. Cf. the words of the rich fool, St. Luke xii. 19.
15. Saturn is about seven hundred times the size of the earth, and rotates on its axis in about ten and a half hours. The shadow of this whirling mass on its rings, however, shows no more motion than does a "sleeping" top.
20. Note the alliterative compound here and elsewhere in the poem.
21. The culture was to be perfectly symmetrical: no branch of art was to be neglected.
26. The pillars supporting the roofs of the cloisters parted into branches, like trees.
30. *verge*, often used by Tennyson to mean "horizon": *Princess*, VII 23, "the slope of sea from verge to shore," and also iv. 29, "below the verge." Derived from Lat. *virga*, a rod of office; hence the limits in which an office is exercised. From the law-term *verge* (=limit, circuit, circle) the sense of "edge," "boundary," "horizon," naturally follows.
- 33-36. Ci. *Lotos-Eaters*, 8-13, and *Ænone*, 60.

Line.

37. Cf. *The Daisy*, 65, the "statued pinnacles" of Milan Cathedral.

50. The picture is of Gothic windows deep set in the wall, with their arches intersecting and carried up to pinnacles like mountain-peaks.

61. *arras*, tapestry, from Arras in North France, where it was first made.

64. *bugle*, derived from Fr. *bugla*, a wild ox; Lat. *buculus*, dim. of *bos*.

These stanzas represent the scenes in the different rooms, each fit for some mood or change of soul.

80. The wind exposes the white under-side of the olive-leaf. Cf. *In Memoriam*, LXXII. 3, "blasts that blow the poplar white," and *Lady of Shalott*, 10, "Willows whiten."

83. Why "scornful" crags?

85. A picture of one of the Homes of England.

87. *Softer than sleep*. Cf. Theocritus, *Idyls*, xv. 125, "Bright carpets above, softer than sleep/" and Virgil, *Eclog.* vii. 45, "Mossy springs and grass softer than sleep"; also *Lotos-Eaters*, Choric Song, 5, 6.

95. Cf. 1. 26. *sardonyx*, from Sardis, where the stone was first found, and Gk. *ovof*, a nail, its colour resembling that of a finger-nail.

99. St. Cecilia, who is said to have invented the organ, was martyred in 220 A.D. Tradition relates that her music was so sweet as to lure an angel from heaven, and that at night he brought her white flowers of Paradise. See Dryden's *Song for St. Cecilia's Day*.

102. *Houris*, virgins, who, according to the Koran, wait on the Faithful Mohammedan in Paradise.

103. *Islam*, an Arabic word meaning "obedience to God's will."

105. Arthur, according to Malory, was the son of Uther Pendragon, king of England, and Igraine, the wife of the Duke of Cornwall. See *The Coming of Arthur* and *The Passing of Arthur* for his last

Line.

voyage under the care of the three Queens to Avalon. (Avalon or Avilion, from Breton *aval*, an apple. The idea corresponds to the classical Islands of the Blest; cf. *Ulysses*, 63.)

in. Ausonia was the ancient name of Campania in Italy, but was used by Virgil to denote the whole country. The reference is to Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, who was instructed by the wood-nymph Egeria in the arts of government.

115. *Cama*, or *Camadeo*, the Hindoo Cupid or God of Love. He is often represented as sailing across the sky on a parrot.

Sailed a summer means "sailed over a summer landscape." Cf. "to sail the sea."

117. Zeus, in the form of a gentle bull, was said to have carried off the beautiful maiden Europa.

121. *Ganymede*, a beautiful boy, was carried off from Troy by the eagle of Zeus that he might be cup-bearer to the gods. See Titian's "Rape of Ganymede" in the National Gallery.

126. *Caucasian*, or Indo-European, the most cultured of the great races of mankind.

127. *i.e.*, expressing some great natural truth.

133-140. Note how well the descriptions suit the four poets; Milton, the poet of lofty and sustained eloquence; Shakespeare, the poet of humanity; Dante, the sad exile-poet; Homer, the aged father of poetry.

148. The mosaic was so wrought that it would not decay.

149-156. These lines may describe France under the Monarchy, the Revolution, and the Republic.

153. *athlete* probably denotes the vigorous Republic.

159. *Oriels*, literally "windows in recesses"; from Low Lat, *aureolum*, "ornamented with gold," recesses in large windows being often profusely gilded.

161,162. The two faces were painted on the glass of the topmost windows. Francis Bacon was created Baron Verulam in 1618.

Line.

167. *blazorid*, from French *blason*, a coat of arms or shield. Cf. *In Memoriam*, LXXXVII. 8—
 "The prophet blazon'd on the panes."
171. *Memnon*, king of Ethiopia, was slain by Achilles in the Trojan War. The Greeks supposed the great statue of King Amenoptis at Thebes was in his honour. At sunrise the statue was supposed to issue musical sounds. Cf. Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination*, I. 109-113.
179. The Soul is represented as being in complete possession of all secrets, of all knowledge.
186. *anadems*, circlets or festoons, from Gk. ἀνάδημα, a headband.
187. *quintessences*, the purest extracts. The fifth essence was supposed to be the purest matter: it flew upward at the Creation, and out of it the stars were made.
- 190-192. I wonder if my aesthetic enjoyment of beauty is capable of further extension.
193. *my various eyes*, my different moods.
197. Cf. the isolated state of the Gods, heedless of mankind, in the *Lotos-Eaters*.
199. The Soul's attitude towards mankind.
201. *slough*, from Ger. *schlucken*, to swallow up; hence a miry place which would swallow anything up.
prurient, lit. "itching."
207. The Soul regards the higher instincts and desires of Man as peculiarly her own.
- 209-210. The Soul finally claims as her own the results of human progress, and declares herself emancipated from all religious belief.
219. Acts xii. 21-23.
223. This line seems to owe something to a phrase of Hallam (*Remains*, p. 132):
 "the abysmal secrets of personality."
227. The writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast; see Dan. v.

Line.

