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This 'little edition' of Tennyson's *Enoch Arden* and Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* needs neither a foreword nor an apology. It is 'too small a thing' to need either.

In my notes, wherever necessary, I have used 'The tools other people have made'. For *Enoch Arden* I consulted 'those eternally valuable editions' by Hallam, Webb, & Prof. R. K. Lagu, while for Gray's *Elegy*, I looked into Bradshaw, Kellett, Tovey, Palgrave, & Lamborne. To all these I offer my thanks.

I also thank—though it is too weak a word to express what I feel—Prof. Naralkar and Prof. Sattigiri for their priceless suggestions; Mr. B. N. Joshi for his valuable assistance in reading the proofs; Mr. Pillay for many kind hints; Mr. Sardesai for the fine printing; and above all Prof. B. V. Bhide but for whom the book would not have seen the light of the day.

Without apologies I entered, with thanks-giving I retire.

Gopal Dham, }
Poona 2. }
30-5-36 }

Y. D. BHAVE

ENOCH ARDEN

BY

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

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 ;
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,
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
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
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

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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,
 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 quarrel'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,
 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,
 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 carefuller 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:
And all men look'd upon him favourably :
And ere he touched 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. 60
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)
An hour behind ; but as he climbed 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
Crept down into the hollows of the wood ;
There, while the rest were loud in merry-making,
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
 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 Enocn's ocean-spoil
 In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
 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 minister'ing. 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 ;
 And once when there, and clambering on a mast
 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 110
 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
 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 ?
 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 weathere'd in her !

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,
 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 father-like,
 But had no heart to break his purposes
 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,
 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,
 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
 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,—
 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 sermonizing
 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
 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,
 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,
 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 clipt
 A tiny curl, and gave it : this he kept
 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 ;

Then, tho' she mourned his absence as his grave,
 Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
 But thro' 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 :
 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
 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 looke'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,
 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
 "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, 290
 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, next will he be 300
 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. 310
 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.
 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,
 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,
 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 :
 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,

Going we know not where : and so ten years,
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
 Fled foreward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced oné 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 called him) too :
 Him, like the working bee in blossom-áus.,
 Blanch'd with his mill, they found ; and saying to him
 "Come with us, Father Philip" he denied ;
 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
 Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
 To the botto.n, 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 remember'd 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,
 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.
 "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—
 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,
 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
 A little after Enoch.” “O” she cried,
 Scared 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 ? ”
 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,
 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.
 "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
 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 t 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,
 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

That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
 Pray'd for a sign " my Encch 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 finger on the text,
 " Under the palm-tree." That was nothing to her :
 No meaning there : she closed the Book and slept :

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
 'Hossanna 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 answered, "both our sakes,
 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 foot-step 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 entered, often
 Her hand dwelt lingering on the latch,
 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 ner 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
 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 heaven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
 Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
 A gilded 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 'eavens
 Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came
 The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
 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,
 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,
 Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck, 560
 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
 Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
 In those two deaths he read God's warning " wait. "
 The mountain wooded to the peak, the lav'ns
 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,
 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,
 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 hollow-bellowing ocean, and again
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise---but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,
 So stil', 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
 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
 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
 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, idiotlike it seem'd,
 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 listen'd to it :
 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 country, 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 sea-worthy ; but evermore
 His fancy fled before the lazy wind
 Returning till beneath a clouded moon
 He like a lover down thro' all his blood
 Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
 Of England, blown across her ghostly wail :
 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 sailed 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,
 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 tilth 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 ;
 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 !"

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.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
 Nor 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
 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
 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
 Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
 The latest house to handward ; but behind,
 With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
 Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'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
 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
 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, 75
 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
 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,
 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
 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 didst 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.
 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
 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 spoke about,
 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
 "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,
 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
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach
 To save the life despair'd 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.”

“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 upon 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;

“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— —

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 flowed 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,
 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 ;
 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,
 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 :
 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.
 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.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

BY
THOMAS GRAY

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

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

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

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

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

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy house-wife ply her evening care ;

No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

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

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

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

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

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

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

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

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

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

Their lot forebad ; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forebad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

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

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

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

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?
 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonoured Dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,
 Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
 "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

“One morn’ I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

“The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him borne
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ·
Heaven did a recompense as largely send ·
He gave to Mis’ry all he had, a tear,
He gain’d from Heav’n (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.*

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

ENOCH ARDEN

1

In spite of all the attempts of some modern critics to put down Tennyson, he remains a God unvanquished, and smiles with ironical grin at their feeble opposition. This 'great inventor of harmonies' was born in 1809 at Somersby, a village in Lincolnshire, of which his father was a rector. 'The wolds surrounding his home, the fen some miles away, ... and the sea on the Lincolnshire coast are pictured again and again in his poems.' His childhood was uneventful. It encouraged the growth of fine emotion, rendering him at the same time sensitive and retiring. Educated at Louth Grammar School and Trinity College, this poet fed himself with the milk of every Muse. In 1827 Charles and Alfred published 'Poems by Two Brothers'—the first fruits of their poetical apprenticeship. At Trinity College he formed an intimate friendship with Hallam, whom he has immortalised in 'In Memoriam.' In 1830 was published 'Poems Chiefly Lyrical' and it aroused criticism mostly favourable. This was followed by 'Poems by Alfred Tennyson,' 'The Princess' and 'In Memoriam' (1850). The same year he was appointed the poet-laureate in place of Wordsworth. He married Emily Sellwood and with her took up residence at Twickenham. Five years later appeared 'Maud.' 'Enoch Arden' saw the daylight in 1864; and 'Idylls of King' delighted the English public from 1859-85. Thus from 1850, till the year of his death (1892) he was the one god of poetry at whose shrine scholars and poets loved to burn incense. This was followed by a strong reaction against his 'honeyed sweetness'. But now the war is over. The smoke has rolled away, and Tennyson's statue stands exactly where it did before. 'An

imagination rich in colour, a delicate and highly trained ear, the beauty of nature enhanced by art—these were Tennyson's gifts to English poetry'.

