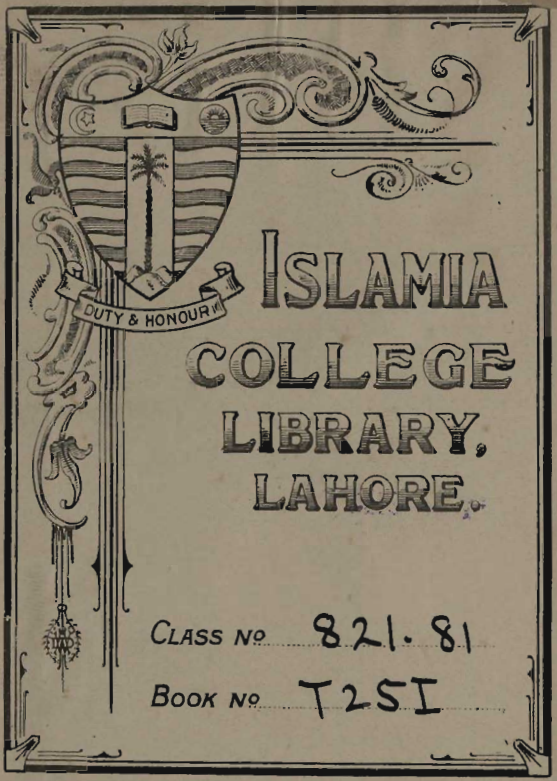


2
112

M.A. SECTION

IN MEMORIAM

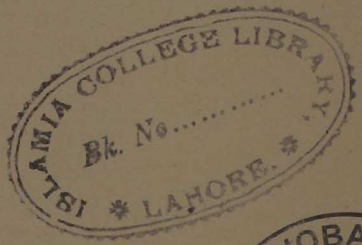
In Memoriam

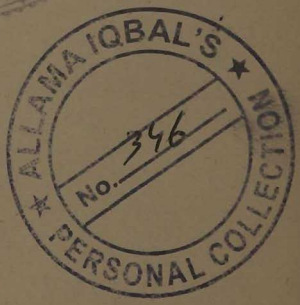
By

ALFRED TENNYSON

With a Commentary by

L. MOREL, LL.D.





LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON 27 PATERNOSTER ROW 1901

Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury.

TO THE VERY REV.

ROBERT HERBERT STORY

PRINCIPAL

TO THE SENATE OF

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED BY THE ANNOTATOR

AS A SMALL TOKEN

OF NO SMALL GRATITUDE

PREFACE

NO part of the late Laureate's work has stood the test of time better than *In Memoriam*. After more than fifty years these poems still preserve the same spell over the hearts and the minds of innumerable readers, as in the days when they elicited the warm admiration of men so various as Tyndall and Gladstone, Herschel and Bishop Westcott, Owen and Henry Sidgwick, or when they brought a precious solace in her bereavement to the noble widow of Prince Albert.

After so many editions have been published, we venture to think that the plan on which this has been arranged will be found useful to some readers. The text of each section is accompanied by an analytical summary, in which the main ideas and their logical sequence are brought out with a clearness not always apparent through the glamour of the poet's language. Commentary notes follow, when called for, to explain

obscure allusions or particular difficulties, to afford complementary information, or to determine the links which unite some of the poems into certain groups. A sort of title expressing in a brief formula the object-matter of the poem is prefixed. It is not always easy to determine clearly for each poem what is the dominant *motive*, but we may safely believe that in the mind of the author each section was developed round a certain precise concept. We know, moreover, that he himself had at first attributed a title to each several poem.*

Arthur Henry Hallam, to whom these hundred and twenty-nine poems are addressed, was the eldest son of the celebrated historian. He was three years older than Alfred Tennyson, having been born in 1812. Their friendship began at Cambridge, almost immediately after Tennyson had matriculated at Trinity College, on February 20th, 1828, and it soon grew most close and intimate. It suffered no decrease after Hallam had left the university, in 1831. He paid visits to the Tennysons at Somersby, and became engaged to Emily, one of the sisters of the poet. In the course of a journey taken with his father to the Tyrol and Salzburg, he died

* Hallam, Lord Tennyson, vol. i. pp. 306, 307.

suddenly at Vienna on September 15th, 1833. 'When Mr. Hallam returned from his daily walk, he saw Arthur asleep, as he supposed, upon the couch; a blood-vessel near the brain had suddenly burst: it was not sleep, but death.'*

All who had known that young man felt for him something of the loving admiration which has inspired *In Memoriam*, where it is found expressed especially in sections lxxxii, lxxxiii, lxxxv and lxxxvii. Amongst other testimonies, collected by the present Lord Tennyson in his biography of his father, may be read the enthusiastic lines of Gladstone, who, as early as their Eton days, had foreseen for his young schoolfellow a great and glorious future. From the catastrophe which destroyed the object of so many hopes and loves, Alfred Tennyson felt a sorrow which impaired his health, and for some years seemed to have doomed him to an incurable melancholy.

After the poems of 1830 and 1832, which had opened before him a brilliant career, he let ten years pass before he again addressed the public. Part of that time had been given to the elaboration of these poems to the memory of Arthur. Some of them date from the winter of 1833 (the earliest are those which figure in the

* Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 105.

published editions as sections ix, xxx, xxxi, lxxxv and civ). Others were successively added during the following years. The Epithalamium, which brings the poems to a conclusion, was written in 1842; the prologue, half a prayer and half a declaration of faith, is as late as 1849.

The whole had well-nigh disappeared before being printed. In February 1850 the little book that contained the only text of the elegies, 'a long, butcher-ledger-like book,' as Tennyson himself has described it, was missed. The poet could not lay his hand on it, and did not remember what he had done with it. He wrote from the Isle of Wight to Coventry Patmore in London, asking whether he had not lent it to him, and, if not, praying his friend to go to his old chambers and 'institute a vigorous inquiry.' Patmore did so, and discovered the manuscript in a closet where the late occupant used to keep some of his provisions. At last, in June 1850, the poems were published in a little volume of 210 pages, and, at first, without any author's name. The office of Poet Laureate being then vacant by Wordsworth's death, Tennyson was offered it in most flattering terms, and was appointed on November 19th. It is said that the gracious favour of the Sovereign had been mainly determined by Prince Albert's admiration

for *In Memoriam*. A second and a third edition appeared in the same year, with no other difference than the correction of rare misprints; a fourth edition in the following year contained an addition which figured as section lix.

Viewed as a whole this collection of poems places before us with an account of the emotions and of the mental speculations which the death of Arthur Hallam evoked in Tennyson. A division of the time covered has been given repeatedly, and is confirmed by the author himself. 'The divisions of the poems are made by First Christmas Eve (section xxviii), Second Christmas (lxxvi), Third Christmas Eve (cii and ciii, etc.).'*

But that chronological distribution must be regarded as an after-thought, and was simply a convenient frame in which to dispose the poems. Several of those which would be thus assigned to a date before the last one (Christmas Eve of 1835) we know to have been written at various intervals after it. To give only one instance, the parting from Somersby, which is alluded to in xcviii *et seq.*, took place in 1837.

To whatever real period of Tennyson's life these poems correspond, they tell us of a dolorous pilgrimage, in the course of which the feelings and the thoughts

* Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 305.

of the Author undergo a profound alteration. The first pieces are above all cries of agony, the evocation of harrowing souvenirs, the stammering complaints of a reason that staggers under a rude shock, and for which light and truth seem to have become veiled. A second series shows us the mind of the poet struggling with those problems which the loss of dearly beloved beings sets before us. We see there expressed in succession all the different states through which a mind may pass which asks of Death his secret. It is, at first, doubt or the revolt of a hopeless negation; then comes the acceptation of a precarious calm; then a return to hope often traversed by the lingering anguish of doubt; until, in the last sections, we find the poet, restored to moral health, giving his warm adhesion to the Christian dogma which promises to his love an endless duration in after-life.

We are indebted, for help in our analytical study of the text, to several critics and commentators, foremost amongst whom we ought to mention Miss Chapman, the author of a remarkably vigorous and searching *Companion to 'In Memoriam.'* The brilliant and substantial study of Mr. Stopford A. Brooke, *Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life*, has also more

than once been serviceable. Of course Lord Tennyson's elaborate biography of his father has been invaluable. We have also great pleasure in acknowledging an obligation to Mademoiselle Schérer, who kindly placed at our disposal one of the early copies of *In Memoriam* which the learned and judicious critic, her father, had covered with marginal notes, in view perhaps of a publication which did not take place. Some of these notes show deep insight into the train of thoughts of the poem, and they all bear testimony to the great sympathy and the enlightened admiration of the French critic for the English poet.

IN MEMORIAM

A. H. H.

OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Prefatory poem.

Strong Son of God, who art immortal Love,
Thou madest Death as well as Life; but Death Thou conquerest, and wilt not leave us in the dust:
We must make our wills Thine.
We can only know Thee through faith.
Help us to bear Thy light.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Forgive my sin, and even what seemed my worth, my grief for one removed, these wild and wandering cries that at times failed in truth; and, in Thy wisdom, make me wise.

This prefatory prayer was written, long after the bulk of the poems, in 1849, the year before the publication of *In Memoriam*. It illustrates the same mood, fervent

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
We mock thee when we do not fear.
But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me ;
What seem'd my worth since I began ;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

---

and trustful, which is expressed in poem cxxix, the last of the series. Like the overture of an opera, it touches upon the different themes to be treated in the body of the work: Love, the all-pervading power, which is the *leit-motive* of the whole poems: the passionate protest against death as an eternal separation,

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

1849

I

I HELD it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

---

and the poet's faith in a future life; the necessary submission of the will, and the faith in God's justice; the ephemeral and unsatisfactory character of human systems; the needful alliance of knowledge with reverence and faith; and lastly, regret for those cries of sorrow which may have offended truth.

Memory is sorrow, but forgetfulness were debasement

I believed, before my loss, that every experience of life might conduce the soul to a higher state.

But what gain can accrue from such a misfortune?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let Darkness keep her raven gloss ;
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground ;

However, better the long agonies of memory than the unworthy ease of oblivion.

Who was the poet alluded to in 1st verse? Several answers have been proposed. One only is authoritative: that of Tennyson himself.

"ALDWORTH, *Nov.* 3*rd*, 1891.

"I believe I alluded to Goethe. Among his last words were these: 'Von Aenderungen zu höheren Aenderungen.'"

Many interpretations have also been put forward of the phrase 'their dead selves.' The words of Goethe quoted by Tennyson, 'from changes to higher changes,' leave little doubt as to the meaning of the poet.

Professor Sidgwick once heard Tennyson express the opinion that Goethe ranked foremost among the moderns as a lyrical poet as being 'consummate in so *many different* styles.'

(*Tennyson: a Memoir*, by Hallam, Lord Tennyson, vol. ii. p. 392.)

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast :
'Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.'

II

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the under-lying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head ;
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the flock ;
And in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

An aspiration to insensibility

O tree, whose sources of life are in the heart of death,
Thou feelest none of the changes of life ;
I so earnestly long to partake of thy passionless hardihood, that methinks my wish becomes effectual.

The 3rd verse implies a statement which the poet acknowledged to be inexact, and corrected, later on, in a supplementary poem (*vide* note to xxxviii).

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale!
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom.

And gazing on the sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood,
And grow incorporate into thee.

III

O SORROW, cruel fellowship,
O Priestess in the vaults of Death,
O sweet and bitter in a breath,
What whispers from thy lying lip?

'The stars,' she whispers, 'blindly run
A web is wov'n across the sky;
From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun:

Should sorrow be entertained?

There is a sweetness in the cruelty of Sorrow; but what are her suggestions to my mind?

She offers me but a distorted view of nature.

Shall I follow such a false guide, or discard her as a cause of error?

And all the phantom, Nature, stands--
With all the music in her tone,
A hollow echo of my own,—
A hollow form with empty hands.'

And shall I take a thing so blind,
Embrace her as my natural good;
Or crush her, like a vice of blood,
Upon the threshold of the mind?

IV

To Sleep I give my powers away;
My will is bondsman to the dark;
I sit within a helmless bark,
And with my heart I muse and say:

Let not the mind be enslaved by the memory of the loss

Sorrow, ever present, is absolute mistress during the hours of night;

But, with morning, the will revolts against that deceptive tyranny.

The image in 3rd verse refers to the fact that water at a very low temperature will, if at all disturbed, suddenly solidify and expand.

O heart, how fares it with thee now,
That thou shouldst fail from thy desire,
Who scarcely darest to inquire
'What is it makes me beat so low?'

Something it is which thou hast lost,
Some pleasure from thine early years.
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost!

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross
All night below the darken'd eyes;
With morning wakes the will, and cries,
'Thou shalt not be the fool of loss.'

V

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

Ought such grief to be expressed?

Words are all inapt to reveal it;
But in the very attempt there is a solace,
And I will pursue the task, however inadequate.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies ;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

VI

One writes that 'Other friends remain,'
That 'Loss is common to the race'—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more :
Too common ! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

No comfort in the fact that others endure the same pain

The commonplace condolence of friends

That many have suffered like me, only makes my sorrow the more bitter ;

My loss is irreparable, and life for ever darkened.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
That pledgest now thy gallant son;
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I, who wrought
At that last hour to please him well;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something thought;

Expecting still his advent home;
And ever met him on his way
With wishes, thinking, here to-day,
Or here to-morrow will he come.

O somewhere, meek unconscious dove,
That sittest ranging golden hair;
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

The 'meek unconscious dove' is no imaginary being, but the poet's own sister betrothed to Arthur. 'We were waiting for her,' writes one of her friends, 'in the drawing-room, the first day since her loss that she had

For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest:
And thinking 'this will please him best,'
She takes a riband or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night;
And with the thought her colour burns;
And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse
Had fallen, and her future Lord
Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,
Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

O what to her shall be the end?
And what to me remains of good?
To her, perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me, no second friend.

---

been able to meet any one, and she came at last, dressed in deep mourning, . . . but with one white rose in her black hair, as her Arthur loved to see her' (Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 108).

The thought briefly treated in the first two lines is the same that was paraphrased at great length by the King in *Hamlet*, I. ii. 87–108.

VII

DARK house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here ; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

Thoughts before Arthur's house

Indulging his feverish sorrow, the poet revisits, one night, the house where his friend lived.

Arthur is no longer there, yet that desolating void makes no difference in the routine of life in the city.

The street was Wimpole Street, and the house No. 67. 'You will always find me,' Arthur Hallam would say, 'at sixes and sevens.'

Compare section cxvii, for another visit to the same house, in an altered mood.

VIII

A HAPPY lover who has come
To look on her that loves him well,
Who 'lights and rings the gateway bell
And learns her gone and far from home;

He saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall,
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight;

So find I every pleasant spot
In which we two were wont to meet,
The field, the chamber and the street,
For all is dark where thou art not.

The pain of such visits, and their comfort

The sight of every spot where he used to meet his friend makes his grief more poignant.

But it inspires him with songs, flowers which he can plant on the tomb of the lost one.

'Little cared for' (5th verse) alludes to that long interval during which the poet's activity relaxed; the *Poems* of 1832 not being followed by another publication before 1842.

Yet as that other, wandering there
In those deserted walks, may find
A flower beat with rain and wind,
Which once she foster'd up with care;

So seems it in my deep regret,
O my forsaken heart, with thee
And this poor flower of poesy,
Which little cared for fades not yet.

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye
I go to plant it on his tomb,
That if it can it there may bloom,
Or dying there at least may die.

IX

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

Wishes for a prosperous voyage of the ship that brings the remains of Arthur

His anxious solicitude addresses first the vessel herself,

Then the waters, the winds and the stars,

For a safe and gentle conveyance of the loved remains.

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain ; a favourable speed
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead
Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, thro' early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

This is the first of a group of eight poems referring to the ship, the origin of which is sufficiently accounted for by these few words from a letter of Henry Hallam to Alfred Tennyson :

'*December* 30*th*.

'It may remove some anxiety from the minds of yourself and others to know that the mortal part of our dearest Arthur will be interred at Clevedon on Friday. . . . You may have been apprehensive for the safety of the vessel. I did not expect her arrival so soon.'

'Phosphor,' another name of the planet Venus, the morning star.

'My widow'd race' (5th verse), with 'race' in the sense of 'course,' appears again in the last line of xvii.

'More than my brothers are to me,' which ends this section, will be taken up later, as the motive of a new poem.—*Vide* lxxix.

Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

X

I HEAR the noise about thy keel;
I hear the bell struck in the night;
I see the cabin-window bright;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife,
And travell'd men from foreign lands;
And letters unto trembling hands;
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

A vision of the ship

His imagination hears and sees the vessel,

And he thinks of what she brings to others and to him.

The peaceful picture thus evoked leads him to rejoice that the body of Arthur will rest in the quiet loved scenes of his native land,

So bring him: we have idle dreams:
This look of quiet flatters thus
Our home-bred fancies: O to us,
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,
That takes the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God;

Than if with thee the roaring wells
Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine;
And hands so often clasp'd in mine
Should toss with tangle and with shells.