- 237-256, The palace once so beautiful is now haunted by the ghosts of corruption and decay. The Soul seems now cut off from life, from progress, like a star withdrawn from its place in the universe.
248. Cf. " one far-off divine event
To which the whole Creation moves "
(*In Memoriam*, Conclusion).
- 252, Why " moon-led " ?
253. The motions of the planets are often represented under the metaphors of song and dance. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, v. 177, 178.
255. *Circumstance*, the surrounding sphere of the Heavens. The Ptolemaic astronomy describes the universe as scooped out of chaos. Cf. Browning, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*—
" He fixed thee 'mid this dance of plastic circumstance."
257. The scorpion stinging itself to death was the emblem of conscience, Cf. *Last Tournament*, 450—
" The scorpion-worm that twists in hell,
And stings itself to everlasting death."
261. Cf. *Lotos-Eaters*, 95 ; *In Memoriam*, xi. 19, 20.
275. The Soul gradually becomes conscious of the human world outside.
283. The Soul cannot see as yet how she is to live out her life in this new world.
295. This is a vision of the future when the splendours of Culture shall be dedicated to the service of others. There is a reasonable use of intellectual and aesthetic pleasures, though they are sometimes abused.



A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

The poem was first published in 1833, but was much revised in nearly every edition between 1833 and 1853. It is a poem remarkable for its pictorial art and splendour of description.

Line.

2. Chaucer wrote *The Legend of Good Women*, celebrating nine heroines of ancient history, but Cleopatra is the only one common to the two poems.
3. Cf. Wycliffe, "the morning-star of the Reformation."
5. *Dan* is the Spanish *Don*, from Lat. *Dominus*: a title of honour, and afterwards, as here, applied familiarly. Cf. Spenser, *Faery Queen*, IV. ii. 32—
 "Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled."
21. Note how the line re-echoes the sense.
27. *tortoise*. The name applied to the formation sometimes adopted by Roman soldiers when attacking a town. The soldiers locked their shields together over their heads, thus forming a solid protection for themselves.
34. *Scaffolds, sheets of water*, suggest the fate of some unhappy women.
36. *seraglios*, harems. "Harem" means the female members of the family of a Mohammedan, especially his wives.
- 49-52. His thoughts gradually lose their distinctiveness and become merged in one another.
- 61-64. The dim twilight of dawn in the forest. Tennyson's own note on this is: "This stanza refers to the early past. How magnificently old Turner would have painted it!"
71. *lush*, cognate with *luscious* (Spenser's spelling of *luscious*), *lusty*. Cf. *Tempest*, n. i. 52—
 "How lush and lusty the grass looks!"
84. The author explains this to mean "the furthest limit going backwards," *i.e.* the beginning.
87. Helen was the daughter of Zeus and Leda. Greek writers often represent tallness as a great beauty in women: cf. Homer, *passim*.
98. Cf. Marlowe, *Faustus*—
 "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships,
 And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"
100. *one*, Iphigeneia, the daughter of Agamemnon, the

Line.

leader of the Greek army in the Trojan War. She was sacrificed by her father to appease Artemis, who was detaining the fleet at Aulis on its way to Troy.

115. *bright death*, a bold and successful substitution of the effect for the cause: so Virgil uses *vulnus* for *gladius*.

124. Line 131 explains this line.

126. Cleopatra, queen of Egypt. Mark Antony repudiated Octavia for her, and the battle of Actium followed (B.C. 31), in which he was defeated by Augustus. Hearing that Cleopatra was dead, he stabbed himself, but was carried to her and died in her arms. She then tried to fascinate Augustus ("that cold-blooded Caesar"), but, not succeeding, she poisoned herself to deprive him of the glory of carrying her as a captive in his triumph.

127. Tennyson says *swarthy* means merely "sunburnt." "I should not have spoken of her breast as 'polished silver' if I had not known her as a white woman. I know perfectly well that she was a Greek."¹

- 130, 131. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. ii. 240, 241—
"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

141. Cf. Milton's *Sonnet to Cromwell*—
"on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies."

145. *Libyan*, i.e. African or Egyptian.

146. *Canopus*, a brilliant star of the first magnitude.

150. *My Hercules*, my great hero. There is also a reference to Antony's fondness for imitating Hercules, from whom he claimed to be descended.

151. *Bacchus*, the god of wine and revels.

155. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. ii. 243—
"the pretty worm of Nilus."

160. *aspick* is a form of the Old Fr. *aspe* (Gk. ἀσπίς). Shakespeare also uses *aspick*.

161. See the description of her death in *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. ii. 283-331.

Line.

179. The cock. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, vn. 443—

" the crested cock whose clarion sounds
The silent hours."

181-188. Note the melody of diction in these two stanzas—
the broad vowels and liquid consonants.

194. Jephthah's daughter (Judg. xi.).

213, 214. I shall bear no son to remove from me the Jewish
reproach of being childless.

220. *battled*, from Old Fr. *embastiller*, to furnish with forti-
fications.

231. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, in. ii. 13—

" Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

238. Judg. xi. 33.

243. *Thrid* is a doublet of " thread." Cf. *In Memoriam*,
xcvii. 21—

" He thrids the labyrinth of the mind."

boskage, bushes. Cf. *Tempest*, iv. i. 81, " my bosky
acres " ; *Comus*, 313, " every bosky bourn."

251. *Rosamond* was the mistress of Henry II., and was
possibly poisoned by Queen Eleanor. See Tenny-
son's *Becket*.

255. *dragon*, literally " seeing-one," i.e. " sharp-sighted
one," from Gk. *δέρκομαι*, I see.

259. *Fulvia* was Antony's first wife, so that *Fulvia* was
to Cleopatra what Eleanor was to Rosamond:
" You should have clung to *your Fulvia*."

263. *captain*, the morning star, Venus, which presided
over his dreams.

266. Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More,
after her father's unjust execution in 1535, got
his head taken down from London Bridge, kept it
as a sacred relic, and died with it in her hands.

267. *Joan of Arc*, the French heroine who defeated the
English in 1428 and got Charles VII. crowned
at Rheims. She was burnt as a witch at Rouen
in 1431.

271, Eleanor of Castile, wife of Edward I., is said to have
saved his life by sucking the poison from the
wound made by a Saracen assassin (1272). She

Line.

died near Lincoln in 1290, and Edward raised a cross wherever her body rested on its way to Westminster (*e.g.* Charing Cross).

275. *glimpses*, glitters.

285-288. Words, like herbs, though chosen with the greatest care, sometimes fail to bring relief to the fever-stricken mind.

