

2010

Edward Dowden: A Critical Edition of the Complete Poetry

Wayne K. Chapman

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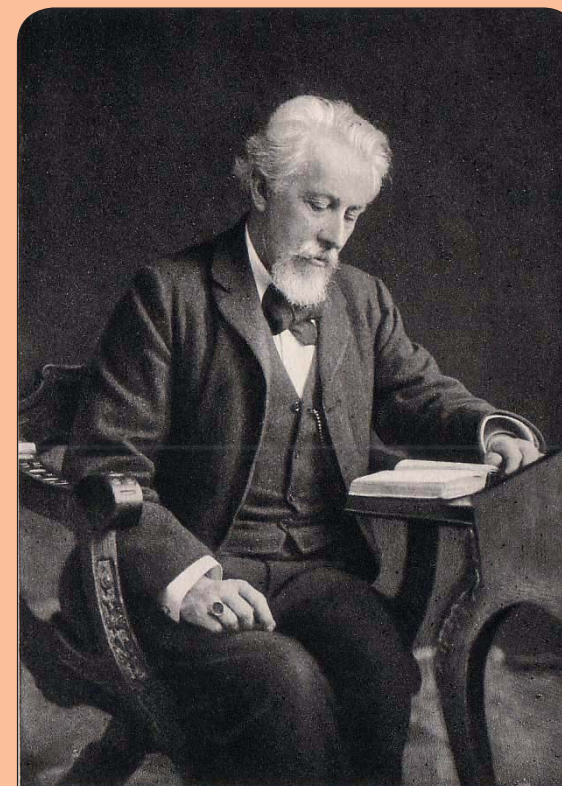
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Edward Dowden

A CRITICAL EDITION OF THE COMPLETE POETRY



Edward Dowden

Edited by Wayne K. Chapman

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I N T R O D U C T I O N

by Wayne K. Chapman

This volume will reintroduce a significant poet of the nineteenth century to a modern audience which has forgotten, probably, that this distinguished Irish authority on Shakespeare, Goethe and Shelly thought of himself as a poet first. Our perception of Dowden today is that he was a better critic than he was a poet; and in the main, this judgment may be sound, but it goes untested due to the scarcity of his poetic works. Closer to the truth, as I suspect most readers will find, many of the lyrics from his first volume of poetry, *Poems* (1876), are astonishingly good and warrant comparison with his betters—Wordsworth, Shelley, Browning, the Rossettis—poets whose names were often cited in press reviews of Dowden's early poetry. Without the commitment he made to his academic post at Trinity College, Dublin, he might have become another Meredith, given his obsession with the sonnet and use of lyric sequences to probe the essences of subject-matter with characteristic irony. Even so, his poetry was prominently featured in *Robert Bridges and Contemporary Poets* (pp. 81-98), Volume 8 of Alfred Miles's series *The Poets and the Poetry of the Nineteenth Century* (Routledge, c. 1891-1906)—an influential tome which conferred canonical stature to a broader field of poets than we tend to observe from our distant perspective.

The verses selected by James A. Noble for Miles's anthology bear up very well to the test of time—poems from narrative sequences such as "Heroines;" shorter occasional lyrics such as "The Corn-crake," "Burdens," "In the Cathedral Close," and "Renunciants;" and sonnets from the Rossettian sequences "The Inner Life," "In the Garden," and "In the Galleries." John Todhunter and Edmund Gosse, represented in the same volume, were close personal friends of Dowden's. W. B. Yeats and William Watson, who as younger poets were gradually promoted from the "Ac Etiam" section of the book when their reputations sailed during later editions, were mentored by Dowden. While in Watson's case, this master-to-apprentice relationship with Dowden must be shared with Tennyson, Dowden's relationship with W. B. Yeats offers most to English literary history. Indeed, Dowden's association with the Yeats family and, as a consequence, with the Irish literary revival has been most celebrated by Yeats scholars. I offer to the project my own credentials as a Yeatsian, as an editor, and as a student of Dowden and the period.

Because Dowden has been out of print for such a long time and deserves prominence in modern Anglo-Irish literature as "the one man of letters Dublin Unionism possessed" (in Yeats's words), a thorough introduction to Dowden's poetry must assess certain biographical, textual, and critical facts about his peculiar position in Irish poetry.

If Dowden was a luminary in Dublin and in Liverpool, with its large Irish population, his eventual schism with Yeats and the younger generation of home-grown Irish national poets may be compared with his affinity for the transplanted Irish audience of *The Argus*, a weekly run by Noble with contributions by Watson, Dowden and other notables. The appendices attached to this special online issue will simply permit opportunity for a bit more extended coverage on relationships, texts, and activities which will have to



receive lighter treatment here. Above all, Dowden's frequently assumed role of mentor or teacher demands treatment of his student "E.D.W." (Elizabeth Dickinson West), whose platonic affair with Dowden was sponsored by a mutual friend, Robert Percival Graves (uncle of the modern poet who was his namesake), until the affair boiled over into marriage. I expect interest to be awakened on that writing couple, particularly stemming from the coincidence of verses written by Dowden and E.D.W. in the 1870s and '80s and from technical advice they received from painter J. B. Yeats (Dowden's school friend) and Graves, respectively. Because some of these lyrics were written during Dowden's supervision of the young W. B. Yeats's education as a poet, they may well have been attributed to the wrong poet by Micheál Ó hAodha ("When Was Yeats First Published" in *The Irish Times*, 5 June 1965) and allowed to stand as a possibility by Richard J. Finneran in *Editing Yeats's Poems* (Macmillan, 1983; rev. and "reconsidered" 1990). Yeats's *Reveries over Childhood and Youth* speak to both Dowden's and his father's complicated friendship and the force of Dowden's early influence on the poetry he was just beginning to write:

From our first arrival in Dublin, my father had brought me from time to time to see Edward Dowden.... Sometimes we were asked to breakfast, and afterwards my father would tell me to read out one of my poems. Dowden was wise in his encouragement, never overpraising and never unsympathetic, and he would sometimes lend me books. The orderly, prosperous house where all was in good taste, where poetry was rightly valued, made Dublin tolerable for a while, and for perhaps a couple of years he was an image of romance. (*Autobiographies* 85-86)

The early published work of Yeats with which Dowden is most associated were the verse plays *The Island of Statues* and *Mosada*, which he encouraged Sealy, Bryers & Walker to reprint as a pamphlet after it had first appeared in the *Dublin University Review*. Joining Dowden and the adult company of the Dublin literati and intelligentsia in his home and capacious library on Sunday evenings brought to Yeats's consciousness, on one occasion, the book *Esoteric Buddhism* by A. P. Sinnett, an instant enthusiasm that soon led Yeats and his school friend Charles Johnston to found the Dublin Hermetic Society or, as it became known in April 1886, the Dublin Theosophical Society. The library, eventually dispersed at Dowden's death, gave place to the wonderful collection kept by bibliophile P. S. O'Hegarty at Highfield (Rathgar), Dowden's final home in Dublin. It was the house in which Gráinne Yeats was raised before her marriage to Michael Yeats. The description of Dowden's library as derived fractionally from catalogues and auction notices is still a rich tale to be reconstructed, in part, from the facsimile and abstracts prepared for this volume as Appendix A and Appendix B. Dowden was the veritable *genius loci* of this place.

Nevertheless, Yeats's father was quick to offer opinions on Dowden's various weaknesses as a poet—after the political rupture had occurred in the nineties between Dowden and the Celtic revivalists, after Dowden's failure to endorse Wilde's defense, and after actual decline in Dowden's artifice as a poet. Still, it was Yeats senior who came to his friend's defense as dissension visited the house of Yeats (at the Cuala Press) when Elizabeth Yeats agreed to publish the memorial volume *A Woman's Reliquary* (poems to E.D.W.) without consulting her brother. Equivocally, J. B. Yeats begged WBY to withhold from the public his criticism of the work, as Dowden was "not only...a very old friend, but the best of friends" while, at the same time, scolding Elizabeth Yeats for failing to respect the author-



ity of her brother, on whose success the press depended. His opinion of Dowden's poetry was given to WBY in the same letter, of December 11, 1913:

I have looked through Dowden's books of poems and like them very much indeed and *am grateful* for them—for this history of his friendship with the present wife. And from a propagandist point of view I would say that they will do good to husbands and wives, who because of Dowden will read them and love each other more happily.

In the conjugal relation there is the bourgeois point of view, which is comfortable and affectionate and sentimental, and the workman's point of view is romantic and poetical, and the aristocratic which is cynical and carnal and atheistical—Dowden's poetry is as regards these things bourgeois. (*Letters to His Son W. B. Yeats and Others* 169)

The controversy over *A Woman's Reliquary*, though brief, instructs us on the way two gifted readers at the time read Dowden; and their views, supported by a text of his poems, will prove helpful to current readers. Since the issues are complex, the only way to begin to air them justly is by means of such a text.

Ironically, Yeats was a candidate for Dowden's position at TCD when the professor retired, but the prospect vanished in favor of the younger Thomas MacDonagh, whose own first effort as a published poet, *Through the Ivory Gate* (1903), was a patent imitation of early Yeats, to whom MacDonagh dedicated this book. When Yeats failed in his appointment to the TCD post, JBY conceded to Dowden himself that he was relieved to hear the news: "In the first place he [WBY] is naturally conservative & a very conservative & I don't want to see that side of his character developed—I would rather keep him in the ranks down among the poor soldiers fighting for sincerity & truth" (qtd. Richard Ellmann, *Yeats: The Man and the Masks* 181-2).

In one of Dowden's last letters, he wrote to J. B. Yeats about something Mrs. Dowden undoubtedly would have associated with his "sensuousness of capacities" and the "great spiritual and mystical forces of literature" that became invested in his poetry and with which she associated the influence of Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Browning (though no disciple), and Whitman (*Poems* [1914] xvvi, xvii). Dowden recalled:

Last Sunday, one of my visitors held forth on Christianity as a religion of sorrow, and all its art the product of the paganism in it. I mentioned, from a somewhat detached point of view, that it was a religion of joy—but since then I have read an article in the *British Review* on W. B. Yeats, "Fairies," in which the writer admiringly mentions that W. B. Y.'s God is joy, and that W. B. Y. is a Pagan. The Fairies, who sided neither with God nor Satan, are without souls and signify the passion of and for Joy in the Universe. The writer is a great admirer of the Poet. I, on the contrary, think that Paganism had become a very melancholy thing in its period of stoicism.... But I mention this only as an ascertainable historical fact, not as a dogmatic truth.

With characteristic charm and good humor, he closed on a textual metaphor: "I didn't know what nonsense I was going to spin when I took up my fountain pen, and I have spun enough. But my letter has the merit of being legible. So indeed have your letters. All the strokes and loops in what you scribble are present in idea" (*Letters of Edward Dowden* 388-89).



The text for *The Critical Edition of the Complete Poetry* is based on a number of works, all out of copyright since, at the latest, 1964. The last editions of Dowden's poetry appeared, in the year after his death, in 1914. His last descendent, Dolly Robinson, the wife of Abbey Theatre director Lennox Robinson, died a few years ago; and J. M. Dent and Sons confirm that Dowden's poetry is in the public domain. Macmillan, who became Dowden's publisher (see BL. Add. Ms. 55029 [Macmillan Archive], letter of 5 June 1885) and the authority acknowledged for permitting inclusion of Noble's selection in the Miles anthology, no longer exercises an interest in his work. The Dent edition of *A Woman's Reliquary* (1914) assumed the rights of the Cuala Press edition (1913)—although the latter series, including the Dowden volume, was reissued by Anne and Michael Yeats after 1964. I find the Cuala Press edition worth considering on variants but have used the Dent edition as a base text since in most instances it provides the better text and is the latest edition to be directed through to publication by Mrs. Dowden. Similarly, *Poems* (Dent, 1914) provides the most thorough guide on arrangement and content, after considering the Henry King editions of 1876 and 1877 (rev.), and differs mainly from its predecessors in the addition of forty-six poems not in *A Woman's Reliquary* but written between 1877 and 1913.

The dates of individual poems are given in the apparatus when known, including the place of composition whenever possible. Dating the poems is not always possible; but as I read in the Contents of *Poems* 1914 (upon authority of Mrs. Dowden) and in annotated copies of *Poems* 1876 and 1877 at Kansas State University and the University of Kansas, respectively, Dowden's arrangement and order of poems was thematic and, to a degree, qualitative (that is, he shifted forward later work, as his letters tell us, when he judged it better than earlier work, which, for the obverse reason, he dispersed nearer the end of the book). Twenty years ago, I discovered the KSU annotated copy of *Poems* in open stacks of the Farrell Library and, recognizing what it was, had it moved to Special Collections. The pencilled notations in Dowden's hand give exact dates for 85 of the poems. Although these dates were not added to the 1877 second edition, which was revised very little as the collations in Part 1 of the present edition demonstrate, the dates were employed parenthetically in the table of contents of the 1914 Dent edition, complemented by nearly identical dates that she found in her own author-annotated copy of *Poems* 1877. These annotated copies, as well as the poetry notebook at the University of Texas from which their authority derives, are cited on p. 1 (below) and in the notes of Part 1. Sixty poems in the KSU copy are dated by month, day, and year; nine by month and year; and fifteen by year only. In one instance, "To a Year," the date is given in the KSU copy as January 1, 1873, whereas E.D.D. gives the date as December 31, 1872, the discrepancy of a day.

In her Preface of 1914, Mrs. Dowden discloses a sad fact about the Henry S. King edition on which stood almost all public knowledge of his work as a poet:

...[A] great many people, to whom the author's prose works are well known, have never even heard that he had written poetry. This is due in a measure to the fact that the published book of his poems only got into circulation by its first small edition. Its second edition found a silent apotheosis in flame at a great fire at the publisher's in London, in which nearly the whole of it perished. (xii)

The mostly perished inventory of the second edition carried broadly positive notices quoted from reviews appearing in *The Spectator*, *The Examiner*, *The Westminster Review*, *The Pall*



Mall Gazette, and *The Argus*, three of which reviewers wondered if the promise of this first book of poetry would be fulfilled by even better work to come. The “apotheosis in flame” was therefore ironic.

- Mr Dowden shows a true poetic touch, which we do not say will win him a permanent place in English literature,—for that he must do more and loom larger on the mind of the present distracted generation than this little volume would accomplish for him,—but which we do venture to say is of the *kind* to win him such a place, if he can produce more volumes as pure and rare and delicate in flavour as this is. (*The Spectator*)
- Whether Mr Dowden will make any very striking or very immediate success with his poems we venture to doubt, for these are busy times, and more good verse is written than is read. But we do not think that what success he does attain will be ephemeral, but that whoever once reads his book will keep it, and re-read it with increased appreciation. (*The Examiner*)
- Mr Dowden’s next volume of verse will be looked forward to with anxious expectation. In him we fancy we discern a poet who will unite Browning’s vigorous power with Tennyson’s sweetness and clearness of expression. (*Westminster Review*)

With the addition of “Miscellaneous Poems of Later Dates” in 1914, Mrs. Dowden preserved the order of her husband’s early work but imposed a partly chronological arrangement on that and future editions of Dowden’s verse. She was ambitious to revive Dowden’s reputation as a poet. And Dent actually advertised a two-volume *Poetical Works of Edward Dowden*, counting its remake of the “old volume of *Edward Dowden’s Poems of 1876*” as one, with the “additions” just mentioned, and counting *A Woman’s Reliquary* as the other. The present SCR edition is therefore quasi-chronological: being strictly chronological in a tripartite divisional arrangement (i.e., “from *Poems*,” “Miscellaneous Poems of Later Dates,” and “*A Woman’s Reliquary*”), followed by a short section entitled “Uncollected Verses,” while maintaining sequences the poet designed. The division of “Uncollected Verses” is chronological according to the dates of publication, and this section is small because E.D.D. had laid her hands on almost all of the already published poetry, save for that of a more ephemeral nature—for example, that published in TCD anthologies such as *Kottabos I* and *II* and, conjecturally, in *The Irish Monthly* to accompany a review of his work.

BACKGROUND FOR THE EDITION

A collected edition of Dowden’s poetry is the logical next step forward from scholarship which began nipping away at the least visible features of Yeats’s life with Joseph Hone’s biography of 1943 and Richard Ellmann’s seminal work, *Yeats: the Man and the Masks* (1948). There Dowden’s role as mentor is identified but not developed appreciably more than would be noticed in anyone’s reading of Yeats’s *Autobiographies*. The memoirs of Yeats’s friends Charles Johnston and John Eglinton (i.e. William K. Magee, a Dowden ally in the debate with Young Ireland in the 1890s) introduce slightly more



detail, as do historical contributions by Maurice Elliott and F. S. L. Lyons. Fuller treatments of this kind—in the dissertation of Kathryn Ludwigson (later a book in Twayne’s English Authors Series), in Phillip Marcus’s history of Yeats and the Celtic revival, in Jean Moorcroft Wilson’s life of William Watson, and in William Murphy’s exemplary biography of J. B. Yeats—all demonstrate need for someone to write, eventually, a full-length life of Dowden, the necessary first step of which is to put before the public this new, complete, indexed, and fully searchable edition of his poetry, because it is the poetry that bears directly on the riddle some of us have been working on with respect to the poetic apprenticeship of W. B. Yeats.

Nothing of note has appeared on the poems themselves since Lily Marshall’s pamphlet appeared, *The Letters and Poems of Edward Dowden* (1914), little more than a badly printed hagiographic review of twenty-two pages. Publication of Philip Edwards’ “Shakespeare and the Politics of the Irish Revival” (which gives a torrid, if contestible, reading of Dowden’s poem “Exchange of Sex”), of my entry “Dowden, Edward (1843-1913)” in *The 1890s: An Encyclopedia of British Literature, Art, and Culture* (ed. G.A. Cevasco, 1993) and chapter 3 of my my book *Yeats and English Renaissance Literature* amount to the laying of a modest pavement, at least, for the present edition of poems. It is hoped that literary scholarship in British Victorian and Anglo-Irish lyric poetry will carry on from here, aided by a new instrument and its textual apparatus.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In the year 1990, my wife, Janet M. Manson, and I enjoyed seven months of multi-tasked research at the University of London (Royal Holloway and Bedford New College), courtesy of two Fulbright postdoctoral fellowships. While she finished her book on the U.S. diplomatic response to German U-boat warfare and I finished my first book on Yeats, we worked together on Leonard Woolf’s development as a political thinker and I began piecing in work on Dowden and other subjects. Hence my wife is the first person entitled to thanks. Later, my research on Dowden became a matter of serendipity in connection with Yeats.

Although it has been many years since I began research on this subject, I recall receiving assistance from a number of colleagues, independent scholars, and archivists, including Ernest Bates, Margaret Conrow, Philip Edwards, Warwick Gould, James Helyar, Cathy Henderson, Virginia Hyde, Stanton Linden, Sandy Mason, Christina Hunt Mahony, William M. Murphy, Virginia Renner, and Deirdre Toomey. Also, more recently and with various degrees of complicity, the following students in Clemson University’s Writing and Publication Studies program enrolled in my course on literary editing, in the fall of 2009, and undertook the collation of textual variants under my supervision: Carolyn Bennett, Ashley Black, Stephanie Cox, Jefferson Donaldson, Collin Engelberger, Whitney Farrow, Victoria Jackson, Stephen Johnson, Jordan McKenzie, Leanna Moxley, Alexia Murdock, Kelly Murray, Kelly Riddle, Sean Rollins, Daniel Schutzman, Jennifer Soowal, and Meredith Spivey. Consequently, of great help in the assembly of the whole were my assistants Christina Cook and Carrie Kolb. My daughter, Charis Chapman, is responsible for providing technical expertise and for launching the PDF facsimile of the book as a special online issue of *The South Carolina Review*, the journal’s first of several projected in that medium. The Dowden issue will be followed by *Writing Modern Ireland* (SCR 43.1), guest-edited by Catherine Paul in autumn 2010, in the Bibliographic Studies series at Clemson University Digital Press.



Part 1—from Poems

(based on the 1914 Dent edition)

Annotated books and manuscripts cited in the notes for dates and title changes—

- Texas MS* Edward Dowden. Poetry notebook. Harry Ransom Center, University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
- KSU* Edward Dowden. *Poems*. London: Henry S. King, 1876. Annotated copy. Kansas State University Library (Special Collections). [E.D.'s copy]
- UK* Edward Dowden. *Poems*. London: Henry S. King, 1877. Annotated copy. Kenneth Spencer Research Library, University of Kansas. [E.D.D.'s copy]

Published sources cited in notes and collations (listed by date)—

- Kottabos I (1869-74)* *Kottabos* (Dublin). Volume I (1869–1874).
- P1876* Edward Dowden. *Poems*. London: Henry S. King, 1876.
- P1877* Edward Dowden. *Poems*. Second Edition. London: Henry S. King, 1877.
- LHS (1879)* *Lyra Hibernica Sacra* (2nd edn.). Ed. W. MacIlwaine. Belfast: M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr, 1879.
- Hibernia (June 1882)* *Hibernia* (Dublin). June 1882 (the second of four issues in all).
- PPNC (1891)* *The Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century*. Ed. Alfred H. Miles (1891; rev. London: George Routledge & Sons, 1906).
- IL (1904)* *Irish Literature*. Volume III. Ed. Justin McCarthy et al. Philadelphia: John D. Morris, 1904.
- DBIV (1906)* *The Dublin Book of Irish Verse*. Ed. John Cooke. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis; London: Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press, 1909.
- P1914* Edward Dowden. *Poems*. London and Toronto: J. M. Dent, 1914.



THE WANDERER

- 1 I cast my anchor nowhere (the waves whirled
- 2 My anchor from me); East and West are one
- 3 To me; against no winds are my sail furled;
- 4 —Merely my planet anchors to the Sun.

THE FOUNTAIN

(AN INTRODUCTION TO THE SONNETS)

- 1 Hush, let the fountain murmur dim
- 2 Melodious secrets; stir no limb,
- 3 But lie along the marge and wait,
- 4 Till deep and pregnant as with fate,
- 5 Fine as a star-beam, crystal-clear,
- 6 Each ripple grows upon the ear.
- 7 This is that fountain seldom seen
- 8 By mortal wanderer,—Hippocrene,—
- 9 Where the virgins three times three,
- 10 Thy singing brood, Mnemosyne,
- 11 Loosen'd the girdle, and with grave
- 12 Pure joy their faultless bodies gave
- 13 To sacred pleasure of the wave.
- 14 Listen! the lapsing waters tell
- 15 The urgency uncontrollable
- 16 Which makes the trouble of their breast,
- 17 And bears them onward with no rest
- 18 To ampler skies and some grey plain
- 19 Sad with the tumbling of the main.
- 20 But see, a sidelong eddy slips
- 21 Back into the soft eclipse
- 22 Of day, while careless fate allows,
- 23 Darkling beneath still olive boughs;
- 24 Then with chuckle liquid sweet

23 olive boughs;] olive-boughs; *P1876, P1877*

24 liquid sweet] liquid-sweet *P1876, P1877*

The Wanderer dated "Sept 22, 1872" in *KSU*, "Sept 22nd 1872" in *UK*; Sept. 1872 *P1914*

The Fountain dated "September 12, 1873" in *KSU* and "Sept 12 1873" in *UK*; Sept. 1873 *P1914*

8 Hippocrene is the name of the fountain on Mt. Helion that was sacred to the Muses and, according to the myth, was built by the hooves of Pegasus. The water supposedly brings forth poetic inspiration when drunk.

10 Mnemosyne is the personification of memory in Greek mythology. She presided over a river in Hades from which dead souls would drink so as to not remember their past lives upon reincarnation.

25 Coils within its shy retreat;
26 This is mine, no wave of might,
27 But pure and live with glimmering light;
28 I dare not follow that broad flood
29 Of Poesy, whose lustihood
30 Nourishes mighty lands, and makes
31 Resounding music for their sakes;
32 I lie beside the well-head clear
33 With musing joy, with tender fear,
34 And choose for half a day to lean
35 Thus on my elbow where the green
36 Margin-grass and silver-white
37 Starry buds, the wind's delight,
38 Thirsting steer, nor goat-hoof rude
39 Of the branch-sundering Satyr brood
40 Has ever pashed; now, now, I stoop,
41 And in hand-hollow dare to scoop
42 This scantling from the delicate stream;
43 It lies as quiet as a dream,
44 And lustrous in my curvèd hand.
45 Were it a crime if this were drain'd
46 By lips which met the noonday blue
47 Fiery and emptied of its dew?
48 Crown me with small white marish-flowers!
49 To the good Dæmon, and the Powers
50 Of this fair haunt I offer up
51 In unprofanèd lily-cup
52 Libations; still remains for me
53 A bird's drink of clear Poesy;
54 Yet not as light bird comes and dips
55 A pert bill, but with reverent lips
56 I drain this slender trembling tide;
57 O sweet the coolness at my side,
58 And, lying back, to slowly pry
59 For spaces of the upper sky
60 Radiant 'twixt woven olive leaves;
61 And, last, while some fair show deceives

39 Satyr is a troop of male companions of Pan and Dionysus that roamed the woods and mountains. Often associated with sex drive.

49 Daimon and the Powers are roughly the forces of Good and Evil in Classical Greek mythology.



62 The closing eyes, to find a sleep
63 As full of healing and as deep
64 As on toil-worn Odysseus lay
65 Surge-swept to his Ionian bay.

IN THE GALLERIES

I. THE APOLLO BELVEDERE

1 Radiance invincible! Is that the brow
2 Which gleamed on Python while thy arrow sped?
3 Are those the lips for Hyacinthus dead
4 That grieved? Wherefore a God indeed art thou:
5 For all we toil with ill, and the hours bow
6 And break us, and at best when we have bled,
7 And are much marred, perchance propitiated
8 A little doubtful victory they allow:
9 We sorrow, and thenceforth the lip retains
10 A shade, and the eyes shine and wonder less.
11 O joyous Slayer of evil things! O great
12 And splendid Victor! God, whom no soil stains
13 Of passion or doubt, or grief or languidness,
14 —Even to worship thee I come too late.

64 Odysseus is the mythological main character in Homer's *The Odyssey*. He is the king of Ithaca who famously took ten years to return home after the Trojan War.

1. *The Apollo Belvedere* dated "1876" in *Texas MS* but "1868" in *KSU*
title Apollo Belvedere is a marble structure from Classical Antiquity that demonstrates the ideals of aesthetic perfection.

2 Python, in Greek mythology, is the earth-dragon of Delphi.

3 Hyacinthus is a beautiful youth who causes a feud between Apollo and Zephyrus. Out of jealousy of Hyacinthus's preference of Apollo, Zephyrus blows Apollo's discus off course which kills Hyacinthus. Zeus, then, does not allow Hades to claim the body of the young man, but instead creates the flower, Hyacinthus, from his blood.



II. THE VENUS OF MELOS

1 Goddess, or woman nobler than the God,
2 No eyes a-gaze upon Ægean seas
3 Shifting and circling past their Cyclades
4 Saw thee. The Earth, the gracious Earth, was trod
5 First by thy feet, while round thee lay her broad
6 Calm harvests, and great kine, and shadowing trees,
7 And flowers like queens, and a full year's increase,
8 Clusters, ripe berry, and the bursting pod.
9 So thy victorious fairness, unallied
10 To bitter things or barren, doth bestow
11 And not exact; so thou art calm and wise;
12 Thy large allurements saves; a man may grow
13 Like Plutarch's men by standing at thy side,
14 And walk thenceforward with clear-visioned eyes!

title Venus of Melos is a broken marble statue of the Greek fertility goddess Aphrodite (or Venus in the Roman pantheon) found in a cave by a peasant in 1820, on the island of Melos. Usually known as the *Venus de Milo*, the original resides in the Louvre in Paris although miniatures and full-scale replicas have become popular throughout the world.



III. ANTINOUS CROWNED AS BACCHUS

(IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM)

1 Who crowned thy forehead with the ivy wreath
2 And clustered berries burdening the hair?
3 Who gave thee godhood, and dim rites? Beware
4 O beautiful, who breathest mortal breath,
5 Thou delicate flame great gloom environeth!
6 The gods are free, and drinks a stainless air,
7 And lightly on calm shoulders they upbear
8 A weight of joy eternal, nor can Death
9 Cast o'er their sleep the shadow of her shrine.
10 O thou confessed too mortal by the o'er-fraught
11 Crowned forehead, must thy drooped eyes ever see
12 The glut of pleasure, those pale lips of thine
13 Still suck a bitter-sweet satiety,
14 Thy soul descend through cloudy realms of thought?

1 ivy wreath] ivy-wreath *P1876, P1877*

Dated "Feb. 25, 1873" in *KSU* and *UK*; Feb. 1873 *P1914*

Antinous: named for a member of the Roman Emperor Hadrian's entourage who was deified after his death and depicted as the Roman God, Bacchus, who was the god of fertility.



IV. LEONARDO'S "MONNA LISA"

1 Make thyself known, Sibyl, or let despair
 2 Of knowing thee be absolute; I wait
 3 Hour-long and waste a soul. What word of fate
 4 Hides 'twixt the lips which smile and still forbear?
 5 Secret perfection! Mystery too fair!
 6 Tangle the sense no more lest I should hate
 7 Thy delicate tyranny, the inviolate
 8 Poise of thy folded hands, thy fallen hair.
 9 Nay, nay,—I wrong thee with rough words; still be
 10 Serene, victorious, inaccessible;
 11 Still smile but speak not; lightest irony
 12 Lurk ever 'neath thine eyelids' shadow; still
 13 O'ertop our knowledge; Sphinx of Italy
 14 Allure us and reject us at they will!

2 absolute;] absolute: *PPNC* (1891)

8 thy] the *PPNC* (1891), *IL* (1904)

Dated "Dec. 10, 1872" in *KSU* and *UK*.

The following footnote was printed below the poem, which was anticipated by a black-and-white image of Leonardo's painting: "This famous painting, sometimes called *La Gioconda*, was bought by Francis I for four thousand gold florins and is now one of the glories of the Louvre. In *Madonna Lisa* the artist seems to have a sitter whose features possessed a singular degree the intellectual charm in which he delighted, and in whose smile was realized that inward, haunting, mysterious expression which had been ideal. It is said that he worked at her portrait during some portion of four successive years, causing music to be played during the sittings, that the rapt expressions might not fade from her countenance." *IL* (1904)



V. ST. LUKE PAINTING THE VIRGIN

(BY VAN DER WEYDEN)

1 It was Luke's will; and she, the mother-maid,
2 Would not gainsay; to please him pleased her best;
3 See, here she sits with dovelike heart at rest
4 Brooding, and smoothest brow; the babe is laid
5 On lap and arm, glad for the unarrayed
6 And swatheless limbs he stretches; lightly pressed
7 By soft maternal fingers the full breast
8 Seeks him, while half a sidelong glance is stayed
9 By her own bosom and half passes down
10 To reach the boy. Through doors and window-frame
11 Bright airs flow in; a river tranquilly
12 Washes the small, glad Netherlandish town.
13 Innocent calm! no token here of shame,
14 A pierced heart, sunless heaven, and Calvary.

Dated "April 26, 1872" in *KSU* and *UK*.

title *St. Luke Painting the Virgin* depicts the Christian belief that it was St. Luke who first created the image of Madonna and the Child.

subtitle Rogier van der Weyden (c. 1399/1400–1464) is a painter from the Netherlands, a "Dutch Master.

ON THE HEIGHTS

1 Here are the needs of manhood satisfied!
 2 Sane breath, amplitude for soul and sense,
 3 The noonday silence of the summer hills,
 4 And this embracing solitude; o'er all
 5 The sky unsearchable, which lays its claim,—
 6 A large redemption not to be annulled,—
 7 Upon the heart; and far below, the sea
 8 Breaking and breaking, smoothly, silently.
 9 What need I any further? Now once more
 10 My arrested life begins, and I am man
 11 Complete with eye, heart, brain, and that within
 12 Which is the centre and the light of being;
 13 O dull! Who morning after morning chose
 14 Never to climb these gorse and heather slopes
 15 Cairn-crowned, but last within one seaward nook
 16 Wasted my soul on the ambiguous speech
 17 And slow eye-mesmerism of rolling waves,
 18 Courting oblivion of the heart. True life
 19 That was not which possessed me while I lay
 20 Prone on the perilous edge, mere eye and ear,
 21 Staring upon the bright monotony,
 22 Having let slide all force from me, each thought
 23 Yield to the vision of the gleaming blank,
 24 Each nerve of motion and of sense grow numb,
 25 Till to the bland persuasion of some breeze,
 26 Which played across my forehead and my hair,
 27 The lost volition would efface itself,
 28 And I was mingled wholly in the sound
 29 Of tumbling billow and upjetting surge,
 30 Long reluctance, welter and reflux moan,
 31 And the reverberating tumultuousness
 32 'Mid shelf and hollow and angle black with spray.
 33 Yet under all oblivion there remained
 34 A sense of some frustration, a pale dream
 35 Of Nature mocking man, and drawing down,
 36 As streams draw down the dust of gold, his will,
 37 His thought and passion to enrich herself
 38 The insatiable devourer.

Welcome earth,

39 My natural heritage! and this soft turf,

40 These rocks which no insidious ocean saps,
 41 But the wide air flows over, and the sun
 42 Illumines. Take me, Mother, to thy breast,
 43 Gather me close in tender, sustinent arms,
 44 Lay bare thy bosom's sweetness and its strength
 45 That I may drink vigour and joy and love.
 46 Oh, infinite composure of the hills!
 47 Thou large simplicity of this fair world,
 48 Candour and calmness, with no mockery,
 49 No soft frustration, flattering sigh or smile
 50 Which masks a tyrannous purpose; and ye Powers
 51 Of these sky-circled heights, and Presences
 52 Awful and strict, I find you favourable,
 53 Who seek not to exclude me or to slay,
 54 Rather accept my being, take me up
 55 Into your silence and your peace. Therefore
 56 By him whom ye reject not, gracious Ones,
 57 Pure vows are made that haply he will be
 58 Not all unworthy of the world; he casts
 59 Forth from him, never to resume again,
 60 Veiled nameless things, frauds of the unfilled heart,
 61 Fantastic pleasures, delicate sadnesses,
 62 The lurid, and the curious, and the occult,
 63 Coward sleights and shifts, the manners of the slave,
 64 And long unnatural uses of dim life.
 65 Hence with you! Robes of angels touch these heights
 66 Blown by pure winds and I lay hold upon them.

67 Here is a perfect bell of purple heath,
 68 Made for the sky to gaze at reverently,
 69 As faultless as itself, and holding light,
 70 Glad air and silence in its slender dome;
 71 Small, but a needful moment in the sum
 72 Of God's full joy—the abyss of ecstasy
 73 O'er which we hang as the bright bow of foam
 74 Above the never-filled receptacle
 75 Hangs seven-hued where the endless cataract leaps.

76 O now I guess why you have summoned me,
 77 Headlands and heights, to your companionship;
 78 Confess that I this day am needful to you!
 79 The heavens were loaded with great light, the winds



80 Brought you calm summer from a hundred fields,
 81 All night the stars had pricked you to desire,
 82 The imminent joy at its full season flowered,
 83 There was a consummation, the broad wave
 84 Topped and fell. And had ye voice for this?
 85 Sufficient song to unburden the urged breast?
 86 A pastoral pipe to play? a lyre to touch?
 87 The brightening glory of the heath and gorse
 88 Could not appease your passion, nor the cry
 89 Of this wild bird that flits from bush to bush.
 90 Me therefore you required, a voice for song,
 91 A pastoral pipe to play, a lyre to touch
 92 I recognize your bliss to find me here;
 93 The sky at morning when the sun upeaps
 94 Demands her atom of intense melody,
 95 Her point of quivering passion and delight,
 96 And will not let the lark's heart be at ease.
 97 Take me, the brain with various, subtile fold,
 98 The breast that knows swift joy, the vocal lips;
 99 I yield you here the cunning instrument
 100 Between your knees; now let the plectrum fall!

“*LA RÉVÉLATION PAR LE DÉSERT*”

“*TOUJOURS LE DÉSERT SE MONTRE À L’HORIZON, QUAND VOUS PRONONCEZ LE NOM DE JÉHOVAH.*” —EDGAR QUINET

1 Beyond the places haunted by the feet
 2 Of thoughts and swift desires, and where the eyes
 3 Of wing'd imaginings are wild, and dreams
 4 Glide by on noiseless plumes, beyond the dim
 5 Veiled sisterhood of ever-circling mists,
 6 Who dip their urns in those enchanted meres
 7 Where all thought fails, and every ardour dies,
 8 And through the vapour dead looms a low moon,
 9 Beyond the fountains of the dawn, beyond
 10 The white home of the morning star, lies spread
 11 A desert lifeless, bright, illimitable,

“*La Révélation par le Désert*” dated “May 29-30 1872” in *KSU, UK*; Feb. 1873 *P1914*
title and *epigraph* by French historian, intellectual, and poet, Edgar Quinet (1803–1875).
 Dowden has a chapter on Quinet in *Studies in Literature 1789-1877* (6th edition; London: Kegan Paul, Trench,
 Trübner, 1892), 357-91. Dowden gives his source as “‘Edgar Quinet, sa Vie et son Œuvre,’ by M. Chassin”
 (376n).

12 The world's confine, o'er which no sighing goes
13 From weary winds of Time.

I sat me down

14 Upon a red stone flung on the red sand,
15 In length as great as some sarcophagus
16 Which holds a king, but scribbled with no runes,
17 Bald, and unstained by lichen or grey moss.
18 Save me no living thing in that red land
19 Showed under heaven; no furtive lizard slipped,
20 No desert weed pushed upward the tough spine
21 Or hairy lump, no slow bird was a spot
22 Of moving black on the deserted air,
23 Or stationary shrilled his tuneless cry;
24 No shadow stirr'd, nor luminous haze uprose,
25 Quivering against the blanched blue of the marge.
26 I sat unbonneted, and my throat baked,
27 And my tongue loll'd dogwise. Red sand below,
28 And one unlidded eye above—mere God
29 Blazing from marge to marge. I did not pray,
30 My heart was as a cinder in my breast,
31 And with both hands I held my head which throbb'd.
32 I, who had sought for God, had followed God
33 Through the fair world which stings with sharp desire
34 For him of whom its hints and whisperings are,
35 Its gleams and tingling moments of the night,
36 I, who in flower, and wave, and mountain-wind,
37 And song of bird, and man's diviner heart
38 Had owned the present Deity, yet strove
39 For naked access to his inmost shrine,—
40 Now found God doubtless, for he filled the heaven
41 Like brass, he breathed upon the air like fire.
42 But I, a speck 'twixt the strown sand and sky,
43 Being yet an atom of pure and living will,
44 And perdurable as any God of brass,
45 With all my soul, with all my mind and strength
46 Hated this God. O, for a little cloud
47 No bigger than a man's hand on the rim,
48 To rise with rain and thunder in its womb,
49 And blot God out! But no such cloud would come.
50 I felt my brain on fire, heard each pulse tick;
51 It was a God to make a man stark mad;
52 I rose with neck out-thrust, and nodding head,
53 While with dry chaps I could not choose but laugh;

54 *Ha, ha, ha, ha*, across the air it rang,
 55 No sweeter than the barking of a dog,
 56 Hard as the echo from an iron cliff;
 57 It must have buffeted the heaven; I ceased,
 58 I looked to see from the mid sky an arm,
 59 And one sweep of the scimitar; I stood;
 60 And when the minute passed with no event,
 61 No doomsman's stroke, no sundering soul and flesh,
 62 When silence dropt its heavy fold on fold,
 63 And God lay yet inert in heaven, or scorn'd
 64 His rebel antic-sized, grotesque,—I swooned.

