

IV

Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air
 Sabring the gunners there,
 30 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered:
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right through the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian
 35 Reeled from the sabre-stroke
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back, but not
 Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
 40 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 45 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

27-32. 'Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing'
 (*The Times*).

28. *as they turned*] 1856; all at once 1854-5.

33] 1856; With many a desperate stroke 1854; Fiercely the line . . . 1855.

34] 1856; The Russian line they broke; 1854; Strong was the sabre-stroke;
 1855.

35-6] 1856; not 1854; Making an army reel
 Shaken and sundered. 1855

44] 1854, 1856; not 1855.

45. *fought*] 1854, 1856; struck 1855.

46. *Came*] 1854, 1856; Rode 1855. *through*] 1855; from 1854.

46 ^ 7] Half a league back again, 1855.

47. *Back*] 1854, 1856; Up 1855.

49. 'Only 195 returned' (T.).

VI

50 When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered,
 Honour the charge they made!
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 55 Noble six hundred!

316 Maud
 A MONODRAMA

Published 1855.

Composition. T. worked on *Maud*, 'morning and evening', in 1854 (*Mem.* i 377). On 10 Jan. 1855, he had 'finished, and read out, several lyrics of *Maud*' (*Mem.* i 382); in Feb. 1855, 'he made the mad scene in *Maud* in twenty minutes' (*Mat.* ii 108). On 25 April 1855, he 'copied out *Maud* for the press', and put 'the last touch' to it on 7 July (*Mem.* i 384-5). On the trial edition or proofs see T. J. Wise, *Bibliography* i 126-31. S. Shatto (see below) argues that Wise's variants are from proofs, not strictly a trial edition; Wise used R. H. Shepherd's collations, and the volume itself, a copy of 1855, is in the *Huntington*. A copy of a (subsequent) trial edition is now in *Lincoln*. The germ of *Maud* was the early lyric *Oh! that 'twere possible* (p. 988) (now *Maud* ii 141-238), which T. had written in 1833-4 soon after the death of Arthur Hallam. There are two drafts of this in *Heath MS* and T. published an expansion in *The Tribute*, Sept. 1837 (for details, see p. 569), apparently with reluctance. R. W. Rader (p. 6) comments: 'Tennyson finished and published his poem in 1837 against his will, cobbling up an ending for it under pressure because he wished to pacify Milnes and had no other poem to do it with. But that he continued to think of his poem as incomplete (the 1834 version ended unsatisfactorily with "And weep / My whole soul out to thee") is suggested by the existence of a fair copy, dated April, 1838, in which it has been returned to its pre-1837 form; and by the fact that he did not reprint this lovely lyric in the 1842 volumes or in any other collection before *Maud*.' In *Eversley*, T. records: 'Sir John Simeon years after begged me to weave a story round this poem, and so *Maud* came into being.' Aubrey de Vere's account in *Mem.* i 379 differs slightly: 'Its origin and composition were, as he described them, singular. He had accidentally lighted upon a

50-55] 1854, 1856; Honour the brave and bold!
 Long shall the tale be told,
 Yea, when our babes are old—
 How they rode onward. 1855

poem of his own which begins, "O that 'twere possible", and which had long before been published in a selected volume got up by Lord Northampton for the aid of a sick clergyman. It had struck him, in consequence, I think, of a suggestion made by Sir John Simeon, that, to render the poem fully intelligible, a preceding one was necessary. He wrote it; the second poem too required a predecessor; and thus the whole poem was written, as it were, *backwards*. But in H.T.'s notes (*Lincoln*) for the early version in *Mat*, the phrase 'in consequence ... Simeon' does not appear. Rader argues, persuasively, that though Simeon's remark may well have spurred T. on, it would be wrong to give it too much weight, since T. must have long thought of doing something more with *Oh! that 'twere possible*. "Tennyson plainly intended to do something with the piece eight months before his friendship with Simeon began", since in Oct. 1853 his father-in-law, Henry Sellwood, sent by request to Emily T. a copy of the poem from *The Tribute*. See Rader, pp. 1-11. In 1913, H.T. records: 'My father told [Simeon] that the poem had appeared years before in *The Tribute*, but that it was really intended to be part of a dramatic poem' (p. xxxix). The lyric beginning 'See what a lovely shell' (II ii) had also been written in the 1830s and laid aside (*CT*, p. 281; the authority is the memory of D. D. Heath in 1894, quoting Spedding); and 'Go not happy day' (I xvii) had originally been intended as a song for *The Princess* (MS, *University Library, Cambridge*). The fierce social criticism of his society was begun in T.'s political poems of 1852. The original title was *Maud or the Madness* (*Mem.* i 402); T. 'intended to revert to the original title, as the words "or the Madness" are added in his hand in the present copy' (1855, *Virginia*). E. F. Shannon notes that the addition of 'A Monodrama' to the title in 1875 was probably suggested by R. J. Mann's calling it a monodrama in 1856 (*Maud Vindicated*), a term echoed by Alexander Macmillan in 1859 ('The Critical Reception of *Maud*', *PMLA* lxxviii (1953) 397-417). On the traditions of the monodrama (invented by Rousseau in 1762, *Pygmalion*), see Culler (pp. 194-6): 'The form was introduced into England by William Taylor of Norwich and his friend Dr Frank Sayers in 1792 and was quickly imitated by Southey and "Monk" Lewis. Because it did not often achieve stage representation, however, it soon lost the connection with music, and by the 1840s the term *monodrama* was commonly used of any dramatic performance intended for a single actor or, indeed, any dramatic poem placed in the mouth of a single speaker. It was used where we would use the term *dramatic monologue*. R. H. Horne, for instance, speaks of T.'s "powerful monodrama of *St. Simeon Stylites*"' T. wrote to R. C. Hall, 17 Jan. 1873: '*Maud* is a drama, i.e. a monodrama and one sui generis. I once thought of calling it *Maud or the Madness* but again I thought, "the countrymen of Shakespeare are not fools," in your case at least I had not miscalculated' (*Letters* iii). Culler suggests that Mann in 1856 probably received the word *monodrama* from T. as well as 'the entire substance' of his pamphlet, from which Culler quotes compellingly (pp. 200-202). Shannon shows that the reception of *Maud* was on the whole unfavourable, though there were more favourable reviews than is usually

said. By Oct. 1855, more than 8,000 copies had been sold. Only one of the passages castigated was altered in the 2nd edition (1856), namely, iii 50. On the other hand, as Shannon says, the additions in 1856 improved the logic of the poem: T. added three stanzas to the opening section; mitigated the attack on the peace-party in I x; and added a stanza at the very close of the poem. He also added I xix (on the mother's death-bed), and II iii (on Maud's death). The division into Parts I and II was made in 1859; the further division into a Part III was made in 1865. The fullest MS is *T.Nbk* 36. There are MSS in Harvard (Notebooks 13, 20-21, 27, 29-31; Loosepapers 145-9, 274); the Huntington Library (HM 19495-6, the latter apparently six leaves detached from Trinity MS); and the Berg Collection. There is an edition of *Maud*, with a full commentary and collation, by Susan Shatto (1986).

Sources. J. H. Buckley observes that *Maud* 'in form, theme, and substance recalled the more ambitious efforts of Alexander Smith and Sydney Dobell', the so-called 'Spasmodics' (*The Victorian Temper*, 1952, p. 63). See also Turner (pp. 140-41). Smith published *A Life Drama* in 1852, and Dobell published *Balder* in 1853. T. owned the edition of 1854 (*Lincoln*), and he spoke of Smith as 'a poet of considerable promise' (*Mem.* ii 73, i 468) and pointed out 'the real merits of *Balder*' (*Mem.* ii 506). The plot of *Maud* Edward Fitzgerald spoke of as 'leaving something of a Bride of Lammormoor Gloom on one' (15 July 1856, *Letters* ii 234). Andrew Lang later stressed the similarity to Scott's novel (which T. alludes to in *The Flight* 57): the hero 'is merely The Master of Ravenswood in modern costume, and without Lady Ashton. Her part is taken by Maud's brother. The situations are nearly identical - ruin: dawdling by a lost ancestral home; love; and duelling (*Alfred Tennyson*, 1901, p. 89). T. P. Harrison, '*Maud* and Shakspeare', *Shakespeare Association Bulletin* xvii (1942) 80-5, points out that only Part I has much affinity with *Hamlet* (which T. invoked), and that the erotic theme is from *Romeo and Juliet* - feud, dance, duel, and flight, with the brother similar to Tybalt. G. O. Marshall, *Georgia Review* xvi (1962) 463-4, remarks on a ballad which appeared in *The Tribute* (along with *Oh! that 'twere possible*) in 1837: 'For the name "Maud" if not for part of his story he was possibly indebted to one of the contributions, an anonymous ballad entitled *The Wicked Nephew*, in which the Lady Maud waits for her lover . . . There are several elements common to both poems: murder for material gain, overseas flight after a murder, madness caused by having committed a murder, presence of ghost, and death after a fall.' (As to the name 'Maud', it is an odd coincidence at least that the year before publishing *The Princess* T. travelled on the 'Princess Maude'; *Mem.* i 230; cp. 'Queen Maud', I xx 836.) Turner (p. 133) adds further 'striking parallels between *Maud* and other poems in *The Tribute*'; he compares Aubrey de Vere's *The Passion Flower* with I xiv 496, and he particularly stresses Lady Northampton's *The Idiot Boy*, which 'shares with Maude'; *Mem.* i 230; cp. 'Queen Maud', I xx 836.) Turner Cp. 133) adds "thirst of gold"), the main features of its plot (a mentally deranged boy falls in love with "a damsel brighter than the rose", with "rosy cheeks", and a

"rightful heir" has been robbed of his "manor" by "treacherous wiles"), its seaside setting, and two notable images: the waves beat against the rocks in "madd'ning fury" [cp. I iii 98], and the dead hero, like Maud's dying brother [I ii 117], is called a "poor worm". The importance of another literary source, Charles Kingsley's *Alton Locke* (1850), was suggested by Sir Charles Tennyson: 'Alfred and Emily both read *Alton Locke*, and the story of the tailor poet particularly moved Alfred' (p. 260). On the parallels, see Turner (p. 140). Sir Charles suggests that the social denunciations in *Maud* 'sprang from his long talks with Charles Kingsley and F. D. Maurice about the terrible conditions in the rapidly growing industrial cities' (p. 281). The detailed resemblances to *Alton Locke* are described by J. B. Steane, *Tennyson* (1966), pp. 93-4, 111-12. T.'s attitudes are close to those of the political poems of 1852, and he was also influenced by 'Peace and War: A Dialogue', in *Blackwood's* lxxvi (Nov. 1854) 589-98. R. C. Schweik, *Notes and Queries* ccv (1960) 457-8, points out the parallels, including the mention of 'civil war'; the adulteration of food; and the Quaker. See also C. Ricks, *Notes and Queries* ccvii (1962) 230. W. Collins (*TRB* ii, 1974, 126-8) notes the influence of a pamphlet, *Points of War*, by T.'s friend Franklin Lushington; there are 'similarities in thought, imagery, phrasing, and even rhythm', and E. T.'s copy is inscribed 'May 15, 1854'.

T. wrote to Archer Gurney, 6 Dec. 1855: 'I wish to say one word about *Maud* which you and others so strangely misinterpret. I have had Peace party papers sent to me claiming me as being on their side because I had put the cry for war into the mouth of a madman. Surely that is not half so wrong a criticism as some I have seen. Strictly speaking I do not see how from the poem I could be pronounced with certainty either peace man or war man. I wonder that you and others did not find out that all along the man was intended to have an hereditary vein of insanity, and that he falls foul on the swindling, on the times, because he feels that his father has been killed by the work of the lie, and that all through he fears the coming madness. How could you or anyone suppose that if I had had to speak in my own person my own opinion of this war or war generally I should have spoken with so little moderation. The whole was intended to be a new form of dramatic composition. I took a man constitutionally diseased and dipt him into the circumstances of the time and took him out on fire. I shall show this better in a second edition . . . I do not mean that my madman does not speak truths too' (*Letters* ii 137). Henry van Dyke reports T. as speaking in similar terms in 1892 (*Studies in Tennyson*, 1920, p. 97): 'You must remember always, in reading it, what it is meant to be—a drama in lyrics. It shows the unfolding of a lonely, morbid soul, touched with inherited madness . . . The things which seem like faults belong not so much to the poem as to the character of the hero.'

He is wrong, of course, in much that he says. If he had been always wise and just he would not have been himself. He begins with a false comparison—"blood-red heath". There is no such thing in nature; but he sees the heather tinged like blood because his mind has been disordered . . . He is

wrong in thinking that war will transform the cheating tradesman into a great-souled hero, or that it will sweep away the dishonesties and lessen the miseries of humanity. The history of the Crimean War proves his error. But this very delusion is natural to him; it is in keeping with his morbid, melancholy, impulsive character to see a cure for the evils of peace in the horrors of war.' The attack on Mammonism clearly owes something to Carlyle as well as to Kingsley (G. O. Marshall, *Notes and Queries* cciv (1939) 77-8).

Biographical relevance. See R. W. Rader, *Tennyson's 'Maud'* (1963), *passim*; he shows that T. here draws together all the strands of his early life—the hero's father and his rage, the lonely mother, the old man ('of the world'), the politician son, and above all the love for Rosa Baring—though Maud herself blends Rosa, Sophy Rawnsley, and T.'s wife Emily (everything about Maud in the last part of the poem recalls Emily rather than Rosa). The story of a love thwarted by Mammonism resembles that of Edwin Morris, *Aylmer's Field*, *Locksley Hall*, and *The Flight*; and there are many likenesses to the poems about Rosa, such as *The Rosebud*, *Three Sonnets to a Coquette*, and *To Rosa*, 1836. Sir Charles Tennyson observes that the mad scenes are based on T.'s recollections of Dr Matthew Allen's asylum at High Beech (p. 286); furthermore T. owned a copy of Allen's *Essay on the Classification of the Insane* (1837, Lincoln). H.T. records:

'My father liked reading aloud this poem, a "Drama of the Soul", set in a landscape glorified by Love, and, according to Lowell, "The antiphonal voice to *In Memoriam*", which is the "Way of the Soul" . . . My father said, "This poem of *Maud* or the *Madness* is a little *Hamlet*, the history of a morbid, poetic soul, under the blighting influence of a recklessly speculative age. He is the heir of madness, an egoist with the makings of a cynic, raised to a pure and holy love which elevates his whole nature, passing from the height of triumph to the lowest depth of misery, driven into madness by the loss of her whom he has loved, and, when he has at length passed through the fiery furnace, and has recovered his reason, giving himself up to work for the good of mankind through the unselfishness born of a great passion. The peculiarity of this poem is that different phases of passion in one person take the place of different characters.' (Quoted here from *Eversley*, where it is all within quotation-marks as T.'s, and where the next sentence has a reference to 'me', i.e. T.: in *Mem.* i 306, there are quotation-marks after *Hamlet*, and again at 'The peculiarity . . . characters'.)

T. said to Knowles in 1870-71: 'No other poem (a monotone with plenty of change and no weariness) has been made into a drama where successive phases of passion in one person take the place of successive persons. It is slightly akin to *Hamlet*: 'I've always said that *Maud* and *Guinevere* were the finest things I've written'. (See G. N. Ray, *Tennyson Reads 'Maud'*, 1968, pp. 43, 45; abbreviated below to *Knowles*.) Turner (p. 139) says of the

poem's hero: 'Like Hamlet he is obsessed by a wish to avenge his father's death . . . Like Hamlet he is profoundly disgusted by himself and the whole human race, is haunted by a ghost, and kills the brother of the girl he loves in a duel.'