VI

ST. AGNES' EVE

The poem was published under the title *St. Agnes* in 1837, and is a pendant to *Sir Galahad*. St. Agnes was a young Roman girl, martyred under Diocletian. There is a tradition, on which Keats founded his *Eve of St. Agnes*, that a maiden who fasted on the vigil of this day might obtain a vision of her destined lover. The poem puts into St. Agnes' mouth the raptures of a pure spirit yearning for the Beatific Vision and for closer communion with God. The poem of Keats influenced Tennyson's work.

Line.

6. *sward* originally meant skin, rind, or covering. Green-sward is the grassy covering of the land. Cf. Ger. *Schwarte*, rind, skin, bark.

7, Cf. *Lotos-Eaters*, 95.

21. Cf. *Sir Galahad*, 73.

35. Cf. Rev. iv. 6: "the sea of glass like unto crystal."

VII

ULYSSES

The poem was published in 1842, and is the best of the classical poems. It was written, says Tennyson, soon after the death of Arthur Hallam (probably in 1833), and "gave my feeling about the need of going forward and braving

his wife could not bear the unaccustomed pomp of her position, and died after three years, " sinking under the burden of an honour unto which she was not born."

Line.

45. It has been said that there is hardly a great house in England of which the characteristic is more distinctly magnificence than Burleigh House.

88. She was seventeen when she married, and only twenty-four when she died. She bore him four children, not three as in the text: the two eldest at Boles, and two others when she was Countess of Exeter.

IX

ST. SIMEON STYLITES

In this poem, which was published in 1842, we have a third type of saintliness. (See Note to *Sir Galahad*, p. 156.) Tennyson's attitude towards the ascetic life is that of Arthur in *The Holy Grail*. It is a life to which few are called and in which fewer still achieve any good. The story of St. Simeon, the Syrian shepherd who passed thirty years on the top of a lofty column, may be found in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, ch. xxxvii., and in Hone's *Every-Day Book*, vol. i. pp. 35-36. " The poem is a study of the type of the ascetic in its extreme. Nevertheless, so ably, so robustly, and yet so delicately is it done that its spirit and its qualities belong to the whole range of ascetics, from Stylites down to the slightest subduer of the flesh. . . . Rarely has Tennyson thrown himself more completely out of himself. Moreover . . . he does not make us dislike or despise the Saint. We touch the human soul of one whom we can pity, and even admire. Nearly forty years of that mad existence had not unmanned the ascetic altogether. To convey that impression was an excellent trait of art." (Stopford Brooke.)

Line.

2. *slough*, lit. the cast skin of a snake. Cf. Ger. *Schlauch*.

Line,

13. FitzGerald says Tennyson would read this poem aloud with grotesque grimness, especially at such passages as this, laughing aloud at times.
51. St. John is said to have been plunged into a cauldron of boiling oil. Tradition says Isaiah was sawn to death.
- 64, *noose*, from *nus* a Gascon word imported by sailors.
169. *Abaddon*, a Hebrew name meaning "Destruction." He is the angel of the bottomless pit in Rev. ix. II, and is identical with Asmodeus of Tobit iii. 8.
208. *spikenard*. Nard is a Persian word meaning an "unguent"; spikenard is nard furnished with spikes, in allusion to the mode of growth.

X

"YOU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT EASE"

This poem, together with *Of old sat Freedom on the heights* and *Love thou thy land*, was published in 1842. All three were written before 1834. It was a time of change: reform was in everyone's mouth, democratic ideas were in the air, and general unrest and riots were the result. In these three poems, which must be read together, we see Tennyson's position as that of a man who distrusts "lawless din" and fears

"lest over haste
Should fire the many wheels of change."

A strong English common sense, loyalty to the Constitution, and suspicion of anything too reactionary or subversive, led him to this position. And, "I should be very sorry to lose the ballast of the boat," says Stopford Brooke.

Line,

6. *sober-suited*. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, III. ii. II—
"Come, civil Night, thou sober-suited matron."
- ii. Bacon writes: "Men in their innovations should follow the example of time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived."

Line.

17. The tyranny of masses of men is what the poet here fears. Freedom may be threatened from below as well as from above. If this should be so, then, in spite of untold wealth, England would be no longer a place to live in.

XI

" OF OLD SAT FREEDOM "

- I. Cf. *L'Allegro*, 36—
" The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty."
Freedom is often the privilege of mountaineer peoples.
14. *isle-altar*, England.
15. Like Zeus with his *trisolca fulmina*, the thunderbolts.
The trident is put into the hand of Neptune, the Sea-God, and so into Britannia's hand.
24. Moderation is always the burden of Tennyson's themes. In politics he is a follower of Burke,

XII

" LOVE THOU THY LAND "

5. This stanza continues the description of true love.
Bacon writes : " It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn *upon* the poles of truth."
11. *herd* is the common people.
- 12, *sophister*, the old form of Sophist, a shallow reasoner who pretends to be wise.
12. Can deceive as birds are caught with lime.
- 13-16. Do not withhold education from the poor ; neither give them thoughts too difficult for them.
18. Let Reverence go before, for "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and " knowledge puffeth up."
22. Do not give way to Prejudice.
27. *guerdon*, here a verb; properly a noun, meaning recompense or reward: a hybrid word from Ger. *wieder* and Lat. *donum*.

Line,

29. saw, a saying, maxim. Cf. *As You Like It*, II. vii. 1. 156: "full of wise saws." [A.S. Saga, a saying.]
33. *That* is relative to *law* in line 32: *fall with life* means "fall in with life," "suit life." So Law, the fruit of Discussion, may be found to meet the needs of practical life and to be fair to all interests.
37. A parallel from Nature, who by clash of opposites produces the perfect living form. Cf. Bacon's Essay, *Of Innovations*; and for conducting the State after the example of Nature, see *The Progress of Spring*.
42. Cf. *Ulysses*, 23.
- 45-48. If a change comes, let it be of the nature of a joint rather than a breakage, working in continuity and sympathy with the past.
- 49-52. Whenever a new thought has been realised it has usually brought disturbances—a marriage-day of thunderstorms.
- 53-64. The process of growth is a period of pain. Dim phantoms of constitutions about to be born and of mighty inventions congregate in the darkness.
66. *the second whole* is the new order after the changes have been effected. But the changes must be slow, lest man's passions give rise to violence.
69. *idol-fires*, the fires of your political superstitions will be blown out and leave you only the ashes of humiliation.
76. *brazen bridge*, a Homeric phrase, which means the lane between two lines of battle: "the highways of the battle.;"
- 81-96. If what is new must bring violence in its train, the wise man will keep the peace where he can, work for the right and, if he has to use force, will do so firmly, once and for all. The new order will come, but it must not be hurried. Cf. for the whole conclusion *In Memoriam*, cxxvn.
83. The sword is ready, but not drawn.
- 87, 88. The new idea often brings the sword, but in the end there is a better order and peace.

