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THE PALACE OF ART
& OTHER POEMS

TENNYSON

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THE PALACE OF ART

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

E. H. TURPIN

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INTRODUCTION

Of Alfred Tennyson it is pre-eminently true that the events of his life took place in his intellect. It was a peaceful, well-ordered life—that of this Lincolnshire rector's son, born August 6, 1809. His first published poetry was in a slim volume (1827) in partnership with his brother Charles. This brother, his senior by a year, was his close friend. Together they attended the Louth grammar school (1816–20) and, after being tutored by their father, together they went to Trinity College, Cambridge (1828), where Alfred gained the Chancellor's medal by his poem *Timbuctoo* (1829). At Cambridge then were many choice spirits—Thackeray, Helps, Sterling, Kinglake, Maurice, Trench, Milnes, Merivale, Spedding. Tennyson's closest friend was the gifted young Arthur Henry Hallam, with whom he made a tour of the Pyrenees in their summer vacation (1830). Hallam's early death (1833) was the great sorrow of Tennyson's young manhood and the inspiration of "Break, Break, Break," and *In Memoriam*. Among his other early friends were Hunt, Hare, Fitzgerald, Carlyle, Gladstone, Rogers, Landor, Forster. These recognized his genius, but the public and critics generally were slow in doing so, and volume after volume of his poems met indifference, censure, ridicule. At last (1842) a volume containing among other noble poems *Locksley Hall*, *Ulysses*, *The Two Voices*, and the revised *Palace of Art*, convinced the English people that a new poet had arisen in its midst. Tennyson's ensuing years were, for the most part, a progress from one literary triumph to another. The year 1850 was his *Annus Mirabilis*. In it he published *In Memoriam* he was made Poet Laureate in place of the deceased Laureate, Wordsworth, and he married Miss Emily Sellbrooke. The chief events in his later tranquil life were the publication of various poems; leaving

his Twickenham home for Farringford, Isle of Wight, and later migrations to Aldworth in Sussex ; the birth of his sons Hallam (1852) and Lionel (1854); and occasional journeys about Great Britain or on the Continent. In 1884 he was elevated to the peerage. In 1886 his younger son, Lionel, died on his way home from India, and October 6, 1892, the Poet Laureate, full of years and honors, died and was laid to rest in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Carlyle gives a vivid word-picture of the poet at middle age : " One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough dusky-dark hair ; bright, laughing hazel eyes ; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate ; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian-looking ; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy ; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between ; speech and speculation free and plenteous ; I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe."

The Princess (1847), a midsummer day's dream, has yet a strong moral purpose, being Tennyson's contribution to the discussion concerning woman's proper sphere.

In Memoriam (1850) is perhaps the greatest of the four great English elegies. It voices the religious feeling and thought of the age. Doubts—born of woe, sorrow, heartbreak—are overcome by triumphant faith in the God who is immortal Life and hence immortal Love.

Maud (1857), Tennyson's favorite among his poems, is generally considered the poorest. It is a lyrical monodrama of love and madness.

The Idylls of the King (1859–85) is an epic of a series of Idylls founded on the old British legends of King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table, which Tennyson imbued with deep moral significance. " If this be not the greatest narrative poem since *Paradise Lost*, what other English production are you to name in its place ? "—*Stedman.*

Tennyson's genius is lyric and idyllic rather than dramatic. Some of his character-pieces are dramatically powerful, but his dramas are doubtful successes or unequivocal failures.

The best are *Harold* (1876), *Becket* (1879), and *Queen Mary* (1875), which constitute an historical trilogy on the making of England. His other dramas are *The Falcon* (1879), for the plot of which Tennyson was indebted to Boccaccio; *The Cup* (1881), founded on Plutarch's *De Claris Mulierbius*; *The Promise of May* (1882) and *The Foresters* (1892), an "idyllic masque" of Robin Hood days.

Of the short poems which have become household words, some which are most characteristic are given in this volume.

Poetry was to Tennyson not the pastime of an idle day but the serious work of a lifetime. He pruned and perfected his verse until carping critics came to say it was too smooth and polished, over sweet and beautiful. To the charge that he lacked animation and strength, the ringing ballad *The Revenge* and *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and the powerful blank verse of *Ulysses* are all-sufficient answer. Among the many perplexed and obscure voices of the age it behooves us to be thankful for one true man and true poet who united deep thought, calm wisdom, and serene faith with clarity of expression.

The only authoritative biography is *Tennyson's Memoir* by his son; in the Harper edition of 1884 there is a pleasant biographical sketch by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie. There are many good critical works on Tennyson—those of Brooke, Van Dyke, Dixon, Stedman, and others, and special studies by Gatty, Genung, Dawson, Robertson, Rolfe, and many more, which are all helpful in their degree. But the essential thing is the careful study of the works by which this master soul reveals himself to us.

[For information and courtesy, the editor of this little book is grateful to Miss Winston, Washington, D. C., and to the officials of the Reading Room of the Library of Congress.]

