

Birds and Flowers
in
Tennyson's Poetry.

Graduating Thesis
by

W. H. Goodwin.

of the
Kansas State Agricultural College.
June 1905.

From
Vols. I, II, III, and IV,
Riverside Press Edition,
published by
Houghton Mifflin & Co.

Introduction.

724

In the following quotations no special system of classification has been adopted and all the quotations, which the subject includes, have been taken without especial regard to beauty of language or thought. The numbers of the volumes are given in the center of the page in Roman numerals and also the title of the poem from which the quotation is taken, while the references are given immediately after the quotation. The references are given for the "Riverside Press Edition" which is published by "Houghton Mifflin & Co."

To a lover of nature nothing is more interesting than its study, either in books or as you observe it. Anyone who may become interested enough, to read these quotations, will find them, I trust both pleasing and instructive and so I leave you to judge, hoping that you gain as much from their perusal as he, who has selected them.

W. H. G.

Part I.

Birds.

Vol I

New Years Eve:-

Before the red cock crows from the farm
upon the hill.

Stanza 9. line 3.

Rosalind:-

My frolic falcon with bright eyes.

Page 13.

line 2.

Chanore: (My life is Full):-

The sparrows chirp on the roof.

Page 61.

The Millers Daughter:-

And thro' damp holla new flushed with May,

Ring sudden scritch of the jay.

Page 94

Stanza 94 lines 9th & 10th

Aenone:-

Each morn my ship was broken thro'
By some wild skylark's matin song.

Page 107.

Stanza 19.

The Palace of Art:-
The snowy peak and snow white cataract
Foster'd the callow eagle.

Page 114

The Palace of Art:-
Or else flushed Gany mede, his rosy thigh
Half buried in the Eagle's down.
Stanza 31.

The Palace of Art:-
No nightingale delighteth to prolong
Her low preambles all alone.
Page 115. Stanza 44.

Pictures: (The Gardener's Daughter)
An whispers, like the whispers of the leaves
That tremble around a nightingale.
Page 74.

Audley Court:-
Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay.
Page 180.

And while the blackbird on the puffin hung.
Page 181.

Pictures:-

From the woods
 Came voices of the well-contented doves,
 The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
 But shook his song together as he soared
 He is happy home, the ground. To left and right
 The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;
 The mellow organ fluted in the elm;
 The redcap whistled; and the nightingale
 Sang aloud as tho' he were a bird of day.

Page 170.

Walking To The Inn:-

Ay, ay, the blossom fades and they that loved
 At first like dove and dove, were cat and dog.

Page 183.

The Talking Oak:-

On which the gloomy brewer's soul
 Went by me like a stork.

Page 197. Stanza 14.

And livelier than a lark.

Page 199

Stanza 31.

St Simeon Stylites:-

I drowned whoopings of the owl with sound
Of pious hymns.

Page 190.

The Golden Year:-

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?

If all the world were falcons, what of that?

The wonder of the eagle were the less

But he not less the eagle.

Page 208.

Locksley Hall:-

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes
upon the robin's breast;

In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets
himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on
the burnished dove;

In the Spring the young man's fancy light-
ly turns to thoughts of love;

Page 214 Stanzas 9 and 10.

Locksley Hall:-

As the many wintered crow that leads
The clanging rookery home.

Page 217. Stanza 34.

Day Dream:- (The Sleeping Palace)

The peacock in his laurel bowers,
The parrot in his gilded wires
Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs.

Page 226. Stanzas 2 and 3.

Amphion:-

The very sparrows in the hedge
Scarce answer to my whistle?

Page 237. Stanza 9.

The Eagle:-

Sometimes the linnet piped his song
Sometimes the thrush whistled strong
Sometimes the spar-hawk whistled along.

Page 263.

Supposed Confessions:-

Let thy dove

Shadow me over and my sins be unremembered.

Page 13.

To — :-

Than he that warbles long and loud
And drops at Glory's temple gates
For whom the carrion vulture waits
To tear his breast before the crowd.
Page 274 Stanza 9.

Vol. II

Allymers Field:-

Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.
Page 13.

Like the hawk's cast.

Page 32.

To Rev. D. F. Maurice:-

And only hear the magpie gossip
Garulous under a roof of pine.
Page 78. Stanza 5.

Minnie and Winnie:-

Started a green linnet out of the croft.
Page 92. Stanza 5.

