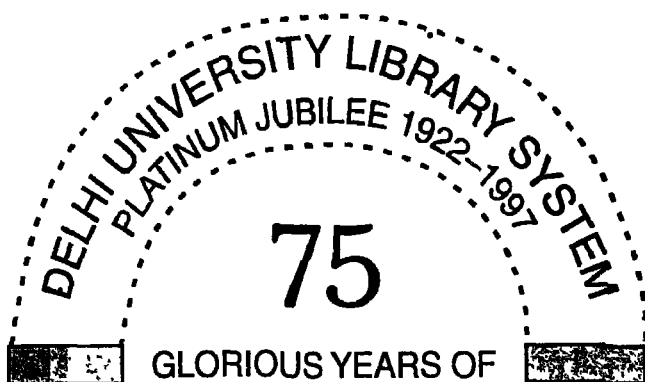




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THE SOCRATES BOOKLETS: XII

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VIA LYRICA

AN ANTHOLOGY

MAINLY OF LYRICAL POEMS

Edited by

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"Socrates. Without any one teaching him he will recover his knowledge for himself, if he is only asked questions."

PLATO, *Meno*.

METHOD OF THE SERIES

This series is intended primarily for boys and girls of thirteen to fifteen. The pupil should first read right through each poem, essay, play or narrative in order to get a general knowledge of the subject-matter, but he may pass over obscure allusions or other difficulties. The whole comes before the part. In order that the teacher may be satisfied that this first reading has been done, a selection of questions is given which should be answered, either aloud or in writing, without the book. These questions are headed "A."

After this comes more detailed and intensive study, but it is important that this should not degenerate into a mere cramming of the memory. The pupil should re-read the whole or parts of his text not in order to "get it up," but in order to find things out. A selection of questions is therefore given which aims at indicating some of the chief things which the pupil should find out if he is to enter into the mind of the writer. These questions, for which the pupil should be allowed the free use of his book, are headed "B."

A few of the questions headed "B" are marked with an asterisk () to indicate that they are intended for older pupils.*

The pupil who, after obtaining a general knowledge of his subject-matter, has employed himself in making intelligent inquiries into it, may then profitably go further afield. For this purpose a selection is given of questions which involve reference to other books. The usefulness of these questions depends partly on the extent to which the pupil has access to the best English classics and to standard works of reference. But the teacher will often have such access even if the pupil has not. In this section again an asterisk () indicates that certain questions are intended for older pupils, and a number has been placed after those where reference is made to one of the books in the list given on the last page of this volume. This third set of questions is headed "C."*

PREFACE TO THIS VOLUME

THE teacher's unit is the lesson, and a good lesson must have unity. The poems of this anthology are therefore not arranged in chronological order, which has serious disadvantages when applied to shorter poems, but in lesson groups, as indicated in the Table of Contents.

The questions characteristic of this series are placed at the end of each group, and most of those marked "B" and "C" are designed to lead to the discovery of similarities and contrasts in the minds and moods of authors, their use of imagery and metre, the capacities of poetic forms, and the nature of poetry itself so far as it is discoverable. Every poem should reveal its characteristics more clearly in the setting provided and so gain in individual beauty while contributing to an exercise which is the beginning of criticism.

Mere reading of poems in succession may undoubtedly lead to appreciation, more or less conscious, but will do nothing to help a boy or girl to put that appreciation into words. Criticism is to some extent a science, and its vocabulary must be used with precision. Adjectives descriptive of rhythm, names of moods and mental attitudes, do not come automatically any more than terms specifically technical, such as iamb, sonnet or metaphor. They have to be acquired, not from a dead catalogue in a grammar book or dictionary, but by continued observation and thoughtful use. The object of the lesson is not the term, but a proper study of the lesson will reveal shades of difference for which the need of a term will be felt.

This book is designed to aid in the gradual acquisition of the language of appreciation, and it is hoped that those who have worked through it will lose nothing of the true poetic experience, but will avoid the sudden "spurt" which is so often apparent when the syllabus of an examination is undertaken.

It is intended that in one lesson the poems should be considered from the points of view suggested by the "A" and "B" questions. The "C" questions will then provide matter for at least one other lesson at home or in school or both. Small as the book is, it may therefore lay the foundation of a year's intensive study of poetry, time being allowed for learning favourite poems by heart and for reading more cursorily some narrative verse.

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VIA LYRICA

I

EDWARD, EDWARD

(From Allingham's *Nightingale Valley*.)

' WHY does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
Edward, Edward ?

Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
And why sae sad gang ye, O ? '

' O, I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude,
Mither, mither :

O, I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude,
And I had nae mair but he, O.'

' Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
Edward, Edward :

10

Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O.'

' O, I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,
Mither, mither :

O, I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,
That carried me fair and free, O.'

' 'Gin your steed be gane, ye hae plenty mair,
Edward, Edward :

'Gin your steed was auld, ye hae plenty mair ;
Some ither dule ye dree, O.'

20

' O, I hae kill'd my father dear,
Mither, mither :

' O, I hae kill'd my father dear,
'Alas ! and wae is me, O ! '

' And whatten penance will ye dree for that,
Edward, Edward ?

And whatten penance will ye dree for that ?
My dear son, now tell me, O.'

' I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither : 30

I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea, O.'

' And what will ye do wi' your towers and your ha',
Edward, Edward ?

And what will ye do wi' your towers and your ha',
That were sae fair to see, O ? '

' I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
Mither, mither :

I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
For here never mair maun I be, O.' 40

' And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward ?

And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
When ye gang over the sea, O ? '

' The world's room : let them beg through life,
Mither, mither ;

The world's room : let them beg through life ;
For them never mair will I see, O.'

' And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
Edward, Edward ? 50

And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear ?
My dear son, now tell me, O.'

' The curse of hell frae me shall ye bear,
Mither, mither !

The curse of hell frae me shall ye bear,
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O ! '

ANON

THE TWA CORBIES

(From Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.)

As I was walking all alane
 I heard twa corbies making a mane,
 The tane unto the t'other say,
 ' Where sall we gang and dine to-day ? '

' In behint yon auld fail dyke,
 I wot there lies a new slain knight ;
 And naebody kens that he lies there,
 But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

' His hound is to the hunting gane,
 His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame, 10
 His lady's ta'en another mate,
 So we may mak our dinner sweet.

' Ye'll sit on his white hausebane,
 And I'll pike out his bonny blue een :
 Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
 We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

' Mony a one for him makes mane,
 But nane sall ken where he is gane :
 O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
 The wind sall blaw for evermair.' 20

ANON.

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

(From Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.)

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle ;
 Fire and sleet, and candle lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
Every nighte and alle ;
To Whinny-muir thou comest at last :
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Every nighte and alle ; 16
Sit thee down, and put them on ;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gavest nane,
Every nighte and alle ;
The whinnes shall prick thee to the bare bane ;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou mayest pass,
Every nighte and alle ;
To Brigg o' Dread thou comest at last ;
And Christe receive thy saule. 20

From Brigg o' Dread when thou mayest pass,
Every nighte and alle ;
To Purgatory fire thou comest at last ;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
Every nighte and alle ;
The fire shall never make thee shrink ;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gavest nane,
Every night and alle ; 30
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane ;
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle ;
Fire and sleet, and candle lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

QUESTIONS ON I

A.

1. What had Edward done to his hawk and horse ?
2. Why did he curse his mother ?
3. Why could the crows eat their meal in safety ?
4. What route is said to be followed by the spirits of the dead ?

B.

1. Is *Edward, Edward* more like a story or a play ? Give reasons for your answer.
2. How does its author keep the reader in suspense ?
3. What gives the quality of "grimness" to each of these poems ? Pick out any lines or images which seem especially grim. Which poem might be called cynical ? Which is most dramatic ? Which has a moral ? Give reasons.
4. What is ballad measure ? Which poem is obviously in ballad measure ? Write out a stanza of *Edward, Edward* omitting repetitions, and reducing it to ballad measure. What is the metre of the other poem ? Why would it spoil *Edward, Edward* to modernise every word ?

C.