W. E. Gladstone modified in *Gleanings of Past Years* (1879, ii 146-7; quoted in *Mem.* i 398-9) his earlier criticisms of *Maud* (QR, Oct. 1859):

'I can now see, and I at once confess, that a feeling, which had reference to the growth of the war-spirit in the outer world at the date of this article, dislocated my frame of mind, and disabled me from dealing even tolerably with the work as a work of imagination. Whether it is to be desired that a poem should require from common men a good deal of effort in order to comprehend it; whether all that is put into the mouth of the Soliloquist in *Maud* is within the lines of poetical verisimilitude, whether this poem has the full moral equilibrium which is so marked a characteristic of the sister-works; are questions open, perhaps, to discussion. But I have neither done justice in the text to its rich and copious beauties of detail, nor to its great lyrical and metrical power. And what is worse, I have failed to comprehend rightly the relation between particular passages in the poem and its general scope. This is, I conceive, not to set forth any coherent strain, but to use for poetical ends all the moods and phases allowable under the laws of the art, in a special form of character, which is impassioned, fluctuating, and ill-grounded. The design, which seems to resemble that of the Ecclesiastes in another sphere, is arduous; but Mr Tennyson's power of execution is probably nowhere greater. Even as regards the passages devoted to war-frenzy, equity should have reminded me of the fine lines in the latter portion of X iii (Part I), and of the emphatic words [ii 332-3]: "I swear to you, lawful and lawless war / Are scarcely even akin."

J. R. Bennett elucidates the arguments for dissociating T. from the speaker and from Crimean war-fever (*English Studies* lxii, 1981, 34-45).

See also J. Killham, in his *Critical Essays on the Poetry of Tennyson*.

PART I

I

I

I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood,
Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood-red
heath,
The red-ribbed ledges drip with a silent horror of
blood,

¶ 316. i 1-3. 'My father would say that in calling heath "blood"-red the hero showed his extravagant fancy, which is already on the road to mad-

And Echo there, whatever is asked her, answers
'Death.'

II

For there in the ghastly pit long since a body was
5 found,
His who had given me life - O father! O God! was it
well? -
Mangled, and flattened, and crushed, and dented into
the ground:
There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he fell.

III

Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a vast
speculation had failed,
And ever he muttered and maddened, and ever
10 waned with despair,
And out he walked when the wind like a broken
worldling wailed,
And the flying gold of the ruined woodlands drove
through the air.

IV

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were
stirred
By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trailed, by a
whispered fright,
And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my
15 heart as I heard
The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the
shuddering night.

ness' (H.T.). Cp. *The Vale of Bones* 81-2, where the flowers 'Blush with the big and purple drops, / That dribbled from the leafy copse.' Also *The Lover's Tale* i 388-9: 'heath and hill, / And hollow lined and wooded to the lips'. T. in Switzerland saw 'little coves and wooded shores and villages under vast red ribs of rock' (10 Aug. 1846; *Letters* i 260).

i 4. W. E. Buckler notes: 'The myth of Narcissus and Echo, with variations, is one of the subtexts of *Maud*, as the fiction suggests and as the fourth line . . . and the adoration of the "beautiful voice" [I v] signal'; Buckler remarks the change from the trial edition, 'sweet Narcissus', to the published 'shining daffodil' [i 101, iii 6]: 'it may have been to keep his subtext from surfacing too obviously' (*The Victorian Imagination*, 1980, p. 226).

i 9. *vast* 1856; great 1855. *fling himself down* slay [kill alternative] himself *HuMS*.

V

Villainy somewhere! whose? One says, we are villains
all.

Not he: his honest fame should at least by me be
maintained:

But that old man, now lord of the broad estate and
the Hall,

20 Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had left us flaccid
and drained.

VI

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we have
made them a curse,

Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its
own;

And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or
worse

Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own
hearthstone?

VII

25 But these are the days of advance, the works of the
men of mind,

i 17. Turner (p. 139) compares Hamlet's 'We are arrant knaves all' (III i 128).
i 21-8. Valeric Pitt (*Tennyson Laureate*, 1962, p. 175) compares Carlyle,
Past and Present (1843), IV i: "'Violence", "war", "disorder": well,
what is war, and death itself, to such a perpetual life-in-death, and "peace,
peace, where there is no peace!"' In his edition (1896) of *Sartor Resartus*,
A. MacMechan had compared III v: 'Where each, isolated, regardless of
his neighbour, turned against his neighbour, clutches what he can get, and
cries "Mine!" and calls it Peace, because, in the cut-purse and cut-throat
Scramble, no steel knives, but only a far cunninger sort, can be employed?'
P. Scott notes *Jeremiah* vi 14: 'Peace, peace, where there is no peace'; and 2
Kings ix 17. 18. 19. 22: 'Is it peace?': 'the repetition of the question in *Maud*
[ll. 27 and 47 here] draws attention to the passage from 2 *Kings*, with its
similar repetition'. Scott also notes Martin Tupper's poem *A Commentary*
(1851): 'Tupper's stridency (indeed, the obsession in his tone) seems
surprisingly similar to the *Maud* passage: 'Is it peace, thou child of reason? / Is
it peace, ye men of earth?' (etc.) 'One wonders if the connection between the
Biblical question "Is it peace?", and a denunciation of the hypocrisy of "civil
war", had become a commonplace in the early 1850s. If so, perhaps T.'s hero
is ranting out a kind of rhetoric which T. hoped would be recognisable, and
"placable", by his readers' (*TRB* iii. 1978, 83-4).

When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's
ware or his word?

Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a
kind

The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.

VIII

Sooner or later I too may passively take the print
Of the golden age - why not? I have neither hope nor

30 trust;
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a
flint,

Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are
ashes and dust.

IX

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days
gone by,

When the poor are hovelled and hustled together,
each sex, like swine,

35 When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men
lie;

Peace in her vineyard - yes! - but a company forges the
wine.

X

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's
head,

Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled
wife,

i 31. *Job* xli 24: 'His heart is as firm as a stone: yea, as hard as a piece of the
nether millstone.' *Isaiah* 1 7: 'Therefore have I set my face like a flint, and
I know that I shall not be ashamed.'

i 33, 36. *Micah* iv 3-4: 'Neither shall they learn war any more. But they
shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall
make them afraid.'

i 35. Cp. *Hands All Round!* 20: 'Too much we make our Ledgers, Gods'.
Psalms cxvi 11: 'I said in my haste, All men are liars.'

i 37. Turner (p. 142) notes: 'partly from *Alton Locke*, where gin is called
"vitriol", and partly, perhaps, from a *Times* report (8 Dec. 1854) of a "Vitriol
Man" with "a monomania" for squirting vitriol on ladies' dresses'.

And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor
for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of
40 life,

XI

And Sleep must lie down armed, for the villainous
centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless
nights,
While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps,
as he sits
To pestle a poisoned poison behind his crimson lights.

XII

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial
45 fee,

i 39. *And*] 1865; While 1855-64. A notorious scandal. E. F. Shannon refers to A. H. Hassall's articles (*The Lancet*, 1851-4) on the adulteration of food, published as a book in 1855. J. B. Steane compares *Alton Locke*: 'Bread full o' alum and bones, and sic filth.' Turner (p. 134) says that this is 'unlikely to have been written before April 1854, when the adulteration of food and drugs to which it refers was first highlighted by John Postgate's revelations at a special conference held at Birmingham to discuss the subject (20 April); and the date of composition was probably after the second Birmingham meeting (28 Nov. 1854), which was brought to the attention of readers, not only of the *Lancet*, but also of *The Times*, the *Morning Post* and *Punch*.' On l. 40. Turner (p. 142) notes: 'may derive from "The Poisoners of the Present Century", *Punch* (9 Dec. 1854)'.

i 41. *centre-bits*: 'An instrument used for making cylindrical holes. (Noted as a burglar's tool.)', *OED*, which quotes *Oliver Twist*: "'None", said Sikes. "'Cept a centre-bit and a boy.'"

i 43] While the chemist cheats the sick of his last poor sleep and sits
HnMS 1st reading.

i 44. *poison*: the drug wantonly dispensed.

i 45. W. C. DeVane's selection (1947) points out that T.'s use of Mammonite derives from Carlyle; G. O. Marshall adds from *Past and Present*, li, how in 1841, 'a Mother and a Father are arraigned and found guilty of poisoning three of their children, to defraud a "burial-society" of some £3.8s. due on the death of each child: they are arraigned, found guilty; and the official authorities, it is whispered, hint that perhaps the case is not solitary, that perhaps you had better not probe farther into that department of things'. Marshall's suggestion is supported by the variant: *kills*] poisons
HnMS 1st reading.

And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's
bones,
Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land and
by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred
thrones.

XIII

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by
the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker
out of the foam,
50 That the smooth-faced snubnosed rogue would leap
from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating
yardwand, home.—

XIV

What! am I raging alone as my father raged in his
mood?
Must I too creep to the hollow and dash myself down
and die
Rather than hold by the law that I made, nevermore
to brood
55 On a horror of shattered limbs and a wretched
swindler's lie?

XV

Would there be sorrow for *me*? there was *love* in the
passionate shriek,
Love for the silent thing that had made false haste to
the grave—
Wrapt in a cloak, as I saw him, and thought he would
rise and speak
60 And rave at the lie and the liar, ah God, as he used to
rave.

i 46. *grins*] sits *HnMS 1st reading*. *Timour*: or Tamerlane the conqueror
credited with atrocities in such works as M. G. Lewis's *Timour* (1811).

i 53-64] 1856; not 1855.

i 53. *What!*] O God *H.Lpr* 149. *raging* . . . *raged*] *raving* . . . *raved* *H.Lpr*.

i 54. *hollow*] pit *H.Lpr*.

i 60 ^ 61]

So that I hardly believed there was nothing further to dread
From the furious moods of the man and his ever restless eye,
But over and over again these words flasht into my head:
The work of the lie—the work of the lie—the work of the lie. *H.Lpr*

XVI

I am sick of the Hall and the hill, I am sick of the
 moor and the main.
 Why should I stay? can a sweeter chance ever come to
 me here?
 O, having the nerves of motion as well as the nerves
 of pain,
 Were it not wise if I fled from the place and the pit
 and the fear?

XVII

65 Workmen up at the Hall!—they are coming back from
 abroad;
 The dark old place will be gilt by the touch of a
 millionaire:
 I have heard, I know not whence, of the singular
 beauty of Maud;
 I played with the girl when a child; she promised then
 to be fair.

XVIII

70 Maud with her venturous climbings and tumbles and
 childish escapes,
 Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the
 Hall,
 Maud with her sweet purse-mouth when my father
 dangled the grapes,
 Maud the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced
 darling of all,—

i 61–2]

Why should I stay? is it habit, but habit, that makes me remain?

That, or a dream of a better chance that may come to me here? *H.L.pr*

i 65. *Workmen*] 1862; There are workmen 1855–61.

i 69. *venturous climbings*] crowings and creepings *T.Nbk 36* (which has a draft of
 ll. 68–76 only of this section). *childish*] pretty *HnMS*.

i 70. *the . . . village.*] in her aftersummers *HnMS, T.MS*.

i 71. *sweet*] red *T.MS*.

i 72. *beloved*] delight *HnMS, T.MS*. *the*] and *T.MS*.

XIX

What is she now? My dreams are bad. She may bring
 me a curse.
 No, there is fatter game on the moor; she will let me
 alone.

i 73–6] *Not HnMS*. But *T.* selected these four lines from two expanded
 versions which are in this *MS*. Shatto notes that (a) precedes ll. and (b)
 follows it. that is. after and not before the hero has seen Maud.

(a) Comes she not out of a race that my wrongs have made me despise?

I to be taken with Maud! it would only have turned to a curse.

Now am I proof, heartproof to her unseen beautiful eyes,

Proof for a hundred summers to whatsoever is hers.

Not to be dragged in her shining wake as a rustic prize,

Not to be trapt in her tresses however redundantly curled,

Proof to it all, thank God; so in time I may hope to be wise.

I will bury myself in my books and the Devil may dance through his
 world.

The second version is vituperative; *T.*'s indignation after losing Rosa
 Baring could not find a true place in *Maud*, but the lines have a fierce
 impulse:

(b) What is she now that to see her a moment provokes me to spite?

One of the monkeys who mimic wisdom, whom nothing can shake?

One whom earthquake and deluge would touch with a feeble delight?

One who can hate so sweetly with mannerly polish, and make

Pointed with 'love' and 'my dearest' a sweet innuendo bite?

One who has travelled, is knowing? a beauty and ruined with praise?

Well, I was half-afraid but I shall not die for her sake,

Not be her 'savage' and 'O the monster'! their delicate ways!

Their finical interlarding of French and the giggle and shrug!

Taken with Maud—not so—for what could she prove but a curse.

Being so hard, she has hardly a decent regard for her pug.

Thanks! there is fatter game on the moor; she will let me alone;

Thanks, for the Devil best knows whether woman or man be the worse.

I will bury myself in my books and the Devil may pipe to his own.

Eyes, what care I for her eyes, those eyes that I did not behold.

Can they be more whether black or blue, fullrolling or small,

More than the beldam-tutored Demos commonplace eyes,

Lying a splendid whoredom to full-fed heirs at the Ball,

'Buy me, O buy me and have me, for I am here to be sold'.

T.MS has a later version of the first section of (b). with minor variants and
 without the second and third lines.

75 Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether woman or
man be the worse.
I will bury myself in myself, and the Devil may pipe
to his own.

II

Long have I sighed for a calm: God grant I may find it
at last!
It will never be broken by Maud, she has neither
savour nor salt,
But a cold and clear-cut face, as I found when her
carriage past,
80 Perfectly beautiful: let it be granted her: where is the
fault?
All that I saw (for her eyes were downcast, not to be
seen)
Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more; nothing more, if it had not
been
For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect of
the rose,
Or an underlip, you may call it a little too ripe, too
85 full,
Or the least little delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive
nose,
From which I escaped heart-free, with the least little
touch of spleen.

i 76. *in myself*] 1865; in my books 1855-64.

i 78. *Matthew* v 13: 'But if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it
be salted?'

i 79. The ensuing description of Maud recalls the Rosa Baring of the early
poems. *Sonnet* [*I lingered yet awhile*]: 'And yet a jewel only made to shine, /
And icy-cold although 'tis rosy-clear- / Why did I linger? I myself
condemn, / For ah! 'tis far too costly to be mine, / And Nature never dropt
a human tear / In those chill dews whereof she froze the gem.' *Sonnet*
[*How thought you*] 13: 'A perfect-featured face, expressionless.'

i 80] Perfectly beautiful—that, no doubt; but there is the fault. *HnMS* 1st
reading.

i 81. *downcast,*] down and could *HnMS* 1st reading.

i 84. *an hour's*] a slight *HnMS* 1st reading.

i 84 A 5] That will blossom again to the surface as bright, with an hour's
repose, *HnMS* deleted.

III

Cold and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek,
Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly was
drowned,
Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead on the
90 cheek,
Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a gloom
profound;
Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a transient
wrong

i 88-101] *TMS* has three drafts of section III:

(a) Cold and clear-cut face

Why have you taken a deep revenge for a trifling wrong
Pale with a close-shut eye without a sound
Vexing me and the night and haunting [return *del.*] me o'er
and o'er

[l. 95. with 'all the night']

[l. 96]

But waking paced by the beds of my own dark garden
ground

And heard the swell of the tide as it shrieked in a long sea
cave

And walked in a feeble [light omitted, presumably] and a wind
like a wail and found

[l. 101. as trial edition]

(b) Cold and clear-cut face, star-sweet in a gloom profound
Take you so deep a revenge, pale face, for a trifling wrong
Pale with a close-shut eye, coming on me without a sound,
Scaring me [the darkn *del.*] and the darkness and vexing me
o'er and o'er

[ll. 95-6]

But sprang from the mistress of Terror, and went (my fear
was so strong) [*line bracketed for del.*]

But arising paced by the beds of my own dark garden
ground

And smelt the storm of a tide that plunged and clashed in the
cave

And walked in a feeble light and a wind like a wail and found
[l. 101. as trial edition]

(c) ll. 88-97 as published but with the following variants:

88] Passionless, clear-cut face, why came you . . .