And not be, after a shipwreck, engulfed and tossed by the waves.

'Tangle,' or 'oar-weed,' *Laminaria digitata*, whose broad, thong-like fronds will rise and dip in the water, floating with the waves.

The church referred to in 4th verse is that of Clevedon. 'Half a mile to the south of Clevedon, in Somersetshire, on a lonely hill, stands Clevedon Church, "obscure and solitary," overlooking a vast expanse of water, where the Severn flows into the Bristol Channel' (Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 295).

XI

CALM is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only thro' the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground ;

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold :

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall ;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair :

A calm day

Nature, on this late October day, is in harmony with the quieter mood of his despair.

His eyes wander over the wide scene to the bounding main,

And his thought returns to the ship sailing smoothly on, and to her motionless freight.

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

XII

Lo, as a dove when up she springs
To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe,
Some dolorous message knit below
The wild pulsation of her wings ;

Like her I go ; I cannot stay ;
I leave this mortal ark behind,
A weight of nerves without a mind,
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

His thought flies over to the ship

Like a carrier-pigeon bearing a message, his thought rushes to meet the vessel,
And hovers about her with sad wailings,
And he loses for a time all notion of actual realities.

'Ark,' in 2nd verse, is not a vessel, like Noah's, but a tabernacle, the body (*vide* 5th verse, 3rd line). Mr. Gatty aptly quotes: 'our earthly house of this tabernacle' (2 Cor. v. 1).

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
And reach the glow of southern skies,
And see the sails at distance rise,
And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying: 'Comes he thus, my friend?
Is this the end of all my care?'
And circle moaning in the air:
'Is this the end? Is this the end?'

And forward dart again, and play
About the prow, and back return
To where the body sits, and learn
That I have been an hour away.

XIII

Tears of the widower, when he sees
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
Her place is empty, fall like these;

His loss is still to him as a dream

My tears are like those of a widower, who will sometimes fancy that the loved one is still by his side;

Many years will be necessary to teach me that my loss is an absolute certainty;

For now, half-deceived by fancy, and forgetting the

Which weep a loss for ever new,
A void where heart on heart reposed ;
And, where warm hands have prest and closed,
Silence, till I be silent too.

Which weep the comrade of my choice,
An awful thought, a life removed,
The human-hearted man I loved,
A spirit, not a breathing voice.

Come Time, and teach me many years
I do not suffer in a dream ;
For now so strange do these things seem,
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears ;

---

stern truth, I may glance at the vessel as if she brought only merchants' bales.

In 3rd verse the sense is somewhat obscured by an ellipsis. Understand : 'which weep because my chosen comrade has become a pure mind, whose existence, far removed from me, impresses me with awe.'

The punctuation of the 1st line in 4th verse, always preserved by Tennyson, leads to this sense : 'Let Time come, and, O ye Years, teach me that . . . ,' rather than to Mr. Gatty and Miss Chapman's interpretation : 'He bids Time and the Years teach him. . . .'

My fancies time to rise on wing,
And glance about the approaching sails,
As tho' they brought but merchants' bales,
And not the burthen that they bring.

XIV

If one should bring me this report,
That thou hadst touch'd the land to-day,
And I went down unto the quay,
And found thee lying in the port;

And standing, muffled round with woe,
Should see thy passengers in rank
Come stepping lightly down the plank,
And beckoning unto those they know;

He does not yet fully realise his misfortune

Addressing the ship, the poet says to her that if he saw his friend come out with the other passengers and speak to him, he would not feel it strange.

'The man I held as half-divine' in 3rd verse must be understood by reference to the 3rd verse in the preceding section, not as expressing the poet's estimate of the living Arthur.

And if along with these should come
The man I held as half-divine ;
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
And ask a thousand things of home ;

And I should tell him all my pain,
And how my life had drooped of late,
And he should sorrow o'er my state
And marvel what possess'd my brain ;

And I perceived no touch of change,
No hint of death in all his frame,
But found him all in all the same,
I should not feel it to be strange.

XV

To-night the winds began to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day :
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies ;

A storm

The poet describes a storm rising in the evening.

Again addressing the ship, he says that he would feel a cruel anguish if he did not believe that she is sailing placidly ;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world;

And but for fancies, which aver
That all thy motions gently pass
Athwart a plane of molten glass,
I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud;
And but for fear it is not so,
The wild unrest that lives in woe
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a labouring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

But a latent fear, lest it be not so, prevents him from enjoying the wild beauty of the storm so congenial to his woe.

'Fancies,' in 3rd verse, refers to the visions evoked in ix, x, xi.

XVI

WHAT words are these have fall'n from me?
Can calm despair and wild unrest
Be tenants of a single breast,
Or sorrow such a changeling be?

Or doth she only seem to take
The touch of change in calm or storm;
But knows no more of transient form
In her deep self, than some dead lake

That holds the shadow of a lark
Hung in the shadow of a heaven?
Or has the shock, so harshly given,
Confused me like the unhappy bark

That strikes by night a craggy shelf,
And staggers blindly ere she sink?
And stunn'd me from my power to think
And all my knowledge of myself;

The clashing of contradictory feelings

How can his heart harbour both calm and unrest?

Are they only appearances which leave the real soul unaltered?

Or is he like a man delirious?

To 'calm despair,' in 2nd line, cf. xi, 4th verse; to 'wild unrest' cf. xv, 4th verse.

And made me that delirious man
Whose fancy fuses old and new,
And flashes into false and true,
And mingles all without a plan?

XVII

Thou comest, much wept for: such a breeze
Compell'd thy canvas, and my prayer
Was as the whisper of an air
To breathe thee over lonely seas.

For I in spirit saw thee move
Thro' circles of the bounding sky;
Week after week: the days go by:
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

A blessing on the ship

Thou comest as if wafted by my sighs and prayers; For in spirit I have been with thee during the whole voyage.

My blessing will ever guard thee, in return for thy kind office.

'Such,' in 1st line, is suggested by the idea of sighs implied in 'wept'; unless it should refer to the 'fair wind' wished for in section ix.

Observe that the line 'Till all my widow'd race be run' had appeared in the first (ix), and here brings to a close the whole group of poems referring to the ship.

Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home.

So may whatever tempest mars
Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark ;
And balmy drops in summer dark
Slide from the bosom of the stars.

So kind an office hath been done,
Such precious relics brought by thee ;
The dust of him I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run.

XVIII

'Tis well, 'tis something, we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

The coming funeral. What thoughts it suggests

There is some comfort in knowing that the loved one will rest quietly in the places of his youth.

I would I could die and restore him to life.

At least will his constant memory be a source of strength to my mind.

'Tis little ; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,
I, falling on his faithful heart,
Would breathing thro' his lips impart
The life that almost dies in me :

Compare to 1st verse—

> Lay her i' the earth :
> And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
> May violets spring !
>
> (*Hamlet*, V. i. 261–3.)

Tennyson wished, no doubt, to suggest the comparison. The discreet allusion to the touching words of Laertes is a delicate homage to the purity of that other young victim, Arthur.

The funeral did take place in Clevedon Church on January 3rd, 1834.

That dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind,
Treasuring the look it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again.

XIX

THE Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

Song at times drowned by sorrow

Musing on the scene near the church where Arthur has been interred, the poet likens his power of singing, which ceases when his heart overflows with grief, to the tidal rivers which, mute when the tide-water has filled them, again become audible at ebb-time.

The Wye being a tributary of the Severn, the word 'moved' in the 3rd verse is to be understood thus: the Wye is no more moved along with the motion of the Severn.

Mr. Stopford A. Brooke draws attention to the analogy of feeling between this little poem and the famous

'Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!'

of the *Poems* of 1842; and he adds: 'The wash of the

There twice a day the Severn fills ;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along ;
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls :
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

XX

THE lesser griefs that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender vows,
Are but as servants in a house
Where lies the master newly dead ;

Severn in it is more homelike, more near to the humanity of sorrow, than the desolate dash of the sea' (*Tennyson*, 1895, p. 193).

The body of A. Hallam, brought from Vienna to Trieste, was thence carried round Italy and Spain, to Bristol—from the Danube to the Severn.

Who speak their feeling as it is,
And weep the fulness from the mind:
'It will be hard,' they say, 'to find
Another service such as this.'

My lighter moods are like to these,
That out of words a comfort win;
But there are other griefs within,
And tears that at their fountain freeze;

For by the hearth the children sit
Cold in that atmosphere of Death,
And scarce endure to draw the breath,
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit:

But open converse is there none,
So much the vital spirits sink
To see the vacant chair, and think,
'How good! how kind! and he is gone.'

Some griefs cannot find utterance in words

His sorrow, in his lighter moods, is like that of servants mourning for the master who is dead, and by idle words relieving the fulness of their hearts.

But, at other times, it is like that of children, who can only sit in a mute anguish, and think of the father they have lost.

XXI

I SING to him that rests below,
And, since the grasses round me wave,
I take the grasses of the grave,
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then,
And sometimes harshly will he speak;
'This fellow would make weakness weak,
And melt the waxen hearts of men.'

Another answers, 'Let him be:
He loves to make parade of pain,
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy.'

He only sings from a natural impulse

There is no justice in the words of those who accuse him of weakening men's hearts, or of making parade of his grief, or of ignoring the call made upon all energies by the great public causes and by the attainments of science. He is only a poet, and sings but as the linnets sing.

One of the carping critics here referred to seems to have been Edw. FitzGerald, the loving but outspoken friend of Tennyson. He disapproved of the publication of these poems, and wrote to W. B. Donne: 'Don't you think the world wants other notes than elegiac now? . . . But Spedding praises: and I suppose the elegiacs

A third is wroth: 'Is this an hour
For private sorrow's barren song,
When more and more the people throng
The chairs and thrones of civil power?—

A time to sicken and to swoon,
When Science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon?'

Behold, ye speak an idle thing:
Ye never knew the sacred dust:
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing:

And unto one her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ranged;
And unto one her note is changed,
Because her brood is stol'n away.

---

will see daylight, public daylight, one day' (Arthur Waugh: *Alfred Lord Tennyson*, MDCCCXCIII, p. 100).

'charms
Her secret from the latest moon'

in the 5th verse evidently alludes to the then recent discovery of Neptune (1846), through the admirable divinations and the calculations of Adams and Le Verrier. In the last verse later editions read, for the 1st line, 'And one is glad; her note is gay'; and, for the 3rd line, 'And one is sad; her note is changed.'

XXII

THE path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walk'd began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man;

A retrospect of their friendship, and its abrupt termination

During four sweet years we travelled through life joyfully together.

But suddenly the path descended into the valley of the Shadow of Death,

Who bore my friend away from me; but I know the wished-for day will come which will again unite us.

Arthur Hallam went to Cambridge, where he met Tennyson, in October 1828, and died on September 15th, 1833.

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold;
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip;

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste;
And think that, somewhere in the waste,
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

XXIII

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,
Or breaking into song by fits;
Alone, alone, to where he sits,
The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot

How changed Life is to him henceforth!

Now I wander alone for ever,
And remember the happy days when all nature looked gay,
When we enjoyed a close intellectual union,
And were full of optimistic hope,
As well as of respect and love for the wisdom of old times.

The beautiful allegory in the first two verses means this: Death alone will reveal to us the secret of man's

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,
I wander, often falling lame,
And looking back to whence I came,
Or on to where the pathway leads;

And crying, how changed from where it ran
Thro' lands where not a leaf was dumb;
But all the lavish hills would hum
The murmur of a happy Pan:

When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech:

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that time could bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood:

---

destiny, and, wandering towards the place where the Shadow waits for me, I often fall into anxious doubts.

'Fancy' and 'Fancy,' 'Thought' and 'Thought,' in the 4th verse, of course are, 'my Fancy' or 'Thought' and 'his.'

The idea expressed in the 5th verse: 'the sanguine influence of youth made us trust in a happy future' is completed by that of the 6th verse: 'and we also found joy in the philosophy of poetry and ancient Greece.'

And many an old philosophy
On Argive heights divinely sang,
And round us all the thicket rang
To many a flute of Arcady.

XXIV

And was the day of my delight
As pure and perfect as I say?
The very source and fount of Day
Is dash'd with wandering isles of night.

Was the past indeed so fair?

There are flaws in all human joys as there are spots in the sun.

It may be that my former happiness looks greater seen through the haze of grief, or in contrast with my present dejection,

Or that everything wins a glory and completeness when seen from afar.

The last line of the 2nd verse was improved by Tennyson in a later edition as follows:

'Since our first Sun arose and set,'

The 2nd line of the 3rd verse became afterwards:

'Makes my former gladness loom so great.'

'Star,' in last verse, may be understood, as in xxi, 5, to mean 'planet' or 'moon.'

If all was good and fair we met,
This earth had been the Paradise
It never look'd to human eyes
Since Adam left his garden yet.

And is it that the haze of grief
Hath stretch'd my former gladness so great?
The lowness of the present state,
That sets the past in this relief?

Or that the past will always win
A glory from its being far;
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not, when we moved therein?

XXV

I KNOW that this was Life,—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

It is Love that made it look so

If, on the road we were following together, we had to carry our load of cares, it seemed light because it was by Love divided between us.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love:

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

XXVI

Still onward winds the dreary way;
I with it; for I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

Better die than forget

Pursuing alone the journey, I will prove that my Love can escape oblivion.

But if God see that it must be otherwise, I pray that He may end my life ere it should become despicable.

'Within the green' means, under the green vesture of the flourishing tree.

For the allusion in the last two lines, cf. xxii 3, 4, 5.

In the last line 'shroud' has been substituted for 'cloak' in later editions.

And if that eye which watches guilt
And goodness, and hath power to see
Within the green the moulder'd tree,
And towers fall'n as soon as built—

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee
Or see (in Him is no before)
In more of life true life no more,
And Love the indifference to be,

So might I find, ere yet the morn
Breaks hither over Indian seas,
That Shadow waiting with the keys,
To cloak me from my proper scorn.

XXVII

I ENVY not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods;

Love is a blessing even though a source of pain

I have nought but disdain for that peace and happiness which is due to ignorance of, or inaptitude for, another state.

It is better to have loved, even when sorrow is the end of Love.

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth,
Nor any want-begotten rest.

'Want-begotten rest' means, rest caused by the absence of all tender feeling.

The main idea of this poem has been expressed more than once; we will quote only two instances. The former from one of Tennyson's best friends:

He who for Love has undergone
The worst that can befall,
Is happier thousand-fold than one
Who never loved at all;

A grace within his soul has reigned
Which nothing else can bring,
Thank God for all that I have gained
By that high suffering.

(Lord Houghton, as quoted by Mr. Wace.)

The other from Tennyson's great master:

Emilia. I would you had never seen him!
Desdemona. So would not I.

(*Othello*, IV. iii. 18, 19.)

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most:
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

XXVIII

THE time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Christmas Eve, and its influence

One year has elapsed, during which I almost wished for death.

But now the merry, soothing sound of Christmas bells reminds me of the happy past, and some joy mingles with my sorrow.

This Christmas, the first of three that are treated in these poems (*vide* lxxvi and cii) must be that of 1834. 'This year' of the 4th verse could not refer to the few months elapsed from the death of Arthur to the end of 1833.

'Each voice four changes on the wind' (3rd verse) means: Each bell emits, according to the variations of the wind, four different sounds.

'Yule,' for Christmas, is especially felicitous here, if we bear in mind the etymological sense—joyous.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound :

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again :

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy ;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule.

XXIX

With such compelling cause to grieve
As daily vexes household peace,
And chains regret to his decease,
How dare we keep our Christmas eve ;

How should this Christmas be kept ?

Can we forget for one night our ever-present grief,

Which brings no more a welcome guest
To enrich the threshold of the night
With shower'd largess of delight,
In dance and song and game and jest.

Yet go, and while the holly boughs
Entwine the cold baptismal font,
Make one wreath more for Use and Wont
That guard the portals of the house ;

Old sisters of a day gone by,
Gray nurses, loving nothing new ;
Why should they miss their yearly due
Before their time ? They too will die.

XXX

With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth ;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas eve.

---

when this season reminds us vividly of the lost one and his happy gaiety ?

Yet we will pay the wonted tribute to old customs, though we know that they too are doomed to disappear.

The festivities of Christmas Eve

Struggling against our sadness, we practised the customary games.

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambol'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused: the winds were in the beech:
We heard them sweep the winter land;
And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang;
We sang, tho' every eye was dim,
A merry song we sang with him
Last year: impetuously we sang:

We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
Upon us: surely rest is meet:
'They rest,' we said, 'their sleep is sweet,'
And silence follow'd, and we wept.

But the harrowing memory was ever present, and our feigned gaiety gave way to tears.

Then we thought of the rest the loved dead enjoy, and, rising to a higher faith and trust, we felt that they must remain in sympathy and communion with us.

Fit thoughts for the anniversary of that morn in which He was born who is our Hope.

Our voices took a higher range ;
Once more we sang : 'They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change ;

Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gather'd power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.'

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night :
O Father ! touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

XXXI

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded—if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave ?