65 Now when the sense returned my lips were wet,
 66 And cheeks and chin were wet, with a dank dew,
 67 Acrid and icy, and one shadow huge
 68 Hung over me blue-black, while all around
 69 The fierce light glared. O joy, a living thing,
 70 Emperor of this red domain of sand,
 71 A giant snake! One fold, one massy wreath
 72 Arched over me; a man's expanded arms
 73 Could not embrace the girth of this great lord
 74 In his least part, and low upon the sand
 75 His small head lay, wrinkled, a flaccid bag,
 76 Set with two jewels of green fire, the eyes
 77 That had not slept since making of the world.
 78 Whence grew I bold to gaze into such eyes?
 79 Thus gazing each conceived the other's thought,
 80 Aware how each read each; the Serpent mused,
 81 "Are all the giants dead, a long time dead,
 82 Born of the broad-hipped women, grave and tall,
 83 In whom God's sons poured a celestial seed?
 84 A long time dead, whose great deeds filled the earth
 85 With clamour as of beaten shields, all dead,
 86 And Cush and Canaan, Mizraim and Phut,
 87 And the boy Nimrod storming through large lands
 88 Like earthquake through tower'd cities, these depart,
 89 And what remains? Behold, the elvish thing
 90 We raised from out his swoon, this now is man.
 91 The pretty vermin! helpless to conceive
 92 Of great, pure, simple sin, and vast revolt;
 93 The world escapes from deluge these new days,
 94 We build no Babels with the Shinar slime;
 95 What would this thin-legged grasshopper with us,

79 A new stanza begins here in *P1876*, *P1877*. Line 79 occurs at the top of a page in *P1914*, mooting authorial intention.

96 The Dread Ones? Rather let him skip, and chirp
 97 Hymns in his smooth grass to his novel God,
 98 'The Father'; here no bland paternity
 99 He meets, but visible Might blocks the broad sky,
 100 My great Co-mate, the Ancient. Hence! avoid!
 101 What wouldst thou prying on our solitude?
 102 For thee my sly small cousin may suffice,
 103 And sly small bites about the heart and groin;
 104 Hence to his haunt! Yet ere thou dost depart
 105 I mark thee with my sign."

A vibrant tongue

106 Had in a moment pricked upon my brow
 107 The mystic mark of brotherhood, Cain's brand,
 108 But when I read within his eyes the words
 109 "Hence" and "avoid," dim horror seized on me,
 110 And rising, with both arms stretched forth, and head
 111 Bowed earthward, and not turning once I ran;
 112 And what things saw me as I raced by them,
 113 What hands plucked at my dress, what light wings brushed
 114 My face, what waters in my hearing seethed,
 115 I know not, till I reached familiar lands,
 116 And saw grey clouds slow gathering for the night,
 117 Above sweet fields, whence the June mowers strolled
 118 Homewards with girls who chatted down the lane.

119 Is this the secret lying round the world?
 120 A Dread One watching with unliddeed eye
 121 Slow century after century from his heaven,
 122 And that great lord, the worm of the red plain,
 123 Cold in mid sun, strenuous, untameable,
 124 Coiling his solitary strength along
 125 Slow century after century, conscious each
 126 How in the life of his Arch-enemy
 127 He lives, how ruin of one confounds the pair,—
 128 Is this the eternal dual mystery?
 129 One Source of being, Light, or Love, or Lord,
 130 Whose shadow is the brightness of the world,
 131 Still let thy dawns and twilights glimmer pure
 132 In flow perpetual from hill to hill,
 133 Still bathe us in thy tides of day and night;
 134 Wash me at will a weed in thy free wave,
 135 Drenched in the sun and air and surge of Thee.

98 'The Father';] 'The Father;' P1876, P1877 102/103 sly, small] sly small P1876, P1877 104 depart] depart, P1876 109 "Hence" ... "avoid,"] 'Hence' ... 'avoid,' P1876, P1877

129 A new stanza paragraph begins here in P1876, P1877.

THE MORNING STAR

I

- 1 Backward betwixt the gates of the steepest heaven,
 2 Faint from the insupportable advance
 3 Of light confederate in the East, is driven
- 4 The starry chivalry, the helm and lance,
 5 Which held keen ward upon the shadowy plain,
 6 Yield to the stress and stern predominance
- 7 Of Day; no wanderer morning-moon awane
 8 Floats through disheveled clouds, exanimate,
 9 In disarray, with gaze of weariest pain;
- 10 O thou, sole Splendour, sprung to vindicate
 11 Night's ancient fame, thou in dread strife serene,
 12 With back-blown locks, joyous yet desperate
- 13 Flamest; from whose pure ardour Earth doth win
 14 High passionate pangs, thou radiant paladin.

II

- 15 NAY; strife must cease in song: far-sent and clear
 16 Piercing the silence of this summer morn
 17 I hear thy swan-song rapturous; I hear
- 18 Life's ecstasy; sharp cries of flames which burn
 19 With palpitating joy, intense and pure,
 20 From altars of the universe, and yearn
 [stanza break]

10 thou,] thou *P1876*
 23 investiture.] investiture *P1876, P1877*
 34 infinity.] infinity *P1876, P1877*
 36 cloud,] cloud *P1876*
 40 loud,] loud *P1876*

The Morning Star I. [at beginning]: "Aug 23 1873 / Sept 15 1873" *KSU*

The Morning Star II. [at ending]: "Aug 23 / Sept 15 - 1873" *UK*; Aug. 1873 *P1914*

14 A "Paladin" is a type of knight, particularly of the court of Charlemagne, later used to describe any chivalrous hero.

31 A "talisman" is an object used as a charm to prevent evil or to bring good fortune, an object thought to have magical properties.



21 In eager spires; and under these the sure
22 Strong ecstasy of Death, in phrase too deep
23 For thought, too bright for dim investiture.

24 Of mortal words, and sinking more than sleep
25 Down holier places of the soul's delight;
26 Cry, through the quickening dawn, to us who creep

27 'Mid dreams and dews of the dividing night,
28 Thou searcher of the darkness and the light.

III

29 I seek thee, and thou art not; for the sky
30 Has drawn thee in upon her breast to be
31 A hidden talisman, while light soars high,

32 Virtuous to make wide heaven's tranquillity
33 More tranquil, and her steadfast truth more true,
34 Yea even her overbowed infinity.

35 Of tenderness, when o'er wet woods the blue
36 Shows past white edges of a sundering cloud,
37 More infinitely tender. Day is new,

38 Night ended; how the hills are overflowed
39 With spaciousness of splendour, and each tree
40 Is touched; only not yet the lark is loud,

41 Since viewless still o'er city and plain and sea
42 Vibrates thy spirit-wingèd ecstasy.

A CHILD'S NOONDAY SLEEP

1 Because you sleep, my child, with breathing light
 2 As heave of the June sea,
 3 Because your lips soft petals dewy-bright
 4 Dispart so tenderly;

 5 Because the slumbrous warmth is on your cheek
 6 Up from the hushed heart sent,
 7 And in this midmost noon when winds are weak
 8 No cloud lies more content;

 9 Because nor song of bird, nor lamb's keen call
 10 May reach you sunken deep,
 11 Because your lifted arm I thus let fall
 12 Heavy with perfect sleep;

 13 Because all will is drawn from you, all power,
 14 And Nature through dark roots
 15 Will hold and nourish you for one sweet hour
 16 Amid her flowers and fruits;

 17 Therefore though tempests gather, and the gale
 18 Through autumn skies will roar,
 19 Though Earth send up to heaven the ancient wail
 20 Heard by dead Gods of yore;

 21 Though spectral faiths contend, and for her course
 22 The soul confused must try,
 23 While through the whirl of atoms and of force
 24 Looms an abandoned sky;

 25 Yet, know I, Peace abides, of earth's wild things
 26 Centre, and ruling thence;
 27 Behold, a spirit folds her budded wings
 28 In confident innocence.

IN THE GARDEN

I. THE GARDEN

1 Past the town's clamour is a garden full
 2 Of loneliness and old greenery; at noon
 3 When birds are hushed, save one dim cushat's croon,
 4 A ripen'd silence hangs beneath the cool
 5 Great branches; basking roses dream and drop
 6 A petal, and dream still; and summer's boon
 7 Of mellow grasses, to be levelled soon
 8 By a dew-drenchèd scythe, will hardly stop
 9 At the uprunning mounds of chestnut trees.
 10 Still let me muse in this rich haunt by day,
 11 And know all night in dusky placidness
 12 It lies beneath the summer, with great ease
 13 Broods in the leaves, and every light wind's stress
 14 Lifts a faint odour down the verdurous way.

II. VISIONS

1 Here I am slave of visions. When noon heat
 2 Strikes the red walls, and their environ'd air
 3 Lies steep'd in sun; when not a creature dare
 4 Affront the fervour, from my dim retreat
 5 Where woof of leaves embowers a beechen seat,
 6 With chin on palm, and wide-set eyes I stare,
 7 Beyond the liquid quiver and the glare,
 8 Upon fair shapes that move on silent feet.
 9 Those Three strait-robed, and speechless as they pass,
 10 Come often, touch the lute, nor heed me more
 11 Than birds or shadows heed; that naked child
 12 Is dove-like Psyche slumbering in deep grass;
 13 Sleep, sleep, — he heeds thee not, yon Sylvan wild
 14 Munching the russet apple to its core.

In The Garden I. *The Garden*: "22 June 1867" *KSU*; "1867" *UK*; 1867 *P1914* The poem is entitled "A garden" and dated "1876" beside title in pencil in *Texas MS*.

3 A cushat is a type of pigeon with white patches on its wings and neck.

II. Visions dated "1866" *UK*; 1866 *P1914*

9 "Those Three" may refer to The Three Graces, goddesses of charm, beauty, nature, creativity, and fertility in Greek mythology.

12 Psyche refers to the lover of cupid, from Greek mythology. Although hated by Venus, cupid's mother and the goddess of love, she was eventually allowed to marry cupid and was granted immortality.

13 "Sylvan" means related to the woods or forest.

III. AN INTERIOR

1 The grass around my limbs is deep and sweet;
2 Yonder the house has lost its shadow wholly,
3 The blinds are dropped, and softly now and slowly
4 The day flows in and floats; a calm retreat
5 Of tempered light where fair things fair things meet;
6 White busts and marble Dian make it holy,
7 Within a niche hangs Dürer's Melancholy
8 Brooding; and, should you enter, there will greet
9 Your sense with vague allurements effluence faint
10 Of one magnolia bloom; fair fingers draw
11 From the piano Chopin's heart-complaint;
12 Alone, white-robed she sits; a fierce macaw
13 On the verandah, proud of plume and paint,
14 Screams, insolent despot, showing beak and claw.

7 Dürer's] Durer's *P1876*

III. An Interior "1871" *KSU, UK*

6 "marble Dian" probably refers to a marble statue of Diana, Roman goddess of the hunt. She is associated with wild animals, the woodland, the moon, and the virtue of chastity.

7 "Durer's Melancholy," or *Melencolia I*, is a drawing by the German Renaissance artist Albrecht Durer (1471-1528). It contains symbols of alchemy and mathematics, and is said to portray the dangers of obsessive study, although there are many interpretations.

11 "Chopin's heart-complaint" refers to Frederic Chopin (1810-1849), a Polish pianist and composer of the Romantic period. He died of pulmonary tuberculosis.

IV. THE SINGER

1 "That was the thrush's last good-night," I thought,
 2 And heard the soft descent of summer rain
 3 In the drooped garden leaves; but hush! again
 4 The perfect iterance, — freer than unsought
 5 Odours of violets dim in woodland ways,
 6 Deeper than coilèd waters laid a-dream
 7 Below mossed ledges of a shadowy stream,
 8 And faultless as blown roses in June days.
 9 Full-throated singer! art thou thus anew
 10 Voiceful to hear how round theyself alone
 11 The enrichèd silence drops for thy delight
 12 More soft than snow, more sweet than honey-dew?
 13 Now cease: the last faint western streak is gone,
 14 Stir not the blissful quiet of the night.

1 thought,] thought *PI877*

7 stream,] stream *PPNC (1891)*

9 anew] anew, *PPNC (1891)*

11 for thy delight] for our delight *PPNC (1891)*

V. A SUMMER MOON

1 Queen-moon of this enchanted summer night,
 2 One virgin slave companioning thee, — I lie
 3 Vacant to thy possession as this sky
 4 Conquered and calmed by thy rejoicing might;
 5 Swim down through my heart's deep, thou dewy bright
 6 Wanderer of heaven, till thought must faint and die,
 7 And I am made all thine inseparably,
 8 Resolved into the dream of thy delight.
 9 Ah no! the place is common for her feet,
 10 Not here, not here, —beyond the amber mist,
 11 And breadths of dusky pine, and shining lawn,
 12 And unstirred lake, and gleaming belts of wheat,
 13 She comes upon her Latmos, and has kissed
 14 The sidelong face of blind Endymion.

5 dewy bright] dewy-bright P1876, P1877

V. A Summer Moon "1866" *KSU, UK*; 1866 P1914 The poem was entitled "A summer moon" and dated "1876" at top in ink in *Texas MS*.

13 Latmos, or Latmus appears in Greek mythology as the site of the cave where Selene's consort Endymion lies forever young and beautiful in blissful sleep.

14 "blind Endymion" refers to the mortal shepherd loved by Selene, goddess of the moon. Selene loved how Endymion looked when he was asleep in the cave on Mount Latmos, and she asked Endymion's father Zeus to let him stay that way. Zeus put him into an eternal sleep, and Selene visits him nightly.

VI. A PEACH

1 If any sense in mortal dust remains
 2 When mine has been refined from flower to flower,
 3 Won from the sun all colours, drunk the shower
 4 And delicate winy dews, and gained the gains
 5 Which elves who sleep in airy bells, a-swing
 6 Through half a summer day, for love bestow,
 7 Then in some warm old garden let me grow
 8 To such a perfect, lush, ambrosian thing
 9 As this. Upon a southward-facing wall
 10 I bask, and feel my juices dimly fed
 11 And mellowing, while my bloom comes golden grey:
 12 Keep the wasps from me! but before I fall
 13 Pluck me, white fingers, and o'er two ripe-red
 14 Girl lips O let me richly swoon away!

VII. EARLY AUTUMN

1 If while I sit flatter'd by this warm sun
 2 Death came to me, and kissed my mouth and brow,
 3 And eyelids which the warm light hovers through,
 4 I should not count it strange. Being half won
 5 By hours that with a tender sadness run,
 6 Who would not softly lean to lips which woo
 7 In the Earth's grave speech? Nor could it aught undo
 8 Of Nature's calm observances begun
 9 Still to be here the idle autumn day.
 10 Pale leaves would circle down, and lie unstirr'd
 11 Where'er they fell; the tired wind hither call
 12 Her gentle fellows; shining beetles stray
 13 Up their green courts; and only yon shy bird
 14 A little bolder grow ere evenfall.

VI. A Peach 11 golden grey:] golden-grey: *P1876, P1877*

14 lips] lips, *P1876*

VI. A Peach is entitled "A peach" and dated "1876" in pencil at top beside title but "1865, sept" at bottom in *Texas MS*.

VII. Early Autumn is entitled "An autumn sonnet" and dated "1876" beside title but "September 1870" at end in *Texas MS*.

VIII. LATER AUTUMN

1 This is the year's despair: some wind last night
2 Utter'd too soon the irrevocable word,
3 And the leaves heard it, and the low clouds heard;
4 So a wan morning dawned of sterile light;
5 Flowers drooped, or showed a startled face and white;
6 The cattle cowered, and one disconsolate bird
7 Chirped a weak note; last came this mist and blurred
8 The hills, and fed upon the fields like blight.
9 Ah, why so swift despair! There yet will be
10 Warm noons, the honey'd leavings of the year,
11 Hours of rich musing, ripest autumn's core,
12 And late-heaped fruit, and falling hedge-berry,
13 Blossoms in cottage-crofts, and yet, once more,
14 A song, not less than June's, fervent and clear.

13 cottage-crofts] cottage crofts P1876, P1877

THE HEROINES

HELENA

(TENTH YEAR OF TROY-SIEGE)

1 She stood upon the wall of windy Troy,
 2 And lifted high both arms, and cried aloud
 3 With no man near:—
 “ Troy-town and glory of Greece
 4 Strive, let the flame aspire, and pride of life
 5 Glow to white heat! Great lords be strong rejoice,
 6 Lament, know victory, know defeat—then die;
 7 Fair is the living many-coloured play
 8 Of hates and loves, and fair it is to cease,
 9 To cease from these and all Earth’s comely things.
 10 I, Helena, impatient of a couch
 11 dim-scented, and dark eyes my face had fed,
 12 And soft captivity of circling arms,
 13 come forth to shed my spirit on you, a wind
 14 And sunlight of commingling life and death.
 15 City and tented plain behold who stands
 16 Betwixt you! Seems she worth a play of swords,
 17 And glad expense of rival hopes and Hates?
 18 Have the Gods given a prize which may content,
 19 Who set yours games afoot,—no fictile vase,
 20 But a sufficient goblet of great gold,
 21 Embossed with heroes, filled with perfumed wine?
 22 How! Doubt ye? Thus I draw the robe aside
 23 And bare the breasts of Helen.

Yesterday

24 A mortal maiden I beheld, the light
 25 Tender within her eyes, laying white arms
 26 Around her sire’s mailed breast, and heard her chide
 27 Because his cheek was blood-splashed, —I beheld
 28 And did not wish me her. O, not for this
 29 A God’s blood thronged within my mother’s veins!
 30 For no such tender purpose rose the swan
 31 With ruffled plumes, and hissing in his joy
 32 Flashed up the stream, and held with heavy wings
 33 Leda, and curved the neck to reach her lips,

34 And stayed, nor left her lightly. It is well
35 To have quickened into glory one supreme.
36 wift hour, the century's fiery-hearted bloom,
37 Which falls,—to stand a splendor paramount,
38 A beacon of high hearts and fates of men,
39 A flame blown round by clear, contending winds,
40 Which gladden in the contest and wax strong.
41 Cities of Greece, fair islands, and Troy town,
42 Accept a woman's service; these my hands
43 Hold not the distaff, ply not at the loom;
44 I store from year to year no well-wrought web
45 For daughter's dowry; wide the web I make,
46 Fine-tissued, costly as the Gods desire,
47 Shot with a gleaming woof of lives and deaths,
48 Inwrought with colours flowerlike, piteous, strange.
49 Oblivion yields before me: ye winged years
50 Which make escape from darkness, the red light
51 Of a wild dawn upon your plumes, I stand
52 The mother of the stars and winds of heaven,
53 Your eastern Eos; cry across the storm!
54 Through me man's heart grows wider; little town
55 Asleep in silent sunshine and smooth air,
56 While babe grew man beneath your girdling towers,
57 Wake, wonder, left the eager head alert,
58 Snake-like, and swift to strike, while altar-flame
59 Rises for plighted faith with neighbor town
60 That slept upon the mountain-shelf, and showed
61 A small white temped in the morning sun.
62 Oh, ever one way tending you keen prows
63 Which shear the shadowy waves when stars are faint
65 And break with emulous cries unto the dawn,
65 I gaze and draw you onward; splendid names
66 Lurk in you, and high deeds, and unachieved
67 Virtues, and house-o'erwhelming crimes, while life
68 Leaps in sharp flame ere all be ashes grey.
69 Thus have I willed it ever since the hour
70 When that great lord, the one man worshipful,
71 Whose hands had haled the fierce Hippolyta
72 Lightly form out her throng of martial maids,
73 Would grace his triumph, strength his large joy
74 With splendor of the swan-begotten child,



75 Nor asked a ten years' siege to make acquist
76 Of all her virgin store. No dream that was,—
77 The moonlight in the woods, our singing stream,
78 Eurotas, the sleep panther at my feet,
79 And on my heart a hero's strong right hand.
80 O draught of love immortal! Dastard world
81 Too poor for great exchange of soul, too poor
82 For equal lives made glorious! O too poor
83 For Theseus and for Helena

 Yet now

84 It yields once more a brightness, if no love;
85 Around me flash the tides, and in my ears
86 A dangerous melody and piercing-clear
87 Sing the twin siren-sisters, Death and Life;
88 I rise and gird my spirit for the close.

89 Last night Cassandra cried 'Ruin, ruin, and ruin!'
90 I mocked her not, nor disbelieved; the gloom
91 Gathers, and twilight takes the unwary world.
92 Hold me, ye Gods, a torch across the night,
93 With one long flare blown back o'er tower and town,
94 Till the last things of Troy complete themselves:
95 —Then blackness, and the grey dust of a heart."

ATALANTA

1 "Millanion, seven years ago this day
2 You overcame me by a golden fraud,
3 Traitor, and see I crown your cup with flowers,
4 With violets and white sorrel from dim haunts,—
5 A fair libation—ask you to what God?
6 To Artemis, to Artemis my Queen.

7 Not by my will did you escape the spear
8 Though piteous I might be for your glad life,
9 Husband, and for you foolish love: the Gods
10 Who heard your vows had care of you: I stopped
11 Half toward the beauty of the shining thing
12 Through some blind motion of an instant joy,—
13 As when our babe reached arms to pluck the moon
14 A great, round, fruit between dark apple-boughs,—

15 And half, marking your wile, to fling away
16 Needless advantage, conquer carelessly,
17 And pass the goal with one light finger-touch
18 Just while you leaned forth the bent body's length
19 To reach it. Could I guess I strove with three,
20 With Aphrodite, Eros, and the third—
21 Milanion? There upon the maple-post
22 Your right hand rested: the event had sprung
23 Compete form darkness, and possessed the world
24 Ere yet conceived: upon the edge of doom
25 I stood with foot arrested and blind heart,
26 Aware of nought save some unmastered fate
27 And reddening neck and brow. I heard you cry
28 'Judgment, both umpires!' saw you stand erect,
29 Panting, and with a face so glad, so great
30 It shone through all my dull bewilderment
31 A beautiful uncomprehended joy,
32 One perfect thing and bright in a strange world.
33 But when I looked to see my father shamed,
34 A-choke with rage and words of proper scorn,
35 He nodded, and the beard upon his breast
36 Pulled twice or thrice, well-pleased, and laughed aloud,
37 And while the wrinkles gathered round his eyes
38 Cried ' Girl, well done! My brother's son retain
39 Shrewd head upon your shoulders! Maidens ho!
40 A veil for Atalanta, and a zone
41 Male fingers may unclasp! Lead home the bride,
42 Prepare the nuptial chamber!' At his word
43 My life turned round: too great the shame had grown
44 With all men leagued to mock me. Could I stay,
45 Confront the vulgar gladness of the world
46 At high emprise defeated, a free life
47 Tethered, light dimmed, a virtue singular
48 Subdued to ways of common use and wont?
49 Must I become the men's familiar jest,
50 The comment of the matron-guild? I turned,
51 I sought the woods, sought silence, solitude,
52 Green depths divine, where the soft-footed ounce
53 Lurks, and the light deer comes and drinks and goes,
54 Familiar paths in which the mind might gain

55 Footing, and haply from a vantage-ground
 56 Drive this new fate an arm's-length, hand's-breadth off
 57 A little while, till certitude of sight
 58 And strength returned.

At evening I went back,

59 Walked past the idle groups at gossipry,
 60 sought you, and laid my hand upon your wriest,
 61 Drew you apart, and with no shaken voice
 62 Spoke, while the swift, hard strokes my heart out-beat
 63 Seemed growing audible, 'Milanion,
 64 A am your wife for freedom and fair deeds:
 65 Choose: am I such an one a man could love?
 66 What need you? Some soft song to soothe your life,
 67 Or a clear cry at daybreak?' And I ceased.
 68 How deemed you that first moment? That the Gods
 69 Had changed my heart? That I since morn had grown
 70 Haunter of Aphrodite's golden shrine,
 71 had kneeled before the victress, vowed my vow,
 72 Besought her pardon, 'Aphrodite, grace!
 73 Accept the rueful Atalanta's gifts,
 74 Rose wreaths and snow-white doves?'

In the dim woods

75 There is a sacred place, a solitude
 76 Within their solitude, a heart of strength
 77 Within their strength. The rocks are heaped around
 78 A goblet of great waters ever fed
 79 By one swift stream which flings itself in air
 80 With all the madness, mirth and melody
 81 Of twenty rivulets gathered in the hills
 82 Where might escapes in gladness. Here the trees
 83 Strike deeper roots into the heart of earth,
 84 And hold more high communion with the heavens;
 85 here in the hush of noon the silence broods
 86 More full of vague divinity; the light
 87 Slow-changing and the shadows as they shift
 88 Seem characters of some inscrutable law,
 89 And one who lingers long will almost hope
 90 The secret of the world may be surprised
 91 Ere he depart. It is a haunt beloved
 92 Of Artemis, the echoing rocks have heard
 93 Her laughter and her lore, and the brown stream
 94 Flashed, smitten by the splendor of her limbs.
 95 Hither I came; here turned, and dared confront

96 Pursuing thoughts; here held my life at gaze,
 97 If ruined at least to clear loose wrack away,
 98 Study its lines of bare dismantlement,
 99 And shape a strict despair. With fixed hard lips,
 100 Dry-eyed, I set my face against the stream
 101 To Deal with fate; they play of woven light
 102 Gleaming and glancing on the rippled flood
 103 Grew to a tyranny; and one visioned face
 104 Would glide into the circle of my sight,
 105 Would glide and pass away, so glad, so great
 106 The imminent joy it brought seemed charged with fear.
 107 I rose, paced from trunk to trunk, brief track
 108 This way and that; at least my will maintained
 109 Her law upon my limbs; they needs must turn
 110 At the appointed limit. A keen cry
 111 Rose from heart—"Toils of the world grown strong,
 112 'Yield strength, yield strength to rend them to my hands;
 113 'Be thou apparent, Queen! In dubious ways
 114 'Lo my feet fail; cry down the forest blade,
 115 'Pierce with thry voice the tangle and dark boughs,
 116 'Call, and I follow thee.'

What things made up

117 Memorial for the Prescene of the place
 118 Thenceforth to hold? Only the torrent's leap
 119 Endlessly vibrating, monotonous rhythm
 120 Of the swift footstep pacing to and fro,
 121 Only a soul's reiterated cry
 122 Under the calm, controlling, ancient trees,
 123 And tutelary ward and watch of heaven
 124 Felt through steep inlets which the upper airs
 125 Blew wider.

On the grass as last I lay

126 Seized by a pace divine, I know not how;
 127 Passive, yet never so possessed of power,
 128 Strong, yet content to feel not use my strength
 129 Sustained a babe upon the breats of life
 130 Yet armed with adult will, a shining spear.
 131 O strong deliverance of the larger law
 132 Which strove not with the less! Impetuous youth
 133 Caught up in ampler forced of womanhood!
 134 Co-operant ardours of joined lives! the calls
 135 Of heart to heart in chase of strenuous deeds!

100 stream] stream, *P1876*

128 strength] strength, *P1876, P1877*

136 Virgin and wedded freedom not disjoined,
 137 And loyal married service to my Queen!

138 Husband, have lesser gains these seven good years
 139 Been yours because you chose no gracious maid
 140 Whose hands had woven in the women's room
 141 Many fair garments, while her dreaming heart
 142 Had prescience of the bridal; one whose claims,
 143 Tender exactions feminine, had pleased
 144 Fond husband, one whose gentle gifts had pleased,
 145 Soft playful touches, little amorous words,
 146 Untutored thoughts that widened up toward yours,
 147 With trustful homage of uplifted eyes,
 148 And sweetest sorrows lightly comforted?
 149 Have we two challenged each the other's heart
 150 Too highly? Have our joys been all too large,
 151 No gleaming gems on finger or on neck
 152 A man may turn and touch caressingly,
 153 But ampler than this heaven we stand beneath—
 154 Wide wings of Presences august? Our lives,
 155 Were it not better they had stood apart
 156 A little space, letting the sweet sense grow
 157 Of distance bridged by love? Had that full calm,—
 158 I may not question since you call it true,—
 159 Found in some rightness of a women's will,
 160 Been gladder through perturbing touch of doubt,
 161 By brief unrest made exquisitely aware
 162 Of all its dear possession? Have our eyes
 163 Met with too calm directness—soul to soul
 164 Turned with the unerroneous long regard,
 165 Until no stuff remains for dreams to weave,
 166 Nought but unmeasured faithfulness, clear depths
 167 Pierced by the sun, and yielding to the eye
 168 Which searches, yet no fathoms? Did my lips
 169 Lay on your lips too great a pledge of love
 170 With awe too rapturous? Teach me how I fail,
 171 Recount what things your life has missed through me,
 172 Appease me with new needs; my strength is weak
 173 Trembling toward perfect service.”

In her eyes

174 Tears stood and utterance ceased. Wondering the boy
 175 Parthenopœus stopped his play and gazed.

EUROPA

1 "He stood with head erect fronting the herd;
 2 At the first sight of him I knew the God
 3 And had no fear. The grass is sweet and long
 4 Up the east land backed by a pale blue heaven:
 5 Grey, shining gravel shelves toward the sea
 6 Which sang and sparkled; between these he stood,
 7 Beautiful, with imperious head, firm foot,
 8 And eyes resolved on present victory,
 9 Which swerved not from the full acquit of joy,
 10 Calmly triumphant. Did I see at all
 11 The creamy hide, deep dewlap, little horns,
 12 Or hear the girls describe them? I beheld
 13 Zeus, and the law of my completed life.
 14 Therefore the ravishment of some great calm
 15 Possessed me, and I could not basely start
 16 Or scream; if there was terror in my breast
 17 It was to see the inevitable bliss
 18 In prone descent from heaven; apart I lived
 19 Held in some solitude, intense and clear,
 20 Even while amid the frolic girls I stooped
 21 And praised the flowers we gathered, they and I,
 22 Pink-streaked convolvulus the warm sand bears,
 23 Orchids, dark poppies with the crumpled leaf,
 24 And reeds and giant rushes from a pond
 25 Where the blue dragon-fly shimmers and shifts.
 26 All these were notes of music, harmonies
 27 Fashioned to underlie a resonant song,
 28 Which sang how no more days of flower-culling
 29 Little Europa must desire; henceforth
 30 The large needs of the world resumed her life,
 31 So her least joy must be no trivial thing,
 32 But ordered as the motion of the stars,
 33 Or grand incline of sun-flower to the sun.
 [stanza break]

1 "He] He P1877

5 Grey] Gray P1876, P1877

Europa "Feb 24 1873" *KSU, UK*; 1873 P1914

Europa In Greek mythology, a Phoenician princess who was abducted by Zeus and taken to the island of Crete.

13 Zeus, in Greek mythology, is the ruler of the gods.

34 By this the God was near; my soul waxed strong,
 35 And wider orb'd the vision of the world
 36 As fate drew nigh. He stooped, all gentleness,
 37 Inviting touches of the tender hands,
 38 And wore the wreaths they twisted round his horns
 39 In lordly-playful wise, me all this while
 40 Summoning by great mandates at my heart,
 41 Which silenced every less authentic call,
 42 Away, away, from girlhood, home, sweet friends,
 43 The daily dictates of my mother's will,
 44 Agenor's cherishing hand, and all the ways
 45 Of the calm household. I would fain have felt
 46 Some ruth to part from these, the tender ties
 47 Severing with thrills of passion. Can I blame
 48 My heart for light surrender of things dear,
 49 And hardness of a little selfish soul?
 50 Nay: the decree of joy was over me,
 51 There was the altar, I, the sacrifice
 52 Foredoomed to life, not death; the victim bound
 53 Looked for the stroke, the world's one fact for her,
 54 The blissful consummation: straight to this
 55 Her course had tended from the hour of birth.
 56 Even till this careless morn of maidenhood
 57 A sudden splendour changed to life's high noon:
 58 For this my mother taught me gracious things,
 59 My father's thoughts had dealt with me, for this
 60 The least flower blossomed, the least cloud went by,
 61 All things conspired for this; the glad event
 62 Summed my full past and held it, as the fruit
 63 Holds the fair sequence of the bud and flower
 64 In soft matureness.

Now he bent the knee;

65 I never doubted of my part to do,
 66 Nor lingered idly, since to veil command
 67 In tender invitation pleased my lord;

44 Agenor is a Phoenician king of Tyre and father of Europa.

55 birth.] birth, *P1876*, *P1877*

68 I sat, and round his neck one arm I laid
 69 Beyond all chance secure. Whether my weight
 70 Or the soft pressure of the encircling arm
 71 Quickened in him some unexpected bliss
 72 I know not, but his flight was one steep rush.
 73 O uncontrollable and joyous rage!
 74 O splendour of the multitudinous sea!
 75 Swift foam about my feet, the eager stroke
 76 Of the strong swimmer, new sea-creatures brave,
 77 And uproar of blown conch, and shouting lips
 78 Under the open heaven; till Crete rose fair
 79 With steadfast shining peak, and promontories.

80 Shed not a leaf, O plane-tree, not a leaf,
 81 Let sacred shadow, and slumbrous sound remain
 82 Always, where Zeus looked down upon his bride.”

ANDROMEDA

1 “This is my joy—that when my soul had wrought
 2 Her single victory over fate and fear,
 3 He came, who was deliverance. At the first,
 4 Though the rough-bearded fellows bruised my wrists
 5 Holding them backwards while they drove the bolts,
 6 And stared around my body, workman-like,
 7 I did not argue nor bewail; but when
 8 The flash and dip of equal oars had passed,
 9 And I was left a thing for sky and sea
 10 To encircle, gaze on, wonder at, not save—
 11 The clear resolve which I had grasped and held,
 12 Slipped as a dew-drop slips from some flower-cup
 13 O’erweighted, and I longed to cry aloud
 14 One sharp, great cry, and scatter the fixed will,
 15 In fond self-pity. Have you watched night-long,

Europa 79 steadfast] stedfast *P1876, 1877* 82 bride.”] bride. *P1877*

Andromeda 1 “This] This *P1876, P1877, PPNC (1891)*

Europa 78 Crete is the largest Greek island in the Southern Aegean Sea.

Andromeda 1873 *P1914*

Andromeda In Greek mythology, Andromeda is an Ethiopian princess and daughter of Casseopeia; she was fastened to a rock and exposed to a sea monster sent by Poseidon, but was rescued by Perseus; also, a constellation that contains the Andromeda Galaxy.

16 Above a face from which the life recedes,
 17 And seen death set his seal before the dawn?
 18 You do not shriek and clasp the hands, but just
 19 When morning finds the world once more all good
 20 And ready for wave's leap and swallow's flight,
 21 There comes a drift from undiscovered flowers,
 22 A drone of a sailing bee, a dance of light
 23 Among the awakened leaves, a touch, a tang,
 24 A nameless nothing, and the world turns round,
 25 And the full soul runs over, and tears flow,
 26 And it is seen a piteous thing to die.
 27 So fared it there with me; the ripple ran
 28 Crisp to my feet; the tufted sea-pink bloomed
 29 From a cleft rock, I saw the insects drop
 30 From blossom into blossom; and the wide
 31 Intolerable splendour of the sea,
 32 Calm in a liquid hush of summer morn,
 33 Girdled me, and no cloud relieved the sky.
 34 I had refused to drink the proffered wine
 35 Before they bound me, and my strength was less
 36 Than needful: yet the cry escaped not, yet
 37 My purpose had not fallen abroad in ruin;
 38 Only the perfect knowledge I had won
 39 Of things which fate decreed deserted me,
 40 The vision I had held of life and death
 41 Was blurred by some vague mist of piteousness,
 42 Nor could I lean upon a steadfast will.
 43 Therefore I closed both eyes resolved to search
 44 Backwards across the abysm, and find Death there,
 45 And hold him with my hand, and scan his face
 46 By my own choice, and read his strict intent
 47 On lip and brow,—not hunted to his feet
 48 And cowering slavewise; 'Death,' I whispered, 'Death,'
 49 Calling him whom I needed: and he came.

50 Wherefore record the travail of the soul
 51 Through darkness to grey light, the cloudy war,
 52 The austere calm, the bitter victory?
 53 It seemed that I had mastered fate, and held,
 54 Still with shut eyes, the passion of my heart

21 drift] whiff *P1876*

29 drop] drop, *P1876* rock,] rock; *PPNC (1891)*

44 abysm,] abysm *PPNC (1891)*

48 whispered,] whispered *P1876, P1877...*'Death,' I whispered, 'Death,'] "Death," I whispered,
 "Death," *PPNC (1891)*

55 Compressed, and cast the election of my will
 56 Into that scale made heavy with the woe
 57 Of all the world, and fair relinquished lives.
 58 Suddenly the broad sea was vibrated,
 59 And the air shaken with confused noise
 60 Not like the steadfast splash and creak of oars,
 61 And higher on my foot the ripple slid.
 62 The monster was abroad beneath the sun.
 63 This therefore was the moment—could my soul
 64 Sustain her trial? And the soul replied
 65 A swift, sure ‘Yes’: yet must I look forth once,
 66 Confront my anguish, nor drop blindly down
 67 From horror into horror: and I looked—
 68 O thou deliverance, thou bright victory
 69 I saw thee, and was saved! The middle air
 70 Was cleft by thy impatience of revenge,
 71 Thy zeal to render freedom on things bound:
 72 The conquest sitting on thy brow, the joy
 73 Of thy unerring flight became to me
 74 Nowise mere hope, but full enfranchisement.
 75 A sculptor of the isles has carved the deed
 76 Upon a temple’s frieze; the maiden chained
 77 Lifts one free arm across her eyes to hide
 78 The terror of the moment, and her head
 79 Sideways averted writhes the slender neck:
 80 While with a careless grace in flying curve,
 81 And glad like Hermes in his aery poise,
 82 Toward the gaping throat a youth extends
 83 The sword held lightly. When to sacrifice
 84 I pass at morn with my tall Sthenelos,

51 grey] gray *P1876, P1877*

65 ‘Yes’:] ‘Yes:’ *P1876, P1877*

71 on] to *PPNC (1891)*

81 “Hermes” in Greek mythology, is the messenger of the gods.

84 “Sthenelos” in Greek Mythology was teh son of Perseus and Andromeda and was a king of Mycenae.

85 I smile, but do not speak. No! when my gaze
 86 First met him I was saved; because the world
 87 Could hold so brave a creature I was free:
 88 Here one had come with not my father's eyes
 89 Which darkened to the clamour of the crowd,
 90 And gave a grieved assent; not with the eyes
 91 Of anguish-stricken Cassiopeia, dry
 92 And staring as I passed her to the boat.
 93 Was not the beauty of his strength and youth
 94 Warrant for many good things in the world
 95 Which could not be so poor while nourishing him?
 96 What faithlessness of heart could countervail
 97 The witness of that brow? What dastard chains?
 98 Did he not testify of sovereign powers
 99 O'ermatching evil, awful charities
 100 Which save and slay, the terror of clear joy,
 101 Unquenchable intolerance of ill,
 102 Order subduing chaos, beauty pledged
 103 To conquest of all foul deformities?
 104 And was there need to turn my head aside,
 105 I, who had one sole thing to do, no more,
 106 To watch the deed? I know the careless grace
 107 My Perseus wears in manage of the steed,
 108 Or shooting the swift disc: not such the mode
 109 Of that victorious moment of descent
 110 When the large tranquil might his soul contains
 111 Was gathered for a swift abolishment
 112 Of proud brute-tyranny. He seemed in air
 113 A shining spear which hisses in its speed
 114 And smites through boss and breastplate. Did he see
 115 Andromeda, who never glanced at her
 116 But set his face against the evil thing?
 117 I know not; yet one truth I may not doubt
 118 How ere the wallowing monster blind and vast
 119 Turned a white belly to the sun, he stood
 120 Beside me with some word of comfort strong
 121 Nourishing the heart like choral harmonies.
 122 O this was then my joy, that I could give
 123 A soul not saved from wretched female fright,

91 Cassiopeia is the mother of Andromeda, a beautiful Queen of Ethiopia who was punished by the gods for her arrogance and vanity.

107 Perseus is a warrior who slew Medusa and married Andromeda after rescuing her from the sea monster.

124 Or anarchy of self-abandoned will,
 125 But one which had achieved deliverance,
 126 And wrought with shaping hands among the stuff
 127 Which fate presented. Had I shrunk from Death?
 128 Might I not therefore unashamed accept—
 129 In a calm wonder of unfaltering joy—
 130 Life, the fair gift he laid before my feet?
 131 Somewhat a partner of his deed I seemed;
 132 His equal? Nay, yet upright at his side
 133 Scarce lower by a head and helmet's height
 134 Touching my Perseus' shoulder.

135 He has wrought
 136 Great deeds. Athena loves to honour him;
 137 And I have borne him sons. Look, yonder goes
 138 Lifting the bow, Eleios, the last-born.”