Line.

95. *Earn*, in the original sense of "Reap"; cf. the Ger. *ernten*.

thrifty, transferred from the person to the thing;
cf. a feverish night.

XIII

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

This poem was published in 1832, but was greatly altered in the second edition of 1842 into the form in which it is here printed. It is the best of Tennyson's early attempts at handling the great Arthurian cycle. The picture—for it is nothing more or less—may have been founded upon an Italian romance. The poet sees the lonely maiden weaving her magic web in the lofty tower, doomed never to leave her work nor look out of the window. She sees the passers-by, however, in her mirror and avoids the curse till the coming of Lancelot. She then leaves her tower and floats down in her boat to Camelot, where she arrives just as she breathes her last.

"As to its meaning, folk have exhausted themselves to find it, and fruitlessly. It was never intended to have any special meaning. Tennyson was playing with his own imagination when he wrote it" (S. Brooke). It is a lyrical romance of a visionary land, and in beauty of sunlight and jewel-flash is rarely surpassed.

Shalott is Astolat according to Malory: others say Camelford.

PART I

Line,

3. *wold*. Cf. *weald* and M.E. *wold*, plain or open country.

5. *Camelot*, Arthur's capital, the city built "to music, therefore never built at all and therefore built for ever." Camelot is said by Caxton to be a town in Wales. Malory identifies it with Winchester. Others find it in Caerlon, in Queen's Camel in Somersetshire, and in Camelford. But the topography is almost wholly visionary.

Line.

10. *aspen*, properly an adjective formed from *asp*, the real name of the tree.

Notice in these lines the truth of the poet's descriptions of Nature.

PART II

56. *pad*, a horse with easy paces, suitable for riding along paths. From German *Pfad*=path; cf. roadster.
71. The key-words to the poem. The maid comes out of the region of shadows into the world of realities—but only to die.

PART III

84. *Galaxy*, the Milky Way (Gk. γάλα =milk).
87. *baldric*. From Old German *Balderich*, a belt.
98. *bearded*. The word *comet* means literally "with long hair"; Greek κομήτης. Cf. Gray's *Bard*—
"Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor——"

PART IV

Note the change from the bright sunlight of the previous picture.

129. Seeing the evil that is to come upon him.
In *Lancelot and Elaine* Tennyson adopts another version of the tale. In that poem it is the maid's unrequited love for Lancelot that causes her death.

XIV

SIR GALAHAD

The poem was published in 1842, and was, like *The Lady of Shalott*, one of Tennyson's earliest experiments in the Arthurian legend. It should be read with *St. Agnes' Eve* and *St. Simeon Stylites*, as each aims at presenting a certain type of character. It may also be regarded as a prelude to *The Holy Grail*. Sir Galahad, the son of Lancelot and

Elaine, is the ideal Christian knight: one who embraced the mediaeval doctrine of the peculiar sanctity of virginity and rode abroad "redressing human wrongs." He wandered forth with the rest of King Arthur's knights in the quest of the Holy Grail, but he alone was successful. He then prayed for death, and "a great multitude of angels beare his soul up to heaven." Tennyson drew his inspiration for the story from Malory's work on King Arthur, Book xvn.

Line

- i. *casques*, from Spanish *casco*.
3. *ten*, in English (as in Greek and Latin), is often used of an indefinite and considerable number. Cf. "Fierce as ten Furies" (*Paradise Lost*, n. 671); "Cursing like ten cannons" (*Lorna Doone*); "As proud as ten peacocks."
6. *brand*, from O.E. *By man*, to burn; so (i) a burning, (2) a fire-brand, (3) a sword, from its brightness.
9. *lists*, the ground enclosed for a tournament. From Old French *lis*, *lice*, a tilt-yard; and Low Latin *licia*, barriers.
16. *thrall*, a noun of Scandinavian origin meaning "slave." Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 837—
"How love makes young men thrall and old mendote."
25. Stopford Brooke says, "No one can speak too highly of verses like this one," and the two that follow it.
37. *mere*. Cf. Lat. *mare*, Ger. *Meer*, Fr. *mare*, Eng. *marsh*.
42. Tennyson's own note is: "'The Holy Grail' was originally the Holy Dish at the Last Supper, and is probably derived from *cratella*, a little bowl. Then it was said by some to be the dish in which Joseph of Arimathsea caught the blood of Christ as He hung on the cross: afterwards by others to be the cup of sacramental wine used at the Last Supper, and to have been brought by Joseph to England." To see the Holy Grail was the holiest wish of Arthur's knights. Perhaps Sir Bors and Sir Percival were successful as well as

Line.

Sir Galahad, but the eyes of the others were blinded by sin. For the story see Malory, xm.-xvii., and the Idyll, *The Holy Grail*.

47. As the glorious vision glides away into darkness.

69. Touched by the angel's hand his whole being seems etherealised.

75. Cf. *In Memoriam*, LXXXVII. 5-8.

77. Cf. *Henry VIII.*, HI. i—

"Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain-tops that freeze
Bow themselves, when he did sing."

78. Angel wings.

81. *grange*, a Lincolnshire word meaning farmhouse: originally a barn, from Lat. *granum*, corn.

XV

DORA

The poem, though written as early as 1835, was published in 1842. The story is partly borrowed, even to minute details, from a tale called *Dora Cresswell*, contained in *Our Village* by Miss Mitford. The latter part of the story is, however, Tennyson's own. The poem was the first of a series of poems, half idyllic, half dramatic, pictures of simple homely life, of which *Dora* is "a little masterpiece." A critic has said: "It contains literally not one similitude, not one metaphor, which might not be used in common discourse by shepherds and husbandmen. Its words are the current coin of our language. ... It must be a flinty heart indeed that can reach the end of *Dora* unmoved. The pathos is like that of the simple stories of the old Hebrew Bible—the story of Joseph or the story of Ruth." The style is modelled closely on that of the *Odyssey*.