1. What other medieval ballads have you read ? Do any of them reveal the personality of their authors ? Do you think they could possibly have been written by the people ? ¹

*2. Compare the English ballad *Chevy Chase* with the Scottish *Ballad of Otterburn* and Froissart's account of the same battle. How do you explain the difference in the accounts ? ^{2, 3}

*3. Do you think that the ballads are poetry, as Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale* is poetry ? Give reasons.⁴

II

THE SOWING OF THE DRAGON'S TEETH

William Morris's *Life and Death of Jason*, VIII., 279-343.)

THEN Jason took the sack, and with it went
 About that field new turned, and broadcast sent
 The white teeth scattering, but or ere he came
 Back to the altar, and the flickering flame,
 He heard from 'neath the earth a muttered sound
 That grew and grew, till all that piece of ground
 Swelled into little hillocks, like as where
 A stricken field was foughten, but that there
 Quiet the heroes' bones lie underneath
 The quivering grasses and the dusky heath ; 10
 But now these heaps the labouring earth upthrew
 About Mars' acre, ever greater grew,
 And still increased the noise, till none could hear
 His fellow speak, and paleness and great fear
 Fell upon all ; and Jason only stood
 As stands the stout oak in the poplar wood
 When winds are blowing.

Then he saw the mounds
 Hursten asunder, and the muttered sounds
 Changed into loud strange shouts and warlike clang,
 As with freed feet at last the earth-born sprang 20
 On to the tumbling earth, and the sunlight
 Shone on bright arms clean ready for the fight.

But terribly they showed, for through the place
 Not one there was but had his staring face,
 With great wide eyes, and lips in a set smile,
 Turned full on Jason, who, for a short while,
 Forgot indeed Medea's warning word,
 And from its golden sheath half drew his sword,
 But then, remembering all, cried valiantly :
 ' New born ye are—new slain too shall ye be. 30

Take this, and round about it read your doom,
And bid them make new dwellings in the tomb,
Wherefrom ye came, nor ever should have passed.'

Therewith the ball among the host he cast,
Standing to watch what next that folk would do.
But he the ball had smitten turned unto
The one who stood by him and like a cup
Shattered his head ; then the next lifted up
His axe and slew the slayer, and straightway
Among the rest began a deadly fray. 40

No man gave back a foot, no breathing space
One took or gave within that dreadful place,
But where the vanquished stood there was he slain,
And straight the conquering arm was raised again
To meet its match and in its turn to fall.
No tide was there of fainting and recall,
No quivering pennon o'er their heads to flit,
Nor name or eager shout called over it,
No groan of pain, and no despairing cry
From him who knows his time has come to die, 50
But passionless each bore him in that fight,
Scarce otherwise than as a smith might smite
On sounding iron or bright glittering brass.

So, little by little, did the clamour pass
As one by one each fell down in his place,
Until at last, midmost the bloody space,
One man was left, alive but wounded sore,
Who, staring round about and seeing no more
His brothers' spears against him, fixed his eyes
Upon the queller of those mysteries. 60
Then dreadfully they gleamed, and with no word
He tottered towards him with uplifted sword.
But scarce he made threc paces down the field,
Ere chill death reached his heart, and on his shield
Clattering he fell.

THE MUSIC OF POETRY

(Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, ll. 337—383.)

BUT most by NUMBERS judge a poet's song,
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong :
 In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join, 10
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
 Where'er you find ' the cooling western breeze ',
 In the next line, it ' whispers thro' the trees ' :
 If ' crystal streams with pleasing murmurs creep ',
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with ' sleep ' :
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song, 20
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow ;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense :
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows, 30
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar :

¶When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow ;
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
 Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise !
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove 40
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love ;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by Sound !
 The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

QUESTIONS ON II

A.

1. What seems uncanny in the fight amongst the " earth-born " ?
2. What did the last survivor intend to do ? Why did he not do it ?
3. What does Pope declare to be the stock rhymes for " breeze " and " creep " ?
4. What writers does Pope praise ?

B.

1. Find out the meaning of " numbers," " couplet," " syllables," " expletives," " Alexandrine." What pattern of " numbers " and of rhyme had Morris and Pope in mind when writing these poems ? Does either of them use the Alexandrine ? Can you find a " triplet " in Pope's poem ?
2. Look at the punctuation of both poems. Which could be called " end-stopped " ? Which flows most easily ? Which is the cleverer poem ? Which is most likely to become monotonous ? Would Morris's verse suit Pope's subject ?
3. Which poem appeals more to the intellect, and which to the imagination ? To which did the old ballads appeal ?

C.

1. Read *Alexander's Feast* by Dryden. How does it illustrate Pope's statement that " the sound must seem an echo to the sense " ? Explain fully what is meant by " what Timotheus was is Dryden now."

*2. What is a narrative poem ? What English poets have written great narrative poems ? What is the difference between a narrative and an epic poem ? 6. 7

III

GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK

(From *Albyn's Anthology*, 1816.)

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, an'
From mountain so rocky ;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bares one.

10

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar ;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targes.

20

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended ;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded :

Faster, come faster, come
 Faster and faster, 30
 Chief, vassal, page and groom,
 Tenant, and master.
 Fast they come, fast they come ;
 See how they gather !
 Wide waves the eagle plume,
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set !
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
 Knell for the onset ! 40

SCOTT.

HOHENLINDEN

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
 But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.
 By torch and trumpet fast array'd
 Each horseman drew his battle blade 10
 And furious every charger neigh'd
 To join the dreadful revelry.
 Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of heaven
 Far flash'd the red artillery.
 But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stained snow ;
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly. 20

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part, where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

30

CAMPBELL.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

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

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

10

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON.

QUESTIONS ON III

A.

1. How were Donuil's men armed ? What were their occupations in time of peace ?
2. What peoples fought at Hohenlinden ? What was the time of year ? Does the poem tell who won ?
3. What appears to have been the cause of Tennyson's grief ? Why does he bring the fisherman's boy into the poem ? And what have the waves to do with his emotion ?

B.

1. To which of these poems might the following adjectives be applied : stately, fierce, turbulent, dignified, emotional, reflective, subjective, objective ?
2. Look in each for examples of the sound fitting the sense.
3. Note the proportion of accented to unaccented syllables in the line, and consider whether it has any effect on the rate at which the verse seems to travel. In what other ways can the movement of poetry be quickened or retarded ?

C.

1. What is the difference between metre and rhythm ? Illustrate with examples from *Hohenlinden* and other poems.
- *2. Read Dr. Johnson's criticism of the notion that the sound can be made to fit the sense. What element of truth is there in his remarks and examples ? Do you agree entirely with him ? ⁸

IV

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO A LOVER

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?

Prithee, why so pale ?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail ?

Prithee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?

Prithee, why so mute ?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't ?

Prithee, why so mute ?

10

Quit, quit, for shame ; this will not move,

This cannot take her ;

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her.

The devil take her !

SUCKLING.

TO ANTHEA WHO MAY COMMAND HIM
ANY THING

BID me to live, and I will live

Thy Protestant to be :

Or bid me love, and I will give

A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,

A heart as sound and free,

As in the whole world thou canst find,

That heart I'll give to thee.

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

10

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

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that Cypress tree :
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en Death, to die for thee.

20

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

HERRICK.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

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

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

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

10

LOVELACE.

ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA

You meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light,
 You common people of the skies ;
 What are you, when the Moon shall rise ?

 You curious chanters of the wood,
 That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents ; what's your praise,
 When Philomel her voice shall raise ? 10

 You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known
 Like the proud virgins of the year.
 As if the spring were all your own ;
 What are you, when the Rose is blown ?

 So, when my Mistress shall be seen
 In form and beauty of her mind,
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
 Tell me, if she were not design'd
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind. 20

WOTTON.

RONDEAU

JENNY kiss'd me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
 Time, you thief, who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in :
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
 Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,
 Say I'm growing old, but add,
 Jenny kiss'd me.

LEIGH HUNT.

QUESTIONS ON IV

A.

1. Do you think that Suckling was in love when he wrote his poem? Which of these authors apparently were?

2. Which seems to be insincere? Which is the most manly? Which most elated? Which suggests the most beautiful comparisons?

B.

