Coleridge and Gerard Manley Hopkins

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THE late Humphry House was the first to suggest broad similarities between Coleridge and Gerard Manley Hopkins: 'both suffered from ill-health, the sense of isolation, and from a thwarting of the creative impulse; both planned or began many works which were never finished; both were faced, though in rather different ways, with the problem of bringing their creative poetical powers into relation with their scholarship and their technical interest in philosophy'.[1] House commented, too, that Coleridge was 'even a rival to Hopkins in the search for bye-ways beauty' and cites evidence in a passage from a Coleridge *Notebook*: 'What a beautiful thing urine is, in a Pot, brown yellow, transpicuous, the Image diamond shaped of the Candle in it; especially as it now appeared, I have emptied the Snuffers into it, and the Snuff floating about, and painting all-shaped Shadows on the Bottom'.[2]

Such parallels suggest others which reveal a deeper kinship between the two poets, between their poetic expression, their philosophical viewpoint, and their kind of Romanticism.

Coleridge is seldom mentioned in Hopkins's letters and not at all in his *Journals and Papers*. Hopkins's regard for Coleridge's imagination is noted twice in the letters, once in praising a poem of Robert Bridges — 'the pathetic imagination of *Sky that rollest ever* seems to me to have nothing like it but some of Coleridge in our literature'[3] — and once in commenting to R. W. Dixon on his verse — 'we find also the very rare gift of pure imagination,

[1] Humphry House, *Coleridge*, The Clark Lectures 1951–2, 1953, p. 139.
[2] Ibid., p. 48.
[3] *Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins to Robert Bridges*, ed. C. C. Abbott, 1935, p. 250.

such as Coleridge had'.[1] Hopkins also expressed his respect for Coleridge's critical ability:

> . . . it appears to me among Shakespeare's [*sic*] critics have been seen instances of genius, of deep insight, of great delicacy, of power, of poetry, of ingenuity, of everything a critic should have. I will instance Schlegel, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Mrs. Jameson.[2]

This is the most detailed evaluation of Coleridge by Hopkins that we have, a slight one when we consider the details of similarities in their poetry.

It is surprising that Humphrey House did not mention with the apparent similarities of Coleridge and Hopkins their experimentation in accentual verse. Coleridge's notable and acknowledged use of accentual meter is, of course, in *Christabel*:

> . . . the metre of Christabel is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four.[3]

This idea is at the base of Hopkins's further development of his Sprung Rhythm, as he discussed it in a letter to R. W. Dixon. In his discussion Hopkins noted the metre of *Christabel* and pointed out that Coleridge 'was drawing a distinction between two systems of scanning the one of which is quite opposed to sprung rhythm, the other *is not, but might be developed into*, that'. He goes on to say: 'This then is the essence of sprung rhythm: *one stress makes one foot*, no matter how many or few the syllables.'[4] While Coleridge did some other, less notable, metrical experiments (*Works*, pp. 511–16), Hopkins developed and refined his Sprung Rhythm considerably.

'Kubla Khan' has relatively recently begun to be viewed as a complete and consciously composed poem, and not as a fragment of a vision in a dream. It was composed about the time of the first part of 'Christabel' or the summer following, in 1797 or 1798. The scansion of 'Kubla Khan' is greatly clarified if accentual meter is used, and the energy of accentual verse is in harmony

[1] *Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins to* R. *W. Dixon*, ed. C. C. Abbott, 1935, p. 177.
[2] *Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, ed. C. C. Abbott, 1938, p. 56.
[3] Coleridge, *Poetical Works*, ed. E. H. Coleridge, 1912, p. 215.
[4] *Letters to Dixon*, pp. 21–3.

with the miracle of *act* in the decreeing and ingenious building of the pleasure dome. It is likely that Coleridge would be working at this metre at this time and understandable that he would not call attention to it when he created the apparent fiction of the interrupted reverie of the opium dream.

When examined as experiment in accentual verse, similarities in tone with Hopkins become noticeable. Most striking is the frequency of alliteration and the seeming frequency of its connection with this metre. A few lines here offer evidence:

A stately pleasure-dome decree.

So twice five miles of fertile ground. (The original manuscript has six miles. Coleridge very likely changed to five for the alliteration.)

By Woman wailing for her demon-lover!

A mighty fountain momently was forced.

Five miles meandering with a mozy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran
Then reached the caverns measureless to man.