90. golden . . . an] beam of a golden

91] Pale, how pale yet how sweet, star-sweet . . .

Done but in thought to your beauty, and ever as pale
 as before
 Growing and fading and growing upon me without a
 sound,
 Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half the night
 95 long
 Growing and fading and growing, till I could bear it
 no more,
 But arose, and all by myself in my own dark garden
 ground,
 Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung
 shipwrecking roar,
 Now to the scream of a maddened beach dragged
 down by the wave,
 Walked in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer, and
 100 found
 The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave.

IV

I

A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime
 In the little grove where I sit—ah, wherefore cannot I
 be
 Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season
 bland,
 When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a
 105 softer clime,
 Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,
 The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land?

II

Below me, there, is the village, and looks how quiet
 and small!

92. 100] so *transient*] trifling

95. half] all

97] But arising paced by the plots of my . . .

i 99-101. Cp. *Oh! ye wild winds* 22-4: 'The shrilly wailings of the grave!
 And mingle with the maddened skies, / The rush of wind, and roar of
 wave.'

i 101. *shining daffodil*] sweet Narcissus *trial edition or proofs (proofs below)*. (T. J.
 Wise. *Bibliography* i 126-31, derived this and other variants from R. H.
 Shepherd.)

i 104. *bountiful*] blossoming *T.MS 1st reading*.

i 107. *-spangled*] *-sparkling* *T.MS 1st reading*.

And yet bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip, scandal,
 and spite;
 And Jack on his ale-house bench has as many lies as a
 110 Czar;
 And here on the landward side, by a red rock,
 glimmers the Hall;
 And up in the high Hall-garden I see her pass like a
 light;
 But sorrow seize me if ever that light be my leading
 star!

III

When have I bowed to her father, the wrinkled head
 of the race?
 I met her today with her brother, but not to her
 115 brother I bowed:
 I bowed to his lady-sister as she rode by on the moor;
 But the fire of a foolish pride flashed over her beautiful
 face.
 O child, you wrong your beauty, believe it, in being so
 proud;
 Your father has wealth well-gotten, and I am nameless
 and poor.

IV

I keep but a man and a maid, ever ready to slander
 120 and steal;
 I know it, and smile a hard-set smile, like a stoic, or
 like
 A wiser epicurean, and let the world have its way:
 For nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can
 heal;
 The Mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow
 speared by the shrike,

i 110. *Czar*: Nicholas I and the Crimean war.

i 114] Her father has plundered the people and so he has wealth and place
T.MS 1st reading (bracketed for del.): Once I met with her father—to him I never
 will bow *T.MS 2nd reading*.

i 115. *I . . . today*] I met her abroad *T.MS 1st reading*; Today I met *T.MS 2nd
 reading. today*] 1856; abroad 1855.

i 117. *face*] brow *T.MS 2nd reading (from and reverting to face)*.

i 118. *so*] Not *T.MS*.

i 119. *Your*] The *T.MS 1st reading. well-gotten*] and title *T.MS 1st reading*.

i 120] I keep but one little maid readyripe to plunder and steal *H.MS*.

i 124. *torn . . . swallow*] rent by the robin *H.MS*. The *MS* reading suggests

125 And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of
plunder and prey.

v

We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty fair in
her flower;
Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen
hand at a game
That pushes us off from the board, and others ever
succeed?
Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here for an
hour;
130 We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a
brother's shame;
However we brave it out, we men are a little breed.

vi

A monstrous eft was of old the Lord and Master of
Earth,

Keats, *To Reynolds* 93-105 (published 1848): 'I saw / Too far into the sea:
where every maw / The greater on the less feeds evermore: - / But I saw
too distinct into the core / Of an eternal fierce destruction, / And so from
Happiness I far was gone. / Still am I sick of it: and though today / I've
gathered young spring-leaves, and flowers gay / Of Periwinkle and wild
strawberry. / Still do I that most fierce destruction see. / The Shark at
savage prey—the hawk at pounce. / The gentle Robin, like a pard or
ounce. / Ravening a worm.' *sparrow*] swallow *T.MS* 1st reading.

i 125. *a world*] full *T.MS*.

i 127. *Do . . . moved*] We do not play but are played *H.Nbk* 29.

i 127-8. John Churton Collins thought T. owed these lines to FitzGerald's
Ruhāiyāt, stanza xlix; but T. wrote in the margin: 'I don't read Persian and
F.'s translation was not published when this was written' (*Cornhill*, Jan.
1880. *Lincoln*). FitzGerald published in 1859.

i 128. *from*] Added in *T.MS*.

i 129. *Ah*] And *T.MS*.

i 132. 'The great old lizards of geology' (T.)

i 132-7. W. R. Rutland, *Essays and Studies* xxvi (1940) 23, suggests the
influence of Chambers's *Vestiges of Creation*: 'Are there yet to be species
superior to us in organization, purer in feeling, more powerful in
device and act, and who shall take a rule over us?' J. Killham adds from
Chambers: 'The gestation of a single organism is the work of but a few
days, weeks or months; but the gestation, so to speak, of a whole creation
is a matter probably involving enormous spaces of time' (*Tennyson and
'The Princess'*, p. 258).

For him did his high sun flame, and his river billowing
ran,
And he felt himself in his force to be Nature's crowning
race.
135 As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for
his birth,
So many a million of ages have gone to the making of
man:
He now is first, but is he the last? is he not too base?

vii

The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and
vain,
An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bounded and
poor;
140 The passionate heart of the poet is whirled into folly
and vice.
I would not marvel at either, but keep a temperate
brain;
For not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it,
were more
Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in a garden
of spice.

viii

For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by the
veil.
145 Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring
them about?
Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world is
wide.

i 133. *river billowing*] Transposed *T.MS* 1st reading.

i 137. *He*] Who *T.MS*.

i 138. *himself . . . glory*] is greedy of glory and selfish *H.MS*.

i 139. *spirit bounded*] soul that is narrow *H.MS*.

i 142. Horace's *Nil admirari* (*Epistles* I vi 1).

i 143. Cp. *Song of Solomon* iv 16: 'Blow upon my garden, that the spices
thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his
pleasant fruits.'

i 144. 'The great Goddess of the Egyptians' (T.).

i 146] We are not first, our planet is one, and the worlds are wide. *H.MS*.

Shall I weep if a Poland fall? shall I shriek if a
Hungary fail?
Or an infant civilisation be ruled with rod or with
knout?
I have not made the world, and He that made it will
guide.

IX

150 Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland
ways,
Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be my
lot,
Far-off from the clamour of liars belied in the hubbub
of lies;
From the long-necked geese of the world that are ever
hissing dispraise
Because their natures are little, and, whether he heed it
or not,
155 Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of
poisonous flies.

X

And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness of
love,
The honey of poison-flowers and all the measureless ill.
Ah Maud, you milkwhite fawn, you are all unmeet for
a wife.
Your mother is mute in her grave as her image in
marble above;
160 Your father is ever in London, you wander about at
your will;
You have but fed on the roses and lain in the lilies of
life.

V

I

A voice by the cedar tree
In the meadow under the Hall!

i 147-8. Referring to the Russian and Austrian occupation of Cracow in
1846, and the defeat of the Hungarians in 1849. Cp. *Hands All Round!* 18n
(II 476): 'The Russian whips and Austrian rods.'
i 150-52]

○ green little wood, ○ quiet of winding woodland ways,
If I cannot be merry yet here shall peace be my lot,
I shall hear no more the liar belied in the hubbub of lies; *H.M.S*

165 She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
170 Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.

II

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
175 And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honour that cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

III

180 Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more,
185 For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice
But to move to the meadow and fall before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.

i 166. *martial*] passionate *T.M.S* earlier draft of *V* (*A*). 1st reading; fiery *T.M.S* *A*,
T.M.S later draft (*B*). 1st reading.

i 174. *And*] *And her* *T.M.S* *A*, *B*.

i 175] *And into the woodland green*, *T.M.S* *A*, *B*.

i 178] *Till I feel the foolish tears running [coming *B*] over my face
To think that I live in a time . . .* *T.M.S* *A*, *B* 1st reading

i 180. *beautiful*] *exquisite* *T.M.S* *A* 1st reading.

i 186. *move*] *run* *T.M.S* *A*.

i 188. *nor*] or *T.M.S* *A*, *B*.

i 189. *H.Nbk* 30 has a passage of a very different tone about singing. This
edition (1969) erred badly in its placing of the lines (now corrected thanks to
S. Shatto), but the attribution— which Shatto does not accept— of the lines to
Maud (because of movement, plot and tone) still holds, especially as *H.Nbk* 30

VI

I

190 Morning arises stormy and pale,
 No sun, but a wannish glare
 In fold upon fold of hueless cloud,
 And the budded peaks of the wood are bowed
 Caught and cuffed by the gale:
 195 I had fancied it would be fair.

II

Whom but Maud should I meet
 Last night, when the sunset burned
 On the blossomed gable-ends
 At the head of the village street,
 200 Whom but Maud should I meet?
 And she touched my hand with a smile so sweet,
 She made me divine amends
 For a courtesy not returned.

mostly consists of *Maud*. It is not clear where the lines would have been used by T.

'My blessing on the falling out
 That all the more endears,
 When we fall out with those we love
 And kiss again with tears'

That is the song; I have heard it before:
 Boy, I love not songs at the door:
 She told you to sing at the house below?
 She told you to sing me this!
 Well, there is money; take it; go:
 O God what a riddle she is. *H.M.S.*

An example of T.'s self-borrowing, since the song is from *The Princess* i A ii (p. 230). These four lines were part of the song in *The Princess* in 1850; T. then dropped them from 1851 to 1861, but restored them in 1862. The passage could not have been entertained for *The Princess* or for *Idylls of the King* (the other poems, with *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, in *H.Nbk 30* with *Maud*), since the six lines after the excerpted song are not in blank verse, but in rhymed stanzaic lines; the lines are spoken by a man in love and in doubt as to whether he is loved back, who is given to such a reflection as 'O God what a riddle she is', 'The house below'; cp. 'up at the Hall', and the descent of the brook from the Hall (i 837-9). No other poem than *Maud* suggests itself as able to have been in mind for such a passage, and T.'s hand in the MS is perfectly consonant with that of *Maud* in the same Nbk.
 i 191. Cp. Keats, *Lamia* i 57: 'wannish fire'.

III

205 And thus a delicate spark
 Of glowing and growing light
 Through the livelong hours of the dark
 Kept itself warm in the heart of my dreams,
 Ready to burst in a coloured flame;
 210 Till at last when the morning came
 In a cloud, it faded, and seems
 But an ashen-gray delight.

IV

What if with her sunny hair
 And smile as sunny as cold,
 She meant to weave me a snare
 215 of some coquettish deceit,
 Cleopatra-like as of old
 To entangle me when we met,
 To have her lion roll in a silken net
 And fawn at a victor's feet.

V

220 Ah, what shall I be at fifty
 Should Nature keep me alive,
 If I find the world so bitter
 When I am but twenty-five?
 Yet, if she were not a cheat,
 225 If Maud were all that she seemed,
 And her smile were all that I dreamed,
 Then the world were not so bitter
 But a smile could make it sweet.

VI

230 What if though her eye seemed full
 Of a kind intent to me,
 What if that dandy-despot, he,
 That jewelled mass of millinery,
 That oiled and curled Assyrian Bull
 Smelling of musk and of insolence,

i 206. Cp. *The Lover's Tale* i 798: 'All through the livelong hours of utter dark'.

i 209. *the* [Added in T.M.S.]

i 233. 'With hair curled like that of the bulls on Assyrian sculpture' (T.). T. had read Layard's *Nineveh* in 1852 (*Mem.* i 356).

i 234. The zeugma suggests *Paradise Lost* i 301-2: 'the Sons / Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine'.

- 235 Her brother, from whom I keep aloof,
Who wants the finer politic sense
To mask, though but in his own behoof,
With a glassy smile his brutal scorn—
240 What if he had told her yestermorn
How prettily for his own sweet sake
A face of tenderness might be feigned,
And a moist mirage in desert eyes,
That so, when the rotten hustings shake
245 In another month to his brazen lies,
A wretched vote may be gained.

VII

- For a raven ever croaks, at my side,
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward,
Or thou wilt prove their tool.
Yea, too, myself from myself I guard,
250 For often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.

VIII

- Perhaps the smile and tender tone
Came out of her pitying womanhood,
For am I not, am I not, here alone
255 So many a summer since she died,
My mother, who was so gentle and good?
Living alone in an empty house,
Here half-hid in the gleaming wood,
Where I hear the dead at midday moan,
260 And the shrieking rush of the wainscot mouse,
And my own sad name in corners cried,
When the shiver of dancing leaves is thrown
About its echoing chambers wide,
Till a morbid hate and horror have grown
265 Of a world in which I have hardly mixt,
And a morbid eating lichen fixt
On a heart half-turned to stone.

IX

O heart of stone, are you flesh, and caught
By that you swore to withstand?

i 243. Cp. *Hail Briton!* 88: 'To which the slight-built hustings shake'
i 260. Cp. *Mariana* 63-4: 'the mouse / Behind the mouldering wainscot
shrieked'.

- 270 For what was it else within me wrought
But, I fear, the new strong wine of love,
That made my tongue so stammer and trip
When I saw the treasured splendour, her hand,
Come sliding out of her sacred glove,
275 And the sunlight broke from her lip?

X

- I have played with her when a child;
She remembers it now we meet.
Ah well, well, well, I *may* be beguiled
By some coquettish deceit.
280 Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seemed,
And her smile had all that I dreamed,
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet.

VII

I

- 285 Did I hear it half in a doze
Long since, I know not where?
Did I dream it an hour ago,
When asleep in this arm-chair?

i 277. it] *Added in T.MS.*

i 280. Yet] *But T.MS 1st reading.*

i 285-300. 'He remembers his father and her father talking just before the birth of Maud' (T.). W. D. Paden (pp. 93, 161) points out that the reference in ll. 293-6 is to *The Story of Nourredin Ali and Bedreddin Hassan*, in Galland's translation of the *Arabian Nights*; the brothers agree to pair their children if of opposite sexes; they quarrel, but the children finally marry. 'The hero vaguely remembers, or believes that he remembers, from his childhood that his father and Maud's father betrothed them, over the wine, when Maud was born . . . The betrothal, as a matter of fact, had taken place. Maud had been told of the compact by her dying mother, for whose sake she now desires to be reconciled to the man that her father had wronged.'

i 285. half . . . doze] Long years back *T.MS earlier draft of VII (A)*, which transposes ll. 285-8, 289-92.

i 286] Half-dozing who knows where *T.MS A*.

i 287. Did I] *Or T.MS later draft (B)*.

i 288. *When asleep*] *Sleeping T.MS A*.

II

290 Men were drinking together,
Drinking and talking of me;
'Well, if it prove a girl, the boy
Will have plenty: so let it be.'

III

295 Is it an echo of something
Read with a boy's delight,
Viziers nodding together
In some Arabian night?

IV

300 Strange, that I hear two men,
Somewhere, talking of me;
'Well, if it prove a girl, my boy
Will have plenty: so let it be.'

VIII

305 She came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone;
An angel watching an urn
Wept over her, carved in stone;
And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blushed
To find they were met by my own;

i 289. *Men*] Who *T.MS B.* together] and talking *T.MS A.*

i 291. *the*] my *T.MS A.*

i 293-6] Not *T.MS A.*

i 293] Is it a part of a tale *T.MS B 1st reading.*

i 297-8] Strange that the words come back

With such a force upon me *T.MS A*

i 298. *Somewhere.*] Talking and *T.MS B 1st reading.*

i 299. *my*] the *T.MS A.*

i 301. *She came*] I went *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 302] She was there: she was not alone. *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 303. *An*] A silent *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 305] Added in *T.MS.*

i 306. *And*] Added in *T.MS.* sweetly, strangely] Transposed *T.MS.* blushed] she blushed *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 307] When her eyes met once with my own *T.MS 1st reading.*

310 And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat stronger
And thicker, until I heard no longer
The snowy-banded, dilettante,
Delicate-handed priest intone;
And thought, is it pride, and mused and sighed
'No surely, now it cannot be pride.'