EURYDICE

1 “Now must this waste of vain desire have end:
 2 Fetter these thoughts which traverse to and fro
 3 The road which has no issue! We are judged.
 4 O wherefore could I not uphold his heart?
 5 Why claimed I not some partnership with him
 6 In the strict test, urging my right of wife?
 7 How have I let him fall? I, knowing thee
 8 My Orpheus, bounteous giver of rich gifts,
 9 Not all inured in practice of the will,

Andromeda 125 which] that *PPNC* (1891)
 133 height] height, *P1876, P1877, PPNC* (1891)
 134 [no stanza break] *P1876, P1877, PPNC* (1891)
 138 last-born.”] last-born. *P1876, P1877, PPNC* (1891)

Andromeda 136 Athena is the Greek goddess of wisdom, useful crafts, and prudent warfare. She was also the guardian of the city of Athens.

138 Eleios is the son of Andromeda and Perseus.

Eurydice 1873 *P1914*

Eurydice is the wife of Orpheus

8 Orpheus in Greek mythology is a great musician and husband of Eurydice. He went to Hades to rescue Eurydice when she died, but ultimately failed to rescue her.

10 Worthier than I, yet weaker to sustain
 11 An inner certitude against the blank
 12 And silence of the senses; so no more
 13 My heart helps thine, and henceforth there remains
 14 No gift to thee from me, who would give all,
 15 Only the memory of me growing faint
 16 Until I seem a thing incredible,
 17 Some high, sweet dream, which was not, nor could be.
 18 Ay, and in idle fields of asphodel
 19 Must it not be that I shall fade indeed,
 20 No memory of me, but myself; these hands
 21 Ceasing from mastery and use, my thoughts
 22 Losing distinction in the vague, sweet air,
 23 The heart's swift pulses slackening to the sob
 24 Of the forgetful river, with no deed
 25 Pre-eminent to dare and to achieve,
 26 No joy for climbing to, no clear resolve
 27 From which the soul swerves never, no ill thing
 28 To rid the world of, till I am no more
 29 Eurydice, and shouldst thou at thy time
 30 Descend, and hope to find a helpmate here,
 31 I were grown slavish, like the girls men buy
 32 Soft-bodied, foolish-faced, luxurious-eyed,
 33 And meet to be another thing than wife.

34 Would that it had been thus: when the song ceased
 35 And laughterless Aidoneus lifted up
 36 The face, and turned his grave persistent eyes
 37 Upon the singer, I had forward stepped
 38 And spoken—'King! he has wrought well, nor failed,
 39 Who ever heard divine large song like this,
 40 Keener than sunbeam, wider than the air,
 41 And shapely as the mould of faultless fruit?
 42 And now his heart upon the gale of song
 43 Soars with wide wing, and he is strong for flight,
 44 Not strong for treading with the careful foot:
 45 Grant me the naked trial of the will
 46 Divested of all colour, scents and song:
 47 The deed concerns the wife; I claim my share.'

18 Ay,] Aye, P1876

35 Aidoneus is the god of the underworld and husband of Persephone. He is also known and referred to as Hades or Pluto.

48 O then because Persephone was by
 49 With shadowed eyes when Orpheus sang of flowers,
 50 He would have yielded. And I stepping forth
 51 From the clear radiance of the singer's heights,
 52 Made calm through vision of his wider truth,
 53 And strengthened by deep beauty to hold fast
 54 The presences of the invisible things,
 55 Had led the way. I know how in that mood
 56 He leans on me as babe on mother's breast,
 57 Nor could he choose but let his foot descend
 58 Where mind left lightest pressure; so are passed
 59 The brute three-visaged, and the flowerless ways,
 60 Nor have I turned my head; and now behold
 61 The greyness of remote terrestrial light,
 62 And I step swifter. Does he follow still?
 63 O surely since his will embraces mine
 64 Closer than clinging hand can clasp a hand:
 65 No need to turn and dull with visible proof
 66 The certitude that soul relies on soul!
 67 So speed we to the day; and now we touch
 68 Warm grass, and drink the Sun. O Earth, O Sun,
 69 Not you I need, but Orpheus' breast, and weep
 70 The gladdest tears that ever woman shed,
 71 And may be weak awhile, and need to know
 72 The sustenance and comfort of his arms.

73 Self-foolery of dreams; come bitter truth.
 74 Yet he has sung at least a perfect song
 75 While the Gods heard him, and I stood beside
 76 O not applauding, but at last content,
 77 Fearless for him, and calm through perfect joy,
 78 Seeing at length his foot upon the heights
 79 Of highest song, by me discerned from far,
 80 Now suddenly attained in confident
 81 And errorless ascension. Did I ask
 82 The lesser joy, lips' touch and clasping arms,
 83 Or was not this salvation? For I urged
 84 Always, in jealous service to his art,

61 greyness] grayness *P1876, P1877*

73 [stanza break] *P1876, P1877*

48 Persephone is the queen of the underworld through marriage to Aidoneus/Hades/Pluto.

85 'Now thou hast told their secrets to the trees
 86 Of which they muse through lullèd summer nights;
 87 Thou hast gazed downwards in the formless gulf
 88 Of the brute-mind, and canst control the will
 89 Of snake, and brooding panther firey-eyed,
 90 And lark in middle heaven: leave these behind!
 91 And let some careless singer of the fields
 92 Set to the shallow sound of cymbal-stroke
 93 The Faun a-dance; some less true-tempered soul,
 94 Which cannot shape to harmony august
 95 The splendour and the tumult of the world,
 96 Inflame to frenzy of delirious rage
 97 The Mœnad's breast; yea, and the hearts of men,
 98 Smoke of whose fire upcurls from little roofs,
 99 Let singers of the wine-cup and the roast,
 100 The whirling spear, the toy-like chariot-race,
 101 And bickering counsel of contending kings
 102 Delight them: leave thou these; sing thou for Gods.'
 103 And thou hast sung for Gods; and I have heard.

104 I shall not fade beneath this sunless sky,
 105 Mixed in the wandering, ineffectual tribe;
 106 For these have known no moment when the soul
 107 Stood vindicated, laying sudden hands
 108 On immortality of joy, and love
 109 Which sought not, saw not, knew not, could not know
 110 The instruments of sense; I shall not fade.
 111 Yea, and thy face detains me evermore
 112 Within the realm of light. Love, wherefore blame
 113 Thy heart because it sought me? Could the years'
 114 Whole sum of various fashioned happiness
 115 Exceed the measure of that eager face
 116 Importunate and pure, still lit with song,
 117 Turning from song to comfort of my love,
 118 And thirsty for my presence? We are saved!
 119 Yield Heracles, thou brawn and thews of Zeus,
 120 Yield up thy glory on Thessalian ground,
 121 Competitor of Death in single strife!

99 roast,] roast *P1876*

93 In Greek mythology, a "faun" is a place-spirit of untamed woodlands.

97 In Greek mythology, a mœnad is a female follower of Dionysus. This female follower would have been known as an excessively wild or emotional woman.

122 The lyre methinks outdoes the club and fist,
123 And beauty's ingress the outrageous force
124 Of tyrant though beneficent; supreme
125 This feat remains, a memory shaped for Gods.

126 Nor canst thou wholly lose me from thy life;
127 Still I am with thee; still my hand keeps thine;
128 Now I restrain from too intemperate grief
129 Being a portion of the thoughts that claim
130 Thy service; now I urge with that good pain
131 Which wastes and feeds the spirit, a desire
132 Unending; now I lurk within thy will
133 As vigour; now am gleaming through the world
134 As beauty; and if greater thoughts must lay
135 Their solemn light on thee, outshining mine,
136 And in some far faint-gleaming hour of Hell
137 I stand unknown and muffled by the boat
138 Leaning an eager ear to catch some speech
139 Of thee, and if some comer tell aloud
140 How Orpheus who had loved Eurydice
141 Was summoned by the Gods to fill with joy
142 And clamour of celestial song the courts
143 Of bright Olympus,—I, with pang of pride
144 And pain dissolved in rapture, will return
145 Appeased, with sense of conquest stern and high.”

146 But while she spoke, upon a chestnut trunk
147 Fallen from cliffs of Thracian Rhodope
148 Sat Orpheus, for he deemed himself alone,
149 And sang. But bands of wild-eyed women roamed
150 The hills, whom he had passed with calm disdain.
151 And now the shrilling Berecynthian pipe
152 Sounded, blown horn, and frantic female cries:
153 He ceased from song and looked for the event.

143 Olympus is the highest mountain in Greece and was known in Greek mythology as the home of the gods.

147 The Thracian Rhodope denotes a part of the Rhodope mountain range in Greece that lies within the city of Trace.

151 A Berecynthian pipe is a type of musical instrument that was very popular in Rome. It is the loudest of the double musical pipes of unequal length and was also known as the “mad pipe” from its featured role in the music of the frenzied dances of the Berecynthian festival.

BY THE SEA

I. THE ASSUMPTION

1 Why would the open sky not be denied
 2 Possession of me, when I sat to-day
 3 Rock-couched, and round my feet the soft slave lay,
 4 My singing Sea, dark-bosom'd, dusky-eyed?
 5 She breathed low mystery of song, she sighed,
 6 And stirred herself, and set lithe limbs to play
 7 In blandishing serpent-wreaths, and would betray
 8 An anklet gleaming, or a swaying side.
 9 Why could she not detain me? Why must I
 10 Devote myself to the dread Heaven, adore
 11 The spacious pureness, the large ardour? Why
 12 Sprang forth my heart as though all wanderings
 13 Had end? To what last bliss did I upsoar
 14 Beating on indefatigable wings?

II. THE ARTIST'S WAITING

1 Tender impatience quickening, quickening;
 2 O heart within me that art grown a sea,
 3 How vexed with longing all thy live waves be,
 4 How broken with desire! A ceaseless wing
 5 O'er every green sea-ridge goes fluttering,
 6 And there are cries and long reluctancy,
 7 Swift ardours, and the clash of waters free,
 8 Fain for the coming of some perfect Thing.
 9 Emerge white Wonder, be thou born a Queen!
 10 Let shine the slendours of thy loveliness
 11 From the brow's radiance to the equal poise
 12 Of calm, victorious feet; let thy serene
 13 Command go forth; replenish with strong joys
 14 The spaces and the sea-deeps measureless.

I. The Assumption the open sky} the puissant sky P1876

I. The Assumption "Aug 31 1872" KSU, UK; Aug. 1872 P1914

II. The Artist's Waiting "Sept 19 1872" KSU, UK; Sept. 1872 P1914

III. COUNSELLORS

1 Who are the chief counselors of me? Who know
 2 My heart's desire and every secret thing?
 3 Three of one fellowship: the encompassing
 4 Strong sea, who mindful of Earth's ancient woe
 5 Still surges on with swift, undaunted flow
 6 That no sad shore should lack his comforting;
 7 And next the serene Sky, whether he ring
 8 With flawless blue a wilderness, or show
 9 Tranced in the Twilight's arms his fair child-star;
 10 Third of the three, eldest and lordliest,
 11 Love, all whose wings are wide above my head,
 12 Whose eyes are clearer heavens, whose lips have said
 13 Low words more rare than the quired sea-songs are,-
 14 O love, high things and stern thou counsellest.

IV. EVENING

1 Light ebbs from off the Earth; the fields are strange,
 2 Dusk, trackless, tenantless; now the mute sky
 3 Resigns itself to the Night and Memory,
 4 And no wind will yon sunken clouds derange,
 5 No glory enrapture them; from cot or grange
 6 The rare voice ceases; one long-breathed sigh,
 7 And steeped in summer sleep the world must lie;
 8 All things are acquiescing in the change.
 9 Hush! while the vaulted hollow of the night
 10 Deepens, what voice is this the sea sends forth,
 11 Disconsolate iterance, a passionless moan?
 12 Ah! Now the Day is gone, and tyrannous Light,
 13 And the calm presence of fruit-bearing Earth:
 14 Cry, Sea! It is thy hour; thou art alone.

IV. Evening Earth:] Earth ; *DBIV* (1906)

III. Counsellors "May 19, 1872" *KSU, UK*; May 1872 *P1914*

IV. Evening "Greystones / July 29 1872" *KSU*; "July 29th 1873" *UK*; July 1873 *P1914*

V. JOY

1 Spring-Tides of Pleasure in the blood, keen thrill
 2 Of eager nerves-but ended as a dream;
 3 Look! The wind quickens, and the long waves gleam
 4 Shoreward, and all this deep noon hour will fill
 5 Each lone sea-cave with mirth immeasurable,
 6 Huge sport of Ocean's brood; yet eve's red sky
 7 Fades o'er spent waters, weltering sullenly,
 8 The dank piled weed, the sand-waste grey and still.
 9 Sad Pleasure in the moon's control! But Joy
 10 Is stable; is discovered law; the birth
 11 Of dreadful light; life's one imperative way;
 12 The rigour hid in song; flowers' strict employ
 13 Which turn to meet their sun; the roll of Earth
 14 Swift and perpetual through the night and day.

VI. OCEAN

1 More than bare mountains 'neath a naked sky,
 2 Or star-enchanted hollows of the night
 3 When clouds are riven, or the most sacred light
 4 Of summer dawns, art thou a mystery
 5 And awe and terror and delight, O sea!
 6 Our Earth is simple-hearted, sad to-day
 7 Beneath the hush of snow, next morning gay
 8 Because west-winds have promised to the lea
 9 Violets and cuckoo-buds; and sweetly these
 10 Live innocent lives, each flower in its green field,
 11 Joying as children in sun, air, and sleep.
 12 But thou art terrible, with the unrevealed
 13 Burden of dim lamentful prophecies,
 14 And thy lone life is passionate and deep.

VII. NEWS FOR LONDON

1 Whence may I glean a just return, my friend,
 2 For tidings of your great world hither borne?
 3 What garbs of new opinion men have worn
 4 I wot not, nor what fame world-without-end
 5 Sprouted last night, nor know I to contend
 6 For Irving or the Italian; but forlorn
 7 In this odd angle of the isle from morn
 8 Till eve, nor sow, nor reap, nor get, nor spend.
 9 Yet have I heard the sea-gulls scream for glee
 10 Treading the drenched rock ridges, and the gale
 11 Hiss over tremulous heath-bells, while the bee
 12 Driven sidelong quested low; and I have seen
 13 The live sea-hollows, and moving mounds grey-green,
 14 And watched the flying foam-bow flush and fail.

AMONG THE ROCKS

1 Never can we be strangers, you and I,
 2 Nor quite disown our mysteries of kin,
 3 Grey Sea-rocks, since I sat an hour to-day
 4 Companion of the Ocean and of you.
 5 I, sensitive soft flesh a thorn invades,
 6 The light breath of a rose can win aside,
 7 Flesh fashioned to be hourly tried and thrill'd,
 8 Delighted, tortured, to betray whose ward
 9 The unready heart is ruler, still surprised,
 10 With emissary flushes swift and false,
 11 And tremulous to touches of the stars.
 12 You, spiny ridges of the land, rude backs,
 13 Clawless and wingless, half-created things,
 14 Monsters at ease before the sun and sea,
 15 Untamed, unshrinking, unpersuadable,
 16 My kindred.
 For the wide-delivering womb
 17 Which casts abroad a mammoth as a man,
 18 And still conceals the new and better birth,
 19 Bore me and you. Old parents of the Sphinx
 20 What words primval murmured in my ears

21 To-day between the lapping of the waves?
 22 What recognitions flashed and dissipated?
 23 What rare faint touches passed of sympathy
 24 From you to me, from me to you? What sense
 25 Of the ancestral things shadowed the heart,
 26 Cloud-like, and with the pleasure of a cloud.
 27 Therefore I know from henceforth that the shrill
 28 Short crying of the sea-lark when his feet
 29 Touch where the wave slips off the shining sand
 30 Pierces you; and the wide and luminous air
 31 Impregnate with sharp sea smells is to you
 32 A passion and allurements; and the sun
 33 At mid-day loads your sense with drowsy warmth,
 34 And in the waver and echo of your caves,
 35 You cherish memories of the billowy chaunt,
 36 And ponder its dim prophecy.

And I, —

37 Lo here I strike upon the granite too,
 38 Something is here austere and obdurate
 39 As you are, something rugged and untamed.
 40 A strength behind the will. I am not all
 41 The shapely, agile creature named a man,
 42 So artful, with the quick conceiving brain,
 43 Nerve-network, and the hand to grasp and hold,
 44 Most dexterous of kinds that wage the strife
 45 Of being through the years. I am not all
 46 This creature with the various heart, alive
 47 To curious joys, rare anguish, skilled in shames,
 48 Prides, hatreds, loves, fears, frauds, the heart which turns
 49 A sudden venomous asp, the heart which bleeds
 50 The red, great drops of glad self-sacrifice
 51 Pierce below these and seek the primal layer!
 52 Behind Apollo loom the Earth-born Ones,
 53 Half-god, half-brute; behind this symmetry,
 54 This versatility of heart and brain
 55 A strength abides, sustaining thought and love,
 56 Untamed, unshrinking, unpersuadable,
 57 At ease before the powers of Earth and Heaven
 58 Equal to any, of no younger years,
 59 Calm as the greatest, haught as the best,
 60 Of imprescriptible authority.
 61 Down upon you I sink, and leave myself,
 62 My vain, frail self, and find repose on you,
 63 Prime Force, whether amassed through myriad years
 64 From dear accretions of dead ancestry,

65 Or ever welling from the source of things
 66 In undulation vast and unperceived,
 67 Down upon you I sink and lose myself!
 68 My child that shouts and races on the sand
 69 Your cry restores me. Have I been with Pan,
 70 Kissing the hoofs of his goat-majesty?
 71 You come, no granite of the nether earth,
 72 Bright sea-flower rather, shining foam that flies,
 73 Yet sweet as blossom of our inland fields.

TO A YEAR

1 Fly, Year, not backward down blind gulfs of night,
 2 Thick with the swarm of miscreated things:
 3 Forth, flying year, through calms and broader light,
 4 Clear-eyed, strong-bosom'd year, on strenuous wings;
 5 Bearing a song more high intoned, more holy
 6 Than the wild Swan's melodious melancholy,
 7 More rapturous than the atom lark outflings.

8 I follow on slow foot and unsubdued:
 9 Have I not heard thy cry across the wind?
 10 Not seen thee, Slayer of the serpent brood, -
 11 Error, and doubt, and death, and anguish blind?
 12 I follow, I shall know thee by thy plumes
 13 Flame-tipped, when on that morn of conquered tombs,
 14 I praise amidst my years the doom assigned.

A SONG OF THE NEW DAY

1 The tender Sorrows of the twilight leave me,
 2 And shall I want the fanning of smooth wings?
 3 Shall I not miss sweet sorrows? Will it grieve me
 4 To hear no cooing from soft dove-like things?

5 Let Evening hear them! O wide Dawn uprisen,
 6 Know me all thine; and ye, whose level flight
 7 Has pierced the drear hours and the cloudy prison,
 8 Cry for the pathless spaces and the light!

SWALLOWS

- 1 Wide fields of air left luminous,
 2 Though now the uplands comprehend
 3 How the sun's loss is ultimate:
 4 The silence grows; but still to us
 5 From yon air-winnowing breasts elate
 6 The tiny shrieks of glee descend.
- 7 Deft wings, each moment is resigned
 8 Some touch of day, some pulse of light,
 9 While yet in poised, delicious curve,
 10 Ecstatic doublings down the wind,
 11 Light dash and dip and sidelong swerve,
 12 You try each dainty trick of flight.
- 13 Will not your airy glee relent
 14 At all? The aimless frolic cease?
 15 Know ye no touch of quelling pain,
 16 Nor joy's more strict admonishment,
 17 No tender awe at day-light's wane,
 18 Ye slaves of delicate caprice?
- 19 Hush, once again that cry intense!
 20 High-venturing spirits have your will!
 21 Urge the last freak, prolong your glee,
 22 Keen voyagers, while still the immense
 23 Sea-spaces haunt your memory,
 24 With zests and pangs ineffable.
- 25 Not in the sunshine of old woods
 26 Ye won your warrant to be gay
 27 By duteous, sweet observances,
 28 Who dared through darkening solitudes,
 29 And 'mid the hiss of alien seas,
 30 The larger ordinance obey.

17 day-light's] daylight's *DBIV* (1906)

29 seas] waves *P1876*

Dated July 1873 in *P1914*.

5 "Winnowing" means to separate the undesirable from desirable, usually in the context of blown-away chaff.

MEMORIALS OF TRAVEL

I. COACHING (IN SCOTLAND)

1 Where have I been this perfect summer day,
 2 —Or *fortnight* is it, since I rose from bed,
 3 Devour'd that kippered fish, the oatmeal bread,
 4 And mounted to this box? O bowl away
 5 Swift stagers through the dusk, I will not say
 6 “Enough,” nor care where I have been or be,
 7 Nor know one name of hill, or lake, or lea,
 8 Or moor, or glen! Were not the clouds at play
 9 Nameless among the hills, and fair as dreams?
 10 On such a day we must love things not words,
 11 And memory take or leave them as they are.
 12 On such a day! What unimagined streams
 13 Are in the world, how many haunts of birds,
 14 What fields and flowers,—and what an evening Star!

II. IN A MOUNTAIN PASS (IN SCOTLAND)

1 To what wild blasts of tyrannous harmony
 2 Uprose these rocky walls, mass threatening mass,
 3 Dusk, shapeless shapes, around a desolate pass?
 4 What deep heart of the ancient hills set free
 5 The passion, the desire, the destiny
 6 Of this lost stream? Yon clouds that break and form,
 7 Light vanward squadrons of the joyous storm,
 8 They gather hither from what untrack'd sea?
 9 Primeval kindred! here the mind regains
 10 Its vantage ground against the world; here thought
 11 Wings up the silent waste of air on broad
 12 Undaunted pinion; man's imperial pains
 13 Are ours, and visiting fears, and joy unsought,
 14 Native resolve, and partnership with God.

I. Coaching 5 “Stagers” means a veteran or one who is experienced. See *III. The Castle* below; “1876” *Texas MS*; “1867” *KSU, UK*; 1867 *P1914*

II. In a Mountain Pass 7 “Vanward” means forward or advanced as in *vanguard*. The poem was entitled “The pass” and dated “1876” in *Texas MS*; Sept 1967” *KSU*; “1867” *UK*; 1867 *P1914*

III. THE CASTLE (IN SCOTLAND)

1 The tenderest ripple touched and touched the shore;
 2 The tenderst light was in the western sky;—
 3 Its one soft phrase, closing reluctantly,
 4 The sea articulated o'er and o'er
 5 To comfort all tired things; and one might pore,
 6 Till mere oblivion took the heart and eye,
 7 On that slow-fading, amber radiancy
 8 Past the long levels of the ocean-floor.
 9 A turn,—the castle fronted me, four-square,
 10 Holding its seaward crag, abrupt, intense
 11 Against the west, an apparition bold
 12 Of naked human will; I stood aware,
 13 With sea and sky, of powers unowned of sense,
 14 Presences awful, vast, and uncontrolled.

IV. Αισθητική φαντασία (IN IRELAND)

1 The sound is in my ears of mountain streams!
 2 I cannot close my lids but some grey rent
 3 Of wildered rock, some water's clear descent
 4 In shattering crystal, pine-trees soft as dreams
 5 Waving perpetually, the sudden gleams
 6 Of remote sea, a dear surprise of flowers,
 7 Some grace or wonder of to-day's long hours
 8 Straightaway possesses the moved sense, which teems
 9 With fantasy unbid. O fair, large day!
 10 The unpractised sense brings heavings from a sea
 11 Of life too broad, and yet the billows range,
 12 The elusive footing glides. Come, Sleep, allay
 13 The trouble with thy heaviest balms, and change
 14 These pulsing visions to still Memory.

III. *The Castle* “1876” in ink beside the original title “In Scotland,” of which the sonnet constitutes the first movement (see I. *Coaching* above) *Texas MS*; “Dec. 1867” *KSU*; “1867” *UK*; 1867 *P1914*

IV. “Αισθητική φαντασία” The title is Greek and may be translated as “Aesthetic Fantasy.” The poem is dated “April 1870” in ink at the end but also “1876” at left in *Texas MS*.

V. ON THE SEA-CLIFF (IN IRELAND)

1 Ruins of a church with its miraculous well,
 2 O'er which the Christ, a squat-limbed dwarf of stone,
 3 Great-eyed, and huddled on his cross, has known
 4 The sea-mists and the sunshine, stars that fell
 5 And stars that rose, fierce winter's chronicle,
 6 And centuries of dead summers. From his throne
 7 Fronting the dawn the elf has ruled alone,
 8 And saved this region fair from pagan hell.
 9 Turn! June's great joy abroad; each bird, flower, stream
 10 Loves life, loves love; wide ocean amorously
 11 Spreads to the sun's embrace; the dulse-weeds sway,
 12 The glad gulls are afloat. Grey Christ to-day
 13 Our ban on thee! Rise, let the white breasts gleam,
 14 Unvanquished Venus of the northern sea!

VI. ASCETIC NATURE (IN IRELAND)

1 Passion and song, and the adorned hours
 2 Of floral loveliness, hopes grown most sweet,
 3 And generous patience in the ripening heat,
 4 A mother's bosom, a bride's face of flowers
 5 —Knows Nature aught so fair? Witness ye Powers
 6 Which rule the virgin heart of this retreat
 7 To rarer issues, ye who render meet
 8 Earth, purged and pure, for gracious heavenly dowers!
 9 The luminous pale lake, the pearl-grey sky,
 10 The wave that gravely murmurs meek desires,
 11 The abashed yet lit expectance of the whole,
 12 —These and their beauty speak of earthly fires
 13 Long quenched, clear aims, deliberate sanctity,—
 14 O'er the white forehead lo! the aureole.

V. On the Sea-Cliff 11 "Dulse" is a type of red seaweed used as food. The poem is dated "Aug 71 & Feb 73" in *KSU* and *UK*; but 1867 in *P1914*.

VI. Ascetic Nature "April 1870" in ink at bottom but "1876" at left beside title in *Texas MS*.

VII. RELICS
(IN SWITZERLAND)

1 What relic of the dear, dead yesterday
2 Shall my heart keep? The visionary light
3 Of dawn? Alas! it is a thing too bright,
4 God does not give such memories away.
5 Nor choose I one fair flower of those that sway
6 To the chill breathing of the waterfall
7 In rocky angles black with scattering spray,
8 Fair though no sunbeam lays its coronal
9 Of light on their pale brows; nor glacier-gleam
10 I choose, nor eve's red glamour; 'twas at noon
11 Resting I found this speedwell, while a stream,
12 That knew the immemorial inland croon,
13 Sang in my ears, and lulled me to a dream
14 Of English meadows, and one perfect June.

VIII. ON THE PIER OF BOULOGNE
(A REMINISCENCE OF 1870)

1 A venal singer to a thrumming note
2 Chanted the civic war-song, that red flower
3 Of melody siezed in a sudden hour
4 By frenzied winds of change, and borne afloat
5 A live light in the storm; and now by rote
6 To a cold crowd, while vague and sad the tide
7 Loomed after sunset and the grey gulls cried,
8 The verses quavered from a hireling throat.
9 Wherefore should English eyes their right forbear,
10 Or droop for smitten France? let the tossed sou,
11 Before they turn, be quittance for the stare.
12 O Lady, who, clear-voiced, with impulse true
13 To lift that cry "*To Arms!*" alone would dare,
14 My heart recieved a golden alms from you!

VII. *Relics* 11 stream,] stream P1876

12 immemorial... croon,] immemorial, ... croon P1876

VIII. *On the Pier of Boulogne* 7 grey] gray P1876, P1877

VII. *Relics* 11 "Speedwell" is a herb with small blue flowers. A member of the snapdragon family. The poem was entitled "In Switzerland" and dated "Aug 1865" in *Texas MS*.

VIII. *On the Pier of Boulogne*: 10 "Sou" refers to the old French five-centieme coin.

IX. DOVER
 (IN A FIELD)

1 A joy has met me on this English ground
 2 I looked not for. O gladness, fields still green!
 3 Listen,—the going of a murmurous sound
 4 Along the corn; there is not to be seen
 5 In all the land a single pilèd sheaf
 6 Or line of grain new-fallen, and not a tree
 7 Has felt as yet within its lightest leaf
 8 The year's despair; nay, Summer saves for me
 9 Her bright, late flowers. O my Summer-time
 10 Named low as lost, I turn, and find you here—
 11 Where else but in our blessed English clime
 12 That lingers o'er the sweet days of the year,
 13 Days of long dreaming under spacious skies
 14 Ere melancholy winds of Autumn rise.

AN AUTUMN SONG

1 Long Autumn rain;
 2 White mists which choke the vale, and blot the sides
 3 Of the bewildered hills; in all the plain
 4 No field a gleam where the gold pageant was,
 5 And silent o'er a tangle of drenched grass
 6 The blackbird glides.

7 In the heart,—fire,
 8 Fire and clear air and cries of water-springs,
 9 And large, pure winds; all April's quick desire,
 10 All June's possession; a most fearless Earth
 11 Drinking great ardours; and the rapturous birth
 12 Of wingèd things.

IX. Dover Inscribed "return to England" but undated in Texas MS; "1862" *KSU, UK*; 1862 *P1914*

An Autumn Song Reprinted in this precise form in *DBIV* (1906); dated "Sept 27, 1872" *KSU, UK*; 1872 *P1914*



BURDENS

1 Are sorrows hard to bear,—the ruin
2 Of flowers, the rotting of red fruit,
3 A love's decease, a life's undoing,
4 And summer slain, and song-birds mute,
5 And skies of snow and bitter air?
6 These things, you deem, are hard to bear.

7 But ah, the burden, the delight
8 Of dreadful joys! Noon opening wide,
9 Golden and great; the gulfs of night,
10 Fair deaths, and rent veils cast aside,
11 Strong soul to strong soul rendered up,
12 And silence filling like a cup.

SONG

(FROM "TIS PITY SHE'S A QUEEN."—A.D. 1610.)

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

*THE LADY MARGARET, WITH SUSAN AND LUCY ; LADY M. AT HER EMBROIDERY
FRAME, SINGING.*

- 1 Girls, when I am gone away,
2 On this bosom strew
3 Only flowers meek and pale,
4 And the yew.
- 5 Lay these hands down by my side,
6 Let my face be bare;
7 Bind a kerchief round the face,
8 Smooth my hair.
- 9 Let my bier be borne at dawn,
10 Summer grows so sweet,
11 Deep into the forest green
12 Where boughs meet.
- 13 Then pass away, and let me lie
14 One long, warm, sweet day
15 There alone with face upturn'd,
16 One sweet day.
- 17 While the morning light grows broad,
18 While noon sleepeth sound,
19 While the evening falls and faints,
20 While the world goes round.
- 21 *Susan.* Whence had you this song, lady?
22 *L. Mar.* Out of the air;
23 From no one an it be not from the wind
24 That goes at noonday in the sycamore trees.
25 —When said the tardy page he would return?
26 *Susan.* By twelve, upon this very hour.
27 *L. Mar.* Look now,
28 The sand falls down the glass with even pace,
29 The shadows lie like yesterday's. Nothing
30 Is wrong with the world. You are a part of it,—
31 I stand within a magic circle charm'd

24 It happened swiftly, came and straight was gone.
 25 One standing on some aery balcony
 26 And looking down upon a swarming crowd
 27 Sees one man beckon to him with finger-tip
 28 While eyes meet eyes; he turns and looks again—
 29 The man is lost, and the crowd sways and swarms.
 30 Shall such an one say “Thus ‘tis proved a dream,
 31 And no hand beckoned, no eyes met my own?”
 32 Neither can I say this. There was a hint,
 33 A thrill, a summons faint yet absolute,
 34 Which ran across the West; the sky was touch’d,
 35 And failed not to respond. Does a hand pass
 36 Lightly across your hair? you feel it pass
 37 Not half so heavy as a cobweb’s weight,
 38 Although you never stir; so felt the sky
 39 Not unaware of the Presence, so my soul
 40 Scarce less aware. And if I cannot say
 41 The meaning and monition, words are weak
 42 Which will not paint the small wing of a moth,
 43 Nor bear a subtile odour to the brain,
 44 And much less serve the soul in her large needs.
 45 I cannot tell the meaning, but a change
 46 Was wrought in me; it was not the one man
 47 Who come to the luminous window to gaze forth,
 48 And who moved back into the darkened room
 49 With awe upon his heart and tender hope;
 50 From some deep well of life tears rose; the throng
 51 Of dusty cares, hopes, pleasures, prides fell off,
 52 And from a sacred solitude I gazed
 53 Deep, deep into the liquid eyes of Life.

SUNSETS

1 Did your eyes watch the mystic sunset splendours
 2 Through evenings of old summers, slow of parting,—
 3 Wistful while loveliest gains and fair surrenders
 4 Hallow’d the West,—till tremulous tears came starting?
[stanza break]

By the Window 47 come] came

Sunsets dated “June 1873” in *KSU, UK*; June 1873 *P1914*

- 5 Did your soul wing her way on noiseless pinion
 6 Through lucid fields of air, and penetrated
 7 With light and silence roam the wide dominion
 8 Where Day and Dusk embrace,—serene, unmated?
- 9 And they are past the shining hours and tender,
 10 And snows are fallen between, and winds are driven?
 11 Nay, for I find across your face the splendour,
 12 And in your wings the central winds of heaven.
- 13 They reach me, those lost sunsets. Undivining
 14 Your own high mysteries you pause and ponder;
 15 See, in my eyes the vanished light is shining,
 16 Feel, through what spaces of clear heaven I wander!

OASIS

- 1 Let them go by—the heats, the doubts, the strife;
 2 I can sit here and care not for them now,
 3 Dreaming beside the glimmering wave of life
 4 Once more,—I know not how.
- 5 There is a murmur in my heart, I hear
 6 Faint, O so faint, some air I used to sing;
 7 It stirs my sense; and odours dim and dear
 8 The meadow-breezes bring.
- 9 Just this way did the quiet twilights fade
 10 Over the fields and happy homes of men,
 11 While one bird sang as now, piercing the shade,
 12 Long since,—I know not when.

Sunsets 13 sunsets.] Sunsets. *DBIV* (1906)

Oasis 4 Once more,—] Once more— *PPNC* (1891), *IL* (1904)

5 heart,] heart; *IL* (1904)

6 Faint, O so faint,] Faint—oh! so faint— *IL* (1904)

7 odours] odors *IL* (1904)

12 Long since,—] Long since— *IL* (1904)

Oasis dated “March 1868 Feb 1866” in *KSU*; “1866” *UK*; 1866 *P1914*

Foreign Speech dated “March 1868” in *KSU*; “1868” *UK*; 1868 *P1914*

FOREIGN SPEECH

1 Ah, do not tell me what they mean,
 2 The tremulous brook, the scarcely stirred
 3 June leaves, the hum of things unseen,
 4 This sovran bird.

 5 Do they say things so deep, and rare,
 6 And perfect? I can only tell
 7 That they are happy, and can bear
 8 Such ignorance well;
 9 Feeding on all things said and sung
 10 From hour to hour in this high wood
 11 Articulate in a strange, sweet tongue
 12 Not understood.

IN THE TWILIGHT

1 A noise of swarming thoughts,
 2 A muster of dim cares, a foil'd intent,
 3 With plots and plans, and counterplans and plots;
 4 And thus along the city's edges grey
 5 Unmindful of the darkening autumn day
 6 With a droop'd head I went.

 7 My face rose,—through what spell?—
 8 Not hoping anything from twilight dumb:
 9 One star possessed her heaven. Oh! all grew well
 10 Because of thee, and thy serene estate:
 11 Silence...I let thy beauty make me great;
 12 What though the black night come.

Foreign Speech 10 wood] wood, P1876, P1877

In the Twilight 4 grey] gray P1876

In the Twilight dated "Jan 27, 1873" in *KSU, UK*; 1873 P1914

THE INNER LIFE

I. A DISCIPLE

1 Master, they argued fast concerning Thee,
 2 Proved what Thou art, denied what Thou art not,
 3 Till brows were on the fret, and eyes grew hot,
 4 And lip and chin were thrust out eagerly;
 5 Then through the temple-door I slipped to free
 6 My soul from secret ache in solitude,
 7 And sought this brook, and by the brookside stood
 8 The world's Light, and the Light and Life of me.
 9 It is enough, O Master, speak no word!
 10 The stream speaks, and the endurance of the sky
 11 Outpasses speech: I seek not to discern
 12 Even what smiles for me Thy lips have stirred;
 13 Only in Thy hand still let my hand lie,
 14 And let the musing soul within me burn.

II. THEISTS

1 Who needs God most? That man whose pulses play
 2 With fullest life-blood; he whose foot dare climb
 3 To Joy's high limit, solitude sublime
 4 Under a sky whose splendour sure must slay
 5 If Godless; he who owns the sovereign sway
 6 Of that small inner voice and still, what time
 7 His whole life urges toward one blissful crime,
 8 And Hell confuses Heaven, and night, the day.
 9 It is he whose faithfulness of love puts by
 10 Time's anodyne, and that gross palliative,
 11 A Stoic pride, and bears all humanly;
 12 He whose soul grows one long desire to give
 13 Measureless gifts; ah! let *him* quickly die
 14 Unless he lift frail hands to God and live.

III. SEEKING GOD

1 I said "I will find God," and forth I went
 2 To seek Him in the clearness of the sky,
 3 But over me stood unendurably
 4 Only a pitiless, sapphire firmament
 5 Ringing in the world,—blank splendour; yet intent
 6 Still to find God, "I will go and seek," said I,
 7 "His way upon the waters," and drew nigh
 8 An ocean marge weed-strewn and foam-besprent;
 9 And the waves dashed on idle sand and stone,
 10 And very vacant was the long, blue sea;
 11 But in the evening as I sat alone,
 12 My window open to the vanishing day,
 13 Dear God! I could not choose but kneel and pray
 14 And it sufficed that I was found of Thee.

IV. DARWINISM IN MORALS

1 High instincts, dim previsions, sacred fears,
 2 —Whence issuing? Are they but the brain's amassed
 3 Tradition, shapings of a barbarous past,
 4 Remoulded ever by the younger years,
 5 Mixed with fresh clay, and kneaded with new tears?
 6 No more? The dead chief's ghost a shadow cast
 7 Across the roving clan, and thence at last
 8 Comes God, who in the soul His law upears?
 9 Is this the whole? Has not the Future powers
 10 To match the Past,—attractions, pulsings, tides,
 11 And voices for purged ears? Is all our light
 12 The glow of ancient sunsets and lost hours?
 13 Advance no banners up heaven's eastern sides?
 14 Trembles the margin with no portent bright?

III. Seeking God 1 said] said, *LHS* (1879) 6 go and seek,] go seek" *P1876, P1877*

8 weed-strewn] weed-strewn, *P1876*

13 pray] pray, *P1876, LHS* (1879), *PPNC* (1891)

IV. Darwinism in Morals 8 His] his *P1876, P1877*

III. Seeking God dated "1876" beside title in ink in *Texas MS*. Dated "1865" in *KSU, UK*; 1865 *P1914*

IV. Darwinism in Morals dated "April 24 1872" in *KSU, UK*; April 1872 *P1914*



V. AWAKENING

1 With brain o'erworn, with heart a summer clod,
2 With eye so practised in each form around,—
3 And all forms mean,—to glance above the ground
4 Irks it, each day of many days we plod,
5 Tongue-tied and deaf, along life's common road.
6 But suddenly, we know not how, a sound
7 Of living streams, an odour, a flower crowned
8 With dew, a lark upspringing from the sod,
9 And we awake. O joy and deep amaze!
10 Beneath the everlasting hills we stand,
11 We hear the voices of the morning seas,
12 And earnest prophesyings in the land,
13 While from the open heaven leans forth at gaze
14 The encompassing great cloud of witnesses.