CRITICAL OPINIONS

"It seems to me that the only just estimate of Tennyson's position is that which declares him to be, by eminence, the representative poet of the recent era. Not, like one or another of his compeers, representative of the melody, wisdom, passion, or other partial phase of the era, but of the time itself, with its diverse elements in harmonious conjunction. . .

"In his verse he is as truly 'the glass of fashion and the mold of form' of the Victorian generation in the nineteenth century as Spenser was of the Elizabethan court, Milton of the Protectorate, Pope of the reign of Queen Anne. During his supremacy there have been few great leaders at the head of different schools, such as belonged to the time of Byron, Wordsworth, and Keats. His poetry has gathered all the elements which find vital expression in the complex modern art."—*Stedman's Victorian Poets.*

"To describe his command of language by any ordinary terms expressive of fluency or force would be to convey an idea both inadequate and erroneous. It is not only that he knows every word in the language suited to express his every idea; he can select with the ease of magic the word that above all others is best for his purpose; nor is it that he can at once summon to his aid the best word the language affords; with an art which Shakspere never scrupled to apply, though in our day it is apt to be counted mere Germanism, and pronounced contrary to the genius of the language, he combines old words into new epithets, he daringly mingles all colors to bring out tints that never were on sea or shore. His words gleam like pearls and opals, like rubies and emeralds. He yokes the stern vocables of the English tongue to the chariot of his imagination, and they become gracefully brilliant as

the leopards of Bacchus, soft and glowing as the Cytherean doves. He must have been born with an ear for verbal sounds, an instinctive appreciation of the beautiful and delicate in words, hardly ever equaled. Though his later works speak less of the blossom-time—show less of the efflorescence and iridescence, and mere glance and gleam of colored words—they display no falling off, but rather an advance, in the mightier elements of rhythmic speech."—*Peter Bayne.*

"The formal restrained poetry of Wordsworth wedded itself to the melody and color of Keats and Shakspere and the vigor of Byron, and the result was Tennyson."—*Waugh.*

"As long as the English language is spoken, the word-music of Tennyson will charm the ear; and when English has become a dead language, his wonderful concentration of thought into luminous speech, the exquisite pictures in which he has blended all the hues of reflection, feeling, and fancy will cause him to be read as we read Homer, Pindar, and Horace."—*George Eliot.*

"I ranked Tennyson in the first order, because with great mastery over his material,—words,—great plastic power of versification, and a rare gift of harmony, he had also vision or insight, and because feeling intensely the great questions of the day—not as a mere man of letters, but as a man—he is to some extent the interpreter of his age, not only in its mysticism which [I tried to show you] is the necessary reaction from the rigid formulas of science and the earthliness of an age of work, into the vagueness which belongs to infinitude, but also in his poetic and almost prophetic solution of some of its great questions."—*F. W. Robertson.*

"So truly did the Laureate represent the country in which he lived his long and noble life that in perhaps no way could a foreigner get to understand the spirit of the English people better than by making a close and careful study of his poems, considering the thought and emotion there as largely typical of the race. He would meet with some things in *Maud*, for instance, which would lead him astray, but very little in the other poems. He would certainly be far more likely to gain a

correct notion of England thus than by the perusal of a dozen ordinary superficial books of travel. Yet Tennyson is the only poet who could be read by a foreigner with this end in view. Shakspere might assist him somewhat, but Shakspere's men and women are too much 'citizens of the world' to be of aid in studying England merely. Spenser would give him few suggestions. Milton's sublime but lonely egotism would lead him astray. The more modern poets would give false conceptions. Byron through his false and un-English standards of life; Shelley through his inability to cope with his own enthusiasms and through his tendency to sublime idealizing; Browning because he was too busy telling the world what all men and women thought to pay much attention to what the English people were or did. Moreover, these three poets did not live enough of their lives in England to understand thoroughly the popular feelings among their countrymen; all were to a greater or less degree wanderers on the face of the earth, in strong contrast to Tennyson, who spent far the greater portion of his long life at home. Mr. Arthur, in his valuable and interesting work on Tennyson, claims place for him as the greatest national poet of this century. Why may we not go further and call him, not only the greatest national poet, but the most national? Why may we not truthfully call him 'the Poet of the English Race'?"—*George W. Alger.*

THE PALACE OF ART

TO ———*

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM

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

* In the first edition of this "æsthetic protest against æstheticism," Tennyson said :

"You are an artist and will understand
Its many lesser meanings ;"

but "in the second edition these lines have disappeared. It is as if the poet desired to give wider range to his lesson ; as if he would say, 'you are a man, and no matter what your occupation may be, you will feel the truth of this allegory.'" —*Van Dyke.*

16. *Cf.* Matt. viii., 12.

17. *Cf.* Gen. ii., 7.