IX

315 I was walking a mile,
More than a mile from the shore,
The sun looked out with a smile
Betwixt the cloud and the moor,
And riding at set of day
Over the dark moor land,
320 Rapidly riding far away,
She waved to me with her hand.
There were two at her side,
Something flashed in the sun,
Down by the hill I saw them ride,
325 In a moment they were gone:
Like a sudden spark
Struck vainly in the night,
Then returns the dark
With no more hope of light.

X

330 Sick, am I sick of a jealous dread?
Was not one of the two at her side
This new-made lord, whose splendour plucks
The slavish hat from the villager's head?
Whose old grandfather has lately died,
335 Gone to a blacker pit, for whom

i 308. *And*] Added in *T.MS.*

i 312] She looked no more but I thought and sighed *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 313. *No . . . now*] What is it? no *T.MS 1st reading.* 'It cannot be pride that she did not return his bow'. T.—alluding to i 116-17.

i 316. *The*] And the *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 322. *There were two*] Two others were *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 328. *Then*] 1865; And back 1855-64.

i 330. *Sick, am I*] I think I am *T.MS.*

i 331. *Was*] For was *T.MS.*

i 335. *Gone to*] Now in *T.MS.*

Grimy nakedness dragging his trucks
 And laying his trams in a poisoned gloom
 Wrought, till he crept from a gutted mine
 Master of half a servile shire,
 340 And left his coal all turned into gold
 To a grandson, first of his noble line,
 Rich in the grace all women desire,
 Strong in the power that all men adore,
 And simper and set their voices lower,
 345 And soften as if to a girl, and hold
 Awe-stricken breaths at a work divine,
 Seeing his gewgaw castle shine,
 New as his title, built last year,
 There amid perky larches and pine,
 350 And over the sullen-purple moor
 (Look at it) pricking a cockney ear.

II

What, has he found my jewel out?
 For one of the two that rode at her side
 Bound for the Hall, I am sure was he:
 355 Bound for the Hall, and I think for a bride.
 Blithe would her brother's acceptance be.
 Maud could be gracious too, no doubt
 To a lord, a captain, a padded shape,

i 341. a . . . his] *Transposed T.MS.*

i 342] Rich in the beauty all maidens admire *T.MS.*

i 344-5. T. told J. H. Mangles in 1871 that this passage was 'from a conversation of Rogers' (*Tennyson at Aldworth*, ed. E. A. Knies, 1984, p. 70).

i 344] Not *T.MS.*

i 345-7] Who address him sweet like a woman and hold

Their breath but to see his castle shine *T.MS.*

i 347-8. Probably a memory of the rebuilding of Bayons Manor in 1835 by T.'s favoured uncle, Charles Tennyson d'Eyncourt (J. H. Buckley, p. 69).

i 349. amid . . . larches] on a knoll of perky larch *T.MS.*, preceded by *There del.*

i 353-4] This bantam lord-I am . . . *T.MS. earlier draft (A) of X ii, and later draft (B):* This babe-faced lord, I am sure it was he, *proofs, Wise's trial edition* (supported by *Berg MS*-abbreviated hereafter to *B.MS*).

i 355] Not *T.MS. A.* I think] perhaps *T.MS. B.*

i 356] Not *T.MS. B.*

i 357. could] will *T.MS. B.*

i 357 ^ 8] Maud could be very gracious too *T.MS. A.*

i 358-60] To the dawdling drawl of the tender ape,
 His bought commission and padded shape,

360 A bought commission, a waxen face,
 A rabbit mouth that is ever agape-
 Bought? what is it he cannot buy?
 And therefore splenetic, personal, base,
 A wounded thing with a rancorous cry,
 365 At war with myself and a wretched race,
 Sick, sick to the heart of life, am I.

His one half-grain of sense, and his three
 Straw-coloured hairs upon either side
 Of a rabbit mouth . . . *proofs*

T.MS. B as *proofs* but with variants 'his padded' and 'a baby mouth': followed, after a space, by l. 359.

i 358-9] Not *T.MS. A.*

i 359. A] His *T.MS. B.*

i 360] To the rabbit mouth and the baby face. *T.MS. A.*

i 360 ^ 1] What ails me that I cannot be cool *T.MS. A.*

i 361] *T.MS. A* has its version of this line following l. 365.

i 362-5. Cp. Crabbe, *The Old Bachelor*: 'But is not man, the solitary, sick / Of his existence, sad and splenetic?'

i 362. And therefore] Harsh *T.MS. A.*

i 363-4] 1856; not 1855:

I am not worthy of her—a fool
 And most unworthy—yet it is true
 That I checked my maid who wantonly smiled
 As at some fair jest when she called him wild—
 Poor worm she meant it half in his praise
 For there is nothing he may not do: *T.MS. A.*

i 365] And sick to the heart of life am I

To think there is nothing he may not buy. *T.MS. A.*

i 365 ^ 6] Now are they serf-like, horribly bland,
 To this lord-captain up at the Hall:
 Will she smile if he presses her hand?
 Captain! he to hold a command!

[5] He can hold a cue, he can pocket a ball;
 And sure not a bantam cockerel lives
 With a weaker crow upon English land,
 Whether he boast of a horse that gains,
 Or cackle his own applause, when he gives

[10] A filthy story at second-hand,
 Where the point is missed, and the filth remains.
 Bought commission! can such as he
 Be wholesome guards for an English throne,
 When if France but make a lunge, why she,

[15] God knows, might prick us to the backbone?

III

370 Last week came one to the county town,
To preach our poor little army down,
And play the game of the despot kings,
Though the state has done it and thrice as well:
This broad-brimmed hawker of holy things,
Whose ear is crammed with his cotton, and rings

What use for a single mouth to rage
At the rotten creak of the old machine;
Though it makes friends weep and enemies smile,
That here in the face of a watchful age,
[20] The sons of a gray-beard-ridden isle
Should dance in a round of an old routine,
And a few great families lead the reels,
While pauper manhood lies in the dirt,
And Favour and Wealth with gilded heels

[25] Trample service and tried desert. *proofs*

T. quotes ll. [2-9], [16-21], in the *Eversley* notes. *Mat.* ii 131 prints ll. [12-15]. *T.MS B* has a draft of this:

Now is she smiling up at the hall
Now this new soldier presses her hand
Commission! he to hold ...

Then lines [5-11], [12-15], with variants: [6] For I know not; [11] And the; [13] An ancient. Then [16-25], with variants: [17] state machine (State-machine *Eversley*); [18] Which makes friend weep and enemy; [19] That men; [20] Here in the gray-; [21] of old; [22] While; [23] And.

i 366-73. 'The *Westminster Review* said this was an attack on John Bright. I did not even know at the time that he was a Quaker' (T.). See *The Third of February* 43, MS (II 475), and *The Penny-Wise* 33, MS (II 472). T. probably took over the Quaker, as the type of peace-at-any-price, from *Blackwood's* (see headnote).

i 366] *T.MS* earlier draft (A) of X iii precedes this line with its version of l. 368: We tickle the lust of tyrant kings. *T.MS A* then has the sequence, ll. 366, 370, 367, 369, 371-4 (only).

Last ... one] Last week there came *T.MS A* 1st reading; One came last week *T.MS A*, *T.MS* later draft (B) of ll. 366-74.

i 367-8] Transposed in *T.MS B*.

i 367. To preach] Preaching *T.MS B*.

i 368. And play] Playing *T.MS B*.

i 369. Though] Not *T.MS A*, B.

i 370. This broad-brimmed] A broad brimmed *T.MS A*; This broadbrim *T.MS B*.

i 371-2] 374 ^ 5 *T.MS B*.

i 371. Whose] His *T.MS B*. crammed] 1859; stuffed 1855-6.

375 Even in dreams to the chink of his pence,
This huckster put down war! can he tell
Whether war be a cause or a consequence?
Put down the passions that make earth Hell!
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear;
380 Down too, down at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind.

IV

385 I wish I could hear again
The chivalrous battle-song
That she warbled alone in her joy!
I might persuade myself then
She would not do herself this great wrong,
To take a wanton dissolute boy
For a man and leader of men.

V

390 Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,

i 372. dreams] a dream *T.MS A*, B.

i 373] He put down war! can the huckster tell *T.MS A*. huckster] hawker *T.MS B* 1st reading.

i 376. avarice] envy *T.MS*.

i 377. Jealousy] Avarice *T.MS*.

i 378. anger and] hate and of *T.MS*.

i 382-8] 1856; not 1855;

And Maud, who when I had languished long,
Reached me a shining hand of help
To arouse me, that May morning, when
She chanted a chivalrous battle-song,
Maud, can she do herself so much wrong
As to take this waxen effeminate whelp
For a man and leader of men. *proofs*

(supported by *B.MS* and by *T.MS* with variants: 'Can she' and 'As take').
The second MS line will have seemed too close to *In Memoriam* lxxxiv 43:
'Would reach us out the shining hand'.

395 Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

VI

And ah for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be!

XI

I

400 O let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet;
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

II

405 Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite quite sure
That there is one to love me;
Then let come what come may
410 To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.

i 394. *Aristocrat*, the usual nineteenth-century pronunciation.

i 396-7] 1856; not 1855.

i 398-411. T. said of XI: 'The poor madman—He begins to soften', and of the fifth to seventh lines, 'It's terrible—isn't it?' (*Knowles*).

i 398] Let not the sound earth fail *British Museum* [*British Library*] first draft (as below throughout): Let not the solid ground *T.MS* 1st reading.

i 399] And open under my feet *BM MS*. Not fail] Fail *T.MS* 1st reading.

i 400. has found] finds out *BM MS*.

i 401. some] others *BM MS*.

i 402-4. Cp. *Macbeth* I iii 146-7: 'Come what come may, / Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.'

i 403] To a life that has been so sad, *BM MS*.

i 405] Let not the sweet Heaven fail, *BM MS*. Cp. *Lear* I v 45-6: 'O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! / Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!'

i 406. Not close] Close *BM MS*.

i 408] That Maud does love me; *BM MS*.

i 410] What matter if I go mad, *BM MS*.

i 411. had] lived *BM MS*. *T.MS*.

XII

I

415 Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

II

Where was Maud? in our wood;
And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

III

420 Birds in our wood sang
Ringing through the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.

IV

425 I kissed her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

V

430 I to cry out on pride
Who have won her favour!
O Maud were sure of Heaven
If lowliness could save her.

VI

435 I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touched the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

VII

Birds in the high Hall-garden
Were crying and calling to her,

i 414. 'Like the rooks' caw' (T.).

i 422. 'Like the call of the little birds' (T.).

i 426. not seventeen] but sixteen *T.MS*.

i 428. Turner (p. 139) compares Jaques, 'whose phrase the speaker borrows': 'Why, who cries out on pride / That can therein tax any private party?' (*As You Like It* II vii 70-71).

i 435. 'Because if you tread on the daisy, it turns up a rosy underside' (T.).

Where is Maud, Maud, Maud?
One is come to woo her.

VIII

440 Look, a horse at the door,
And little King Charley snarling,
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
You are not her darling.

XIII

I

445 Scorned, to be scorned by one that I scorn,
Is that a matter to make me fret?
That a calamity hard to be borne?
Well, he may live to hate me yet.
Fool that I am to be vext with his pride!
I past him, I was crossing his lands;
450 He stood on the path a little aside;
His face, as I grant, in spite of spite,
Has a broad-blown comeliness, red and white,
And six feet two, as I think, he stands;
But his essences turned the live air sick,
455 And barbarous opulence jewel-thick
Sunned itself on his breast and his hands.

II

Who shall call me ungentle, unfair,
I longed so heartily then and there

i 441. *Charley*] 1864: Charles is 1855-62. A spaniel. Cp. i 441-3 with 'Charley is my darling'.

i 444. T. said of XIII: 'a counter passion-passionate & furious' (*Knawles*).
i 444-8] *Added in T.MS.*

i 448. *Fool*] *Ass T.MS. vext with*] hurt by *T.MS.*

i 449] I met him walking over his lands; *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 450-53] His face is a servant maid's delight.

A vulgar comeliness, red and white. *T.MS*

i 454] But a gust of his essences made me sick *B.MS, T.MS*: For his essences made the morning sick *proofs.*

i 455] And those fat fingers foolishly thick *B.MS, T.MS.*

i 456] With jewels, stunted obstinate hands. *B.MS, T.MS*: Flashed on his obstinate-fingered hands. *proofs.*

i 457-9] *Not T.MS.*

i 458. *heartily*] 1856; earnestly 1855.

460 To give him the grasp of fellowship;
But while I past he was humming an air,
Stopt, and then with a riding-whip
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,
And curving a contumelious lip,
Gorgonised me from head to foot
465 With a stony British stare.

III

Why sits he here in his father's chair?
That old man never comes to his place:
Shall I believe him ashamed to be seen?
For only once, in the village street,
470 Last year, I caught a glimpse of his face,
A gray old wolf and a lean.
Scarcely, now, would I call him a cheat;
For then, perhaps, as a child of deceit,
She might by a true descent be untrue;
475 And Maud is as true as Maud is sweet:
Though I fancy her sweetness only due

i 460. *But*] *Not T.MS.*

i 461. *Stopt*] *But stopt T.MS 1st reading.*

i 462. *tapping a glossy*] *tapt on a polished T.MS.*

i 463. *curving a contumelious*] *making a supercilious T.MS 1st reading.*

i 464-5. T. (in 1849?) 'made a line on the Oxford "masher's" general reception of a stranger: "With one Oxonian stare from heel to head"' (*Mem.* ii 485).

i 465. *British*] *execrable T.MS.*

i 466] *Not T.MS earlier draft (A) of XIII iii.*

i 467-8] Is he ashamed to be seen

That he never comes to his Place. *T.MS A*

i 468. *Shall . . . him*] *What is he T.MS later draft (B).*

i 469] *Only once in the street T.MS A.*

i 470. *Last year*] *Long since proofs. Last . . . caught*] *I caught T.MS A; I caught, long since T.MS B 1st reading.*

i 472. *Scarcely . . . I*] *I will not T.MS A; I dare not T.MS B 1st reading; For now I dare not T.MS B.*

i 473] *Not T.MS A, B.*

i 474] *For then might Maud be untrue T.MS A; Then perhaps might Maud be untrue. T.MS B.*

i 475. *And*] *Not T.MS B. as Maud is*] *as T.MS A, B 1st reading.*

i 476-7] *But this, I doubt not is due*

To her blood . . . T.MS A which has these lines li. 477 ^ 8

i 476. *Though*] *But T.MS B. only due*] *due T.MS B 1st reading.*

To the sweeter blood by the other side;
 Her mother has been a thing complete,
 However she came to be so allied.
 480 And fair without, faithful within,
 Maud to him is nothing akin:
 Some peculiar mystic grace
 Made her only the child of her mother,
 And heaped the whole inherited sin
 485 On the huge scapegoat of the race,
 All, all upon the brother.

IV

Peace, angry spirit, and let him be!
 Has not his sister smiled on me?