In the Garden at Swainston:-
 Nightingales warble without
 Within was weeping for thee.
 Nightingales sang in the woods
 The master was far away.
 Nightingales warbled and sang
 Of a passion that lasts but a day.
 Page 90. Stanza 1 and 2.

Boadicea:-
 Must the ravening eagle's beak & talon
 Annihilate us?
 Page 93. Stanza 2.

Tho' the Roman Eagle shadow thee.
 Page 94

Ay:-
 Be merry in heaven, O larks, and far away.
 Page 108

Spring:-

And you my wren with a crown of gold

You my Queen of the wrens:

You the Queen of the wrens -

We'll be birds of a feather.

I'll be king of the Queen of the wrens,
And all in a nest together.

Page 106.

A Lover's Tale:-

The sound of one-another's voices more

I than the gray cuckoo loves his name.

Page 120.

Cries the partridge like a rusty key

Turned in a lock, ow-whoop, and dor-hawk whoops
Awoke me not.

Page 138.

The First Quarrel:-

"I'll never love any but you," the morning song of the lark
"I'll never love any but you," the nightingale's hymn in the dark.

Page 138.

Sir John Oldcastle:-

Fluttering the hawks of the crown husting him.
Page 190.

The Voyage of Ortelstone:-

And the daws flew out of the Towers and
jangled and wrangled in vain
Page 206.

Montenegro:-

They rose to where the sovereign eagle sank.
Page 236.

The Battle of Brunanburh:-

Left for the whitetailed eagle to tear it and
Left for the honeyribbed raven to rend it, and
Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to gorge it.
Page 240

Sonnet:-

The nightingale with long and low preamble,
Page 246.

Early Spring:-

The blackbirds have their wills
The throats, too

Page 246.

The blackbirds have their wills
And poets, too.

Page 247.

Despair:-

When the bat comes out of his cave and
owls are whooping at noon.

Page 253.

Demeter and Persephone:-

A sudden nightingale
Saw the tree and flashed into a frolic of song.

Page 270.

The Ring:-

With april and with swallow.

Page 284.

I heard the sober rook
And carrion crow cry, "Mortgage".

Page 287.

Forlorn:-

On the night: O the night
When owls are wailing.

Page 297.

Happy:- (The Lepers Bride):-

Why wail you pretty plover? and what is it
that you fear
And there the heron rises from his watch
beside the mere.

Page 299.

Happy:-

My beauty lured that falcon from his
syry on the fell.

Page 302.

To Mary Boyle:-

I heard
One cuckoo call.

Page 318.

The Progress of Spring:-

Up leaps the lark, gone wild to welcome her,
About her glances the tit and shrieks the jay,
Before her skims the jubilant woodpecker,
The linnet's bosom flushes at her gaze,
While round her brows a woodlang cutes flits,
Watching her large light eyes and gracious looks,
And in her open palm a halcyon sits.

Page 311.

Now past her feet, the swallow circling flies
A clamorous cuckoo stops to meet her hand.

Page 312.

The blackcap warbles and the turtle purrs,
The starling claps his tiny casanets
Still round her forehead while the woodland dove.

The kingcup fills her footprint.

The steaming marshes of scarlet cranes

Page 313.

Volume III

731

Chant:-

The mayfly is torn by the swallow, the
sparrow speared by the shrike.

Page 9.

For a raven ever croaks at my side.

Page 13.

Bright and light as the crest
Of a peacock.

Page 23.

And the titmouse hopes to win her,
With his chirrup in her ear.

Page 42

In Memoriam:-

Let darkness keep her raven gloss

Page 53.

O somewhere, meek unconscious dove.

Page 56.

So as a dove when up she springs some dead lake,

Page 60.

That holds the shadow of a lark.

Page 64.

And pipe but as the linnets sing.

Page 67.

On Memoriam:-

The linnet born within a cage.

Page 71.

Short swallow flights of song.

Page 85.

But ere the lark has left the sea (I wake).

Page 97.

And autumn with the noise of rooks

Page 110.

When rarely pipes the mounted thrush.

Page 117.

Then flew a dove

And brought a summons from the sea.

Page 128

The lark becomes a sighless song.

Page 138

I found him not in world or sun,
On eagle's wing.

Page 144.

The Princess:-

As a parrot turns

Up thro' gilt wires

Page 161.