Lazarus and the Mysteries of Death

What is death? Can Lazarus teach us anything concerning it? Did he, in the tomb, yearn to know that he was wept for?

If his sister questioned him, there is no record of his answer.

'Where wert thou, brother, those four days?'
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
He told it not; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

XXXII

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

The miracle was the only thing certain, which the neighbours joyfully celebrated.

The Evangelist is St. John, who alone records the miracle.

Mary, and the contentment of Love and Faith

She does not speak, but feeds her eyes upon the dear brother and upon Christ, whose kindness gave him back to her.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure ;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

XXXIII

O THOU that after toil and storm
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,
Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Are not pure Love and mute Faith better than questionings and anxious doubts ?

The idea conveyed by the last two lines is : Those who believe are more thoroughly masters of their souls than those who doubt, or at least they are happier.

Simple faith ought to be respected.

A man that has secured to himself a belief independent

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good.
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine!

See thou, that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And ev'n for want of such a type.

---

of the various forms of creeds ought not to shake the trusting peace of humbler souls,

Whose belief in a bodily living God is a support against temptations before which he may fail who holds a more philosophical doctrine.

'Such a type,' in the last line, refers to 'the flesh and blood' of the preceding verse.

The expression of thought conveyed by the last two lines in 1st verse is quoted by the Bishop of Ripon, a friend of the poet, as illustrating Tennyson's own intellectual position (*vide* Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 309).

XXXIV

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is;

This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
In some wild Poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

The need of Immortality

From the darkness and ignorance of my present condition I should conclude that there shall come a life of light and knowledge;

For this world is not an idle, aimless creation.

Where else than in this belief could a man so sorely stricken as I am draw courage to endure life to the end?

The last line of the 1st verse evidently means: 'and all that is, is dust and ashes.'

'The round of green' is the circle within the horizon, with all the beauty of its vegetation.

That idea of the necessity of an immortal after-life has been often expressed by Tennyson, and principally in his poems 'Wages' and 'Vastness.' (For a comment of the poet himself on that same subject, *see* Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 321.)

What then were God to such as I?
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die;

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

XXXV

Yet if some voice that man could trust
Should murmur from the narrow house:
The cheeks drop in; the body bows;
Man dies: nor is there hope in dust:

Immortality proved by Love.

If a voice worthy of trust should object that life disappears with the decaying body, might I not propose to myself to keep love alive even for that short period?

Not even that; for knowing that it is perishable, like every other earthly thing, would destroy love's sweetness.

A vain debate; for, if from the first death had been known to be the 'end-all' of everything, love could not have existed, unless in its coarsest shape.

'Some voice from the narrow house,' like that of Lazarus from his charnel-cave.

Might I not say, yet even here,
But for one hour, O Love, I strive
To keep so sweet a thing alive?
But I should turn mine ears and hear

The moanings of the homeless sea,
The sound of streams that swift or slow
Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
The dust of continents to be;

And Love would answer with a sigh,
'The sound of that forgetful shore
Will change my sweetness more and more,
Half dead to know that I shall die.'

O me, what profits it to put
An idle case? If Death were seen
At first as Death, Love had not been,
Or been in narrowest working shut,

The Æonian hills are the mountains raised by the agency of centuries, æons being long periods of time. This was rather a favourite word with Tennyson, who used it again in xcviii, 11th verse, and cxxv, 4th verse. His son tells us that the poet regretted the term had not been substituted for 'everlasting,' in the Revised Version of the Bible: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.'—Hallam, Lord Tennyson (i. 322).

Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,
Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape
Had bruised the herb and crush'd the grape,
And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.

XXXVI

Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
We yield all blessing to the name
Of Him that made them current coin;

For wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
Where Truth in closest words shall fail,
When Truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

Divine wisdom and kindness evinced in the history of Christ

Truths that have their roots in our mystic faculties expand into notions which it is hard for us to reconcile with each other.

So Divine Wisdom embodied them in a tale, the life of Christ, which all can read clearly.

Understand the 1st verse thus: 'If Divine Wisdom has left the great Truths obscure to our minds, we nevertheless owe all blessings to it for having made them current coin.'

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

XXXVII

URANIA speaks with darken'd brow:
'Thou pratest here where thou art least
This faith has many a purer priest,
And many an abler voice than thou:

In the 2nd verse 'where' refers to 'powers,' and 'when' means 'whereas.'

'The Word had breath,' 3rd verse, must be understood thus: 'The Divine Wisdom was embodied in a human shape.' (For another interpretation, which hardly agrees with the next words, 'wrought with human hands,' see Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 312, footnote.)

Can poetry be allowed to deal with such themes?

It is for theology and philosophy to treat of such subjects.

I know my office as a poet is only to soothe human grief and sing of human love.

Go down beside thy native rill,
On thy Parnassus set thy feet,
And hear thy laurel whisper sweet
About the ledges of the hill.'

And my Melpomene replies,
A touch of shame upon her cheek:
'I am not worthy ev'n to speak
Of thy prevailing mysteries;

For I am but an earthly Muse,
And owning but a little art
To lull with song an aching heart,
And render human love his dues;

But the dear dead one used to speak of things divine, and I like to repeat after him what comfort is clasped in truth revealed.

Urania, the muse of Astronomy, here represents such sciences as deal with celestial objects. Melpomene, the muse of Tragedy, stands for poetry in general. Compare Shelley's *Adonais*, where the latter character is attributed to Urania.

'Prevailing,' in the 3rd verse, means all-important and august.

'Ev'n' (same verse) has replaced 'but' of the early editions, which was ambiguous, and which occurs again in the next two stanzas.

'And dear to me as sacred wine' was a later reading for 'And dear as sacramental wine' in the 5th verse.

But brooding on the dear one dead,
And all he said of things divine,
(And dear as sacramental wine
To dying lips is all he said,)
I murmur'd, as I came along,
Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd;
And loiter'd in the master's field,
And darken'd sanctities with song.'

XXXVIII

With weary steps I loiter on,
Tho' always under alter'd skies
The purple from the distance dies,
My prospect and horizon gone.

He sings for himself, and also for his friend

I pursue the toilsome journey with no joy nor hope.
But my songs bring me a doubtful gleam of solace,
And are perhaps not ungrateful to thine ear.

'The purple from the distance [always] dies' means: 'the bright-hued prospect which allured me from afar grows fainter and fainter.'

'The blowing season' is that in which flowers bloom, not, surely, as Mr. Gatty explains, 'the season when the equinoctial gales of March are raging.'

The desponding tone of this poem is in contrast with the hopeful tenor of some of the preceding sections.

No joy the blowing season gives,
The herald melodies of spring,
But in the songs I love to sing
A doubtful gleam of solace lives.

If any care for what is here
Survive in spirits render'd free,
Then are these songs I sing of thee
Not all ungrateful to thine ear.

XXXIX

Could we forget the widow'd hour,
And look on Spirits breathed away
As on a maiden in the day
When first she wears her orange-flower!

Some thirty years after the publication of *In Memoriam*, Tennyson added here a short poem of three verses, addressed (like II.) to the yew-tree of the churchyard. The purport of this is: Even the dark sullen tree is, in the spring season, enlivened with blossoms which tip the branches with gold. But Sorrow answers: 'Nay, this brightening is but a transient appearance, and the tree, like thy soul, belongs to enduring gloom.'

No joy can mix with the grief of this parting

I wish I could look upon him as upon a young bride, who, leaving father and mother in joy and in tears, departs to some new and higher duties.

When crown'd with blessing she doth rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes;

And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother's face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love;

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming, as is meet and fit,
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each;

And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

But he cannot, like her, return to gladden the loving ones, nor tell them what 'they would have told,' his life 'in undiscover'd lands.'

'Make April of her tender eyes' repeats the charming words that Shakespeare's Antony applied to his own bride, Octavia: 'The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring.' (*Antony and Cleopatra*, III. ii. 43).

Ay me, the difference I discern !
How often shall her old fireside
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,
How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,
And bring her babe, and make her boast,
Till even those that miss'd her most,
Shall count new things as dear as old :

But thou and I have shaken hands,
Till growing winters lay me low ;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscover'd lands.

XL

Thy spirit ere our fatal loss
Did ever rise from high to higher ;
As mounts the heavenward altar-fire,
As flies the lighter thro' the gross.

Shall I ever more be thy mate ?

Thou hast become a being whose very nature is unknown to me.

To join thee, gladly would I die at once,
But a fear chills my heart, lest, in that upward journey

But thou art turn'd to something strange,
And I have lost the links that bound
Thy changes; here upon the ground,
No more partaker of thy change.

Deep folly! yet that this could be—
That I could wing my will with might
To leap the grades of life and light,
And flash at once, my friend, to thee:

For though my nature rarely yields
To that vague fear implied in death;
Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,
The howlings from forgotten fields;

Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor
An inner trouble I behold,
A spectral doubt which makes me cold,
That I shall be thy mate no more,

Tho' following with an upward mind
The wonders that have come to thee,
Thro' all the secular to be,
But evermore a life behind.

---

of the souls after death, I should ever remain one life behind thee.

The notion of a succession of lives or states leading the souls higher and higher is a favourite one with Tennyson.

XLI

I VEX my heart with fancies dim :
He still outstript me in the race ;
It was but unity of place
That made me dream I rank'd with him.

And so may Place retain us still,
And he the much-beloved again,
A lord of large experience, train
To riper growth the mind and will :

And what delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
When one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows ?

Thou wilt be my guide and teacher

Vain is my dread. Even here thou wast ever above me, which did not hinder our sweet companionship.

So in a higher life wilt thou still train thy loving, delighted pupil.

'Place,' in the 2nd verse, repeats the word used in the 1st : 'And so a certain unity of place may unite us still.'

XLII

If Sleep and Death be truly one,
And every spirit's folded bloom
Thro' all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slumber on ;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
Bare of the body, might it last,
And silent traces of the past
Be all the colour of the flower :

So then were nothing lost to man ;
So that still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began :

And love would last as pure and whole
As when he loved me here in Time,
And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

Unless, perhaps, Death be Sleep

If so, his love will remain pure and whole, and reawaken at the Resurrection.

'Might it,' in the 2nd verse, means, 'if it might.'

'And silent traces of the past' has been thus paraphrased by Tennyson himself: 'then the remembrance of the past might remain, as the smell and colour do in the sleeping flower.'—Hallam, Lord Tennyson (ii. 421).

XLIII

How fares it with the happy dead ?
For here the man is more and more ;
But he forgets the days before
God shut the doorways of his head.

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense
Gives out at times (he knows not whence)
A little flash, a mystic hint ;

Have the dead any memory of their earthly life ?

Man forgets all previous existence, save when a little flash vaguely reminds him of the past.

If it is the same with the dead, some dim touch of earthly things may perhaps reach thee, and thou wilt know that it is a message of my faithful love.

'God shut the doorways of his head' is: 'God closed all communication between the past and the mind of the new-born man.'

'The days have vanished, tone and tint': that is, 'there remains no memory of sounds or sights of a former existence.'

'If Death so taste . . .' we take to mean: 'If Death, like human life, forgets the past, even then some touch

And in the long harmonious years
(If Death so taste Lethean springs)
May some dim touch of earthly things
Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

If such a dreamy touch should fall,
O turn thee round, resolve the doubt,
My guardian angel will speak out
In that high place, and tell thee all.

---

may . . .' Mr. Scherer understood 'so' to mean 'in this way,' 'with no complete abolition of a memory of the past.'

'The doubt' (4th verse) is 'thy' not 'my doubt.' The latter sense, 'give an answer to my questionings,' would not be in keeping with the general run of thought here.

This notion of earthly life being intermediate between two other existences linked to it by vague remembrances has already been alluded to in section xl. In 'The Two Voices' (*Poems* of 1832), Tennyson expresses the same belief as to the human soul having some remembrance of a diviner state. Of course the notion is one of Plato's. Many poets have held by it. None gave it a more beautiful expression than Wordsworth. See *Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood* (5th verse).

XLIV

THE baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is prest
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that 'this is I':

But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of 'I,' and 'me,'
And finds 'I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch:'

So rounds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin,
As thro' the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined.

This use may lie in blood and breath,
Which else were fruitless of their due,
Had man to learn himself anew
Beyond the second birth of Death.

The dead do remember

It is through the sensual knowledge of things that man gradually becomes conscious of his spiritual individuality.

This use of earthly life were vain indeed, if it did not secure him a permanent knowledge of himself in the life beyond death.

XLV

We ranging down this lower track,
The path we came by, thorn and flower,
Is shadow'd by the growing hour,
Lest life should fail in looking back.

So be it: there no shade can last
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
The eternal landscape of the past;

A lifelong tract of time reveal'd;
The fruitful hours of still increase;
Days order'd in a wealthy peace,
And those five years its richest field.

Their recollection of the past is complete

For us here the past gradually recedes into darkness. But in that other state we shall have a faithful recollection of all the life we led on earth, and if short, it will appear to us glowing with the roseate tints of Love.

'Lest life should fail' (1st verse) means, 'Lest life should seem worthless from our having too present a recollection of the past'; or perhaps, as Mr. Scherer interprets, 'Lest life should be vainly occupied with the consideration of the past.'

'The fruitful hours' alludes to their life at Cambridge.

'Those five years': cf. xxii 3.

O Love, thy province were not large,
A bounded field, nor stretching far,
Look also, Love, a brooding star,
A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

XLVI

That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

Will personality endure?

Is each separate soul to merge into the general soul? No; for the eternal soul shall still remain distinct from all beside.

But even if this 'vague faith' were to be adhered to, my Love would at least hope for a last brief meeting, before we both 'lose ourselves in light.'

Compare with this the following quotation given by the present Lord Tennyson of some of his father's *dicta*: 'If the absorption into the divine in the after-life be the creed of some, let them at all events allow us many existences of individuality before this absorption; since this short-lived individuality seems to be but too short a preparation for so mighty a union' (Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 319).

Is faith as vague as all unsweet :
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside ;
And I shall know him when we meet :

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good ;
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth ? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say
'Farewell ! We lose ourselves in light.'

XLVII

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then these were such as men might scorn :

Her care is not to part and prove ;
She takes, when harsher moods remit,
What slender shade of doubt may flit,
And makes it vassal unto love :

These songs of a poet are not a philosopher's speculations
They do not aim at solving deep problems.
Sorrow's part is not to analyse and prove : she takes

And hence, indeed, she sports with words;
But better serves a wholesome law,
And holds it sin and shame to draw
The deepest measure from the chords:

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
But rather loosens from the lip
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.

XLVIII

From art, from nature, from the schools,
Let random influences glance,
Like light in many a shiver'd lance
That breaks about the dappled pools:

---

whatever doubtful hope may flit by, and interprets it according to Love's wishes.

Thus she, in some way, plays with words; but this is better than giving way to despair;

Nor would she, even if she could, trust herself to more ambitious attempts.

In spite of that play of words, Sorrow does her deadly work

I will receive the various influences of nature and art, and science and philosophy, and reflect them in my songs;

But beneath all passing moods, the deep sorrow silently destroys my life.

The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,
The fancy's tenderest eddy wreathe,
The slightest air of song shall breathe
To make the sullen surface crisp.

And look thy look, and go thy way,
But blame not thou the winds that make
The seeming-wanton ripple break,
The tender-pencil'd shadow play.

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears
Ay me! the sorrow deepens down,
Whose muffled motions blindly drown
The bases of my life in tears.

XLIX

Be near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
And tingle; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near, to guide and comfort me

Be near me in my hours of weakness and depression,
Of physical pain and of bitterness of soul;
Of religious doubt and of pessimism,
And be near me to point the way, at the hour of death.

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust,
And time, a maniac, scattering dust,
And life, a Fury, slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing,
And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,
To point the term of human strife,
And on the low dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

L

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

I do not fear to have his look constantly on me

Shall the sight of my faults weaken his love?
The very thought is an offence to the dead, whose

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame,
And I be lessen'd in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue:
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great Death;
The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

Be near us when we climb or fall:
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

---

love can be exposed to blame only by my want of faith: the dead must be wise.

And they are, like God, pitiful.

Edmund Lushington relates that, at Christmas 1841, Tennyson, at Boxley, showed him a poem he had just composed, saying he liked it better than most he had done lately; this was No. L. 'Do we indeed. . . .'

LI

I CANNOT love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing beloved;
My words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.

'Yet blame not thou thy plaintive song,'
The Spirit of true love replied;
'Thou canst not move me from thy side,
Nor human frailty do me wrong.

My love, however imperfect, is dear to the dead one

I cannot love thee as I ought, that is, in living as pure a life as thine was.

But a voice comforts me with the assurance that thy love cannot be altered by my frailty.

No earthly life ever remained entirely true to the ideal it bears;

And my love will be richly repaid after the separation of flesh and spirit.

The 3rd verse has proved a stumblingblock to commentators. This is, as it appears to us, the somewhat involved train of thoughts: (Thou deplorest thy inability to keep true to that ideal which thy friend's life offers to thee;) but what record of a pure life ever had that effect on any man? Not even that of the life of Christ.