XIV

I

Maud has a garden of roses
 490 And lilies fair on a lawn;
 There she walks in her state
 And tends upon bed and bower,
 And thither I climbed at dawn
 And stood by her garden-gate;

i 477. *the sweeter*] the *T.MS B* 1st reading.

i 478-9] And think her mother too [?] was some

Ideal, as mother and bride. *T.MS B* 1st reading

i 478. *Her . . . has*] She must have *T.MS A*.

i 479] *T.MS A* breaks off at came.

i 480] *T.MS A* has this line ll. 482 ^ 3, as: Made my Maud without and within
And fair] Fair *T.MS B* 1st reading; She is fair *T.MS B* (which had ll. 480-81 in
 that order but then marked for transposition).

i 481] Not *T.MS A*. Maud] *T.MS B* 1st reading; And Maud *T.MS B*.

i 482] I think that some peculiar grace *T.MS A* (which then has its version of
 l. 480). Cp. *PL* iii 183: 'peculiar grace'; v 15: 'peculiar Graces'.

i 483] Only the child of a gracious mother *T.MS A*.

i 484. *And*] But *T.MS A*.

i 487-8. T. said: 'He makes allowances for the man—Yet he is called a mere
 brute!' (*Knowles*).

i 490. *fair*] bright *T.MS* earlier draft (A) of XIV.

i 491-2] Transposed in *T.MS A*.

i 492] Bright is the bed and the bower. *T.MS A*.

495 A lion ramps at the top,
 He is claspt by a passion-flower.

II

Maud's own little oak-room
 (Which Maud, like a precious stone
 Set in the heart of the carven gloom,
 500 Lights with herself, when alone
 She sits by her music and books
 And her brother lingers late
 With a roystering company) looks
 Upon Maud's own garden-gate:
 505 And I thought as I stood, if a hand, as white
 As ocean-foam in the moon, were laid
 On the hasp of the window, and my Delight
 Had a sudden desire, like a glorious ghost, to glide,
 Like a beam of the seventh Heaven, down to my side,
 510 There were but a step to be made.

III

The fancy flattered my mind,
 And again seemed overbold;
 Now I thought that she cared for me,
 Now I thought she was kind
 515 Only because she was cold.

i 495. *PL* iv 343: 'Sporting the Lion rampd'. T. said of ll. 495-6: 'A token—
 hardly write anything without some meaning of that kind' (*Knowles*).

i 496 ^ 7] Maud has an old oak-room.

A room that is all her own *T.MS* later draft (B), del.

i 497] Maud's little carven room *T.MS A*.

i 498. *Maud.*] set *T.MS A*.

i 499] In panels of oaken gloom *T.MS A*.

i 500. *Lights*] She lights *T.MS A*.

i 501. *by*] with *T.MS A*.

i 503. *With a roystering*] By his bacchanal *T.MS A*.

i 505. *as I stood.*] Not *T.MS A*.

i 507-8. T. said: 'alludes to the time when she did come out' (*Knowles*).

i 507. *hasp . . . window*] window handle *T.MS A*.

i 508. *like . . . ghost*] Not *BM MS*; not *T.MS A* here, but see l. 509; added in
T.MS B.

i 509. *beam . . . down*] glorious ghost *T.MS A*.

i 511-15] Not *T.MS A*.

IV

I heard no sound where I stood
 But the rivulet on from the lawn
 Running down to my own dark wood;
 Or the voice of the long sea-wave as it swelled
 520 Now and then in the dim-gray dawn;
 But I looked, and round, all round the house I beheld
 The death-white curtain drawn;
 Felt a horror over me creep,
 Prickle my skin and catch my breath,
 525 Knew that the death-white curtain meant but sleep,
 Yet I shuddered and thought like a fool of the sleep
 of death.

XV

So dark a mind within me dwells,
 And I make myself such evil cheer,
 That if I be dear to some one else,
 530 Then some one else may have much to fear;
 But if I be dear to some one else,
 Then I should be to myself more dear.
 Shall I not take care of all that I think,
 Yea even of wretched meat and drink,
 535 If I be dear,
 If I be dear to some one else.

i 517. *on from*] over *T.MS A.*i 518. *own dark*] little *T.MS A.*i 518 ^ 9] And so by the village out to the sea: *T.MS A.*i 519. *long sea-wave*] sea itself *T.MS A.*i 520 ^ 1] But a morbid fancy belongs to me: *T.MS A.*i 521. *But I*] *T.MS A.*i 523. *Felt*] And I felt *T.MS A.*i 525. *Knew*] For I knew *T.MS A.*i 526. *like a fool*] Not *T.MS A.*; added in *T.MS B.*i 530. *may have*] has *T.MS 1st reading.*i 533-6. T. said: 'He begins with universal hatred of all things & gets more human by the influence of Maud' (*Knowles*).i 533. *Shall I not*] I will *T.MS 1st reading.*i 534. *wretched meat*] what I eat *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 537-8. Turner (p. 138) notes: 'adapting a Homeric phrase, "a useless weight on the earth", applied to himself by Achilles . . . The brother . . . turns out at the end to be the more magnanimous ("The fault was mine", he whispered, "fly!"), and the Homeric allusion already hints at this truth. It is the speaker himself who is the "useless weight", the caricature of Achilles.'

XVI

I

This lump of earth has left his estate
 The lighter by the loss of his weight;
 And so that he find what he went to seek,
 540 And fulsome Pleasure clog him, and drown
 His heart in the gross mud-honey of town,
 He may stay for a year who has gone for a week:
 But this is the day when I must speak,
 And I see my Oread coming down,
 545 O this is the day!
 O beautiful creature, what am I
 That I dare to look her way;
 Think I may hold dominion sweet,
 Lord of the pulse that is lord of her breast,
 550 And dream of her beauty with tender dread,
 From the delicate Arab arch of her feet
 To the grace that, bright and light as the crest
 Of a peacock, sits on her shining head,
 And she knows it not: O, if she knew it,
 555 To know her beauty might half undo it.
 I know it the one bright thing to save
 My yet young life in the wilds of Time,
 Perhaps from madness, perhaps from crime,
 Perhaps from a selfish grave.

II

560 What, if she be fastened to this fool lord,
 Dare I bid her abide by her word?

i 537] This clod has left his broad estate *T.MS 1st reading.*i 539] Added in *T.MS.*i 540. *And*] Let *T.MS 1st reading.*i 542. *He may*] Till he *T.MS 1st reading.*i 543. *when*] that *T.MS 1st reading.*i 544-5] Transposed in *T.MS.*i 544. T.: 'She lives on the hill near him' (*Knowles*).i 548. *Think . . . hold*] To think of holding *T.MS.*i 549. *pulse . . . of*] pulses that move *T.MS.*i 550. *And*] To *T.MS.*

i 551. Like the arched neck of an Arab horse.

i 552. *grace . . . and*] *T.MS 1st reading*; splendid grace, that *T.MS.*i 556-9] Added in *T.MS.*i 559. *a selfish*] the *T.MS.*

i 560-66. T. said: 'You see he is the most conscientious fellow—a perfect

Should I love her so well if she
 Had given her word to a thing so low?
 Shall I love her as well if she
 565 Can break her word were it even for me?
 I trust that it is not so.

III

Catch not my breath, O clamorous heart,
 Let not my tongue be a thrall to my eye,
 For I must tell her before we part,
 570 I must tell her, or die.

XVII

Go not, happy day,
 From the shining fields,
 Go not, happy day,
 Till the maiden yields.
 575 Rosy is the West,
 Rosy is the South,
 Roses are her cheeks,
 And a rose her mouth.
 When the happy Yes
 580 Falters from her lips,
 Pass and blush the news
 Over glowing ships;
 Over blowing seas,
 Over seas at rest,
 585 Pass the happy news,
 Blush it through the West;
 Till the red man dance
 By his red cedar-tree,

gentleman though semi-insane! he would not have been so, had he met with happiness' (*Knowles*).

i 571-98. This appears with the songs written in 1849 for the 3rd edition of *The Princess* (1850) in the MS at *University Library, Cambridge*. T. recited this poem, 'which found a place in *Maud*', to Palgrave in 1853 (*Mem.* ii 504). In the 1865 *Selection*, T. placed this song, not with *Come into the garden, Maud*, but immediately after *Three Sonnets to a Coquette* (which are about Rosa Baring). It is relevant that this lyric in *Maud* was much ridiculed by the critics. Cp. *Early Verses* (II 60) to Rosa.

i 576-8. Cp. Byron, *Don Juan* VI xxvii 7-8: 'That womankind had but one rosy mouth, / To kiss them all at once from north to south'.

i 578. mouth.] *T.MS.* 1855; mouth 1884, *Eversley* (presumably an error).

i 582. Over glowing] 1865 *Selection*; O'er the blowing 1855-65. E. F. Shannon points out that a reviewer had objected to 'blowing'.

And the red man's babe
 Leap, beyond the sea.
 590 Blush from West to East,
 Blush from East to West,
 Till the West is East,
 Blush it through the West.
 595 Rosy is the West,
 Rosy is the South,
 Roses are her cheeks,
 And a rose her mouth.

XVIII

I

I have led her home, my love, my only friend.
 600 There is none like her, none.
 And never yet so warmly ran my blood
 And sweetly, on and on
 Calming itself to the long-wished-for end,
 Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

II

None like her, none.
 605 Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk
 Seemed her light foot along the garden walk,
 And shook my heart to think she comes once more;
 But even then I heard her close the door,
 610 The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.

III

There is none like her, none.
 Nor will be when our summers have deceased.
 O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
 In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,

i 599-683. T. said of XVIII i-iii: 'These might not be divided' (*Knowles*).

i 599. led] brought *H.Nbk* 30.

i 601. warmly] sweetly *H.MS.* *T.MS.*

i 602] So like a sunwarm river on and on *H.MS.*

i 605-6. A reminiscence of Hallam's sonnet *The Garden Trees* (1831; Motter, p. 98), which says of the trees: 'Now methinks they talk, / Lowly and sweetly as befits the hour, / One to another down the grassy walk'. The sonnet has 'whisper light', and (of the trees) 'Or are they sighing faintly for desire'—cp. i 613. The first line and a half of the sonnet were written by T., who requested Hallam to finish it (R. Adicks, *TRB* i. 1971. 147).

i 607. Seemed] Like *H.MS.* foot] feet *H.MS.*

i 608. And . . . heart] Made my heart shake *H.MS.*

- 615 Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, though thy limbs have here increased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the South, and fed
With honeyed rain and delicate air,
620 And haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame;
And over whom thy darkness must have spread
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
625 Forefathers of the thornless garden, there
Shadowing the snow-limbed Eve from whom she
came.

IV

- Here will I lie, while these long branches sway,
And you fair stars that crown a happy day
Go in and out as if at merry play,
630 Who am no more so all forlorn,
As when it seemed far better to be born
To labour and the mattock-hardened hand,
Than nursed at ease and brought to understand
A sad astrology, the boundless plan

i 615. *Psalm* civ 16: 'The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted.'

i 617. *Upon*] Here on *T.MS.*

i 619. *rain and delicate*] showers and tender *H.MS.* *The Brook* 202 speaks of 'tender air'. *rain*] shower *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 626. *T.* said: 'Snow in contrast with the dark black cedars' (*Knowles*).

i 627. *these*] thy *T.MS.*

i 628. *you fair*] watch the *H.MS.* *T.MS.*

i 629. *D. Mermin* compares Spenser, *Epithalamion* 368: 'All night therefore attend your merry play'; this section is coloured by the *Epithalamion*. she argues (*Texas Studies in Literature and Language* xv, 1973, 272).

i 632. *mattocke*: farm tool.

i 634] The huge uncomfortable plan *T.MS 1st reading*; A [Some *H.MS*] cheerless fragment of the boundless plan *H.MS.* *T.MS.* *T.* comments: 'The *sad astrology* is modern astronomy, for of old astrology was thought to sympathise with and rule man's fate. The stars are "cold fires", for though they emit light of the highest intensity, no perceptible warmth reaches us. His newer astrology describes them [l. 677] as "soft splendours."' Cp. *Time* 52-6: 'All human grandeur fades away / Before their flashing, fiery, hollow eyes; / Beneath the terrible control / Of those vast armed orbs, which roll / Oblivion on the creatures of a day.'

- 635 That makes you tyrants in your iron skies,
Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand
His nothingness into man.

V

- 640 But now shine on, and what care I,
Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl
The countercharm of space and hollow sky,
And do accept my madness, and would die
To save from some slight shame one simple girl.

VI

- 645 Would die; for sullen-seeming Death may give
More life to Love than is or ever was
In our low world, where yet 'tis sweet to live.
Let no one ask me how it came to pass;
It seems that I am happy, that to me
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
650 A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

VII

- Not die; but live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.
O, why should Love, like men in drinking-songs,
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death?
655 Make answer, Maud my bliss,
Maud made my Maud by that long loving kiss,

i 635. *That . . . your*] Of your tyrannic *T.MS 1st reading.* *That . . . in*] Which is the despot [tyrant *T.MS*] of *H.MS.* *T.MS.*

i 636-7. *PL* vii 87-8: Heaven 'with moving fires adorned / Innumerable'.

i 640. *stormy*] *Not H.MS.*

i 641. *hollow*] *Not H.MS.*

i 644-6] *Not H.MS.*

i 644. *Would die*] Die, yes *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 645. *More*] Some sweeter *T.MS 1st reading.* *than is or*] than *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 646. *low*] sweet *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 647. *Let no one*] For let none *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 651-61] *Not H.MS.*

i 651. 'This is the central idea—the holy power of Love' (*T.*).

i 652. *fight with*] conquer *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 653. *O,*] For *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 656. *loving*] 1882; lover's 1855-81.

Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this?
 'The dusky strand of Death inwoven here
 With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear.'

VIII

- 660 Is that enchanted moan only the swell
 Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?
 And hark the clock within, the silver knell
 Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white,
 And died to live, long as my pulses play;
 665 But now by this my love has closed her sight
 And given false death her hand, and stolen away
 To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell
 Among the fragments of the golden day.
 May nothing there her maiden grace affright!
 670 Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.
 My bride to be, my evermore delight,
 My own heart's heart, my ownest own, farewell;
 It is but for a little space I go:
 And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell
 675 Beat to the noiseless music of the night!
 Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow
 Of your soft splendours that you look so bright?
I have climbed nearer out of lonely Hell.

i 657. *Life of my*] Maud my true *T.MS 1st reading*. Cp. *Life of the Life* (I 548).
 i 658. 'He suddenly dropped his voice and asked after the line . . . "What is that strand?" "Shore". was replied. "You missed the word 'inwoven'; it is the woven strand of a rope"' (Blanche Warre-Cornish: *Landon Mercury* v. 1921, 153).

i 659. *With dear*] With *T.MS 1st reading*. *Love's*] *life-T.MS 1st reading*. *makes*] made *T.MS 1st reading*.

i 660] I scarce can think this music but the swell *T.MS 1st reading*: What threefold meaning echoes from the swell *T.MS 2nd reading*.

i 662. *And . . . within*] The clock within strikes twelve *H.MS*.

i 663. *that . . . bridal*] for ever marked with [in *T.MS*] *H.MS*, *T.MS*.

i 664] And yet I scarce have heart to break the spell *H.MS*. *And . . . live*] So marked at least *T.MS 1st reading*.

i 669] 666 ^ 7 *T.MS*. *grace*] heart *H.MS*.

i 670] *Not H.MS*: I likewise droop and feel the drowsy spell. *T.MS 1st reading*.

i 672. *My . . . heart*] Dear heart's mid-heart *T.MS*. *own . . . heart*] life's own life *H.MS*, *T.MS 1st reading*. *my*] 1872, *T.MS*; and 1855-70, *T.MS 1st reading*.

i 674. *ye*] you *T.MS*. *moor*] fold *H.MS*.

i 677. *you look*] they stream *H.MS*.

i 678] *Added in T.MS*.

- 680 Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,
 Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,
 Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe
 That seems to draw—but it shall not be so:
 Let all be well, be well.

XIX

I

- 685 Her brother is coming back tonight,
 Breaking up my dream of delight.

II

- My dream? do I dream of bliss?
 I have walked awake with Truth.
 O when did a morning shine
 So rich in atonement as this
 690 For my dark-dawning youth,
 Darkened watching a mother decline
 And that dead man at her heart and mine:
 For who was left to watch her but I?
 Yet so did I let my freshness die.