The Princess:-

Sudden thrilling mirth
And echo like a ghostly woodpecker.
Page 162.

And the women sang
Between the rougher voices of the men
Like hiccups in the pauses of the wind.
Page 163.

There sat along the forms (pupils) like
morning dew.
Page 173.

Blushes on this cheek
Where they like swallows coming out of time.
Page 181

Smoothed a puffed peacock down.
Page 182

The crane, "I said," may chatter of the crane.
The dove may murmur of the dove, but I
An eagle, clang an eagle to the sphere
Page 185

The Princess:—

O tell her swallow, that thy brood is flown.
Page 195

O swallow flying from the golden woods.

What time I watched the swallow winging south.

O swallow, swallow, flying, flying south.

O tell her swallow that thou knowest each.

O swallow, swallow, if I could follow.

O swallow, flying from the golden wood
Page 195.

A troop of snowy doves.
Page 197.

At mine ear
Bubbled the nightingale.
Page 199.

I build the nest
To hatch the cuckoo.

Page 202

The Princess:—

And swoops

The vulture beak and talon at the heart,
Page 218.

And morn by morn the lark
Shops up and skilful in flickering gyres,
Page 234

Now drops the milk-white peacock like a ghost
Page 237

Let the wild
Lean headed eagles yell alone
Page 238

The moan of doves in immemorial elms
Page 239.

Volume IV.

The Coming of Arthur:—

The Roman begins here again

And Caesar's eagle.

Page 6.

I have seen the eagle chased by lesser fowl
Page 9.

Hawkeyes:-
A cheek of apple blossom.
Page 35.

Gareth and Lynette:-
And there they placed a peacock in his pride
Before a damsel
Page 42

What knowest thou of birds, lark, mavis, merle,
Linnut?

Page 48
Ough upon that hour
When the lone hurn forgets his melancholy.
Page 51.

Geraint and Enid:-
Forgetful of the falcon and the hunt.
Page 59,

Who told him ----- "The sparrowhawk."

Page 64.
Who answered gruffly "Algh, the sparrowhawk."

A thousand pips eat up your sparrow-hawk
Tits, wrens and all wing'd nothings peck him dead.
Page 65

Geraint and Enid:-

O wretched set of sparrow-hawks, one and all
Who pipe of nothing but sparrow-hawks;
Speak; if you be not like the rest, hawk mad.

Page 65.

So that you do not serve me sparrow-hawks.

Page 66

Graver cause than yours is mine
To curse the hedgerow thuf, the sparrow-hawk.

Page 66.

There is the nightingale.

Page 67.

The sparrow-hawk, what is he?

Page 68.

That if the sparrow-hawk, this nephew, fight
Make thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies.

Page 70.

There is a place a silver wand
And over that a golden sparrow-hawk.

Page 70.

Toppling over all antagonism
Has earned himself the name of sparrow-hawk.

Page 71.

Geraint and Enid:-

Pasture both of hawk and hound
Page 76.

The Prince

Has picked a ragged robin from the hedge.
Page 77.

And all the windy clamor of the daws.
Page 87.

Looked as kuny at her
As careful robins eye the delivers evil.
Page 91

Merlin and Vivien:-

He has given us a fair falcon which he
trained.

Page 116.

basting off

The goodly falcon free.

Page 119.

And many weeks a troop of carrion crows
Hung like a cloud above the gateway towers.
Page 123.

Lancelot and Elaine:-

Not surer than our falcon yesterday
Who lost the kern.

Page 150.

I lose it as we lose the bark of heaven

Page 150.

The owls
Wailing had power upon her.

Page 159.

Or necklace for a neck to which the swan's
Is tawnier than her cygnets.

Page 164.

The Holy Grail:-

And almost plastered like a martins nest
To these old walls

Page 185.

I remember now
That pelican on the casque.

Page 189.

Clear as a lark, high o'er me as a lark
A sweet voice singing.

Page 193.

And thrice as blind as any noonday owl.

Page 194.

The Last Tournament:-

Started thro mid-air
Bearing an eagle's nest.

Page 213.

Peace to thine eagle borne.

Page 214.

Followed a rush of eagle's wings

Page 224.

Roaked:-

The raven flying high.

Page 237.

Guinevere:-

As the thrush shakes
When three gray huns wrangle for the seed.

Part II

736

Vol I

The Lady of Shalott:-
And up and down the people go
Gazing where the lilies blow.