2

'*Enoch Arden*' is an excellent piece of artistic creation. It is a tender and a touching tale. The source of the story was a folk-tale current in Britany as well as England. Tennyson, like Shakespeare took up the dross and changed it into pure gold. 'In design, construction, finish and impression' says Morton Luce, '*Enoch Arden* is excellent.' It is an idyll. It is a story of humble life. Its beauty is its simplicity and its appeal is unerring.

The poem opens with a picture—the long lines of cliff, the chasm with foam and yellow sands, the narrow wharf, the red-roofed houses, and the green hazelwood 'haunted by nutters'—where red, yellow and green colours unite together in a wonderful concord.

Then begins the story which is briefly this¹:—'Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad, Philip Ray, the miller's only son and pretty Annie Lee, played together as children on the beach of a small seaport town, Enoch and Philip both love Annie, and the three play at keeping house in a cave which runs in below the cliff. She, though willing enough, as a child, to be "little wife to both," at heart loved Enoch best. He was at first successful: prospered in his fishing, made himself able seaman on board a merchantman, and before he was twenty-one, purchased a boat and married Annie. First a daughter, then a son, were born to them, and all things continued to go well with Enoch until he fell from a mast and broke a limb. While he lay recovering, another son, a sickly one, was born. Meanwhile, some one stepped in and snatched away his trade, and he feared bad

1. Adapted by Webb from Bayne. See Webb's edition.

times were coming upon himself and his family. Then the master of the ship in which he had served, hearing of his misfortune, offered to take him as boatswain and Enoch consented at once. He resolved to sell his boat, set his wife up in a little shop, and go on a long voyage. Annie disliked the scheme, was sure evil would come of it, and entreated him not to go, but in vain. Before he went he kissed the two elder children: the sickly one, asleep in his cot, he would not waken, but took away with him a little curl from the baby's head. The sickly child died. Annie had no success in trade, and but for the delicately tendered help of Philip Ray, would have sunk into poverty. When ten years had gone by and nothing had been heard of Enoch, Philip asked her to marry him. In the twelfth year she became his wife. Enoch, meanwhile, had been wrecked upon a tropic island. There, year after year, with bounteous supply of all his animal wants, but infinite hunger of heart, he remained. The sights and sounds of his home haunted him, and once the merry "pealing of his parish bells" seemed to come to his ears from far away. At length a ship took him off and he returned to England. So completely was he changed that it was easy for him to live in the same town with Annie and Philip without being discovered. Once in darkness he went and looked in at the window, and saw his wife and children in perfect comfort round Philip's hearth. After this peep into the domestic heaven which he had lost, he crept from the garden, and falling prone upon the down, prayed for strength "not to tell her, never to let her know." He had now a new purpose in life, and with heroic fortitude set himself to carry it out. But he did not live long. When he knew death to be at hand, he told the woman with whom he had lodged, under promise on the Bible of secrecy until after his death, who he was, and bade her give Annie the lock of his dead child's hair by

which she might know that it had indeed been he, and to tell her that he died blessing her and his children and Philip. Then he passed away, and received rich burial from the love and gratitude of the survivors.'

Such is this beautiful story. It is told artistically, dramatically and vividly. The fine picture with which the story begins is followed by four important incidents—marriage of Enoch and Annie; departure of Enoch; Philip's marriage; and Enoch's return. The poem is characterized by unity of impression, tone and feeling. If the beginning is marked by the sacrifice of Philip it ends with the sacrifice of Enoch. The characters of Enoch and Philip are well-contrasted and Annie is the connecting link as it were. Enoch is a 'rough sailor's lad' made orphan by a winter shipwreck. He is intelligent, frank and noble-hearted. He loves self-respect and hates 'begging alms' like hell-pains. He loves Annie with a love that does not alter with the change in circumstances, and is prepared to sacrifice anything and everything for her happiness. Philip though sincere in his love for Annie is very gentle. Unlike Enoch he is slowly drawn into action 'by the strength of others' needs, and bringing into light his tender forethought, kindly constancy, and delicate reserve.' Annie the beautiful is 'little wife to both' while Miriam Lane offers a comic relief.

But this is not all. The fine similes as in:

'Like a caged-bird escaping suddenly

The little innocent bird flitted away;'

the charming descriptive passages passing before our eyes like pictures in a cinema-film (lines 665-678); the absence of wrong-going; the reserve and concentration; the religious and the supernatural element; and finally the mastery of rhythm and sweatness of versification as in: 'The league-long roller thundering on the reef'—make this poem a

finished piece of artistic production though its watermark is its simplicity.

1. **Cliff** : Steep rock-face usually overhanging the sea.

Chasm : Deep fissure.

3. **Red Roofs** : *i. e.* the houses having red roofs.

Wharf : Wooden or stone platform beside which, ships may be moved for loading or unloading.