In the lines,

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

(p. 297–8)

we can see evidence of a very Hopkins-like rove over line leading to the 'Down' of the third line here, such as in 'The Windhover',

Brute beauty and valour and act, of air, pride plume here
Buckle![1]

and in the remarkable lines opening 'The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo',

How to keep — is there any any, is there none such,
nowhere known some, how or brooch, or braid or
brace, lace, latch or catch or key to keep
Back beauty . . .

(p. 91)

[1] *Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, 4th ed., ed. W. H. Gardner and N. H. MacKenzie, 1967, p. 69.

Clearly Coleridge was breaking from the limitations of pentameter lines and the artificiality in expression it had led to in the late eighteenth century, he has led to the vigour and freedom of accentual verse, and to natural oral expression in poetry. The narrative naturalness of the Mariner's tale in 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner' is testament to Coleridge's skill in combining poetry and natural expression, and the extent and quality of this ability is further seen in the many conversation poems of Coleridge. Central in Hopkins's poetry, and in his own uniqueness in his age, is his similar aim to unite common speech rhythms and verse. It was that desire which led him to Sprung Rhythm, with its striking similarities to the meters in the oral verse of Anglo-Saxon. Hopkins exhorted Bridges numerous times to read his poetry out loud so that the meaning would become clear. It is interesting that a Hopkins stanza that Bridges damned particularly, the opening of 'The Wreck of the Deutschland', is more easily understood when read aloud, and is like the opening of one of Coleridge's later poems. The lines from Hopkins,

> Thou mastering me
> God! giver of breath and bread;
> World's strand, sway of the sea;
> Lord of living and dead.
>
> (p. 51)

open with a use of direct address similar to the opening of Coleridge's 'Ne Plus Ultra':

> Sole Positive of Night!
> Antipathist of Light!
> Fate's only essence! primal scorpion rod —
> The one permitted opposite of God!
>
> (p. 431)

While such matters of metre and style point out resemblances in Coleridge and Hopkins, a consideration of the view of each concerning the human's relationship to the natural and spirited world reveals central and striking parallels. Each has a sacramental vision of nature that unites the keenly observed diversity in nature. Coleridge expresses this succinctly in speaking of nature:

Nature has her proper interest, and he will know what it is who believes and feels that everything has a life of its own, and that we are

all *One Life*. A poet's heart and intellect should be combined, intimately combined and unified with the great appearances of nature, and not merely held in solution and loose mixture with them, in the shape of formal similes.[1]

For Coleridge, 'nature was profoundly religious not only in Platonic sense of belief in the supremacy of Good as an abstract quality nor in the Spinozistic sense of absorption in the vision of the wholeness of things, but in the sense of a longing for a personal relation with a Mind and Will as at once the source of all reality and a living presence in the soul'.[2]

Evidence of this sacramental view of nature is frequent in Coleridge verse. In the early poem of 1794, 'To A Young Ass' (p. 75), the fool is hailed as a Brother. In 'Religious Musings' of 1796, we find a clear statement:

> From Hope and firmer Faith to perfect Love
> Attracted and absorbed: and centered there
> God only to behold, and know, and feel,
> Till by exclusive consciousness of God
> All self-annihilated it shall make
> God its Identity: God all in all!
> We and our Father one!
> And blest are they,
> Who in this fleshly World, the elect of Heaven,
> Their strong eye darting through the deeds of men,
> Adore with steadfast unpresuming gaze
> Him Nature's essence, mind, and energy!
> (ll. 39–49, pp. 110–11)

In the Argument to 'Ode To The Departing Year' (1796), Coleridge says much the same thing in the 'address to the Divine Providence that regulates/into one vast harmony all the events of time, however calamitous some of them may appear to mortals' (p. 160). And such a hymn is found in 'The Destiny of Nations':

> Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!
> All-conscious Presence of the Universe!
> Nature's vast even-acting Energy!
> In will, in deed, Impulse of All to All!
> (ll. 459–62, pp. 146–7)

[1] Letter to William Sotheby, 10 September 1802.
[2] John Muirhead, *Coleridge As Philosopher*, New York, 1930, pp. 35–6.