V. Awakening 12 And earnest] And vernal *DBIV* (1906)

V. Awakening dated "1876" in ink beside title in *Texas MS*; "Aug 1865" in *KSU, UK*; 1865 *P1914*

VI. FISHERS

1 We by no shining Galilean lake
 2 Have toiled, but long and little fruitfully
 3 In waves of a more old and bitter sea
 4 Our nets we cast; large winds, that sleep and wake
 5 Around the feet of Dawn and Sunset, make
 6 Our spiritual inhuman company,
 7 And formless shadows of water rise and flee
 8 All night around us till the morning break.
 9 Thus our lives wear—shall it be ever thus?
 10 Some idle day, when least we look for grace,
 11 Shall we see stand upon the shore indeed
 12 The visible Master, and the Lord of us,
 13 And leave our nets, nor question of His creed,
 14 Following the Christ within a young man's face?

VII. COMMUNION

1 Lord, I have knelt and tried to pray to-night,
 2 But Thy love came upon me like a sleep,
 3 And all desire died out; upon the deep
 4 Of Thy mere love I lay, each thought in light
 5 Dissolving like the sunset clouds, at rest
 6 Each tremulous wish, and my strength weakness, sweet
 7 As a sick boy with soon o'erwearied feet
 8 Finds, yielding him unto his mother's breast
 9 To weep for weakness there. I could not pray,
 10 But with closed eyes I felt Thy bosom's love
 11 Beating toward mine, and then I would not move
 12 Till of itself the joy should pass away;
 13 At last my heart found voice,—“Take me, O Lord,
 14 And do with me according to Thy word.”

VI. *Fishers* 5 Sunset, make] Sunset make P1876

VII. *Communion* 2 Thy] thy P1876, P1877 6 strength] strength, LHS (1879) 10 Thy] thy P1876, P1877 13 Lord,] Lord. LHS (1879) 14 Thy] thy P1876, P1877

VI. *Fishers* “1876” written above title in ink Texas MS

VII. *Communion* “1876” in ink beside title Texas MS; “1862” KSU, UK; 1862 P1914

VIII. A SONNET FOR THE TIMES

- 1 What! Weeping? Had ye your Christ yesterday,
 2 Close wound in linen, made your own by tears,
 3 Kisses, and pounds of myrrh, the sepulchre's
 4 Mere stone most venerable? And now ye say
- 5 "No man hath seen Him, He is borne away
 6 We wot not where." And so, with many a sigh,
 7 Watching the linen clothes and napkin lie,
- 8 Ye choose about the grave's sad mouth to stay.
 9 Blind hearts! Why seek the living amongst the dead
 10 Better than carols for the babe new-born
 11 The shinning young men's speech "He is not here;"
 12 Why question where the feet lay, where the head?
 13 Come forth; bright o'er the world breaks Easter morn,
 14 He is arisen, Victor o'er grief and fear.

IX. EMMAUSWARD

- 1 Lord Christ, if Thou art with us and these eyes
 2 Are holden, while we go sadly and say
 3 "We hoped it had been He, and now to-day
 4 Is the third day, and hope within us dies,"
 5 Bear with us, O our Master, Thou art wise
 6 And knowest our foolishness; we do not pray
 7 "Declare Thyself, since weary grows the way
 8 And faith's new burden hard upon us lies."
 9 Nay, choose Thy time; but ah! whoe'er Thou art
 10 Leave us not; where have we heard any voice
 11 Like Thine? Our hearts burn in us as we go;
 12 Stay with us; break our bread; so, for our part
 13 Ere darkness falls haply we may rejoice,
 14 Haply when day has been far spent may know.

VIII. *A Sonnet for the Times* 2 Close wound in] Wound round with P1876 5 Him, He] him, he LHS (1879)

IX. *Emmausward* 1 Thou] thou P1876, P1877 5 O our Master, Thou] Oh our Master, thou P1876, P1877 O] Oh, LHS (1879) Master, Tou] Master—Thou PPNC (1891) 7 Thyself,] thyself, P1876, P1877 8 lies.] lies;" PPNC (1891) 9 Thy . . . Thou] thy . . . thou P1876, P1877 11 Thine?] thine? P1876, P1877

VIII. *A Sonnet for the Times*

IX. *Emmausward* "Emmansward?" [Dowden's query on spelling], "1876" beside the title in ink *Texas MS*; "Sept 1867" *KSU*; "1867" *UK*; 1867 *P1914*

X. A FAREWELL

1 Thou movest from us; we shall see Thy face
 2 No more. Ah, look below these troubled eyes,
 3 This woman's heart in us that faints and dies,
 4 Trust not our faltering lips, our sad amaze;
 5 Glance some time downward from Thy golden place,
 6 And know how we rejoice. It is meet, is wise ;
 7 High tasks are Thine, surrenders, victories,
 8 Communing pure, mysterious works and ways.
 9 Leave us: how should we keep Thee in these blown
 10 Grey fields, or soil with earth a Master's feet?
 11 Nor deem us comfortless: have we not known
 12 Thee once, for ever. Friend, the pain is sweet
 13 Seeing Thy completeness to have grown complete,
 14 Thy gift it is that we can walk alone.

XI. DELIVERANCE

1 I prayed to be delivered, O true God,
 2 Not from the foes that compass us about,—
 3 Them I might combat; not from any doubt
 4 That wrings the soul; not from Thy bitter rod
 5 Smiting the conscience; not from plagues abroad,
 6 Nor my strong inward lusts; nor from the rout
 7 Of worldly men, the scourge, the spit, the flout,
 8 And the whole dolorous way the Master trod.
 9 All these would rouse the life that lurks within,
 10 Would save or slay; these things might be defied
 11 Or strenuously endured; yea, pressed by sin
 12 The soul is stung with sudden, visiting gleams;
 13 Leave these, if Thou but scatter, Lord, I cried,
 14 The counterfeiting shadows and vain dreams.

X. A Farewell 1, 5, 13 Thy] thy P1876, P1877 7 Thine,] thine, P1876, P1877 8 Thee] thee P1876, P1877

XI Deliverance 14 vain dreams.] faint dreams. *PPNC* (1891)

X. A Farewell "Sept 8 1872" *KSU, UK*; Sept. 1872 P1914

XI. Deliverance "Oct 5, 1872" *KSU, UK*; Oct. 1872 P1914

XII. PARADISE LOST

1 O would you read that Hebrew legend true
 2 Look deep into the little children's eyes,
 3 Who walk with naked souls in Paradise,
 4 And know not shame; who, with miraculous dew
 5 To keep the garden ever fair and new,
 6 Want not our sobbing rains in their blue skies.
 7 Among the trees God moves, and o'er them rise
 8 All night in deeper heavens great stars to view.
 9 Ah, how we wept when through the gate we came!
 10 What boots it to look back? The world is ours,
 11 Come, we will fare, my brothers, boldly forth ;
 12 Let that dread Angel wave the sword of flame
 13 Forever idly round relinquished bowers—
 14 Leave Eden there ; we will subdue the earth.

THE RESTING PLACE

1 How all things transitory, all things vain
 2 Desert me! Whither am I sinking slow
 3 On the prone wing, to what predestined home,
 4 What peace beyond all peace, what ultimate joy?
 5 Nay, cease from questioning, care not to know,
 6 Let bliss dissolve each thought, all function cease,
 7 Fold close the wing, let the soft-flowing light
 8 Permeate, and merely once uplift drooped lids
 9 To mark the world remote, the abandoned shore,
 10 Fretted with much vain pleasure, futile pain,
 11 Far, far.

12 The deepening peach! a dawn of essences
 13 Awful and incommunicably dear!
 14 Grace opening into grace, joy quenching joy!
 15 Thy waves and billows have gone over me
 16 Blissful and calm, and still the dreams drop off,
 17 And true things grow more true, and larger orbs
 18 The strong salvation which has seized my soul.

[stanza break]

19 The stream of the attraction draws me on
 20 Toward some centre; all will quickly end,
 21 All be attained. The sweetness of repose
 22 And this swift motion slay the consciousness
 23 Of being, and bind up the will in sleep.
 24 Silence and light accept my soul—I touch
 25 Is it death's centre or the breast of God?

NEW HYMNS FOR SOLITUDE

I

1 I come to Thee not asking aught; I crave
 2 No gift of Thine, no grace;
 3 Yet where the suppliants enter let me have
 4 Within Thy courts a place.

 5 My hands, my heart contain no offering;
 6 Thy name I would not bless
 7 With lips untouched by altar-fire; I bring
 8 Only my weariness.

 9 These are the children, frequent in Thy home ;
 10 Grant, Lord, to each his share;
 11 Then turn, and merely gaze on me, who come
 12 To lay my spirit bare.

II

1 Yet one more step—no flight
 2 The weary soul can bear—
 3 Into a whiter light,
 4 Into a hush more rare.

 5 Take me, I am all Thine,
 6 Thine now, not seeking Thee,—
 7 Hid in the secret shrine,
 8 Lost in the shoreless sea.
 [stamza break]

New Hymns for Solitude

I. "March 9, 1873" *KSU*; "April 1872" *UK*; April 1872 *P1914*

II. "Oct 2. 1872" *KSU, UK*; Oct. 1872 *P1914* Reprinted in *LHS (1879)* without varying. from this text.

9 Grant to the prostrate soul
 10 Prostration new and sweet,
 11 Make weak the weak, control
 12 Thy creature at Thy feet.

13 Passive I lie: shine down,
 14 Pierce through the will with straight
 15 Swift beams, one after one,
 16 Divide, disintegrate,

17 Free me from self,—resume
 18 My place, and be Thou there;
 19 Yet also keep me. Come
 20 Thou Saviour and Thou Slayer!

III

1 Nothing remains to say to Thee, O Lord,
 2 I am confessed,
 3 All my lips' empty crying Thou hast heard,
 4 My unrest, my rest.
 5 Why wait I any longer? Thou dost stay,
 6 And therefore, Lord, I would not go away.

7 Let me be at Thy feet a little space,
 8 Forget me here;
 9 I will not touch Thy hand, nor seek Thy face,
 10 Only be near,
 11 And this hour let Thy nearness deed the heart,
 12 And when Thou goest I also will depart.

13 Then when Thou sleekest Thy way, and I, mine
 14 Let the World be
 15 Not wide and cold after this cherishing shrine
 16 Illum'd by Thee,
 17 Nay, but worth worship, fair, a radiant star,
 18 Tender and strong as Thy chief angels are.
 [stanza break]

II. 19 Come] Come *LHS* (1879)

III. 12 'Thou goest I] 'Thou goest, I *P1876*

III. "May 27, 1872" *KSU, UK*; May 1872 *P1914*

19 Yet bid me not go forth: I cannot now
 20 Take hold on joy,
 21 Nor sing the swift, glad song, nor bind my brow;
 22 Her wise employ
 23 Be mine, the silent woman at Thy knee
 24 In the low room in little Bethany.

IV

1 Ah, that sharp thrill through all my frame!
 2 And yet once more ! Withstand
 3 I can no longer; in Thy name
 4 I yield me to Thy hand.

5 Such pangs were in the soul unborn,
 6 The fear, the joy were such,
 7 When first it felt in that keen morn
 8 A dread, creating touch.

9 Maker of man, Thy pressure sure
 10 This grosser stuff must quell;
 11 The spirit faints, yet will endure,
 12 Subdue, control, compel.

13 The Potter's finger shaping me
 14 Praise, praise! the clay curves up
 15 Not for dishonour, though it be
 16 God's least adornèd cup.

V

1 Sins grew a heavy load and cold,
 2 And pressed me to the dust ;
 3 "Whither," I cried, "can this be rolled
 4 Ere I behold the Just?"

5 But now I claim them for my own;
 6 Thy face I needs must find;
 7 Lo! thus I wrought, yea, I alone,
 8 Not weak, beguiled, or blind.

[stanza break]

IV. "May 12 1872" *KSU, UK*; May 1872 *P1914*

V. "Novr 1871 & April 18 1872" *KSU*; "Novr. 8th 71 & April 18 1872" *UK*; April 1872 *P1914*



9 See my full arms, my heaped-up shame,
10 An evil load I bring;
11 Thou, God, art a consuming flame,
12 Accept the hateful thing.

13 Pronounce the dread condemning word,
14 I stand in blessed fear;
15 Dear is Thy cleansing wrath, O Lord,
16 The fire that burns is dear.

VI

1 I found Thee in my heart, O Lord,
2 As in some secret shrine;
3 I knelt, I waited for Thy word,
4 I joyed to name Thee mine.

5 I feared to give myself away
6 To that or this; beside
7 Thy altar on my face I lay,
8 And in strong need I cried.

9 Those hours are past. Thou art not mine,
10 And therefore I rejoice,
11 I wait within no holy shrine,
12 I faint not for the voice.

13 In Thee we live ; and every wind
14 Of heaven is Thine; blown free
15 To west, to east, the God unshrined
16 Is still discovering me.

VI. 15 unshrined] unshrined, *PI876*

IN THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE

- 1 In the Dean's porch a nest of clay
 2 With five small tenants may be seen,
 3 Five solemn faces, each as wise
 4 As though its owner were a Dean;
- 5 Five downy fledglings in a row,
 6 Packed close, as in the antique pew
 7 The school-girls are whose foreheads clear
 8 At the *Venite* shine on you.
- 9 Day after day the swallows sit
 10 With scarce a stir, with scarce a sound,
 11 But dreaming and digesting much
 12 They grow thus wise and soft and round.
- 13 They watch the Canons come to dine,
 14 And hear the mullion-bars across,
 15 Over the fragrant fruit and wine
 16 Deep talk of rood-screen and reredos.
- 17 Her hands with field-flowers drench'd, a child
 18 Leaps past in wind-blown dress and hair,
 19 The swallows turn their heads askew—
 20 Five judges deem that she is fair.
- 21 Prelusive touches sound within,
 22 Straightway they recognize the sign,
 23 And, blandly nodding, they approve
 24 The minuet of Rubinstein.

[stanza break]

4 as though its] as if its *PPNC* (1891)

16 Deep talk of rood-screen and reredos] Deep talk about the reredos *P1876*

24 Rubinstein] Rubenstein *P1876, P1877* (Correction is inscribed by the poet in *UK*)

In the Cathedral Close "1867" *UK*; 1876 *P1914*

1 "Dean" is an ecclesiastical magistrate subordinate to a bishop and administers a cathedral and its estates.

8 The "*Venite*" is a religious chant composed of parts of Psalms 95 and 96.

13 A "Canon" is a priest who serves on the staff of a cathedral.

16 A "rood-screen" is an ornate screen upon which is mounted the Great Rood, or crucifix, and separates the main altar of a cathedral from the main part of the church.

16 The "reredos" is an ornate screen or wall decoration at the back of an altar.

24 Anton Rubinstein (1829 – 1894) was a Russian-Jewish pianist, composer, and conductor who founded the Saint Petersburg Conservatory and rivaled Franz Liszt in reputation as a pianist.

25 They mark the cousins' schoolboy talk,
26 (Male birds flown wide from minster bell),
27 And blink at each broad term of art,
28 Binomial or bicycle.

29 Ah! downy young ones, soft and warm,
30 Doth such a stillness mask from sight
31 Such swiftness? can such peace conceal
32 Passion and ecstasy of flight?

33 Yet somewhere 'mid your Eastern suns,
34 Under a white Greek architrave
35 At morn, or when the shaft of fire
36 Lies large upon the Indian wave.

37 A sense of something dear gone-by
38 Will stir, strange longings thrill the heart
39 For a small world embowered and close,
40 Of which ye some time were a part.

41 The dew-drench'd flowers, the child's glad eyes
42 Your joy unhuman shall control,
43 And in your wings a light and wind
44 Shall move from the Maestro's soul.

32 flight?] flight. *P1876*

37 gone-by] gone by *PPNC (1891)*

34 An "architrave" is the lintel that rests above columns in classical architecture.

FIRST LOVE

1 My long first year of perfect love,
2 My deep new dream of joy;
3 She was a little chubby girl,
4 I was a chubby boy.

5 I wore a crimson frock, white drawers,
6 A belt, a crown was on it;
7 She wore some angel's kind of dress
8 And such a tiny bonnet,

9 Old-fashioned, but the soft brown hair
10 Would never keep its place;
11 A little maid with violet eyes,
12 And sunshine in her face.

13 O my child-queen, in those lost days
14 How sweet was daily living!
15 How humble and how proud I grew,
16 How rich by merely giving!

17 She went to school, the parlour-maid
18 Slow stepping to her trot;
19 That parlour-maid, ah, did she feel
20 How lofty was her lot!

21 Across the road I saw her lift
22 My Queen, and with a sigh
23 I envied Raleigh; my new coat
24 Was hung a peg too high.

25 A hoard of never-given gifts
26 I cherished,—priceless pelf;
27 'Twas two whole days ere I devour'd
28 That peppermint myself.

[stanza break]

23 Sir Walter Raleigh (c. 1552–1618) was an English writer, poet, soldier, courtier, and explorer famous, among other things, for his close friendship with Queen Elizabeth I.



29 In Church I only prayed for her—
30 “O God bless Lucy Hill;”
31 Child, may His angels keep their arms
32 Ever around you still.

33 But when the hymn came round, with heart
34 That feared some heart’s surprising
35 Its secret sweet, I climb’d the seat
36 ‘Mid rustling and uprising;

37 And there against her mother’s arm
38 The sleeping child was leaning,
39 While far away the hymn went on,
40 The music and the meaning.

41 Oh I have loved with more of pain
42 Since then, with more of passion,
43 Loved with the aching in my love
44 After our grown-up fashion;

45 Yet could I almost be content
46 To lose here at your feet
47 A year or two, you murmuring elm,
48 To dream a dream so sweet.

THE SECRET OF THE UNIVERSE: AN ODE

(BY A WESTERN SPINNING DERVISH)

1 I spin, I spin, around, around,
 2 And close my eyes,
 3 And let the bile arise
 4 From the sacred region of the soul's Profound;
 5 Then gaze upon the world; how strange! how new!
 6 The earth and heaven are one,
 7 The horizon-line is gone,
 8 The sky how green! the land how fair and blue!
 9 Perplexing items fade from my large view,
 10 And thought which vexed me with its false and true
 11 Is swallowed up in Intuition; this,
 12 This is the sole true mode
 13 Of reaching God,
 14 And gaining the universal synthesis
 15 Which makes All—One; while fools with peering eyes
 16 Dissect, divide, and vainly analyse.
 17 So round, and round, and round again!
 18 How the whole globe swells within my brain,
 19 The stars inside my lids appear,
 20 The murmur of the spheres I hear
 21 Throbbing and beating in each ear;
 22 Right in my navel I can feel
 23 The centre of the world's great wheel.
 24 Ah peace divine, bliss dear and deep,
 25 No stay, no stop,
 26 Like any top
 27 Whirling with swiftest speed, I sleep.
 28 O ye devout ones round me coming,
 29 Listen! I think that I am humming;
 30 No utterance of the servile mind
 31 With poor chop-logic rules agreeing
 32 Here shall ye find,
 33 But inarticulate burr of man's unsundered being.

BY A WESTERN SPINNING DERVISH] BY A SPINNING DERVISH P1876

A "Spinning Dervish" is a member of an ascetic order of Sufi Islam engaged in a traditional spinning dance as a form of active meditation during a worship service. The word "Western" was introduced into the subtitle in *KSU* in the poet's handwriting.

34 Ah, could we but devise some plan,
 35 Some patent jack by which a man
 36 Might hold himself ever in harmony
 37 With the great Whole, and spin perpetually,
 38 As all things spin
 39 Without, within,
 40 As Time spins off into Eternity,
 41 And Space into the inane Immensity,
 42 And the Finite into God's Infinity,
 43 Spin, spin, spin, spin.

BEAU RIVAGE HOTEL
 SATURDAY EVENING

1 Below there's a brumming and strumming
 2 And twiddling and fiddling amain,
 3 And sweeping of muslins and laughter,
 4 And pattering of luminous rain.

 5 Fair England, resplendent Columbia,
 6 Gaul, Teuton,—how precious a smother!
 7 But the happiest is brisk little Polly
 8 To galop with only her brother.

 9 And up to the fourth étage landing,
 10 Come the violins' passionate cries,
 11 Where the pale femme-de-chambre is sitting
 12 With sleep in her beautiful eyes.

4 Fair England, resplendent Columbia,] "Miss Lucy fatigued?" "Non, Monsieur!" *P1876, PPNC (1891)*

5 Gaul, Teuton,—how precious a smother!] "Ach Himmel!" "How precious a smother!" *P1876, PPNC (1891)*



IN A JUNE NIGHT

(A STUDY IN THE MANNER OF ROBERT BROWNING)

I

1 See, the door opens of this alcove,
 2 Here we are now in the cool night air
 3 Out of the heat and smother; above
 4 The stars are a wonder, alive and fair,
 5 It is a perfect night,—your hand,—
 6 Down these steps and we reach the garden,
 7 And odorous, dim, enchanted land,
 8 With the dusk stone-god for only warden.

II

9 Was I not right to bring you here?
 10 We might have seen slip the hours within
 11 Till God's new day in the East were clear,
 12 And His silence abashed the dancers' din,
 13 The each have gone away, the pain
 14 And longing greatedened, not satisfied,
 15 By a hand's slight tough or a glance's gain,—
 16 And now we are standing side by side!

III

17 Come to the garden's end,—not so,
 18 Not by the grass, it would drench your feet;
 19 See, here is a path where the trees o'ergrow
 20 And the fireflies flicker; but, my sweet,
 21 Lean on me now, for one cannot see
 22 Here where the great leaves lie unfurled
 23 To take the whole soul and the mystery
 24 Of a summer night poured out for the world.

In a June Night This poem appeared in the magazine *Kottabos* paired with an exercise on Tennyson, which Dowden chose not to reprint. It appeared under the headings "Poems Written in Discipleship" and "Of the school of Mr. Browning." There, a footnote declared that "These poems are in no sense parodies, but intend to be affectionate studies or sketches in the manner of some living master of song. The stanzas were not numbered, but the 72 lines of the poem overall scrupulously agree with the 1876 and subsequent editions of Poems. No variants were detected in *Kottabos I* (1869–74).

IV

25 Into the open air once more!
26 Yonder's the edge of the garden-wall
27 Where we may sit and talk,—deplore
28 This half-hour lost from so bright a ball,
29 Or praise my partner with the eyes
30 And the raven hair, or the other one
31 With her flaxen curls, and slow replies
32 As near asleep in the Tuscan sun.

V

33 Hush! do you hear on the beach's cirque
34 Just below, though the lake is dim,
35 How the little ripples do their work,
36 Fall and faint on the pebbled rim,
37 So they say what they want, and then
38 Break at the marge's feet and die;
39 It is so different with us men
40 Who never can once speak perfectly.

VI

41 Yet hear me,—trust that they mean indeed
42 Oh, so much more than the words will say
43 Or shall it be 'twixt us two agreed
44 That all we might spend a night and day
45 In striving to put in a word or thought,
46 Which were then from ourselves a thing apart,
47 Shall be just believed and quite forgot,
48 When my heart is felt against your heart.

VII

49 Ah, but that will not tell you all,
50 How I am yours not thus alone,
51 To find how your pulses rise and fall,
52 And winning you wholly be your own,
53 But yours to be humble, could you grow
54 The Queen that you are, remote and proud,
55 And I with only a life to throw
56 Where the others' flowers for your feet were stowed.

VIII

57 Well, you have faults too! I can blame
58 If you choose: this hand is not so white
59 Or round as a little one that came
60 On my shoulder once or twice to-night
61 Like a soft white dove. Envy her now!
62 And when you talked to that padded thing
63 And I passed you leisurely by, your brow
64 Was cold, not a flush nor fluttering.

IX

65 Such foolish talk! while that one star still
66 Dwells o'er the mountain's margin-line
67 Till the dawn takes all; one may drink one's fill
68 Of such quiet; there's a whisper fine
69 In the leaves a-tremble, and now 'tis dumb;
70 We have lived long years, love, you and I,
71 And the heart grows faint; your lips, then: come,—
72 It were not so very hard to die.

FROM APRIL TO OCTOBER

I. BEAUTY

1 The beauty of the world, the loveliness
 2 Of woodland pools, which doves have coo'd to sleep,
 3 Dreaming the noontide through beneath the deep
 4 Of heaven; the radiant blue's benign caress
 5 When April clouds are rifted; buds that bless
 6 Each little nook and bower, where the leaves keep
 7 Dew and light shadow, and quick lizards peep
 8 For sunshine,—these, and the ancient stars no less,
 9 And the sea's mystery of dusk and bright
 10 Are but the curious characters that lie,
 11 Priestess of Beauty, in thy robe of light.
 12 Ah, where, divine One, is thy veiled retreat,
 13 That I may creep to it and clasp thy feet,
 14 And gaze in thy pure face though I should die?

II. TWO INFINITIES

1 A lonely way, and as I went my eyes
 2 Could not unfasten from the Spring's sweet things,
 3 Lush-sprouted grass, and all that climbs and clings
 4 In loose, deep hedges, where the primrose lies
 5 In her own fairness, buried blooms surprise
 6 The plunderer bee and stop his murmurings,
 7 And the glad flutter of a finch's wings
 8 Outstartle small blue-speckled butterflies.
 9 Blissfully did one speedwell plot beguile
 10 My whole heart long; I loved each separate flower,
 11 Kneeling, I looked up suddenly—Dear God!
 12 There stretched the shining plain for many a mile,
 13 The mountains rose with what invincible power!
 14 And how the sky was fathomless and broad!

I. Beauty 4 caress] caress; P1876

I. Beauty entitled "Desire"; "1876" in ink beside title *Texas MS*; dated "1865" *KSU, UK*

II. Two Infinities entitled "The Two Infinities" *Texas MS*

III. THE DAWN

1 The Dawn,—O silence and wise mystery!
 2 Was it a dream, the murmurous room, the glitter,
 3 The tinkling songs, the dance, and that fair sitter
 4 I talk'd aesthetics to so rapturously?
 5 Sweet Heaven, they silentness and purity,
 6 Thy sister-words of blame, not railings bitter,
 7 With these great quiet leaves, and the light twitter
 8 Of small birds wakening in the greenery,
 9 And one stream stepping quickly on its way
 10 So well it knows the glad work it must do,
 11 Reclaim a wayward heart scarce answering true
 12 To that sweet strain of hours that closes May;
 13 How the pale marge quickens with pulsing new,
 14 O welcome to thy world thou fair, great day!

IV. THE SKYLARK

1 There drops our lark into his secret nest!
 2 All is felt silence and the broad blue sky;
 3 Come, the incessant rain of melody
 4 Is over; now earth's quietudes invest,
 5 In cool and shadowy limit, that wild breast
 6 Which trembled forth the sudden ecstasy
 7 Till raptures came too swift, and song must die
 8 Since midmost deeps of heaven grew manifest.
 9 My poet of the garden-walk last night
 10 Sang in rich leisure, ceased and sang again,
 11 Of pleasure in green leaves, of odours given
 12 By flowers at dusk, and many a dim delight;
 13 The finer joy was thine keen-edged with pain,
 14 Soarer! alone with thy own heart and heaven.

III. *The Dawn* entitled "The Dawn— a silence and wish mystery!..." *Texas MS*; "1865" *KSU, UK*; 1865 *P1914*

IV. *The Skylark*: "1866" *KSU, UK*; 1866 *P1914*

V. THE MILL-RACE

1 "Only a mill-race," said they, and went by,
 2 But we were wiser, spoke no word, and stayed;
 3 It was a place to make the heart afraid
 4 With so much beauty, lest the after sigh,
 5 When one had drunk its sweetness utterly,
 6 Should leave the spirit faint; a living shade
 7 From beechen branches o'er the water played
 8 To unweave that spell through which the conquering sky
 9 Subdues the sweet will of each summer stream;
 10 So this ran freshlier through the swaying weeds.
 11 I gazed until the whole was as a dream,
 12 Nor should have waked or wondered had I seen
 13 Some smooth-limbed wood-nymph glance across the green,
 14 Or Naiad lift a head amongst the reeds.

VI. IN THE WOOD

1 A place where Una might have fallen asleep
 2 Assured of quiet dreams, a place to make
 3 Sad eyes bright with strange tears; a little lake
 4 In the green heart of a wood; the crystal deep
 5 Of heaven so wide if there should chance to stray
 6 Into that stainless field some thin cloud-flake,
 7 When not a breeze the trance of noon dare break,
 8 About the middle it must melt away.
 9 Lillies upon the water in their leaves,
 10 Stirr'd by faint ripples that go curving on
 11 To little reedy coves; a stream that grieves
 12 To the fine grasses and wild flowers around;
 13 And we two in a golden silence bound,
 14 Not a line read of rich *Endymion*.

V. *The Mill-race* entitled "A mill-race"; "1876" in ink beside title *Texas MS*; A naiad is a type of Nymph who presided over wells, streams, and brooks in classical Greek mythology.

VI. *In the Wood* entitled "In a wood" and dated "Aug 1865" at bottom *Texas MS*; *Endymion* is a poem published by John Keats

VII. THE PAUSE OF EVENING

1 Nightward on dimmest wing in Twilight's train
 2 The grey hours floated smoothly, lingeringly;
 3 A solemn wonder was the western sky
 4 Rich with the slow forsaking sunset-stain,
 5 Barred by long violet cloud; hillside and plain
 6 The feet of Night had touched; a wind's low sigh
 7 Told of whole pleasure lapsed,—then rustled by
 8 With soft subsidence in the rippling grain.
 9 Why in dark dews, unready to depart,
 10 Did Evening pause and ponder, nor perceive
 11 Star follow star into the central blue?
 12 What secret was the burden of her heart?
 13 What grave, sweet memory grew she loath to leave?
 14 What finer sense, no morrow may renew?

VIII. IN JULY

1 Why do I make no poems? Good my friend
 2 Now is there silence through the summer woods,
 3 In whose green depths and lawny solitudes
 4 The light is dreaming; voicings clear ascend
 5 Now from no hollow where glad rivulets wend,
 6 But murmurings low of inarticulate moods,
 7 Softer than stir of unfledged cushat broods,
 8 Breathe, till o'erdrowsed the heavy flower-heads bend.
 9 Now sleep the crystal and heart-charmed waves
 10 Round white, sunstricken rocks the noontide long,
 11 Or 'mid the coolness of dim lighted caves
 12 Sway in a trance of vague deliciousness;
 13 And I,—I am too deep in joy's excess
 14 For the imperfect impulse of a song.

VIII. In July 7 broods,] broods *P1876*

VII. The Pause of Evening (inscribed beside title): "(of July 30)", also dated "Howth Aug 2 73" *KSU*; "Aug 2 1873" *UK*; Aug. 1873 *P1914*

VIII. In July entitled "Golden Silence" and undated in *Texas MS*

IX. IN SEPTEMBER

1 Spring scarce had greener fields to show than these
 2 Of mid September; through the still warm noon
 3 The rivulets ripple forth a gladder tune
 4 Than ever in the summer; from the trees
 5 Dusk-green, and murmuring inward melodies,
 6 No leaf drops yet; only our evenings swoon
 7 In pallid skies more suddenly, and the moon
 8 Finds motionless white mists out on the leas.
 9 Dear chance it were in some rough wood-god's lair
 10 A month hence, gazing on the last bright field,
 11 To sink o'er-drowsed, and dream that wild-flowers blew
 12 Around my head and feet silently there,
 13 Till Spring's glad choir adown the valley pealed,
 14 And violets trembled in the morning dew.

X. IN THE WINDOW

1 A still grey evening: Autumn in the sky,
 2 And Autumn on the hills and the sad wold;
 3 No congregated towers of pearl and gold
 4 In the vaporous West, no fiend limned duskily,
 5 No angel whose reared trump must soon be loud,
 6 Nor mountains which some pale green lake enfold
 7 Nor islands in an ocean glacial-cold;
 8 Hardly indeed a noticeable cloud.
 9 Yet here I lingered, all my will asleep,
 10 Gazing an hour with neither joy nor pain,
 11 No noonday trance in midsummer more deep;
 12 And wake with a vague yearning in the dim,
 13 Blind room, my heart scarce able to restrain
 14 The idle tears that tremble to the brim.

X. In the Window 1 grey] gray P1876; 6 enfold] enfold, P1876, P1877

IX. In September entitled "September"; and dated "1876" in ink beside title in *Texas MS*

XI. AN AUTUMN MORNING

1 O what a morn is this for us who knew
 2 The large, blue, summer mornings, heaven let down
 3 Upon the earth for men to drink, the crown
 4 Of perfect human living, when we grew
 5 Great-hearted like the Gods! Come, we will strew
 6 White ashes on our hair, not strive to drown
 7 In faint hymn to the year's fulfilled renown
 8 The sterile grief which is the season's due.
 9 Lightly above the vine-rows of rich hills
 10 Where the brown peasant girls move amid grapes
 11 The shallow glances; let him cry for glee!
 12 But yon pale mist diffused 'twixt paler shapes,—
 13 Once sovereign trees,—my spirit also fills,
 14 And an east-wind comes moaning from the sea.

SEA VOICES

1 Was it a lullaby the Sea went singing
 2 About my feet, some old-world monotone,
 3 Filled full of secret memories, and bringing
 4 Not hope to sting the heart, but peace alone,
 5 Sleep and the certitude of sleep to be
 6 Wiser henceforth than all philosophy?

 7 Truth! did we seek for truth with eye and brain
 8 Through days so many and wasted with desire?
 9 Listen, the same long gulping voice again:
 10 Tired limbs lie slack as sands are, eyes that tire
 11 Close gently, close forever, twilight grey
 12 Receives you, tenderer than the glaring day.

[He sleeps, and after an interval awakes.]
 [stanza break]

XI. An Autumn Morning [6 drown] drown, P1876

XI. An Autumn Morning entitled "October" and undated in *Texas MS*
Sea Voices dated "May 7 & 8—1872" *KSU*; *UK*; May 1872 P1914

13 Ah terror, ah delight! A sudden cry,
 14 Anguish, or hope, or triumph. Awake, arise,—
 15 The winds awake! Is ocean's lullaby
 16 This clarion-call? Her kiss, the spray that flies
 17 Salt to the lip and cheek? Her motion light
 18 Of nursing breasts, this swift pursuit and flight?

 19 O wild sea-voices! Victory and defeat,
 20 But ever deathless passion and unrest,
 21 White wings upon the wind and flying feet,
 22 Disdain and wrath, a reared and hissing crest,
 23 The imperious urge, and last, a whole life spent
 24 In bliss of one supreme abandonment.

ABOARD THE "SEA-SWALLOW"

1 The gloom of the sea-fronting cliffs
 2 Lay on the water, violet-dark,
 3 The pennon drooped, the sail fell in,
 4 And slowly moved our bark.

 5 A golden day; the summer dreamed
 6 In heaven and on the whispering sea,
 7 Within our hearts the summer dreamed;
 8 The hours had ceased to be.

 9 Then rose the girls with bonnets loosed,
 10 And shining tresses lightly blown,
 11 Alice and Adela, and sang
 12 A song of Mendelssohn.
 1
 13 O sweet, and sad, and wildly clear,
 14 Through summer air it sinks and swells,
 15 Wild with a measureless desire,
 16 And sad with all farewells.

Aboard the "Sea-Swallow" 2 violet-dark,] violet-dark; *IL* (1904) 13 O sweet, and sad,] Oh! sweet and sad
IL (1904) 15 desire,] desire *IL*(1904)

Aboard the "Sea-Swallow" dated "1865" *KSU, UK*; 1865 *P1914* 12 Jacob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy (originally Felix Mendelssohn in the English-speaking world) was a German composer, pianist, organist, and conductor (1809-1847). The poem first appeared as *Songs I*, in *Kottabos I* (1869-1874). See *Uncollected Verses* (below), p. 194.

SEA-SIGHING

1 This is the burden of the Sea,
 2 Loss, failure, sorrows manifold;
 3 Yet something though the voice sound free
 4 Remains untold.

 5 Listen! that secret sigh again
 6 Kept very low, a whole heart's waste;
 7 What means this inwardness of pain?
 8 This sob repressed?

 9 Some ancient sin, some supreme wrong,
 10 Some huge attempt God brought to nought,
 11 All over while the world was young,
 12 And ne'er forgot?

 13 Those lips, which open wide and cry,
 14 Weak as pale flowers or trembling birds,
 15 Are proud, and fixed immutably
 16 Against such words.

 17 Confession from that burdened soul
 18 No ghostly counsellor may win;
 19 Could such as we receive its whole
 20 Passion and sin?

 21 In this high presence priest or king,
 22 Prophet or singer of the earth,
 23 With yon cast sea-weed were a thing
 24 Of equal worth.

IN THE MOUNTAINS

1 Fatigued of heart, and owning how the world
 2 Is strong, too strong for will of mine, my steps
 3 Through the tall pines I led, to reach that spur
 4 Which strikes from off the mountain toward the West.
 5 I hoped to lull a fretted heart to sleep,
 6 And in the place of definite thought a sense

7 Possessed me, dim and sweet, of Motherhood,
 8 The breasts of Nature, warmth, and soothing hands,
 9 And tender, inarticulate nursing-words
 10 Slow uttered o'er tired eyes.

But suddenly

11 Rude waking! Suddenly the rocks, the trees
 12 Stood up in rangèd power, rigid, erect,
 13 And all cried out on me "Away with him!
 14 Away! He is not of us, has no part
 15 In ours or us! Traitor, away with him!"
 16 And the birds shrilled it "Traitor," and the flowers
 17 Stared up at me with small, hard, insolent eyes.
 18 But I, who had been weak, was weak no more,
 19 Nor shrank at all, but with deliberate step
 20 Moved on, and with both hands waved off the throng,
 21 And feared them not, nor sent defiance back.
 22 Thus, till the pine-glooms fell away, and goats
 23 Went tinkling and no herd-boy near; glad airs
 24 With sunshine in them moved angelical
 25 Upon the solitary heights; the sky
 26 Held not a cloud from marge to marge; and now
 27 Westward the sun was treading, calm and free.
 28 I lay upon the grass, and how an hour
 29 Went past I know not. When again time was,
 30 The sun had fallen, and congregated clouds,
 31 A vision of great glories, held the West,
 32 And through them, and beyond, the hyaline
 33 Led the charm'd spirit through infinite spaces on.
 34 I think of all the men upon this earth
 35 The sight was mine alone; it for my soul,
 36 My soul for it, until all seeing died.
 37 Where did I live transfigured? through what times
 38 Of heaven's great year? What sudden need of me
 39 For sacrifice on altar, or for priest,
 40 For soldier at the rampart, cup-bearer
 41 At feasts of God, rapt singer in the joy
 42 Of consonant praise, doom'd rebel for the fires?
 43 —I know not, but somewhere some part I held,
 44 Nor fail'd when summoned.

When the body took

45 Its guest once more the clouds were massy-grey,
 46 The event was ended; yet a certain thing
 47 Abode with me, which still eludes its name,
 48 Yet lies within my heart like some great word
 49 A mage has taught, and he who heard it once

50 Cannot pronounce, and never may forget.
 51 But this I dare record, —when all was past,
 52 And once again I turned to seek the vale,
 53 And moved adown the slippery pine-wood path,
 54 In the dimness every pine tree bowed to me
 55 With duteous service, and the rocks lay couched
 56 Like armed followers round, and one bird sang
 57 The song I chose, and heavy fragrance came
 58 From unseen flowers, and all things were aware
 59 One passed who had been called and consecrate.

“THE TOP OF A HILL CALLED *CLEAR*”
 (*In sight of the Celestial City*)

1 And all my days led on to this! the days
 2 Of pallid light, of springs no sun would warm,
 3 Of chilling rain autumnal, which decays
 4 High woods while veering south the quick wings swarm,
 5 The days of hot desire, of broken dreaming,
 6 Mechanic toil, poor pride that was but seeming,
 7 And bleeding feet, and sun-smit flowerless ways.

8 Below me spreads a sea of tranquil light,
 9 No blue cloud thunder-laden, but pure air
 10 Shot through and through with sunshine; from this height
 11 A man might cast himself in joy's despair,
 12 And find unhopèd, to bear him lest he fall,
 13 Swift succouring wings, and hands angelical,
 14 And circling of soft eyes, and foreheads bright.