4. **In cluster** : Because the houses lie very close to each other. **Mouldered** : Dilapidated, in a state of decay.

Higher : It is an adverb.

5. **Climbs** : Goes or leads upwards. **Tall-tower'd** : Having a high tower 'upon which the sails of the mill were set.'

6. **Down** : A mound covered with rough grass.

7. **Danish barrows** : Grave-mounds signifying the burial-places of the Danish invaders. **Hazelwood** : A wood having hazel-trees.

8. **Nutters** : Nut-gatherers. **Haunted** : Frequently visited.

8-9. **Flourishes green** : Full of green colour. Hazel-trees have green-coloured leaves and the nuts are pale-green.

11. **Houses** : *i. e.* Families.

15. **Made.....shipwreck** : *i. e.* Enoch was left an orphan because his father was perished by 'a shipwreck happening in winter when the weather is rough and stormy.'

16. **Waste and lumber** : Scraps and shreds and other useless stuff.

17. **Swarthy** : Having dark colour. The nets are dark because of the sea-water.

18. **Rusty fluke** : Fluke is a broad triangular plate on arm of anchor. It is rusty because it is not used for a long time.

21. **Breaker** : Heavy ocean-waves breaking on coast or over reefs.

23. **Ran in** : 'Formed a hollow'.

29. **Turn and turn about** : According or as the turn came 'on alternate days'.

30. **Stronger-made** : *i. e.* Enoch was stronger than Philip.

32. **Helpless wrath of tears** : Having no other way to give vent to his wrath, it showed itself through his tears ; for 'Enoch was stronger-made and so Philip could not contend'.

34. **Company** : Sympathy or friendly feeling.

36. **Little wife to both** : Note the irony. Annie indeed becomes wife to both.

37. **Rozzy childhood** : Bright or healthy days of childhood.

38-39. **And the new warmth of either** : *i. e.* When they grew in age both of them experienced the strong influence of youthful affections. Here, the period of childhood is likened to the dawn, the youth to 'the advanced day'.

45. **Evermore** : Always.

46. **To the uttermost** : To the greatest possible degree.

50. **Did not breathe** : Was not to be found.

51. **League** : *i. e.* about three miles.

54. **Full sailor** : 'Able seaman'.

Plucked a life : saved a person from death.

55. **Dread sweep** : Terrible force. **The down-streaming seas** : The fearful breakers that rush down into the sea.

57. **And ere he touch'd etc.** : *i. e.* before he was 21 years old.

59. **Nestlike** : Cosy and snug.

61. **Eventide** : Evening.

63. **Hazels** : *i. e.* the wood of hazel-trees.

65. **His father lying sick etc** : An absolute construction.

66. **The prone edge** : 'The sloping ground which forms the border of the wood'.

67-68. **Began to feather toward the hollow** : A difficult passage. 'Began to feather' is explained by Webb as 'showed ragged and thin (like a fringe to a thick cloth).' He adds, further, that 'the small bushes etc. look like the irregular line of feathers, in a wing'. This phrase may be interpreted as suggested by Prof. Lagu as 'trees themselves looking like feathers and covering up the sides as though with feathers'. And for this he quotes the authorities of other great scholars.

71-72. **All kindled...altar** : His face and eyes glowed with the divine fire of love like the pure and holy fire that burns on an altar. This suggests purity and self-sacrifice.

73. **Read his doom** : Understood that his hope was despair.

75. **A wounded life** : A wounded animal.

76. **Dark hour** : Painful hours of suffering

82. **Competence** : Sufficiency of means of living.

90. **Rosy** : Rosy-cheeked. **Idol** : Because he was the one object of his mother's love when she was alone.

93. **Ocean-spoil** : *i. e.* fish.

Osiers : Willow: out of which baskets are made.

95. **Rough-redden'd** : Turned rough and red.

96. **Market-cross** : It was set up in the centre of the market.

98. **The portal-warding lion-whelp** : The gateway with a figure of a young lion upon it. This suggests a mansion of a squire.

99. **Peacock-yewtree** : 'a yew-tree cut in the form of a peacock'.

100. **Friday fare** : Friday being the day on which Christ was crucified, it is observed as a fast-day by Roman Catholics and the High Churchmen in England. On such a day fish is eaten and not meat. **Minister** : Provide.

110. **Another hand...theirs** : Some trader 'stept in' and snatched away his trade depriving his wife and children of their livelihood.

112. **Staid** : Steady. **God-fearing** : Religious.

123. **Boatswain** : Ship's officer in charge of sails.

129-131. **Some little cloud...offing** : The little cloud coming in between the rays of the sun and the spectators, 'forms an island of reflected light on the seaward horizon.' **Offing** : Part of visible sea distant from shore or beyond anchoring ground.

135. **Weathered** : Faced successfully.

141. **Master of a larger craft** : Owner of a larger vessel.

154. **Appraise** : Guess ; Estimate.

157-58. **Then first...girt her finger** : For the first time since she married Enoch.

159. **Brawling opposition** : Quarrelsome opposition.

163. **Supplicating** : Requesting very earnest'y.

167. **Bore it thro'** : Carried it through.

168. **His old sea-friend** : His boat.

170. **Streetward** : Facing the street.

174. **Augur** : A tool for making holes.

175. **Raising** : Being raised. **Shrill'd** : Produced a shrill noise.

177. **Order'd** : Arranged.

178. **Neat and close** : Adverbs neatly and closely.