What keeps a spirit wholly true
To that ideal which he bears?
What record? not the sinless years
That breathed beneath the Syrian blue;

So fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dash'd with flecks of sin.
Abide: thy wealth is gathered in,
When Time hath sunder'd shell from pearl.'

LII

How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and green.

An unruly youth not a condition for a sober manhood

[Is there an excuse for my frailties in this fact that] for many the sowing of wild oats has produced a harvest of good grain?

No one would dare preach such doctrine to those who are still eddying round in the turmoil of youth.

Fear lest philosophy, by putting forward such doctrines as the growing of good from evil, should lead you astray.

'For life outliving heats of youth' (3rd verse) is, 'for men who have passed the years of passionate ardour.'

And dare we to this fancy give
That had the wild oat not been sown,
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live?

Oh, if we held the doctrine sound
For life outliving heats of youth,
Yet who would preach it as a truth
To those that eddy round and round?

Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear divine philosophy
Should push beyond her mark and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.

LIII

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

The Bishop of Ripon, a friend of Tennyson, has quoted the last verse, 'Hold thou the good . . .,' as an illustration of the poet's position towards philosophy and religion.

Yet in the plan of Creation good must be the end of ill

We cannot help believing that a just God has fixed good as the final goal of all evil, physical or moral.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

But this is no scientific knowledge; only the vague dream of an infant crying for light.

'Or but subserves another's gain' (3rd verse) means, 'or, by its death, serves only a general, not its own particular good.'

With the last verse compare cxxii 5.

LIV

THE wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave;
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear;

That faith is opposed by some of the suggestions of Nature

The wish that no life be doomed to destruction is God's inspiration in us.

Nature, on the other hand, shows herself regardless of single lives, and destroys them ruthlessly;

So that I falter and grope, and faintly trust 'the larger hope.'

The meaning of the last words was thus determined by Tennyson himself: 'By the larger hope I mean that the whole human race would, through, perhaps, ages of suffering, be at length purified and saved' (Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 321, 322).

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God;

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LV

'So careful of the type?' but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries 'a thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.

Nature does not evn assure us of a duration of the species

The rocks tell us of types extinct, and nature can teach us nothing concerning our souls.

Is, then, man, with his arts and religions, doomed to disappear, leaving no other traces of his existence than fossils in the rocks?

Then were creation a monstrous chaos.

The voice of the departed friend gives me this comfort, that the answer and the redress will come after death, when the veil is drawn.

'The spirit . . .' (2nd verse): *spiritus* (Latin) is breath, from *spirare*, to breathe.

Thou makest thine appeal to me :
I bring to life, I bring to death :
The spirit does but mean the breath :
I know no more.' And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

'Man, her last work' (3rd verse) : cf. cxvi 3.

'Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies' (3rd verse) : who addressed his beautiful prayers to cold, insensible heavens?

'And love Creation's final law' is, 'and trusted that love was Creation's final law.'

'Be blown,' in 5th verse, continues 'shall he' of the 2nd verse.

With the last line compare in Omar Khayyám.

> There was the Veil through which I might not see.
>
> (Fitzgerald, *Rubáiyát*, xxii).

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LVI

PEACE, come away: the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song:
Peace, come away; we do him wrong
To sing so wildly; let us go.

A resolution to turn to other thoughts

My wild words do him wrong.

His memory will last, and he has no need of my short-lived songs.

But whatever I may do I shall always hear the toll of his funeral bell.

Even now I hear its 'Ave' to a new life, and its eternal adieu for us.

Come, let us go, your cheeks are pale,
But half my life I leave behind;
Methinks my friend is richly shrined,
But I shall pass; my work will fail.

Yet in these ears till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
Eternal greetings to the dead;
And 'Ave, Ave, Ave,' said,
'Adieu, adieu' for evermore!

This marks one of the great divisions of the work, and the passage to a new train of thoughts after the gloomy, half-despairing speculations of the sections from xl to lvi.

The poem seems to be addressed to the poet's sister, the affianced bride of Arthur (*vide* vi and note).

'Is richly shrined' (2nd verse). Understand: 'in the tearful memory of so many who loved him such as you and I.' Another interpretation would be: 'I am tempted to think that my songs have built him a rich shrine; but no, they will fail and pass like me.'

Section lvi was originally one of the poems which Tennyson suppressed before publication, 'because he thought them redundant.' It may be read in Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 306.

LVII

In those sad words I took farewell:
Like echoes in sepulchral halls,
As drop by drop the water falls
In vaults and catacombs, they fell;

And, falling, idly broke the peace
Of hearts that beat from day to day,
Half-conscious of their dying clay,
And those cold crypts where they shall cease.

The high Muse answer'd: 'Wherefore grieve
Thy brethren with a fruitless tear?
Abide a little longer here,
And thou shalt take a nobler leave.'

A blame of his words of despair

Such words as 'Adieu for evermore' have troubled the peace of minds that were not, like his, constantly bent upon thoughts of death.

The Divine Muse rebuked him, saying: 'Let Time do his healing work, and thou shalt feel and think more nobly about death.'

After this poem Tennyson added, in 1851, with the 4th edition of the work, a short poem to Sorrow, which may be thus summed up: O Sorrow, if thou wilt be my constant companion, put thy harsher moods aside. My grief will never lessen, but I will conceal it under so much hope that it will hardly look like sorrow.

LVIII

He past; a soul of nobler tone:
My spirit loved and loves him yet,
Like some poor girl whose heart is set
On one whose rank exceeds her own.

He mixing with his proper sphere,
She finds the baseness of her lot;
Half jealous of she knows not what,
And envying all that meet him there.

The little village looks forlorn;
She sighs amid her narrow days,
Moving about the household ways,
In that dark house where she was born.

The foolish neighbours come and go,
And tease her till the day draws by;
At night she weeps, 'How vain am I
How should he love a thing so low?'

Can my friend not disdain me?

He was a superior being, and is gone to his proper sphere.

How vain I am to think he can still love me!

This begins a series of six poems in which Tennyson speculates on the possible relations between him and the lost friend.

LIX

If, in thy second state sublime,
Thy ransom'd reason change replies
With all the circle of the wise,
The perfect flower of human time ;

And if thou cast thine eyes below,
How dimly character'd and slight,
How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,
How blanch'd with darkness must I grow !

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,
Where thy first form was made a man ;
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can
The soul of Shakespeare love thee more.

Do not forget me, for my love is greater than any

From thy sublime state, and the company of the loftiest minds,

Thou must see me a very dim, insignificant figure.

Yet know that I loved and love thee as much as even Shakespeare can love thee.

The influence of the Sonnets of Shakespeare is manifest in various parts of Tennyson's works. We see from this poem that he understood them to express an intense affection to a friend, like his own to Hallam.

LX

Tho' if an eye that's downward cast
Could make thee somewhat blench or fail,
So be my love an idle tale,
And fading legend of the past;

And thou, as one that once declined,
When he was little more than boy,
On some unworthy heart with joy,
But lives to wed an equal mind;

And breathes a novel world, the while
His other passion wholly dies,
Or in the light of deeper eyes
Is matter for a flying smile.

But do, if the memory is to cause thee pain

If, thine eyes turning to me (as I just wished), thy peace were to be troubled, then let my love fade away from thy mind,

Or be remembered only with indulgent pity.

To the use of 'declined,' in the 2nd verse, Mr. Gatty compares *Hamlet*, I. v: 'To decline upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor to those of mine.' But here 'declined' seems to have rather the meaning of 'reclined.'

LXI

YET pity for a horse o'er-driven,
And love in which my hound has part,
Can hang no weight upon my heart
In its assumptions up to heaven;

And I am so much more than these,
As thou, perchance, art more than I,
And yet I spare them sympathy
And I would set their pains at ease.

So may'st thou watch me where I weep,
As, unto vaster motions bound,
The circuits of thine orbit round
A higher height, a deeper deep.

LXII

DOST thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green;

Yet, thy superiority is no hindrance to thy love

As I feel a pitiful kindness to lower creatures, So mayest thou entertain a tender sympathy to me from thy lofty sphere.

'Round,' in the 3rd verse, is a verb.

Maybe thou hast a tender memory of thy old playmate

Dost thou look back on the past, like a man of low

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire;

---

origin who has reached to the highest functions in the state,

And feels a lingering tenderness for the humble scenes of his youth and his earliest mate,

While the latter, in his humble avocation, thinks: 'Does he remember me?'

'The whisper of the throne,' for the Address of the Crown, must not be taken as a sneer at the British constitution, of which Tennyson was a staunch admirer, as many passages in his works bear witness. *Vide*, in these poems, cvii 4, and cxi.

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs
He played at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate ;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
And reaps the labour of his hands
Or in the furrow musing stands ;
'Does my old friend remember me ?'

LXIII

SWEET soul ! do with me as thou wilt
I lull a fancy trouble-tost
With 'Love's too precious to be lost,
A little grain shall not be spilt.'

Love is too precious to be lost.

Do with me as thou wilt. I will give up such troubling musings, and, satisfied with this trust that Love is too precious to be lost, I will sing of our love in a happier, lighter mood.

And in that solace can I sing,
Till out of painful phases wrought
There flutters up a happy thought,
Self-balanced on a lightsome wing:

Since we deserved the name of friends,
And thine effect so lives in me,
A part of mine may live in thee,
And move thee on to noble ends.

LXIV

You thought my heart too far diseased;
You wonder when my fancies play
To find me gay among the gay,
Like one with any trifle pleased.

For, as thy influence still lives in me, so may a part of me remain with thee and help thee on in thy sublime career.

Here ends, on a note of trusting hope, the series of six poems beginning with lviii.

Below my occasional gay moods, sorrow is always there.

My grief has made me kind to my fellows; and I am like a blind man,

Who may jest with friends and play with children, but always has in him the light of his hope, and the constant night of his loss.

The shade by which my life was crost,
Which makes a desert in the mind,
Has made me kindly with my kind,
And like to him whose sight is lost;

Whose feet are guided thro' the land,
Whose jest among his friends is free,
Who takes the children on his knee,
And winds their curls about his hand:

He plays with threads, he beats his chair
For pastime, dreaming of the sky;
His inner day can never die,
His night of loss is always there.

LXV

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls:

A vision of Arthur's resting-place.

I know that the same moonlight, which shines on my bed, illumines the church by the Severn, and makes thy marble bright.

The glory moves away and I fall asleep, to know, when I awake, that thy tablet glimmers to the rising sun.

The beautiful picturesque visions evoked by this poem do not seem to account fully for its presence here.

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away;
From off my bed the moonlight dies;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray:

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the chancel like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

LXVI

When in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not Death,
Nor can I dream of thee as dead:

We think that the poet discreetly suggests an opposition between the fitful, wan hopes of his earthly reason, and the brighter light of faith.

Sleep presents his friend as living.

A dream shows thee living,

But I find in thy eyes a trouble that perplexes me,

Till waking I understand that it is my own trouble, which foolish sleep transfers to thee.

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,
When all our path was fresh with dew,
And all the bugle breezes blew
Reveillée to the breaking morn.

But what is this? I turn about,
I find a trouble in thine eye
Which makes me sad I know not why,
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt:

But ere the lark hath left the lea
I wake, and I discern the truth;
It is the trouble of my youth
That foolish sleep transfers to thee.

LXVII

I DREAM'D there would be Spring no more,
That Nature's ancient power was lost:
The streets were black with smoke and frost,
They chatter'd trifles at the door.

Here again, below the obvious meaning, the poet may be supposed to imply that his doubts about the perfect peace of mind of the friend in after life (*vide* lxii, lxiv, lxv) are only a gratuitous transfer to him of his own feelings and thoughts.

This begins a group of four poems treating of dreams.

A dream symbolising the poet's life and his hopes

Nature in it seemed to be devoid of beauty; the town and the society of men were irksome;

I wander'd from the noisy town,
I found a wood with thorny boughs :
I took the thorns to bind my brows,
I wore them like a civic crown.

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns
From youth and babe and hoary hairs :
They call'd me in the public squares
The fool that wears a crown of thorns.

They call'd me fool, they call'd me child :
I found an angel of the night :
The voice was low, the look was bright,
He look'd upon my crown and smiled :

He reach'd the glory of a hand,
That seem'd to touch it into leaf :
The voice was not the voice of grief ;
The words were hard to understand.

In a bleak wood I made to my brows a crown of thorns, for which I was laughed at and scorned.

But an angel made the crown verdant, and spoke words which, though obscure, comforted me.

The symbolism of this strangely beautiful poem is of easy interpretation. Grief has made nature and the companionship of men joyless. The poet makes his sorrow the sad ornament of his life, in spite of jeers and

LXVIII

I CANNOT see the features right,
When on the gloom I strive to paint
The face I know; the hues are faint
And mix with hollow masks of night:

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,
A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,
A hand that points, and palled shapes
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought;

And crowds that stream from yawning doors,
And shoals of pucker'd faces drive;
Dark bulks that tumble half alive,
And lazy lengths on boundless shores:

---

taunts. A divine voice vaguely gives him the assurance that his sorrow thus proudly worn will be some day to him an honour and a joy.

My efforts to see thee in my dreams

I strive to imagine thy features,

But the hues are faint and mix with the fanciful, grotesque or monstrous visions of sleep,

Till, when I no longer strain my will in vain efforts, thy fair face suddenly appears and quiets me.

Not only the face, but also the condition of Arthur in after-life is, as we take it, here meant; and the

Till all at once beyond the will
I hear a wizard music roll,
And thro' a lattice on the soul
Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

LXIX

Sleep, kinsman thou to death and trance
And madness, thou hast forged at last
A night-long Present of the Past
In which we went through summer France.

---

confusing apparitions of sleep are the discordant imaginings of the human mind vainly endeavouring to pierce the darkness of death.

A dream of a former happy journey

Sleep, after so many troubling dreams, at last revived a journey taken with Arthur through Southern France.

Let sleep again bring back that happy time, and let it even abolish a lingering sense of evil which made the joy of the dream imperfect.

In the last line of the 2nd verse, Tennyson later on substituted 'so' for 'thus' and 'may' for 'might.'

In the summer of 1830 the two young men had gone to the Pyrenees, to carry money to Spanish insurgents in arms against the odious government of Ferdinand. There Tennyson wrote part of his *Œnone*. He revisited the same scenes thirty-two years later, with

Hadst thou such credit with the soul?
So bring an opiate treble-strong,
Drug down the blindfold sense of wrong
That thus my pleasure might be whole;

While now we talk as once we talk'd
Of men and minds, the dust of change,
The days that grow to something strange,
In walking as of old we walk'd

Beside the river's wooded reach,
The fortress, and the mountain ridge,
The cataract flashing from the bridge,
The breaker breaking on the beach.

LXX

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,
And howlest, issuing out of night,
With blasts that blow the poplar white,
And lash with storm the streaming pane?

---

another friend and brother-poet, A. Clough, and commemorated those two visits in the famous little piece 'In the Valley of Cauteretz.'

A stormy day, the anniversary of Arthur's death

That day (the fifteenth of September) rises dim and tempestuous, reminding me vividly of the blasting misfortune it brought with it.

Day, when my crown'd estate begun
To pine in that reverse of doom,
Which sicken'd every living bloom,
And blurr'd the splendour of the sun ;

Who usherest in the dolorous hour
With thy quick tears that make the rose
Pull sideways, and the daisy close
Her crimson fringes to the shower ;

Who might'st have heaved a windless flame
Up the deep East, or, whispering, play'd
A chequer-work of beam and shade
From hill to hill, yet look'd the same,

But even if it had risen in the pomp of a calm dawn, or with all the gaiety of a breezy morn, it would appear to me as wan and chill and wild as it does.

Let it, like a guilty thing, run its course through the wild disorder of the elements, and hide its shame beneath the ground.

'My crowned estate' (2nd verse) is 'my life hitherto prosperous and happy.'

'The dark hand' (5th verse) is 'the invisible hand,' with also the suggestion of that hand 'striking blindly.'

'Thy burthen'd brows' (6th verse) means, 'the looming clouds.'

As wan, as chill, as wild as now;
Day, mark'd as with some hideous crime,
When the dark hand struck down thro' time,
And cancell'd nature's best: but thou,

Lift as thou may'st thy burthen'd brows
Thro' clouds that drench the morning star,
And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,
And sow the sky with flying boughs,

And up thy vault with roaring sound
Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day;
Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,
And hide thy shame beneath the ground.

LXXI

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be;
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

Regrets for so much promise unfulfilled

So much work to be done in the worlds, that I cannot know where thou mayest be most needed.

I curse not nature nor death because thou wert deprived of the fame I foresaw, for everything obeys a superior law.

What becomes of fame in endless age? God alone will award it.

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,
The head hath missed an earthly wreath:
I curse not nature; no, nor death,
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass: the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

LXXII

As sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and more,
A likeness hardly seen before
Comes out—to some one of his race:

Let mortal fame fade wholly, while the soul rises to heaven together with the great powers reserved for other worlds than this.

To the first lines of the 4th verse, compare xlv.