Line.

41. *that was my son*. "was" implies "is no longer."

Cf. *Lear*, i. i. 123, "my sometime daughter."

55, 56. Blamed *Dora* as the cause of their estrangement

Line.

and for not having tried to reconcile them. The original story states that Dora had endeavoured to do so.

106. Such repetition is classical in origin. It is found also in Spenser and Milton.

129. Playing with him and tickling him.

138. *a-begging*. "a" represents "on" or "in" ; cf. "I go a-fishing."

XVI

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

The poem was published in 1852, on the day of the Duke's funeral, and afterwards underwent slight alterations. The Duke died at Walmer Castle, his official residence as Warden of the Cinque Ports. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral with the utmost pomp and ceremony, and with every mark of public devotion and sorrow.

"Let all England mourn her greatest son, let all England thank God for him, and bury him with honour upon honour"—that is the motive of the beginning of the poem : and it is worthy to be felt by a poet and by a nation. . . . The metrical movement rushes on where it ought to rush, delays where it ought to delay. Were the poem set by Handel, its rhythmical movements could scarcely be more fit from point to point to the things spoken of, more full of stately, happy changes. It swells upwards in fuller harmony and growing thought till it reaches its climax in the division about Nelson and Wellington. Then it slowly passes downward in solemn strains like a storm dying in the sky, and at the end closes in soft spiritual passages of ethereal sound. . . . Its conduct is then the conduct of one form of the true lyric, that whose climax is in the midst, and not at the close" (S. Brooke).

Line.

7. *hamlet*, *ham* is a frequent suffix in place-names, and is cognate with *home*, and Ger. *Heim*.

Line.

23. Wellington had a seat in the Cabinet in 1818, was Prime Minister from October 1828 to November 1830, and was in the service of the State up to his death.
24. *blood*, temper, character.
35. Cf. *Henry F.*, iv. i. 14—
" A good soft pillow for that good white head."
38. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, i. 589 (of Satan)—
" He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower."
55. The funeral car was made from the metal of guns captured in his battles.
56. The car was inscribed with the names of his victories.
59. Cf. *Macbeth*, v. viii. 50—
" And so his knell is knolled."
68. *e.g.* in Portugal and Spain.
70. The tyrant Napoleon.
73. In 1830 the Duke became very unpopular owing to his opposition to Reform. He was opposed to the Reform Bill up to the last, and stayed away from the House on the final reading.
- 75-79. Wellington's place in the Temple of Fame is always to be kept free of access.
80. Nelson, whose rest is thus broken, asks who comes with such pomp and grandeur.
99. *Assay e*, where Wellington defeated a Mahratta host in 1803.
104. The impiegnable lines of Torres Vedras behind which Wellington retired before Massena in October 1810. In the spring of 1811 he advanced and drove the French from Portugal.
114. Even after Vittoria, 1813, the last great battle on Spanish soil, there was much fighting in the Pyrenees.
120. Again in 1815 Napoleon threatened the peace of Europe,
122. Why *iron* crown ?
123. Sunday, June 18, 1815.

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON 161

Line.

124. The French cavalry under Ney repeatedly charged the British squares, but in vain.
127. About 6 p.m. the Prussians under Bliicher began to make themselves felt on the French right.
129. Creasy says the setting sun broke through the clouds and glittered on the bayonets of the Allies.
137. Winner of the battles of the Baltic.(1801) and of the Nile (1798).
139. Tennyson says: " Dwell upon the word ' touch ' and make it as long as ' can touch.' "
153. The poem was written soon after 1848, the year of revolutions in France, Austria, Italy, Spain, Poland, and Hungary. In 1851 Napoleon III. made himself supreme in France.
160. Milton calls Athens " the eye of Greece " (*Paradise Regained*, iv. 240), i.e. its intellectual centre. So England, a free country with a free press, is the soul of Europe. See poem x. in this book.
- 162-163. Trust between sovereign and people is the beginning of Freedom.
165. What does " temperate " mean here ?
- 172,173. In 1848 Wellington drew up a plan for the fortification of the coasts and the enlargement of the army. Hardly any results followed the suggestion.
180. *palter*, probably from same root as " paltry," and " pelting " in Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, II. i. 60—
" Like to a tenement or pelting farm."
- 186,187. His whole life was a condemnation of such self-seekers as Napoleon.
- 195-197, Tennyson says: "These are full-vowelled lines to describe Fortune emptying her Cornucopia."
- 197, The Roman goddess, Fortuna, was represented as holding in her hand the Cornucopia or horn of plenty.
- 206-208. What do the thistle and roses represent ?
236. Landseer painted a portrait of the Duke in 1851, surrounded by Queen Victoria's children.
242. Spirits of the dead.

Line.

248. *free*, bold, flippant.

259. Cf. *Tithonus*, 18, "thy strong hours"; and *In Memoriam*, cxxin.—

"There rolls the deep where grew the tree.

0 Earth, what changes hast thou seen !

There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea."

XVII

THE BROOK

The poem was published in 1855 in a volume entitled *Maud and other Poems*. Some have tried to identify the "Brook" with that flowing near Somersby Rectory, but Tennyson in his notes writes, "Not the brook near Somersby mentioned in *The Ode to Memory*."

The Brook, *Enoch Arden*, and *Dora* are among the best of Tennyson's poems of home-life. The joys and sorrows, the cloud and sunshine, the lights and shadows, of simple English homes always appealed to him, and these poems have been well called idylls of daily life. The love which he delighted to sing of was married-love, life-love, betwixt man and woman—"the sort of love for which Byron and Shelley did not care, which was not in the world where Keats lived at all—but which was in Wordsworth's world, and which . . . is not only the deepest and highest of the affections but the father and mother of all the other loves of earth." All men, women and children can feel and understand this love. It ranges from the lowest note of the commonplace to the highest note of imaginative passion, and the artist can choose whatever note he pleases to strike. In this we see the democratic element in Tennyson. As Mr. Stopford Brooke says, "the poet who will re-create our song will take up again the common love and life of men. He will drink of the wayside fountains of humanity."

"No poem of this class is more graceful than *The Brook*."

Only a double-natured man like Tennyson, delicate and rugged, could have done it." Through the long years, in spite of absence and death, the brook runs on with its chatter and glitter binding the whole into one. The poem is really an ode to things of long ago, glorified by the visions of memory, while over it all there sleeps, like a delicate mist, a little air of human sorrow softening and harmonising all its outlines.