Lines 6 and 7.

Water-Lily:-
She saw the water-lily bloom.

Stanza 13 line 3.

The May Queen:-
Honey suckle round the porch has woven
its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow trenches blow the
faint sweet cuckoo flowers;
And the wild marsh marigold shines like fire,
in swamps and hollows gray.

Stanza 8 lines 1, 2, and 3.

New Years Eve:-
I only wish to live until the snowdrops
come again.
Stanza 4 line 2.

New Years Eve:-

But tell her when I am gone, to trim
The rosebush that I set
About the parlor window and the box of
magnonette.

Stanza 12 Lines 3 and 4.

The May Queen:-

The cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill.
Stanza 10 Line 2.

Libian:-

Till the lightning laughter dimple
The baby roses on her cheek,

Page 20. Stanza 2.

Like a roseleaf I will crush thee

Fairy Libian.

Page 20. Stanza 4.

New Years Eve

How sadly, I remember rose the morning of the year
I die before the snowdrops came, and now the violet here.

Stanza 1 Lines 3 and 4.

O sweet is the new violet that comes beneath the skull,

Stanza 2.

The Lotus Eaters:-(Boric Song):-

There is sweet music that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass.

Stanza 1 lines 1 and 2.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Stanza 1 lines 8, 9, 10 and 11.

But profit on beds of amaranth and moly
Stanza 7.

A Dream of Fair Women:-

Growths of jasmine turn'd
Their lurid arms festooning tree to tree,
And at the root thro' lush green grasses
burn'd the red anemone.

Stanza 18.

The snuff of violets, hidden in the green,

Stanza 20 line 1.

On a Mourner:-

Fills out the homely thicket scrubs,
And makes the purple lilac ripe.

Page 147 Stanza 2.

A Song:-

The streams through many a lilted row
Down carolling to the crisped sea,
Low tinkled with a belllike flow.

Atween the blossoms, "We are free!"

Page 19.

Stanza 2.

My Life is Full

And at my headstone whisper low,

And tell me if the woodbines blow.

Page 62 Stanza 2.

Ode To Memory:-

With plaited alleys of the trailing rose,
Long alleys falling down to twilight grots,

Or opening upon levelplots of crowned lilies,
standing near

Purple spiked lavender.

Page 35 Stanza 5.

Leonine Elegiacs:-

Creeping through blossoming rushes and
 bowers of rose blowing bushes
 Down by the poplar tall, rivulets babble
 and fall
 Barketh the shepherd dog chaily: the grass-
 hopper carolleteth cheerly:
 Deeply the wood dove coos: shrilly the owl
 hallooos:
 Winds creep: dews fall chilly: in her first
 sleep earth breathes stilly.

Page 15

lines 3 to 8.

A Song:-

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 Over its grave i' the earth so chilly:
 Heavily hangs the holly hock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger lily.

Page 36. Stanza 1.

The Poet's Mind:-

Holy water will I pour
 Into every spicy flower
 Of the laurel shrubs that hedge it around.

Page 40. Stanza 2.

A Urge:-

The woodbine and eglantine
Drip sweeter dew than traitors' tear.

Page 45. Stanza 4.

Round the blow, self-pleached dew,
Bramble roses faint and pale.

Page 45. Stanza 5, lines 1 and 2.

The gold-eyed king cups fine;
The frail bluebell purseth over
Rare broidery of the purple clover.

Stanza 6 lines 1, 2, and 3.

A Circumstance:-

Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-
tower
Washed with still rains and daisy
blossomed.

Page 49. lines 6 and 7.

The Two Voices:-

Not less the bee would range her cells
The fuzzy prickly fire the dells.
The fog-glove cluster dappled bells.

Page 80 Stanza 24.

The Millers Laughter:-

The tall flag flowers when they sprung
 Belong the range of stepping stones.

Page 94. Stanza 7.

The day when in the chestnut shade
 I found the blue forget-me-not.

Stanza 26 lines 7 and 8.

A none:-

Then to the tower they came
 Naked they came to the smooth swarded tower
 And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
 Violet, Amaranthus, and asphodel,
 Lotus and lilies, and a wind arose
 And overhead the wandering ivy vine.

Page 103. Stanza 10

From the violet her light-foot
 Shone rosy-white.

Stanza 16 lines 7 and 8.