This and the four poems that follow are reflections upon the frailty of mortal glory, and the short duration of a poet's fame.

Arthur was equal to the great wise men of old

My submission to fate is all the harder as I know

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.

LXXIII

I LEAVE thy praises unexpress'd
In verse that brings myself relief,
And by the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be guess'd;

---

now, even better than when living with thee, how wise and great thou wert,

And, beyond what I say or can see, I know that even the darkness of death is by thee made beautiful.

Not here can his greatness be known

My grief, not my praises, is the fit measure of thy worth.

What practice howsoe'er expert
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?

I care not in these fading days
To raise a cry that lasts not long,
And round thee with the breeze of song
To stir a little dust of praise.

Thy leaf has perished in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame;
But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

The greatest master of language could not do thee justice.

And what would it avail? The world cares not for what might have been.

But in another sphere thy great powers and doings are acknowledged with 'a tumult of acclaim.'

LXXIV

TAKE wings of fancy, and ascend,
And in a moment set thy face
Where all the starry heavens of space
Are sharpen'd to a needle's end;

Take wings of foresight: lighten thro'
The secular abyss to come,
And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb
Before the mouldering of a yew;

The vanity of a poet's fame

The poet hears a voice say to him:

See the world from some sublime standpoint in the infinite space, or imagine what the future will be,

Then shalt thou know that all memory of thy song is to fade away.

The grand songs of the earliest poets (Homer, the Hebrew psalmists) may last, but thine must wither ere fifty years have passed.

'The heavens sharpen'd to a needle's end' is a reminiscence of *Cymbeline*, I. iii. 19: 'Till the diminution of space had pointed him sharp as my needle.'

'These' in the last verse stands for the oak and the yew.

And if the matin songs, that woke
The darkness of our planet, last,
Thine own shall wither in the vast,
Ere half the lifetime of an oak.

Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers
With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain;
And what are they when these remain
The ruin'd shells of hollow towers?

LXXV

WHAT hope is here for modern rhyme
To him, who turns a musing eye
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie
Foreshorten'd in the tract of time?

With no hope of long glory I will sing my love

Songs and the deeds or lives of heroes, when seen in the fair regions of the past, all dwindle away.

These plaintive songs will most likely be forgotten.

But I aim not at fame or praise. Uttering my love is sweet.

'A thousand moons' (2nd verse)—about a century.

This ends the group of poems on glory, beginning with lxxiii.

These mortal lullabies of pain
May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's locks;
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,
And, passing, turn the page that tells
A grief—then changed to something else,
Sung by a long forgotten mind.

But what of that? My darken'd ways
Shall ring with music all the same;
To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.

LXXVI

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth,
The silent snow possess'd the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas eve:

The second Christmas. Grief seems and only seems dead

Again we made the house gay, and spent the evening in bright or even boisterous games.

Is regret dead? No; it has become a part of my

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,
No wing of wind the region swept,
But over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind,
Again our ancient games had place,
The mimic picture's breathing grace,
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

Who show'd a token of distress?
No single tear, no type of pain:
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, regret can die!
No—mixt with all this mystic frame,
Her deep relations are the same,
But with long use her tears are dry.

---

being, and cannot be diminished; but time and habit have dried my tears.

(See xxviii, xxix and xxx, for the first Christmas.)

'No wing of wind . . .' (2nd verse) is opposed to 'The winds were in the beech' of xxx 3.

'Hoodman-blind' for 'blindman's-buff' is the word of Shakespeare (see *Hamlet*, III. iv. 77).

LXXVII

'More than my brothers are to me'—
Let this not vex thee, noble heart!
I know thee of what force thou art,
To hold the costliest love in fee.

But thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like in nature's mint;
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms in either mind.

What made to me the price of his friendship

I once said he was dearer than my brothers.

Thou, my brother in the flesh, art dearly loved,

But we were moulded and fashioned by the same agencies and influences;

We are alike; whilst he was of so much value to me as his unlikeness fitted mine.

The poem is addressed to Charles Tennyson, the favourite brother of Alfred, just one year older, and himself a poet.

'More than my brothers are to me' was the last line of ix.

'I know thee . . .' (1st verse), *i.e.* 'I know what worth is thine, and how capable to retain the dearest love due to thee by right of birth.'

For us the same cold streamlet curl'd
Through all his eddying coves; the same
All winds that roam the twilight came
In whispers of the beauteous world.

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,
One lesson from one book we learn'd,
Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd
To black and brown on kindred brows.

And so my wealth resembles thine,
But he was rich where I was poor,
And he supplied my want the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine.

LXXVIII

If any vague desire should rise,
That holy Death ere Arthur died
Had moved me kindly from his side,
And dropt the dust on tearless eyes,

The dead friend himself teaches me submission

When I am tempted to wish that Death had taken me first,

Then I fancy what his grief would have been.

However deep, it would have been calmly borne.

Let his dear soothing influence save me from despairing sorrow.

'Unused example'—for 'the lesson drawn from a conduct which did not really take place.'

Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,
The grief my loss in him had wrought,
A grief as deep as life or thought,
But stay'd in peace with God and man.

I make a picture in the brain;
I hear the sentence that he speaks;
He bears the burthen of the weeks,
But turns his burthen into gain.

His credit thus shall set me free;
And, influence-rich to soothe and save,
Unused example from the grave
Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

LXXIX

Could I have said while he was here
'My love shall now no further range;
There cannot come a mellower change,
For now is love mature in ear.'

Had my love reached the perfection of maturity?

I could not have said, while he was here, that I should never love him more.

This is a source of endless regret, that my love might have increased with years.

But a voice reassures me: 'The sudden frost of Death gave the grain its full ripeness.'

Love, then, had hope of richer store:
What end is here to my complaint?
This haunting whisper makes me faint,
'More years had made me love thee more.'

But Death returns an answer sweet:
'My sudden frost was sudden gain,
And gave all ripeness to the grain
It might have drawn from after-heat.'

LXXX

I WAGE not any feud with Death
For changes wrought on form and face;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him, can fright my faith.

What the cruelty of Death consists in.

I feel no horror from the awful changes on thy form and face.

I trust that the spirit outlives their ruin.

I know that, for some greater gain, thy virtue was transplanted from here.

But I cannot forgive Death for allowing of no intercourse between us.

'With him' (1st verse) is either 'out of him,' or 'in him.'

'These' (2nd verse) stands for 'form and face' of the 1st verse.

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shatter'd stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth:
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, otherwhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart;
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.

LXXXI

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new-year delaying long;
Thou dost expectant nature wrong,
Delaying long, delay no more.

An appeal to Spring.

Why dost thou delay?
Thy beauty and cheerfulness would scatter all trouble.
Come and inspire me with fresher songs.

'New-year' (like the French *renouveau*) is here the re-awakening of life in nature.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.

LXXXII

When I contemplate all alone,
The life that had been thine below,
And fix my thoughts on all the glow
To which thy crescent would have grown;

The low beginnings of content are easily shattered.

When I think of what our lives would have been, united by dearest ties of blood, by friendly intercourse and intellectual companionship, until, on a same day, we should have departed to the other shore, the old bitterness breaks again.

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,
A central warmth diffusing bliss
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,
On all the branches of thy blood;

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine;
For now the day was drawing on,
When thou shouldst link thy life with one
Of mine own house, and boys of thine

Had babbled 'Uncle' on my knee;
But that remorseless iron hour
Made cypress of her orange flower,
Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.

I seem to meet their least desire,
To clap their cheeks, to call them mine.
I see their unborn faces shine
Beside the never-lighted fire.

Arthur Hallam was to have married Emily, one of Tennyson's sisters.

'Arrive the blessed goal' (11th verse) is a transitive form which, according to Schmidt's Lexicon, occurs four times in Shakespeare. Mr. Gatty also quotes Milton:

> Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
> The happy isle.
>
> (*Paradise Lost*, Book II. 409.)

I see myself an honour'd guest,
Thy partner in the flowery walk
Of letters, genial table-talk,
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest :

While now thy prosperous labour fills
The lips of men with honest praise,
And sun by sun the happy days
Descend below the golden hills

With promise of a morn as fair ;
And all the train of bounteous hours
Conduct by paths of growing powers,
To reverence and the silver hair ;

Till slowly worn her earthly robe,
Her lavish mission richly wrought,
Leaving great legacies of thought,
Thy spirit should fail from off the globe ;

What time mine own might also flee,
As link'd with thine in love and fate,
And, hovering o'er the dolorous strait
To the other shore, involved in thee,

Arrive at last the blessed goal,
And he that died in Holy Land
Would reach us out the shining hand,
And take us as a single soul.

What reed was that, on which I leant?
Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake
The old bitterness again, and break
The low beginnings of content.

LXXXIII

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all——

O true in word, and tried in deed,
Demanding, so to bring relief
To this which is our common grief,
What kind of life is that I lead;

And whether trust in things above,
Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd;
And whether love for him have drain'd
My capabilities of love;

A retrospect of his thoughts and feelings after Arthur's death.

To one who kindly blames him for giving way to grief, the poet tells how the loss of the dear one acted upon him.

First came the feeling that their love was for ever

Your words have virtue such as draws
A faithful answer from the breast,
Thro' light reproaches, half exprest
And loyal unto kindly laws.

My blood an even tenor kept,
Till on mine ear this message falls,
That in Vienna's fatal walls
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there;

And led him thro' the blissful climes,
And show'd him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,
To wander on a darken'd earth,
Where all things round me breathed of him.

---

destroyed. What friendship (equal-poised control) could there be between the sacred essence, the crowned soul, and him whose life and thoughts were of so little worth?

But then he knew that the sense of human will demands acts from us,

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindliest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost! O crowned soul!

Yet none could better know than I,
How much of act at human hands
The sense of human will demands,
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine;

A life that all the Muses deck'd
With gifts of grace, that might express
All-comprehensive tenderness,
All-subtilising intellect:

And so my passion hath not swerved
To works of weakness, but I find
An image comforting the mind
And in my grief a strength reserved.

And feeling the pure and powerful influence of Arthur, he turned his sorrow into strength.

Besides, by making his woe the matter of his poetical labours, he somewhat deadened the first shock, though diffusing the grief through all his life.

Likewise the imaginative woe,
That loved to handle spiritual strife,
Diffused the shock thro' all my life,
But in the present broke the blow.

My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that once I met;
Not can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love: I count it crime
To mourn for any overmuch;
I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had master'd Time;

Which masters Time indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears.
The all-assuming months and years
Can take no part away from this:

But Summer on the steaming floods,
And Spring that swells the narrow brooks,
And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,
That gather in the waning woods,

Therefore he is again capable of and eager for love. His old affection cannot be forgotten or diminished, but he sometimes fancies that the dead himself invites him to choose some other friend, though declining to answer his anxious questions about his present state.

And every pulse of wind and wave
Recalls, in change of light or gloom
My old affection of the tomb,
And my prime passion in the grave:

My old affection of the tomb,
A part of stillness, yearns to speak;
'Arise, and get thee forth and seek
A friendship for the years to come.

I watch thee from the quiet shore;
Thy spirit up to mine can reach;
But in dear words of human speech
We two communicate no more.'

And I, 'Can clouds of nature stain
The starry clearness of the free?
How is it? Canst thou feel for me
Some painless sympathy with pain?'

The poet trusts he will again meet with him some day, and, meanwhile, offers to him he addresses a love, not so fresh, but as true.

The last two lines of the 1st verse repeat the last two of xxvii.

Who is the friend here spoken to? Mr. Gatty suggests Tennyson's sister affianced to Arthur. But surely the poet would not offer her his friendship.

And lightly does the whisper fall;
'Tis hard for thee to fathom this;
I triumph in conclusive bliss,
And that serene result of all.'

So hold I commerce with the dead;
Or so methinks the dead would say;
Or so shall grief with symbols play,
And pining life be fancy-fed.

Now looking to some settled end,
That these things pass, and I shall prove
A meeting somewhere, love with love,
I crave your pardon, O my friend;

If not so fresh, with love as true,
I, clasping brother-hands, aver
I could not, if I would, transfer
The whole I felt for him to you.

Edmund Law Lushington would seem to us more likely to be meant. Being betrothed to Cecilia, sister of Tennyson, he would be the brother here spoken of, and he might share in Alfred's grief though not having personally known Arthur. (See, about him, the last poem, 'O true and tried.')

'The sense of human will by which we dare to live or die,' is the sense of a responsible will which makes life worth living and takes off the horror of death.

For which be they that hold apart
The promise of the golden hours?
First love, first friendship, equal powers
That marry with the virgin heart.

Still mine that cannot but deplore,
That beats within a lonely place,
That yet remembers his embrace,
But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest
Quite in the love of what is gone,
But seeks to beat in time with one
That warms another living breast.

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,
Knowing the primrose yet is dear,
The primrose of the later year,
As not unlike to that of Spring.

The last two lines of the 12th verse,

'All-comprehensive tenderness,
All-subtilising intellect,'

were quoted by Mr. Gladstone, in a review of *In Memoriam*, as fitly expressing the full nature of Arthur Hallam (*vide* Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 299).

'A part of stillness' (20th verse) means, 'who has become one of the mysterious existences who never communicate with us.'

LXXXIV

SWEET after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous bloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below
Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy breath
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

The soothing influence of a beautiful evening

The poet calls to the sweet-scented evening air to cool his brow and inspire him with a new life, so that Doubt and Death may let his fancy fly to the distant star, just above the horizon, from which is heard the kindly whisper of spirits.

'Shadowing down the horned flood'—*i.e.* smoothing down the crested waves, so that the surface of the sea is only variegated by shadows and ripples.

This poem was written at Barmouth, as Tennyson himself noted. See in Stopford A. Brooke a warm praise of this beautiful little piece (*Tennyson, His Mind and Art*, p. 192).

From belt to belt of crimson seas
On leagues of odour streaming far,
To where in yonder orient star
A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.'

LXXXV

I PAST beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown;
I roved at random through the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls;

And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophets blazon'd on the panes;

And caught once more the distant shout,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about

A visit to Arthur's rooms at college

Revisiting Cambridge, its halls, chapels and 'backs,' the poet walks up to the rooms in which his friend lived.

To the noisy gaiety of the occupants he opposes the memory of their former serious debates,

When Arthur would charm and subdue them all with his noble, impassioned oratory.

The same gray flats again, and felt
The same, but not the same; and last
Up that long walk of limes I past
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door:
I linger'd; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor;

Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land;

'The bar of Michael Angelo' (last line). 'Condivi says that his forehead was square, and that, seen in profile, it projected almost beyond the nose' (cited by W. Wace, *Alfred Tennyson, His Life and Works:* Edinburgh, MacNiven & Wallace, 1881). That feature and the bar formed by thick prominent eyebrows may be observed on authentic portraits of the great sculptor —*e.g.* in Baptisto Lorenzi's bust in the church of Santa Croce at Florence. Arthur Hallam himself had one day gaily drawn his friend's attention to the presence on his own forehead of the great Florentine's 'bar.'

When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string;
And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner, here and there;

And last the master-bowman, he
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point with power and grace,
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo.

LXXXVI

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
Rings Eden through the budded quicks,
O tell me where the senses mix,
O tell me where the passions meet,

Joy in grief

O Nightingale, who fillest the wood in early spring with joyous warble, and under the dark thick foliage

Whence radiate : fierce extremes employ
Thy spirits in the dusking leaf,
And in the midmost heart of grief
Thy passion clasps a secret joy :

And I—my harp would prelude woe—
I cannot all command the strings ;
The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go.

---

utterest strains in which extreme rapture and sadness are expressed, teach me how contradictory passions may meet.

For, when I want to tell of woe, sometimes I let unwittingly the joy of the beauty of the world flash through my songs.

Milton feels sadness in the nightingale's warble :

> Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
> Most musical, most melancholy !

(*Il Penseroso*, 61, 62.)

Keats, on the contrary, thinks it breathes a rapturous joy :

> While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
> In such an ecstacy !

(*Ode to a Nightingale.*)

Both joy and melancholy are the pure reflection of human feelings, as Coleridge justly remarks :

> A melancholy bird ? O idle thought !

(*The Nightingale.*)

LXXXVII

Witch-elms that counterchange the floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright:
And thou, with all thy breadth and height
Of foliage, towering sycamore;

How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town:

He brought an eye for all he saw;
He mixt in all our simple sports;
They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts
And dusky purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking through the heat:

Happy days spent in the country with Arthur

Under those trees he came to rest from the dust and din of town, enjoying our sports, and the cool air, and the glorious landscape.

Happy we were, hearing him read some Italian poet, or

O sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears !

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn :

Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon :

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,
Beyond the bounding hill to stray,
And break the livelong summer day
With banquet in the distant woods ;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
Discuss'd the books to love or hate,
Or touch'd the changes of the state,
Or threaded some Socratic dream ;

---

listening to some lady's song, or strolling to some distant woods ; and in our talks he would rail against town life.

The place is Somersby Rectory, Tennyson's birthplace. The various features of the scene appear again in xciii (verses 1, 14, 15).