Line.

4-5. Poetry, not money-making, was what he cared for.

6. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, I. iii. 83, 84,

"ANT. Is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?

SHY. I cannot tell: I make it breed as fast,"
and *ibid.*, 122, 123,

"When did friendship take

A breed for barren metal of his friend ? "

From the days of Aristotle till comparatively modern times it was held that money could not of itself produce money. Not only usury, but the taking of any interest for a loan was contrary to natural law.

7-8. He possessed the creative faculty of the poet.

16. *branding*, scorching: from Ger. *brennen*, and O.E. *brinnan*, to burn. Cf. *In Memoriam*, II. II,
"branding summer suns."

17. What is the scansion of this line ?

19. The fancies of youth. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. iii. 50.
the boy, Edmund, mentioned in 1. 2.

26. *bicker*, a frequentative of *pick*, in the sense of *peck*.
The word expresses the continual life and motion of the stream.

Cf. *The Princess*, V. 253, 254—

"As the fiery Sirius alters hue,

And bickers into red and emerald."

29. *thorp*, the Danish form of the Ger. *Dorf*, a village.

39-42. Notice the sound echoing the sense in this verse.

43- *fret*, to eat away : O.E. *fretan*, to eat. Cf. *Palace of Art*, 242.

Line.

44. *fallow*, from its pale (*pal-fed*) yellow colour.

54. *grigs*, grasshoppers. *Grig* is perhaps another form of *crick*, of which *cricket* is a diminutive. Homer compares the chattering of old men to the note of the cicala. Burke also likens the "petty cabals" to grasshoppers that "make the field ring with their importunate chink." Cf. *Ænone*, 27.

High-elbow'd well describes the large, bent hind-legs of the grasshopper.

61. *waterbreak*, ripple.

68. This line is perhaps a reflection on the supposed forwardness of the young lady of the nineteenth century.

70. *lissome*, a contraction of *lithesome*.

80. Tennyson's note on this line is : "The arch of the bridge over the stream, through which you can look."

82. "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," a song by Burns.

85. *casement*, properly a small window opening within a larger fixed one. The word is short for *encasement*, a wooden frame.

90. Cf. *Gareth and Lynette*, 575, 576—

"A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom."

92-95. Katie was not one of those who shed tears over tales of sorrow but are content with offering smooth-tongued sympathy.

100. What rival caused James to feel jealousy? Katie's action in the next line implies that Lawrence Aylmer, the narrator, is the guilty party.

103. A figure produced by prolonging the sides of a regular pentagon till they intersect. It was much used by astrologers and mystics.

118. *meadow-sweet*, or Queen of the Meadows, a fragrant plant common in damp meadows.

122-123. Through the short lanes between the wheat-ricks.

Line.

132. *chase*, an unenclosed tract of ground where game is preserved. Cf. Cranborne Chase, in Dorset.
134. Tennyson says this line was made in the New Forest. It may refer to the deer or to rabbits, or both. Note the rhythm of the line.
135. Cf. *The Last Tournament*, 13—
" roots like some black coil of carven snakes."
145. He did not press them, but played them as one does a fish after it is hooked.
- 142-156. Notice how vividly the garrulous old man is portrayed. Cf. the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, I. iii.
157. While I hoped he had come to the end of his story.
174. Cf. *Ulysses*, 45—
" There gloom the dark broad seas."
176. Tennyson says: " Long after this line was written we saw the ' netted sunbeam' dance in a marvellous way in the silent pool near Guildford as the stream poured from the chalk over the green-sand."
180. Little ridges of gravel. Cf. *In Memoriam*, ci. 9, 10—
" By many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain."
189. *Arno*, the river on which Florence stands. Brunelleschi was an Italian architect who in 1407 was chosen to complete the great cathedral at Florence. The dome here was one of his greatest works.
203. *bindweed* is the convolvulus, a climbing weed with showy bell-like flowers, *briony* is another climbing plant, and its *rings* are its spiral tendrils.
- 206-208. This picture of the second Katie fills the air with a youthful freshness and re-creates the love-story at the beginning of the tale.
213. *self-perplext*, puzzled by his own thoughts.
- 215-216. As a man who, just before he wakes, feels there is something unreal about his dream.
223. *her*, the Mother, the original Katie Willows. The Father is dead.

TITHONUS

The poem was published in 1860. Tithonus, according to the fable, was beloved by Aurora, the goddess of the Dawn, who, at his request, gave him the gift of immortality. But immortal age without immortal youth is an accursed gift. Life becomes insupportable, and Tithonus begs for death.

Nothing of its kind approaches the poem, says Stopford Brooke, in creativeness, insight, pathetic power, and simplicity. It was a far less easy task than *Ulysses*, which reflects the poet's own attitude towards life. Here Tennyson had to create a new world and draw for his work upon, not a constant, but a temporary attitude of his soul.

Line.

7. *limit*, the verge of the eastern horizon, the home of Aurora.
8. *dream*, i.e. representing something unreal, unsubstantial.
18. *Hours*, i.e. all-conquering Time. The Hours (Lat. *Hora*) were three sisters, daughters of Zeus and Themis, represented here as attendants on the Gods.
25. The planet Venus, or the Morning Star, the pioneer of the dawn.
29. *kindly*, of the same nature or kind as himself. Cf. "the kindly fruits of the earth."
32. The gradual appearance of the dawn in the person of Aurora.
39. *team*. Aurora was usually represented in a rose-coloured chariot drawn by white horses and preceding the sun, as the dawn precedes the sunrise.
49. A Greek and Roman idea, that the Gods cannot make undone what is accomplished. Horace, *Odes*, in. 29, 46-48: "Yet will the Father not render null and void what is behind, nor will he cancel and render undone what the fleeting hour has once borne away."

Line.

53. Another picture of the coming of the dawn.

54. *curls*, the light cirrus clouds.

63. Legend said that the stones of Troy were charmed into their places by the lute of Apollo, Cf. (*Enone*, 39-41—

" As yonder walls

Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,

A cloud that gathered shape."

Troy, or *Ilion*, so called from *Ilus*, one of its kings.

65. Immortal Age cannot dwell beside Immortal Youth.

66-67. There is no longer the glow of youth. Cf. 11.55-56.