THE PALACE OF ART *

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

---

* *The Palace of Art* as it first appeared in the volume of Tennyson's poems published in 1832, contained eighty-three stanzas. "Of the original number, thirty-one have been omitted, and in place of them twenty-two new stanzas have been added, making a change of fifty-three stanzas. The fifty-two that remain have almost all been retouched and altered, so that very few stand to-day in the same shape which they had at the beginning."—*Van Dyke.* Probably no poem was ever revised more carefully and with better effect. A study of the changes made gives us, not only a lesson in the art of poetry but an insight into Tennyson's character, a realizing sense of the desire for perfection, the patient, steady pursuit of it, the vast capacity for taking pains,—qualities which distinguish the artist in any kind from the mere artisan. True, in the revision many beautiful details are lost, but "their absence leaves the Palace of Art standing more clear and noble before the inward eye. . . The new lines and stanzas are framed, almost without exception, with a wondrous skill to intensify the allegory."—*Van Dyke.*

The Palace of Art is an allegory with a deep spiritual meaning: it is the nineteenth-century version of the old cry of the soul which has sought and vainly sought joy and peace in things of earth—the *vanitas vanitatum* of the Preacher. In the prefatory lines addressed to an unnamed friend Tennyson explains the poem's purport. It is the history of a soul which loved beauty, knowledge, and goodness, but selfishly, forgetting that these should be the servitors of love—the charity of St. Paul. The Palace of Art is her "lordly pleasure-house" stored with all treasures of art and science. At first these foster vain-glory, intellectual pride, selfish and cruel contempt of her kind. But physical and intellectual delights cloy on the soul devoid of spiritual resource, and there come despair, self-scorn, hatred of life and death. Then even as sin brought punishment, punishment brings repentance. The soul learns humility and true wisdom. And then her palace, corrupted by selfish pride, is purified and reglorified, and it is hers to abide there in peace and joy, but "with others" now instead of alone.

It is noteworthy that Tennyson himself learned the lesson which he taught, of art—not for art's sake, but for love's sake. He turned from exquisite melody and picture-poems, to "the poetry of common human life, the ordinary joys and sorrows of men." *Claribel*, *The Sea-Fairies*, *The Dying Swan* first, then *The Palace of Art*, and afterward *The May-Queen*, *The Miller's Daughter*, *The Brook*, *Dora*, *Enoch Arden.*

2. **For aye** (AS. *a*, ever): Forever.

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

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

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

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

. . . . .

6-7. In the edition of 1833,

"I chose, whose ranged ramparts bright
From great, broad meadow bases," etc.

16. Through the telescope the shadow of the planet Saturn on its surrounding ring is clearly seen. Theodore Watts, commenting on a passage excised from later editions of this poem, remarks that Tennyson's allusions to the starry heavens have always "the beauty of poetry and the beauty of scientific truth." The omitted stanzas describe thus the soul's delight in astronomical investigation:

"Hither when all the deep unsounded skies
Shuddered with silent stars, she clomb,
And as with optic glasses her keen eyes
Pierced through the mystic dome.

"Regions of lucid matter taking forms,
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms
Of suns and starry streams.

"She saw the snowy poles of moonless Mars,
That marvelous round of milky light
Below Orion, and those double stars
Whereof the one more bright

"Is circled by the other."

Very beautiful are these lines, yet the remorseless critic of his own work saw that they were superfluous, and omitted them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

30. **Verge** (L. *vergo*, incline): Horizon.

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

. . . . .

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

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

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

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

---

49. **Traced** (Fr. *tracer*): "Ornamented with tracery."—*Rolfe.*

53. In the first edition, the corridors are described as

> "Roofed with thick plates of green and orange glass
> Ending in stately rooms,"

but these unlovely details are omitted in later editions.

61. Of such passages as these, Ruskin, one of the great English masters of the art of word-painting, could say with no undue humility, that "no description of his was worth four lines of Tennyson." See what a perfect picture each stanza gives.

61. **Arras** (Arras in France, where manufactured): Tapestry; wall-hangings.

62. **Gaudy** (L. *gaudium*, joy): Gay, without its later sense of tawdry or vulgar splendor.

65–68. One of the Lincolnshire scenes which Tennyson knew and loved so well.

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

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

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

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

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

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

. . . . . .

69–72. Yorkshire.

73–76. Lincolnshire again.

77–80. A Southern picture. "Hoary to the wind" shows us the gray underside of the olive leaves turned to the sunlight by the wind.

81–84. Note the contrast between this picture, vivid in its details, and the one which follows. **Slags** (Sw. *slagg*): Volcanic scoria; coarsely cellular lava.

85–88. An English home portrayed by skillful hand and loving heart. "Softer than sleep.": A Vergil-like phrase.

92. In the first edition, after the description of the landscapes the soul indulged in a rhapsody on the evolution of the intellect. This passage was omitted in the edition of 1842.

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

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

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

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

---

95. **Sardonyx** (Gr. *Sardeis*, Sardis ; L. *onyx*, onyx) : A variety of onyx.