15 Under me light, and light is o'er my head,
 16 And awful heaven and heaven to left and right;
 17 In all His worlds this spot unvisited
 18 God kept, save by the winging of keen light,
 19 And the dread gaze of stars, and morning's wan
 20 Virginity, for me a living man,
 21 Living, not borne among the enfranchised dead.
 [stanza break]

“*The Top of a Hill Called Clear*” 17 His worlds] his worlds P1876, P1877

“*The Top of a Hill Called Clear*” “May 26 1872” KSU, UK; May 1872 P1914

22 New life,—not death! No glow the senses cast
 23 Across the spirit, no pleasure shoots o'er me
 24 Its scattering flaw, no words may I hold fast
 25 Here, where God's breath streams inexhaustibly;
 26 But conquest stern is mine, a will made sane,
 27 Life's vision wide and calm, a supreme pain,
 28 An absolute joy; and love the first and last.

THE INITIATION

1 Under the flaming wings of cherubim
 2 I moved toward that high altar. O, the hour!
 3 And the light waxed intenser, and the dim
 4 Low edges of the hills and the grey sea
 5 Were caught and captur'd by the present Power,
 6 My sureties and my witnesses to be.

7 Then the light drew me in. Ah, perfect pain!
 8 Ah, infinite moment of accomplishment!
 9 Thou terror of pure joy, with neither wane
 10 Nor waxing, but long silence and sharp air
 11 As womb-forsaking babes breathe. Hush! the event
 12 Let him who wrought Love's marvelous things declare.

13 Shall I who fear'd not joy, fear grief at all?
 14 I on whose mouth Life laid his sudden lips
 15 Tremble at Death's weak kiss, and not recall
 16 That sundering from the flesh, the flight from time,
 17 The judgments stern, the clear apocalypse,
 18 The lightnings, and the Presences sublime.

19 How came I back to earth? I know not how,
 20 Nor what hands led me, nor what words were said.
 21 Now all things are made mine,—joy, sorrow; now
 22 I know my purpose deep, and can refrain;
 23 I walk among the living not the dead;
 24 My sight is purged; I love and pity men.

RENUNCIANTS

1 Seems not our breathing light?
2 Sound not our voices free?
3 Bid to Life's festal bright
4 No gladder guests there be.

5 Ah, stranger, lay aside
6 Cold prudence! I divine
7 The secret you would hide,
8 And you conjecture mine.

9 You too have temperate eyes,
10 Have put your heart to school,
11 Are proved. I recognize
12 A brother of the rule.

13 I knew it by your lip,
14 A something when you smiled,
15 Which meant 'close scholarship,
16 A master of the guild.'

17 Well, and how good is life;
18 Good to be born, have breath,
19 The calms good and the strife,
20 Good life, and perfect death.

21 Come, for the dancers wheel,
22 Join we the pleasant din
23 —Comrade, it serves to feel
24 The sackcloth next the skin.

SPEAKERS TO GOD

First Speaker

1 Eastward I went and Westward, North and South,
 2 And the wind blew me from deep zone to zone;
 3 Many strong women did I love; my mouth
 4 I gave for kisses, rose, and straight was gone.

5 I fought with heroes; there was joyous play
 6 Of swords; my cities rose in every land;
 7 Then forth I fared. O God, thou knowest, I lay
 8 Ever within the hollow of thy land.

Second Speaker

9 I am borne out to thee upon the wave,
 10 And the land lessens; cry nor speech I hear,
 11 Nought but the leaping waters and the brave
 12 Pure winds commingling. O the joy, the fear!

13 Alone with thee; sky's rim and ocean's rim
 14 Touch, overhead the clear immensity
 15 Is merely God; no eyes of seraphim
 16 Gaze in . . . O God, Thou also art the sea!

Third Speaker

17 Thus it shall be a lifetime,—ne'er to meet;
 18 A trackless land divides us lone and long;
 19 Others, who seek Him, find, run swift to greet
 20 Their Friend, approach the bridegroom's door with song.

21 I stand, nor dare affirm I see or hear;
 22 How should I dream, when strict is my employ?
 23 Yet if some time, far hence, thou drawest near
 24 Shall there be any joy like to our joy?

Speakers to God "Ap 25 & 26, 1873" KSU; "April 25.26 1873 UK; April 1873 P1914

In KSU, the speakers are identified parenthetically as follows: First Speaker "(Theist)," Second Speaker "(Pantheist)," Third Speaker "(Agnostic)."

POESIA
(TO A PAINTER)

1 Paint her with robe and girdle laid aside,
2 Without a jewel upon her; you must hide
3 By sleight of artist from the gazer's view
4 No whit of her fair body; calm and true
5 Her eyes must meet our passion, as aware
6 The world is beautiful, and she being fair
7 A part of it. She needs be no more pure
8 Than a dove is, nor could one well endure
9 More faultlessness than of a sovran rose,
10 Reserved, yet liberal to each breeze that blows.
11 Let her be all revealed, nor therefore less
12 A mystery of unsearchable loveliness;
13 There must be no discoveries to be made,
14 Save as a noonday sky with not a shade
15 Or floating cloud of Summer to the eye
16 Which drinks its light admits discovery.
17 Did common raiment hide her could we know
18 How hopeless were the rash attempt to throw
19 Sideways the veil which guards her womanhood?
20 Therefore her sacred vesture must elude
21 All mortal touch, and let her welcome well
22 Each comer, being still unapproachable.
23 Plant firm on Earth her feet, as though her own
24 Its harvests were, and, for she would be known
25 Fearless not fugitive, interpose no bar
26 'Twixt us and her, Love's radiant avatar,
27 No more to be possessed than sunsets are.

Poesia "Feb 5 1873" *KSU, UK*; Feb. 1873 *P1914* The title (working with its subtitle) suggests that Dowden may be experimenting with the concept *ut pictura poesis*, which means, in Latin, "as is painting, so is poetry."

MUSICIANS

1 I know the harps whereon the Angels play,
2 While in God's listening face they gaze intent,
3 Are these frail hearts,—yours, mine; and gently they,
4 Leaning a warm breast toward the instrument,
5 And prelude among the tremulous wires,
6 First draw forth dreams of song, unfledged desires,
7 Nameless regrets, sweet hopes which will not stay.

8 But when the passionate sense of heavenly things
9 Possesses the musician, and his lips
10 Part glowing, and the shadow of his wings
11 Grows golden, and fire streams from finger-tips,
12 And he is mighty, and his heart-throbs thicken,
13 And quick intolerable pulses quicken,
14 How his hand lords it in among the strings!

15 Ah the keen crying of the wires! the pain
16 Of restless music yearning to out-break
17 And shed its sweetness utterly, the rain
18 Of heavenly laughters, threats obscure which shake
19 The spirit, trampling tumults which dismay,
20 The fateful pause, the fiat summoning day,
21 The faultless flower of light which will not wane.

22 How wrought with you the awful lord of song?
23 What thirst of God hath he appeased? What bliss
24 Raised to clear ecstasy? O tender and strong
25 The eager melodist who leaned o'er this
26 Live heart of mine, who leans above it now:
27 The stern pure eyes! the ample, radiant brow!
28 Pluck boldly, Master, the good strain prolong.

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

A DAY OF DEFECTION

1 This day among the days will never stand,
2 Carven and clear, a shape of fair delight,
3 With singing lips, and gaze of innocent might,
4 Crown'd queenwise, or the lyre within her hand,
5 And firm feet making conquest of a land
6 Heavy with fruitage; nay, from all men's sight
7 Drop far, cold sun, and let remorseful Night
8 Cloke the shamed forehead, and the bosom's brand.
9 Could but the hammer rive, the thunder-stone
10 Flung forth from heaven on some victorious morn
11 Grind it to dust! Slave, must I always see
12 Thy beauty soil'd? Must shining days foregone
13 Admit thee peer, and wondering new-born
14 To-morrow meet thy dull eyes' infamy?

13 wondering] wondering, P1876

SONG AND SILENCE

1 While Sorrow sat beside me many a day,
 2 I,—with head turned from her, and yet aware
 3 How her eyes' light was on my brow and hair,
 4 The light which bites and blights our gold to grey,—
 5 Still sang, and swift winds bore my songs away
 6 Full of sweet sounds, as of a lute-player
 7 Who sees fresh colours, breathes the ripe soft air,
 8 And hears the cuckoo shout in dells of May,
 9 Being filled with ease and indolent of heart.
 10 So sang I, Sorrow near me: chide me not,
 11 O Joy, for silence now! Hereafter wise,
 12 Large song may come, life blossoming in art,
 13 From this new fate; but leave me, thou long sought,
 14 To gaze awhile into those perfect eyes.

LOVE-TOKENS

1 I wear around my forehead evermore,
 2 The circlet of your praise, pure gold; and how
 3 I walk forth crown'd, the approving angels know,
 4 And see how I am meeker than before
 5 Being thus proud. For roses my full store,
 6 Upon a cheek where flowers will scantily blow,
 7 Is your lips' one immortal touch, and lo!
 8 All shame deserts my blood to the heart's core.
 9 Dare I display love's choicest gift—this scar
 10 Still sanguine-hued? Here ran your sudden brand
 11 Sheer through the starting flesh, and let abroad
 12 A traitor's life; your wrathful eyes afar,
 13 Had doom'd him first. Ah, gracious, valiant hand
 14 Which drew me bleeding to the feet of God!

A DREAM

1 I dreamed I went to seek for her whose sight
 2 Is sunshine to my soul; and in my dream
 3 I found her not; then sank the latest beam
 4 Of day in the rich west; upswam the Night
 5 With sliding dews, and still I searched in vain,
 6 Through thickest glooms of garden-alleys quaint,
 7 On moonlit lawns, by glimmering lakes where faint
 8 The ripples brake and died, and brake again.
 9 Then said I, "At God's inner court of light
 10 I will beg for her;" straightaway toward the same
 11 I went, and lo! upon the altar-stair,
 12 She knelt with face uplifted, and soft hair
 13 Fallen upon shoulders purely gowned in white
 14 And on her parted lips I read my name.

MICHELANGELESQUE

1 Shaping thy life what if the stubborn stuff
 2 Grudge to inform itself through each dull part
 3 With the soul's high invention, and thy art
 4 Seem a defeated thing, and earth rebuff
 5 Heaven's splendour, choosing darkness,—leave the rough
 6 Brute-parts unhewn. Toilest thou for the mart
 7 Or for the temple? Does the God see start
 8 Quick beauty from the block, it is enough.
 9 The spirit, foiled elsewhere, presses to the mouth,
 10 Disparts the lips, lives on the lighted brow,
 11 Fills the wide nostrils, flings the imperious chin
 12 Out proudly. Now behold! the lyric youth,
 13 The wrestler stooping in the act to win,
 14 Pythian Apollo with the vengeful bow.

A Dream 13 white] white, P1876, P1877

A Dream "Aug 3 1865" KSU, "Aug 3rd 1875" UK; Aug. 1875 P1914

Michelangesque "Oct 1 1872" KSU, UK; Oct. 1872 P1914

14 "Pythian Apollo," the prophetic deity of the Oracle of Delphi.

LIFE'S GAIN

1 "Now having gained Life's gain, how hold it fast?
 2 The harder task! because the world is still
 3 The world, and days creep slow, and wear the will,
 4 And Custom, gendering in the heart's blind waste,
 5 Brings forth a wingèd mist, which with no haste
 6 Upcircling the steep air, and charged with ill,
 7 Blots all our shining heights adorable,
 8 And leaves slain Faith, slain Hope, slain Love the last."
 9 O shallow lore of life! He who hath won
 10 Life's gain doth hold nought fast, who could hold all,
 11 Holden himself of strong, immortal Powers.
 12 The stars accept him; for his sake the Sun
 13 Hath sworn in heaven an oath memorial;
 14 Around his feet stoop the obsequious Hours.

COMPENSATION

1 You shake your head and talk of evil days:
 2 My friend, I learn'd ere I had told twelve years
 3 That truth of yours,—how irrepressible tears
 4 Surprise us, and strength fails, and pride betrays,
 5 And sorrows lurk for us in all the ways
 6 Of joyous living. But now to front my fears
 7 I set a counter-truth which comes and cheers
 8 Our after-life, when, temperate, the heart weighs
 9 Evil with good. Do never smiles surprise
 10 Sad lips? Did the glad violets blow last spring
 11 In no new haunts? Or are the heavens not fair
 12 After drench'd days of June, when all the air
 13 Grows fragrant, and the rival thrushes sing,
 14 Until stars gather into twilight skies?

Life's Gain 4 Custom,] custom, *DBIV* (1906) 13 Hath] Has *P1876*, *DBIV* (1906)
Compensation 4 betrays,] betrays. *P1876*

Life's Gain "Aug 16 1872" *KSU*, *UK*; Aug. 1872 *P1914*
Compensation undated in *Texas MS*

TO A CHILD DEAD AS SOON AS BORN

1 A little wrath was on thy forehead, Boy,
 2 Being thus defeated; the resolvèd will
 3 Which death could not subdue, was threatening still
 4 From lip and brow. I know that it was joy
 5 No casual misadventure might destroy
 6 To have lived, and fought and died. Therefore I kill
 7 The pang for thee, unknown; nor count it ill
 8 That thou hast entered swiftly on employ
 9 Where Life would plant a warder keen and pure.
 10 I thought to see a little piteous clay
 11 The grave had need of, pale from light obscure
 12 Of embryo dreams; thy face was as the day
 13 Smit on by storm. Palms for my child, and bay!
 14 Thus far thou hast done well, true son: endure.

BROTHER DEATH

1 When thou would'st have me go with thee, O Death,
 2 Over the utmost verge, to the dim place,
 3 Practise upon me with no amorous grace
 4 Of fawning lips, and words of delicate breath,
 5 And curious music thy lute uttereth;
 6 Nor think for me there must be sought-out ways
 7 Of cloud and terror; have we many days
 8 Sojourned together, and this is thy faith?
 9 Nay, be there plainness 'twixt us; come to me
 10 Even as thou art, O brother of my soul;
 11 Hold thy hand out and I will place mine there;
 12 I trust thy mouth's inscrutable irony,
 13 And dare to lay my forehead where the whole
 14 Shadow lies deep of thy purpureal hair.

To a Child Dead as Soon as Born "written March 8, 1873" *KSU* The specific date may indicate that Dowden lost a son around this date.

Brother Death entitled "When thou wouldn't have me go with thee, O Death,..." and dated "1876" at the end of the poem but "1876" at the top in *Texas MS*.

THE MAGE

1 When I shall sing my songs the world will hear,
 2 —Which hears not these,—I shall be white with age,
 3 My beard on breast great as befits a mage
 4 So skilled; but song is young, and in no drear
 5 Tome-crammed, lamp-litten chamber shall mine fear
 6 To pine ascetic. Where the woods are deep,
 7 Thick leaves for arras, in a noonday sleep
 8 Of breeze and bloom, gaze, but my art revere!
 9 There I will sit, and score rare wisardry
 10 In characters vermilion, azure, gold,
 11 With bird, starred flower, and peering dragon-fly
 12 Limned in the lines; and secrets shall be told
 13 Of greatest Pan, and lives of wood-nymphs shy,
 14 Blabbed by my goat-foot servitor overbold.

WISE PASSIVENESS

1 Think you I choose or that or this to sing?
 2 I lie as patient as yon wealthy stream
 3 Dreaming among green fields its summer dream,
 4 Which takes whate'er the gracious hours will bring
 5 Into its quiet bosom; not a thing
 6 Too common, since perhaps you see it there
 7 Who else had never seen it, though as fair
 8 As on the world's first morn; a fluttering
 9 Of idle butterflies; or the deft seeds
 10 Blown from a thistle-head; a silver dove
 11 As faultlessly; or the large, yearning eyes
 12 Of pale Narcissus; or beside the reeds
 13 A shepherd seeking lilies for his love,
 14 And evermore the all-encircling skies.

The Mage 5 A "tome" is a book, esp. a very heavy, large, or learned book.

10 "Vermilion" refers to a brilliant scarlet red color.

12 To limn is to portray in words or describe.

The Mage Entitled "The Majician" [sic] and dated 1876 in pencil beside title in *Texas MS*

Wise Passiveness "Sept 26. 1865" *KSU*; "1865" *UK*; 1865 *P1914*

THE SINGER'S PLEA

1 Why do I sing? I know not why, my friend;
 2 The ancient rivers, rivers of renown,
 3 A royal largess to the sea roll down,
 4 And on those liberal highways nations send
 5 Their tributes to the world,—stored corn and wine,
 6 Gold-dust, the wealth of pearls, and orient spar,
 7 And myrrh, and ivory, and cinnabar,
 8 And dyes to make a presence-chamber shine.
 9 But in the woodlands, where the wild-flowers are,
 10 The rivulets, they must have their innocent will
 11 Who all the summer hours are singing still,
 12 The birds care for them, and sometimes a star,
 13 And should a tired child rest beside the stream
 14 Sweet memories would slide into his dream.

THE TRESPASSER

1 *Trespassers will be prosecuted,—so*
 2 Announced the inhospitable notice-board;
 3 But silver-clear as any lady's word
 4 *Come in, in, in, come in,* now rich and low,
 5 Now with tumultuous palpitating flow,
 6 I swear by ring of Canace I heard.
 7 "Sure," said I, "this is no brown-breasted bird,
 8 But some fair princess, lost an age ago
 9 Through stepdame's cursed spell, till the saints brought her
 10 Who but myself, the knight foredoomed of grace."
 11 Alas! poor knight, in all that cockney place
 12 You found no magic, save one radiant sight,
 13 The huge, obstreperous house-keeper's grand-daughter,
 14 A child with eyes of pure ethereal light.

The Singer's Plea Entitled "Why do I sing? I do not know why my friend;—" and undated in *Texas MS*

The Trespasser Entitled "Disenchantment" and dated "1876" beside title but "Sept 1865" at bottom in ink in *Texas MS* "Sept 13. 1865" *KSU*, "1865" *UK*

RITUALISM

1 This is high ritual and a holy day;
 2 I think from Palestrina the wind chooses
 3 That movement in the firs; one sits and muses
 4 In hushed heart-vacancy made meek to pray;
 5 Listen! the birds are choristers with gay
 6 Clear voices infantine, and with good will
 7 Each acolyte flower has swung his thurible,
 8 Censing to left and right these aisles of May.
 9 For congregation, see! real sheep most clean,
 10 And I—what am I, worshipper or priest?
 11 At least all these I dare absolve from sin,
 12 Ay, dare ascend to where the splendours shine
 13 Of yon steep mountain-alter, and the feast
 14 Is holy, God Himself being bread and wine.

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

1 I, who lie warming here by your good fire,
 2 Was once Prometheus and elsewhere have lain;
 3 Ah, still in dreams they come,—the sudden chain,
 4 The swooping birds, the silence, the desire
 5 Of pitying, powerless eyes, the night, and higher
 6 The keen stars; (if you please I fill again
 7 The bowl, Silenus)—; yet 'twas common pain
 8 Their beaks' mad rooting; O, but they would tire,
 9 And one go circling o'er the misty vast
 10 On great, free wings, and one sit, head out-bent,
 11 Poised for the plunge; then 'twas I crushed the cry
 12 "Zeus, Zeus, I kiss your feet, and learn at last
 13 The baseness of this crude self-government
 14 Matched with glad impulse and blind liberty."

Ritualism 12 Ay] Aye P1876

14 Himself] himself P1876

Prometheus Unbound 12 Zeus, Zeus,] Zeus, Zeus P1876 and P1877

Ritualism 2 "Palestrina" is an ancient city in Italy, about 35 km east of Rome.

7 An "acolyte" is any attendant, assistant, or follower.

Prometheus Unbound Entitled "Prometheus" and undated in *Texas MS*

KING MOB

1 Dismiss, O sweet King Mob, your foot-lickers!
 2 When you held court last night I too was there
 3 To listen, and in truth well nigh despair
 4 O'ercame me when I saw your greedy ears
 5 Drink such gross poison. I could weep hot tears
 6 To think how three drugged words avail to keep
 7 A waking people still on the edge of sleep,
 8 And lose the world a right good score of years.
 9 I love you too, big Anarch, lately born,
 10 Half beast, yet with a stupid heart of man,
 11 And since I love, would God that I could warn
 12 Work out the beast as shortly as you can,
 13 Till which time oath of mine shall ne'er be sworn,
 14 Nor knee be bent to you, King Caliban.

THE MODERN ELIJAH

1 What went ye forth to see? a shaken reed?—
 2 Ye throngers of the Parthenon last night.
 3 Prophet, yea more than prophet, we agreed;
 4 No John a' Desert with the girdle tight,
 5 And locusts and wild honey for his need,
 6 Before the dreadful day appears in sight
 7 Urging one word to make the conscience bleed,
 8 But an obese John Smith, "a shining light"
 9 (Our chairman felt), "an honour to his creed."
 10 O by the gas, when buns and tea had wrought
 11 Upon our hearts, how grew the Future bright,—
 12 The Press, the Institutes, Advance of Thought,
 13 And People's Books, till every mother's son
 14 Can prove there is a God, or there is none.

King Mob 9 I love you too,] I love you too P1876 and P1877

14 bent to you,] bent to you P1876 and P1877

King Mob "1876" in ink beside title *Texas MS* "Sept. 1865" *KSU*, "1865" *UK*; 1865 P1914

The Modern Elijah Entitled "The Forerunner" and dated "Aug 28 1865." at bottom in *Texas MS*

DAVID AND MICHAL
(2 SAMUEL VI.16)

1 *But then you don't mean really what you say—*
 2 To hear this from the sweetest little lips,
 3 O'er which each pretty word daintily trips
 4 Like small birds hopping down a garden way,
 5 When I had given my soul full scope to play
 6 For once before her in the Orphic style
 7 Caught from three several volumes of Carlyle,
 8 And undivulged before this very day!
 9 O young men of our earnest school confess
 10 How it is deeply, darkly tragical
 11 To find the feminine souls we would adore
 12 So full of sense, so versed in worldly lore,
 13 So deaf to the Eternal Silences,
 14 So unbelieving, so conventional.

1 *But then ... say—*] “But then ... say”— *KottabosI (1869-74)*

4 way,] way; *KottabosI (1869-74)*

8 this] that *KottabosI (1869-74)*

9 school] school, *KottabosI (1869-74)*

10 is deeply, darkly] indeed is very *KottabosI (1869-74)*

WINDLE-STRAWS

I

1 Under grey clouds some birds will dare to sing,
 2 No wild exultant chants, but soft and low;
 3 Under grey clouds the young leaves seek the spring,
 4 And lurking violets blow.

5 And waves make idle music on the strand,
 6 And inland streams have lucky words to say,
 7 And children's voices sound across the land
 8 Although the clouds be grey.

II

1 Only maidenhood and youth,
 2 Only eyes that are most fair,
 3 And the pureness of a mouth,
 4 And the grace of golden hair,
 5 Yet beside her we grow wise,
 6 And we breathe a finer air.

7 Words low-utter'd, simple-sweet,—
 8 Yet, nor songs of morning birds,
 9 Nor soft whisperings of the wheat
 10 More than such clear-hearted words
 11 Make us wait, and love, and listen,
 12 Stir more mellow heart accords.

13 Only maiden-motions light,
 14 Only smiles that sweetly go,
 15 Girlish laughter pure and bright,
 16 And a footfall like the snow,
 17 What in these should make us wise?
 18 What should bid the blossom blow?

[stanza break]

Windle-Straws I 1 grey] gray P1876 and P1877

3 grey] gray P1876 and P1877

8 grey] gray P1876 and P1877

Windle-Straws I "April 17 1872" KSU, UK; 1872 P1914

Windle-Straws II 1872 P1914

19 Child! on thee God's angels wait,
 20 'Tis their robes that wave and part,
 21 Make this summer air elate,
 22 Fresh and fragrant, and thou art
 31 But a simple child indeed,
 32 One dare cherish to the heart.

III

1 Were life to last for ever, love,
 2 We might go hand in hand,
 3 And pause and pull the flowers that blow
 4 In all the idle land,
 5 And we might lie in sunny fields
 6 And while the hours away
 7 With fallings-out and fallings-in
 8 For half a summer day.

9 But since we two must sever, love,
 10 Since some dim hour we part,
 11 I have no time to give thee much
 12 But quickly take my heart,
 13 "For ever thine," and "thine my love,"—
 14 O Death may come apace,
 15 What more of love could life bestow,
 16 Dearest, than this embrace.

IV

1 Now drops in the abyss a day of life:
 2 I count my twelve hours' gain;—
 3 Tired senses? vain desires? a baffled strife,
 4 Vexed heart and beating brain?

 5 Ten pages traversed by a languid eye?
 6 —Nay, but one moment's space
 7 I gazed into the soul of the blue sky;
 8 Rare day! O day of grace!

Windle-Straws III 14 apace,] apace P1876 and P1877

Windle-Straws III "1865" KSU; 1872 P1914

Windle-Straws IV "April 18 19 1872" KSU, UK; 1872 P1914

V

1 She kissed me on the forehead,
 2 She spoke not any word,
 3 The silence flowed between us,
 4 And I nor spoke nor stirred.

 5 So hopeless for my sake it was,
 6 So full of ruth, so sweet,
 7 My whole heart rose and blessed her,
 8 —Then died before her feet.

VI

1 Nay, more! yet more, for my lips are fain;
 2 No cups for a babe; I ask the whole
 3 Deep draught that a God could hardly drain,
 4 —Wine of your soul.

 5 Pour! for the goblet is great I bring,
 6 Not worthless, rough with youths at strife,
 7 And men that toil and women that sing,
 8 —It is all my life.

VII

1 Look forward with those steadfast eyes
 2 O Pilot of our star!
 3 It sweeps through rains and driving snows,
 4 Strong Angel, gaze afar!

 5 Seest thou a zone of golden air?
 6 Hearest thou the March-winds ring?
 7 Or is thy heart prophetic yet
 8 With stirrings of the Spring?

Windle-Straws V "1865" *KSU, UK; 1872 P1914*

Windle-Straws VI "May 30 & Aug 22 1872" *KSU, UK; 1872 P1914*

Windle-Straws VII 1872 *P1914*



VIII

9 Words for my song like sighing of dim seas,
10 Words with no thought in them,—a piping reed,
11 An infant's cry, a moan low-uttered,—these
12 Are all the words I need.
13 Others have song for broad-winged winds that pass,
14 For stars and sun, for standing men around;
15 I put my mouth low down into the grass,
16 And whisper to the ground.

Windle-Straws VIII "April 16 1872" *KSU, UK*

EDW's editorial note printed after *Windle-Straws VIII* in *P 1913* and *P1914*: "Here end the poems which were first published in a volume in 1876."

*Part 2—*from Miscellaneous Poems of Later Dates

(based on the 1914 Dent edition)

Published sources attributed in notes and collations—

LHS (1879) *Lyra Hibernica Sacra* (2nd edn.). Ed. W. Macllwaine. Belfast: M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr, 1879.

Hibernia (June 1882) *Hibernia* (Dublin). June 1882 (the second of four issues in all).

PPNC (1891) *The Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century*. Ed. Alfred H. Miles (1891; rev. London: George Routledge & Sons, 1906).

P1914 Edward Dowden. *Poems*. London and Toronto: J. M. Dent, 1914.

AT THE OAR

1 I dare not lift a glance to you, yet stay
2 Ye Gracious Ones, still save me, hovering near;
3 If music live upon mine inward ear,
4 I know ye lean bright brow to brow, and say
5 Your secret things; if rippling breezes play
6 Cool on my cheeks, it is those robes ye wear
7 That wave, and shadowy fragrance of your hair
8 Drifted, the fierce noon fervour to allay,
9 Fierce fervour, ceaseless stroke, small speed, and I
10 Find grim contentment in the servile mood;
11 But should I gaze in yon untrammelled sky
12 Once, or behold your dewy eyes, my blood
13 Would madden, and I should fling with one free cry
14 My body headlong in the whelming flood.

THE DIVINING ROD

1 Here some time flowed my springs and sent a cry
2 Of joy before them up the shining air,
3 While morn was new, and heaven all blue and bare;
4 Here dipped the swallow to a tenderer sky,
5 And o'er my flowers lean'd some pure mystery
6 Of liquid eyes and golden-glimmering hair;
7 For which now, drouth and death, a bright despair,
8 Shards, choking slag, the world's dust small and dry.
9 Yet turn not hence thy faithful foot, O thou,
10 Diviner of my buried life; pace round,
11 Poising the hazel-wand; believe and wait,
12 Listen and lean; ah, listen! even now
13 Stirrings and mumurings of the underground
14 Prelude the flash and outbreak of my fate.

SALOME

(BY HENRI REGNAULT)

1 Fair sword of doom, and bright with martyr blood,
2 Thee Regnault saw not as mine eyes have seen;



3 No Judith of the Faubourg, mænad-queen,
 4 Pale on her tumbrel-throne, when the live flood
 5 Foams through revolted Paris, unwithstood,
 6 Is of thy kin. Blossom and bud between,
 7 Clear-brow'd Salome, with her silk head's sheen,
 8 Lips where a linnet might have pecked for food,
 9 Pure curves of neck, and dimpling hand aloft,
 10 Moved like a wave at sunrise. Herod said –
 11 “A boon for maiden freshness! Ask of me
 12 What toy may please, though half my Galilee;”
 13 And with beseeching eyes, and bird-speech soft,
 14 She fluted: “Give me here John Baptist's head.”

WATERSHED

1 Now on life's crest we breathe the temperate air;
 2 Turn either way; the parted paths o'erlook;
 3 Dear, we shall never bid the Sphinx despair,
 4 Nor read in Sibyl's book.

 5 The blue bends o'er us; good are Night and Day;
 6 Some blissful influence from the starry Seven
 7 Thrilled us ere youth took wing; wherefore essay
 8 The vain assault on heaven?

 9 And what great Word Life's singing lips pronounce,
 10 And what intends the sealing kiss of Death,
 11 It skills us not; yet we accept, renounce,
 12 And draw this tranquil breath.

 13 Enough, one thing we know, haply anon
 14 All truths; yet no truths better or more clear
 15 Than that your hand holds my hand; wherefore on!
 16 The downward pathway, Dear!

Watershed 2 way;] way— *PPNC (1891)*

3 Dear,] Dear! *PPNC (1891)*

5 Night and Day;] night and day; *PPNC (1891)*

6 starry] Starry *PPNC (1891)*

7 wherefore essay] why now essay *PPNC (1891)*

8 heaven?] Heaven? *PPNC (1891)*

9 Word] word *PPNC (1891)*

10 Death,] Death *PPNC (1891)*

13 know,] know; *PPNC (1891)*

14 truths; . . . truths] truths, . . . truth *PPNC (1891)*

15 wherefore] therefore, *PPNC (1891)*

THE GUEST

1 Rude is the dwelling, low the door,
2 No chamber this where men may feast,
3 I strew clean rushes on the floor,
4 Set wide my window to the East.

5 I can but set my little room
6 In order, then gaze forth and wait;
7 I know not if the Guest will come,
8 Who holds aloft his starry state.

MORITURUS

1 Lord, when my hour to part is come,
2 And all the powers of being sink,
3 When eyes are filmed, and lips are dumb,
4 And scarce I hang upon the brink.

5 Grant me but this – in that strange light
6 Or blind amid confused alarms,
7 One moment's strength to stand upright
8 And cast myself into Thy arms.

ALONE

1 This is the shore of God's lone love, which stirs
2 And heaves to some majestic tidal law;
3 And bright the illimitable horizons' awe;
4 God's love; yet all my soul cries out for hers.

FAME

1 My arches crumble; that bright dome I flung
2 Heavenward in pride decays; yet all unmoved
3 One column soars, and, graven in sacred tongue,
4 Endure the victor words – "This man was loved."

WHERE WERT THOU?

1 Where wert Thou, Master, 'mid that rain of tears,
2 When grey the waste before me stretched and wide,
3 And when with boundless silence ached mine ears?
4 "Child, I was at thy side."

5 Where wert Thou when I trod the obscure wood,
6 And one lone cry of sorrow was the wind,
7 And drop by heavy drop failed my heart's blood?
8 "Before thee and behind."

9 Where wert Thou when I fell and lay alone
10 Faithless and hopeless, yet through one dear smart
11 Not loveless quite, making my empty moan?
12 "Son, I was in thy heart."

A WISH

1 Could I roll off two heavy years
2 That lie on me like lead;
3 And see you past their cloudy tears,
4 Nor dream that you are dead.

5 I would not touch your lips, your hair,
6 Your breast, that once were mine;
7 Ah! not for me in Faith's despair
8 Love's sacramental wine.

9 Find you I must for only this
10 In some new earth or heaven,
11 To bare my sorry heart, and kiss
12 Your feet and be forgiven.

THE GIFT

1 "Now I draw near: alone, apart
 2 I stood, nor deemed I should require
 3 Such access, till my musing heart
 4 Suddenly kindled to desire.

 5 No farther from Thee than Thy feet!
 6 No less a sight than all Thy face!
 7 Nay, touch me where the heart doth beat,
 8 Breathe where the throbbing brain hath place.

 9 Yield me the best, the unnamed good,
 10 The gift which most shall prove me near,
 11 Thy wine for drink, Thy fruit for food,
 12 Thy tokens of the nail, the spear!"

 13 Such cry was mine: I lifted up
 14 My face from treacherous speech to cease,
 15 Daring to take the bitter cup,
 16 But ah! Thy perfect gift was peace.

 17 Quiet deliverance from all need,
 18 A little space of boundless rest,
 19 To live within the Light indeed
 20 To lean upon the Master's breast.

The Gift 1 "Now . . . near:] Now . . . near; *LHS* (1879)

2 stood] stayed *LHS* (1879)

5 No farther] "No farther *LHS* (1879)

8 *hath place.] has place; LHS* (1879)

14 face from treacherous speech to cease,] face, and from all speech did cease, *LHS* (1879)

16 ah! . . . peace.] ah, . . . Peace; *LHS* (1879)

19 indeed] indeed, *LHS* (1879)

RECOVERY

1 I joy to know I shall rejoice again
 2 Borne upward on the good tide of the world,
 3 Shall mark the cowslip tossed, the fern uncurled
 4 And hear the enraptured lark high o'er my pain,
 5 And o'er green graves; and I shall love the wane
 6 Of sea-charm'd sunsets with all winds upfurl'd,
 7 And that great gale adown whose stream are whirl'd,
 8 Pale autumn dreams, dead hopes, and broodings vain.
 9 Nor do I fear that I shall faintlier bless
 10 The joy of youth and maid, or the gold hair
 11 Of a wild-hearted child; then, none the less,
 12 Instant within my shrine, no man aware,
 13 Feed on a living sorrow's sacredness,
 14 And lean my forehead on this altar-stair.

IF IT MIGHT BE

1 If it might be, I would not have my leaves
 2 Drop in autumnal stillness one by one,
 3 Like these pale fluttering waifs that heap sad sheaves
 4 Through mere inertia trembling, tottering down.

 5 Better one roaring day, one wrestling night,
 6 The dark musician's fiercer harmony,
 7 And then abandoned bareness, or the light
 8 Of strange discovered skies, if it might be.

WINTER NOONTIDE

1 I go forth now, but not to fill my lap
 2 With violets and white sorrel of the wood;
 3 This is a winter noon; and I may hap
 4 Upon a few dry sticks, and fire is good.

 5 A quickening shrewdness edges the fore wind;
 6 Some things stand clear in this dismantled hour
 7 Which deep-leaved June had hidden; earth is kind,
 8 The heaven is wide, and fire shall be my flower.

THE POOL

1 A wood obscure in this man's haunt of love,
2 And midmost in the wood where leaves fall sere,
3 A pool unplumbed; no winds these waters move,
4 Gathered as in a vase from year to year.

5 And he has thought that he himself lies drowned,
6 Wan-faced where the pale water glimmereth,
7 And that the voiceless man who paces around
8 The brink, nor sheds a tear now, is his wraith.

THE DESIRE TO GIVE

1 They who would comfort guess not the main grief—
2 Not that her hand is never on my hair,
3 Her lips upon my brow; the time is brief
4 At longest, and I grow inured to bear.

5 All that was ever mine I have and hold;
6 But that I cannot give by day or night
7 My poor gift which was dear to her of old,
8 And poorly given—that loss is infinite.

A BEECH-TREE IN WINTER

1 Now in the frozen gloom I trace thy girth,
2 Broad beech, that with lit leaves upon a day
3 When heaven was wide and down the meadow May
4 Moved bride-like, touched my forehead in sweet mirth,
5 And blissful secrets told of the deep Earth,
6 Low in mine ear; wherefore this eve I lay
7 My hand thus close till stirrings faint bewray
8 Thy piteous secrets of the days of dearth;
9 Silence! yet to my heart from thine has passed
10 Divine contentment; it is well with thee;
11 Still let the stars slide o'er thee whispering fate,
12 The might be in thee of the shouldering blast,
13 Still let fire-fingered snow thy tiremaid be,
14 Still bearing springtime in thy bosom wait.

JUDGMENT

1 I stand for judgment; vain the will
 2 To judge myself, O Lord!
 3 I cannot sunder good from ill
 4 With a dividing sword.

5 How should I know myself aright,
 6 Who would by Thee be known?
 7 Let me stand naked in Thy sight;
 8 Thy doom shall be my own.

9 Slay in me that which would be slain!
 10 Thy justice be my grace!
 11 If aught survive the joy, the pain,
 12 Still must it seek Thy face.

DÜRER'S "MELENCHOLIA"

1 The bow of promise, the lost flaring star,
 2 Terror and hope are in mid-heaven; but She,
 3 The mighty-wing'd crown'd Lady Melancholy,
 4 Heeds not. O to what vision'd goal afar
 5 Does her thought bear those steadfast eyes which are
 6 A torch in darkness? There nor shore nor sea,
 7 Nor ebbing Time vexes Eternity,
 8 Where that lone thought outsoars the mortal bar.
 9 Tools of the brain—the globe, the cube—no more
 10 She deals with; in her hand the compass stays;
 11 Nor those, industrious genius, of her lore
 12 Student and scribe, thou gravest of the fays,
 13 Expect this secret to enlarge thy store;
 14 She moves through incommunicable ways.

MILLET'S "THE SOWER"

1 Son of the Earth, brave flinger of the seed,
 2 Strider of furrows, copesmate of the morn,
 3 Which, stirr'd with quickening now of day unborn,
 4 Approves the mystery of thy fruitful deed;
 5 Thou, young in hope and old as man's first need,
 6 Through all the hours that laugh, the hours that mourn,
 7 Hold'st to one strenuous faith, by time unworn,
 8 Sure of the miracle—that the clod will breed.
 9 Dark is this upland, pallid still the sky,
 10 And man, rude bondslave of the glebe, goes forth
 11 To labour; serf, yet genius of the soil,
 12 Great his abettors—a confederacy
 13 Of mightiest Powers, old laws of heaven and earth,
 14 Foresight and Faith, and ever-during Toil.

 AT MULLION (CORNWALL)
 SUNDAY

1 Where the blue dome is infinite,
 2 And choral voices of the sea
 3 Chaunt the high lauds, or meek, as now,
 4 Intone their ancient litany;

 5 Where through his ritual pomp still moves
 6 The Sun in robe pontifical,
 7 Whose only creed is catholic light,
 8 Whose benediction is for all;

 9 I enter with glad face uplift,
 10 Asperged on brow and brain and heart;
 11 I am confessed, absolved, illumed,
 12 Receive my blessing and depart.

Millet's "The Sower" c. 1850 oil on canvas, possibly unfinished of peasant facing away from a hill and sunset.

At Mullion (Cornwall) Mullion is a small fishing harbor in Cornwall, England, on the west coast of the Lizard Peninsula.

6 "Pontifical" possibly refers to episcopal attire.

10 "Asperged" is defined by the Oxford English Dictionary as a verb, meaning to sprinkle or besprinkle.

THE WINNOWER TO THE WINDS
 (From Joachim de Bellay)

- 1 To yon light troop, who fly
 2 On wing that hurries by
 3 The wide world over,
 4 And with soft sibilance
 5 Bid every shadow dance
 6 Of the glad cover.
- 7 These violets I consign
 8. Lilies and sops-in-wine
 9 Roses, all yours,
 10 These roses vermeil-tinctured
 11 Their graces new-uncinctured
 12 And gilly-flowers.
- 13 So with your gentle breath
 14 Blow on the plain beneath
 15 Through my grange blow,
 16 What time I swink and strain,
 17 Winnowing my golden grain
 18 In noontide's glow.