71. *barrows*, burial-mounds ; connected with *bury*.

XIX

THE VOYAGE

The poem was published in 1864. Palgrave in his collection of Tennyson's lyrics explains it thus : " Life as Energy, in the great ethical sense of the word—Life as the pursuit of the Ideal—is figured in this brilliantly-descriptive allegory." The sense of the imperfection of this world and of the possibility of a more perfect state, the feeling that prompted the *Republic* of Plato, the *Utopia* of More, and Tennyson's own *Ulysses*, underlies *The Voyage*. As Ulysses bound himself to follow knowledge like a sinking star,

" Beyond the utmost bound of human thought,

so Life is here pictured as a never-ending voyage in quest of a fleeting Vision which ever beckons to the human soul. Stopford Brooke calls it a poem with a double meaning, " half of the life On the sea and half of the life of the soul, and wholly of those who, like seamen, have no care for business and science and the real world : who race after the undiscovered shore, who follow the gleam, who live for ideas, not for things."

Line.

7. As the earth is a globe and there is no physical limit to voyaging for ever, so we know that there

Line.

- is always something more for the mind to strive after.
18. Cf. *Dream of Fair Women*, 63, "threshold of the sun."
31. boss, lit. a knob or protuberance: used of the central projection of a shield.
- 32, halo, from Gk. *ἄλως*, a round threshing-floor, where the oxen trod a circular path.
40. The islands of the Eastern Archipelago, e.g. the Moluccas, Philippines.
44. Cf. Pliny's description of the destruction of Pompeii.
51. At times the whole sea burned with phosphorescent light—a phenomenon common in tropical waters.
53. At times a canoe of naked islanders would come and offer fruits. But the Mind was not to be diverted from its quest after Truth.
65. This stanza describes the different guises which, from time to time, the Ideal takes in men's minds.
73. There will always be some to sneer at the lofty thought and striving after perfection.
- 81-84. There is no slackening in the quest. The thinker will not be restrained by laws that obstruct actual material progress.
86. The soul is driven forward by its own energy, not by outward forces.
87. The centre of a cyclonic storm, round which the wind revolves, is a dead calm.
- 89-94. No changes or failures can discourage the seekers after truth.

XX

ENOCH ARDEN

The poem was written at Freshwater, and was published in 1864. Its universal popularity is shown by the numerous translations that have been produced : nine German ones, eight French, as well as Italian, Dutch, Spanish, Danish,

Hungarian, and Bavarian versions. Tennyson said that the poem was founded on a theme given to him by the sculptor Woolner. The story, he believed, came from Suffolk, but similar tales are told in other parts, and several true stories of the same nature were sent to him after the poem was written.

Like *The Brook*, *Dora*, and *Sea Dreams*, *Enoch Arden* is a poem dealing with ordinary human life in a quiet and simple manner. It deals with the loves and the sorrows of simple men and women, to whom these things are no less real than they are to the heroes and heroines of epic story. And to harmonise with the setting of the tale, Tennyson uses a type of blank verse quite distinct from that which he employs in the *Idylls of the King* or in the classical poems.

The poem is not as concise as *Dora* and *The Brook*. The action of the piece and the movement of the feelings of the characters in it are delayed, and the poet lingers lovingly over the descriptions of the seaside homes which he knew so well and over the simple homely passions which he delighted to honour. The verse is simple and plain in sound, like the talk of daily common life. It never rises into the heroic strain save twice, once in the description of the tropic isle by day and night (and here the poet is concerned rather with the emotions of the exiled sailor than with the beauty of the scenery) ; and again, when Enoch looks in at the window and sees his home in which he has no share. Even the similes are restrained to the simplicity of the rest of the poem.

The tender humanity of the poem is seen from the very beginning where the play of the children, Annie acting as wife to Enoch one day and to Philip the next, foreshadows the fate of the men and the woman. Again we see it where Enoch the man speaks his love to Annie, and Philip slips aside like a wounded life into the hollows of the wood. Still more prominent is it when Enoch comes home to find his wife Philip's wife and his children Philip's children. And as Enoch draws towards his tragedy Nature sympathises with him. The sea-haze shrouds the world in gray, the robin pipes disconsolate, thicker the drizzle grows and deeper the gloom. But in the hour of greatest tragedy Enoch proves a

hero. He scorns to wreck the happiness of a home in which after all he has a share. He conquers fate and triumphs, as the hero always does, by self-sacrifice. The human heart must always go out in sympathy to Annie in her difficulties and in her reluctance to listen to Philip's pleadings ; but Enoch is the real sufferer, and it is characteristic of Tennyson that he chose for his hero among the working-classes one who belonged to the sea rather than to the land. He always loved the sea and those who go down to it, and in Enoch we see the type of the " able seaman " of England, nourished in the fishing-smack and then passing from land to land through the wonders of the deep ; then, when wars arise, the mainstay of our navy—a type which has lasted more than a thousand years (Stopford Brooke). Enoch, the simple God-fearing man, able to quote from the Psalms, is not uncommon among English seamen, but his slow-established sense of duty is common; so also are his strong endurance, his courage unconscious of itself, his silent love of his country—a careful loving picture, for which we have to honour the poet. Nowhere has he shown more convincingly the noblest side of his patriotism.

Line.

7. *barrows*, burial-mounds, of which there are several on the Freshwater downs. Cf. *Tihonus*, 71—
" Grassy barrows of the happier dead."
16. *lumber*, lit. useless furniture. The *Lumber-room* was originally *Lombard-room*, where the Lombard broker bestowed his pledges. Cf. *Lombardeer*, a broker ; *Lombard*, a bank for usury or pawns.
18. *flake*, lit. the flat triangular piece at the ends of the arms of the anchor. Perhaps derived from *Fluke*, meaning a flat fish.
67. *prone*, from Lat. *pronus*, leaning forward, inclined downward : then, steeply descending, headlong.
94. *osier*, the basket made of osier withies.
131. " This line was made at Brighton, from the islands of light on the sea on a day of sunshine and clouds."

Line.