96. Lockhart, ridiculing this description of the Madonna, " babe in arm " cites as kindred expressions " knight lance in rest " and " dragoon sword in hand," but Tennyson retains the apt phrase and uses it elsewhere.

99. **St. Cecily**: St. Cecilia (177 ?), a Roman maid said to have been martyred in Sicily ; she is the patron-saint of music.

102. **Houris** (Ar. *huriya*, nymph of Paradise) : The beautiful maidens who, according to Moslem faith, are to be the companions in Paradise of the true believers.

103. **The Islamite** (Ar. *islam*, submission) : A Mahometan, here specifically Mahomet himself, the founder of the Moslem faith.

105. **Arthur** (500 ?, 537 ?) : A legendary king of Britain, who founded the order of the Round Table ; he is the hero of Sir Thomas Malory's romance and of Tennyson's *Idylls*.

105–108. In the first edition :

" And that deep-wounded child of Pendragon
Mid misty woods in sloping greens
Dozed in the valley of Avilion
Tended by crowned queens."

107. **Avalon** : Said to be Glastonbury near the earthly paradise ; the home and burial-place of Arthur.

108. *Cf. Morte d'Arthur*.

Or hollowing one hand against his ear,
To list a foot-fall, ere he saw
The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian king to hear
Of wisdom and of law.

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

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

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

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

. . . . .

111. Ausonia was an old name for Italy. The original reading was "Tuscan," instead of "Ausonian." The king referred to is Numa Pompilius, the second of the legendary kings of Rome, who was said to receive instructions in kingcraft and priestcraft from the nymph Egeria.

113. **Engrailed** (Fr. *en*, in + *grêle*, hail): "Indented; a term of heraldry." —*Rolfe*.

115. **Cama, Kama, Kama-deva**, etc. The Hindu Cupid or God of love.

117. Greek Mythology tells us that Europa, the sister of Cadmus, was carried to Delphi by Zeus, who had assumed the form of a white bull; Stedman compares this passage with one from the Greek poet Moschus. Indeed, no Elizabethan was more imbued with the spirit of the classics than was Tennyson.

121. **Ganymede**: In Greek mythology, a beautiful boy carried off by Jove in the form of an eagle, to be cupbearer to the gods.

128. "When I first conceived the plan of the Palace of Art," says Tennyson in a note to the first edition, "I intended to have introduced both sculptures and

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

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

---

paintings into it; but it is the most difficult of all things to devise a statue in verse. Judge whether I have succeeded in the statues of Elijah and Olympias.

"First was the Tishbite whom the raven fed,
As when he stood on Carmel-steeps
With one arm stretched out bare; and mock'd and said,
'Come, cry aloud, he sleeps!'

"Tall, eager, lean, and strong, his cloak wind-borne
Behind, his forehead heavenly bright
From the clear marble pouring glorious scorn,
Lit as with inner light.

"One was Olympias: the floating snake
Rolled round her ankles, round her waist
Knotted, and folded once about her neck
Her perfect lips to taste,

"Round by the shoulder moved; she seeming blithe
Declined her head: on every side
The dragon's curves melted and mingled with
The woman's youthful pride

"Of rounded limbs."

132. **Dais** (LL *discus*, table): A raised platform for a seat at the upper end of a room.

133–140. Note those whom Tennyson ranks first among the world-poets,—the English Milton and Shakspere, the Italian Dante, the Greek Homer. Observe how perfectly the chosen epithets bring out the essential characteristics of their genius.

133. The original version was:

"There deep-haired Milton like an angel tall
Stood limnèd, Shakspere bland and mild,
Grim Dante pressed his lips, and from the wall
The bald, blind Homer smiled."

How infinite the improvement! The essential quality of Milton's genius is strength, strength seraphic; says Van Dyke, Tennyson does not liken him to an angel for some of them were weak, some were fallen; nor to a cherub for the

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

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

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

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

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

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cherubim were voiceless and unapproachable: but to a seraph, since the seraphim hover on mighty wings near God's throne, chanting his praise and bearing his messages from heaven to earth. "That one phrase is worth more than all Dr. Johnson's ponderous criticism." Read the chapter entitled "Milton and Tennyson; a Comparison and a Contrast," in Van Dyke's *Poetry of Tennyson*.

137. Homer, the great Greek poet, "the father of song." The Ionic was the dialect used by Homer and the other early masters of Greek literature.

146. **Cycle** (Gr. *kyklos*, circle): A period of time at the end of which certain aspects or motions of heavenly bodies repeat themselves; hence, a vast period of time.

149–152. "Could Count de Montalembert convey, in any number of volumes, a more accurate account of the state of society in France before and during the first Revolution, than is contained in this stanza?"—*Bayne*.

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

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

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

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

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

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159. **Oriel** (LL. *oriolum*): A window built out from a wall.