EMERSON

- 1 Memnon the Yankee! bare to every star,
 2 But silent till one vibrant shaft of light
 3 Strikes; then a voice thrilling, oracular,
 4 And clear harmonies through the infinite.

The Winnower to the Winds (From Joachim de Bellay), subtitled after the French poet and critic, c. 1525–1560. His original poem was the French *D'un vanneur de blé aux vents*.

10 “Vermeil” is defined by the Oxford English Dictionary as a bright scarlet or red color.

11 “Cincture” is defined by the Oxford English Dictionary as to be girdled. “Uncinctured” can be interpreted as a freedom from this condition.

Emerson “Memnon” in Greek mythology is a great warrior and Ethiopian king. He was the son of Tithonus and Eos.

SENT TO AN AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY

1 'Twixt us through gleam and gloom in glorious play
 2 League-long the leonine billows ramp and roll,
 3 The same maturing sun illumes our day,
 4 Ripens our blood—the sun of Shakespeare's soul.

NOCTURNE

1 Ere sleep upheaves me on one glassy billow
 2 To drift me down the deep,
 3 I lie with easeful head upon my pillow,
 4 Letting the minutes creep.

5 Until Time's pulse is stayed and all earth's riot
 6 Fades in a limit white,
 7 While over me curve fragrant wings of quiet
 8 Tender and great as Night.

9 Then I gaze up. Divine, descending slumber
 10 Thine access yet forbear,
 11 Though vow I proffer none, nor blessings number,
 12 Nor breathe a wordless prayer.

13 A Presence is within me and above me,
 14 That takes me for its own,
 15 A Motherhood, a bosom prompt to love me,
 16 I know it and am known.

17 So softly I roll back the Spirit's portals;
 18 O be the entrance wide!
 19 Silence and light from home of my Immortals
 20 Flow in, a tranquil tide.

21 Calming, assuaging, cleansing, freshening, freeing,
 22 It floods each inlet deep;
 23 Now pass thou wave of Light, ebb thought and being!
 24 Come thou dark wave of sleep!

Sent to an American Shakespeare Society It is presumed that Dowden is referring to the Shakespeare Association of America, founded in 1923.

Nocturne 8 "Tender and great as Night" potentially an allusion to John Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale": "tender is the night{.}"

THE WHIRLIGIG

1 Glee at the cottage-doors to-day!
 2 Small hearts with joy are big;
 3 The merchant chanced to come our way
 4 Who vends the whirligig.

 5 You know the marvel-stick of deal,
 6 And, where the top should taper,
 7 Pinned lightly, the ecstatic wheel,
 8 Flaunting its purple paper.

 9 Raptures a halfpenny each; and see
 10 The liberal-bosomed mother
 11 Faltering; they tug at her skirts the three,
 12 (Ah, soon will come another!)

 13 Away they start! Swift, swifter fly
 14 The buzzing, whirring chips,
 15 O eyes grown great! O gleesome cry
 16 From daubed, cherubic lips!

 17 I as companion of my walk
 18 Had chosen a soul heroic
 19 (So much I love superior talk)
 20 And Emperor and a Stoic.

 21 The cowslip tossed; upsoared the lark;
 22 Our choice was to recline us
 23 Against an elm-bale, I and Mark
 24 Aurelius Antoninus.

 25 Pale victory lightened on his brow,
 26 Grieved conquest wrung from pain;
 27 Of Nature's course he spake, and how
 28 Man should sustain, abstain.

 29 Physician of the soul, he spake
 30 Of simples that allay
 31 The blood, and how the nerves that ache
 32 Freeze under ethic spray.

[stanza break]

23-24 "Mark Aurelius Antoninus" refers to the Roman emperor, originally named Marcus Annii Verus (A.D. 121-180). His reign marks the Golden Age of Rome.

33 I turned; perhaps his touch of pride
 34 Moved me, a garb he wore;
 35 I saw those children eager-eyed,
 36 And Rome's pale Emperor.

 37 "You miss," I said, "born Nature's rule,
 38 Her statutes unrepealed,
 39 You would remove us from the school,
 40 And from the playing-field.

 41 And if our griefs be in vain, our joys
 42 Vainer, all's in the plan;
 43 For what are we but gamesome boys?
 44 Through these we grow to man.

 45 I to my hornbook now give heed,
 46 Now hear my playmates call,
 47 Will 'chase the rolling circles speed,
 48 And urge the flying ball.'

 49 Joys, pains, hopes, fears,—a mingled heap,
 50 Grant me, nor Prince nor prig!
 51 I want, sad Emperor, rosy sleep,
 52 Leave me my whirligig."

 53 In haste I spoke; such gutsy talk
 54 Oft wrongs these lips of mine;
 55 Under grey clouds some day I'll walk
 56 Again with Antonine.

PARADISE LOST AND FOUND

1 Eve, to tell the truth, was not deceived;
 2 The snake's word seemed to tally
 3 With something she herself conceived,
 4 Sick of her happy valley.

 5 The place amused her for a bit,
 6 (Some think 'twas half a day)
 7 Then came, alas! a desperate fit
 8 Of neurasthenia.

[stanza break]

9 She tired of lions and grand,
10 She tired of thornless roses,
11 She felt she could no longer stand
12 Her Adam's courtly glozes.

13 His "graceful consort," "spouse adored,"
14 His amorous-pious lectures;
15 She found herself supremely bored,
16 If one may risk conjectures.

17 "Would he but scold for once!" sighed she,
18 "*De haut en bas* caressings,
19 Qualified by astronomy,
20 Prove scarce unmingled blessings."

21 She strolled; fine gentlemen in wings
22 Would deftly light and stop her;
23 She looked demure; half-missed her "things,"
24 Half feared 'twas not quite proper.

25 They asked for Adam, always him,
26 Each affable Archangel,
27 Nor heeded charms of neck or limb,
28 Big with their stale evangel.

29 They dined; her cookery instinct stirred;
30 A dinner grew a dream,
31 Not berries cold, eternal curd,
32 And everlasting cream.

33 Boon fruit was hers, but tame in sooth;
34 One thought her soul would grapple—
35 To get her little ivory tooth
36 Deep in some wicked apple.

37 So, when that sinuous cavalier
38 Spired near the tree of evil,
39 The woman hasted to draw near;
40 Such luck!—the genuine devil!

41 And Satan, who to man had lied,
42 Man ever prone to palter,
43 The franker course with woman tried,
44 Assured she would not falter.

[stanza break]

- 45 He spoke of freedom and its pains,
46 Of passion and its sorrow,
47 Of sacrifice, and nobler gains
48 Wrung from a dark to-morrow.
- 49 He did not shirk the names of death,
50 Worn heart, a night of tears—
51 If here the woman caught her breath,
52 She dared to face her fears.
- 53 Perhaps he touched on pretty needs,
54 Named frill, flounce, furbelow,
55 Perhaps referred to sable weeds,
56 And dignity in woe.
- 57 Glowed like two rose-leaves both ear-lobes,
58 White grew her lips and set,
59 The sly snake picturing small white robes,
60 A roseate bassinet.
- 61 He smiled; then squarely told the curse,
62 Birth-pang, a lord and master;
63 She hung her head—“It might be worse,
64 It seems no huge disaster.”
- 65 She mused—“A sin’s a sin at most;
66 Life’s joy outweighs my sentence;
67 What of my man, who now can boast
68 A virtue so portentous?
- 69 Best for him too! Sweat, workman’s groan
70 And death which makes us even;
71 I want a sinner of my own,
72 Who finds my breast his heaven.”
- 73 Our General Mother, which is true
74 This tale, or that old story,
75 Tradition’s *fable convenue*
76 Fashioned for Jahveh’s glory?

AFTER METASTASIO

1 If seeking me she ask "What hap
2 Befell him? Whither is he fled,
3 My friend, my poor unhappy friend?"
4 Then softly answer "He is dead."

5 Yet no! May never pang so keen
6 Be hers, and I the giver! Say,
7 If word be spoken, this alone,
8 "Weeping for you he went his way."

After Metastasio is written in imitation of Pietro Antonio Domenico Trapassi (pseud. Metastasio), 1698-1782. Metastasio was an Italian librettist and poet much admired by Percy and Mary Shelley. His work was translated by Robert Southey and William Wordsworth and influenced Mary Russell Mitford's "Christina, the Maid of the South Seas." The poem by Dowden seems an imitation of Metastasio rather than a translation. Metastasio is regarded as the most significant writer of the *opera seria* libretti. Dowden's acquaintance with his work undoubtedly follows from his interest in and study of the English Romantics just named as well as the Renaissance period generally.

THE CORN-CRAKE

I

1 Here let the bliss of summer and her night
 2 Be on my heart as wide and pure as heaven;
 3 Now while o'er earth the tide of young delight
 4 Brims to the full, calm'd by the wizard Seven,
 5 And their high mistress, yon enchanted Moon;
 6 The air is faint, yet fresh as primrose buds,
 7 And dim with weft of honey-colour'd beams,
 8 A bride-robe for the new espousèd June,
 9 Who lies white-limbed among her flowers, nor dreams,
 10 Such a divine content her being floods.

II

11 Awake, awake! The silence hath a voice;
 12 Not thine, thou heart of fire, palpitating
 13 Until all griefs change countenance and rejoice,
 14 And all joys ache o'er-ripe since thou dost sing,
 15 Not thine this voice of the dry meadow-lands,
 16 Harsh iteration! note untuneable!
 17 Which shears the breathing quiet with a blade
 18 Of ragged edge! Say, wilt thou ne'er be still
 19 Crier in June's high progress, whose commands
 20 Upon no heedless drowzed heart are laid?

1 summer] Summer *PPNC (1891)*

2 heaven;] heaven, *Hibernia (June 1882), PPNC (1891)*

5 mistress,] mistress *Hibernia (June 1882)*

6 faint, yet . . . primrose buds,] faint yet . . . primrose-buds, *Hibernia (June 1882), PPNC (1891)*

7 weft] spilth *Hibernia (June 1882)* . . . honey-colour'd] honey-coloured *PPNC (1891)*

8 bride-robe . . . new espousèd] bride robe . . . new-espousèd *Hibernia (June 1882)* bride-robe . . . new-espousèd *PPNC (1891)*

11 Awake,] Awake! *PPNC (1891)*

12 thine,] thine *PPNC (1891)* . . . fire,] fire *Hibernia (June 1882), PPNC (1891)*

14 sing,] sing; *Hibernia (June 1882)*

15 meadow-lands,] meadow-lands— *Hibernia (June 1882)* meadow-lands; *PPNC (1891)*

18 edge! Say,] edge; say *Hibernia (June 1882)* edge; say . . . still, *PPNC (1891)*

20 drowzed] drowzèd *Hibernia (June 1882), PPNC (1891)*

The Corn-Crake A corn crane is a brown, short-billed bird of the rail family, often found in European grain fields. In *PPNC (1891)*, the seventh and tenth lines of each stanza are indented an extra two spaces.

7 The variant "spilth" in the 1882 printing of the poem refers to a spilling, especially anything spilled profusely.

III

21 Nay, cease not till thy breast disquieted
 22 Hath won a term of ease; the dewy grass
 23 Trackless at morn betrays not thy swift tread,
 24 And through smooth-closing air thy call-notes pass,
 25 To faint on yon soft-bosom'd pastoral steep
 26 Thee bird the Night accepts; and I, through thee,
 27 Reach to embalmèd hearts of summers dead,
 28 Feel round my feet old, inland meadows deep,
 29 And bow o'er flowers that not a leaf have shed,
 30 Nor once have heard moan of an alien sea.

IV

31 Even while I muse thy halting-place doth shift,
 32 Now nearer, now more distant—I have seen
 33 When April, through her shining hair adrift,
 34 Gleams a farewell, and elms are fledged with green,
 35 The voiceful, wandering envoy of the Spring;
 36 Thee, never; though the mower's scythe hath dashed
 37 Thy nest aside, but thou hast sped askant,
 38 Viewless; then last we lose thee, and thy wing
 39 Brushes Nilotic maize and thou dost chaunt
 40 Haply all night to stony ears of Pasht.

- 22 grass] grass, *PPNC (1891)*
 23 morn] morn, *PPNC (1891)*
 24 pass,] pass *Hibernia (June 1882), PPNC (1891)*
 25 steep] steep; *Hibernia (June 1882) steep. PPNC (1891)*
 26 Thee bird the] Thee, bird, thee *PPNC (1891)* . . . I, through thee,] I through thee *Hibernia (June 1882)*
 28 old,] old *Hibernia (June 1882), PPNC (1891)*
 31 halting-place] halting place *Hibernia (June 1882), PPNC (1891)*
 32 distant—] distant; *Hibernia (June 1882)* More distant now, now nearer: I have seen, *PPNC (1891)*
 33 April, through . . . adrift,] April through . . . adrift *Hibernia (June 1882)* April through . . . a-drift *PPNC (1891)*
 34 farewell, . . . fledged] farewell . . . fledg'd *PPNC (1891)*
 35 voiceful,] vpoiceful *PPNC (1891)*
 37 askant,] askant *Hibernia (June 1882), PPNC (1891)*
 38 then last we] then, last, we *Hibernia (June 1882), PPNC (1891)*
 39 maize and . . . chaunt] maize, and . . . chant *Hibernia (June 1882), PPNC (1891)*

39 "Nilotic" means of the Nile or Nile Valley.

40 "Pasht" is the name of the Egyptian cat-headed goddess, the Moon, also called Sekhet. Statues of Pasht are plentiful in the British Museum, London. She is the wife (or female aspect) of Ptah, the creative principle, or Egyptian Demiurgus. The reference seems to give evidence of Dowden's familiarity with the deity as a figure in Theosophical lore, of which there were examples in his bountiful library.

V

41 Ah, now an end to thy inveterate tale!
42 The silence melts from the mid spheres of heaven;
43 Enough! before this peace has time to fail
44 From out my soul, or yon white cloud has driven
45 Up the moon's path I turn, and I will rest
46 Once more with summer in my heart. Farewell!
47 Shut are the wild-rose cups; no moth's awhirr;
48 My room will be moon-silvered from the west
49 For one more hour; thy note shall be a burr
50 To tease out thought and catch the slumbrous spell.

44 soul,] heart, *PPNC (1891)*

46 Once more with] This night with *PPNC (1891)*

47 cups;] cups, *PPNC (1891)*

48 moon-silvered] moon-silver'd *PPNC (1891)*

IN THE CATHEDRAL

1 The altar-lights burn low, the incense-fume
2 Sickens: O listen, how the priestly prayer
3 Runs as a fenland stream; a dim despair
4 Hails through their chaunt of praise, who here inhume
5 A clay-cold Faith within its carven tomb.
6 But come thou forth into the vital air
7 Keen, dark, and pure! grave Night is no betrayer,
8 And if perchance some faint cold star illumine
9 Her brow of mystery, shall we walk forlorn?
10 An altar of the natural rock may rise
11 Somewhere for men who seek; there may be borne
12 On the night-wind authentic prophecies:
13 If not, let this—to breathe sane breath—suffice,
14 Till in yon East, mayhap, the dark be worn.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(READ AT THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, 19TH JAN. 1909)

1 Seeker for Eldorado, magic land,
 2 Whose gold is beauty fine-spun, amber-clear,
 3 O'er what Moon-mountains, down what Valley of fear
 4 By what love waters fringed with pallid sand,
 5 Did thy foot falter? Say what airs have fanned
 6 Thy fervid brow, blown from no terrene sphere,
 7 What rustling wings, what echoes thrilled thine ear
 8 From mighty tombs whose brazen ports expand?
 9 Seeker, who never quite attained, yet caught,
 10 Moulded and fashioned, as by strictest law
 11 The rainbow'd moon-mist and the flying gleam
 12 To mortal loveliness, for pity and awe,
 13 To us what carven dreams thy hand has brought
 14 Dreams with the serried logic of a dream.

DEUS ABSCONDITUS

1 Since Thou dost clothe Thyself to-day in cloud,
 2 Lord God in heaven, and no voice low or loud
 3 Proclaims Thee,—see, I turn me to the Earth,
 4 Its wisdom and its sorrow and its mirth,
 5 Thy Earth perchance, but sure my very own,
 6 And precious to me grows the clod, the stone,
 7 A voiceless moor's brooding monotony,
 8 A keen star quivering through the sunset dye,
 9 Young wrinkled beech leaves, saturate with light,
 10 The arching wave's suspended malachite;
 11 I turn to men, Thy sons perchance, but sure
 12 My brethren, and no face shall be too poor
 13 To yield me some unquestionable gain
 14 Of wonder, laughter, loathing, pity, pain,
 15 Some dog-like craving caught in human eyes,
 16 Some new-waked spirit's April ecstasies;
 17 These will not fail nor foil me; while I live
 18 There will be actual truck in take and give,
 19 But Thou has foiled me; therefore undistraught,

Deus Absconditus The Latin title may be translated to mean "a god who is hidden from man."

10 malachite: a green carbonate of copper used as an ore for making ornamental object.

20 I cease from seeking what will not be sought,
 21 Or sought, will not be found through joy or fear,
 22 If still Thou claimst me, seek me. I am here.

SUBLIMINAL

1 Door, little door,
 2 Shadowed door in the innermost room of my heart,
 3 I lean and listen, withdrawn from the stir and apart,
 4 For a word of the wordless love.

5 And still you hide,
 6 Yourself of me, who are more than myself, within,
 7 And I wait if perchance a whisper I may win
 8 From my soul on the other side.

9 What do I catch
 10 Afloat on the air, for something is said or done?
 11 Are there two who speak—my soul and the nameless One?
 12 Little door, could I lift the latch.

13 Sigh for some want
 14 Measureless sigh of desire, or a speechless prayer?
 15 Rustle of robe of a priest at sacrifice there
 16 Benediction or far-heard chaunt?

17 Could we but meet,
 18 Myself and my hidden self in a still amaze!
 19 But the tramp of men comes up, and the roll of drays,
 20 And a woman's cry from the street!

LOUISA SHORE

(AUTHOR OF "HANNIBAL, A DRAMA")

1 Who dared to pluck the sleeve of Hannibal,
 2 And hale him from the shades? Who bade the man,
 3 Indomitable of brain, return to plan
 4 A vast revenge and vowed? Wild clarions call;
 5 Dusk faces flame; the turreted brute-wall

6 Moves, tramples, overwhelms; van clashes van;
 7 Roman, Numidian, Carthaginian;
 8 And griefs are here, unbowed, imperial
 9 Who caught the world's fierce tides? An English girl.
 10 Shy dreamer 'neath fledged elm and apple-bloom,
 11 With Livy or Polybius on her knee,
 12 Whose dreams were light as dew and pure as pearl,—
 13 Yet poignant-witted; thew'd for thought; girl-groom
 14 Sped to her Lord across the Midland Sea.

FLOWERS FROM THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

1 Thanks spoken under rainy skies,
 2 And tossed by March winds of the North,
 3 And faint ere they can find your eyes,
 4 Pale thanks are mine and poor in worth,
 5 Matched with your gift of dews and light,
 6 Quick heart-beats of Southern spring,
 7 Provençal flowers, pearl-pure, blood-bright,
 8 Which heard the Mid-sea murmuring.
 9 Listen! a lark in Irish air,
 10 A sliver spray of ecstasy!
 11 O wind of March blow wide and bear
 12 This song of home as thanks for me.
 13 Nay, but yourself find thanks more meet;
 14 Blossoms like these which drank the sky
 15 Strew in some shadowy alcove-seat,
 16 And lay your violin where they lie;
 17 Leave them; but with the first star rise,
 18 And bring the bow, and poise at rest
 19 The enchanted wood. Ah, shrill sweet cries!
 20 A prisoned heart is in its breast.

TO HESTER
(AT THE PIANO)

1 So ends your fingers' fine intrigue!
2 The netted guile! Nor yonder sat he
3 In pump and frill who made the gigue,
4 Your Neapolitan Scarlatti.

5 The twilight yields you to me; strange!
6 My dainty sprite, a most rare vision!
7 Well, is it not a wise exchange,
8 Live maid for ghost of dead musician?

9 Yet gently let the shadows troop
10 To darkness; lightly lie the dust on
11 Damon and Chloe, hose and hoop,
12 My bevy of the days Augustan.

13 What led my fancy down the track,
14 Through century-silent, shadowy mazes?
15 Perhaps that foolish bric-à-brac
16 Your pseudo-classic shelf that graces.

17 Or haply something I divined,
18 While on your face I stayed a dweller,
19 Of that fair ancestress—unsigned—
20 It pleases you to name a Kneller;

21 And still your fingers ran the keys,
22 Through quaint encounter, pretty wrangle
23 Light laughter, interspace of ease,
24 Fine turn, and softly-severed tangle,

25 Gigue, minuet, rondo, ritornelle—
26 Quaint jars with rose-leaf memories scented,
27 Stored with glad sound, when life went well,
28 Ere melancholy was invented,

29 When pleasure ran, a rippling tide,
30 And Phillida with Phyllis carolled,
31 Ere Werther yet for Lotte Sighed,
32 Or English maids adored Childe Harold;

[stanza break]

33 Ere music shook the central heart,
34 Or soared to spheral heights inhuman,
35 Ere Titans stormed the heaven of art,
36 Let by the hammer-welder, Schumann.

37 Ah, well, we sigh beneath the load,
38 We sing our pain, our pride, our passion,
39 And Weltschmerz is the modern mode,
40 But sweet seventeen is still a fashion.

41 Let be a while the Infinite,
42 Those chords with tremulous fervour laden,
43 Where Chopin's fire and dew unite—
44 I choose instead one mortal maiden.

45 Let sorrow rave, and sadness fret,
46 And all our century's ailments pester,
47 I am not quite despairful yet—
48 There, at the keyboard, sits a Hester.

UNUTTERED

1 Song that is pent in me,
2 Song that is aching,
3 Ne'er to escape from me,
4 Sleeping or waking,

5 Down asp!ic! the dust of me,
6 Blown the world over
7 A century hence
8 Will envenom a lover.

9 His red lips grow vocal,
10 His great word is new,
11 And the world knows my secret,
12 Is dreaming of you.

IMITATED FROM J. SOULARY'S "LE FOSSOYEUR"

- 1 For every child new-born God brings to birth
 2 A little grave-digger, deft at his trade,
 3 Who 'neath his master's feet still voids the earth,
 4 There where one day the man's dark plunge is made.
- 5 Do you know yours? Hideous perhaps is he,
 6 You shudder seeing the workman at his task;
 7 Such gracious looks commend who waits on me
 8 I yield whole-hearted, nor for quarter ask.
- 9 A child rose-white, sweet-lipped, my steps he presses
 10 On to the pit with coaxings and caresses,
 11 Lovelier assassin none could chose to have.
 12 Rogue, hast thou done? Let's haste. The hour comes quick,
 13 Give with a kiss the last stroke of the pick,
 14 And gently lay me in my flowery grave.

IMITATED FROM GOETHE'S "GANYMEDE"

- 1 As with splendour of morning
 2 Around me thou flamest,
 3 O Spring time, my lover,
 4 With a thousand delights and desires;
 5 To my heart comes thronging
 6 The sacred sense
 7 Of thy glow everlasting,
 8 O infinite beauty!
- 9 Would I might seize thee
 10 In these my arms!
- [stanza break]

Imitated from J. Soulary's "Le Fossoyeur": see Joséphin Soulary, *Oeuvre Poétique* (Paris: Alphonse Lemerre, 1872), p. 127, stanza 22 of "La Veillée des Rêves.

Imitated from Goethe's "Ganymede": in Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's ode of 1789, Ganymede is figuratively the son of Jupiter and a common figure in nineteenth-century poetry and prominent in the Goethe settings of Franz Schubert's musical compositions. In this, the lyrics of Dowden "Poems of Later Dates" feature a good many adaptations of Goethe's work, particularly from this point onward. See EDW's note on the last four poems as introduced in the footnote to *The Drops of Nectar: 1789* (below).

11 Ah! on thy bosom
12 I lie sore yearning;
13 Thy flowers, thy grasses,
14 Press close to my heart;
15 Fresh breeze of the morn
16 Thy coolest the burning
17 Thirst of my breast.
18 With love the nightingale
19 Calls to me from the misty valley!

20 I come, I am coming!
21 Whither? Ah, whither?
22 Upward! Upward the urge is!
23 Lower the clouds come drifting,
24 They stoop to the longing of love.
25 For me! for me!

26 Born in the lap of you
27 Upwards!
28 Embracing, embraced!
29 Upwards, even to the bosom
30 Of thee all-loving, my Father!

WITH A COPY OF MY "POEMS"

1 My slender, wondering Nautilus,
2 Sunk in the ooze—a thing how frail!—
3 Because you choose to have it thus
4 Through wavering waters luminous
5 Rises once more, sets up the sail;

6 It trembles to the sun, has fear
7 Of life, that knew no fear of death:
8 Ah! may kind Ariel, hovering near,
9 Speed the toy onward with his breath!

27 Play not, O world of men, the savage boy,
28 Make not the poet, quickener of earth's joy,
29 Your scorpion! Hardly once a hundred years
30 Compact of spirit and fire and dew, appears
31 He through whose song the spheral harmonies
32 Vibrate in mortal hearing. Nay, be wise,
33 For your own joy, and see he lacks not bread,
34 If ye but wreathe the white brows of the dead,
35 'Tis ye yourselves are disinherited.

A SONG

1 When did such moons upheave?
2 When were such pure dawns born?
3 Yet fly morn into eve,
4 Fly eve into morn.

5 Lily and iris blooms,
6 Blooms of the orchard close,
7 Pass—for she comes, she comes,
8 Your sovereign, the rose.

9 Lark, that is heart of the height,
10 Thrush, that is voice of the vale,
11 Cease, it is nearing, the night
12 Of the nightingale.

13 Hasten great noon that glows,
14 Night, when the swift stars pale,
15 Hasten noon of the rose,
16 Night of the nightingale.

5 By my side meanwhile a boy had placed him,
6 And he spake. "Good friend, how can'st thou calmly
7 Stare upon the void grey sheet before thee?
8 Hast thou then for painting and for modelling
9 All desire, it seemeth, lost for ever?"

10 On the child I looked, and thought in secret,
11 "Would the little lad then play the Master?"

12 "If thou wouldst be ever sad and idle,"
13 Spake the boy, "no thing of skill can follow.
14 Look! I'll paint you straight a little picture,
15 Teach you how to paint a pretty picture."

16 And thereon forth stretched he his forefinger,
17 Which was rosy even as a rose blossom,
18 To the ample canvas strained before him
19 Set to work at sketching with his finger.
20 There on high a glorious sun he painted,
21 Which mine eyes with its effulgence dazzled,
22 And the fringe of clouds he made it golden.
23 Through the clouds he let press forth the sunbeams,
24 Then the tree-tops delicate, light, he painted,
25 Late refreshed and quickened. Over the hill-range
26 Hill behind hill folded, for a background.
27 Nor were waters wanting. There below them
28 He the river limned, so true to Nature,
29 That it seemed to sparkle in the sunbeams,
30 That against its banks it seemed to murmur.

31 And there stood beside the river flowers,
32 And their colours glowed upon the meadow,
33 Gold and an enamel green and purple;
34 As if all were emerald and carbuncle.
35 Pure and clear above he limned the heaven,
36 And the azure mountains far and further,
37 So that I, new-born and all enraptured,
38 Gazed on now the painter, now the picture.

39 "I have given thee proof, perhaps," so spake he,
40 "That this handicraft I've comprehended
41 But the hardest part is yet to follow."

42 Then and with his finger-tip he outlined,
43 Using utmost care beside the thicket,

44 At the point where from earth's gleaming surface
 45 Was the sun cast back in all its radiance—
 46 Outlined there the loveliest of maidens,
 47 Fair of form, now clad in richest raiment,
 48 Brown her hair and 'neath it cheeks the freshest
 49 And the cheeks were of the self-same colour
 50 As the pretty finger that had drawn them.

51 "O my boy," I cried, "declare what master
 52 Did receive thee in his school as pupil,
 53 That so swiftly and so true to Nature
 54 Thou with skill beginn'st and well completest?"

55 But while yet I spake a breeze uprises.
 56 And behold, it sets astir the summits,
 57 Curleth every wave upon the river,
 58 Puffs the veil out of the charming maiden.
 59 And, what me the astonished, more astonished,
 60 Now the maiden's foot is put in motion,
 61 She advances, and to the place draws nearer,
 62 Where I sit beside the cunning Master.

63 Now when all things, all things are in motion.
 64 Trees and river, flowers and veil outblowing,
 65 And the slender foot of her the fairest,
 66 Think you I upon my rock stayed seated,
 67 Speechless as a rock and as immobile?

THE WANDERER

IMITATED FROM GOETHE'S "DER WANDRER"

WANDERER

1 God's grace be thine, young woman
 2 And his, the boy who sucks
 3 That breast of thine.
 4 Here let me on the craggy scar,
 5 In shade of the great elm,
 6 My knapsack fling from me
 7 And rest me by thy side.

[stanza break]

The Wanderer See EDW's "Editor's Note" above, at *The Drop of Nectar*. 1789. It is also worth noting here that, despite EDW's reservations about the incomplete nature of Dowden's Goethe imitations, she still saw the opportunity to complement with this poem the service rendered at the beginning of *P1914* by the preliminary four-line lyric, also called "The Wanderer."

WOMAN

8 What business urges thee
 9 Now in the heat of day
 10 Along this dusty path?
 11 Bringest thou some city merchandise
 12 Into the country round?
 13 Thou smilest, stranger,
 14 At this my question.

WANDERER

15 No city merchandise I bring,
 16 Cool now the evening grows,
 17 Show me the rills
 18 Whence thou dost drink,
 19 My good young woman.

WOMAN

20 Here, up the rocky path,
 21 Go onward. Through the shrubs
 22 The path runs by the cot
 23 Wherein I dwell,
 24 On to the rills
 25 From whence I drink.

WANDERER

26 Traces of ordering human hands
 27 Betwixt the underwood.
 28 These stones *thou* hast not so disposed,
 29 Nature—thou rich dispensatress.

WOMAN

30 Yet further up.

WANDERER

31 With moss o'erlaid, an architrave!
 32 I recognize thee, plastic spirit,
 33 Thou hast impressed thy seal upon the stone.

WOMAN

34 Further yet, stranger.

WANDERER

35 Lo, an inscription whereupon I tread,
 36 But all illegible,
 37 Worn out by wayfarers are ye,

38 Which should show forth your Master's piety,
39 Unto a thousand children's children.

WOMAN

40 In wonder, stranger, dost thou gaze
41 Upon these stones?
42 Up yonder round my cot
43 Are many such.

WANDERER

44 Up yonder?

WOMAN

45 Leftwards directly
46 On through the underwood,
47 Here!

WANDERER

48 Ye Muses! and ye Graces!

WOMAN

49 That is my cottage.

WANDERER

50 The fragments of a temple!

WOMAN

51 Here onwards on one side
52 The rivulet flows
53 From whence I drink.

WANDERER

54 Glowing, then hoverest
55 Above thy sepulchre,
56 Genius! Over thee
57 Is tumbled in a heap
58 Thy masterpiece,
59 O thou undying one!

WOMAN

60 Wait till I bring the vessel
61 That thou mayst drink.

WANDERER

62 Ivy hath clad around

63 Thy slender form divine.
 64 How do ye upward strive
 65 From out the wreck,
 66 Twin columns!
 67 And thou, the solitary sister there,
 68 How do ye,
 69 With sombre moss upon your sacred heads,
 70 Gaze in majestic mourning down
 71 Upon these scattered fragments
 72 There at your feet,
 73 Your kith and kin!
 74 Where lie the shadows of the bramble bush,
 75 Concealed by wrack and earth,
 76 And the long grass wavers above.
 77 Nature dost then so hold in price
 78 Thy masterpiece's masterpiece?
 79 Dost thou, regardless, shatter thus
 80 Thy sanctuary?
 81 Dost sow the thistles therein?

WOMAN

82 How the boy sleeps!
 83 Wouldst thou within the cottage rest,
 84 Stranger? Wouldst here
 85 Rather than 'neath the open heavens bide?
 86 Now it is cool. Here, take the boy.
 87 Let me go draw the water.
 88 Sleep, darling, sleep!

WANDERER

89 Sweet is thy rest.
 90 How, bathed in heavenly healthiness,
 91 Restful he breathes!
 92 Thou, born above the relics
 93 Of a most sacred past,
 94 Upon thee may its spirit rest.
 95 He whom it environeth
 96 Will in the conciousness of power divine
 97 Each day enjoy.
 98 Seedling so rich expand,
 99 The shining spring's
 100 Resplendent ornament,
 101 In presence of thy fellows shine,
 102 And when the flower-sheathe fades and falls
 103 May from thy bosom rise

104 The abounding fruit,
105 And ripening, front the sun.

WOMAN

106 God bless him—and ever still he sleeps.
107 Nought have I with this water clear
108 Except a piece of bread to offer thee.

WANDERER

109 I give thee thanks.
110 How gloriously all blooms around
111 And groweth green!

WOMAN

112 My husband soon
113 Home from the fields
114 Returns. Stay, stay, O man,
115 And eat with us thy evening bread.

WANDERER

116 Here do ye dwell?

WOMAN

117 There, between yonder walls,
118 The cot. My father builded it
119 Of brick, and of the wreckage stones.
120 Here do we dwell.
121 He gave me to a husbandman,
122 And in our arms he died—
123 Sweetheart—and hast thou slept?
124 How bright he is—and wants to play.
125 My rogue!

WANDERER

126 O Nature! everlastingly conceiving.
127 Each one thou bearest for the joy of life,
128 All of thy babes thou hast endowed
129 Lovingly with a heritage—a Name.
130 High on the cornice doth the swallow build,
131 Of what an ornament she hides
132 All unaware.
133 The caterpillar round the golden bough
134 Spins her a winter quarters for her young.
135 Thus dost thou patch in 'twixt the august
136 Fragments of bygone time

137 For needs of thine—for thy own needs
 138 A hut. O men—
 139 Rejoicing over graves.
 140 Farewell, thou happy wife.

WOMAN

141 Thou wilt not stay?

WANDERER

142 God keep you safe
 143 And bless your boy.

WOMAN

144 A happy wayfaring!

WANDERER

145 Where doth the pathway lead me
 146 Over the mountain there?

WOMAN

147 To Cuma.

WANDERER

148 How far is it hence?

WOMAN

149 'Tis three good miles.

WANDERER

150 Farewell!
 151 O Nature! guide my way,
 152 The stranger's travel-track
 153 Which over graves
 154 Of sacred times foregone
 155 I still pursue.
 156 Me to some covert guide,
 157 Sheltered against the north,
 158 And where from noontide's glare
 159 A poplar grove protects.
 160 And when at eve I turn
 161 Home to the hut,
 162 Made golden with the sun's last beam,
 163 Grant that such wife may welcome me,
 164 The boy upon her arm.

"ALEXIS AND DORA"

IMITATED FROM GOETHE'S "ALEXIS AND DORA"

1 Ah, without stop or stay the ship still momentarily presses
 2 On through the foaming deep, further and further from shore.
 3 Far-traced the furrow is cut by the keel, and in it the dolphins
 4 Bounding follow as though prey were before them in flight.
 5 All betokens a fortunate voyage; light-hearted the shipman
 6 Gently handles the sail that takes on it labour for all
 7 Forward as pennon and streamer presses the voyager's spirit,
 8 One alone by the mast stands reverted and sad.
 9 Mountains already blue he sees departing, he sees them
 10 Sink in the sea, while sinks every joy from his gaze.
 11 Also for thee has vanished the ship that bears thy Alexis,
 12 Robs thee, O Dora, of friend, robs thee of, ah! the betrothed.
 13 Thou, too, gazest in vain after me. Our hearts are still beating
 14 For one another, but ah! on one another no more.
 15 Single moment wherein I have lived, thou weigh'st in the balance
 16 More than all days erewhile coldly squandered by me.
 17 Ah, in that moment alone, the last, arose in my bosom
 18 Life unhopd for in thee, come down as a gift from the Gods.
 19 Now in vain dost thou with thy light make glorious the æther,
 20 Thy all-illumining day—Phœbus, by me is abhorred.
 21 Back on myself I return, and fain would I there in the silence
 22 Live o'er again the time when daily to me she appeared.
 23 Was it possible beauty to see and never to feel it?
 24 Did not the heavenly charm work on thy dullness of soul?
 25 Blame not thyself, poor heart, so the poet proposes a riddle,
 26 Artfully wrought into words oft to the ear of the crowd,
 27 The network of images, lovely and strange, is a joy to the hearer,
 28 Yet still there lacketh the word affirming the sense of the whole.
 29 Is it at last disclosed, then every spirit is gladdened,
 30 And in the verse perceives meaning of twofold delight.
 31 Ah, why so late, O love, dost thou unbind from my forehead
 32 Wrappings that darkened my eyes—why too late dost unbind?
 33 Long time the freighted bark delayed for favouring breezes,
 34 Fair at last rose the wind pressing off-shore to the sea.
 35 Idle seasons of youth and idle dreams of the future
 36 Ye have departed—for me only remaineth the hour;
 37 Yes, it remains the gladness remaining for me; Dora, I hold thee.
 38 Hope to my gaze presents, Dora, thy image alone.
 39 Often on thy way to the temple I saw thee gay-decked and decorous,
 40 Stepped the good mother beside, all ceremonious and grave.

41 Quick-footed wert thou and eager, bearing thy fruit to the market,
42 Quitting the well, thy head how daringly balanced the jar;
43 There, lo! thy throat was shown, thy neck more fair than all others,
44 Fairer than others were shown the poise and play of thy limbs.
45 Ofttime I held me in fear for the totter and crash of the pitcher,
46 Yet upright ever it stood, there where the kerchief was pleached.
47 Fairest neighbour, yes, my wont it was to behold thee,
48 As we behold the stars, as we contemplate the moon.
49 In them rejoicing, while never once in the tranquil bosom,
50 Even in shadow of thought stirs the desire to possess.
51 Thus did ye pass, my years. But twenty paces asunder
52 Our dwellings, thine and mine, nor once on thy threshold I trod.
53 Now the hideous deep divides us! Ye lie to the heavens,
54 Billows! your lordly blue to me is the colour of night.
55 Already was everything in motion. A boy came running
56 Swift to my father's house, calling me down to the shore.
57 "The sail is already hoisted; it flaps in the wind," so spake he.
58 "Weighed with a lusty cheer the anchor parts from the sand.
59 Come, Alexis! O come!" And gravely, in token of blessing,
60 Laid my good father his hand on the clustering curls of the son.
61 Careful the mother reached me a bundle newly made ready;
62 "Come back happy!" they cried. "Come back happy and rich."
63 So out of doors, with the bundle under my arm, did I fling me,
64 And at the wall below, there by the garden gate,
65 Saw thee stand; thou smiledst upon me and spake'st. "Alexis,
66 Yonder clamouring folk, are these thy comrades aboard?
67 Distant shores thou visitest now and merchandise precious
68 Thou dost deal in, and jewels for the wealthy city dames.
69 Wilt thou not bring me also one little light chain? I would buy it
70 Thankfully. I have wished so oft to adorn me with this."
71 Holding my own I stood and asked, in the way of a merchant,
72 First of the form, the weight exact, of the order thou gavest.
73 Modest in truth was the price thou assignedst. While gazing upon thee,
74 Neck and shoulders I saw worthy of the jewels of our queen.
75 Louder sounded the cry from the ship. Then saidest thou kindly,
76 "Some of the garden fruit take thou with thee on thy way.
77 Take the ripest oranges—take white figs. The sea yields
78 Never a fruit at all. Nor doth every country give fruits."
79 Thereon I stepped within; the fruit thou busily broughtest,
80 There in the gathered robe bearing a burden all gold.
81 Often I pleaded, "see this is enough," and ever another
82 And fairer fruit down dropped, lightly touched, to thy hand.
83 Then at the last to the bower thou camest. There was a basket,
84 And the myrtle in bloom bent over thee, over me.
85 Skilfully didst thou begin to arrange the fruit and in silence.

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83 Then at the last to the bower thou camest. There was a basket,
84 And the myrtle in bloom bent over thee, over me.
85 Skilfully didst thou begin to arrange the fruit and in silence.