But if I praised the busy town,
He loved to rail against it still,
For 'ground in yonder social mill
We rub each other's angles down,

And merge,' he said, 'in form and gloss
The picturesque of man and man.'
We talk'd: the stream beneath us ran,
The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,

Or cool'd within the glooming wave;
And last, returning from afar,
Before the crimson-circled star
Had fall'n into her father's grave,

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,
We heard behind the woodbine veil
The milk that bubbled in the pail,
And buzzings of the honied hours.

'The Tuscan poets . . .' (6th verse). Arthur was a great admirer of Dante, and a very good Italian scholar.

'The crimson-circled star' (12th verse) is thus commented on by Mr. Gatty: 'That, is, before the planet Venus had sunk into the sea. The mutilated remains of Uranus were cast into the sea, from which the goddess Venus was said to have been born.'

LXXXVIII

He tasted love with half his mind,
Nor ever drank the inviolate spring
Where nighest heaven, who first could fling
This bitter seed among mankind;

That could the dead, whose dying eyes
Were closed with wail, resume their life,
They would but find in child and wife
An iron welcome when they rise:

'Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine,
To pledge them with a kindly tear:
To talk them o'er, to wish them here,
To count their memories half divine;

What if the dead should come back?

One, who did not know the full force of love, cynically said that, if the dead came to life again, they would receive but a hard welcome from those who mourned them most,

Or at best would disturb the peace of new domestic arrangements.

Surely not one thought in me opposes my eager wish for thee.

This is the first of a group of six poems, all referring to that subject of a vision of the dead.

But if they came who past away,
Behold their brides in other hands:
The hard heir strides about their lands,
And will not yield them for a day.

Yea, tho' their sons were none of these,
Not less the yet loved sire would make
Confusion worse than death, and shake
The pillars of domestic peace.

Ah dear, but come thou back to me:
Whatever change the years have wrought,
I find not yet one lonely thought
That cries against my wish for thee.

LXXXIX

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush;
Or underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March;

Come to me in a clear apparition

In the spring, come, wearing the youthful shape that I have known.

Or, in the full heat and glow of summer, not like a nightly spectre, come and appear to me in the radiant beauty of the form thou now wearest.

'The sea-blue bird of March'—the kingfisher.

'Thy spirit in time' (2nd verse): 'thy spirit such as thou wast in this life.'

Come, wear the form by which I know
Thy spirit in time among thy peers ;
The hope of unaccomplish'd years
Be large and lucid round thy brow.

When summer's hourly-mellowing change
May breathe with many roses sweet
Upon the thousand waves of wheat,
That ripple round the lonely grange ;

Come : not in watches of the night,
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,
Come, beauteous in thine after form,
And like a finer light in light.

XC

If any vision should reveal
Thy likeness, I might count it vain
As but the canker of the brain ;
Yea, though it spake and made appeal

Yet, how should I welcome such a vision ?

Perhaps I should deem it an effect of my feverish brain ; Even if it spoke to me of things that occurred to our common knowledge, I might think it a whisper of the memory.

Yea, if it verily prophesied some future fact, I might see in it only that shadow which coming events often cast before them.

To chances where our lots were cast
Together in the days behind,
I might but say, I hear a wind
Of memory murmuring the past.

Yea, tho' it spake and bared to view
A fact within the coming year;
And tho' the months, revolving near,
Should prove the phantom-warning true,

They might not seem thy prophecies,
But spiritual presentiments,
And such refraction of events
As often rises ere they rise.

XCI

I SHALL not see thee. Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native land
Where first he walk'd when claspt in clay?

An apparition is impossible, but not a communication of the spirit

I shall not see thee. Not that I believe no spirit ever revisited the scene of his earthly life.

If no visual form can appear, the spirit itself may come to our spirit.

Therefore, hear my wish: descend and touch and enter.

'The sightless range' (3rd verse): 'the region in which thou dwellest, a pure spirit with no sight or senses.'

No visual shade of some one lost,
But he, the Spirit himself, may come
Where all the nerve of sense is numb;
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

O, therefore from thy sightless range
With gods in unconjectured bliss,
O, from the distance of the abyss
Of tenfold-complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter; hear
The wish too strong for words to name:
That in this blindness of the frame
My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

XCII

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead!

When is such intercourse possible?

Pure at heart, sound in mind and bold in his affections, should be the man who would hold such communion with the dead.

An eager call to them is not sufficient.

They will haunt a calm mind and clear conscience;
But not a troubled soul and doubting thought.

After 'the memory,' in 3rd verse, understand 'that is.'

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates
And hear the household jar within.

XCIII

By night we linger'd on the lawn,
For underfoot the herb was dry;
And genial warmth; and o'er the sky
The silvery haze of summer drawn;

The eager wish realised. A spiritual vision of Arthur

On a fine summer night, alone on the lawn,
I read again his letters,
And his words spoke, and his love cried a defiance to change, and I heard his strong faith and vigorous reason,

And calm that let the tapers burn
Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd:
The brook alone far off was heard,
And on the board the fluttering urn:

And bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

While now we sang old songs that peal'd
From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one,
Withdrew themselves from me and night,
And in the house light after light
Went out, and I was all alone,

So that at last his soul was flashed on mine,

And I was rapt with him to empyreal regions of thought,

Till dawn appeared, and all nature woke to life, and East and West mixed their lights, to broaden into boundless day.

In the 3rd verse 'filmy shapes' (*i.e.* moths) is the subject of 'wheel'd or lit' (for 'alighted,' 'fell'); 'with ermine capes,' etc., refers to 'bats' of the 1st line.

A hunger seized my heart ; I read
Of that glad year which once had been,
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead :

And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words, and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth ; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back,
And keen thro' wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
His living soul was flash'd on mine,

To the mystical trance 'vaguely' depicted (verse 9th *et seq.*), cf. 'The Ancient Sage' (*Poems* of 1885), and some comments of Tennyson himself. 'In some phases of thought and feeling,' his son says, 'his idealism tended decidedly to mysticism' (Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 320).

'Æonian' (11th verse) has been explained in a note to xxxv.

And mine in his was wound, and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,

Æonian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or ev'n for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became.

The scene is at Somersby. The 'sycamore' (14th verse) was mentioned in lxxxvii (1st verse).

Mr. Stopford Brooke quotes the conclusion, 'that full-throated passage about the growing dawn and the rising wind, as inferior to no other in this intense clasping together of Nature and the soul' (*Tennyson*, p. 199).

Any explanatory comment would spoil the admirable image, which compares, with the declining light of night stars and the rising splendour of the dawn, the lights of actual and of future experiences, of Life and of Death.

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd
The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field:

And suck'd from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume;

And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said

The Dean of Westminster wrote: 'I was greatly struck by his (Tennyson's) describing to us on one singularly still starlit evening, how he and his friends had once sat out far into the night having tea at a table on the lawn beneath the stars; and that the candles had burned with steady upright flame, disturbed from time to time by the inrush of a moth or a cock-chafer. . . . I do not know whether he had already (in August 1841) written, or was perhaps even then shaping the lines in *In Memoriam* which, so many years afterwards, brought back to me the incident' (Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 205).

'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away ;
And East and West, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.

XCIV

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not : one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true :

A doubting thought may be worthy of respect

You tell me that doubt is Devil-born.

I knew a man who was perplext in faith, but ever pure in deeds; and who through his honest doubt rose to a stronger faith.

God is with us in darkness as well as in light.

Miss Chapman, as well as Mr. Gatty, understands the 1st verse to mean: 'though so kind, you are

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them : thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own ;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold
Altho' the tempest blew so loud.

---

severe upon doubters.' We think the sense is rather: 'You blame doubt, though you are too kind to scorn doubters.'

'One' (2nd verse) is evidently Arthur Hallam. See the 8th verse of the preceding poem.

'He beat his music out'—*i.e.* 'he struck a pure harmony from his lyre, at first discordant.'

'Tempest' (last line) became in later editions 'trumpet.'

XCV

My love has talk'd with rocks and trees,
He finds on misty mountain-ground
His own vast shadow glory-crown'd,
He sees himself in all he sees.

Two partners of a married life—
I look'd on these and thought of thee
In vastness and in mystery,
And of my spirit as of a wife.

These two—they dwelt with eye on eye,
Their hearts of old have beat in tune,
Their meetings made December June,
Their every parting was to die.

Their love has never past away ;
The days she never can forget
Are earnest that he loves her yet,
Whate'er the faithless people say.

Love should trust, when unable to understand

I find everywhere images of my love.

I see a fit simile for our union in a wedded couple who, after some years of intense happiness, have come to living somewhat apart from each other;

He is rapt in occupations and thoughts far beyond her simple mind,

Her life is lone, he sits apart,
He loves her yet, she will not weep,
Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep
He seems to slight her simple heart.

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,
He reads the secret of the star,
He seems so near and yet so far,
He looks so cold: she thinks him kind.

She keeps the gift of years before,
A wither'd violet is her bliss;
She knows not what his greatness is;
For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings
Of early faith and plighted vows;
She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixt and cannot move,
She darkly feels him great and wise,
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
'I cannot understand: I love.'

But she knows he is constant and kind, and her love feels no decrease.

'Though I cannot understand,' she says, 'I love.'

After 'thought of thee' (2nd verse), understand 'who livest.'

XCVI

You leave us: you will see the Rhine,
And those fair hills I sail'd below,
When I was there with him; and go
By summer belts of wheat and vine

To where he breathed his latest breath,
That City. All her splendour seems
No livelier than the wisp that gleams
On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

Let her great Danube rolling fair
Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me:
I have not seen, I will not see
Vienna; rather dream that there,

A treble darkness, evil haunts
The birth, the bridal; friend from friend,
Is oftener parted, fathers bend
Above more graves, a thousand wants

To a friend starting for Vienna

All the splendour of the city where he died, and which you will see, seems to me a fitful, treacherous gleam.

I will never visit it; but think of it as the haunt of darkness and evil,

Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey
By each cold hearth, and sadness flings
Her shadow on the blaze of kings:
And yet myself have heard him say,

That not in any mother town
With statelier progress to and fro
The double tides of chariots flow
By park and suburb under brown

Of lustier leaves; nor more content,
He told me, lives in any crowd,
When all is gay with lamps, and loud
With sport and song, in booth and tent,

Imperial halls, or open plain;
And wheels the circled dance, and breaks
The rocket molten into flakes
Of crimson or in emerald rain.

Though Arthur himself told me of its pomps and gaieties.

'Where he breathed his latest breath' (2nd verse), compare lxxxiii 5.

'In the eyes of Death'—*i.e.* to the eyes of the dead.

'A treble darkness' (4th verse), in that city of utter darkness.

XCVII

RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,
So loud with voices of the birds,
So thick with lowings of the herds,
Day, when I lost the flower of men;

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red
On yon swoll'n brook that bubbles fast
By meadows breathing of the past,
And woodlands holy to the dead;

Second anniversary: the sympathy of grief

The morn, on this anniversary of Arthur's death, rises with all the signs of a fine autumn day,

But wakens to myriads on the earth memories of death.

Wheresoever those may be, I feel towards them in this day as towards kindred souls.

Compare the first anniversary, in lxx.

'A song . . .' (3rd verse), the song of birds slighting the tokens of the declining year and the approach of cruel winter.

'Betwixt the slumber of the poles' (5th verse), between the motionless poles, from one end of the world to the other.

Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves
A song that slights the coming care,
And Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves;

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath
To myriads on the genial earth,
Memories of bridal, or of birth,
And unto myriads more, of death.

O, wheresoever those may be,
Betwixt the slumber of the poles,
To-day they count as kindred souls;
They know me not, but mourn with me.

XCVIII

I WAKE, I rise: from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend:

Leaving a scene once loved of Alfred

No place here but reminds me of him, as having pleased his eye, and reviving the memory of happy days.

So that leaving these things is like losing him once more.

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
Or low morass and whispering reed,
Or simple stile from mead to mead,
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold;

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
That hears the latest linnet trill,
Nor quarry trench'd along the hill,
And haunted by the wrangling daw;

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock;
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
To left and right thro' meadowy curves,
That feed the mothers of the flock;

But each has pleased a kindred eye,
And each reflects a kindlier day;
And, leaving these, to pass away,
I think once more he seems to die.

In 1837 the Tennysons left Somersby Rectory, where, since the death of the poet's father in 1831, they had been allowed by the incumbent to continue.

'I climb the hill' (1st verse) has replaced 'I wake, I rise,' in later editions.

This and the three following poems refer to the leaving Somersby.

XCIX

Unwatch'd the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of hern and crake;
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove;

Something of ourselves, attached to these things, will die

After we are gone those trees and flowers and that brook will remain unwatched, unloved and uncared for, Till they become dear to some new occupant, when our memory has faded from the place.

'The lesser wain' (3rd verse), *Ursa minor*, the Little Bear.

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child.

As year by year the labourer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

C

We leave the well-beloved place
Where first we gazed upon the sky;
The roofs, that heard our earliest cry,
Will shelter one of stranger race.

A double memory and a double regret linked with the place

Before leaving the well-beloved house where we were born, I walk in the garden,

And methinks I see two spirits, my father's and my friend's, contending for loving masterdom.

But, as I turn to go, they mix in one another's arms to one image of regret.

'Prefers,' in the 5th verse, means 'puts forward.'

'Poor rivals in a losing game,' *i.e.* 'sad rivals contending for a love that is no more.'

We go, but ere we go from home,
As down the garden-walks I move,
Two spirits of a diverse love
Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, here thy boyhood sung
Long since its matin song, and heard
The low love-language of the bird
In native hazels tassel-hung.

The other answers, 'Yea, but here
Thy feet have stray'd in after hours
With thy lost friend among the bowers,
And this hath made them trebly dear.'

These two have striven half the day,
And each prefers his separate claim,
Poor rivals in a losing game,
That will not yield each other way.

I turn to go: my feet are set
To leave the pleasant fields and farms;
They mix in one another's arms
To one pure image of regret.

CI

On that last night before we went
From out the doors where I was bred,
I dream'd a vision of the dead,
Which left my after-morn content.

Methought I dwelt within a hall,
And maidens with me: distant hills
From hidden summits fed with rills
A river sliding by the wall.

The hall with harp and carol rang.
They sang of what is wise and good
And graceful. In the centre stood
A statue veil'd, to which they sang;

And which, tho' veil'd, was known to me,
The shape of him I loved, and love
For ever: then flew in a dove
And brought a summons from the sea:

A dream of Arthur welcoming his friend to after-life

Methought I dwelt in a hall which three maidens filled with music and songs.

Then came a message summoning me, and, in a little boat, we floated down to the sea.

As we neared it the maidens and I gathered strength and power;

And, on reaching the estuary, we espied a great ship, from whose deck the man we loved bent to greet us, and up I went.

And when they learnt that I must go
They wept and wail'd, but led the way
To where a little shallop lay
At anchor in the flood below;

And on by many a level mead,
And shadowing bluff that made the banks,
We glided winding under ranks
Of iris, and the golden reed;

And still as vaster grew the shore,
And roll'd the floods in grander space,
The maidens gather'd strength and grace
And presence, lordlier than before;

Whereat the maidens bewailed my forsaking them, but he said 'Enter likewise';

And we steered toward a far crimson cloud.

The symbolical meaning of this noble poem seems to be obvious enough, though some commentators have missed it; one of them, for instance, understanding the maidens to be Tennyson's sisters.

The hall is the fairy realm of poetry; the maidens are the powers which make Tennyson a poet; the river, fed from hidden summits, is the current of notions and thoughts that form intellectual life; the statue in the centre is that of Arthur, to whom the songs are addressed.

And I myself, who sat apart
And watch'd them, wax'd in every limb;
I felt the thews of Anakim,
The pulses of a Titan's heart;

As one would sing the death of war,
And one would chant the history
Of that great race, which is to be,
And one the shaping of a star;

Until the forward-creeping tides
Began to foam, and we to draw
From deep to deep, to where we saw
A great ship lift her shining sides.

The man we loved was there on deck,
But thrice as large as man he bent
To greet us. Up the side I went,
And fell in silence on his neck:

When the summons of death comes, it is no cruel, violent rending, but a gentle call; and they glide down to the great unknown deep, through flowery banks and with songs; and they grow stronger and nobler as they near the goal.

Arthur himself waits for his friend on the vessel which is to carry him to the other world. Will the poet then part with the faculties that have made the nobility and worth of his life? No; Arthur himself says they will follow him to the mysterious region.

Whereat those maidens with one mind
Bewail'd their lot; I did them wrong:
'We served thee here,' they said, 'so long,
And wilt thou leave us now behind?'

So rapt I was, they could not win
An answer from my lips, but he
Replying, 'Enter likewise ye
And go with us:' they enter'd in.

And while the wind began to sweep
A music out of sheet and shroud,
We steer'd her toward a crimson cloud
That landlike slept along the deep.

CII

THE time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

The third Christmastide.

A dark, still night; a single church bell pealing (instead of the four heard at Somersby).

It is like a stranger's voice, and I feel keenly the pain of having parted with the dear scenes.