160. In the first edition there was an elaborate description of the banquet with which she regaled herself, but in later editions this was all omitted. "The soul was lifted above mere sensual pleasures and sat listening to her own song and rejoicing in her royal seclusion."

163. Tennyson names the Greek Plato and the English Bacon, Lord Verulam, as "the first of those who know." "This phrase is translated from Dante, who calls Aristotle 'Il maestro di color che sanno.'"—*Carr.*

171. In honor of Amenophis II. of Egypt there was erected, near Thebes, the colossal statue known as the statue of Memnon. It was believed by the ancients to emit strains of music when first touched by the morning sun-rays.

175. "Some English critic sneers at this as an acoustic impossibility; but the obvious meaning is that she hears her voice echoing through the vaulted rooms."—*Rolfe.*

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

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

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

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

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

---

186. **Anadems** (Gr. *ana*, up + *deo*, bind): Garlands. *Cf. diadem.*

187. **Quintessence** (L. *quintus*, fifth + *essentia*, essence): The highest and purest essence.

186–188. In the edition of 1832:

"She lit white streams of dazzling gas
And soft and fragrant flames of precious oils
In moons of purple glass."

Gaslight was then new and not considered unromantic. The passage is much bettered by the change.

190. **Still** (AS. *stille*, still): Constant.

193–204. For these three stanzas there were, until the edition of 1853, the following two:

"'From shape to shape at first within the womb
The brain is model'd,' she began,
'And through all phases of all thought I come
Into the perfect man.

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

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

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

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

. . . . .

"'All nature widens upward. Evermore
The simpler essence lower lies;
More complex is more perfect, owning more
Discourse, more widely wise.'"

The three stanzas substituted for these are "essential to the understanding of the poem. They touch the very core of the sin which defiled the Palace and destroyed the soul's happiness. It was not merely that she loved beauty and music and fragrance; but that in her love for them she lost her moral sense, denied her human duties, and scorned, instead of pitying and helping her brother men who lived on the plain below. This is the sin of selfish pride, the sin which drives out the Christ because he eats with publicans and sinners,—and it is just this sin, the poet declares, that transforms the Palace of Art into a prison of despair."—*Van Dyke.*

201. **Prurient** (L. *prurio*, itch): Foul.

204. *Cf.* Matt. viii., 32.

209–212. Until the edition of 1853 this stanza read:

"I take possession of men's minds and deeds,
I live in all things great and small,
I sit apart holding no forms of creeds
But contemplating all."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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219. *Cf.* Acts xii., 21.

223. This expression is borrowed from an essay, *Theodicæa Novissima*, by Tennyson's friend, Arthur Hallam: "I believe that redemption is universal in so far as it is left no obstacle between man and God but man's own will; that indeed is in the power of God's election, with whom alone rest the abysmal secrets of personality."

227. *Cf.* Dan. v., 25.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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239. **Phantasms** (Gr. *phaino*, show): Phantoms.

241. *Cf.* Beckford's *Vathek:* "The Caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames."

242. **Fretted** (AS. *fretan*): Wrinkled.

249–252. "We stand on the long shallow sands of the sea-coast near his early home; there is no better, briefer, yet more finished picture in all his work."—*Stopford Brooke.*

252. The reference here is of course to the moon's influence over the tides.

255. **Circumstance** (L. *circum*, around + *sto*, stand): "The surrounding universe."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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273. **Girt** (AS. *gyrdan*): Encircled.

287. "The essence of the sin was not culture, but the selfishness and aristocraticism of cultured pride; not delight, whether of the senses or the mind, but delight unshared by others; not abstention from the partisanship of creeds, but contemptuous isolation from those who accept them, and lack of sympathetic appreciation of the truth they contain. Such isolation, such pride, such culture are indeed damnable."—*Bayne.*

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

"Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully built:
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt."

GODIVA *

I WAITED for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this:
Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"

* *Godiva*, just as we have it now, was published in the volume of 1842. The legend on which the story is founded dates back to the twelfth century. Countess Godiva begged her husband, "that grim Earl" Leofric, to remit the grievous tax on Coventry, and he said he would do so if she would ride naked through the town. She did it and thus gained the city's charter of freedom. Peeping Tom, a tailor, would have looked on her, but was struck blind on the instant.

Mrs. Browning made but one reservation in her praise of Tennyson as "a divine poet." She preferred Leigh Hunt's *Godiva* to his.

1. Coventry is in Warwickshire, England.

3. **The three tall spires**: Those of St. Michael's Church, Trinity Church, and Christ Church.

She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these?*"—"But I would die," said she.
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear;
"Oh ay, ay, ay, you talk!" "Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answer'd, "Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it"; and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As the winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;

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25. **Filliped:** A variation of "flip."
28. *Cf.* Gen. xxvii., 23.
31. **Parted:** Departed.
42. **Bower:** (Archaic): Chamber.
43. **The wedded eagles of her belt:** The two halves of her belt-clasp.

Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archway in the wall.
Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivel'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancel'd a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gain'd
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crown'd,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away
And built herself an everlasting name.

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56. **The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout:** "Referring to the gargoyles or grotesquely carved spouts of old Gothic architecture. They are often heads of angels, demons, men and animals, with open mouths through which the water is discharged. The *fantastic gables*, of 61 below, are such as still abound in the ancient streets of Coventry."—*Rolfe.*

66. **Compact:** Made of.

LOCKSLEY HALL *

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn:
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

* *Locksley Hall*, published in 1842, has since been changed only in verb-tenses and other trivial details. " 'Locksley Hall' is an imaginary place (tho' the coast is Lincolnshire) and the hero is imaginary. The whole poem represents young life, its good side, its deficiencies, and its yearnings. Mr. Hallam said to me that the English people liked verse in Trochaics, so I wrote the poem in this meter."—*Tennyson*. "It is against the fickleness of a woman that the speaker in *Locksley Hall* has to find a resource. And he finds it in the excitement of enterprise and action, in glowing anticipations of progress for the human race. He not merely recovers his sympathy with his fellow-men, and his interest in life, which had been paralyzed by her who represented for him all that was beautiful and good in life, but he recovers it on higher and firmer ground. The poem has been called morbid, a phrase that has acquired a perfectly new meaning of late years, and is made to include works of art and all views of life that are colored by other than comfortable feelings. If *Locksley Hall*, as a whole, is morbid, then it is morbid to represent a young man rising above an early disappointment in love, and coming out from it stronger, less sensitive, more sinewed for action."—*Brimley*. As showing the point of view of Tennyson, young and old, compare with this poem's reproach of worldliness and love of money, *Locksley Hall—Sixty Years After*, in which he inveighs against the rise of the mob, ignorance, anarchy, and gold-greed.

4. When Mrs. Bradley asked Tennyson if he knew that " gleams " was an old Lincolnshire word for the curlew cry, he replied that he did not, and explained that this passage " meant nothing more than to express the flying gleams of light across a dreary moorland when looking at it under peculiarly dreary circumstances. 'Curlews' are only a feature in the scene ; but an unfortunate misprint, merely the omission of a comma, had given rise to very various interpretations of the passage." He regretted that he had not used, instead of " flying, " the more explicit word " sweeping."

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.—

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

8. **Orion**: A constellation named from the mythological hunter of great strength and beauty.

9. **Pleiads**: A group, popularly called the Seven Sisters, in the constellation Taurus. It is named for the seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione, sisters of the Hyades.

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong";
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fullness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

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34. "This line concentrates into itself a large part of Tennyson's noble conception of love, or conception of the nobleness of love. Love annihilates Self, even while exalting it; and crowns life in a twofold ecstasy of renunciation and attainment."—*Bayne.*

35. **Copses** (Fr. *couper*, cut): Small woods.

38. *Cf.* Shelley: "When soul's meets soul on lovers' lips." After this line there were originally the following stanzas:

> "In the hall there hangs a painting—Amy's arms about my neck:
> Happy children in a sunbeam sitting on the ribs of wreck.
> In my life there was a picture—she that clasped my neck had flown.
> I was left within the shadow, sitting on the wreck alone."

These lines were the nucleus of *Locksley Hall—Sixty Years After.*

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me—to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand!

42. **Puppet** (L. *puppa*, girl, doll): Plaything ; tool.

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less unworthy proved—
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak and move:
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

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68. **Rookery**: A place where rooks congregate to breed; hence, as here, a colony of rooks.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No—she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whisper'd by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

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76. *Cf.* Dante, *Inferno:*

"Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice,
Nella miseria,"

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffer'd"—perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from thy deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway, near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the lights of London flaring like a dreary dawn.

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men:

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

121. **Argosies** (It. Ragusa, a port in Dalmatia): First, a Ragusan or Venetian ship ; then, any large richly-laden ship of commerce.

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd ere my passion, sweeping thro' me, left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint:
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs;
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

---

128. Tennyson expresses this wish for universal peace in *The Golden Year*, and *The Ode at Opening of the International Exhibition.*

130. **Lapt**: Wrapped; enfolded.

135-6. "What a picture is this of Feudalism settling to its last sleep with Freedom advancing upon it, or of aristocracies that nod and wink in the waning light of their heraldic honors, with the grand roar of the Democracy beginning to be heard!"—*Bayne.* Tennyson says that in 1837 he was interested in reading Pringle's *Travels*, and from that got the image of the hungry lion used in this simile.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a molder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—

---

141. "Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."—*Cowper; The Task.*

Cf. In Memoriam: cxiv.

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starr'd;—
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

---

155. During the early years of this century the fierce Mahratta tribes of Central India were engaged in frequent warfare with the British power.

160. "In the first unpublished edition of *Locksley Hall*, after 'knots of paradise' comes the following couplet, which was omitted lest the description should be too long:

" 'All about a summer ocean, leagues on leagues of golden calm,
And within melodious waters, rolling round the knolls of palm.'"