1. Pick out some double rhymes from these poems. Do they help to give a jaunty effect? What is the predominant type of foot in the same poems? What foot abounds in the more sedate and firm rhythms?

2. With what is Elizabeth of Bohemia compared? Who are compared to stars, "chanters of the wood" and violets? What is the exact point of each comparison or simile?

3. What hyperboles (*i.e.*, exaggerations) can you find in the lines to Anthea? Which is the climax of hyperbole? And how does the last stanza bind the whole poem into a harmonious unity?

C.

*1. Would you rather listen to these dainty trifles or the organ notes of Milton? Was his "unceasing care" justified, or "Were it not better done as others use, To sport with Amaryllis in the shade, Or with the tangles of Næara's hair"? 7, 20

2. Read Dr. Johnson's remarks on the simile and consider their truth, applying them to any examples you may have in mind.⁹

3. Do you know any other love-poems fit to be compared with those of the seventeenth century?

V

GO, LOVELY ROSE

Go, lovely Rose!

Tell her, that wastes her time and me,

That now she knows,

When I resemble her to thee,

How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

10

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired :
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

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

20

WALLER.

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon :
 As yet the early-rising Sun
 Has not attain'd his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the Even-song ;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along.

10

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring ;
As quick a growth to meet Decay,
As you, or any thing.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the Summer's rain ;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

20

HERRICK.

THE DAFFODILS

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

10

The waves beside them danced ; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
A Poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company :
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

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

20

WORDSWORTH.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR HENRY MORTON

(From *Underwoods*.)

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :

A lily of a day

Is fairer far, in May,

Although it fall and die that night ;

It was the plant and flower of light.

In small proportions we just beauties see ;

And in short measures life may perfect be.

10

JONSON.

QUESTIONS ON V

A.

1. To whom is the rose sent, and for what purpose ?
2. What thoughts come into Herrick's mind as he looks at the daffodils ?
3. Where did Wordsworth see his daffodils ?

B.

1. Which of these authors seems to love flowers most for their own sake ? What is each of the others more interested in ?
2. Write an account of Waller's poem in one sentence, beginning, "He sends a rose to his lady as a symbol of . . ."
3. In what way was Wordsworth like a cloud ? How did the daffodils resemble the Milky Way ? What is the difference between a simile and a metaphor ?

4. Find the elaborate scheme of rhyme and rhythm in Herrick's beautiful stanza. Can you find a word which is not simple, a line which is not musical, or a thought which is not perfectly expressed? Of what are the summer's rain and the morning's dew symbolic?
5. In what way is Jonson's poem like Herrick's?

C.

1. What poems do you know (a) which contain descriptions or *ists of beautiful flowers*, (b) which express thoughts suggested by flowers, (c) which use flowers in beautiful comparisons?
- *2. Is it the sole aim of poetry to cause beautiful images to "flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude"? If not, what other qualities do you require?

VI

TO A SKYLARK

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!

Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?

Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will

Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,

Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain

('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:

10

Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing

All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;

A privacy of glorious light is thine;

Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood

Of harmony, with instinct more divine;

Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam;

True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

WORDSWORTH.

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 16

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

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight ;
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad day-light
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight : 20

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed. 30

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not : 40

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
view : 50

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves :

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass. 60

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want. 70

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 80

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. 90

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground ! 100

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.
SHELLEY.

QUESTIONS ON VI

A.

1. In what way does Wordsworth suppose the skylark to be a type of the wise ?
2. Name three persons or things with which Shelley compares the skylark. .

B.

1. We may say that Wordsworth's poem consists of a question, his own answer to it, and a moral. Divide it into three accordingly, showing the main point and the subordinate but important details of each.

2. Trace the development of Shelley's theme, dividing the poem into four and indicating the contents of each section.

3. What is meant by (a) a privacy of glorious light is thine, (b) bird thou never wert, (c) an unbodied joy, (d) the arrows of that silver sphere, (e) these heavy-winged thieves, (f) chorus Hymeneal?

4. Which of these poets has the more vivid imagination? Which has his feet the more firmly on the ground? Whose verse carries you on at the greater pace and with more consummate ease? Which appeals more to "that inward eye"?

C.

1. Is it true that "our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought"? Illustrate your answer with any poems familiar to you, especially those in your private anthology.

2. Compare these poems with Hardy's *The Blinded Bird*, Stephens' *Fifteen Acres*, and Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale*. Which writers are most interested in the bird? Which are most subjective? 10 11, 4

VII

WINTER

(From *Love's Labour's Lost*.)

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit! tu-whoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whoo !
 Tu-whit ! tu-whoo ! A merry note !
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

10

SHAKESPEARE.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

(From *As You Like It*.)

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

10

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
 Heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

20

SHAKESPEARE.

WINTER

(Cowper's *Task*, IV., 120-143.)

OH Winter ! ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slipp'ry way ;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art ! Thou hold'st the sun 10
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west ; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights, 20
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts, that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.

TO WINTER

" O WINTER ! bar thine adamantine doors :
The north is thine ; there hast thou built thy dark
Deep-founded habitation. Shake not thy roofs
Nor bend thy pillars with thine iron car "

He hears me not, but o'er the yawning deep
Rides heavy ; his storms are unchain'd, sheathed
In ribbed steel ; I dare not lift mine eyes ;
For he hath rear'd his sceptre o'er the world.

Lo ! now the direful monster, whose skin clings
To his strong bones, strides o'er the groaning rocks :
He withers all in silence, and in his hand
Unclothes the earth, and freezes up frail life.

He takes his seat upon the cliffs, the mariner
Cries in vain. Poor little wretch, that deal'st
With storms, till heaven smiles, and the monster
Is driv'n yelling to his caves beneath Mount Hecla.
BLAKE.

QUESTIONS ON VII

A.

1. What are the signs of winter, according to Shakespeare ? What is worse than the winter wind or freezing sky ?
2. What pleasures does Cowper find to compensate for the disadvantages of winter ?
3. Where does Blake locate the permanent abode of winter ?

B.

1. Which of these poems look like songs ? How ? What kind of tune ought they to be set to ?
2. In which poems is winter personified ? Which personification might have been laboriously constructed ? and which came from a wild and vivid imagination ? Which poem best expresses fear and dread of the devastating season ? Is a personification more like a metaphor or a simile ?
3. Two of these poems are unrhymed. One is from a long blank verse poem, but the other is a lyric in stanzas. Do you miss the rhyme ? If not, why not ?

C.

1. Compare these personifications with that in Keats' *Ode to Autumn*.⁴
2. Write a short poem personifying summer in the manner of Keats, Blake or Cowper.
3. Do you think it possible that the ancient gods and goddesses were first created by poets ? Name some who may have been.¹³
- *4. In what ways is Shakespeare's second song suited to its place in *As You Like It* ?

VIII

COME, SLEEP

(From *Astrophel and Stella*.)

COME Sleep ! O Sleep ! the certain knot of peace !
 The baiting place of wit ! the balm of woe !
 The poor man's wealth ! the prisoner's release !
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low !
 With shield of proof, shield me from out the press
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw !
 O make in me those civil wars to cease !
 I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
 Take thou of me, smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light, 10
 A rosy garland, and a weary head :
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy Grace, thou shalt in me
 Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

SIDNEY.

HER IMMORTALITY

(From *Amoretti*.)

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand,
 But came the waves and washed it away :
 Again I wrote it with a second hand,
 But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
 Vain man, said she, that dost in vain assay
 A mortal thing so to immortalize,
 For I myself shall like to this decay,
 And eke my name be wiped out likewise.
 Not so, (quoth I) let baser things devise
 To die in dust, but you shall live by fame : 10
 My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
 And in the heavens write your glorious name.
 Where whenas death shall all the world subdue,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew.

SPENSER.

TIME AND BEAUTY

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays ?
O fearful meditation ! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ? 10
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back,
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN I AM DEAD

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell ;
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay, 10
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay ;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

SHAKESPEARE.

QUESTIONS ON VIII

A.

1. What subject is common to the themes of all four poems ?
2. What are Shakespeare's feelings as he thinks (1) of his friend's death, (2) of his own ?
3. Which of these poems are particularly like one another ?

B.