- 206-209. A simile of great simplicity: a rustic picture and a rustic heart fixed in four lines.
326. *garth* or *gard* is the Norse form of the Anglo-Saxon *yard*, and means an enclosed place. Cf. Fish-guard—Applegarth.
337. *conies*, rabbits : Old Fr. *conin*, *conil*. Cf. Psalm civ. 18.
376. *whitening*. " When the breeze blows, it turns upward the silvery under-part of the leaf" (Tennyson's note). Cf. *The Lady of Shalott*, 10, " Willows whiten"; also *The Palace of Art*, 80; and *In Memoriam*, LXXII. 3, " blasts that blow the poplar white."
469. *gossips*, originally God-sib, one who answered for a child at baptism ; then generally one who talks about others ; or the talk itself (cf. 1. 232).
489. *Brook'd not*, could not tolerate. Cf. *Richard II.*, in. ii. 2—
" How brooks your grace the air ? "
494. *Under the palm-tree*. Judg. iv. 5, " And she dwelt under the palm-tree of Deborah."
527. She passed the Equator.
538. *sea-circle*, the circle of the horizon at sea.
544. *'breakers*, the cry raised by the sailors when they heard the waves breaking on some coast and knew they were being driven ashore.
565. *Fire-hollowing*, hollowing out the trunk by burning it, as various savages do.
594. Cf. *The Palace of Art*, 71—
" And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves."
606. *dewy-glooming*. Tennyson's note is, " dewy and dark."
- 603-608. These six lines full of the very breath and passion of England may be compared with the rather emotionless lines describing the scenery of the tropical island (11. 568-595).
611. Mr. Kinglake once told Tennyson that he had heard his own parish bells in the midst of an Eastern desert, not knowing at the time that it was

Line.

Sunday, when they would have been ringing the bells. Tennyson would say there was nothing really supernatural in Enoch Arden's hearing bells ; though he probably intended the passage to tell upon the reader mystically. Virgil (*Æneid*, i. 167) speaks of " aquae dulces."

671. *holt*, a wood. Cf. Ger. *Holz*.

tilth, derived from the verb *till*, and meaning a crop or land under cultivation. Cf. Tennyson's *Ode to Virgil*, l. 10, " tilth and vineyard." For termination -*th* cf. *Health*, *Wealth*.

674. Cf. *The Lotos-Eaters*, 95,

" in ever climbing up the climbing wave,"
and *St. Agnes' Eve*, 7, and *Palace of Art*, 261.

676. Tennyson's note is: " From Philip's house, the latest house to landward,"

725-726. Birds when migrating often fly against the lanterns of lighthouses and kill themselves.

808. *alms*, really a singular word from Middle English *Almesse*. Cf. *Riches* from *Richesse*.

904. Tennyson's note is: " ' The calling of the sea/ a term used, I believe, chiefly in the western parts of England, to signify a ground-swell. When this occurs on a windless night, the echo of it rings through the timbers of old houses in a haven, and is often heard many miles inland."

911. Tennyson's note is : " The costly funeral is all that poor Annie could do for him after he was gone. This is entirely introduced for her sake, and, in my opinion, quite necessary to the perfection of the poem and the simplicity of the narrative."

XXI

BOÄDICEA

The poem was written at Farringford, and was published in 1864. As Tennyson says, the poem is an experiment in

verse, and his own note calls it a far-off echo of the metre of the *Attis* of Catullus. Whatever we may think of the success of this experiment, the long swing and rhythm of the lines, the grandeur of the language, and the furious outbursts of the angry queen make the poem a glorious and inspiring memory. It may well be compared and contrasted with the far milder ode written by Cowper. Both poets make the Druids speak of the ancient Britons as the ancestors of the modern English, though perhaps in this case poetic licence may be pleaded. Tennyson, at any rate, takes the opportunity to sing the praises of the men of his own day, of their Empire, and of their glorious heritage of the dominion of the sea.

In A.D. 59 Suetonius Paulinus was appointed Proconsul in Britain, and he determined to break the power of the Druids, whose stronghold was in Anglesey. It was during his absence that the Iceni, headed by their queen Boadicea, who with her daughters had been ill-treated by the Romans, rose in revolt. They captured and burnt Colchester, London, and St. Albans, killing more than 70,000 Romans and their allies. Suetonius avenged this by defeating the Britons in a battle in which 80,000 are said to have perished. Boadicea, who led the Britons in this battle, took poison, rather than fall a prisoner into the hands of the Romans (A.D. 62).

Line,

- i. *Mona*, the isle of Anglesey.
5. *Cdmulodune*, the modern Colchester.
6. *Y'ell'd and shriek'd betwe'en her daughters o'er a wild confederacy* is accented as I mark the accents, wrote Tennyson. Let it be read straight like prose and it will come all right.
10. The *Iceni* were the tribes inhabiting the present Norfolk and Suffolk.
The *Catieuchlani* dwelt to the N.E. of London.
The *Coritani*, or *Coritavi*, dwelt in Lincolnshire and in the valley of the Trent.
The *Trinobantes* dwelt in the modern Essex.
13. *Britain's raven*. The raven was a badge of the Norse-

Line.

- men and was used by Harold Hardrada. Here it is probably taken as a typical bird of Britain in contrast to the Roman eagle.
16. *Bel*, the old Celtic fire deity: connected with the Phoenician Baal. Compare the fires lighted by the Highlanders on the first of May and termed the Beltane Tree. The name is probably found in Balerium, the old name of Land's End, in Belam in Montgomeryshire, and in Bel Tor in Devonshire.
- Taranis*, a god of the Gauls, The name signifies the Thundering God. Cf, Thor.
20. *Cassivelaunus*, a British prince who ruled the country north of the Thames and led the national resistance to Caesar's second invasion in 54 B.C. He was defeated, and obtained peace by becoming tributary to Rome.
31. *bantling*, an infant. Probably derived from *band-ling*, one wrapped in swaddling bands: the suffix *-ling* is a double diminutive.
- 41-44. "So chanted the prophetesses in *Boadicea* concerning a future England with which they had but little national concern, but in reality Tennyson is singing in these splendid lines his own English folk and their glory " (Stopford Brooke).
45. Augurs were Roman officials who deduced omens from the sacrifice of animals and from the flight of birds.
60. *Cunobeline*, *Cunobelinus*, was the original form of the more familiar *Cymbeline*. He was king of the Trinobantes about A.D. 40, and his capital was Camulodunum. A copper coin has been found bearing the legend CUNOBELINUS REX.
76. Note the sound echoing the sense of this line.
86. *Verulam*, St. Albans.