III

- 695 I trust that I did not talk
 To gentle Maud in our walk
 (For often in lonely wanderings
 I have cursed him even to lifeless things)
 700 But I trust that I did not talk,
 Not touch on her father's sin:
 I am sure I did but speak
 Of my mother's faded cheek
 When it slowly grew so thin,
 That I felt she was slowly dying
 705 Vext with lawyers and harassed with debt:
 For how often I caught her with eyes all wet,
 Shaking her head at her son and sighing
 A world of trouble within!

i 679. *Beat, happy*] Beat on, true *H.MS*.

i 681-2] But for some strange and misconjunctured woe,

Some undercurrent—may it not be so: *H.MS*

i 682. *shall*] may *T.MS 1st reading*.

i 683. Turner (p. 139) notes: 'ominously echoes Claudius's "All may be well" before praying to be forgiven for "a brother's murder"' (*Hamlet* III iii 72).

i 684-786] 1856; not 1855.

IV

710 And Maud too, Maud was moved
 To speak of the mother she loved
 As one scarce less forlorn,
 Dying abroad and it seems apart
 From him who had ceased to share her heart,
 And ever mourning over the feud,
 715 The household Fury sprinkled with blood
 By which our houses are torn:
 How strange was what she said,
 When only Maud and the brother
 Hung over her dying bed—
 720 That Maud's dark father and mine
 Had bound us one to the other,
 Betrothed us over their wine,
 On the day when Maud was born;
 Sealed her mine from her first sweet breath.
 725 Mine, mine by a right, from birth till death.
 Mine, mine—our fathers have sworn.

V

730 But the true blood spilt had in it a heat
 To dissolve the precious seal on a bond,
 That, if left uncanceled, had been so sweet;
 And none of us thought of a something beyond,
 A desire that awoke in the heart of the child,
 As it were a duty done to the tomb,
 To be friends for her sake, to be reconciled;
 And I was cursing them and my doom,
 735 And letting a dangerous thought run wild
 While often abroad in the fragrant gloom
 Of foreign churches—I see her there,

i 715–16. Turner (pp. 144–5) notes, with II i 22, the relating of *Maud* to the *Oresteia*; this from *Blackwood's* on 'Peace and War' (see headnote, p. 514), 'which quoted in Greek three lines from the *Eumenides* of Aeschylus . . . spoken by Athena, when trying to persuade the Furies to stop tormenting Orestes for the murder of his mother'.

i 727. *H.Nbk* 31 (then deleted) precedes l. 727 with:

Was he not bound the more,
 After the horrible end
 Of the man that he called his friend,
 By the promise sworn to before?
 Were his feelings then so fine and so sweet
 That the true blood . . .

Bright English lily, breathing a prayer
 To be friends, to be reconciled!

VI

740 But then what a flint is he!
 Abroad, at Florence, at Rome,
 I find whenever she touched on me
 This brother had laughed her down,
 And at last, when each came home,
 745 He had darkened into a frown,
 Chid her, and forbid her to speak
 To me, her friend of the years before;
 And this was what had reddened her cheek
 When I bowed to her on the moor.

VII

750 Yet Maud, although not blind
 To the faults of his heart and mind,
 I see she cannot but love him,
 And says he is rough but kind,
 And wishes me to approve him,
 755 And tells me, when she lay
 Sick once, with a fear of worse,
 That he left his wine and horses and play,
 Sat with her, read to her, night and day,
 And tended her like a nurse.

VIII

760 Kind? but the deathbed desire
 Spurned by this heir of the liar—
 Rough but kind? yet I know
 He has plotted against me in this,
 That he plots against me still.
 765 Kind to Maud? that were not amiss.
 Well, rough but kind; why let it be so:
 For shall not Maud have her will?

IX

770 For, Maud, so tender and true,
 As long as my life endures
 I feel I shall owe you a debt,
 That I never can hope to pay;
 And if ever I should forget
 That I owe this debt to you
 And for your sweet sake to yours;

775 O then, what then shall I say?—
If ever I *should* forget,
May God make me more wretched
Than ever I have been yet!

X

780 So now I have sworn to bury
All this dead body of hate,
I feel so free and so clear
By the loss of that dead weight,
That I should grow light-headed, I fear,
Fantastically merry;
785 But that her brother comes, like a blight
On my fresh hope, to the Hall tonight.

X X

I

790 Strange, that I felt so gay,
Strange, that I tried today
To beguile her melancholy;
The Sultan, as we name him,—
She did not wish to blame him—
But he vexed her and perplexed her
With his worldly talk and folly:
Was it gentle to reprove her
795 For stealing out of view
From a little lazy lover
Who but claims her as his due?
Or for chilling his caresses
By the coldness of her manners,
800 Nay, the plainness of her dresses?
Now I know her but in two,
Nor can pronounce upon it

i 787-8] I am not often gay

Yet so I seemed today *T.MS*

i 790-91] Because the lubber dandy *H.MS, T.MS.*

i 792. *But he*] Had *H.MS, T.MS 1st reading.*

i 794. *Was it gentle*] Ah booby *H.MS, T.MS.*

i 795] *T.MS has its l. 798:* For chilling the caresses

i 796] Of a little lord her lover *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 800. *Nay.*] And *T.MS 1st reading.*

i 801. *Now*] For *T.MS.*

i 802-3] O Maud I know not whether

Had I to pronounce upon it

T.Nbk 18 (which has only i 802-8 of Maud)

805 If one should ask me whether
The habit, hat, and feather,
Or the frock and gipsy bonnet
Be the neater and completer;
For nothing can be sweeter
Than maiden Maud in either.

II

810 But tomorrow, if we live,
Our ponderous squire will give
A grand political dinner
To half the squirrelings near;
And Maud will wear her jewels,
And the bird of prey will hover,
815 And the titmouse hope to win her
With his chirrup at her ear.

III

820 A grand political dinner
To the men of many acres,
A gathering of the Tory,
A dinner and then a dance
For the maids and marriage-makers,
And every eye but mine will glance
At Maud in all her glory.

IV

825 For I am not invited,
But, with the Sultan's pardon,
I am all as well delighted,
For I know her own rose-garden,
And mean to linger in it
Till the dancing will be over;
830 And then, oh then, come out to me
For a minute, but for a minute,
Come out to your own true lover,
That your true lover may see

i 806-8] Is the dearer to my mind

For I love you well in either *T.Nbk 18*

i 814] *Not T.Nbk 36.*

i 825. *the Sultan's*] her brother's *T.MS.*

i 832-6. *T.* said: 'The verse should be read here as if it were prose—Nobody can read it naturally enough!' (*Knowles*).

i 832] O come [Come *1st reading*] if you can to your lover *T.MS.*

835 Your glory also, and render
All homage to his own darling,
Queen Maud in all her splendour.

XXI

840 Rivulet crossing my ground,
And bringing me down from the Hall
This garden-rose that I found,
Forgetful of Maud and me,
And lost in trouble and moving round
Here at the head of a tinkling fall,
And trying to pass to the sea;
O Rivulet, born at the Hall,
845 My Maud has sent it by thee
(If I read her sweet will right)
On a blushing mission to me,
Saying in odour and colour, 'Ah, be
Among the roses tonight.'

XXII

850 I
Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,

i 840] *Not T.MS.*

i 841-2] *Transposed in T.MS.*

i 841. *And lost in*] *In doubt and T.MS.*

i 842. *tinkling*] *poppling T.MS.*

i 848. *Ah*] *O T.MS.*

i 849. *the roses*] *my sisters T.MS alternative in another draft.*

i 850-923. The stanzaic and rhythmical likeness to Dryden was pointed out as long ago as 1873 (*Notes and Queries*, 4th series, xi 105); see his Song for *The Pilgrim*: 'Song of a Scholar and his Mistress, who being Cross'd by their Friends, fell Mad for one another; and now first meet in Bedlam'. Phyllis sings: 'Shall I Marry the Man I love? / And shall I conclude my Pains? / Now blest be the Powers above, / I feel the Blood bound in my Veins . . . ' Phyllis has said 'For, like him, there is none'; cp. i 600, etc. Cp. *The Rosebud* (II 61). J. H. Mangles recorded, in 1871, T.'s saying that 'Come into the garden, Maud' 'had, & was intended to have, a taint of madness'; 'Hated the valse to which "Come into the garden, Maud", was made to dance. Nothing fit for it but the human voice' (*Tennyson at Aldworth*, ed. E. A. Knies, pp. 69-71). Ian Kennedy compares *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*: T.'s lover 'waits at night as Wilhelm waits . . . outside the house of his beloved and listening to music, which is finally stilled in the late hours, while his lady-love within deals with the undesirable attentions of another suitor' (*PQ* lvii, 1978, 92). *T.MS* has i 850-61, but *HnMS* is then its missing leaves.

855 Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

II

860 For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

III

865 All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

IV

870 I said to the lily, 'There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play.'
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
875 Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

V

I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.

i 855. *rose is*] 1872: roses 1855-70.

i 859. Cp. 'One dark heron flew over the sea, backed by a daffodil sky' (Nov. 1853: *Mem.* i 365).

i 861. *to*] *Not HnMS.*

i 866. *fell . . . waking*] *came . . . morning HnMS 1st reading (as below throughout).*

i 870] *O dancers leave my darling alone, HnMS.*

i 873. *rising*] *breaking HnMS.*

i 874. *sand*] *grass HnMS.*

i 876-7] 'O leave her a little to sweet repose.

You are merry with feast and wine. *HnMS*

880 O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose,
'For ever and ever, mine.'

VI

885 And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

VII

890 From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

VIII

895 The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knewing your promise to me;
900 The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

i 878-9. T. said: 'No reproach for the young lover—now that he feels successful' (*Knowles*).

i 878. *sighs*] looks *HnMS*.

i 879. *one*] a heart *HnMS*.

i 880-81. J. Kolb compares *In Memoriam* cxxix 8: 'Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine'.

i 880. *so I sware*] I said *HnMS*.

i 888. *your . . . left*] you pace and have made *HnMS*.

i 889. *whenever*] it sets when *HnMS*.

i 890. *He sets the*] The dewy *HnMS*.

i 896. *white lake*] water *HnMS*.

i 897. *As the pimpernel*] The daisy *HnMS*.

i 898. *all . . . your*] for thy sweet *HnMS*.

i 899. *Knowing your*] And felt thy *HnMS*.

i 901. *sighed for the*] waited for *HnMS*.

IX

905 Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

X

910 There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near;'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;'
915 And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'

XI

920 She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

i 902. *rosebud*] muskrose *HnMS*.

i 906. *out.*] sweet *HnMS*.

i 916-23. Cp. *To Rosa* i 6-8: 'But all my blood in time to thine shall beat, / Henceforth I lay my pride within the dust / And my whole heart is vassal at thy feet.' Cp. *My life is full* 8-10 (l 384); and *The May Queen: New-Year's Eve* 31-2 (l 457). The romantic prophecy in *Maud* is ironically answered in ii 239-58.

i 918. *her*] it *HnMS*.

i 919. *earth*] hushed *HnMS*. Cp. St Paul on the resurrection of the dead, *1 Corinthians* xv 47. 'The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven.'

i 920-21. J. C. Maxwell compares Propertius, *l xix* 5-6: *non adco leviter noster puer hacsit ocellis, / ut meus oblite pulvis amore vacet*.

i 920. *her*] it *HnMS*. *and beat*] and beat, and beat *HnMS*.

PART II

I

I

- 'The fault was mine, the fault was mine'—
 Why am I sitting here so stunned and still,
 Plucking the harmless wild-flower on the hill?—
 It is this guilty hand!—
- 5 And there rises ever a passionate cry
 From underneath in the darkening land—
 What is it, that has been done?
 O dawn of Eden bright over earth and sky,
 The fires of Hell brake out of thy rising sun,
 10 The fires of Hell and of Hate;
 For she, sweet soul, had hardly spoken a word,
 When her brother ran in his rage to the gate,
 He came with the babe-faced lord;
 Heaped on her terms of disgrace,
 15 And while she wept, and I strove to be cool,
 He fiercely gave me the lie,
 Till I with as fierce an anger spoke,
 And he struck me, madman, over the face,
 Struck me before the languid fool,
 20 Who was gaping and grinning by:
 Struck for himself an evil stroke;
 Wrought for his house an irredeemable woe;
 For front to front in an hour we stood,
 And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke
 25 From the red-ribbed hollow behind the wood,
 And thundered up into Heaven the Christless code,
 That must have life for a blow.

- ii 1. *was ... was*] is ... is *T.MS earlier draft (A) of II i.*
 ii 1 ^ 2] Why do I stare at the far sea-line? *T.MS A.*
 ii 2. *am I sitting*] sit I *T.MS A.*
 ii 5. *there ... ever*] I seem to hear *T.MS A.*
 ii 6. *From ... in*] That rings about *T.MS A.*
 ii 12. Cp. *Edwin Morris* (p. 197).
 ii 17] *Not T.MS A.* *anger*] answer *T.MS later draft (B) 1st reading.*
 ii 18. *he*] *Not T.MS A.*
 ii 19. *Struck me*] *Not T.MS A.*
 ii 21] Laid on me an unbearable load. *T.MS A.*
 ii 22. *Wrought*] And wrought *T.MS A.*
 ii 23-6] For he fell at noon, by the Christless code *T.MS A.*
 ii 27-9. *blow ... eye?*] blow, / Poor angry wretch—in the little wood;
T.MS A

- Ever and ever afresh they seemed to grow.
 Was it he lay there with a fading eye?
 30 'The fault was mine,' he whispered, 'fly!'
 Then glided out of the joyous wood
 The ghastly Wraith of one that I know;
 And there rang on a sudden a passionate cry,
 A cry for a brother's blood:
 35 It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die, till I die.

II

- Is it gone? my pulses beat—
 What was it? a lying trick of the brain?
 Yet I thought I saw her stand,
 A shadow there at my feet,
 40 High over the shadowy land.
 It is gone; and the heavens fall in a gentle rain,
 When they should burst and drown with deluging
 storms
 The feeble vassals of wine and anger and lust,
 The little hearts that know not how to forgive:
 45 Arise, my God, and strike, for we hold Thee just,
 Strike dead the whole weak race of venomous worms,
 That sting each other here in the dust;
 We are not worthy to live.

- ii 30. *was*] is *T.MS A.*
 ii 31-2] *Not T.MS A.*
 ii 33. *And*] But *T.MS A.*
 ii 36-48. T. said: 'It all has to be read like passionate prose' (*Knowles*).
 ii 36-41] *Not T.MS A* (*presumably once there, since it has ll. 43-8*).
 ii 38. *her*] it *T.MS B 1st reading.*
 ii 41. J. Skedd, noting ii 44. compares *The Merchant of Venice* IV i 182-4: 'The quality of mercy is not strained; / It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven / Upon the place beneath'.
 ii 42] Break forth in earthquake and in storms *T.MS A.*
 ii 43] Kill kill the feeble vassals of anger and lust *T.MS A.*
 ii 44. *The little hearts*] *Not T.MS A.*
 ii 45. *Arise ... strike*] Strike dead, O God *T.MS A*; Rise, strike, my God, strike dead *T.MS B.*
 ii 46. *Strike dead*] *Not T.MS A. B.*
 ii 47. *here*] *Not T.MS A.*
 ii 48. *worthy*] fit *T.MS A.*
 ii 49. 'In Brittany. The shell undestroyed amid the storm perhaps symbolises to him his own first and highest nature preserved amid the storms of passion' (T.). This lyric had been written in the 1830s (see headnote). Turner (p. 134) says that these lines were written 'doubtless in response to Lyell's remark (ii

II

I

50 See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well
55 With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

II

60 What is it? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

III

65 The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurled,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Through his dim water-world?