1. These four poems are called sonnets. What would be your definition of a sonnet, judging by them ?
2. How does Spenser's rhyme scheme differ from the others ?
3. Make a plain statement of the matter in each poem. Then examine the rich imagery interwoven with the bare theme. Is the poetry in the thought or in the form given to it by the poet ?

C.

- *1. What was the main theme of sonneteers from Wyatt to Shakespeare ? To what extent were their poems original and sincere ? ¹⁸

IX

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide,
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?"
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts. Who best 10
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

MILTON.

TO MR. LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining ? Time will run
 On smother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise 10
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air ?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

MILTON.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be 10
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

WORDSWORTH.

ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND

Two Voices are there ; one is of the Sea,
 One of the Mountains ; each a mighty Voice :
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
 There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ; 10
 For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee !
 WORDSWORTH.

QUESTIONS ON IX

A.

1. Why did Milton call the world " dark and wide " ? What did Patience tell him ?
2. In what time of the year did he write to Mr. Lawrence ?
3. What are the two voices of Liberty ? What is Wordsworth's request to Liberty ?
4. Why did Wordsworth wish, for the moment, that he were a pagan ?

B.

1. What is the rhyme scheme in these sonnets ? How does *England and Switzerland* differ from the others ? Can you guess why Wordsworth made the innovation ?
2. Observe the subject-matter. Is it like that of the previous four sonnets ? Is it more or less varied ?
3. At what point (approximately) in each poem is there a slight change of subject ?
4. Is there any connection in Shakespeare's sonnets between the rhyme scheme and the turns in the thought ?

C.

*1. What sonnets have been written since Wordsworth's time? Write a critical appreciation of Mrs. Browning's, Rupert Brooke's, or Masfield's.¹⁷

2. What light do Milton's sonnets throw on his character and history?

X

HYMN TO NIGHT

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!

Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray
Star-inwrought!

Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day; 10
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest, 20
I sighed for thee.

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

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

30

SHELLEY.

TO NIGHT

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
 Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo! creation widened in man's view.
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
 Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
 Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

10

BLANCO WHITE.

CARE-CHARMER SLEEP

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night,
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
 Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
 With dark forgetting of my care return.
 And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth :
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the torment of the night's untruth.
 Cease, dreams, the images of day desires,
 To model forth the passions of the morrow ; 10
 Never let rising Sun approve you liars,
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow :
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

DANIEL.

HYMN TO DIANA

(From *Cynthia's Revels*, Act v. Sc. iii.)

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair
 State in wonted manner keep :
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright.
 Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heav'n to clear, when day did close : 10
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess excellently bright

~~VIA LYRICA~~

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

JONSON.

QUESTIONS ON X

A.

1. Who are the kinsmen of night according to Shelley and Daniel ?
2. What great discovery did Adam make when night first came upon him ? What other night may lead to a similar revelation ?
3. Why did Daniel, Jonson and Shelley long for night ?

B.

1. Which of these poems live not by the underlying thought, which is commonplace, but by beauty of language or imagery ?
2. Why is the cave of Night in the east ? What is the hair of Night ? Why is Sleep filmy-eyed ? Find lines in Shelley's poem with lovely long vowels. Which of them seem to express the tediousness of the day, the weariness or sadness of the poet, and his intense longing ?
3. Does Jonson's poem express any emotion ?
4. Suggest adjectives descriptive of the best qualities of each poem.

C.

- *1. Compare Shelley's imagery with that of Keats. To which might you best apply the adjectives elusive, ethereal, concrete, definite, elaborate, earthy ? Which tends to create an original mythology ?⁴
2. In what period was English literature most full of references to Greek and Roman deities ? To what great movement in thought do you trace this influence ?

XI

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

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

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

He lieth still : he doth not move :
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.

10

Old year, you must not go ;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim ;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

20

Old year, you shall not die ;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.

To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.

30

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

How hard he breathes ! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro :
The cricket chirps : the light burns low :
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

40

Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you :
What is it we can do for you ?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack ! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,

50

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

TENNYSON.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

(*In Memoriam*, cvi.)

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

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

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ; 10
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in. 20

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ; 30
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON.

QUESTIONS ON XI

A.

1. Why was the poet glad to ring out the old year in the one poem, and sorry to see it go in the other ?
- 2 In which poem is the old year personified ?

B.

1. Which poem would you call fanciful or playful ? Which was probably written first ? Give reasons
- 2 Which has the more delicate rhythm ? Which is rousing and energetic ? Are the rhythms suitable to the subjects ?
3. In the first poem note the metre and the variations from it (e.g., in lines 2, 3, 13 and 14) Are the variations deliberate and effective ?
4. Have we rung out all that Tennyson wished to get rid of ? Have we made any progress in doing so ?

C.

- 1 What is the place of *Ring out, wild bells* in the development of Tennyson's theme in *In Memoriam* ?
- *2. Do you consider *In Memoriam* one poem or a collection of lyrics ?

XII

AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY

WEEP with me, all you that read
This little story .
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature
Years he number'd scarce thirteen
When Fates turn'd cruel,
Yet three filled Zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel ,
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,

As sooth, the Parcae thought him one,
 He play'd so truly.
 So, by error to his fate
 They all consented ;
 But viewing him since, alas, too late !
 They have repented ;
 And have sought, to give new birth,
 In baths to steep him ;
 But being so much too good for earth,
 Heaven vows to keep him.

20

JONSON.

A SEA DIRGE

(From *The Tempest*.)

FULL fathom five thy father lies ;
 Of his bones are coral made ;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes :
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
 Hark ! now I hear them,—
 Ding-dong, bell.

SHAKESPEARE.

A LAND DIRGE

(From *The White Devil*.)

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
 Since o'er shady groves they hover
 And with leaves and flowers do cover
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.
 Call unto his funeral dole
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,

To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
 And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm ;
 But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again. 10
WEBSTER.

ON A CHILD

HERE a pretty Baby lies
 Sung asleep with Lullabies :
 Pray be silent, and not stir
 Th' easy earth that covers her.
HERRICK.

DIRCE

(From *Pericles and Aspasia*.)

STAND close around, ye Stygian set,
 With Dirce in one boat convey'd,
 Or Charon, seeing, may forget
 That he is old, and she a shade.
LANDOR.

ON CHARLES II

HERE lies our sovereign lord the king
 Whose word no man relies on,
 Who never said a foolish thing,
 And never did a wise one.
ROCHESTER.

ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in night :
 God said " Let Newton be ! " ; and all was light.
POPE.

ON HIMSELF

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
 Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
 The son of Adam and of Eve.
 Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher ?

PRIOR.

ON HIMSELF

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it :
 I thought so once, and now I know it.

GAY.

ON HIMSELF

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife ;
 Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art ;
 I warmed both hands before the fire of life ;
 It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

LANDOR.

QUESTIONS ON XII

A.

1. Which of these elegies, etc. would you call (a) satirical, (b) ingenious, (c) tender, (d) grim, (e) democratic, (f) serene, (g) fanciful ? Which contain the most beautiful images ?

B.

1. Which of them would you call epigrammatic ?
2. Look for some antitheses.
3. Account in your own words for the death of Salathiel Pavy.
4. Write an appreciation of *A Sea Dirge*.

C.

*1. Which of these epitaphs would be approved by Dr. Johnson and Addison ? 8, 14

2. Which of these epitaphs are most like those in Goldsmith's poem *Retraction* ? 15

3. Write an epitaph for yourself or one of your friends in the manner of Rochester or Landor.

XIII

From LYCIDAS (lines 165 to end)

WEEP no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves ;
 Where, other groves and other streams along, 10
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love,
 There entertain him all the saints above
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good 20
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals grey ;
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay ;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue :
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

MILTON.

From ADONAI (stanzas 39-44)

PEACE, peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.—*We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel ; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night ;
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 Can touch him not and torture not again ;
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain ;
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he ;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn, 20
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone ;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan !
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair !

He is made one with Nature : there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird ; 30
He is a presence to be felt and known

In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
 Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely : he doth bear
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there 40
 All new successions to the forms they wear ;
 Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear ;
 And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;
 Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
 And death is a low mist which cannot blot
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought 50
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
 And love and life contend in it, for what
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
 And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

SHELLEY

From THYRSIS (last five stanzas)

THERE thou art gone, and me thou leavest here
 Sole in these fields ! yet will I not despair.
 Despair I will not, while I yet descry
 'Neath the mild canopy of English air
 That lonely tree against the western sky
 Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,

Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee !

Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay,

Woods with anemonies in flower till May,

Know him a wanderer still ; then why not me ? 10

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,

Shy to illumine ; and I seek it too.

This does not come with houses or with gold,

With place, with honour, and a flattering crew ;

'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold—

But the smooth-slipping weeks

Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired ;

Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,

He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone ;

Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired. 20

Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wast bound ;

Thou wanderest with me for a little hour !

Men gave thee nothing ; but this happy quest,

If men esteem'd thee feeble, gave thee power,

If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest.

And this rude Cumner ground,

Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,

Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time,

Here was thine height of strength, thy golden prime

And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields. 30

What though the music of thy rustic flute

Kept not for long its happy, country tone ;

Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note

Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,

Which task'd they pipe too sore, and tired thy
throat—

It fail'd, and thou wast mute !

Yet hadst thou alway visions of our light,

And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,

And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,

Left human haunt, and on alone till night. 40

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here !
 'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,
 Thyrsis ! in reach of sheep-bells is my home.
 —Then through the great town's harsh, heart-weary-
 ing roar,
 Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
 To chase fatigue and fear :
Why faintest thou ? I wander'd till I died.
Roam on ! The light we sought is shining still.
Dost thou ask proof ? Our tree yet crowns the hill,
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side. 50
 MATTHEW ARNOLD.

QUESTIONS ON XIII

A.

1. Suggest a title which would suit all these three extracts equally well.
2. What thoughts bring consolation (a) to Milton, (b) to Shelley, (c) to Arnold ? Which seem to you most satisfying ?

B.

1. Can you find in *Lycidas* any mingling of Christian and pagan ideas ? Which seem most natural in a Doric lay ?
2. Compare the images used by these poets, noting whether they are definite or evanescent, localised or universal.
3. To which of these poets would you primarily apply the adjectives religious, philosophical and moral ?

C.

1. Trace the connection in thought between *The Scholar Gipsy* and *Thyrsis*.
2. Compare *Lycidas* with Gray's *Elegy*.
- *3. Consider the justice of Dr. Johnson's criticisms of *Lycidas*. 16, 20

XIV

"THE NORTHERN STAR"

*(A Tynemouth Ship)**(From Hone's Table Book, 1827.)*

THE *Northern Star*
 Sail'd over the bar,
 Bound to the Baltic Sea :
 In the morning gray
 She stretch'd away,—
 'Twas a weary day to me.

For many an hour,
 In sleet and shower,
 By the lighthouse rock I stray ;
 And watch till dark
 For the winged bark
 Of him that is far away.

10

The castle's bound
 I wander round
 Amidst the grassy graves,
But all I hear
 Is the north wind drear,
 And all I see are the waves.

The *Northern Star*
 Is set afar,
 Set in the Baltic Sea ;
 And the waves have spread
 The sandy bed
 That holds my love from me.

20

(Assigned by different authorities to ALEX. CREIGHTON, of North Shields, and to the Rev. W. N. DARNELL, Rector of St. Mary-le-Bow, Durham.)

THE OCEAN

(Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, canto iv., stanzas
178-184)

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll ! 10
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields 20
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,

And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime— 50
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear, 60
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

QUESTIONS ON XIV

A.

1. Tell the story of *The Northern Star*.
2. Would you call the poem lyrical or narrative ?
3. Why did Byron love the sea ? Would you love it for the same reason ? Does Byron appear to love man ?

B.

1. Could Byron's thoughts be fittingly expressed in ballad measure, or in that of *The Northern Star* ?
2. Can you imagine the simple emotion of *The Northern Star* expressed in Byron's Spenserian stanzas ?
3. What word ruins one of Byron's stanzas ? Why ?
4. What illustrations does Byron give of the majesty, the strength, the extent and permanence of the sea ?

C.

- *1. Compare these poems with Masfield's *Dauber*. What is the characteristic quality of each ? ¹⁷
2. What other sea poems do you know ? Classify them as narrative, descriptive, emotional or reflective.

XV

THE BOWER OF BLISS

(From Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book II, Canto xii)

EFTSOONES they heard a most melodious sound,
 Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
 Such as attonce might not on living ground,
 Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere :
 Right hard it was for wight, which did it heare,
 To read what manner musicke that mote bee ;
 For all that pleasing is to living eare
 Was there consorted in one harmonee ;
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
 Their notes unto the voyce attempted sweet ;
 Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made

To th' instruments divine response meet ;
 The silver sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmure of the waters fall ;
 The waters fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

* * * * *

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay ;
Ah see, whoso faire thing doest faine to see, 20
In springing flowre the image of thy day ;
Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes, the lesse ye see her may ;
Lo see soone after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display ;
Lo see soone after, how she fades, and falls away.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay, 30
That earst was sought to decke both bed and bowle
Of many a Ladie, and many a Paramoure !
Gather therefore the Rose, whilst yet is prime,
For soone comes age, that will her pride deflowre :
Gather the Rose of love, whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.

He ceast ; and then gan all the quire of birdes
 Their diverse notes t'attune unto his lay,
 As in approvance of his pleasing words.
 The constant paire heard all that he did say, 40
 Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way
 Through many covert groves and thickets close,
 In which they creeping did at last display
 That wanton ladie, with her lover lose,
 Whose sleepe head she in her lap did soft dispose.

* * * * *

The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be
 Some goodly swayne of honorable place,
 That certes it great pittie was to see
 Him his nobility so foule deface :
 A sweet regard and amiable grace, 50
 Mixed with manly sternesse did appeare,
 Yet sleeping, in his well-proportiond face ;
 And on his tender lips the downy heare
 Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossomes beare.

His warlike armes, the idle instruments
 Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree,
 And his brave shield, full of old moniments,
 Was fowly ra'st, that none the signes might see ;
 Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,
 Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend ; 60
 But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxuree,
 His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend :
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend.

The noble Elfe and carefull Palmer drew
 So nigh them, minding nought but idle game,
 That suddein forth they on them rusht, and threw
 A subtile net, which only for that same
 The skilfull Palmer formally did frame :
 So held them under fast, the whiles the rest
 Fled all away for feare of fowler shame. 70
 The faire Enchauntresse, so unwares opprest,
 Tryde all her arts, and all her sleights thence out to wrest ;

And eke her lover strove ; but all in vaine ;
 For that same net so cunningly was wound,
 That neither guile nor force might it distraine.
 They tooke them both, and both them strongly bound
 In captive bandes, which there they readie found :
 But her in chaines of adamant he tyde ;

For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound :
 But Verdant (so he hight) he soone untyde, 80
 And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde.

But all those pleasaunt bowres and Pallace brave,
 Guyon broke downe with rigour pittillesse :
 Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
 Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
 But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse,
 Their groves he feld, their gardins did deface,
 Their arbers spoyld, their Cabinets suppresses,
 Their banket houses burne, their buildings race,
 And of the fairest late, now made the fowlest place. 90

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
 They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad :
 The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,
 Till they arrived, where they lately had
 Charm'd those wild beasts, that rag'd with furie mad ;
 Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
 As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad ;
 But them the Palmer soone did pacify.
 Then Guyon askt, what meant those beastes, which there
 did ly.

Said he, These seeming beasts are men in deed, 100
 Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
 Whylome her lovers, which her lusts did feed,
 Now turned into figures hideous,
 According to their mindes like monstruous.
 Sad end (quoth he) of life intemperate,
 And mournfull meed of joyes delicious :
 But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
 Let them returned be unto their former state.

Streightway he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
 And streight of beasts they comely men became ; 110

Yet being men they did unmanly looke,
 And stared ghastly ; some for inward shame,
 And some for wrath, to see their captive Dame :
 But one above the rest in speciall,
 That had an hog beene late, hight Grille by name,
 Repined greatly, and did him miscall,
 That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

Said Guyon, See the mind of beastly man,
 That hath so soone forgot the excellence
 Of his creation, when he life began, 120
 That now he chooseth with vile difference
 To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.
 To whom the Palmer thus, The donghill kind
 Delights in filth and foule incontinence :
 Let Grill be Grill, and have his hoggish mind :
 But let us hence depart, whilest wether serves and wind.