178-79. **As Nature...seedling** : 'Blossom' is 'bud' and 'seedling' is diminutive of 'seed'. As in a seed is enclosed a plant by Nature or in a bud a flower, so Enoch etc.

180. **Needs would** : Insist upon (See Oxford Dictionary)

181. **Ascending** : 'Going upstairs to his bed-room.'

186-87. **In that mystery.....man-in-God** : In prayer when 'divine in man' and 'human in God' mingled together.

191. **Fair weather** : A nautical metaphor. Prosperous times,

192. **Keep a clean hearth etc.** : Clean hearth and bright fire indicate that the things are ready to meet the owner.

196. **Nay etc.** : Please don't mind my calling him undersized for I love him all the better for it.

201. **Running on** : Speaking volubly.

206. **Heard and not heard him** : She heard all that he said but 'his words made no impression upon her.'

212-213 : Note the unconscious prophecy.

215. **Seaman's glass** : A very powerful telescope used by seamen.

220. **Shipshape** : In good order ; neat and tidy.

222. **That anchor holds** : 'That anchor' is the confidence in God that whatever he does is for the good of mankind. **Holds** : Is true, whatever the circumstances ; or will never deceive. A very appropriate metaphor.

223-24. **The uttermost part of the morning** : Regions situated in the eastern part of the earth.

227. **Drooping** : Depressed.

228. **Wonder-stricken** : Struck with wonder ; for they being children, could not make out what the matter was about.

230. **Feverous wakefulness** : Wakefulness caused by fever.

241. **Her eye was dim** : Because there were tears in her eyes. **Hand tremulous** : Because of emotions.

244. **Last dip** : 'The last plunge down the horizon.'

247. **Set her sad will etc.** : She wept and was very sorry for him. Nevertheless, she resolved to act as he wished.
248. **Barter** : Trade by exchange.
252. **Foreboding** : 'Anxiously asking herself.'
262. **Nevertheless** : In spite of all the care etc.
265. **The voice who.....tell i. e.** the Doctor.
271. **Hunger'd for her peace** : Desired sincerely to see her full of peace.
278. **Struck it** : Knocked at it.
285. **The passion in her etc.** : The deep emotion in the reply that she gave in a moaning tone.
288. **His bashfulness etc.** : Shyness and kindness were at war in his heart. His bashfulness urged him to go away from her while tenderness bade him stay with her.
293. **Where he fixt his heart** : Whatever he desired.
297. **For the wherewithal** : wherewithal : money etc. needed for a purpose. 'The whole phrase means 'to obtain the means'.
301. **Morning hours** : The early days of life.
303. **Running wild** : Without discipline.
313. **Brows** : Face.
315. **Broken down** : Overwhelmed by grief.
317. **Breaks me down** : Because his kindness was too much for her.
318. **That is borne in upon me** : I feel convinced about it.
322. **Swimming** : Full of tears.
326. **Garth** : Garden from old English 'Gerard'.
333. **His dearest wish** : *i. e.* to see Annie.
337. **Connies** : Rabbits.
339. **To save.....charitable** : Lest he should insult Annie by the appearance of being charitable.
341. **Fathom** : Understand.
344. **Light on** : Find.

351-52. **Philip gained as Enoch lost** : 'Philip won the affections of the children in proportion as Enoch (through his absence) lost them.'

353. **Uncertain** : Vague.

363-64. **Him like the working bee...They found** : Whitened with flour like a bee covered all over with the pollen of flowers when it is busy collecting honey.

366. **Pluck'd at him** : Pulled at his coat.

376. **Whitening** : Refers to 'the silvery underpart of the leaf,' says Tennyson.

378. **Reluctant** : Used in the Latin sense of that word 'struggling against'. **Lithe** : Flexible.

379. **Tawny** : Yellowish dark colour.

382-83. See lines 75-76.

392. **Quite** : They have already lost their father; and if Annie would kill herself by grief they would lose their mother too. And thus they would be 'complete orphans.'

390. **Their voices make...solitary** : The joyous cries of her children below make Annie lonelier still. She feels that her sorrow is all her own.

411. **Fast** : Inseparably : fixedly.

420. **Good angel** : 'Guardian angel.'

435. **Bide...year** : Wait for a year.

438. **The dead flame of the falling day** : Faded subdued light of the day nearing its end.

450. **Household ways** : Duties of her household.

453. **That autumn...flashed again** : With so great a speed the new autumn came that it seemed for the time being that one autumn was simply replaced by another.

470. **Abhorrent of etc.** : Disliking to see their prophecy not fulfilled.

471. **To chafe** : To feel uneasy; to be angry; restless.

475. **As simple.....own minds** : As being simple-minded people who were ignorant of their own wishes.

476-77. **In whom...together** : In whom evil thoughts lie close together like the eggs of serpents.

478. **Worse** : 'Unlawful love'.

479. **Look'd his wish** : Expressed his desire by his looks.

485. **Sharp as reproach** : As if she was very severely scolded for her conduct.

487. **Pray'd for sign** : Prayed for the divine indication 'to guide in her decision'.

488. **Compass'd round** : Surrounded on all sides. **The blind wall of night** : Dense, thick and impenetrable darkness of night.

489. **Brook'd not** : Could not bear. **The expectant terror** : The extreme fear she experienced as she waited for 'a sign from Heaven.'

491. **The holy book** : The Bible.