—*Hallam Tennyson.*

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight pouring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

---

174. *Cf.* Matt. xi., 11.

180. *Cf.* Joshua x., 12.

181. **Beacons**: Shines as a beacon. This verbal use of the word is unusual.

182. "When I went by the first train from Liverpool to Manchester (1830), I thought that the wheels ran in a groove. It was a black night and there was such a vast crowd round the train that at the station we could not see the wheels. Then I made this line."—*Tennyson.*

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not), help me as when life begun:
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun.—

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

---

184. **Cycle** (Gr. *kuklos*, circle): "A period of time at the end of which certain aspects of heavenly bodies repeat themselves; hence a vast period." **Cathay**: A name given to China by old travelers.

186. After this line, in James Knowles' copy of the poem, Tennyson wrote:

"Life is battle; let me fight it—win or lose it,—lose it? nay!
Block my paths with toil and and danger, I will find or force a way."

191. **Holt** (AS. *holt*): A wooded hill.

"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!

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.

SONGS FROM "THE PRINCESS"†

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,

* This "melody of tears" was "made," Tennyson tells us, "in a Lincolnshire lane at five o'clock in the morning, between blossoming hedges." It expressed his grief for his friend Hallam's death and was the precursor of *In Memoriam*. Compare with it *In The Valley of Cauterez*, written a quarter of a century later.

† The six beautiful songs, whose "words are music," at once separate and unite the cantos of *The Princess*. They were not inserted in the first edition, but, says Tennyson, "The songs were not an afterthought. Before the first edition came out I deliberated with myself whether I should put songs in between the separate

And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

---

divisions of the poem; again I thought, the poem will explain itself; but the public did not see that the child was the heroine of the piece, and at last I conquered my laziness and inserted them." The songs were inserted in the edition of 1853, and only a few verbal changes have been made in the later editions.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

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.

---

35. This was suggested by the boatmen's bugle-music on the lake of Killarney.

49. *Tears, idle tears*, "was written at Tintern when the woods were all yellowing with Autumn seen through the ruined windows. It is what I have always felt even from a boy, and what as a boy I called the 'passion of the past,' and it is so always with me now; it is the distance that charms me in the landscape the future and the past and not the immediate to-day in which I move."—*Tennyson*.

It is hard to realize that this exquisite lyric, this melodious expression of the nameless sorrow of a brooding heart, is in the meter of *Hamlet* and *Paradise Lost*. English blank-verse acquired new power in the hands of Tennyson.

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.

THY voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

HOME they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:
I strove against the stream and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE*

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!

* This poem, modeled upon Drayton's *Agincourt*, was first published in the London *Examiner* of December 9, 1854. A much changed version was published in 1855, but in 1856 the first form was returned to in the main.

The famous charge at Balaclava which it celebrates took place October 25, 1854. "As a military maneuver it was useless, insane, and without a possible result; as an exploit it has never been equaled, even by those related in the wildest legends of chivalric romance."

Charge for the guns," he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Someone had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabers bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the saber-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

6. **He said:** Captain Nolan delivered the order to advance. Whether or not it was given by authority could never be ascertained, as he was the first man to fall.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
  All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
  Noble six hundred!

THE REVENGE*

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"

* This ringing ballad was published in the golden Indian summer volume of 1880. As Carlyle listened to it he forgave Tennyson for being "but a verse man" and cried admiringly: "Eh, Alfred! you have got the grip of it!"

Froude, Hume, and Sir Walter Raleigh give the details of this naval Thermopylæ—the fifteen-hour fight between Sir Richard Grenville's one ship with its handful of men and the Spanish fleet of fifty-three vessels and 15,000 men (1591). "This story of 'The Revenge' struck a deeper terror, though it was but the action of a single ship, into the heart of the Spanish people, it dealt a more deadly blow upon their fame and moral strength, than the Armada itself."—*Froude.* Tennyson follows exactly the account of the battle given by Raleigh in his *Report of the truth of the fight about the Iles of Açores this last Sommer.* *Cf.* Gerald Massey's *Sir Richard Grenville's Last Fight.*

1. This one line lay in Tennyson's desk for years; then, in a heat of inspiration, the poem was finished in a day.

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?

---

7. **Ships of the line:** Formerly, ships large enough to take position in line of battle; those of and above sixty guns.

12. **Inquisition:** A court for examination and punishment of heretics, established in Roman Catholic countries by Pope Gregory in 1285, suppressed in France in 1772, but not finally suppressed in Spain until 1824.

21. **The thumbscrew and the stake:** Inquisition instruments of torture.

Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: " We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away

---

30. **Seville:** Accented on the first syllable.
31. **Don:** A Spanish title for a gentleman; here a Spaniard, in contempt.
33. **Sheer** (Ice. *skaer*): Straight.
46. **Galleons:** Large Mediterranean ships of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries.