QUESTIONS ON XV

A.

1. What kind of " bliss " was enjoyed in this bower ?
2. Why did Guyon destroy it ?
3. Have you any sympathy with Grille ?

B.

1. Analyse the lyrical poem which Spenser has woven into his stanza. What poems in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* express the same thought ?
2. This story is part of an allegory. What is represented by (a) The Bower of Bliss, (b) Guyon, (c) Grille ?
3. Examine the Spenserian stanza and find its scheme. Do Byron and Shelley use it with the same effect as Spenser ? Compare and contrast their styles.

C.

- *1. What is a lyrical poem ? Is Palgrave's definition sufficient ? *
2. What resemblances and differences can you find between similes, metaphors, allegories, symbolism, fables and parables ? Give examples.

XVI

ENGLAND

(Cowper's *Task*, II., 206-254)

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
 My country ! and, while yet a nook is left
 Where English minds and manners may be found,
 Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
 Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
 With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France
 With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves
 Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bowers. 10
 To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task ;
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
 Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
 As any thund'rer there. And I can feel
 Thy follies, too ; and with a just disdain
 Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
 Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
 How, in the name of soldiership and sense, 20
 Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
 And tender as a girl, all-essenced o'er
 With odours, and as profligate as sweet,
 Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
 And love when they should fight ; when such as these
 Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
 Of her magnificent and awful cause ?
 Time was when it was praise and boast enough
 In ev'ry clime, and travel where we might,
 That we were born her children ; praise enough 30
 To fill the ambition of a private man,

That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
 And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
 Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
 The hope of such hereafter ! They have fallen
 Each in his field of glory ; one in arms,
 And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
 Of smiling victory that moment won,
 And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's shame !
 They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still 40
 Consulting England's happiness at home,
 Secured it by an unforgiving frown,
 If any wronged her Wolfe, where'er he fought,
 Put so much of his heart into his act,
 That his example had a magnet's force,
 And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
 Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other such !
 Or all that we have left, is empty talk
 Of old achievements, and despair of new.

ENGLAND

(Shakespeare's *Richard the Second*, Act II., Sc. I.,
 lines 40–68)

THIS royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands, 10
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings, •

Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 For Christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son ;
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it, 20
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm :
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

FREEDOM

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
 Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed, " with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
 Roused though it be full often to a mood
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
 That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
 Should perish ; and to evil and to good
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible Knights of old : 10
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WORDSWORTH.

ENGLAND'S DEAD

SONS of the ocean isle !
Where sleep your mighty dead ?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erswayed, 10
With fearful power the noonday reigns,
And the palm trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done '
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Ganges' banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's roar. 20

But let the sound roll on !
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone ;—
There slumber England's dead !

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on !
 Let the arrow's flight be sped !
 Why should *they* reckon whose task is done ?
There slumber England's dead.

30

The mountain-storms rise high
 In the snowy Pyrenees,
 And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
 Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on !
 Let the forest wreaths be shed ;
 For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose
 'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
 When round the ship the ice-fields close,
 To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on !
 Let the cold-blue desert spread !
Their course with mast and flag is done—
 Even there sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
 The men of field and wave !
 Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
 The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
 Free, free the white sail spread !
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
 Where rest not England's dead.

MRS. HEMANS.

QUESTIONS ON XVI

A.

1. For what reasons did each of these writers love England ?
2. Which of the poems are apparently uttered in a mood of temporary depression ?
3. Where are the graves of England's dead ?
4. Which of these poems would you call ecstatic, proud, austere, balanced, satirical, solemn, elegiac ?

B.

1. What is the subject of Shakespeare's first sentence ?
2. Which of his descriptions of England are (a) literal statements, (b) metaphors ? Explain the latter.
3. The whole speech is built on an artistic anticlimax. How ?
4. Why does Mrs. Hemans say, " Let " so many things happen ?

C.

1. Add stanzas to the last poem, commemorating those who died in France, Gallipoli or Mesopotamia in the Great War.
2. Do you agree with Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch that the best English patriotism is not spoken straight out but implicit in our love of home ? If so, name some of the best English patriotic poems.¹
3. Find out from Shakespeare's *Richard II.* what disgrace John of Gaunt was referring to.

XVII

THE NEEDY KNIFE-GRINDER

(From *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin.*)

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

' NEEDY Knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?
 Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
 Bleak blows the blast ;—your hat has got a hole in 't,
 So have your breeches !

' Weary Knife-grinder ! little think the proud ones,
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
 -road, what hard work 'tis crying all day " Knives and
 Scissors to grind O ! "

' Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives ?
 Did some rich man tyrannically use you ? 10
 Was it the squire, or parson of the parish ?
 Or the attorney ?

' Was it the squire, for killing of his game ? or
 Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining ?
 Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
 All in a lawsuit ?

' (Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine ?)
 Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
 Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
 Pitiful story.' 20

KNIFE-GRINDER.

' Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir,
 Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
 This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
 Torn in a scuffle.

' Constables came up for to take me into
 Custody ; they took me before the justice ;
 Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
 -Stocks for a vagrant.

' I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in
 A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ; 30
 But for my part, I never love to meddle
 With politics, sir.'

FRIEND OF HUMANITY

' I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damn'd first—
 Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
 Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
 Spiritless outcast ! '

*[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and
 exit in a transport of Republican enthusiasm
 and universal philanthropy.]*

CANNING and FRERE.

From HUDIBRAS (Beginning of Canto I)

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high
 And men fell out they knew not why,
 When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
 With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist instead of a stick,
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling
 And out he rode a-colonelling.
 A wight he was whose very sight would
 Entitle him " Mirror of Knighthood."
 But here our authors make a doubt
 Whether he were more wise or stout.
 We grant, although he had much wit,
 H' was very shy of using it,
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about,
 Unless on holidays or so,
 As men their best apparel do.
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak ;
 That Latin was no more difficile
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.

10

20

He was in Logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skilled in Analytic :
 He could distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and southwest side,
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse :
 And when he happened to break off
 In the middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words ready to show why
 And tell what rules he did it by.
 In Mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater :
 For he by geometric scale
 Could take the size of pots of ale,
 Resolve by sines and tangents straight
 If bread or butter wanted weight,
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
 The clock does strike, by Algebra.
 He knew the seat of Paradise,
 Could tell in what degree it lies,
 And, as he was disposed, could prove it
 Below the moon, or else above it.
 What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
 Came from her closet in his side :
 And whether the devil tempted her
 By a High-Dutch interpreter :
 All this, without a gloss or comment,
 He could unravel in a moment
 In proper terms such as men smatter
 When they throw out and miss the matter.
 For his Religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit :
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue,
 For he was of that stubborn crew

30

40

50

Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true church Militant : 60
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun :
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery,
 And prove their doctrine orthodox
 By apostolic blows and knocks :
 Call fire and sword and desolation
 A godly thorough reformation,
 Which always must be carried on,
 And still be doing, never done, 70
 As if Religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended ;
 A sect whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies ;
 That with more care keep holy-day
 The wrong than others the right way ;
 Compound for sins they are inclined to
 By damning those they have no mind to,
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipped God for spite. 80
 SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE LATEST DECALOGUE

THOU shalt have one God only ; who
 Would be at the expense of two ?
 No graven images may be
 Worshipped, except the currency.
 Swear not at all ; for for thy curse
 Thine enemy is none the worse.
 At church on Sunday to attend
 Will serve to keep the world thy friend.

Honour thy parents ; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall. 10

Thou shalt not kill ; but need'st not strive
Officially to keep alive.

Do not adultery commit ;
Advantage rarely comes of it.

Thou shalt not steal ; an empty feat,
When 'tis so lucrative to cheat.

Bear not false witness ; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly.

Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
Approves all forms of competition. 20

Clough.

QUESTIONS ON XVII

A.

1. What would you call the " friend of humanity " ?
2. Did Butler admire the Puritans ? Give evidence to support your answer.
3. What people may have been the object of Clough's sarcasm ?