492. **Suddenly set it wide** : Opened it wide all at once. 'Unpremeditated action,' observes Webb, 'was considered essential in such methods of divination.'

499. **Hosanna in the highest** : **Hosanna** : from Hebrew 'hoshá'na' meaning 'save, pray'. But sometimes it is used to denote a shout of adoration. **In the highest** : In heaven. The whole phrase means a song of praise to God in heaven.

500. **The sun of Righteousness** : Christ.

501. **Strew** : Archaic form of 'strew'. Scatter or spread.

500-501. **Palms where of the happy etc.** : Refers to an incident in the life of Christ. When Christ entered Jerusalem the people spread palm branches before him and he greeted God with 'Hosanna in the Highest'.

510-11. **A footstep.....whisper** : The sound of footsteps and the whisper in her ear are due to the 'mysterious

instinct' which tells her that Enoch is still alive and that she has made a mistake in marrying Philip.

514. **What** : Something mysterious.

519. **Then her new child was as herself renew'd** : 'The birth of the new child was as if the rebirth of Annie'; for, from that time 'that mysterious instinct wholly died'.

525. **The Biscay** : The Bay of Biscay. **Ridging** : Rising in waves as high as a mountain.

527. **Slip^t across the summer of the world** : Sailed smoothly across the Equator.

531. **The breath of heaven** : The wind.

532. **Golden Isles** : East Indies.

533. **Silent** : Lay at anchor.

523-533. A very fine description of 'the vicissitudes of the voyage'. We see before us the ship leaving the English Channel, moving through the boisterous waters of the Bay of Biscay, crossing the Equator smoothly because of the N. E. trade, tumbling about the Cape, sweetly moving by the East Indies, and finally, lying at anchor in her 'oriental haven.'

533. **Oriental haven** : Some Chinese harbour.

538. **Sea circle** : Wide and circular stretch of the sea surrounded by the horizon.

539. **Full-busted figurehead** : A carved wooden figure of a 'big-chested' woman in the front part of the ship.

540. **Ripple feathering from her bows** : The light and little waves thrown up from the fore-end of the ship.

542. **Baffling** . Supply 'winds'.

544. **Cry of 'Breakers'** : A warning that the rocks were near where the waves were breaking.

547. **Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars** : They supported themselves with the help of broken yards, and the ropes of the ship floating on the surface of the sea.

548. **Stranding** : 'coming ashore'.

552-553. **Nor save for pity.....tame** : The animals were so ignorant of the ways of man that the only obstacle to capturing them was the pity felt for their incapability 'to realize the danger to their lives'.

557. **Eden** : Abode of Adam and Eve at their creation. It was very beautiful and delightful. The island where Enoch and his friends were cast up by the waves was like Eden itself.

565-566. **Fire-hollowing this ... sun-stricken** : While making a hollow in the trunk by means of fire, like the Indians, to make a canoe, he was there and then killed by sun-stroke. Indians used this method for they were ignorant of the use of tools.

568-595. A wonderful word-picture of the tropical island. 'Absolute model of adorned art' says Bagehot.
Wooded : Covered with woods. **Glade** : Passage between forest trees. **Coco's** : The coco-nut tree. **Plumes** : This word admirably describes the leaves of the coco-nut tree which appear like feathers. **Convolvules** : A kind of plant having beautiful flowers. **The broad belt of the world** : The Torrid or the Tropical zone. **Myriad** : Countless. **Ocean-fowl** : Sea-birds. **League-long roller thundering on the reef** : Note how the sound echoes the sense.

593. **The great stars that globed themselves in Heaven** : This does not refer 'to the brilliancy of constellations in the tropics' as Webb supposes, but 'rather to the brilliancy of individual stars forming themselves into circular massive globes' as pointed out by Prof. Lagu.

594. **The hollower bellowing** : This refers to the roar of ocean which sounds louder by night than by day.

595. **Scarlet shafts** : The rays of brilliant red colour inclining to orange.

593. **A phantom etc.** : The faint remembrance of his past life with its dim memories.

601. **Darker isle** : England. **The line** : Equator.

606. **Dewy glooming** : Covered with dew-drops and appearing darkish in colour because of the dim light of 'November dawns'.

609. **In the ringing of his ears** : In the tingling sensation he experienced in his ears.

613. **The beauteous hateful isle** : The island was beautiful as Eden. But it was 'hateful'; for it was without human associations.

615. **That'etc.** : God.

616. **Speaks with** : Prays to.

620. **Own** : Relatives. His wife and children.

628. **Mist wreathen** : Covered with mist. **A break** : 'an opening in the mist.'

629. **Silent** : Because they were at a great distance.

630. **Rurst away** : Dispersed very quickly.

633. **Solitary** : The solitary man. Enoch.

636. **Inarticulate rage** : The powerful excitement which Enoch was unable to express in so many words.

640-1. **His...loosen'd** : His tongue regained the power of speech which it had lost being unused for a long time.

647-48. **But oft.....shook.....from him** : He worked to drive away his loneliness.

652. **Scarce sea-worthy** : Hardly worthy of being put to sea.

655-56. **Down thro'.....morning breath** : Inhaled the morning breeze containing the particles of dew and full of the smell of meadows, in so large quantities, that 'it pervaded his whole system.'

657. **Her ghostly wall** : The chalk-white cliffs of England appearing ghostly in morning mist.

668. **Sea-Haze** : Sea-fog. 'Emblematic of the disappointment which awaits the bright hopes of Enoch's return'—(Blackwood's Magazine).