86 First the orange, that lies heavy a globe of gold,
87 Then the tenderer fig, which slightest pressure will injure,
88 And with myrtle o'erlaid, fair adorned was the gift.
89 But I lifted it not. I stood, we looked one another
90 Full in the eyes. When straight the sight of my eyes waxed dim.
91 Thy bosom I felt on my own! and now my arm encircled
92 The stately neck, whereon thousandfold kisses I showered.
93 Sank thy head on my shoulder—by tender arms enfolded
94 As with a chain was he the man whom thou hast made blest.
95 The hands of Love I felt, he drew us with might together,
96 And thrice from a cloudless sky it thundered; and now there flowed
97 Tears from my eyes, down streaming, weeping wert thou. I wept,
98 And through sorrow and joy the world seemed to pass from our sense.
99 Ever more urgent their shoreward cry; but thither to bear me
100 My feet refused: I cried, "Dora, and art thou not mine?"
101 "For ever," thou gently saidst. And thereon it seemed that our tears,
102 As by some breath divine, gently were blown from our eyes.
103 Nearer the cry "Alexis!" Then peered the boy, as he sought me,
104 In through the garden gate. How the basket he eyed.
105 How he constrained me. How I pressed thee once more by the hand.
106 How arrived I aboard? I know as one drunken I seemed.
107 Even so my companions took me to be; they bore with one ailing,
108 And already in haze of distance the city grew dim.
109 "For ever," Dora, thy whisper was. In my ear it echoes
110 Even with the thunder of Zeus. There stood she by his throne,
111 She, his daughter, the Goddess of Love, and beside her the Graces.
112 So by the Gods confirmed this our union abides.
113 O then haste thee, our bark, with the favouring winds behind thee.
114 Labour, thou lusty keel, sunder the foaming flood!
115 Bring me to that strange haven; that so for me may the goldsmith
116 In his workshop anon fashion the heavenly pledge.
117 Ay, in truth, the chainlet shall grow to a chain, O Dora.
118 Nine times loosely wound shall it encircle thy neck.
119 Further, jewels most manifold will I procure for thee; golden
120 Bracelets also. My gifts richly shall deck thy hand.
121 There shall the ruby contend with the emerald; loveliest sapphire
122 Matched against jacinth shall stand, while with a setting of gold
123 Every gem may be held in a perfect union of beauty.
124 O what joy for the lover to grace with jewel and gold the beloved.
125 If pearls I view, my thought is of thee; there rises before me
126 With every ring the shape slender and fair of thy hand.
127 I will barter and buy, and out of them all the fairest
128 Thou shalt choose. I devote all my lading to thee.
129 But not jewel and gem alone shall thy lover procure thee.
130 What a housewife would choose, that will he bring with him too.

131 Coverlets delicate, woollen and purple, hemmed to make ready
132 A couch that grateful and soft fondly shall welcome the pair.
133 Lengths of the finest linen. Thou sittest and sewest and clothest
134 Me therein and thyself, and haply also a third.
135 Visions of hope delude my heart. Allay, O Divine Ones,
136 Flames of resistless desire wildly at work in my breast,
137 And yet I fain would recall delights that are bitter,
138 When care to me draws near, hideous, cold and unmoved.
139 Not the Erinnyes torch nor the baying of hounds infernal
140 Strikes such terror in him, the culprit in realms of despair,
141 As that phantom unmoved in me who shows me the fair one
142 Far away. Open stands even now the garden gate,
143 And another, not I, draws near—for him fruits are falling,
144 And for him, too, the fig strengthening honey retains.
145 Him too doth she draw to the bower. Does he follow? O sightless
146 Make me, O Gods! destroy the vision of memory in me.
147 Yes—a maiden is she—she who gives herself straight to one lover,
148 She to another who woes as speedily turns her around.
149 Laugh not, O Zeus, this time at an oath audaciously broken—
150 Thunder more fiercely! strike! yet hold back thy lightning shaft.
151 Send on my trace the sagging clouds. In gloom as of night-time
152 Let thy bright lightning-flash strike this ill-fated mast.
153 Scatter the planks around and give to the raging waters
154 This my merchandise. Give me to the dolphins a prey.
155 Now ye Muses enough! In vain is your effort to image
156 How in a heart that loves alternate sorrow and joy.
157 Nor are ye able to heal those wounds which Love has inflicted,
158 Yet their assuagement comes, Gracious Ones, only from you.

A WOMAN'S RELIQUARY
*(based on the 1914 Dent edition,
including an Editor's Note on
the Genesis of the Collection for
the 1913 Cuala Press Edition)*

Published sources attributed in notes and collations—

WR1913 [Edward Dowden]. *A Woman's Reliquary*. Dublin: The Cuala Press, 1913.

WR1914 Edward Dowden. *A Woman's Reliquary*. London and Toronto: J. M. Dent, 1914.

EDITOR'S NOTE

At the time of the poet's death, on April 3, 1913, a fairly ambitious body of lyric poetry had been gathered and sorted in various ways. Part of this new work was directed to the enlarged posthumous edition of *Poems* (London: Dent, 1914), under the rubric "Miscellaneous Poems of Later Dates," as presented above. TCD MS. 3120 seems to have provided copy text for that particular enhancement. Generally speaking, the arrangement and editing of those verses was almost entirely the work of Dowden's second wife, Elizabeth Dickinson West Dowden (usually signed either "E.D.W." or "E.D.D." to distinguish her initials from that of her husband. Aside from a few poems that remain unpublished to this day, the majority had been gathered together for the collection eventually called *A Woman's Reliquary*, when Elizabeth Yeats, in honor of Dowden's long friendship with Yeats *père*, John Butler Yeats, agreed to print 300 copies of the book on the letterpress without the consent of her brother, Cuala Press executive editor W. B. Yeats. Three extant manuscript notebooks provide evidence of the means by which copy text was produced for the Cuala Press edition, seemingly without a typescript.

The genesis of copy text for *A Woman's Reliquary* began with a bound notebook (TCD MS. 3122, green leather, limp) containing poems in fair hand, evidently copied out and given to E.D.D. as a love token. In place of a title for the collection is a pressed sprig of greenery (flora), tipped in beneath the inscription: "Fons Signatus." On the verso of this leaf is the quatrain selected as the verse epigraph for *A Woman's Reliquary*. The poems thereafter are numbered, untitled, and all fair copies. There are but 74 (I–LXXIV) poems, with 14 "Additions" listed, beginning on numbered folio "48" and running to the last entry on folio 59. Copies are entered on rectos only, save for the verse epigraph. Thereafter, the order of the poems differs significantly. Directions are given in the "Additions" section for placement of poems within the numbered sequence of the notebook. But that in itself did not produce the arrangement followed at the next stage, in TCD MS. 3121 (labeled "EDD's book"), where the title of the collection was finally settled, leading to a third bound manuscript notebook, now in the National Library of Ireland, NLI 225, with layout identical to the Cuala Press printing and bearing the address for its return by the printer to "Elizabeth D Dowden / Rockdale, Orwell Road / Rathgar, Dublin." The evolution of the title may be interpreted as follows from a succession of cancellations and amendments: *A Rosary* (after poem I) > *Fons signatus* (after XLI and the inscription and sprig in TCD MS. 3122) > *Carmina Cordis* (tr. *Song of the Heart*) > *A Woman's Reliquary*. In TCD MS. 3121, on the first page, there are three other inscriptions, showing the hand of both the poet (it seems) as well as his wife. First, "(This copy imperfect & superceded by EDD's)"; second, "but some readings here are better" (cancelled); and finally, "many things are added" (also cancelled). E.D.D.'s superceding copy is presumably NLI 225, which, besides fair-hand copies of all the poems in layout identical with the limited edition of 1913, carries Dowden's "Note" (removed, perhaps, from one of the TCD notebooks, signed, and pasted at the beginning), which in turn provided text for an elaborate ruse he perpetrated before his death. This note appears as the "EDITOR'S NOTE" in the 1913 printing, followed immediately by the gentle disclaimer of the "Publishers note": "If readers desire to attribute authorship of this book to the editor, no wrong is done to anyone." The note is a charming piece of invention and somewhat peculiar if only because the poet thought it might be necessary. The text of the note is given here:

EDITOR'S NOTE

A reviewer not long since congratulated me on the possession of some interesting manuscripts, which, as a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, I have had the good fortune to come across. Some years ago I purchased a handful of books from a lady, now dead, and among them a slender morocco-bound volume containing the verses which here I print. She told me that she was the only surviving relation, a niece of the writer of these poems. "You may do what you please with them," she said; "the writer and the person addressed are both dead: the marriage was childless." No wrong therefore can be done to anyone by the present publication. A sequence of a hundred love lyrics addressed to a wife is perhaps too much for the general public; but possibly some of the verses may ultimately find their way into anthologies. My task as editor has been that of securing an accurate text; and, for convenience of reference, I have prefixed a title to each poem, which however may be disregarded by a reader of the sequence. The general title "A Woman's Reliquary" is written on the first page of the manuscript.

Edward Dowden.

Although the little book incensed W. B. Yeats when he learned of his sister's agreeing to it (see the Introduction, above), the disagreement among the Yeatses had nothing to do with the size of the print run, as Cuala Press printings were characteristically small, one-off affairs. This one was finished, as advertised, "on the last day of September, in the year nineteen hundred and thirteen." E.D.D. can hardly have been dissatisfied with the accuracy of the printing, which compares unusually well, for a hand-set book, with the subsequent printing of *A Woman's Reliquary* by J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd in the following year. Elizabeth Corbet Yeats not only honored her father's old friend but, in effect, spared the widow the cost of having to type the whole work for the commercial publisher. Possibly E.D.D. herself wrote for Dent the italicized headnote that appeared (on p. ix) between the Contents and Dowden's "NOTE" on pages xi and xii (with the errant word "EDITOR'S" omitted):

"A Woman's Reliquary" was first published in November 1913, at the Cuala Press, Dundrum, Co. Dublin, by Miss Elizabeth C. Yeats, in an edition of three hundred copies, now nearly exhausted. No second editions are printed by the Cuala Press. Hence the need for the present republication.

This sequence of Lyrics is now issued as third volume of Edward Dowden's "Poems."

Though the authorship is no longer veiled, the publishers retain the original preface, in which the writer concealed himself under the garb of Editor of an old MS. that had been confided to him. That disguise was from the outset a semi-transparent one.

The base text for the *Critical Edition* is, accordingly, the complete text of the 1914 Dent edition, taken from a copy in the possession of the editor, with provenance indicated, preciously, in the inscription: "With kind regards / EDD. / Feb 14 1915."

[EPIGRAPH]

- 1 The secret may be whispered in the shrine,
 2 Life's central word, or cried in all men's ears
 3 Down from the mountain height, it yet is mine
 4 —He only who had heard the secret hears.

A WOMAN'S RELIQUARY

I

THE ROSARY

- 1 The beads thus at your girdle hung
 2 Have little lustre as you see,
 3 My verses faintly said or sung,
 4 A poor believer's rosary.

- 5 Yet think for what they stand, nor part
 6 With these, if only coloured clay;
 7 This meant an *Ave* from his heart,
 8 And this, though pale, a *Gloria*.

II

SONG A SHADOW

- 1 The little breezes of my song
 2 Waft perfumes, each a pallid wraith
 3 Of hope, of memories treasured long,
 4 And ever love, and ever faith:

- 5 Or think them shadows that across
 6 The everlasting hills have run,
 7 Whose life was merely sunshine's loss;
 8 Yet flying shades confess the sun.

III

SILENCE AND SPEECH

1 Others, with desolate arms, have flung
2 Their hands to heaven, and cried their grief,
3 And found, because a woe was sung,
4 Sad measured fragments of relief.

5 If such my lot, these lips were dumb;
6 Song were a broken, idle toy;
7 Lean to me, my beloved; come,
8 And hear what may be told of joy.

IV

A GARDEN INCLOSED

1 My soul a garden is inclosed,
2 But never wall was builded there
3 Save heaven's bright boundary circumposed,
4 The depths of blue untrammell'd air.

5 No garth is guarded half so sure,
6 And here are blossoms for the bee,
7 And here, to make my bourne secure,
8 Horizons of infinity.

V

THE WELL

1 I stoop'd to many streams that run
2 Through the hot plain, and drank with greed,
3 Loes and new loes!—yet found not one
4 But left some smatch of marish-weed.

5 Blest be this well that holds the heaven
6 Radiant and calm within its breast!
7 Who stoopeth here to him is given
8 Joy at the midmost heart of rest.

VI
AFAR

- 1 I saw you then how far away,
 2 As one might see at morning's birth
 3 Some Oread of strange hills at play
 4 On the uplifted rim of earth;
- 5 Nothing beyond you but the light
 6 Of dawn and heaven's pellucid shell;
 7 So with God's world, swung clear of night,
 8 How should not all be safe and well?

VII
PREMONITIONS

- 1 Auroral pulses; quiverings
 2 Too faint to flush the pallid East;
 3 Nor yet the stir of earliest wings;
 4 But morn awakens, night has ceased.
- 5 Dreams and the phantoms of the dark
 6 Troop earthwards; see, across the lawn
 7 A light breath lifts the leaves, and hark!
 8 The alleluias of the dawn.

VIII
BUD AND BLOSSOM

- 1 Sweet and blind commotion of the sap
 2 When the first ray thrills in the folded flower!
 3 Virginal rapture tremulous; some great hap
 4 Befallen; a law declared; a quickening power.
- 5 And henceforth life shall surely have a part
 6 In all that joy which makes the many One;
 7 The petals sever; the whole scented heart
 8 Lies naked for encounter with the sun.

VIII / *Bud and Blossom* The manuscript in the National Library of Ireland (NLI 225) introduced this poem as an afterthought, on the facing page (L4^v), as poem VII(b). According to that numbering, the last poem in *A Woman's Reiquary* would be "C," not "CI" as the sequence now stands.

IX
THE HAVEN

1 It was not love, but o'er the array
2 Of maiden faces clustering there
3 My glance careered, which well might stay,
4 For this was frank and that was fair.

5 No haven for my sail that drove,
6 No pharos; sunniest isles I passed;
7 Then suddenly—it was not love—
8 The haven, and an anchor cast.

X
MANNA

1 I lived on manna day and night,
2 So long! and still could live indeed;
3 Nor murmured that such bread was light,
4 My heaven-sent coriander-seed;

5 I lived on manna night and day,
6 No other food I craved or knew;
7 Without my tent each morn it lay
8 Pearl-pure, and sweet as honey-dew.

XI
LOVE'S NUDITY

1 Naked this soul, for good or ill,
2 Must stand before her eyes;
3 So dear, so dread, his word and will
4 Who builded Paradise.

5 What if that gaze confirm my fear?
6 What if those eyes approve?
7 What if, so seen, she call me near
8 To hide me in her love?

XII
MIRACLES

1 That day you came and went faith grew
2 In miracle; one while
3 The dream swam up—was all not true?—
4 Of wondering Theophile;

5 Snows on the roofs, the ways, outspread;
6 But lo! the radiant boy,
7 And in heap'd arms great roses red
8 Pluck'd from God's garth of joy;

9 Pluck'd from God's garth of joy, and all
10 The air was one warm stream
11 Of summer. Can such things befall?
12 Or is it but a dream?

XII
LOVE'S LAW

1 If it were possible to spare
2 Your ears my dreaded truth,
3 Fashions of friendship I might wear
4 For pride perhaps or ruth.

5 But this is law, not choice—to lay
6 My whole soul in your hand;
7 My part is only to obey,
8 And yours to understand.

9 My part to speak and there to end;
10 Be you strict arbiter;
11 Grant nought of all I need, my friend,
12 If granting be to err.

XIV
LOVE'S ARTISTRY

1 Search me and know me; understand
2 Sense, spirit, passion, thought:
3 Yet wherefore doubt? The craftman's hand
4 Should know the thing it wrought.

[stanza break]

5 Here joy has dealt with me, here pain;
 6 Here ran your hand, here stay'd:
 7 Was not a foolish carver fain
 8 Of his own ivory maid?

XV

CREDO QUIA IMPOSSIBILE

1 O silence, now all golden, what a word,
 2 A star, into your shadowy waters fell!
 3 I dare believe a shining thing I heard,
 4 Because impossible.

XVI

HARVEST

1 Wide harvest: all the plain
 2 Is wealth; on every tree
 3 Fulfilment; not in vain
 4 May's hope, June's prophecy.

5 Joy is the vintager
 6 Who treads the wine-press; lo!
 7 A great, a golden year,
 8 And, stamp'd, the clusters flow.

XVII

A MOMENT

1 Free forester of Dian's train,
 2 Yet swift arms girdled her about
 3 At one glad word: and how refrain?
 4 The dykes were down, the floods were out:

5 Life was abroad; it was not I
 6 Who wrought a thing I knew not of;
 7 It was the whole world's ecstasy
 8 That woke and trembled into love.

XVIII
GRIEF IN JOY

1 Grave joy; heaven's arch is deep
2 And clear; still, still endures
3 That grief although I cease to weep;
4 Take it, for I am yours:

5 And not less pure appears
6 My heaven encircling earth,
7 And tenderer for that rain of tears;
8 Grave joy—a sacred birth.

XIX
GIVING AND TAKING

1 Cross over from your side
2 Of giver for my sake,
3 Conceive what praises hide,
4 Know once the love I take:

5 So faith will rest assured,
6 Nor praise and wonder ache,
7 Joy may be well endured,
8 Cross over for my sake.

XX
THE INTERPRETER

1 Have I not look'd away from you?
2 When to the compass of one face
3 Did I contract the revenue
4 Of beauty or the springs of grace?

5 But if a deeper heaven lies bare
6 Now; and a more enchanted sea
7 Heaves; if the lit clouds are aware;
8 If the first star with mystery

9 Is laden; if some tremulous need
10 Stirs in the midnight's brooding wings,
11 Shall I not search your eyes to read
12 The secret in the face of things?

XXI
 DECEMBER

1 Flowerless December, but this morn
 2 Of whirling rain and ruining cloud
 3 Behold! a flower of light is born
 4 By all heaven's gentleness o'erbow'd;

 5 Earth-born, yet scarce to earth akin;
 6 The chalice opening late; no rose—
 7 That is for youth; yet peer within!
 8 Like gold the lily-pollen glows.

 XXII
 "I WILL"

1 At last achievement past gainsay;
 2 "I will" was spoken, and "I will";
 3 Southward we sped toward cape and bay
 4 And talk'd of cloud and stream and hill.

 5 Pearl of great price, not bought indeed,
 6 Given to my breast, I own with awe,
 7 Since given where greatest was the need
 8 Also for you this thing was law.

 XXIII
 LOVE'S SACRAMENT

1 Let not thy sacramental bread and wine,
 2 Lord Love, be found so sweet upon my lips
 3 That I forget the Presence, which is thine;
 4 Let not the lighted cloud the light eclipse.

 5 Nay, for a joy o'erripe turns sullenness
 6 Or wanes; heaven's gift is ever at the prime;
 7 Thy will it is in thine own way to bless;
 8 Angels descend the ladder angels climb.

XXIV
AVE ATQUE VALE

- 1 Ah Love! When all is gain'd,
 2 Graces no heart can tell,
 3 Then first I know the attain'd
 4 Is unattainable.
- 5 The wave that climbs and falls
 6 Is still in radiant flight,
 7 Wind-driven, more drawn by calls
 8 Borne from the infinite.
- 9 Horizons ever new,
 10 Cries that will ne'er be mute,
 11 Love's welcome an adieu,
 12 Love's conquest a pursuit.

XXV
THE RESTING PLACE

- 1 Where her heart throbs (come life, come death)
 2 I lay my hand, nor can rehearse
 3 The thoughts, but know that love and faith
 4 Are pillars of the universe.

XXVI
IMPERSONAL

- 1 Awe fell on me: we two shall be no more
 2 Estrays, but still some part, whate'er ensue,
 3 Of the vast sea that heaves without a shore,
 4 Life limitless, love infinite—we two;
- 5 A sparkle in the smile of God's glad deep,
 6 A fruit that falls not from the unfading tree,
 7 A flash of colour in the bow where leap
 8 The sunlit torrents of eternity.

XXVII

BABBLEMENT

1 Once more my idle word
2 Craves to possess your ear,
3 All heard before, all heard
4 Only once more to hear.

5 This endless babbling stream
6 Far in the hills arose,
7 Through gloom it ran and gleam,
8 The chaliced rock o'erflows;

9 And should a slumbrous peace
10 Fall on your lids, the rill
11 Scarce heeds, nor yet will cease
12 Because inaudible.

XXVIII

GRATITUDE

1 Now silence! weighing down a steep descent
2 I sink to ultimate peace in final good;
3 Below life's joyance lies this pure content,
4 Where all I am is merely gratitude.

XXIX

EMBAYED

1 Where bliss is calm as deep
2 Here let my shallop rest;
3 Heaven bends above us; sleep
4 Invades her sacred breast:

5 A mirror'd heaven below;
6 O'erhead—love's infinite;
7 Here would I rest, nor know
8 The rapids of delight.

XXX

THE BOWMAN

1 No stronghold brave she gained; in one so poor
 2 No treasure-house; and yet I make my claim—
 3 Ay, proud to be the crenell'd aperture
 4 Through which the unerring Bowman took his aim.

5 And if his arrow struck the noblest heart,
 6 How should I be remorseful? By his grace
 7 Toward his high stand she glanced with sudden start,
 8 And through the loophole dusk beheld His face.

XXXI

GIFT ON GIFT

1 Love's kingdom first, a spirit divine,
 2 I sought and all his righteousness;
 3 These things are added and are mine;
 4 He who would bless would doubly bless.

5 Love's kingdom which long since I sought
 6 I have not left, I cannot leave;
 7 But in his hand the Master brought
 8 To Eden's bower the gracious Eve.

XXXII

THE CHAPEL

1 The starry chapel, where I bow
 2 My head in thanks or lift in praise,
 3 Has altars four; at each a vow
 4 I make, at each a hymn I raise.

5 Her brain: whose poignant quivering flame
 6 Leaps, laughs and lightens from the pyre;
 7 Dry logs I gathered—such my claim—
 8 And laid in order: hers the fire.

9 Her soul: not as the Scribes it spoke,
 10 Sundering things real from things that seem;
 11 I felt the austere control; I woke,
 12 And on the altar left a dream.

[stanza break]

- 13 Her breast, Love's shrine: for very awe
 14 So long, so long, I stood apart;
 15 Then bow'd to dread benignant law,
 16 And on the coals I cast a heart.
- 17 An altar last, whose incensed air
 18 Quickens the breath like wildrose wine
 18 Inhaled when all the land is fair,
 20 And girdling heaven shows earth divine.

XXXIII

EXCHANGES

- 1 Receive my gift, Belovéd, such a dower
 2 As heaven rejects not, and the breathing soil
 3 Offers as purest incense—your own power
 4 In blissful swift recoil.
- 5 All April gleams; breeze, sunshine, shower renew
 6 The earth, and skyward floats a vernal drift;
 7 The lit clouds sunder; see, a tenderer blue
 8 Owns the reverting gift.

XXXIV

SURPRISES

- 1 The presage tells of rest, deep rest;
 2 Joy enters wing'd for flight;
 3 The clouds that pause around the West
 4 Are thrill'd and fill'd with light.
- 5 The presage tells of joy: such need,
 6 Such hope, is straight withdrawn;
 7 Rest, lucid rest, has Love decreed,
 8 The hush of earliest dawn.

XXXV

CHARITY AND KNOWLEDGE

- 1 Faith, Hope and Charity—these three,
 2 The greatest Charity, 'tis writ;
 3 But "Trinity in Unity"
 4 The word were had I utter'd it.

[stanza break]

5 For what is Hope but Love that bends
 6 Forth in the race with quickening breath?
 7 And there are hours when Love ascends
 8 To lose and find itself in Faith.

9 Knowledge, 'tis written, has her place
 10 Lower than Love; and yet I own
 11 At times this seems Love's loveliest grace—
 12 Merely to know and to be known.

XXXVI

THE POTTER'S WHEEL

1 You took this fictile clay—a heart—
 2 Shaped it to what you chose to make;
 3 Applaud a little your own art,
 4 Nay, cherish for the artist's sake.

5 To pressure light and strict it grew,
 6 Curved as the potter's hand gave law;
 7 Was it a chalice, wine or dew
 8 Glimmering to hold, that you foresaw?

9 Nor think your artistry at end;
 10 Still whirls the wheel—O joy and fear!—
 11 Mar for a moment, still to mend,
 12 Fashion it unto honour, Dear.

XXXVII

THE HOLY OF HOLIES

1 My brave, marauding honey-bee,
 2 Down the deep flower-neck you have push'd
 3 Your way to some dear mystery
 4 Of gladness, and your hum is hush'd.

5 Even in a blossom's heart there lies
 6 An inmost chamber of the heart,
 7 Mystery beyond all mysteries,
 8 Where the last veil is drawn apart.

[stanza break]

9 Found you a sun-warm'd palace there,
 10 A white tent where you lie enfur'd,
 11 A cell, a temple, a chaste lair
 12 That holds the sweetness of the world?

13 O my wise honey-bee! such joy
 14 Lives not, you know, with buzz or bruit;
 15 Be happy in your hush'd employ;
 16 I pause, I ponder, and am mute.

XXXVIII
 GOLD HAIR

1 That glory mass'd, your girlhood's vaunt,
 2 The gold great hair by me unseen,
 3 Was it the aureole of a saint?
 4 Was it the rigol of a queen?

5 Yet here is wealth enough to bribe
 6 A world of hearts; take but this one
 7 Bright ingot sever'd from its tribe,
 8 This wheat-sheaf in the August sun.

XXXIX
 THE PITCHER

1 With what marmoreal grace the maid
 2 Bore her brimm'd pitcher from the well,
 3 One white arm curved, a hip that sway'd,
 4 A foot that firmly fell.

5 The vessel on my shoulder set
 6 Fluctuates with full felicity;
 7 Add strength to bear my gladness, let
 8 My burden steady me.

XL
 TURF

1 Thank God for simple, honest, close-knit turf,
 2 Sound footing for plain feet; nor moss, nor mire;
 3 No silvery quicksand, no hot sulphurous scurf
 4 Flung from a turmoil'd fire.

[stanza break]

5 So far your hand has led me: what is worth
 6 A question now of all the heavens conceal?
 7 Here shall we lie, and better love the Earth,
 8 And let the planets reel.

XLI

FONS SIGNATUS

1 Still the clear spirit's dignity;
 2 To me love's inmost shrine reveal'd;
 3 Yet with no squander'd sweetness she
 4 Gives largess from the fountain seal'd.

5 Never the blossom overblown,
 6 And therefore a perpetual bride,
 7 For whom the spirit's loosen'd zone
 8 Has worth, nor will be laid aside.

XLII

THE PLUMMET

1 I let my plummet sink and sink
 2 Into this sea of blessing; when,
 3 Or where should it touch shoal? I think
 4 Love lies beyond our furthest ken.

5 Above, the sun-smit waves career;
 6 They have their voices wild and free;
 7 Below them, where no eye can peer,
 8 Love's great glad taciturnity.

XLIII

COMMUNITY

1 Of all her joys the Earth has need;
 2 The kindly Mother finds her part
 3 In plumping nut, and feathering seed,
 4 And heart that ripens upon heart.

5 Her gifts to her own breast return—
 6 Pride of the marshall'd spears of grain,
 7 Passion of clouds that flush and burn,
 8 And love's pulsating old refrain.

[stanza break]

9 With all her infants' glee is stirred
 10 The spirit within her, grave and sweet,
 11 The leap of lamb, the cry of bird,
 12 And hands that touch and lips that meet.

13 And it may be that half her store
 14 Of life and warmth is treasured up
 15 From hearts like ours, her wine that bore,
 16 And danced her dance, and crown'd her cup.

17 O blind it were to deem that we
 18 Are in our proper bliss inisled!
 19 The old Mother own'd community
 20 Who bended over us and smiled.

XLIV

INDULGENCES

1 Ah, why has Love no general store
 2 Wherein their merits in excess
 3 Of duty saints like you could pour,
 4 And folk like me their happiness?

5 Through us the sun would mount, and want
 6 Be lighten'd; each might have his share;
 7 Love's Vicar could indulgence grant
 8 Plenary or particular.

XLV

LOVE TOKENS

1 Two gifts: mere sparkling granite this;
 2 Why given that day my heart inquires;
 3 I think because in earth's abyss
 4 It felt the glow of central fires.

5 And now the earliest daffodils,
 6 Sun-lovers, comrades of the breeze,
 7 Through which earth's sudden rapture thrills,
 8 And spring's awaken'd ecstasies.

5 Good hours would chime upon the clock;
 6 But ah, the moments! which could be
 7 The wing'd keybearer that unlocks
 8 The gates of immortality?

XLIX

OLD LETTERS

1 Your letters flinging their good seed—
 2 Wit, counsel, wisdom, thought—
 3 Words that could shape my dream, my deed,
 4 I miss them, do I not?

5 Yes, but how words dissect, divide
 6 Our truths; their swiftest play
 7 Hastens too slowly, strikes too wide,
 8 Falters or falls away.

9 And now our meanings, whole and sole,
 10 From sense to spirit outleap;
 11 Truth now with joy is integral,
 12 Deep answers unto deep.

13 So when speech comes to claim its share,
 14 We feel, all words beneath,
 15 Tremblings of heart oracular,
 16 Accords of life and death.

L

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

1 Framed in old verse Italian
 2 See Love in triumph charioted,
 3 His captives follow maid and man
 4 With corded wrist and bended head:

5 Glad children rather should be here,
 6 Young heirs who never felt the rod,
 7 Clad in the love that casts out fear,
 8 And freedom of the sons of God.



LI

THE BOOK OF HOURS

- 1 Blown sea-cliff, dreaming pasturage,
2 The moor, broad cornland flaunting flowers,
3 Each place we moved in is a page
4 Of my illumined Book of Hours.
- 5 Bird, bloom and bee are in the marge,
6 How fresh the tinctures, free the grace!
7 But in the midst and limn'd at large
8 The aureoled wonder of her face.

LII

THE COUCH

- 1 Sure resting-place above the shock
2 Of waters, safe from clambering waves,
3 Here be your couch, the living rock
4 Lull'd by the gulphing of the caves.
- 5 I shall be human still, and feast
6 My sense, your spy for brave things done:
7 Hug nature you, a drowsed sea-beast,
8 Slow-breathing, saturate with the sun.

LIII

SEA-ANEMONES

- 1 Look! the waves' wash has reach'd this drain'd alcove:
2 Its crimson blooms retracted know at hand
3 The tidal flow; peer now! they thrill, they move,
4 Petals and anthers waver and expand.
- 5 "Praised, praised be God for thee," my heart has cried,
6 "My little brother, the anemone!
7 My spirit has also heard a jubilant tide,
8 And known the blissful whelming of the sea."

LIII / Sea-Anemones

- 5 "Praised,...thee,]" 'Praised,...thee' *WR 1913*
6 "My little brother]" 'My little brother' *WR 1913*
8 "...of the sea]" '...of the sea' *WR 1913*

LIV
BURNET ROSES

1 On sand-dunes of this western sea
 2 Here, mid the bent grass, roses shine,
 3 Clear-carven, chaliced ivory,
 4 Brimm'd with the summer's perfumed wine.

5 Never those orb'd splendours fed
 6 From garden-mould, June's tended train,
 7 Crimson or gold, soft-bosoméd,
 8 Darted such transport to the brain.

9 How well with sweetness strength agrees!
 10 The liberal air, the spacious light,
 11 The sounding waves, have fashioned these;
 12 Take them; such things are yours by right.

LV
SPRING IN AUTUMN

1 We are alone with sea and sun;
 2 Give the child's instinct in you play,
 3 And where the laughing ripples run
 4 Step barefoot touch'd by wind and spray;

5 And let me smile; the autumn day
 6 Mimics the springtime; seasons meet
 7 One moment; let my fancies stray
 8 With the glad ripples round your feet.

LVI
THE PILGRIM

1 The sunset trance is in her eyes;
 2 I know the spirit's homeless flight;
 3 Estranged from earth, a pilgrim hies
 4 To seek the founts of light.

5 Love frames no cage, love weaves no net;
 6 I would not whisper a recall,
 7 Nor choose to capture what is yet
 8 Remote and virginal.

LX
 CLOUDS

- 1 Hourlong to-day I watch'd across the plain
 2 The speechless intercourse of cloud and hill,
 3 Approaches, hushed enfoldings, and again
 4 Slow disengagements, Sunderings soft and still.
- 5 Anon in ancient hollows, where the stream
 6 Tumbles, or where the pinewood climbs the steep,
 7 The fleecy vapours nestled as in dream,
 8 Separate, yet side by side like folded sheep.
- 9 Last, height and heaven were bare; no pearly flake
 10 But was a truant of the winnowing wind:
 11 What gift of strength did those pale wanderers take?
 12 What gift of sweetness did they leave behind?

 LXI
 SONG AND SUNSET

- 1 Tumultuous splendours in the West,
 2 A brazier fuming chrysoprase,
 3 Southward translucent amethyst
 4 Veils mountain-capes and mountain-bays.
- 5 Extravagance of pomp! yet still,
 6 As yester-evening grey, I hear
 7 The self-same robin's frugal bill
 8 Pipe the same carol thin and clear.

 LXII
 NATURE'S NEED

- 1 We are two foam-flakes on a stream,
 2 Two thistle-downs upon the air;
 3 Yet joy is therefore not a dream;
 4 Bear us, glad Power, we know not where!
 [stanza break]

5 The mighty Mother has a need
 6 Through us to ease her blissful ache;
 7 Blow, breeze, and drive the lucky seed,
 8 Flow, stream, and dance the water-flake.

LXIII

WAKING

1 Waking is wonder; summer airs
 2 Ripple the wheat-field, where a crew
 3 Of wing'd sweet thieves in flights, in pairs,
 4 Their knavish craft pursue.

5 They dip, lurk, eddy, swing and sway
 6 Upon the stalk—glad, wrangling throats;
 7 While silent to the wind-fleck'd bay
 8 Glide home the pilchard-boats.

9 Waking is infant joy new born;
 10 And how should wonder e'er be dead
 11 For me, who lean toward the morn
 12 Across so dear a head?

LXIV

THE VILLAGE WELL

1 Beneath the beech-tree's dome of shade,
 2 Her pitcher on the coping-stone,
 3 There at the well the village-maid
 4 Sits, muses, leans and dreams alone.

5 She gazes down where glimmering lies
 6 The girdled fount, discovering there
 7 Those mirror'd stars which are her eyes,
 8 That wavering gold which is her hair.

9 Nor know I whether memories haunt
 10 These waters, or some hidden fire
 11 Would be allay'd, some nameless want,
 12 The trouble of some dim desire.

[stanza break]



13 Lean, lean, Beloved, you alone,
 14 Here where my happiness, a well,
 15 Trembles, here where a face has shone
 16 Secluded and adorable.

17 Gaze yet again where glimmering lies
 18 The water of this fount of grace,
 19 And watch intent! What if there rise
 20 Wavering to sight the Naiad's face!

LXV
 BLOSSOMS

1 Bring, bring a rose to sate the eye,
 2 Bring orchids for my sake,
 3 Wing'd like some Orient butterfly,
 4 And spotted like the snake.
 5 But if I pluck a flower for you,
 6 Let be the imperial rose,
 7 Let be the blooms of vapoury mew
 8 Hot garden-walls inclose.

9 Gorse from a wild hill's golden crown,
 10 For plough or spade too poor;
 11 A hare-bell from the windy down,
 12 Heath from the purple moor;

13 It must have dared to meet the gale,
 14 It must have loved the skies,
 15 Have seen great sunset glories fail,
 16 And watch'd the dawn uprise.

LXVI
 A FAREWELL

1 The silver chime! and we must part;
 2 Our lark shall be no nightingale:
 3 I go; one moment heart on heart,
 4 Enough for all the day's avail.

[stanza break]



5 So hidden in the depth of day
6 In toil, in turmoil, that must be,
7 This moment will fling forth a ray
8 On time from white eternity.

LXVII
NEW HORIZONS

1 If love were but a curious maze
2 With halt at midmost, who would choose
3 Swift triumph? Better Dear delays,
4 And blind, bewildering avenues.

5 The frankness of the sea, the sky,
6 Become you, you who grant the whole
7 Fearless, and still the marges fly,
8 And deeper heavens allure the soul.

LXVIII
PAST AND PRESENT

1 Those rare unearthly years of ours
2 Moved on no fairer heavenlier range
3 Than these of full co-operant powers
4 Yet make earth's harvest-sunshine strange.

5 Strange that the spirit of a star
6 Should stoop and enter at my door,
7 Still fire and dew as when afar,
8 Yet human to the ripe heart's core.

9 And in my soul a fount that gush'd,
10 Lucid with wandering mountain-gleams,
11 In waterbreaks leap'd valeward, flush'd
12 With all its tributary streams.

LXIX

POVERTY AND PLENTY

1 I can remember when a child
 2 I gave my fortune all away,
 3 Two halfpennies, for my heart was wild
 4 To bless that bedesman faint and grey.

 5 And still I see his mute appeal,
 6 The craving in his eyes I see,
 7 Still hear his blessing and can feel
 8 My leap of infant ecstasy.

 9 Therefore I urge not—"Tell me true,
 10 Say, are you happy?" nor take thought
 11 Because, being wholly given to you,
 12 I never yet could give you aught.

 13 That you were rich, that I was poor,
 14 And beggary all the trade I had,
 15 'Tis this that makes my soul secure—
 16 You gave and cannot but be glad.

LXX

WISE FOOLISHNESS

1 I posed you with Athene's spear,
 2 A virgin warrior, fancy-free;
 3 How could I then divine that dear
 4 And deep irrationality?

 5 Fools both: you spendthrift in desire
 6 So poor a man as me to bless,
 7 And I who at my altar-fire
 8 Sang hymns to Wisdom's patroness.

 9 Ah! and how swift time plies the wing;
 10 Here sit we Doctors in Love's school;
 11 So learned we know the wisest thing
 12 On earth is to have play'd the fool.
[stanza break]

13 O wise dear foolishness! Such lore
 14 We grey-hair'd sages try to preach
 15 To youngsters now. Nay, let's give o'er,
 16 Our rede to them is foreign speech.

LXXI

CHILDHOOD

1 Her earliest love (down, jealous rage!)
 2 Was but the King of Scotland's son,
 3 Crusading Kenneth; eight her age,
 4 My sweet, small, amorous simpleton.
 5 Vanished the northern wizardry;
 6 Next Harold slain in desperate fight,
 7 Found by the Swan-neck (that was *she*);
 8 The third, I think, Aslauga's knight.
 9 Whereon names follow quick and thick,
 10 But somewhat fretted by the moth,
 11 Save one all gold—Theodoric!
 12 Tut, child, to choose an Ostrogoth!
 13 But when the lists were set one day,
 14 Who like a thunderbolt bore down
 15 All champions, bore the prize away?
 16 Dear, a poor clerk in scholar's gown.

LXII

THE RIVAL

1 Your rival—yes, and not an hour
 2 Out of my sight; be jealous now!
 3 The same grave face of tender power,
 4 The same pure lips and brooding brow.
 5 The hair mere sunshine wefted fine;
 6 The eyes that look'd through life and death;
 7 The spirit alive in every line,
 8 Which grew to be my pulse, my breath.
 [stanza break]

9 Room in my heart must be for two,
 10 Nor know I which I should prefer,
 11 Your rival who long since was you,
 12 Or you proved all I dreamed of her.

LXXIII
 SIXTEEN YEARS

1 Echoes of shawms and trumpets, Dear,
 2 Vibrate; this day you came to me;
 3 Think! Now begins our sixteenth year;
 4 Praise, praise, and proud humility.

5 Think of a man assurance saves,
 6 Sustains yet whelms in life and limb;
 7 O strong salvation, all thy waves
 8 And billows have gone over him!

LXXIV
 TRUTHS AND TRUTH

1 We chased ideas years ago,
 2 Truths seem'd our quarry day by day;
 3 Has all our fire now smoulder'd low,
 4 The hunter's passion for his prey?