B.

1. These poems are all satirical. What, then, is satire ?
2. *The Needy Knife-Grinder* is also a parody of some sapphics by Robert Southey. How would you parody a serious poem ?
3. Pick out any of Butler's rhymes which aid the comic effect of the poem.
4. Is Hudibras a mere Puritan, or a Puritan and a pedant combined ?

C.

- *1. Compare these specimens of satire with that advocated and practised by Addison.¹⁴
2. Do you consider Hudibras a typical Roundhead, or a caricature ? Why ?

XVIII

A CAVALIER LYRIC

I

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,
 Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing :
 And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
 And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
 Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

II

God for King Charles ! Pym and such carles
 To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles '
 Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the cup,
 Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup 10
 Till you're—

CHORUS.—*Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song*

III

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell
 Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well '
 England, good cheer ! Rupert is near !
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here

CHORUS.—*Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song ?*

IV

Then, God for King Charles ! Pym and his snarls
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles ! 20
 Hold by the right, you double your might ;
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

CHORUS.—*March we along, fifty score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song !*

BROWNING

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

By Obadiah Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron, serjeant in Ireton's regiment

Oh ! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
 With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red ?
 And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout ?
 And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye
 tread ?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod ;
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the
 strong,

Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of God

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
 That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses
 shine, 10
 And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced
 hair,

And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
 The General rode along us to form us to the fight,
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a
 shout,

Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
 The cry of battle rises along their charging line !
 For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church ! for the Laws !
 For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine ! 20

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
 His bravoës of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall ;
 They're bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close
 your ranks ;

* For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here ! They rush on ! We are broken ! We are gone !

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the right !
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound ; the centre hath given ground :

Hark ! hark !—What means the trampling of horsemen
on our rear ? 30

Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he,
boys.

Bear up another minute : brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar :
And he—he turns, he flies :—shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war. 40

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain ; and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure,
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad pieces and
loquets,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were
gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day ;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the
rocks,

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell
and fate,

And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades, 50

Your perfum'd satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and
your spades ?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the crown,
With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the
Pope ;

There is woe in Oxford Halls : there is wail in Durham's
Stalls :

The Jesuit smites his bosom : the Bishop rends his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's
sword ;

And the Kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and
the Word.

60

MACAULAY.

QUESTIONS ON XVIII

A.

1. In what period are these poems supposed to have been written ?
Who actually wrote them ?

2. How did Obadiah speak of (a) the King, (b) Cromwell, (c) Prince
Rupert, (d) luxurious living, (e) religious matters ?

B.

1. What do we mean when we call these poems " dramatic " ?

2. For what qualities would you praise (a) the Cavaliers, (b) the
Puritans ?

3. Why does Kentish Sir Byng not mention Cromwell ?

4. What metrical scheme had Browning in mind ? What effect
does he get by his varied rhythms ?

5. By what similes does Macaulay give the impression of speed ?

C.

1. Is it an oxymoron to speak of a " dramatic lyric " ?

2. Compare Tennyson's *Ulysses* with Browning's *Fra Lippo Lippi*. Which seems more poetical, and which more dramatic ?

* 3. Write a prose account of the Battle of Naseby to illustrate the
poem. What does the poem give that the prose lacks ?

XIX

TO SPRING

O THOU with dewy locks, who lookest down
Thro' the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring !

The hills tell each other, and the listening
Valleys hear ; all our longing eyes are turned
Up to thy bright pavilions : issue forth.
And let thy holy feet visit our clime.

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumed garments ; let us taste 10
Thy morn and evening breath ; scatter thy pearls
Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers ; pour
Thy soft kisses on her bosom ; and put
Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head,
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee !
BLAKE.

TO EVENING

IF aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed ;

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing. 10

Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—

Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;

As musing slow I hail
Thy genial loved return. 20

For when thy folding-star arising shows

His paly circlet, at his warning lamp

The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still

The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene :

Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells, 30

Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blust'ring winds or driving rain

Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut

That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires ;

And hears their simple bell ; and marks o'er all

Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil. 40

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !

While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy ling'ring light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace, 50
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy fav'rite name !

COLLINS.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. 10

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more. 20
TENNYSON.

QUESTIONS ON XIX

A.

1. In what way does the form of these poems differ from that of most lyrical poetry ? Are they any the less beautiful ?
2. Where does Collins wish to be in the evening ? On what scenes does he wish to look ?
3. What difference is there between the melancholy of Collins and of Tennyson ? (Use with accuracy adjectives such as brooding, dreamy, emotional, thoughtful, romantic, sorrowful, poignant, regretful.)

B.

1. How many plain statements of fact can you find in Blake's poem ? What images does he use to express the beauty of spring and our love of it ? Compare and contrast his poem on winter.
2. Which of Collins' personifications have life, and which are made by capital letters only ?
3. Examine Tennyson's similes and seek to drain the beauty of every comparison.

C.

1. Do you agree with Milton that rhyme is " the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre ? " ?
2. What unrhymed poems have you read ? Would you call them epic, narrative, dramatic, lyric, or what ?

XX

From HEREWARD THE WAKE, Chapter IV

HEREWARD, king, hight I :
 Holy Leofric my father ;
 In Westminster wiser
 None walked with King Edward.
 High minsters he builded ;
 Pale monks he maintained.
 Dead is he, a bed-death,
 A leech-death, a priest-death,
 A straw-death, a cow's death.
 Such doom suits not me. 10
 To high heaven, all so softly,
 The angels uphand him ;
 In meads of May flowers
 Mild Mary will meet him :
 Me, happier, the Valkyrs
 Shall wait from the war-deck,
 Shall hail from the holmgang
 Or helmet-strewn moorland.
 And sword strokes my shrift be,
 Sharp spears be my leeches, 20
 With heroes' hot corpses
 High heaped for my pillow.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

MILTON

Alcaics.

O MIGHTY-MOUTH'D inventor of harmonies,
 O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
 God-gifted organ-voice of England,
 Milton, a name to resound for ages ;

Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
 Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,
 Tower, as the deep-domed empyræan
 Rings to the roar of an angel onset—
 Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
 The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
 And bloom profuse and cedar arches
 Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
 Where some refulgent sunset of India
 Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
 And crimson-hued the stately palm-woods
 Whisper in odorous heights of even.

10

TENNYSON.

From PSALM CVII

THEY wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way :
 They found no city to dwell in.
 Hungry and thirsty,
 Their soul fainted in them.
 Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,
 And he delivered them out of their distresses.
 He led them forth by a straight way,
 That they might go to a city of habitation.
 Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness
 And for His wonderful works to the children of men ! 10
 For he satisfieth the longing soul,
 And filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

Such as sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death,
 Being bound in affliction and iron ;
 Because they rebelled against the words of God,
 And contemned the counsel of the Most High :
 Therefore He brought down their heart with labour ;
 They fell down and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,
And He saved them out of their distresses. 20
He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death,
And brake their bands in sunder.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
For he hath broken the gates of brass,
And cut the bars of iron in sunder.

Fools because of their transgression,
And because of their iniquities, are afflicted,
Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat;
And they draw near unto death's door. 30

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
And He saveth them out of their distresses.
He sendeth His word and healeth them,
And delivereth them from their destructions.
Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
And let them offer the sacrifices of thanksgiving,
And declare his works with singing!

They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters;
These see the works of the Lord, 40
And his wonders in the deep.
For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.
They mount up to the heaven:
They go again to the depths;
Their soul melteth away because of trouble.
They reel to and fro,
And stagger like a drunken man,
And are at their wits' end. 50

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
And he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm,
 So that the waves thereof are still.
 Then are they glad because they be quiet ;
 So he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.
 Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,
 And for his wonderful works to the children of men !
 Let them exalt Him also in the assembly of the people,
 And praise him in the seat of the elders. 60
Arranged by SIR A. QUILLER-COUCH.¹

QUESTIONS ON XX

A.

1. How had Hereward's father died ? And how did he himself wish to die ?
2. What part of Milton's work appealed most to Tennyson ?
3. What chorus do you find in Psalm CVII ?

B.