This view of the experience of nature as 'the mystical *experience* of God'[1] underlies the significant event in 'This Lime Tree Bower My Prison':

So my friend
Struck with deep joy may stand, as I have stood,
Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round
On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem
Less gross than bodily; and of such hues
As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet he makes
Spirits perceive his presence.
A delight
Comes sudden on my heart, and I am glad
As I myself were there! Nor in this bower,
This little lime-tree bower, have I not mark'd
Much that has sooth'd me. Pale beneath the blaze
Hung the transparent foliage; and I watch'd
Some broad and sunny leaf, and lov'd to see
The shadow of the leaf and stem above
Dappling its sunshine! And that walnut tree
Was richly ting'd, and a deep radiance lay
Full on the ancient ivy, which usurps
Those fronting elms, and now, with blackest mass
makes their dark branches gleam a lighter hue
Through the late twilight: and though now the bat
Wheels silent by, and not a swallow twitters,
Yet still the solitary bumble-bee
Sings in the bean-flower! Henceforth I shall know
That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure;
No plot so narrow, be but Nature there,
(ll. 37–61, pp. 180–1)

This awakening leads Coleridge a few lines later to bless a rook on its homeward flight, a bleassing that calls up here the Mariner's sin of killing the albatross and subsequent blessing of the fishes, and further suggest Hopkins's blessing of the Windhover as his heart stirs.

As the sun brought the pervading spirit here, the wind suggests it in 'The Eolian Harp':

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic Harps diversely fram'd
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps

[1] Marshall Suther, *The Dark Night of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, New York, 1960, p. 143.

Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of all?
(ll. 44–8, p. 102)

The underlying harmony and unity of all things is further extolled:

O! The one Life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought, and joy and everywhere —
Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so fill'd;
(ll. 26–31, p. 101)

In a much later poem, 'To Nature', nature is shaped for pious use.

It may indeed by phantasy, when I
Essay to draw from all created things
Deep, heartfelt, inward joy that closely clings;
And trace in leaves and flowers that round me lie
Lessons of love and earnest piety.
So let it be; and if the wide world rings
In mock belief, it brings
Not fear, nor grief, nor vain perplexity.
So will I build my altar in the fields,
And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be,
And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower yields
Shall be the incense I will yield to Thee,
Thee only God! and thou shalt not despise
Even me, the priest of this poor sacrifice.
(p. 429)

For Coleridge, and for Hopkins, contact with Nature was contact with God or Christ. Each held strong to this faith in Nature and to its corollary that humans must leave themselves open to full contact with the Spirit. Nature is this world's revelation of the ultimate spiritual force and unifying power. For each the reality of nature had 'to be immanent in order to be transcendent'.[1] Hopkins, of course, channels or expresses his outlook in specifically Christian terminology and frequently in Roman Catholic expression. For him Christ is named as the essence of

[1] Wendell Stacy Johnson, *Gerard Manley Hopkins: The Poet As Victorian*, Ithaca, New York, 1968, p. 116.

worldly nature, and further, the essence of individual human nature:

> For Christ plays in ten thousand places,
> Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his
> To the Father through the features of men's faces
> (ll. 12–13, p. 90)

And further in 'That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the Comfort of the Resurrection':

> In a flash, at a trumpet crash,
> I am all at once what Christ is, since was what I am and
> This Jack, joke, poor potsherd, patch, matchwood, immortal diamond
> Is immortal diamond.
> (ll. 20–3, p. 106)

The expression Christ and God as the underlying reality in nature is clearly stated in a number of Hopkins' poems. In 'God's Grandeur' the statement is coupled with a lament that man has not kept himself opened to the influxes of nature:

> The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
> It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
> It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
> Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?
> Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
> And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
> And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
> Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.
> And for all this, nature is never spent;
> There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
> And though the last lights off the black West went
> Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs
> Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
> World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings
> (p. 66)

In 'Pied Beauty' all dappled things

> All things counter, original, spare, strange;
> Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
> With swift, slow; sweet, sour; a dazzle, dim;
> He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
> Praise Him.
> (ll. 7–11, p. 70)

In 'The Starlight Night' the stars and the skies are the walls of heaven, as Hopkins uses the Scriptural image of heaven as a barn and suggests communion imagery in using shocks of wheat:

> These are indeed the barn; withindoors house
> The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse
> Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows.
> (ll. 12–14, p. 67)

In 'Hurrahing in Harvet' the human being is the purpose for Christ's immanence in nature; Christ's immanence in the human being completes the organic cycle:

> I walk, I lift up, I lift up heart, eyes,
> Down all that glory in the heavens to glean our Saviour
> And, eyes, heart, what looks, what lips yet gave you a
> Rapturous love's greeting of realer, of rounder replies?
> And the azurous hung hills are his world wielding shoulder
> Majestic — as a stallion stalwart, very violet sweet! —
> These things, these things were here and but the beholder
> Wanting; which two when they once meet,
> The heart rears wings bold and bolder
> And hurls for him, O half hurls earth for him off under his feet.
> (ll. 5–14, p. 70)

The immanence of Christ in nature and humanity provides for the transcendence expressed in the last lines.