5 Or are we victors after strife?
 6 Merchants retired from rich employ?
 7 Does truth put on the limbs of Life,
 8 And wear the fervid face of joy?

LXXV
 MADONNA

1 Always before me as we climb'd the height,
 2 Always than mine a wider, steadier view,
 3 Always at call a hand's grasp firm, though light,
 4 Till where she had stood I now was standing too.

5 Fain, fain to serve am I; yet be my part
 6 To need a refuge, claim protectiveness,
 7 So serving best the great Madonna-heart;
 8 My gift to know all blessing, hers to bless.

LXXVI
JUSTICE

1 Your cry was ever "Justice!" Did I deem
 2 Justice a stern-brow'd goddess, sword in hand?
 3 Stern-brow'd in truth, and in her eyes a gleam
 4 Indignant, on her lips a dread command.

5 Yet you have shown her with a tenderer brow,
 6 Sowing fair deeds, giver of cheer, of coins,
 7 Strict, wise, benignant; and I name her now
 8 "Love with the lighted lamp and girded loins."

LXXVII
LIBERALITY

1 The sun is not less free to all
 2 In largess, though he yield
 3 Some lovelier light angelical
 4 To yonder hillside field.

5 The stream has mirth for all the wild
 6 And all the wood, though here
 7 —Listen!—its laughter of a child
 8 Ring blithest and most clear.

9 Gladden the region; give away,
 10 To each that claims, a part;
 11 I grasp no miser's gold who lay
 12 This hand upon your heart.

LXXVIII
THE WAVE

1 Once more—how vain, how vain!—
 2 The wave breaks up the shore,
 3 Pale praise, unfruitful thanks again
 4 And hopeless speech once more.

[stanza break]

5 High as the wave may run
 6 It can but leave behind
 7 One foam-bell glittering in the sun,
 8 And quivering to the wind.

LXXIX

SPEECH A CLOUD

1 If all my words are but a cloud,
 2 Half sun-suffused, half darkening you,
 3 And winnowing song, or low or loud,
 4 Scant help to let the radiance through,
 5 Fling down some wide aerial shaft
 6 Of sunbeams, an illumined stair,
 7 That, past the shadowings of my craft,
 8 Watchers may yet divine you there;
 9 A stair from heaven to earth whereon
 10 White Presences may come and go
 11 Envoys, who at Love's bidding run,
 12 To breathe your name to men below.

LXXX

THE SOURCE

1 Live water insuppressible,
 2 Upwelling new and still the same,
 3 Slender but lucid—who can tell
 4 From what strong ribs of earth it came?
 5 Look how the grains of yellow sand
 6 Are toss'd! Now stoop; with finger-tip
 7 Touch, or in hollow of your hand
 8 Bear one light ripple to your lip.
 9 So steams have sprung that broaden free
 10 Past fane deep-fronted, bulwark brave;
 11 This will not bear an argosy;
 12 Enough! Egeria scoop'd the wave.

LXXXI
THE VIOLIN

1 No lucky Stradivarius this!
 2 Poor fiddle, lacking craftsman's name;
 3 Yet poised, and to the bow submit,
 4 Some touch of music's rapture came.

5 Is it because your hand can win
 6 From every yearning thing its best?
 7 Is it because, glad violin,
 8 It lean'd and trembled toward your breast?

LXXXII
SEA-MEWS' CRIES

1 If we were nested with a brood,
 2 Safe in the fork twixt bough and bough,
 3 Heaven's silence or earth's quietude
 4 Long warblings might allow.

5 But sea-bird from the crag that flies
 6 Across the voiceful plain, or flits
 7 From ridge to ridge that climbs and cries,
 8 Such shrill swift call befits.

LXXXIII
THE NORTH WIND

1 A wanderer in the mist was I,
 2 Faltering 'mid pallid wreaths adrift,
 3 With naught to hope, to resist, descry,
 4 And not a dream the cloud could lift.

5 You were the North wind, not for ease
 6 Issuing, but strength to slay despair;
 7 I lean'd forth, drank the quickening breeze,
 8 Look'd—and behold, the heaven was bare!

9 And whether luck it was, or grace,
 10 When thus I gazed around, abroad,
 11 Blind feet had borne me to a place
 12 That seem'd the very mount of God.

5 Pillar'd on air you tower'd, a thing
 6 Intense in rest, that knew nor dip
 7 Nor dart, but hung on vibrant wing;
 8 —You fell, and truth was in your grip.

LXXXVII

EXCHANGE OF SEX

1 In some strange world, ere stars were old,
 2 Or here ere ocean whelm'd a land,
 3 You were a bearded sea-king bold,
 4 I, a white maiden on the strand.

5 Strong arms compell'd her to your bark,
 6 Light borne for all your ring-wrought gear;
 7 You swept the waves from dawn to dark,
 8 While pride was trembling through her fear.

9 She half remembers in a dream
 10 Grey towers of her sea-eagle's nest;
 11 Sunshine and storm, the gloom, the gleam,
 12 Warmth, might, male gladness on her breast.

13 You had your will, and very life
 14 Of yours was then her cherish'd store;
 15 Can you recall when I was wife,
 16 And thoughts of yours grew babes I bore?

17 So now if sweet authority
 18 Touches, though in a different sex,
 19 Your love, and I approve it, why
 20 Should instincts from the prime perplex?

LXXXVIII

THE STONE-BREAKER

1 On life's roadside I sit and break
 2 Poor learning's stones for pay;
 3 Nor is the trade too bad, I make
 4 My half-a-crown a day

[stanza break]

5 My good hour comes; 'tis past the noon,
 6 And sure as sure can be
 7 With kerchief'd head and kilted gown
 8 The mistress steps toward me;

9 Not slim perhaps as once she was,
 10 Yet still some girlish grace,
 11 Not with light footing of the lass
 12 But just as brave a face;

13 She bears the can, she bears the mug,
 14 The bulging handkerchief;
 15 Beneath the hedge is shelter snug,
 16 O hour of my relief!

17 And sure such bread is angels' food,
 18 Such cheese heaven's honey-dew;
 19 Kind are the eyes as when I wooed,
 20 The heart as stout and true.

21 So when she goes my hammer plies
 22 Livelier on learning's stones,
 23 Till home I trudge to meet her eyes,
 24 Maybe with aching bones.

LXXXIX

THE NEW CIRCLE

1 Mistress of innocent spells, your brain,
 2 A kindlier Circe, rules my rout
 3 Of thoughts and fancies. What a train
 4 Gather their queen about!

5 Smile at their awkward gambolling
 6 With queenly-humorous, wise regard;
 7 And let them fling and spring and cling,
 8 Your rabble, ounce and pard.

9 Praise their quaint fawnings if you can,
 10 Or pierce at once through the disguise,
 11 Their thwarted gestures tell of man,
 12 And human are their eyes.

XC
DISCIPLINE

1 Your strength at first controll'd the man
2 Too many an aim diverts, dilates;
3 He knew constraint and swifelier ran
4 As through the Danube's Iron Gates.

5 So 'twas in youth; your strength no less
6 Confirms me now, but you assuage
7 The strong control; your gentleness
8 Has made me great in this my age.

XCI
EVENTIDE

1 "Old friends," so they have named us, "now grown one,
2 "And twilight peace for cares will make amends,
3 "Nothing so natural underneath the sun
4 "As such soft fading radiance for old friends."

5 But we have wing'd our level western flight
6 Beyond the glimmering marge, the cloud-confine,
7 To heavens where peace is rapture of the light,
8 And all the shoreless sea is hyaline.

XCII
TRANSITION

1 Low drops the sun, but on these sands
2 The waves still laugh and clap their hands,
3 By awe untouch'd or fear;
4 Life is for them an ecstasy,
5 Nor child nor lamb has keener cry
6 Of joy, though night be near.

7 But turn! yon mountains take the light
8 Aware of transits infinite,
9 Clear-edged, intense, severe,
10 Back'd by pure spaces measureless;
11 In fortitude, submissiveness,
12 Some word of God they hear.



XCIII
GLOAMING

1 They come like shadows, so depart;
2 Theirs is the morn; the eventide
3 Is mine; life may have worn my heart;
4 They pass and you abide.

5 They troop, each man his several way,
6 Expectant; I expect the night;
7 But while you sit by me and stay
8 At even time shall be light.

XCIV
IN THE STORM

1 The storm is on us! How the flood
2 Is whipp'd, the woodlands roar!
3 Cloud topples westward over cloud,
4 We'll see the sun no more.

5 Because we had our brave repast,
6 Great light, clear airs, nor dearth
7 Of life or love, we stem the blast
8 And keep our faith in earth.

XCV
BETHESDA

1 One writes "Your words had power to sain
2 And soothe a grief"; but I, no fool,
3 Know whence this virtue mastering pain,
4 The secret of Bethesda's pool.

5 For common needs the waters lay
6 Sufficient, nor would I contemn;
7 Then dawn'd a high miraculous day;
8 An angel came and troubled them.

XCVI
WINNINGS

1 That gambler, he who raked the gold,
2 Each shadow'd eye a glittering spark,
3 Rose calm, push'd back the curtain-fold,
4 And took his way into the dark.

5 My gold is gift of grace, not luck,
6 But if a call should sound from far,
7 Back the dark curtain I could pluck,
8 And front—perchance the morning-star.

XCVII
LOVE AND DEATH

1 If at the summons we, in sudden flight
2 With equal beat and poise of wing, beneath
3 Love's arm of benediction flash'd from light,
4 To lose ourselves on the dark breast of Death;

5 Such flight were blissful close—The shadow'd face
6 Might wear a smile maternal, and, arrived
7 At that dim goal, a murmuring word of grace
8 Might thrill the vacant air—"These two have lived."

XCVIII
THE BLESSED ONES

1 Because I am in love with life,
2 Because I breathe a finer air
3 Above the din and dust of strife,
4 The dead have grown more fair.

5 Their eyes send forth a sunset beam,
6 A tenderer ray on mine uplift;
7 Their voices sound a twilight stream,
8 This is also your gift.

5 Thou known Unknown, dark, radiant sea
6 In whom we live, in whom we move,
7 My spirit must lose itself in Thee,
8 Crying a name—Life, Light, or Love.

[EPILOGUE]

1 Think not the bird, from rung to rung
2 That climbs his high aerial stair,
3 Tells all his joy; the things unsung
4 Of his blue heaven are song's despair.

5 Think not the spray that gleams and flies
6 From the toss'd crest is all the wave;
7 And feel my dear deep silences
8 Through loves that laud, through calls that crave.

The untitled epilogue to *A Woman's Reliquary* was spaced off from "Cl. Love's Lord" in *WR1913* but not otherwise represented on the Contents page. However, in *WR1914*, the title "FINAL" was given to the lyric in the Contents to differentiate the two poems, which were made to stand on facing pages to minimize confusion.

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IM (1881) for *The Irish Monthly: A Magazine of General Literature* 9 (1881)

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KottabosII (1877) for *Kottabos* (Dublin). Volume II (1877)

25 "O the years are kind," said she
 26 "Dearest heart, I love thee well;"
 27 But this voice brought back to me
 28 What I know not how to tell.

29 Here I came three springs ago;
 30 Ah, my babe's sweet heart was gay;
 31 Still the idle waters flow,
 32 And it seems but yesterday.

33 First that morn he walk'd alone,
 34 Laugh'd, and caught me by the knee;
 35 Though I weep now, O my own,
 36 Thou art all the world to me.

III. (LATER MANNER)

37 Rain, rain, and sunshine,
 38 Dashed by winds together,
 39 All her flowers are tossed and glad
 40 In the wild June weather.

41 Which will she wear in her gown?
 42 Drenched rose and Jessamine blossom;
 43 I must stoop if I would smell
 44 Their freshness at her bosom.



IN THE LECTURE ROOM

1 Our doctor lectured divinely;
 2 We felt our bosoms kindle
 3 As we thought there really might be
 4 A God in spite of Tyndall.

5 Outside the leaves were tossing,
 6 The clouds raced over the blue,
 7 The lark was in his heaven,
 8 And God was there I knew.

In the Lecture Room appeared in *KottabosII* (1877) over the initials "E.D." Because publication followed *P1876* and was not included in *P1877*, the poem might have been selected for "Miscellaneous Poems of Later Dates" in *P1913/1914* but wasn't. Hence, it shares the fate of *Songs II-III* (above) as stranded lyrics in the canon.



A REVERIE

1 Alone by the river I lingered to rest;
2 I gazed on its waters reflecting each tree;
3 And I mused, as the sun sank away in the West,
4 On that current so placidly seeking the sea.

5 And I watched how the crest of that green mossy bank
6 Seemed to look with regret on its shadows below,
7 As deep in the waters' still bosom they sank
8 And joined not the stream's ever-vanishing flow.

9 And I thought—and my soul told its thought in a sigh—
10 Of the grief that had left my youth's gladness a blank:
11 While the current of sorrow for others rolled by,
12 But mine still remained, like that motionless bank.

13 And I looked on the waters so sweet in their calm,
14 And I looked on the waning sun's soft ruddy gleam,
15 And I prayed that the sweetness of heavenly balm
16 On my soul should be poured as on sun and on stream.

17 Then I vowed, as I rose, that my heart should rejoice,
18 And my life be as calm as the bank which I trod,
19 For my heart, like that bank, heard the murmuring voice
20 Of the waters which bade us be happy in God.

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APPENDIX A

The Dowden Library Sale of 1914

In the April 1914 sale catalogue No. XCVII, entitled somewhat deceptively *Old English Literature: A Special Catalogue of Valuable Books from the Library of the late Professor Edward Dowden . . . , Author of various works on Shakespeare, Shelley, Studies in English Literature, and others*, Frank Hollings (Holborn, London) offered some 904 titles in the main alphabetized body and addendum of the booklet, the largest extant inventory of Dowden's fabled library, frequented by generations of students and writers in Dublin, including Yeats, Rolleston, Gogarty, Joyce, and many others. In small print, the catalogue advertised "many valuable works of Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century Authors; Books with coloured plates, by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and a fine collection of Kate Greenaway's Coloured Illustrated Books; a Large and Important Folk-lore Collection, Sporting and Gaming, Works by Modern Essayists, First Editions of Sir Walter Scott, Richard Jefferies, Rudyard Kipling, R. L. Stevenson, and others; Early Treatises on Medicine, Astrology, Mysticism, and other Occult Subjects"—hardly what we would now call "Old English Literature." Even in 1914, the majority was nineteenth century and therefore relatively "modern." Aimed at the English market, the catalogue's pitch avoided mentioning the Irish authors sprinkled in but of interest to collectors—for example, Wilde, Yeats, Gregory, and Hyde. Not surprisingly, it emphasized authors on which Dowden was expert (e.g., Browning, Shelley, Tennyson, Wordsworth) but lacked Shakespeare. It was a very small cross-section of the whole, as Mrs. Dowden estimated the library "latterly had grown to some twenty-four thousand volumes" (P1914 xiv). Undoubtedly, the vast majority did not make it beyond the precincts of Dublin's used booksellers in those days—Fred Hanna's, Greene's, and others around the City, particularly those close-by Trinity College. (But see Appendix B for exceptions.)

In her September 1913 Preface to Dowden's *Poems*, Mrs. Dowden ("E.D.D.") made the connection between his verse-writing (as opposed to his prose-writing), the recitative style of his "College lecturing," and the "spiritual converse he gained" collecting books. She referred to his bibliophilia as "a fertile source of recreation in the collecting of rarities, old books, MSS. and curiosities" (xv) and likened her husband to a *humane sportsman* rather than an obsessed game hunter:

This was his shooting on the moors, his fishing in the rivers. No living creature ever lost its life for his amusement, but in this innocuous play he found unflinching pleasure, and many a piece of luck he had with his gun or rod in hitting some rare bird, or landing some big prize of a fish out of old booksellers' catalogues or the "carts" in the back streets. (xv)

To wit, Wordsworth items 878, 879, and 880, which tell their own story. Being out of copyright but available to the editor, the Frank Hollings catalogue of Dowden "rarities" is reproduced on the following pages.

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852 **WHITMAN** (Walt), A Study, by J. A. Symonds, roy. 8vo, *portrait and plates, one of 208 copies printed on LARGE HAND-MADE PAPER, original cloth, uncut*, 1893 31s 6d

853 **WHITTIER**.—The Patience of Hope, by the Author of "A Present Heaven," with Introduction by J. E. Whittier, sm. 8vo, *FIRST EDITION, with the Introduction, orig. cloth, Boston*, 1862 7s 6d

854 **WHITTIER** (J. G.) The Vision of Ebard, and other Poems, 12mo, *FIRST EDITION, original cloth, uncut, Boston*, 1878 4s

855 **WHITTIER** (J. G.) Home Ballads, post 8vo, *FIRST EDITION, original cloth, Boston*, 1860 9s

856 **WHITTIER** (J. G.) The Chapel of the Hermits, and other Poems, post 8vo, *FIRST EDITION, original cloth, Boston*, 1853 4s 6d

857 **WHITTIER** (J. G.) Old Portraits and Modern Sketches, post 8vo, *FIRST EDITION, original cloth, Boston*, 1850 8s 6d

858 **WHITTIER** (J. G.) Literary Recreations and Miscellanies, post 8vo, *FIRST EDITION, original cloth, Boston*, 1854 6s 6d

859 **WILDE** (Oscar) An Ideal Husband, by the Author of Lady Windermere's Fan, 8vo, *FIRST EDITION, original cloth, uncut*, 1899, *binding copy* 12s 6d

860 **WILDE** (Lady) Notes on Men, Women and Books, Selected Essays, First Series, post 8vo, FIRST EDITION, original cloth, uncut, 1891 3s

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873 **WITCHCRAFT**.—Compleat History of Magic, Sorcery, and Witchcraft, Vol II, contains the Trials for Witchcraft at Boston in New England, Witches in Scotland, the Surrey Demoniac, 12mo, calf, 1716 5s

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875 **WOMEN**.—History of Women from the earliest Antiquity to the present time, by W. Alexander, 2 vols, 8vo, calf, Dublin, 1779 7s 6d

876 **WOMEN**.—The Laws respecting Women as they regard their Natural Rights, or their Connections and Conduct, also the Obligations of Parent and Child, and Condition of Minors, 8vo, half calf, 1777 7s 6d

877 **WOOLSTON** (Thos.) Six Discourses on the Miracles of Our Saviour, with the Defence of his Discourses, 2 vols, 8vo, calf, 1729 6s

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879 **WORDSWORTH**.—The Copy of Phaedrus' Fables, apparently used by the Poet when at School, it wants the title, and has Wordsworth's signature at top of the Preface, 8vo, old binding, 1768, was bought at Wordsworth's Sale 25s

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884 **FRENCH POETRY**.—The Claims of French Poetry, Nine Studies in the Greater French Poets, by J. C. Bailey, 8vo, original cloth, uncut, 1907 4s 6d

885 **FRENCH RENAISSANCE** (The) in England, an Account of the Literary Relations of England and France in the 16th century, by Sidney Lee, 8vo, original cloth, *Oxford*, 1910 8s 6d

886 **HARDY** (Thomas) A Group of Noble Dames, First Edition, post 8vo, original cloth, mint state, 1891 17s 6d

887 **INDIA**.—LEE-WARNER (Sir William) The Native States of India, with map, 8vo, original cloth, 1910 6s

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APPENDIX B

Books Selected from Additional Auctions (1913-1916)

Between 5 November 1913 and 20 January 1916, there were five auctions transacted by Messrs. Hodgson & Co., at their rooms in Chancery Lane, London, in addition to the major one handled by Frank Hollings (see Appendix A), for the sale of most of Edward Dowden's literary effects. In all, descriptions of only 73 lots are listed here (abstracted from 146 pages of advertising) as a selection of content to complement the 904 lots in the Hollings sale. For the sake of economy, the editor has chosen to restrict the two appendices to monographs, omitting manuscripts, documents, letters, and artwork collected by Dowden as a professor at Trinity College, Dublin. All told, the firm's records at the British Library show that his Estate did well by liquidating these assets for his heirs—realizing something in the vicinity of £3,000, a princely sum in those days, according to the abstracts of sales in the Hodgson Papers (BL Add MS. 54613, 54614, 54619, and 54620, Accounts with Purchases of Books, etc., 1911-1924). Hodgson claimed a 12.5% commission for expenses.

I. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5. 1913

RARE OR EARLY EDITIONS OF VICTORIAN POETS AND WRITERS

- 133 Yeats (W.B.) *Mosada*, a Dramatic Poem, *portrait of the author* by J. B. Yeats, *First Edition of the Author's first publication, Presentation Copy with inscription "Prof. Dowden, with the Author's Compts," original wrapper Dublin 1886.*

STANDARD EDITIONS OF ENGLISH CLASSICS, FROM CHAUCER TO WORDSWORTH,

- 328 Defoe (D.) *Novels and Miscellaneous Works, portraits*, 6 vols, 1854-6, *System of Magic, History of Apparitions, &c.* 5 vols, *Oxford* 1840-41, and 1 other 12 vols.
- 507 Blake (W.)—*The Complaint and the Consolation; or Night Thoughts*, by Edward Young, *illustrated with 43 designs by William Blake, Original Edition, with the Explanation of the Plates at end (the margins of 2 ll. repaired and 1 slightly frayed)*, folio, *half morocco*, t. e. g. *fore and lower edges uncut*, 1797.
- 508 Blake (W.)—*Etchings from his Works, on India paper*, by W. Bell Scott, with descriptive text, folio, *boards*, 1878.
- 509 Blake (W.) *Works, Poetic, Symbolic, and Critical*, by E. J. Ellis and W. B. Yeats, *portrait, and litho-plates and facsimiles* LARGE PAPER, 3 vols, imp. 8vo, *half roan gilt*, t. e. g. 1893.
- 510 Blake (W.) *Life*, by A. Gilchrist, *illustrations in facsimile, First Edition*, 2 vols, *cloth, uncut*, 1863, and *Poetical Works*, edited by J. Sampson *Oxford*, 1905.

II. THURSDAY. NOVEMBER 6. 1913

REPRINTS OF RARE BOOKS.

- 478 Poliphili Hypnerotomachia, 1499—Facsimiles of the Woodcuts, folio, 1889; Daphnis and Chloe, by Angel Day, *Large Paper*, 1890, &c. 2 vols, *Tudor Library*, and 4 others (7)
- 481 Scot (r.) The Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584, edited by B. Nicholson, sm. 4to, *half morocco, t..e.g. 1886.*

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

- 547 Ueberweg (F.) History of Philosophy, translated by Morris and Porter, 2 vols, 1875; Flint (R.) Historical Philosophy in France, 1893, and others 5 vols, *cloth.*
- 548 Bacon (F.—Lord) Collected Works, edited by J. Spedding, R. L. Ellis, and D. D. Heath: Philosophical Works, 7 vols, and Letters and Life, vols 1, [3?], 4, and 6 *portrait*, 12 vols, *cloth, 1861-72.*
- 549 Bacon (F.) Novum Organu, edited by T. Fowler, *Second Edition, Oxford* 1889, The Essays, edited by S. H. Reynolds, 1890, and others 4 vols.
- 550 Bacon (F.) The Advancement of Learning, *boards, W. Pickering* 1825; Lord Bacon not the Author of "The Christian Paradoxes," by A. B. Grosart, *Privately Printed* 1864, and others relating to the same 10 vols.
- 551 Bruno (Giordano) by J. Lewis McIntyre, *frontispiece*, 1903; Life of Paracelsus, by F. Hartmann, 1896, and others 6 vols.
- 554 Berkeley (G.) Complete Works, edited by A. C. Fraser *portrait*, 4 vols, *Oxford* 1901, and Life by the same, 1871 5 vols, *cloth.*
- 555 Berkeley (G.) Works, edited by G. Sampson, *portrait*, 3 vols, 1897; and Descartes, his Life and Times, by E. S. Haldane, *portrait*, 1905, and others 6 vols.
- 561 Green (T. H.) Prolegomena to Ethics, edited by Bradley, 1883, and Works, by Nettleship, vols 1 and 3, 1885; Green (J. H.) Spiritual Philosophy, 2 vols, 1865, and 1 other 6 vols.
- 560* Stephen (Leslie) English Thought in the 18th Century, 2 vols cloth 1876, and English Utilitarian[ism?] 3 vols buckram[?] 1900.
- 562 Hamilton (Sir W. Rowan) Life, with Selections from his Correspondence, &c. by R. P. Graves, *portrait*, 3 vols, *cloth, Dublin* 1882; Sidgwick (H.) Methods of Ethics, 1874, and others 10 vols.
- 576 Swedenborg (E.)—Compendium of his Writings, by S. M. Warren, 1896, Life, by W. White, 2 vols (*binding soiled*), 1867, and others 9 vols.
- 577 Böhme—Studies in Jacob Böhme, by A. J. Penny, *portrait, 1912*; Biography of William Law, with Elucidation of the Writings of Böhme and Freher, *Privately Printed*, 1854, and others 5 vols.
- 590 Dowden (J.) The Medieval Church, and The Bishops of Scotland, *portrait*, 2 vols, 1910-12, &c. 6 vols, and others 10 vols.

III. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1913

OCTAVO &c

- 606 Bohn's Antiquarian and Philosophical Library, 16 vols, *v. y.* and others 30 vols.
 626 Morley (H.) Jerome Cardan, 2 vols, 1854, Cornelius Agrippa, 2 vols, 1856, and Clement Marot, 2 vols, 1871, *First Editions*, 6 vols, and 2 others 8 vols.
 629 Wright (T.) Literature and Superstitions of the Middle Ages, 2 vols, *cloth*, 1846; Ludlow (J. M.) Popular Epics of the Middle Ages, 2 vols, 1865, and others 7 vols.
 631 Witchcraft—Rare Tracts relating to Witchcraft (1618-64), *half calf*, J. R. Smith 1838; Jung-Stilling. Theory of Pneumatology, 1834, and others 10 vols.
 632 Robinson (J.) on the Schisms in Freemasonry, *half calf*, *Dublin* 1798; Smedley and Taylor. The Occult Sciences, 1855, and others. 14 vols.

CELTIC FOLKLORE AND MYTHOLOGY

- 652 Malory (Syr Thomas) Le Morte Darthur, reprinted from the Original Edition (1485) of William Caxton, edited by H. O. Sommer, with an Introductory Essay by Andrew Lang, 3 vols, roy. 8vo, *boards, uncut 1889-91*.
 653 Malory (Sir T.) Le Morte Darthur, 2 vols, 1900; Rhys (J.) The Arthurian Legend, *Oxford* 1891, &c. 2 vols, and others 6 vols.
 654 Nutt (A.) Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail with especial references to the Hypothesis of its Celtic Origin, *cloth* 1888.
 655 Weston (J. L.) The Legends of Sir Gawain, and Sir Lancelot du Lac, 2 vols, 1897-1901, &c. 4 vols; The Fall of the Nibelungs, translated by M. Armour, *plates by W. B. Macdougall*, 1897, and 3 others.

PLATO & CLASSICS

- 662 Plato's Dialogues, Translated with Analyses and Introductions by B. Jowett, *Second Edition*, 5 vols, *cloth Oxford* 1875.
 663 Plato, and the other Companions of Sokrates, by G. Grote, *Second Edition*, 3 vols, 1867; Netleship. Lectures on Plato 1898.
 668 Tyrell (R. Y.) Latin Poetry, and Essays on Greek Literature, 2 vols, 1895-1909; Rawlinson's Herodotus, abridged, by Grant, 2 vols, 1897, and others 20 vols.

PAMPHLETS & MISCELLANEOUS

- 894 Pamphlets—Dowden (E.) on the Criticism of Literature, 1864, Yeats (J. B.) Address delivered at King's Inns, Dublin, 1864, Pamphlets by W. L. Bowes (11) in 1 vol, 1818-25, Pain (T.) Common Sense, *Phil.* 1791, and others in 21 vols.
 902 Swedenborg Compendium, *portrait*, roy. 8vo, *n.d.*; Life of Confucius, &c. (3), in 1 vol., 1818, and others 11 parcels.



IV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1913

FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURY BOOKS

- 96 [Digby (Sir K.)] Two Treatises on the Immortality of Reasonable Soules, 1665; Vane (Sir H.) The Retired Man's Meditations, 1655, and other Contemporary Divinity 20 vols, sm. 4to.

MODERN LITERATURE

- 510 Yeats (W. B.) *Mosada, portrait, wrapper, Dublin 1886*; The Great Cockney Tragedy, by E. Rhys, *illustrations by J. B. Yeats, 1891* (2).

BOOKS ILLUSTRATED BY BLAKE, BEWICK, &c.

- 602 Blake (W.) The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, 27 leaves, *the text and plates coloured by hand (reproduced in facsimile and limited to a few copies)*, 4to, *half morocco, t.e.g. n.d.*
- 603 Blake—Gay (J.) Fables, *plates by Blake and others*, 2 vols, roy. 8vo (*stained and binding broken*), 1793; Thornton's Virgil, *plates*, 2 vols in 1, 1821, and others 5 vols.
- 604 Blake—Wollstonecraft (M.) Original Stories from Real Life, *plates by Blake (stained)*, 1791; Campe (J. H.) Elementary Dialogues, *plates by Blake, uncut*, 1792, and others 11 vols.
- 605 Blake—Salzmann (C. G.) Gymnastics for Youth, *plates, boards, uncut*, 1800; Hayley (W.) Ballads, *plates*, 12mo, *old mottled calf*, 1805, and others, *illustrated by Blake* (6)
- 633 Aristotle's Metaphysics, translated by Thomas Taylor, *boards*, 1801; Lucian's Works, by Francklin, 2 vols, *half bound*, 1780, and others 7 vols.
- 634 Proclus, translated by Thomas Taylor, 2 vols, *cloth, uncut Printed for the Author 1816.*

V. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1913

BOOKS ON WITCHCRAFT, ASTROLOGY, EARLY MEDICINE, HUSBANDRY, TRAVEL, &c.

- 651 Lacinius (J.) Pretiosa Margarita, *woodcuts, with the Aldine device on title and last leaf, First Edition*, 12mo (*stained*) *calf, Venetiis 1546*; Gesneri de Rerum Fossilium, Lapidum, &c. *woodcuts*, 8 parts in 1 vol, *vellum Tiguri 1565.*
- 652 Pomponatii (P.) Opera [de Incantationibus, &c.], sm. 8vo, *old calf, Basileæ 1567*; Cornelii Agrippæ de Occulta Philosophia, *woodcuts (binding broken), Lugduni n.d.* and others 5 vols.
- 653 Wieri (J.) De Præstigiis Dæmonum, *woodcut portrait, autograph of Tho.s*

- Hutchinson on title (slightly defective), Basileæ 1583; Bodini de Magorum Dræmonia, ib. 1581 2 vols, sm. 4to, old calf.*
- 654 Pselli (M.) Dialogus de Energia seu Operatione Dæmonum, Petro Morello interprete, 12mo, *half calf*, Paris 1577; Thyraei (P.) Demoniaci, cum Locis Infestis, sm. 4to, *half calf Colon. Agrip. 1604.*
- 655 Daneau (L.) Les Sorciers, and Remonstrâce sur les Jeux de Sort (*margins wormed, unbound*, 1574; Joubert (L.) Traité du Ris, *woodcut portrait*, 12mo, *calf (stained)*, Paris 1579, and others (5).
- 656 Lemnius (L.) De Miraculis Occultis Naturæ, *John Locke's Copy, with his Autograph signature*, 12mo, *vellum Antverpiæ 1581.*
- 657 Roberts (A.) Treatise of Witchcraft, 1616, Cotta's Trial of Witchcraft, 1616, and Potts. Trial of Witches at Lancaster, 3 in 1 vol (*all imperfect*), in 1 vol, sm. 4to, and 1 other.
- 658 Deacon (J.) and J. Walker. Dialogicall Discourses of Spirits and Devils, sm. 4to (*binding broken*) G. Bishop 1601.
- 659 Torquemada (A. de) The Spanish Mandevile of Myracles [treating of Necromancy, &c. and an account of the Polar Regions, with a Reference to Labrador], sm. 4to, *half bound 1618.*
- 660 Person (D. of *Loghlands in Scotland*) Varieties: or A Surveigh of Rare and Excellent Maters [Meteors, Armies and Duels, Sleepe and Dreames, Prodigies and Miracles, The Philosopher's Stone, Of the World: America briefly described, &c.], *with blank leaves A and N 2*, sm. 4to, *old calf R. Badger 1635.*
- 661 Witchcraft—A Detection of that sinful, shamful, lying Discours of Samual Harshnet (*some margins cut into*), *Imprinted 1600*, and 4 others in 1 vol, sm. 4to, *half calf*; Cotta on Witchcraft, sm. 4to (*title and last leaf defective*) 1625.
- 662 Lancre (P. de) Tableau de l'Inconstance des Mauvis Anges et Demons, *folding plate (stained and last leaf repaired)*, sm. 4to, *old calf Paris 1612.*
- 663 Merlin—Prophetia Angelicana Merlini, 12mo, *calf, Francofurti 1603*; Heywood's Life of Merlin, *boards, Carmarthen 1812*, and others 5 vols.
- 664 [Vaughan (T.)] Anthroposophia Theomagica, 1650, Aula Lucis, 1652, Euphrates, *diagram*, 1655, &c. (4), in 1 vol, 16mo, *half calf*, &c. 2 vols, and Henry More's Reply "Enthusiasmus Triumphatus," *old calf 1656.*
- 665 Lavater (L.) De Spectris, Lemuribus, &c. *frontispiece*, 24mo, *vellum, Lugd. Bat. 1659*; Bekker (B.) Le Monde Enchanté, *portrait, calf, Amst. 1694*, and others 7 vols.
- 666 Webster (J.) The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft, folio (*some 11. stained*), *old calf 1677.*
- 667 Spencer (J.) Discourse concerning Prodigies, sm. 4to, *calf*, 1683: Glanvill (J.) Saducismus Triumphatus, 1682: Trial of Witches at Bury St. Edmunds, 1682, and others 5 vols.
- 668 Bovet (R.) Pandemonium on the Devil's Cloyster, *frontispiece (verso written on and some ll. stained)*, 12mo, 1684: Du Lude (Comte) Treatise of Spirits, *morocco, g.e. 1723. 2 vols.*
- 669 Calef (Robert)—More Wonders of the Invisible World: Or, The Wonders of the Invisible World, Display' d in Five Parts[including The Differences between the Inhabitants of Salem Village, and Mr. Parris their Minister, in

- New England]. Collected by Robert Calef, Merchant of Boston in New-England, sm. 4to, *original sheep binding Printed for Nath. Hillar 1700.*
 **A fine copy of this rare book, but, as in most copies, wanting the leaf of Errata
- 670 Hutchinson (F.) Essay concerning Witchcraft, 1718; History of the Extravagances of Monsieur Ouffe, occasioned by his reading Books on Magic, 1711, and others 7 vols.
- 671 Faust—Histoire Prodigieuse de Jean Fauste, *frontispiece*, 12mo, *Cologne* 1712; Die Philosophische Gedanken, *Halle* 1748, &c. 7 vols in 1, and others (4).
- 672 Behmen (J.) Aurora Signatura Rerum [by J. Ellistone], 1651, *engraved title by Hollar (but no printed title)*, sm. 4to, 1656; Behman's Theosophic Philosophy Unfolded, by El Taylor, sm 4to, 1691, and 1 other 3 vols sm 4to.
- 673 Lilly (W. *Student in Astrologie*) Collection of Ancient and Moderne Propheesies, *small woodcuts*, 1645: Carpenter. Astrology Proved Harmless, Useful, Pious, 1657, sm. 4to, *unbound* (2).
- 674 Lilly (W.) Astrologically Prediction, *woodcuts (margins cut into)* sm. 4to, 1693, and others 5 vols.
- 687 Cornelius Agrippa (H.) Three Books of Occult Philosophy, translated out of the Latin y J. F[reake], *fine engraved portrait, with description opposite, and woodcut diagrams*, sm. 4to, *old calf* 1651.
- 777 Gyraldi (L. G.) Historiae Poetarum, *initials and paragraph marks in red and blue, Baileæ* 1545; Ovidii Metamorphoseos Libri XV. *woodcut title, Venetiis* 1531, and others 8 vols.

VI. TUESDAY JUNE 9, 1914

From *A Catalogue of the Manuscripts, Documents and Autograph Letters of the late Edward Dowden, M.A., Litt. D., Professor of English Literature, Trinity College, Dublin.*
 Sold by order of executrix. Hodgson & Co., London.

EARLY EDITIONS OF BURNS

- 146 Burns (R.) Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, *an imperfect copy of the rare Kilmarnock Edition, consisting of pp. v-viii of the preliminary matter, and pp. 11-14, 25-38, 41-146, and 149-222, in all 101 original leaves, ENTIRELY UNCUT, 9 in. X 5 ½ in. (but some soiled), bound in boards [Kilmarnock: Printed by John Wilson 1786].*
- 147 Burns (R.) Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, *portrait by Beugo after Nasmyth (backed) , First Edinburgh Edition with the misprint "stinking" on p. 263, red morocco extra, inner dentelle borders, g.e. by Rivière, Edinburgh: printed for the Author, and sold by Wm. Creech, 1787.*
- 148 Burns (R.) Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, *portrait by Beugo after Nasmyth, First London Edition, red morocco extra, inner dentelle borders, g.e. by Rivière (half title wanting) London 1787.*
- 149 Burns (R.)—Poems ascribed to Robert Burns the Ayrshire Bard not contained in any edition of his Works hitherto published, *Original Issue with the Cancel leaf (pp.53-4), original boards, uncut, with the printed label on the upper cover, with*

- 150 *book-plate of Jas. Currie, the Editor of Burns (rebacked) Glasgow, T. Stewart 1801.*
Burns (R.)—Stewart's Edition of Burn's Poems...to which is added his Correspondence with Clarinda, &c. (*the latter with separate title*), *frontispiece and engraved title, red levant morocco extra, g.e. Glasgow, T. Stewart, &c. 1802.*
- 151 Burns (R.)—Letters addressed to Clarinda, &c. by Robert Burns, Never before Published [*being the Appendix to Stewart's Edition of the Poems*], *new calf, t.e.g. OTHER EDGES UNCUT Glasgow, T. Stewart, &c. 1802.*

VII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1916

From the collection of the late PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN, M.A., Litt.D. of Trinity College, Dublin.

- 239 Yeats (W. B.) Where there is Nothing: a Play [*published with "The United Irishman," no 192, vol 8] 1902.*

ENGRAVINGS, MEZZOTINT PORTRAITS, ORIGINAL DRAWINGS AND BOOKS ON ART

- 258 Blake (W.) Illustrations to Dante, *7 etchings, Proofs on India Paper, within mounts, ORIGINAL ISSUE [1827] .*
- 259 Blake (W.) Illustrations to the Book of Job, *title and 21 etchings on India Paper, unbound London, Published by William Blake 1825.*
- 260 Blake (W.)—Blair's Grave, *etchings by Schiavonetti after Blake, Original Edition, 4to (one plate defective, w.a. f.) 1808.*
- 261 Blake (W.)—Thoughts on Outline Sculpture by G. Cumberland &c. *24 plates, 8 of which are by William Blake, 4to, cloth 1796.*
- 262 Blake (W.) Works—The Songs of Innocence and Experience America, Song of Los, &c.(8), *Facsimile Reproductions, in 1 vol, folio, (limited to 100 copies), half roan 1876.*
- 263 Blake (W.) Jerusalem, *Facsimile Reproduction of the rare Original Edition [1804], wrapper, uncut 1877.*
- 264 Blake (W.) Illustrations to Paradise Lost, *12 coloured plates, 4to, in cloth portfolio, 1906, and to Blair's Grave, in portfolio, Reprint, and 4 Engravings, &c. by the same [including a woodcut of the Flood] (6).*

THE REMAINING PORTION OF THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE PROF. E. DOWDEN.

- 400 Percy Society—Gifford's Dialogue of Witches [1603], &c. 1 7 parts, 1840-48; Early English Text Society, 8 parts of, 1864- 80 and others a parcel.
- 479 Helmont (F. M. van) concerning the Macrocosm and the Microcosm, 1685; Royal Society's Transactions, the first 4 years, in 1 vol, *folding plates*, 1665-8, and others 20 vols.