1. What are the characteristics of Anglo-Saxon poetry as imitated by Kingsley ?
2. Try to discover the metrical scheme of Tennyson's *Alcaics* ? What literature was he imitating ?
3. What do you mean by parallelism ? Find examples in Psalm CVII.

C.

1. Do you find, in other English verse, traces of the characteristics of Anglo-Saxon, Latin and Hebrew poetry ?
2. Try to arrange other psalms as poetry.²¹
- *3. Examine the metrical scheme of the sapphics beginning "Needy Knife-Grinder," and compare it with one of Horace's sapphic poems.
- *4. Read the metrical experiments of the present Poet Laureate. Do you think that they are successful ?

¹ In *The Art of Reading*.

XXI

POETS

WANTONS we are ; and though our words be such
Our Lives do differ from our Lines by much.

HERRICK.

POETRY

The truest poetry is the most feigning.

SHAKESPEARE (*Touchstone*).

THE POET

(From *Prometheus Unbound*)

ON a poet's lips I slept
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept ;
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed nor see, what things they be ; 10
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality !

SHELLEY.

ODE ON THE POETS

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new ?

Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon ;

With the noise of fountains wond'rous
And the parle of voices thund'rous ;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease 10
Seated on Elysian lawns
Brows'd by none but Dian's fawns
Underneath large blue-bells tented.
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not ;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trancéd thing,
But divine melodious truth ;
Philosophic numbers smooth ; 20
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again ;
~~And the souls ye left behind~~ your
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week ; 30
Of their sorrows and delights ;
Of their passions and their spites ;
Of their glory and their shame ;
What doth strengthen and what main,
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new !

40
KEATS.

TO MARY UNWIN

MARY ! I want a lyre with other strings,
 Such aid from heaven as some have feign'd they drew,
 An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new,
 And undebased by praise of meaner things,
 That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
 I may record thy worth, with honour due,
 In verse as musical as thou art true,—
 Verse that immortalizes whom it sings !
 But thou hast little need : there is a book
 By seraphs writ with beams of heav'nly light, 10
 On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
 A chronicle of actions just and bright !
 There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
 And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.
 COWPER.

TO MILTON

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower.
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart ;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea : 10
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.
 WORDSWORTH

THE AUSTERITY OF POETRY

THAT son of Italy who tried to blow,
Ere Dante came, the trump of sacred song,
In his light youth amid a festal throng
Sate with his bride to see a public show.
Fair was the bride, and on her front did glow
Youth like a star ; and what to youth belong,
Gay raiment, sparkling gauds, elation strong
A prop gave way ! crash fell a platform ! lo,
Mid struggling sufferers, hurt to death, she lay ! 9
Shuddering, they drew her garments off—and found
A robe of sackcloth next the smooth, white skin.
Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse ! young, gay.
Radiant, adorn'd outside ; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

QUESTIONS ON XXI

A.

1. How are poets " double-lived " ?
2. What would Cowper like to do by his verse ?
3. Why did Wordsworth admire Milton ?
4. To what did Arnold compare the muse of poetry ?

B.

1. Contrast Shelley's with Keat's conception of the poet's function, quoting lines which emphasise the contrast.
2. Which of these writers seem to expect " imagination " in a poet ? Is imagination only feigning ?
3. Which of them expect the poet to be of high moral character ?

C.

- *1. What distinction may be drawn between imagination and fancy ? 18
2. What poems do you know (a) which deal with everyday realities, (b) which seem to escape from the bondage of facts ?
3. Consider Spenser's *Bower of Bliss*. How far does it satisfy each of these tests ?

XXII

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,

Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,

Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,

Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air) 10

With living hues and odours plain and hill :
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
Destroyer and Preserver ; hear, oh, hear !

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread

On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head 20
Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge

Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night

Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst : oh, hear !

Thou who didst waken from his summer dream

The blue Mediterranean, where he lay, 30
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves : oh, hear !

4

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision ; I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

5

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !
And, by the incantation of this verse,

6

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
 Be through my lips to unawakened earth
 The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

70

SHELLEY

QUESTIONS ON XXII

A.

1. How is the West Wind a destroyer and preserver ?
2. In what part of the year was Shelley writing ?
3. What was his prayer to the wind ?

B.

1. How does the fourth stanza make use of the first three, welding them into that prayer which is the basis of the poem ?
2. How does Shelley imagine himself to be like the leaves of the first stanza, and what hope does the comparison suggest ?
3. Which lines might be paraphrased, " Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought." ?
4. On what pattern is each stanza built ?
5. How many times does Shelley depart from the prose order of words ? What words does he use which might not be found in prose ? Are the positions of his pauses dictated by the line endings ?

C.

1. Compare this and the *Ode to a Skylark* with the odes of Keats, noting the diction, rhythms, images, ideals and habits of thought of both authors.⁴
- *2. What were the thoughts which Shelley wanted driven over the universe ?
- *3. Do you believe that there is such a thing as " poetic diction " ?

NOTES

- 1 *dule ye dree*, grief you suffer.
- 3 *corbies*, crows.
- 3 *fail*, turf.
hause-bane, breast-bone.
- 3 *theek*, thatch.
- 3 *Lyke-wake*, watch over a dead body. Cf. lich-gate. The refrains in this poem are italicised as in the *Oxford Book of Ballads*.
- 4 *whinnes*, gorse.
- 8 *Denham* . . . *Waller*, seventeenth century poets who laid the foundation of eighteenth century 'correctness' in poetry.
- 11 *Hohenlinden*—the battle was fought on December 2nd, 1800 between the Austrians and French.
- 1 *keel*, skim.
- 4 *England and Switzerland*—Switzerland had been overrun by the French under Napoleon in 1800.
- 17 *Huntress*=*Diana*=*Cynthia*=the Moon.
- ~7 *Hesperus*, the Evening Star.
- 1 *Lycidas* stands for Edward King, a Cambridge friend and contemporary of Milton, drowned in the Irish Channel in 1637.
- 47 *Adonais* stands for Keats, who died in Rome of consumption, in 1821. Shelley had then been in Italy for some years.
- 48 *Thyrsis* stands for the poet Arthur Hugh Clough.
- 59 *Ausonia*, Italy.
- 72 *lemans*, sweethearts.
- 73 *catches*, songs.
- 73 *She of the seven hills*, Rome.
- 73 *the Houses and the Word*, Parliament and the Bible.
- 78 *holmgang*, sea-track.
- 35 *T'at son of Italy*, Giacomone di Todi.

LIST OF BOOKS SUGGESTED

The figures refer to those placed *after* questions headed "C."

- Shakespeare : Plays.
- ¹ Quiller-Couch : Studies in Literature, First Series.
- ² Burrell . British Ballads (*Dent*).
- ³ Oxford Book of Ballads.
- ⁴ Froissart : Chronicles (*The Everyman Library*).
- ⁵ Keats : Selected Poems (*The Socrates Booklets*).
The Golden Treasury (Palgrave's Introduction).
- ⁶ Dryden's Chaucer (*The Socrates Booklets*).
- ⁷ Milton : Paradise Lost, I—III. (*The Socrates Booklets*).
- ⁸ Johnson : Lives of the Poets (Pope).
- ⁹ Johnson : Lives of the Poets (Addison).
- ¹⁰ Thomas Hardy : Collected Poems.
- ¹¹ Georgian Poetry, 1916—7.
- ¹² Wordsworth : The Excursion, Book IV.
- ¹³ Lee : Life of Shakespeare.
- ¹⁴ Addison : Selected Essays (*The Socrates Booklets*).
- ¹⁵ Goldsmith : Retaliation (*The Socrates Booklets*).
- ¹⁶ Johnson : Lives of the Poets (Milton).
- ¹⁷ Masfield : Collected Poems.
- ¹⁷ Brooke : Collected Poems
- ¹⁸ Coleridge : Biographia Literaria, Chapter IV.
- ¹⁹ Brailsford : Shelley, Godwin and Their Circle (*Home University Library*).
- ²⁰ Milton : Comus, and Other Poems (*The Socrates Booklets*).
- ²¹ Quiller-Couch . On the Art of Reading.
- ²² Bridges : Poetical Works.

This list is not intended to be exhaustive.