IV

70 Slight, to be crushed with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap

281): "It sometimes appears extraordinary when we observe the violence of the breakers on our coast . . . that many tender and fragile shells should inhabit the sea in the immediate vicinity of this turmoil".

ii 57. *What is it?*] If I were *T.MS 1st reading*.

ii 58. *Could*] I could *T.MS 1st reading*.

ii 67-8. Cp. Keats. *Endymion* iii 101-3: 'A moon-beam to the deep, deep water-world, / To find Endymion. On gold sand impearl'd / With lily shells, and pebbles milky white . . .'

ii 67. *golden*] rosy *T.MS*.

75 The three decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

V

80 Breton, not Briton; here
Like a shipwrecked man on a coast
Of ancient fable and fear--
Plagued with a fitting to and fro,
A disease, a hard mechanic ghost
That never came from on high
Nor ever arose from below,
85 But only moves with the moving eye,
Flying along the land and the main--
Why should it look like Maud?
Am I to be overawed
By what I cannot but know
90 Is a juggle born of the brain?

VI

95 Back from the Breton coast,
Sick of a nameless fear,
Back to the dark sea-line
Looking, thinking of all I have lost;
An old song vexes my ear;
But that of Lamech is mine.

ii 78-80] Here on the Breton coast

Pacing beside the main *T.MS earlier drafts (A) of II v-vi, ix only*

ii 81-2] Vext with a hard mechanic ghost *T.MS A*.

ii 82. 90. Adapted from *Oh! that 'twere possible* 83-4 (1837): 'By a dull mechanic ghost / And a juggle of the brain.' See l. 141*n*.

ii 83-6] *Not T.MS A*.

ii 87-8] That looks a little like Maud

But I will not be overawed *T.MS A*

ii 89-90] By a juggle born of the brain. *T.MS A and later draft (B), B ending with ?*

ii 92] *Not T.MS A. nameless fear. The Vision of Sin* 52. *MS*.

ii 93. 10] over *T.MS A 1st reading*.

ii 94. *thinking of*] and sighing for *T.MS A*.

ii 95] *Not T.MS A*.

ii 96. *But that*] The song *T.MS A*. T. cites *Genesis* iv 23, 'I have slain a man to my wounding, and a young man to my hurt.'

VII

For years, a measureless ill,
 For years, for ever, to part--
 But she, she would love me still;
 100 And as long, O God, as she
 Have a grain of love for me,
 So long, no doubt, no doubt,
 Shall I nurse in my dark heart,
 However weary, a spark of will
 105 Not to be trampled out.

VIII

Strange, that the mind, when fraught
 With a passion so intense
 One would think that it well
 Might drown all life in the eye,--
 110 That it should, by being so overwrought,
 Suddenly strike on a sharper sense
 For a shell, or a flower, little things
 Which else would have been past by!
 And now I remember, I,
 115 When he lay dying there,
 I noticed one of his many rings
 (For he had many, poor worm) and thought
 It is his mother's hair.

IX

Who knows if he be dead?
 120 Whether I need have fled?
 Am I guilty of blood?
 However this may be,
 Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,
 While I am over the sea!
 125 Let me and my passionate love go by,

ii 104] One spark of a fiery will *T.MS B.*

ii 106-18] *Cut away from T.MS B.*

ii 108. T. said: 'I remember that *shell* did rhyme to *well*—but I forget how it dropped out of the rhyme' (*Knowles*).

ii 119] I have not heard he is dead. *T.MS A 1st reading.*

ii 120-22] Perhaps I need not have fled.
 I may not be guilty of blood
 But howsoever it be *T.MS A*

ii 124. 127] *Transposed in T.MS A.*

ii 125] *T.MS A has this as l. 128.*

But speak to her all things holy and high,
 Whatever happen to me!
 Me and my harmful love go by;
 But come to her waking, find her asleep,
 130 Powers of the height, Powers of the deep,
 And comfort her though I die.

III

Courage, poor heart of stone!
 I will not ask thee why
 Thou canst not understand
 135 That thou art left for ever alone:
 Courage, poor stupid heart of stone.—
 Or if I ask thee why,
 Care not thou to reply:
 She is but dead, and the time is at hand
 140 When thou shalt more than die.

IV

I

O that 'twere possible
 After long grief and pain

ii 126. *But*] *Not T.MS A.*

ii 128. [^] 9] *T.MS A has ll. 123, 126 deleted (and see l. 125 n).*

ii 129. *But*] *Added in T.MS A.*

ii 130. *height.*] *height and T.MS A.*

ii 131. *And*] *Not T.MS A.*

ii 132-40] 1856; *not 1855.* T.'s wife Emily (30 Aug. 1855) told Edward Lear that this ('the saddest possible little poem') was written prior to 11 Aug. (*Lincoln*). But the sadness is tempered by *Ezekiel xi 19*: 'And I will give them one heart, and I will put a new spirit within you; and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh.' Cp. i 268. T. said of III: 'Here he comes back to England and London. There was another poem about London & the streets at night—"When all the scum of night & hell boils from the cellar & the sewer" was part of it' (*Knowles*). T. told J. H. Mangles in 1871 that 'The passage beginning "Courage, poor heart of stone" was put in after first publication because people would not understand that Maud was dead' (*Tennyson at Aldworth*, ed. E. A. Knies, p. 70).

i 141-238. This section, 'O that 'twere possible', was written 1833-4, and published 1837 (p. 988). All variants from *Heath MS* (two drafts, A, B) and from 1837 are given below. (Unless differentiated, 1837 subsumes *H.MS*, *Heath MS A-B* in the following notes.) *H.Nbk 13* (which has a draft of the original *Oh! that 'twere possible* 1-16, 23-35, 42-8, 58-64; see p. 988) has therein the text of *Heath A* and *Heath A 1st reading*. *T. Nbk 21* has the text

To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

II

145 When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the home that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter sweeter
150 Than anything on earth.

III

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee:
Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
155 The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

IV

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
160 At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

V

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after

of *Heath MS* except at i 153. 205. The links with *In Memoriam* have often been noticed; see G. O. Marshall, *PMLA* lxxviii (1963) 225-9. The opening resembles the famous early sixteenth-century lyric: 'Westron winde, when wilt thou blow, / The smalle raine downe can raine? / Christ if my love were in my armes, / And I in my bed againe.'

ii 147. *By the home*] 1856; *Of the land* 1837, 1855.

ii 151. Shelley, *Hellas* 716-7: 'What shadow flits / Before?'

ii 153. *Al*] *Oh T.Nbk* 21. *Christ*] *Heath A-B*: God 1837. In 'Tennyson and Musset' (1881), Swinburne compared these lines with Webster's *Duchess of Malfi* IV ii 20-24: 'O that it were possible we might / But hold some two days' conference with the dead, / From them I should learn somewhat. I am sure / I never shall know here:—I'll tell thee a miracle—/ I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.'

ii 157-62] *Not Heath A*.

ii 158. *It*] *And Heath B*.

ii 164] *Heath A-B*; not 1837. *Half*] *Or Heath A 1st reading*.

165 The delight of early skies;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
170 The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

VI

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendour falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls;
175 'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings;
In a moment we shall meet;
180 She is singing in the meadow
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

VII

185 Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,

ii 165] Her hands, her lips, her eyes, *Heath A*; The hand, the lips, the eyes, *Heath B*; not 1837.

ii 166-7] *Not Heath A-B* (see l. 165*ii*).

ii 168] *Not Heath A-B*. *the morrow*] tomorrow 1837.

ii 169] The [*Her Heath A*] winsome laughter. *Heath B*.

ii 170] *Not Heath A-B*. *low replies*: *Life of the Life* 8.

ii 171-83] *Not 1837*.

ii 172. *a dewy splendour*: Shelley, *Witch of Atlas* 78, which goes on to describe 'A lovely lady garmented in light'. Cp. the song in *The Princess*, 'The splendour falls on castle walls'.

ii 176. Cp. *Mariana in the South* 40, MS: 'That never felt the shadow fleet'.

ii 184-90] *Do*] *And Heath A-B*] I hear the pleasant ditty,
That I heard her [*She was wont to Heath A*] chant of old?

1837

I hear] the sound of *Heath A 1st reading*.

ii 187-9. T. said: 'Perhaps the sound of a cab in the street suggests this cry of recollection' (*Knowles*).

190 There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is rolled;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake, my dream is fled;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
195 That abiding phantom cold.

VIII

Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about!
200 'Tis the blot upon the brain
That will show itself without.

IX

205 Then I rise, the cavedrops fall,
And the yellow vapours choke
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

X

Through the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame,

- ii 189. *sullen thunder*: Shelley, *Revolt of Islam* VI xiv 5.
ii 191. *And*] But 1837.
ii 192. *shuddering*] glimmering *Heath A.* *dawn*] grey *Heath A-B.*
1837 transposes ll. 192, 193; the original order in *Heath MS* was: 191,
192, 194, 193, 195.
ii 195. *abiding*] dreadful *Heath A-B.*
ii 196-207] Not *Heath A.* 1837 (unlike *Heath B*) places ll. 196-201 after
l. 238.
ii 197, 199] Transposed in 1837 (unlike *Heath B*).
ii 197. *Mix not*] Mixing *Heath B.*
ii 198. Cp. In *Memoriam* lxxviii 14 (1850 reading): 'type of pain'.
ii 200. Cp. In *Memoriam* xcii 1-3: 'If any vision should reveal / Thy
likeness, I might count it vain / As but the canker of the brain.'
ii 205. *The*] And *Heath B*; not *T.Nbk* 21.
ii 206. *Wrapt in drifts*] In a drift *Heath B.* *lurid smoke*: Shelley, *Prome-
theus Unbound* II iv 151.
ii 208. *the hubbub of the market*: *The Ante-Chamber* 21.

210 It crosses here, it crosses there,
Through all that crowd confused and loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

XI

215 Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering through the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
220 Of the old manorial hall.

XII

Would the happy spirit descend,
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
225 Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say 'Forgive the wrong,'
Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest'?

XIII

230 But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me:

- ii 210. *crosses . . . crosses*] *crosseth . . . crosseth* 1837.
ii 215-20] Not *Heath A.*
ii 221-8] Not *Heath A-B*; 1837 after l. 220 runs: 229-38, 196-201, 221-8
(but omitting 222 and 226); it then adds a further thirty-four lines (see
p. 991).
ii 228. *regions*] region 1837.
ii 229-31] Not *Heath A.*
ii 229. *But she*] *The Heath B*; Then the 1837.
ii 230. *shadow*] sunk eye 1837.
ii 232-4. Cp. Hallam to J. Frere: 'There is a rapture truly in walking about the
streets without knowing a face one meets!' (23 Dec. 1828; *AHH*, p. 260).
ii 232. *And*] Not 1837.

235 Always I long to creep
 Into some still cavern deep,
 There to weep, and weep, and weep
 My whole soul out to thee.

V

I

240 Dead, long dead,
 Long dead!
 And my heart is a handful of dust,
 And the wheels go over my head,
 And my bones are shaken with pain,
 For into a shallow grave they are thrust,
 245 Only a yard beneath the street,
 And the hoofs of the horses beat,

ii 235-8. T. said: 'I've often felt this in London' (*Knowles*).

ii 236. *Into*] *To* 1837.

ii 237. *There to*] *And Heath A-B*; *And to* 1837.

ii 238. Cp. *Song [A spirit haunts]* 16: 'My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves'.

ii 239 ff. T. said of II v: 'This was written in 20 minutes' (*Knowles*; likewise to J. H. Mangies in 1871: 'He called out to his wife, "Now I am going to begin the mad scene". & in 20 minutes it was done', *Tennyson at Aldworth*, ed. E. A. Knies, p. 69). 'About the mad-scene one of the best-known doctors for the insane wrote that it was "the most faithful representation of madness since Shakespear' (*Mem.* i 398). Campbell's *The Death-Boat of Heligoland* (written 1828) begins: 'Can restlessness reach the cold sepulchred head?— / Ay, the quick have their sleep-walkers, so have the dead. / There are brains, though they moulder, that dream in the tomb. / And that maddening forehear the last trumpet of doom.' The eleventh line of Campbell's poem says: 'The foam of the Baltic had sparkled like fire'; cp. iii 51. J. C. Maxwell compares *The Old Curiosity Shop*, chapter I: 'That constant pacing to and fro, that never-ending restlessness, that incessant tread of feet wearing the rough stones smooth and glossy—is it not a wonder how the dwellers in narrow ways can bear to hear it! Think of a sick man . . . think of the hum and noise being always present to his senses, and of the stream of life that will not stop, pouring on, on, on, through all his restless dreams, as if he were condemned to lie, dead but conscious, in a noisy churchyard, and had no hope of rest for centuries to come!'

ii 241. *heart*] *brain* *T.MS 1st reading*. Cp. *The Lotus-Eaters* 113: 'Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass'.

ii 243. *arc . . . with*] though dead are full of *T.MS 1st reading*.

The hoofs of the horses beat,
 Beat into my scalp and my brain,
 With never an end to the stream of passing feet,
 250 Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,
 Clamour and rumble, and ringing and clatter,
 And here beneath it is all as bad,
 For I thought the dead had peace, but it is not so;
 To have no peace in the grave, is that not sad?
 255 But up and down and to and fro,
 Ever about me the dead men go;
 And then to hear a dead man chatter
 Is enough to drive one mad.

II

260 Wretchedest age, since Time began,
 They cannot even bury a man;
 And though we paid our tithes in the days that are gone,
 Not a bell was rung, not a prayer was read;
 It is that which makes us loud in the world of the dead;
 There is none that does his work, not one;
 265 A touch of their office might have sufficed,
 But the churchmen fain would kill their church,
 As the churches have killed their Christ.

III

See, there is one of us sobbing,
 No limit to his distress;
 270 And another, a lord of all things, praying
 To his own great self, as I guess;

ii 248 ^ 9] All the roar of the street *T.MS del.*

ii 249-50] *Transposed in T.MS but then marked for reversal.*

ii 249. *With never an*] There is no *T.MS 1st reading*.

ii 251. *rumble . . . ringing*] *gabble . . . cackle T.MS 1st reading.*

ii 252. *beneath*] in the grave *T.MS 1st reading.*

ii 256] The dead men trample as they go *T.MS 1st reading.*

ii 257. Cp. *The Coach of Death* 95: 'The chattering of the fleshless jaws'.

ii 261. *And though*] *Not T.MS.*

ii 262. *Not . . . nang.*] But over us *T.MS.*

ii 263. *It . . . us*] That makes us so *T.MS.*

ii 265. *their*] his *T.MS.*

ii 268. *See.*] *T.MS 1st reading*; *Lo!* *T.MS.*

ii 270. *a . . . praying*] musical puppet [fool *1st reading*] is playing *T.MS. T.*: 'I put "a God Almighty" first, which is a usual form of madness' (*Knowles*).

ii 271] *Not T.MS.*

And another, a statesman there, betraying
 His party-secret, fool, to the press;
 And yonder a vile physician, blabbing
 275 The case of his patient—all for what?
 To tickle the maggot born in an empty head,
 And wheedle a world that loves him not,
 For it is but a world of the dead.