From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,

---

51. **Womb:** "Belly; its original sense."—*Rolfe.*

53. **Musqueteers** (Fr. *mousquet*, gun): Here used in its original sense of muskets instead of with its present meaning of soldiers armed with muskets.

66. **Grisly:** (AS. *grislic*, terrible): Frightful.

But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.

---

89. **Twain** (AS. *twegan*): Two. An archaic word.

We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,

---

103. "Feeling the hower of death to approch, hee spake these words in Spanish and said: Here die I, *Richard Greenfield*, with a joyfull and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, yet hath fought for his countrey, Queene, religion, and honor whereby my soul most joyfull departeth out of this bodie, and shall alwaies leave behind it an euerlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his dutie as he was bound to do. When hee had finished these or such other like words hee gaue up the ghost, with great and stout courage, and no man could perceiue any true signe of heauiness on him."—*Linschoten.*

114. **Or ever:** "Before ever. This obsolete *or* meaning before, is not to be confounded with the conjunction still in use."—*Rolfe.*

And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake
grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts
and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd
navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island
crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON *

PUBLISHED IN 1852

Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

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

* This ode was published in the London *Times* on the day of Wellington's funeral, September, 1852. It was afterwards materially changed and extended. It was not, Tennyson tells us, a Laureate ode, but an expression of his admiration for a great man and true hero.

9. **Here:** Wellington is buried in a crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, in the heart of London.

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

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

---

13. **Pageant** (L. *pagina*, leaf): Originally a traveling car bearing a stage for acting plays; hence an imposing parade.

21. The only time that Tennyson saw the Iron Duke was on a London street as he thus acknowledged the cheers of the crowd.

42. At Waterloo Wellington conquered Napoleon, "the world victor."

All is over and done:
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mold.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds:
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom:
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name
Which he has worn so pure of blame.
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

Who is he that cometh, like an honor'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea;
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun:
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labor'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,

80–82. Nelson, beside whom Wellington is buried, is represented as thus speaking.

83. **Mighty Seaman**: Horatio Nelson (1758-1805), the greatest of British admirals.

99. **Assaye**: A little town in India where Wellington began his career of victory. September 25, 1803, with a force of 4500 men, he defeated a native army of 30,000.

103. **Lisbon**: The scene of one of the signal victories by which French power was broken in the Peninsula.

And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamor of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O savior of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,

115. **Blare** (An onomatopoetic word: *Cf. gerplarren*; D. *blaren*): A loud, brazen noise.

123. **That loud sabbath**: The day of Waterloo, Sunday, June 18, 1815. For full account of this epoch-making battle, see Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles*.

136. **Silver-coasted isle**: A poetical phrasing of England's ancient name of Albion, descriptive of the white cliffs of the southern coast.

137. The three great naval battles of Nelson were: the stupendous victory of the Nile (1798), in which he annihilated the French fleet; the battle of Copen-

If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
Eternal honor to his name.

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control;
O Statesman, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts;

hagen (1801), where the naval power of Denmark was shattered and with it the coalition of the three northern kingdoms against England; and the great victory over the French and Spanish navies at Trafalgar (1805), in which Nelson died.

He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons molder on the seaward wall;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right:
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

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

201-202. When someone commented to the Duke on the fact that the word "glory" never occurred in his dispatches he answered, "If glory had been my object, the doing my duty must have been the means."

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

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmolded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see:
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung:
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.

217. *Cf.* Rev. xxi., 23.

Ours the pain, be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane:
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seem'd so great.—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown

267. The Dead March in Handel's oratorio, *Saul*.

Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him.

THE BROOK SONG*

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

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

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

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

---

281. As the poet himself was passing away, his son bent over him and uttered these words of prayer, the last which fell upon his earthly ear.

* Wordsworth in a sonnet tracked the stream "dancing down its water breaks." Also *Cf.* his

"Down the vale this water steers,
How merrily it goes;
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows."

Both poets tried to match the water's pleasant tune by their rippling verse.

1. **Coot and Hern**: Water birds.
4. **Bicker** (ME. *biken*): Run swiftly, with a babbling or brawling sound.
7. **Thorps** (AS. *thorp*, village): Villages or hamlets.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

19. **Foreland:** A projecting point of land.
20. **Mallow:** A species of weed.
28. **Grayling:** A small salmoniform fish.
31. **Waterbreak:** A little wave, ripple.
38. **Covers:** Thickets.

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

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

A FAREWELL

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
  Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
  For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
  A rivulet, then a river:
No where by thee my steps shall be,
  For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
  And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
  For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
  A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
  For ever and for ever.

---

47. **Shingly bars**: Shallows covered with coarse gravel.

1. This brook is the stream which flowed near Tennyson's early Lincolnshire home. That of *The Brook* is intended to be a brook of the imagination.

5. **Lea** (AS. *lea*, meadow): A field or plain.

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