671. **Holt** : Wood. **Tilth** : Tilled land.
672. **Nigh-naked** : Almost without leaves.
673. **Disconsolate** : Cheerlessly.
674. **Dead weight** : 'Inert' says Oxford Dictionary.
676. **Mist-blotted** : Dimmed by mist.
684. **A bill of sale** : A poster declaring that the house was on sale.
686. **Pool** : 'The harbour-basin' (Webb).
688. **A front etc.** : An old-fashioned tavern which had its front part composed of beams put crosswise.
689. **Propt** : Kept from falling because of wooden supports.
690. **Must have gone** : Must have disappeared.
722. **The ruddy square of comfortable light** : A brilliant square of red light indicating that there was happiness within. The light was shed in the form of a square because of the four sides of the window.
- 724-26. **Allured him.....life** : A thing too common to need any explanation.
- 732-33. **A walk of shingle** : A path made of small rounded pebbles lying on sea-shore.
736. **Shunn'd** : Avoided.
738. **Silver** : Articles made of silver as spoons etc.
746. **A ring** : A ring made of ivory, 'given to teething children to bite with their gum'.
762. **Because things etc.** : Things seen with our own eyes excite us more than their report.
789. **Tranced** : In a swoon.
792. **Beating it in** : Making the firm impression of it.
793. **Burthen** : Refrain.
797. **Prayer from etc.** : The prayer that issues out of 'The Eternal' in man. 'The will' means 'free will'. Its source is God—the Eternal one. 'The living source', therefore, is said to exist in 'the will' which is an expression of God in

man. All this interpretation is based on Tennyson's own belief expressed in 'In Memoriam' and elsewhere. Webb's is simpler though not satisfactory: 'his prayer was not dead and formal, but was the outcome of genuine feeling and belief'.

798. **Beating up** etc.: Coming out of the human souls in this world full of sorrow. Mr. Webb understands this line as 'struggling against and overcoming all the troubles of this life.'

799. **Like fountains**: cf. 'Fresh-water springs come up through bitter brine'. [brine = Salt water]

800. **Kept him a living soul**: Kept the balance of his mind.

803. **Enow**: Enough.

806. **After..... call'd me**: After my death.

810. **Cooper**: Maker or repairer of casks for dry goods.

812. **Lading**: from 'Lade' meaning to put cargo on board.

813. **Stinted**: Limited or scanty. **Commerce**: Merchandise

824. **Stranded wreck**: *i. e.* the ship that is stranded.

825. **The gray skirts**: Tattered and gray ends of a rain-cloud. **Lifting squall**: The rising violent gust of wind.

828. **Close of all**: The end of his suffering.

843. **Mind**: Remember.

866. **Bairns**: Children.

876. **The bar**: The obstacle. Annie's marriage with Philip.

888-89. Referring to the third child that is dead.

904. **There came so loud calling etc.**: 'The calling of the sea' says Tennyson himself, 'is a term used.....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. **Had seldom.....funeral**: 'The costly funeral,' remarks the poet, '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 simplicity of the narrative.' True? I doubt.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

1

No poet except Gray has become immortal 'with so small a volume under his arm.' Born in 1716, a son of a money-scrivener, he did not find life a bed of roses. His father was selfish and violent, and it was mainly through his mother's exertions that Gray was placed at Eton and Cambridge. At Cambridge he never studied mathematics and took no degree, but busied himself with classical literature, history and modern languages. A friend of Horace Walpole, he travelled in his company through Italy and France. In 1757 the post of Poet-Laureate was offered to him, but it was declined by him. He applied for the professorship of history at Cambridge in 1762, which was first denied and six years later offered to him without his applying for it. In 1771 he wished to visit Switzerland. But it was not to be; and in the same year this scholar-poet whom 'Melancholy marked for his own' met his death. Some epitaphs, few odes, 'The Long Story', 'Progress of Poesy', 'The Bard' and 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard' was all that he produced. But it is the quality of his work that has made him im-

mortal. The musical sweetness, apt versification, felicitous expression, finished artistry, classical allusions and above all studious retirement — are the qualities by which his Muse is conspicuous.

2

'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard' is one of the sweetest things of English literature. It became popular at once; for it 'abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo'. Though modern historical criticism has destroyed many cherished myths about it, it has nevertheless confirmed the well-known incident of Wolfe's quoting with admiration, 'The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,' the night before he fell on the plains of Abraham.

The poem is styled 'Elegy'. The term 'Elegy' is now usually applied to a poem of lamentation for the death of someone dear to the poet; but Gray uses it in the sense of a poem dealing with the deeper issues of life and death in a mournful measure such as was called 'elegiac' among the Greeks and the Romans. Gray wrote his Elegy in iambic five-foot lines in quatrains with alternate rhymes. It is thus an attempt to render in English the solemn alternation of passion and reserve, found in the Latin elegiac. To quote Prof. Hales: "It is well adapted to convey a series of solemn reflections, and that is its work in the Elegy."

The poem opens with 'The curfew tolling the knell of the parting day,' and creates at one stroke the right atmosphere for 'the elegiac mood.' The poet is in the churchyard, and his thoughts which naturally turn to death, do so all the more as he observes the slow dying of the day. The cattle slowly cross the fields; the ploughman returns home dust-laden, weary and tired; the far-away sounds of sheep-bells 'lull the distant folds'; there is the humming of the beetle; the

'Moping owl' complains to the moon and thus the day passes away [stanzas 1-3].