On leaving Somersby, Mrs. Tennyson and her family—that is, with eight of her eleven children—lived till 1840

A single peal of bells below,
That wakens at this hour of rest
A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound,
In lands where not a memory strays,
Nor landmark breathes of other days,
But all is new unhallow'd ground.

CIII

This holly by the cottage-eave,
To-night, ungather'd, shall it stand:
We live within the stranger's land,
And strangely falls our Christmas eve.

---

at High Beech, in Epping Forest. Three of the sons had then left her: Frederick and Charles, the eldest two, being one in Corfu, the other at the vicarage of Grasby, and the youngest, Horatio, having been sent to Tasmania to try his fortune.

The third Christmas Eve.

To-night we shall not adorn with foliage the strange house in which we now dwell, and where Christmas has none of its wonted associations.

We shall no more bend our grief to a semblance of gaiety.

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows :
There in due time the woodbine blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone.

No more shall wayward grief abuse
The genial hour with mask and mime ;
For change of place, like growth of time,
Has broke the bond of dying use.

Let the night be held solemn to the past,

Without any festivities, or music or motion, save that of the stars rising in the east, whose constant predetermined course will bring at last 'the closing cycle rich in good.'

See the first and second Christmas Eves, in xxx and lxxvi.

'No more shall . . .' we understand to mean: 'our grief shall not, as in former years, attempt to hide itself under the gaieties of the festive season.'

With 'the bond of dying use' (3rd verse) compare xxix.

The rising of stars, in the final verse, matches the rising of the morn at the end of xxx.

'Long sleeps the summer in the seed'—a long time may elapse before summer matures the seed: *i.e.*, we must wait patiently for the fulfilment of the great promises held forth to mankind.

Let cares that petty shadows cast,
By which our lives are chiefly proved,
A little spare the night I loved,
And hold it solemn to the past.

But let no footstep beat the floor,
Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm :
For who would keep an ancient form
Through which the spirit breathes no more ?

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast,
Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be blown ;
No dance, no motion, save alone
What lightens in the lucid east

Of rising worlds by yonder wood.
Long sleeps the summer in the seed ;
Run out your measured arcs, and lead
The closing cycle rich in good.

CIV

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

The third New Year's Day.

O bells, ring out, with the old year, all wrongs, cares and sins ; ring out the grief that saps the mind, and my mournful rhymes :

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

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

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

Ring in, with the new year, every good to men, the love of truth, peace, and a nobler race ; ring in the fuller minstrel; ring in the Christ that is to be.

'This is one of my meanings,' Tennyson said, 'of
"Ring in the Christ that is to be" :
when Christianity without bigotry will triumph, when the controversies of creeds shall have vanished, and

Shall bear false witness, each of each, no more,
But find their limits by that larger light,
And overstep them, moving easily
Thro' after-ages in the Love of Truth,
The truth of Love.

(*Akbar's Dream.*)'

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

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

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

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

CV

It is the day when he was born,
A bitter day that early sank
Behind a purple-frosty bank
Of vapour, leaving night forlorn.

The anniversary of Hallam's birthday.

It has been a bitter day, and is followed by a fierce boisterous night.

The time admits not flowers or leaves
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
The blast of North and East, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns
To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
Above the wood which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass
To darken on the rolling brine
That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,
Arrange the board and brim the glass;

But we will be cheerful, and drink to him, and sing the songs he loved.

Arthur Hallam had been born in London, on February 1st, 1811.

'The north-east wind comes with the night. Its fierceness, keenness, iron-heartedness, its savage noise, the merciless weather of it, pass from the woods out to the sea, and the moon hangs hard-edged over the passing squalls of snow. The use of rough vowels, of words that hiss and clang and smite the ear, heightens the impression.'—Stopford A. Brooke (*Tennyson*, p. 203).

'Gride' in the sense of 'strike' is found in Spenser:

With brandisht tongue the emptie aie did gride (*Virgil's Gnat*).

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat;
Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things ev'n as he were by:

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
With books and music, surely we
Will drink to him whate'er he be,
And sing the songs he loved to hear.

CVI

I WILL not shut me from my kind,
And, lest I stiffen into stone,
I will not eat my heart alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind:

I will no longer brood over my sorrow

I will return to the society of my fellow-men.

What result can my yearning reach?

My own self, being all I know, is all I find wherever I strive to get at some other existence.

I will henceforth cull the fruits of wisdom which sorrow yields, since this is our human way of reaching wisdom.

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise' (4th verse), will be the first line of cxi.

After the joyful, sanguine greeting of the new year,

What profit lies in barren faith,
And vacant yearning, tho' with might
To scale the heaven's highest height,
Or dive below the wells of Death?

---

in civ, we see the fulfilment of the wishes therein expressed. The poet's grief has become, and will be more and more, resigned, hopeful, free from the taint of doubt and despair.

In the manuscript the same theme had received at first a different treatment. The piece, entitled 'The Grave,' was first published by the poet's son in 1897.

I keep no more a lone distress,
The crowd have come to see thy grave,
Small thanks or credit shall I have,
But these shall see it none the less.

The happy maiden's tears are free,
And she will weep and give them way;
Yet one unschool'd in want will say
'The dead are dead, and let them be.'

Another whispers, sick with loss:
'O, let the simple slab remain!
The "Mercy Jesu" in the rain!
The "Miserere" in the moss!'

'I love the daisy weeping dew,
I hate the trim-set plots of art!'
My friend, thou speakest from the heart:
But look, for these are nature too.

What find I in the highest place,
But mine own phantom chanting hymns?
And on the depths of death there swims
The reflex of a human face.

I'll rather take what fruit may be
Of sorrow under human skies:
'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,
Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

CVII

Heart-affluence in discursive talk
From household fountains never dry;
The critic clearness of an eye,
That saw thro' all the Muses' walk;

The lessons to be drawn from the memory of Hallam

In him were the generous eloquence of a noble mind, with a clear critical acumen and a powerful reason, together with a high virtue and purity, and a patriotic love of freedom; a manly strength fused with female grace.

All these I have known, and it were a shame if his example could not make me wise.

In the manuscript, the piece cviii (only published in Hallam, Lord Tennyson's biography) bore this titular dedication 'To A. H. H.,' and ran as follows:

Seraphic intellect and force
To seize and throw the doubts of man;
Impassion'd logic, which outran
The hearer in its fiery course;

High nature amorous of the good,
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom;
And passion pure in snowy bloom
Thro' all the years of April blood;

A love of freedom rarely felt,
Of freedom in her regal seat
Of England, not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt;

Young is the grief I entertain,
And ever new the tale she tells,
And ever young the face that dwells
With reason cloistered in the brain:

Yet grief deserves a nobler name:
She spurs an imitative will;
'Tis shame to fail so far, and still
My failing shall be less my shame:

Considering what mine eyes have seen,
And all the sweetness which thou wast
In thy beginnings in the past,
And all the strength thou wouldst have been:

A master mind with master minds,
An orb repulsive of all hate,
A will concentric with all fate,
A life four-square to all the winds.

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face ;

All these have been, and thee mine eyes
Have look'd on : if they look'd in vain
My shame is greater who remain,
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

CVIII

Thy converse drew us with delight,
The men of rathe and riper years :
The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

What his influence was when living

Thy converse was delightful, and precious to all ; prompting the weak to strength, the proud to modesty, the sharp critic to indulgence, the stern to mildness, the flippant to seriousness, and the fool to an accession of ideas.

And I loved these gifts more, as being thine, the graceful tact and Christian art ; and mine were the love of thee, and a desire of imitating thee.

Notice how some of the passages in the unpublished piece, quoted above, have been here turned to use by the poet.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,
The proud was half disarm'd of pride,
Nor cared the serpent at thy side
To flicker with his treble tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert by,
The flippant put himself to school
And heard thee, and the brazen fool
Was soften'd, and he knew not why;

While I, thy dearest, sat apart,
And felt thy triumph was as mine;
And loved them more, that they were thine,
The graceful tact, the Christian art;

Not mine the sweetness or the skill,
But mine the love that will not tire,
And, born of love, the vague desire
That spurs an imitative will.

CIX

THE churl in spirit, up or down
Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,
To who may grasp a golden ball,
By blood a king, at heart a clown;

Arthur the pattern of a true gentleman

A churl in spirit may be found in all ranks, and a king may be at heart a clown.

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's sake,
Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons thro' the gilded pale:

For who can always act? but he,
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seem'd to be,

So wore his outward best, and join'd
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind;

Such a man will at times let his true nature appear, for one cannot always act a part.

But he was even more gentle than he looked, and showed with perfect grace what he really was;

No narrowness, or spite, or ignoble fancy ever veiled the clear look of his eye.

'Join'd each office . . . to noble manners' (4th verse)—*i.e.* performed every function of social life with noble manners.

'Where God and Nature . . .' (6th verse)—an eye made clear with the outward light from Nature, and with the inward light of a godly mind.

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye,
Where God and Nature met in light;

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

CX

High wisdom holds my wisdom less,
That I, who gaze with temperate eyes
On glorious insufficiencies,
Set light by narrower perfectness.

Why I seem to make light of all other minds

Some one, highly wise, thinks me unwise for viewing with indulgent admiration the glorious promises of an unfulfilled life, while I disdain merits complete, if of a narrower range.

Thou art the cause of that seeming slight for even the ruling minds of the social body.

For some new power would ever spring in thee when called for, and no hope could be too great to me,

Seeing how thy powerful mind could bring in order wide chaotic notions, make calm from the tempest of conflicting ideas, and sway into submission the violent tides of speculation.

But thou, that fillest all the room
Of all my love, art reason why
I seem to cast a careless eye
On souls, the lesser lords of doom.

For what wert thou? some novel power
Sprang up for ever at a touch,
And hope could never hope too much,
In watching thee from hour to hour.

Large elements in order brought,
And tracts of calm from tempest made,
And world-wide fluctuation sway'd
In vassal tides that follow'd thought.

CXI

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise;
Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee
Which not alone had guided me,
But served the seasons that may rise;

What A. Hallam would have been

The wisdom that may accrue to me from sorrow is little, compared with what I could have reaped from thy wisdom, which would have served not only me but the times to come.

For can I doubt who knew thee keen
In intellect, with force and skill
To strive, to fashion, to fulfil—
I doubt not what thou wouldst have been:

A life in civic action warm,
A soul on highest mission sent,
A potent voice of Parliament,
A pillar steadfast in the storm,

Should licensed boldness gather force,
Becoming, when the time has birth,
A lever to uplift the earth
And roll it in another course,

With many shocks that come and go,
With agonies, with energies,
With overthrowings, and with cries,
And undulations to and fro.

Thou wouldst have been great in public life, a powerful voice in Parliament, steadfastly resisting disorder and violence, but ready to co-operate with every mature effort at fruitful change, however bold.

The first line is repeated from one in the last verse of cvi.

CXII

Who loves not knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Knowledge in him was subservient to wisdom

Knowledge is beautiful and powerful,

But, in her intense ardour, she is apt to form over-bold hypotheses.

She can teach us nothing that may allay the fear of death.

She must move, like a young child, side by side with wisdom.

O friend, I would the world grew like thee, who grewest not only in power and knowledge, but also in reverence and charity.

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child:

For she is earthly of the mind,
But wisdom heavenly of the soul.
O, friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but from hour to hour
In reverence and in charity.

Cf. the lines in Cowper:

> Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
> Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

(*The Task*, vi. 88-9.)

(A commentary on this poem by Professor Sidgwick is to be found in Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 303-4.)

CXIII

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

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

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

A new spring, and its influence

All the sights of nature are joyful;
And in my breast spring wakens too, and my regret, like an April violet, buds and blossoms.

'Sightless' (2nd verse) in the sense of 'invisible' occurs twice in *Macbeth.*

Wherever in your sightless substances (I. v. 50).
The sightless couriers of the air (I. vii. 23).

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood ; that live their lives

From land to land ; and in my breast
Spring wakens too ; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

CXIV

Is it, then, regret for buried time
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and takes
The colours of the crescent prime ?

Not my grief alone in me feels the influence of spring

It is not only regret that wakes in sweet April, but all the sights of the happy season invite us to trust in that which made the world so fair.

Though I still fancy I see and hear the lost one, I feel less of sorrow for the past than of hope in our future meeting.

'Meets the year (1st verse)—*i.e.* matches the season.
'Will shine' (3rd verse)—*i.e.* often shines.

Not all: the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret: the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone;
The dear, dear voice that I have known
Will speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
For days of happy commune dead;
Less yearning for the friendship fled,
Than some strong bond which is to be.

CXV

O DAYS and hours, your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss:

Our meeting will be the more joyful for all the time interposed

O Days and Hours, you hold me from his embrace to insure our fuller bliss:

For, as our desire of meeting increases, so will our delight a hundredfold accrue.

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet;
And unto meeting, when we meet,
Delight a hundredfold accrue,

For every grain of sand that runs,
And every span of shade that steals,
And every kiss of toothed wheels,
And all the courses of the suns.

CXVI

CONTEMPLATE all this work of Time,
The giant labouring in his youth;
Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime;

'Every kiss of toothed wheels' (3rd verse)—*i.e.* every tick of the clock.

'All the courses of the suns' (3rd verse), the revolutions by which time may be measured in all, as well as in our, solar systems.

Days and Hours is the title of a volume of Poems by Frederick Tennyson, the eldest brother, one of the three contributors to the juvenile miscalled *Poems by Two Brothers.*

Man in his present state is the herald of a higher race

Seeing what time has already done, we should trust in a constant progress of man.

But trust that those we call the dead,
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man ;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more,
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,

Science shows us what a process of gradual change evolved this solid earth from the primitive nebula, till the apparition of man. So in him we may see the herald of a higher race in this world and of a higher state in a higher world; for through woe, fears, tears and the shocks of doom, he must be tempered and refined. Let us then cast off all remains of depravity or savageness.

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

CXVII

Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, not as one that weeps
I come once more; the city sleeps;
I smell the meadow in the street;

I hear a chirp of birds; I see
Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn
A light-blue lane of early dawn,
And think of early days and thee.

My remembrance has lost its cruel sting

Visiting at early dawn the house and street where thou livedst, I feel comfort and hope, and think, almost without a pain, that thy hand presses mine.

Compare this with vii, and mark how far the work of resignation has slowly been efficient in the poet's soul.

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland
And bright the friendship of thine eye ;
And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh
I take the pressure of thine hand.

CXVIII

I TRUST I have not wasted breath :
I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries ; not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death ;

Without a future hope, life were not worth living

We are not evanescent thought, nor pure clay images. If science could prove we are, nothing, not excepting science, would be of any worth. I would not stay.

Let those who only see in man a greater ape shape their life in accordance. But I was born to other things.

With the peculiar phrase 'magnetic mockeries,' compare 'electric force' in cxxiii.

The poet rejects equally the sceptical idealism of Hume and John Stuart Mill, which sees in the mind only a series of disconnected phenomena, and the grosser materialism, both excluding all hope of a survival of the soul.

Not only cunning casts in clay :
Let Science prove we are, and then
What matters Science unto men,
At least to me ? I would not stay.

Let him, the wiser man who springs
Hereafter, up from childhood shape
His action like the greater ape,
But I was born to other things.

CXIX

Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun
And ready, thou, to die with him,
Thou watchest all things ever dim
And dimmer, and a glory done :

My love in its contrasted moods is ever one

Sad Hesper presiding over the end of the day's labours,

Bright Phosphor heralding the early awakening of life,

Are the same star at different places. Thus is my present hopeful love the same as the bitter, despondent feeling of past days.

Mr. Gatty and Mr. Schérer understand 'my present

The team is loosen'd from the wain,
The boat is drawn upon the shore ;
Thou listenest to the closing door,
And life is darken'd in the brain.

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,
By thee the world's great work is heard
Beginning, and the wakeful bird ;
Behind thee comes the greater light :

The market boat is on the stream,
And voices hail it from the brink ;
Thou hear'st the village hammer clink,
And see'st the moving of the team.

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name
For what is one, the first, the last,
Thou, like my present and my past,
Thy place is changed ; thou art the same.

---

and my past' as meaning, 'Arthur, the object of my present and my past love.'

Mr. Stopford Brooke says of this poem: 'It is the most finished piece of conscious art in *In Memoriam*.' (*Tennyson, etc.*, p. 199).

CXX

Oh, wast thou with me, dearest, then,
While I rose up against my doom,
And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,
To bare the eternal Heavens again,

Let thy inspiriting influence be with me now

As thou wast with me when, rising up against my doom, I strove to dispel the gloom which had for a time obscured my vision of Heavens,

Be with me now and let my blood be quickened till I slip the thoughts of life and death,

And sing in bright happy songs all the beauties of the world.

'Folded' (1st verse) seems to stand for 'enfolding,' according to a form of style frequent in Shakespeare, which Mr. Abbott explains as being 'an indefinite and apparently not passive use of passive participles,' but which Dr. Schmidt accounts for in a different way. (See Grammatical Observations at the end of the Lexicon.)

'As in the former flash of joy' (4th verse)—that is, 'in my former time of brightness and joy.'