All beauty is evidence of and originated in God in 'The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo':

> Give beauty back, beauty, beauty, beauty, back to God,
> Beauty's self and beauty's giver
> Who keeps it with 'A fonder a care . . .
> Yonder' and 'we follow . . . Yonder, yes

With these illustrations of Hopkins's vision of nature, humanity, and beauty we can see that he is using an esemplastic power quite similar to that of Coleridge who saw it as a 'repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM'.[1] Both display that Romantic trait of making awareness and reflection a spiritual activity, and the poetry of each is a record of his spiritual struggle. When each suffers from 'a thwarting of the creative impulse'[2] each has a similar religious problem and each suffers similarly, as the poetry reveals.

[1] Chap. XIII, *Biographia Litteraria.*
[2] House, op. cit., p. 139.

The experience of God in nature remains just that, and does not continually and completely satisfy the entire being of either Hopkins or Coleridge. For Hopkins God remains 'Yonder', or in the barn of heaven behind the 'piece-bright paling'; nature alone does not completely fulfil nor continue to inspire the perceiver. Coleridge points out the solitariness that results from the joyous moments:

> The finer the sense for the beautiful and the lovely, and the fairer and lovelier the object presented to the sense; the more exquisite the individual's capacity of joy, and the more ample his means and opportunities of enjoyment, the more heavily will he feel the ache of solitariness, the more unsubstantial becomes the feast spread around him. What matters it, whether in fact the viands and the ministering graces are shadowy or real, to him who has not hand to grasp nor arms to embrace them?[1]

This awareness of an 'ache of solitariness' marks the turn inward, away from such outside influences as those that inspire the Mariner to bless the fishes, to a dark subjectivity.

Hopkins, too, follows such a course in 'Thou Art Indeed Just Lord' as he measures himself against the outside world and turns to his own interior dryness:

> . . . and why must
> Disappointment all I endeavour end?
> Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend,
> How wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou dost
> Defeat, thwart me? Oh, the sots and thralls of lust
> Do in spare hours more thrive than I that spend,
>
> Sir, life upon thy cause. See, banks and brakes
> Now, leavèd how thick! lacèd they are again
> With fretty chervil, look, and fresh wind shakes
>
> Them; birds build — but not I build; no, but strain,
> Time's eunuch, and not breed one work that wakes.
> Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain.
> (ll. 3–14, pp. 106–7)

Humphry House (pp. 139–40) has noted the similar self-concern at the end of Coleridge's 'The Pains of Sleep:

> For aye entempesting anew
> The unfathomable hell within,
> The horror of their deeds to view,

[1] 'Blossoming of Solitary Date-Tree', *Works*, p. 396.

To know and loathe, yet wish and do!
Such griefs wish such men well agree
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me?

(pp. 390–1)

More startling is the similarity in thought and image between Hopkins's lines with the earlier poem of Coleridge, 'Work Without Hope':

All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair —
The bees are stirring — birds are on the wing —
And Winter slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

(ll. 1–6, p. 447)

In both poets the inspiration from nature has stopped, along with its spiritual sustinence, and the poets are left apart from nature and barren and are abandoned to experience their own solitude and to taste themselves.

Coleridge in his 'Dejection: An Ode' turns away from the beauties of nature after he sees, but does not feel, 'how beautiful they are' and turns inward:

we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live.

(ll. 47–8, p. 365)

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous clod
Enveloping the Earth —
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

(ll. 53–8, p. 365)

But the turn inward reveals,

viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
Reality's dark dream!
I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
Of agony by torture lengthened out
That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that rav'st without,
Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house, long held the witches home,

Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,
Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold!
What tell'st thou now about?
'Tis of the rushing of an host in rout,
With groans, of trampled men, with smarting wounds
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shudderings — all is over —
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!
A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight,
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay, —
'Tis of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way.
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.
(ll. 94–125, pp. 367–8)

The interior look has turned up terrible images, of the kind and tone of Hopkins. Similar internal torment is evident in one of Hopkins's terrible sonnets:

I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day.
What hours, O what black hours we have spent
This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!
And more must, in yet longer light's delay.

With witness I speak this. But where I say
Hours I mean years, mean life. And my lament
Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent
To dearest him that lives alas! away.

I am gall, I am heartburn. God's most deep decree
Bitter would have me taste: my taste was me;
Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed the curse.

Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see
The lost are like this, and their scourge to be
As I am mine, their sweating selves; but worse
(p. 101)

The child lost in Coleridge's 'Dejection' is similar in situation to Hopkins sending cries like dead letters. And here Hopkins uses communion imagery in the last lines, as in 'The Starlight Night', but here the spirit of Christ is absent and the 'Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours'. The lines which follow this, with the comparison of Hopkins with the lost in hell, draws a significant contrast in the last two words. The lost in hell are in a worse situation because theirs is for eternity; in life, or in death, Hopkins may find release from his agony. The lines suggest the last lines of Coleridge's sombre and enigmatic poem, 'Limbo', which ends,

> A lurid thought is growthless, dull Privation,
> Yet that is but a Purgatory curse;
> Hell knows a fear far worse,
> A fear — a future state; — 'tis positive Negation!
>
> (p. 431)

And the state of being in Limbo recalls the previous Hopkins lines and reveals the byways of Coleridge's spirit:

> 'Tis a strange place, this Limbo! — not a Place,
> Yet name it so; — where Time and weary Space
> Fettered from flight, with night-mare sense of fleeing,
> Strive for their last crepuscular half-being; —
> Lank Space and scytheless Time with branny hands
> Barren and soundless as the measuring sands,
> Not mark'd by flit of Shades, — unmeaning they
> As moonlight on the dial of the day!
>
> (ll. 11–18, p. 430)

The step beyond 'Limbo' for Coleridge is found in his 'Ne Plus Ultra', which in title suggests a surface similarity with the Hopkins' sonnet, which opens,

> No worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief,
> More pangs will, a shooled at forepangs, wilder wring

and closes,

> . . . all
> Life death doth end and each day dies with sleep
>
> (p. 100)

The Coleridge poem is addressed to the ultimate of negation:

> Sole Positive of Night!
> Antipathist of Light!

Fate's only essence! primal scorpion rod —
The one permitted opposite of God! —
Condensed blackness and abysmal storm
Compacted to one sceptre
Arms the Grasp enorm —
The Intercepter —
The Substance that still casts the shadow Death! —
The Dragon foul and fell —
The unrevealable,
And hidden one, whose breath
Gives wind and fuel to the fires of Hell!
Ah! sole despair
Of both th' eternities in Heaven!
Sole interdict of all-bedewing prayer,
The all-compassionate!
Save to the Lampads Seven
Reveal'd to none of all th' Angelic State,
Save to the Lampads Seven,
That watch the throne of Heaven!

(p. 431)

Coleridge and Hopkins both experienced similar dark agonies of spiritual denial when their visions of organic harmony between God and nature and God and man vanished; their consequent spiritual solitariness led them to a subjectivity and investigation of the dark and terrible torments of spiritual negation. Their spiritual depression did not, however, lead to spiritual despair, as evidenced by Hopkins's dying words, 'I am so happy, I am so happy' and by one of Coleridge's last letters a few days before his death:

And I thus, on the brink of the grave, solemnly bear witness to you that the almighty Redeemer, most gracious in his promises to them that truly seek him, is faithful to perform what He has promised; and has reserved, under all pains and infirmities, the peace that passeth all understanding, with the supporting assurance of a reconciled God, who will not withdraw His spirit from me in conflict, and in His own time will deliver me from the evil one.

The essential Romanticism of Coleridge and Hopkins draws together the two men, of two distinct literary periods. In view of Coleridge's literary stature and range, investigation of his relation to Victorians is clearly and oddly wanting, while there are studies of the indebtedness of certain Victorian writers to

Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Keats.[1] There is clearly need for further study of Coleridge's influence, effect and relation to the Victorian period.

[1] Frederic Faverty, *The Victorian Poets: A Guide to Research*, 2nd ed., Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1968, p. 20 lists Samuel Chew, *Byron In England*, 1926, James V. Logan, *Wordsworthian Criticism: A Guide and Bibliography*, 1947, George Ford, *Keats and the Victorians*, 1944, Roland Duerksen, *Shelleyan Ideas in Victorian Literature*, 1966. Alba H. Warren, Jr, *English Poetic Theory 1625–1865*, Princeton, 1950, suggests Coleridge's subjective idealism as an influence on certain Victorian writers.

The Lost Lover

The sad hautboy at midnight
  Vibrates through your sleep
As the sobs for the lost years
  Shake your shoulders.

My face at the window of your dream;
  The lights of your mind dazzle;
Mirror worlds embracing the darkness
  In the fine detail of dread.

And every stroke of your heart
  Announcing a stranger in your room,
White and aloft and familiar
  His hands mantling with desire.

For him, this lover whose strange face
  You will never recognise,
The music shudders and is sustained
  In an adagio of regret

That turns in a slow key
  In the locked silence of your sleep,
Shutting you within forever
  From his watchful eyes.

SEAMUS DEANE