Stanzas four to twenty-three constitute the main body of 'The Elegy'. As the poet muses, his eye falls on the graves of the poor. Under those 'rugged elms' and ancient yew-trees, sleep the men who used to fell the trees, plough the fields and reap the harvests. Their joys were homely; their destiny obscure but the high and the powerful need not mock 'their useful toil;' for Death is a great leveller and 'The paths of glory lead but to the grave'. Further, the difference between the high and low is after all a difference of opportunity. Some of these humble and lowly persons might have been famous and powerful too, if they had opportunity. But they were given no chance of attaining distinction. 'The genial current of their soul was frozen' and 'they wasted their sweetness on the desert air'. Yet even they were not without the universal desire for a loving remembrance. They have their own memorial—frail and perishable. They have their biographies—a few ill-spelt rhymes upon the tombstone. For,

'Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries.'

Then in the last section [Stanzas 24-32] the poet thinks of his own death, and hopes that he also will be remembered for a little while: Some 'hoary-headed swain' may recall his habits—how he loved brushing with hasty steps the dews away', how he spent his noon by stretching listlessly at the foot of a beech-tree and how he wandered now drooping, now sad and now muttering his wayward fancies. And finally, the poet wishes that when he is dead and gone his epitaph may record that though unknown he did his duty well, 'gave to Misery all he had—a tear', 'gained from Heaven (t'was all he wished) a friend', and trusted in God for pardon.

Such is this poem of Gray where music and thought unite together in a wonderful harmony. The artistic use of syllables in the very first line where we have nine different vowel sounds, the liquid 'l' in 'Nor cast one lingering long-ing look behind', the music of such lines as—'And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds'—make this elegy a wonderful rose of roses. The delight we feel in the poem is the delight we experience in finding our own opinions so exquisitely expressed. And so we conclude with the glorious words of Edmund Gosse: "It possesses the charm of incomparable felicity, of a melody that is not too subtle to charm every ear, of a moral persuasiveness that appeals to every generation, and of metrical skill that in each line proclaims the master".

The curfew: The evening-bell. Even at present called 'curfew,' though the law of the conqueror which gave it the name is no more. 'William the Conqueror laid down the law that at eight o'clock every evening a bell should be rung upon which all fires were to be put out.' This word comes from French 'Couvre-feu' = Cover fire.

Parting: Poetical for departing.

Lea. Meadow.

Line 6: Here 'stillness' is the nominative case and 'air,' is the objective.

The Beetle: A kind of insect having upper wings converted to hard wing cases. Conventionally supposed to be a thing of ill-omen.

And drowsy tinklings: Referring to the dull and flat sound produced by the sheep-bells. In England flocks of sheep usually have a bell-wether.

Ivy-mantled: Covered with ivy-creepers. Gray was probably thinking of Upton church when he wrote this line.

Moping: Dispirited and sad. Refers to the solitari-ness of an owl.

That yew-tree's shade : The yew or cypress is very commonly planted in church yards. It is pointed out by many annotators that the yew-tree under which Gray often sat still exists there.

Each in all : Absolute construction. **Rude :** Simple.

Incense-breathing : Giving out sweet smells.

Lowly bed : 'The humble bed in which they have been sleeping and also 'the grave'. The phrase is used both metaphorically and literally.

Ply her evening care : Ply is the short form of the word 'apply'. The meaning of the word is work at one's business and that of the whole phrase is 'be busy with her household duties.'

Lisp their sire's return : Announce their father's return in childish accents. **Furrow :** Plough-share.

Glebe : A clod of earth : from Latin gleba = a sod.

Broke : Broken.

Afield : To the field.

How bowed the wood : 'How the woods used to bow'.

Annals of the poor : One of those many phrases which Gray chiselled for immortality. This was used by Richmond for the title of his book.

The boast of heraldry : Heraldry is the science of recording genealogies and blazoning coats of arms. Hence the phrase means the pride of being persons of high rank.

The paths of glory etc. : Whatever way to glory we choose the end is the same. Death crowns all.

Long drawn : Long.

Aisle : This word comes from French 'aile', a wing. It has come to mean the passage between the rows of seats in any part of the Church.

Fretted vault : An arched roof beautified with fret-work. **Anthem :** A piece of religious vocal music.

Of Praise : 'Anthem is part of a service of worship of God'.

Storied urn : A monument with an inscription upon it describing the history of the dead. An urn was a vessel used for storing the ashes of the dead.

Animated bust : A statue so well-done that it seems to bristle with life.

Fleeting : Short-lived. **Provoke** : Call back to life.

Pregnant with the celestial fire : Full of divine inspiration. **Hands the rod of empire etc.** : Persons who might have wielded the sceptre.

Waked to 'ecstasy etc. : 'Might have made the lyre produce a song of deep emotion'.

Rich with the spoils of time : Rich with the gifts heaped by the passage of time.

Unroll : The word is used in imitation of the Latin word 'volumen'. In Roman times books were rolled on sticks and unrolled in order to be read.

Rage : 1 Poetic fire, 2 Burning ambition. The poet is thinking both of warriors and poets.

Genial : Cheering as well as fruitful.

Purest ray serene : 'The most brilliant and pure ray.'