'Dewdrop' and 'lightnings,' in the last verse, are meant to resume all aspects graceful or awful of nature.

To feel once more, in placid awe,
The strong imagination roll
A sphere of stars about my soul,
In all her motion one with law;

If thou wert with me, and the grave
Divide us not, be with me now,
And enter in at breast and brow,
Till all my blood, a fuller wave,

Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,
And like an inconsiderate boy,
As in the former flash of joy,
I slip the thoughts of life and death;

And all the breeze of Fancy blows,
And every dewdrop paints a bow,
The wizard lightnings deeply glow,
And every thought breaks out a rose.

CXXI

THERE rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

An eternal parting of souls united by love is unthinkable

The world of matter is subject to perpetual and indefinite changes.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXII

THAT which we dare invoke to bless:
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, without;
The Power in darkness whom we guess;

Not so the world of spirit. There will I dwell, and trust, as in a thing of necessity, in our future meeting.

See especially xxxiv, xxxv, cxvi, for expressions of the poet's belief in an after-life of the soul and in the perpetuity of love.

Not through Reason can we attain God

I found Him not in the most wonderful nor in the most cunningly devised objects of nature, nor through the most subtle reasonings of philosophers.

But, when faith had fallen asleep, and I was tempted

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice 'believe no more'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

---

not to believe, my heart then stood up and said 'I have felt,'

And I was like a child in doubt and fear who knows his father near; and in that humbler mood of my mind I beheld again what is, though we cannot understand it, and I felt the all-powerful presence.

'Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt' (1st verse)—*i.e.* that which, if believed in, is our dearest treasure, and, if doubted, raises our ghastliest fears.

'The petty cobwebs we have spun' (2nd verse). The simile does not simply refer to the fragile nature of such fabrics, but also to the idea expressed by Bacon, that through reasoning we cannot reach any external reality, but only spin out deductions as the spider does his web from his own substance.

'But that blind clamour made me wise' (5th verse).

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd 'I have felt.'

No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamour made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I seem beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

The blind clamour of the heart recalls the mind to that deeper wisdom that, only through a humble, childish trust, can knowledge be secured.

'In the summer of 1892 he (Tennyson) exclaimed: "Yet God is love, transcendent, all-pervading! We do not get *this* faith from Nature or the world. If we look at Nature alone, full of perfection and imperfection, she tells us that God is disease, murder and rapine. We get this faith from ourselves, from what is highest within us, which recognises that there is not one fruitless pang, just as there is not one lost good"' (Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 314).

CXXIII

WHATEVER I have said or sung,
Some bitter notes my harp would give,
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth;
She did but look thro' dimmer eyes;
Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,
Because he felt so fix'd in truth:

And if the song were full of care,
He breathed the spirit of the song;
And if the words were sweet and strong
He set his royal signet there;

I never ceased to hope and love

Though my harp would give bitter notes, and even when my words seemed to imply utter despair, yet Hope had never forsaken me; and Love played with fanciful illusions only because he felt so fix'd in truth.

He always inspired my songs; he will ever abide with me, till the dissolution of death.

'Dimmer eyes' (2nd verse)—*i.e.* eyes made dimmer by tears.

'Electric force' (4th verse): compare 'magnetic mockeries' of cxviii.

Abiding with me till I sail
To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
And this electric force, that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

CXXIV

Love is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
That moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the vast of space
Among the worlds, that all is well.

Love is my Lord and King

I dwell as yet only in his lower court of Earth, but there I hear tidings of my friend, and sleep in trustful repose, and know that all is well.

CXXV

And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,
And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again
The red fool-fury of the Seine
Should pile her barricades with dead.

All is well

All is well, though the old religious forms be lost; across the roaring storm a deeper voice proclaims that social truth and justice shall spread.

But all seems ill to men, from the king to the poor wretch, when the existing order crumbles to dust, in blood and in the fires of Hell,

While thou smilest, knowing that all is well.

With 'the lazar' (3rd verse) compare, in Tennyson's 'Poem to Mary Boyle,' 'sanguine Lazarus' opposed to 'Dives.' A passage of the same poem may elucidate the line in the last verse here, 'And compass'd by the fires of Hell.'

. . . . I well remember that red night
When thirty ricks,
All-flaming, made an English homestead Hell.

But ill for him that wears a crown,
And him, the lazar, in his rags:
They tremble, the sustaining crags;
The spires of ice are toppled down,

For 'Æon' (4th verse) see note on xxxv.

In the place of this poem there stood originally a very different one; it was only published in Hallam, Lord Tennyson's Memoir (vol. i. p. 307).

THE VICTOR HOURS.

Are those the far-famed Victor Hours
That ride to death the griefs of men?
I fear not: if I fear'd them, then
Is this blind flight the wingéd Powers.

Behold, ye cannot bring but good,
And see, ye dare not touch the truth,
Nor Sorrow beauteous in her youth,
Nor Love that holds a constant mood.

Ye must be wiser than your looks,
Or wise yourselves, or wisdom-led,
Else this wild whisper round my head
Were idler than a flight of rooks.

Go forward! crumble down a throne,
Dissolve a world, condense a star,
Unsocket all the joints of war,
And fuse the peoples into one.

And molten up, and roar in flood;
The fortress crashes from on high,
The brute earth lightens to the sky,
And the vast Æon sinks in blood,

And compass'd by the fires of Hell,
While thou, dear spirit, happy star,
O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,
And smilest, knowing all is well.

CXXVI

THE love that rose on stronger wings,
Unpalsied when he met with Death,
Is comrade of the lesser faith
That sees the course of human things.

No doubt vast eddies in the flood
Of onward time shall yet be made,
And throned races may degrade;
Yet, O ye ministers of good,

Everything has its part in a general scheme

The loving faith, through which I conquered Death, is comrade of the lesser faith that, seeing the course of human things, does not give way to despair of an ultimate good.

If the work of Time were only to repeat the past,

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear,
If all your office had to do
With old results that look like new,
If this were all your mission here,

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,
To fool the crowd with glorious lies,
To cleave a creed in sects and cries,
To change the bearing of a word,

To shift an arbitrary power,
To cramp the student at his desk,
To make old bareness picturesque
And tuft with grass a feudal tower;

Why, then my scorn might well descend
On you and yours. I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil coöperant to an end.

---

bring about useless wars, fool the crowd with the delusions of glory, cleave the creeds into sects, shift an arbitrary power, urge the cramping labours of the student at his desk, and make old ruins picturesque,

Then would I scorn Time and its works. But I see that everything is toil coöperant to an end.

For 'ministers' (2nd verse) the later editions gave 'mysteries.'

CXXVII

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal;
O, loved the most when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;

The poet mingles his friend with all the world in a dream of good

Dear friend, who art at once so far and so near, I love thee most when I most feel that thou art far above me.

Thou art both known and unknown, human and divine, and to me loved deeplier when darklier understood; in my dream of good I mingle all the world with thee.

'When we compare the fine passage "The Danube to the Severn gave . . ." (xix) with this "Dear friend . . ." what a change! what a difference in the depth and strength of the feeling! The feeling is still personal, but it is also universal. The love which fills it is not less because it mingles the whole universe with his friend. Nay, it is greater, for the love of the whole world, of God and Nature and man, and the joy of love's victory, have been added to it.'—*Tennyson*, by Stopford Brooke (p. 195).

Known and unknown, human, divine !
Sweet human hand and lips and eye,
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine !

Strange friend, past, present, and to be,
Loved deeplier, darklier understood ;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

CXXVIII

Thy voice is on the rolling air ;
I hear thee where the waters run ;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

His love all the greater for finding the friend everywhere

I hear thy voice in the wind and the waters ; I see thee in the rising and in the setting sun,

I seem to feel thee in star and flower ; but I do not therefore love thee less :

My present love comprehends all the former love, and has grown to a vaster passion ;

And now I have thee still ; I rejoice in being circled with thy voice ; and I know that I shall never lose thee.

What art thou, then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXIX

O LIVING will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

Let will make our faith constant

O will, that shalt endure when all else has been destroyed, rise in our soul, like water in a rock, and, flowing out through our deeds, make them pure,

That we may call to him that hears, and trust with willing faith, until we are united with the friend we loved and the God who created us.

Several commentators, and even Miss Carpenter, have

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust

With faith that comes of self-control
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

SUPPLEMENTARY POEM

O TRUE and tried, so well and long,
Demand not thou a marriage lay;
In that it is thy marriage day
Is music more than any song.

---

understood 'Living will,' as meaning the Deity. However, no doubt can be left on the true sense when we know the poet's own interpretation: '"O living will that shalt endure," he (Tennyson) explained as that which we know as Free-will, the higher and enduring part of man' (Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 319).

To Edmund Lushington on his marriage with a sister of the poet

The great grief of my life has felt the influence of the nine years that have elapsed; however, my love is not less but more, as I myself have grown to something greater.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss
Since first he told me that he loved
A daughter of our house ; nor proved
Since that dark day a day like this ;

Tho' I since then have number'd o'er
Some thrice three years : they went and came,
Remade the blood and changed the frame,
And yet is love not less, but more ;

No longer caring to embalm
In dying songs a dead regret,
But like a statue solid-set,
And moulded in colossal calm.

Regret is dead, but love is more
Than in the summers that are flown,
For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before ;

Which makes appear the songs I made
As echoes out of weaker times,
As half but idle brawling rhymes,
The sport of random sun and shade.

Then comes a description of the marriage ceremony and the wedding dinner. While taking part in the festivities, the poet thinks of the lost friend as being there, a silent unseen guest.

But where is she, the bridal flower,
That must be made a wife ere noon?
She enters, glowing like the moon
Of Eden on its bridal bower:

On me she bends her blissful eyes
And then on thee; they meet thy look
And brighten like the star that shook
Betwixt the palms of paradise.

O when her life was yet in bud,
He too foretold the perfect rose.
For thee she grew, for thee she grows
For ever, and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy; full of power;
As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out: the noon is near,
And I must give away the bride;
She fears not, or with thee beside
And me behind her, will not fear:

The newly-married couple have departed; and, leaving the joyous meeting, he muses over the new source of life created by this day, over the future man who will thence be called to life and do his work and bring the

For I that danced her on my knee,
That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,
That shielded all her life from harm,
At last must part with her to thee;

Now waiting to be made a wife,
Her feet, my darling, on the dead;
Their pensive tablets round her head,
And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,
The 'wilt thou' answer'd, and again
The 'wilt thou' ask'd, till out of twain
Her sweet 'I will' has made ye one.

Now sign your names, which shall be read,
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
By village eyes as yet unborn;
The names are sign'd, and overhead

Begins the clash and clang that tells
The joy to every wandering breeze;
The blind wall rocks, and on the trees
The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

---

world one step forward towards the great consummation, the advent of a race of men that will be the flowers and fruits of which we are only the seeds.

Such a man was Arthur, a noble type appearing

O happy hour, and happier hours
Await them. Many a merry face
Salutes them—maidens of the place,
That pelt us in the porch with flowers.

O happy hour, behold the bride
With him to whom her hand I gave.
They leave the porch, they pass the grave
That has to-day its sunny side.

To-day the grave is bright for me,
For them the light of life increased
Who stay to share the morning feast,
Who rest to-night beside the sea.

Let all my genial spirits advance
To meet and greet a whiter sun;
My drooping memory will not shun
The foaming grape of eastern France.

It circles round, and fancy plays,
And hearts are warm'd and faces bloom,
As drinking health to bride and groom
We wish them store of happy days.

---

before the times were ripe, who now lives in God, eternal life, eternal love, our one grand hope.

The bride here referred to was Cecilia, the poet's

Nor count me all to blame if I
Conjecture of a stiller guest,
Perchance, perchance, among the rest,
And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

But they must go, the time draws on,
And those white-favour'd horses wait;
They rise but linger, it is late;
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

A shade falls on us like the dark
From little cloudlets on the grass,
But sweeps away as out we pass
To range the woods, to roam the park,

Discussing how their courtship grew,
And talk of others that are wed,
And how she look'd, and what he said
And back we come at fall of dew.

Again the feast, the speech, the glee,
The shade of passing thought, the wealth
Of words and wit, the double health,
The crowning cup, the three times three,

---

youngest sister. Edmund Lushington and Alfred Tennyson got intimately acquainted after 1840, and frequently visited each other.

The scene described at the beginning of *The*

And last the dance ;—till I retire :
Dumb is that tower which spake so loud,
And high in heaven the streaming cloud,
And on the downs a rising fire :

And rise, O moon, from yonder down,
Till over down and over dale
All night the shining vapour sail
And pass the silent-lighted town,

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,
And catch at every mountain head;
And o'er the friths that branch and spread
Their sleeping silver thro' the hills ;

And touch with shade the bridal doors,
With tender gloom the roof, the wall ;
And breaking let the splendour fall
To spangle all the happy shores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,
And, star and system rolling past,
A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,

Princess is Park House, the seat of the Lushingtons near Boxley and Maidstone, and the poem was dedicated to Henry Lushington. Edmund was an Egyptologist, and a good Greek and German scholar ;

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,
Result in man, be born and think,
And act and love, a closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge ; under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book ;

No longer half-akin to brute,
For all we thought, and loved, and did,
And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit ;

Whereof the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

---

he has written Greek translations of *Œnone* and of *Crossing the Bar*.

The marriage took place in 1842 (nine years after Arthur Hallam's death) at Boxley, in Kent, where the

poet's mother was then settled. The religious ceremony was performed by Alfred's elder brother, the Rev. Charles Tennyson Turner.

On the origin and date of composition of this poem, Ed. Lushington wrote: 'In the hottest part of the summer (1845), A. T. had gone down to Eastbourne. I went down there to see him, and remained a few days. He had then completed many of the cantos in *In Memoriam*. He said to me, "I have brought in your marriage at the end of *In Memoriam*," and then showed me those poems which were finished, and which were a perfectly novel surprise to me' (Hallam, Lord Tennyson, i. 203).

Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury

THE RED LEATHER SERIES.

16mo, 2s. 6d. each, net.

Mary Wilkins.

CINNAMON ROSES.

LIST OF STORIES:—

George Borrow

ISOPEL BERNERS

The Text with Introduction by

THOMAS SECCOMBE,

Assistant Editor of the Dictionary of National Biography.

"Isopel Berners: being the History of certain doings in a Staffordshire Dingle, July 1825: extracted from 'Lavengro' and 'Romany Rye' by George Borrow, with a Critical Introduction and Explanatory Notes by Thomas Seccombe, Assistant Editor of 'The Dictionary of National Biography,' 1891—1901, Author of 'The Age of Johnson,' etc."

In the case of a hitherto uncatalogued work by George Borrow a few words of preliminary explanation may not be superfluous. In the years 1851 and 1857 George Borrow published two volumes of an informal autobiography. To the first volume he gave the name "Lavengro," to the second "The Romany Rye."

The book begins with a definite if somewhat eccentric biographical purport; but after some fifty chapters it shades off in a highly detailed episode, and the two volumes end with a series of dissolving views, interspersed with the life-narratives of some of the strange

beings whom the writer encounters upon his pilgrimage. It is a curious fact that the episode which forms the central feature of the "Lavengro-Romany Rye" Autobiography was deliberately broken in halves by Borrow. Half of it appears in "Lavengro," which stops abruptly with a post-chaise accident. Half of it follows in "Romany Rye," which commences as abruptly with the repair of the aforesaid chaise.

It is the opinion, we believe, of the majority of readers that the Dingle Episode is not only the most vital and the most dramatic, but also, by reason of its continuity and sustained vigour, the most generally interesting portion of Borrow's writing. The idea of the present volume is to detach this episode, and to present it in its unity to the twentieth-century reader. It is not addressed primarily to Borrovians; but it is hoped that it may increase their number by winning over fresh readers to Borrow. With this object in view it is much more advantageous to concentrate the attention upon a small section than to direct it over a large area, for Borrow is essentially a penetrating, rather than a plausible, writer. There is a widely-spread opinion that Borrow, like the famous egg, is excellent in parts; but that for sustained reading Borrow is dry. It is perfectly true: Borrow is dry. What needs to be appreciated is that his dryness is not that of dry rot, but the dryness

of high elevation, of a somewhat solitary and craggy humour—the dryness of "Don Quixote," of "Robinson Crusoe," of "Gil Blas," of "Tom Jones," of "D'Artagnan," and of "Hadji Baba." There *is* an absence of verdure. You will not find much sentiment in Borrow; but you will find "part of the secret, brother," especially in the Dingle. For here Borrow is at his best, in the open air among the gypsies—with Jasper, Pakomovna, Tawno, Ursula, the Man in Black—above all, Isopel or Belle Berners. These are characters in the present volume, interlocutors in dialogues of the greenwood, unrivalled since the heyday of the Forest of Arden.

"Isopel Berners" is, therefore, a kind of selection. The text has been very carefully prepared; and, in the hope of making it as good an introduction as possible to the study of Borrow upon a larger scale, a full Critical Introduction (pp. 1—56), embodying a brief account of Borrow's Life and Writings, has been prefixed to the volume.

HODDER & STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.