IV

Nothing but idiot gabble!
 280 For the prophecy given of old
 And then not understood,
 Has come to pass as foretold;
 Not let any man think for the public good,
 But babble, merely for babble.
 285 For I never whispered a private affair
 Within the hearing of cat or mouse,
 No, not to myself in the closet alone,
 But I heard it shouted at once from the top of the house;
 Everything came to be known.
 290 Who told *him* we were there?

ii 272. *another, a*] a silly *T.M.S* 1st reading.

ii 273. *, fool,]* Added in *T.M.S.*

ii 274-5. T. said: 'the doctor of the madhouse' (*Knowles*). Possibly recalling Dr Allen: in Allen's *Essay on the Classification of the Insane* (Lincoln, 1837). Case No. 22 is one 'whose mind was instantly wrecked by the female of his heart unexpectedly marrying another the very day previous to that on which she had promised to be made his own for ever'.

ii 275. *The . . . -]* His patient's ailment [case 1st reading]—and *T.M.S.*

ii 276-8] To tickle [please 1st reading] a world of the dead that loves [heeds 1st reading] him not. *T.M.S.*

ii 281] Discredited by the rabble *T.M.S* 1st reading; Is now fulfilled by the rabble *T.M.S* 2nd reading.

ii 282. *Has]* It has *T.M.S* 2nd reading.

ii 283-4] But not virtue's sake, merely for babble *T.M.S* 1st reading.

ii 285. *For . . . whispered]* Wilt [Darest 1st reading] thou whisper *T.M.S.*

ii 286] But tell not thou thy secret to the mouse *T.M.S.*

ii 287-8. *Luke* xii 3: 'Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light: and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops.'

ii 287. *myself]* thyself *T.M.S.*

ii 288. *But . . . it]* It is *T.M.S.*

ii 289] And everything is known. *T.M.S* del., with nothing then supplied.

ii 290. *Who]* For who *T.M.S.*

V

Not that gray old wolf, for he came not back
 From the wilderness, full of wolves, where he used to lie;
 He has gathered the bones for his o'ergrown whelp to
 crack;
 Crack them now for yourself, and howl, and die.

VI

295 Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
 And curse me the British vermin, the rat;
 I know not whether he came in the Hanover ship,
 But I know that he lies and listens mute
 In an ancient mansion's crannies and holes:
 300 Arsenic, arsenic, sure, would do it,
 Except that now we poison our babes, poor souls!
 It is all used up for that.

VII

Tell him now: she is standing here at my head;
 Not beautiful now, not even kind;
 305 He may take her now; for she never speaks her mind,
 But is ever the one thing silent here.
 She is not *of* us, as I divine;

ii 291-302] Not *T.M.S.*

ii 291. See i 471.

ii 294. 'For his son is, he thinks, dead' (T.).

ii 296-7. 'The Norwegian rat has driven out the old English rat' (T.). H.T. adds: 'The Jacobites asserted that the brown Norwegian rat came to England with the House of Hanover, 1714, and hence called it "the Hanover rat".'

ii 300. *sure]* 1856: *sur* 1855. Cp. *Lear* IV vi 89-90: 'Peace, peace: this piece of toasted cheese will do it'.

ii 301. *babes]* wives *proofs*.

ii 303] She is here at my bed. *Simeon MS* (draft of ll. 303-320, 334): Why is she always standing at my head *T.M.S*, which then adds: They may tell him now. The *Simeon MS* was printed, with a facsimile, by W. E. Fredeman, Christmas 1982. *him*: 'her old Father'; tell 'how we met in the garden' (T., *Knowles*).

ii 304] She is ghostly [ghastly?] now she is not kind *Simeon MS*; She is not beautiful now she is not kind *T.M.S* 1st reading.

ii 305] What ails her she never tells her mind *Simeon MS*, and *T.M.S* which has that she. *T.M.S* then adds: Let him take her now

ii 306] She alone is silent here. *Simeon MS*. *ever]* Not *T.M.S.*

ii 307] Not *Simeon MS*. *as]* Added in *T.M.S.*

She comes from another stiller world of the dead,
Stiller, not fairer than mine.

VIII

- 310 But I know where a garden grows,
Fairer than aught in the world beside,
All made up of the lily and rose
That blow by night, when the season is good,
To the sound of dancing music and flutes:
315 It is only flowers, they had no fruits,
And I almost fear they are not roses, but blood;
For the keeper was one, so full of pride,
He linkt a dead man there to a spectral bride;
For he, if he had not been a Sultan of brutes,
320 Would he have that hole in his side?

IX

But what will the old man say?
He laid a cruel snare in a pit

- ii 308. *stiller*] Not *Simeon MS*: added in *T.MS*.
ii 309] That is stiller than mine *Simeon MS* which has above not sweeter. *Stiller, not fairer*] That is stiller, not sweeter *T.MS*: But it seems no fairer *T.MS* alternative.
ii 310] I know [] Garden where the rose tree shoots *Simeon MS*.
ii 311-12] More sweeter than in all the world wide *Simeon MS*: Sweeter than all in the whole world wide *T.MS*.
ii 313-14] Transposed in *T.MS*.
ii 313. *blow by night*,] is *Simeon MS, T.MS*.
ii 314] Not *Simeon MS*. To] Blows to *T.MS*. *music*] Not *T.MS*.
ii 315] A garden of flowers, for it had [flowers: it has *Simeon MS*] no fruits *Simeon MS, T.MS*.
ii 316. *I almost fear*] Not *Simeon MS 1st reading*. *almost*] Not *T.MS*.
ii 317] Not *Simeon MS, T.MS*.
ii 318] For there a dead man wooed a dying bride *Simeon MS*. *He linkt*] For there did *T.MS*. *dead man*: 'himself in his fancy' (T.). *there to*] woo for *T.MS*.
ii 319] If he had not been the prince of brutes *Simeon MS*. For] And *T.MS*. a *Sultan*] the prince *T.MS, proofs*. (A later *T.MS* draft of ll. 310-20 is as published except for this last variant.)
ii 320. Turner (pp. 146-7) discusses Dr Allen's influence on the madhouse lines, and says here: 'suggested by the patient who "thought he was Jesus Christ", but was cured of the delusion when told that the "hole in the side" that he was always pointing at was on the wrong side'.
ii 322. *laid*] that *T.MS*, presumably for that laid. *cruel*] Not *T.MS*.

- To catch a friend of mine one stormy day;
Yet now I could even weep to think of it;
325 For what will the old man say
When he comes to the second corpse in the pit?

X

- Friend, to be struck by the public foe,
Then to strike him and lay him low,
That were a public merit, far,
330 Whatever the Quaker holds, from sin;
But the red life spilt for a private blow—
I swear to you, lawful and lawless war
Are scarcely even akin.

XI

- O me, why have they not buried me deep enough?
335 Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough,
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper?
Maybe still I am but half-dead;
Then I cannot be wholly dumb;
I will cry to the steps above my head
340 And somebody, surely, some kind heart will come
To bury me, bury me
Deeper, ever so little deeper.

- ii 323. *a friend of mine*: 'his own father' (T., *Knowles*).
ii 324. *weep*] cry *T.MS*.
ii 326. *comes to*] finds *T.MS*. *second corpse*: 'of his own son' (T., *Knowles*).
ii 327] To kill the public foe. *T.MS 1st reading*. *Friend*] Sir *T.MS*.
ii 328. *Then*] Added in *T.MS*.
ii 329] Is a public merit I hold and far *T.MS 1st reading*.
ii 330. *holds*] says *T.MS 1st reading*.
ii 331. *the ... spilt*] murder done *T.MS 1st reading*.
ii 332-3. T. said: 'He feels that he is getting a little too sensible in this remark' (*Knowles*).
ii 332. *swear to*] tell *T.MS 1st reading*.
ii 334-42. See i 916-23n.
ii 334. *why have they*] they have *T.MS 1st reading, with no final* ?
ii 335. *Is*] Was *T.MS*. *Is ... to*] Or they *T.MS 1st reading*. *me*] Added in *T.MS*.
ii 336] For one that never was a quiet sleeper *T.MS 1st reading, with no final* ?
ii 337. *Maybe still*] Or maybe yet *T.MS 1st reading*.
ii 338. *Then*] And then *T.MS*.
ii 339. *steps*] feet *T.MS 1st reading*.
ii 340. *surely*] Added in *T.MS*. *will*] may *T.MS 1st reading*.
ii 341] Added in *T.MS*.
ii 342. *Deeper*,] And bury me *T.MS 1st reading*; Bury me *T.MS*.

PART III

VI

I

My life has crept so long on a broken wing
 Through cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear,
 That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing:
 My mood is changed, for it fell at a time of year
 5 When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,
 And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer
 And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns
 Over Orion's grave low down in the west,
 That like a silent lightning under the stars
 She seemed to divide in a dream from a band of the
 10 blest,
 And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars—
 'And in that hope, dear soul, let trouble have rest,
 Knowing I tarry for thee,' and pointed to Mars
 As he glowed like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast.

II

15 And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear delight
 To have looked, though but in a dream, upon eyes so
 fair,
 That had been in a weary world my one thing bright;
 And it was but a dream, yet it lightened my despair
 When I thought that a war would arise in defence of
 the right,
 20 That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,
 The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,
 Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionaire:
 No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace

iii 'Sane, but shattered. Written when the cannon was heard booming from the battleships in the Solent before the Crimean War' (T.). When T. made the division for Part III in 1865, he did not start again with the numbering of sections, as he had with Part II; this may have been an omission, but it has the effect of linking Parts II and III more closely than I and II.

iii 2. *cells of madness*: *The Two Voices* 371.

iii 6. *shining daffodil*] sweet Narcissus *trial edition*.

iii 13-14. T. wrote, 17 March 1854 (*Trinity College*): 'A boy was born last night—a stout little fellow. Mars was culminating in the Lion—docs that mean soldiery?' The Lion represents Britain.

iii 19 ff. For war in a just cause as contrasted with despairing self-absorption. cp. *The Two Voices* 124-56 (pp. 108-9).

iii 23-8. B. Richards notes: 'For a representation in Victorian painting of the

Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
 25 And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,
 Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,
 And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
 Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

III

And as months ran on and rumour of battle grew,
 30 'It is time, it is time, O passionate heart,' said I
 (For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and
 true),
 'It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
 That old hysterical mock-disease should die.'
 And I stood on a giant deck and mixed my breath
 35 With a loyal people shouting a battle cry,
 Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
 Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

IV

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
 Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
 40 And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
 Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;
 And hail once more to the banner of battle unrolled!
 Though many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
 For those that are crushed in the clash of jarring claims,
 45 Yet God's just wrath shall be wreaked on a giant liar;
 And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
 And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
 And noble thought be freer under the sun,

image of peace, similarly portrayed, see Edwin Landseer's *Time of Peace* (1846), reproduced in Allen Staley, *The Pre-Raphaelite Landscape* (1973) plate 29b' (*English Verse 1830-1890*, 1980, p. 172). Turner (p. 138) notes: 'Theocritus, *Idyll* xvi, which complains of the age's commercial greed, celebrates the approach of war against the Phoenicians (traditionally as dishonest as the Russian Czar), and contains a prototype for T.'s image of cobwebs "woven across the cannon's throat" (as well as for his earlier phrase "the mattock-hardened hand". I xviii 632).

iii 36. *phantom*: 'of Maud' (T., *Knowles*). As G. O. Marshall points out, Maud's ghost takes a dual form; the 'ghastly Wraith' of ii 32, 82, 90, and the blessed spirit of iii 10.

iii 43-5] For many shall triumph and some shall fall asleep
 In wreaking Heaven's just doom on a crafty liar

ULC MS (draft of iii 43-53)

iii 45. *wrath*] 1856; doom 1855. *liar*: 'The Czar' (T., *Knowles*).

iii 46-7. *And ... the*] *Not ULC MS*.

iii 48] *Not ULC MS*.

And the heart of a people beat with one desire;
For the peace, that I deemed no peace, is over and
50 done,

And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,
And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.

v

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are

55 noble still,
And myself have awakened, as it seems, to the better
mind;

It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill;
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my
kind,

I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assigned.

[1857. *The Marriage of Geraint, Geraint and Enid, and Merlin
and Vivien*—see pp. 735, 761, 805.

1859. *Lancelot and Elaine and Guinevere*—see pp. 834, 941]

iii 50. *peace* . . . no] 1856: long, long canker of 1855. The original reading had been deplored by Tait's *Edinburgh Magazine*, Sept. 1855: 'If any man comes forward to say or sing that the slaughter of 30,000 Englishmen in the Crimea tends to prevent women poisoning their babies, for the sake of the burial fees, in Birmingham, he is bound to show cause, and not bewilder our notions of morals and of lexicography by calling thirty years of intermitted war (absolute peace we have not had during the interval) a "long, long canker of peace".' Turner (p. 141) notes: 'A leader in *The Times* asked (14 Feb. 1855): "What if . . . 'the cankers of a long peace' should be found almost as destructive as the more confessed plagues of war?"; the phrase being quoted from Falstaff: 'the cankers of a calm world and a long peace' (*2 Henry IV* ii 29).

iii 51. *side*] shore *ULC MS.* and *the*] and *ULC MS.*

iii 52. *And*] And the *ULC MS.*

iii 54–9] 1856, not 1855. A British Library copy of 1855 (first American edition) has cancelled drafts of this last stanza, which show T. attempting to relate the war to the love for Maud:

Let it go or stay, so I walk henceforth resigned
By the light of a love not lost, with a purer mind
And rejoice in my native land, and am one with my kind.

Also: 'And I rise from a life half-lost with a better mind . . .'. Of l. 57, T. said: 'Take this with the first where he railed at everything—He is not quite sane—a little shattered' (*Knoules*).

324 Tithonus

Published *Cornhill Magazine*, Feb. 1860; then 1864.

In 1859 Thackeray importuned T. for a poem to be published in his *Cornhill* (first number, Jan. 1860; *Letters*, ed. G. N. Ray, iv (1946) 168). T. says: 'My friend Thackeray and his publishers had been so urgent with me to send them something, that I ferreted among my old books and found this *Tithonus*, written upwards of a quarter of a century ago. . . . It was originally a pendant to the *Ulysses* in my former volumes, and I wanted Smith to insert a letter, not of mine, to the editor stating this, and how long ago it had been written, but he thought it would lower the value of the contribution in the public eye' (*Mem.* i 459; see *Letters* ii 605, 26 Dec. 1859). At the end of a proof of 1860, T. added the date '1833' and then deleted it (*Lincoln*). The poem was originally written in a shorter form. *Tithon.* in 1833 (p. 992); all the revisions from the *Heath MS.* are below, given as *Tithon.* There is a discussion of them by M. J. Donahue. *PMLA* lxiv (1949) 400–16, where *Tithon.* was first printed, and by L. K. Hughes. *PQ* lviii (1979) 82–9. There are two earlier drafts in *T. Nbk 20* (1833; *T. MS A* and *B*). *T. Nbk 21* is as *Heath MS* except for the variants given at l. 4. T. revised it in Nov. – Dec. 1859 (*Mem.* i 443. *Mat.* ii 240), which suggests that T.'s mind may have been turned to the poem by a letter, 10 April 1859, from Jowett who had just visited the grave of Arthur Hallam: 'It is a strange feeling about those who are taken young that while we are getting old and dusty they are as they were' (*Lincoln*). T. wrote to Sarah Prinsep, late March or early April 1859, in terms which are like a comic counterpart to the poem's sorrow: 'And O princess, with respect to the Heavens and the Earth, have regard to me, a silverheaded many wrinkled man, if you that are everblooming, always believed to be your own daughter, and know no touch of time, can sympathize with decadence and infirmity' (*Letters* ii 220). For the delay in publication, cp. *On a Mourner* (*p.* 135), which is also on the death of Hallam, written 1833 but not published till 1865.

Written after the shock of Hallam's death, the poem is a companion to *Ulysses* (*p.* 158) and *Tiresias* (l 622), begun at the same time. T. turned to a classical story for an insight into mortality, and here explores the possibility that immortality would not simply in itself be a blessing. Cp. *Ulysses* (the need for the courage of life), and *Tiresias* (the courage of self-sacrifice). The theme may have been influenced by the grief of T.'s sister Emily (Hallam's betrothed); she wrote to T., 12 July 1834: 'What is life to me! if I die (which the Tennysons never do)' (*Mem.* i 135, cited by Miss Donahue). As Miss Donahue says, 'It is not that anything so obvious and simple as the identification of Eos [Aurora] with Hallam is possible or that the emotional relationship between Tennyson and Hallam is wholly clarified by *Tithonus*. But it is clear that, in choosing the mask of Tithonus, Tennyson reached out to two of the most basic symbols, those of love between man and woman and the frustration of love by age, to express the