Lines 57-60. This is an expansion of the idea expressed in the previous stanza. It is the opportunity that makes all the difference. In this churchyard (says the poet) there lie many who might have had the spirit of Hampden, the poetic fire of Milton and the genius of Cromwell. But the victims as they were of the world they lived in, opportunities were denied to them and no glory granted. The fine fire of their mind was stifled and extinguished by the chilling blast of environment. The genial current of their soul was frozen. They had to waste their sweetness on the desert air and die unknown.

John Hampden : The Buckinghamshire squire who protested against Charles I's imposition of 'ship money'. He was killed in 1693 while fighting against the king.

The little tyrant etc. : Someone who interfered with his rights. 'Little' in comparison with the one whom Hampden opposed.

Mute and glorious : Without songs and therefore not honoured.

John Milton [1608-74] : The blind poet. The author of 'The Paradise Lost', 'Samson Agonistes', 'L'Allegro' etc. He is one of the four great poets of the world.

Oliver Cromwell [1599-1658] : A name too well-known to need any note or introduction.

Lines 61-64. Note that the main clause — 'their lot forbad' — is left to the next verse.

And read their history etc. : 'to see throughout the country the results of their government'.

Nor circumscribed alone etc. : Their lot not only did limit their virtues but also their crimes.

To wade through slaughter to a throne : Like Louis Napoleon or Aurangzeb.

Shut the gates of mercy : *i. e.* by pronouncing cruel punishments.

Lines 69-70. To conceal from the world the appeals which truth made to them in their own hearts, and to learn brazen effrontery in their dealings with the world. Note that all this is dependent on 'their lot forbad'.

Lines 71-72. Their lot prevented them from becoming venal poets who spend their poetic powers in flattering their patrons.

Madding : Restless.

Far from : *i. e.* Since they lived far from.

Sequestered : Retired. **Tenor** : 'Course'.

Yet even those bones etc. : Though they have no stately tombs, and though their lives were most obscure, there remains some frail memorial of them still in the gravestones around, to plead that they may not be quite forgotten.

Spelt by the unlettered muse: Composed or engraved by a person who was not educated.

That teach: Not a correct idiom. This should be 'that teaches'; for, 'many a holy text' is singular. A line very popular with the paper-setters.

Lines 85-88. This stanza can be interpreted in two ways. We can take 'prey' either in agreement with 'who' or with 'being'. When taken with 'who' it means:—'For what person, a prey to forgetfulness, ever resigned his life, and left the world without casting a regretful look behind?' If 'prey' is taken with 'being' then it means:—'For who ever resigned this life to be a prey to forgetfulness and left the world without casting a regretful look behind?'

Prey: Person or a thing that falls a victim to.

Pleasing anxious being: Our life which is full of pleasure in spite of pain and trouble.

Precincts: An enclosed space.

Some fond breast: Some loving friend.

Pious: Used in the Latin sense. Dutiful.

Ev'n from the tomb etc.: Even after our death the natural desire to be remembered shows itself.

Lines 89-92: 'It has been suggested that the first line of this stanza seems to regard the near approach of death; the second its actual advent; the third immediately succeeding its advent; the fourth a time still later.'

For thee: As for thee *i. e.* the poet. The poet is speaking of himself.

Artless: Simple.

Chance: Perchance. Chance is used as an adverb.

Some kindred spirit: Someone like the poet given to contemplation.

Haply: Perhaps.

Some hoary-headed swain: Some aged countryman.

Upland Lawn: The grassy plots on the slopes of a hill.

Beech: A kind of tree.

Fantastic: Strange. Burnham beech-trees are famous for their fantastic shapes.

His listless length etc.: He used to stretch himself full length in a listless manner.

Listless: Languid. **Pore:** Look intently at; gaze on.

Hard by: Near. **As in scorn:** As if in scorn.

Mutt'ring his wayward.....rove : He used to wander as Horace did, meditating and muttering to himself his fantastic ideas. **Now.....now** : At one time, at another.

Drooping : Languid. **Woeful wan** : Pale and sad.

Line 108 : Note that 'Crazed' and 'Crossed' go with 'one'. **Customed** : Poetical for accustomed.

Another came : i.e. Another morning came.

The next : On the next morning.

Dirge : Funeral music.

Sad array : Black clothes as a sign of mourning.

The church-way path : i.e. the path leading from the main road to the church.

'Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay : The brackets are a later insertion of Gray's. His first meaning was—'the Lay is here for any one to read'. By adding the brackets he has given the words deep significance. It is as Prof. Hales has pointed out, "reading was not such a common accomplishment that it could be taken for granted".

Graved : Engraved.

Epitaph : Words inscribed on tomb.

The lap of earth : As if on his mother's lap.

Science : In the general sense of knowledge.

Frowned not on : Did not disdain.

Melancholy : Not gloom but studious retirement. 'Mine (melancholy)', says Gray, 'is a white melancholy for the most part, which, though it seldom laughs or dances, nor ever amounts to what one calls joy or pleasure, yet is a good easy sort of state'.

Marked him : i.e. to show that he belonged to her.

Large : Liberal. Used in the Latin sense.

Disclose : Usually reveal; but here it seems to mean 'discover.'

Lines 125-128 : There lurks somewhere a flaw in this stanza. 'They alike' does not express fully the idea 'Both alike' i. e. the merits as well as frailties. The last two lines have made a mess of the whole matter; 'for he who reaches the bosom of God will do so with all frailties purged away and will have nothing then to fear or hope'. Surely enough 'the elegy' ends with a discordant note.

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