Pictures:-

Thro' crowded lilac ambush trimly pruned.

Page 171.

Adeline :-

Whence that airy bloom of thine
Like a lily which the sun
Looks thro' in his sad decline
And a rosebush leans upon.

Page 53. Stanza 2.

Margaret :-

Your melancholy, sweet and frail
As perfume of the cuckoo flower.

Page 54. Stanza 1.

The Two Voices :-

The prudent partner of his blood
Leaned on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

Page 91. Stanza 139.

Pictures :-

But she a Rose

In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil.

Page 171.

Walking to Mill:-
 And a skin
 As clean and white as privet when
 it flowers.

Page 183.

The Talking Oak:-
 As cowshp unto oshp is
 So sumed she to the boy.

Page 198. Stanza 27.

Sir Galahad:-
 Pure lilies of eternal peace
 Whose odors haunt my dreams;
 Page 241. Stanza 6.

Adeline:-
 With what a voice the violet woo
 To his heart the silvery dew?
 Or when little airs arise
 How the merry bluebell rings
 To the mosses underneath?
 Hast thou looked upon the breath
 Of the lilies at sunrise?
 Page 54. Stanza 3.

Adeline:-

Some honey converse feeds thy mind
Some spirit of a crimson rose.

Page 54 Stanza 4.

And ye talk together still

In the language where with Spring
Letters cowships on the hill?

Stanza 5.

The Two Voices:-

In her still place the morning wept
Touched by his feet the daisy slept.

Page 87, Stanza 92.

The Pictures:-

Waves all its lazy babies, and creeps on,
Page 169.

Will Waterproof:-

The violet of a legend blow
Among the chops and steaks.

Page 247. Stanza 19

The Princess:-

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns.
Page 161.

Anon:-

The golden bee
La lily cradled.
Page 102. Stanza 3.

Day Dreams:- (The Moral)

And is there any moral, shut
I in the bosom of the rose?
Page 232.

Adornment.

The Palace of Art:-

Dear gilded organ-pipes — her hair
Wound with white roses, slept it beauty.
Page 113 Stanza 25.

Lady Clare:-

With a single rose in her hair.
Page 252 Stanza 15.

Vol II
A Lovers Tale:-

- Her hair

Studded with one rich provence rose.

Page 142.

The younger Julian who himself was crown'd
With roses, none so rosy as himself.

Page 151.

The First Quarrel:-

He workt me the daisy chain - he made
me the cowslip ball.

Page 157.

Vol III
The Princess:-

Blush again, then wear
Those lilies.

Page 184.

In Memoriam:-

She takes a riband or a rose.

Page 56.

Vol IV

742

Lancelot and Elaine:-

Set in her hand a lily
In her right hand a lily.

Page 163.

Picture.

Vol I

A Picture:-

Far up the porch there grew an eastern rose.

Page 171.

Ah, one rose

One rose by those fair fingers culled.

Page 172.

Not yet refused the rose.

Page 172.

I, that whole day

Saw her ~~not~~ more altho' I lingered there
Till every daisy slept.

Page 172

O'er and o'er

Kissing the rose she gave me.

Page 172.

Sometimes a Dutch love

For tulips: then for roses or musk.

Page 173.

Dora:-

Across the wheat and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.

Page 177

The Golden Year:-

O'er flourished with the hoary clematis.

Page 209.

St Agnes Eve:-

Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

Page 238. Stanza 1.

Lady Clare:-

It was the time when lilies blow

Page 251. Stanza 1.

Sir Lancelot and Queen Genevieve:-
And mosses mixt with violet.

Page 261 Stanza 4.

In his travels in Greece
The silver lily heaved and fell.

Page 274. Stanza 5.

Gift.

Vol. II.

743

Lucretius:-

Not even a rose were offered thee.

Page 5.

The Daisy:-

I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

Page 77. Stanza 22.

Happy:-

My roses — will he take them now?

Page 300. Stanza 4.

Vol. III.

In Memoriam:-

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring
Knowing the primrose yet is dear,
The primrose of the later year

Page 112

She keeps the gift of years before
A wither'd violet is her bliss.

Page 123.

Comparison

Vol. II,

Aylmers Field:-

When the red rose was redder than itself
And York's white rose as red as Lancaster's.

Page 12.

The Sisters:-

Among our civil wars and earlier too
Among the roses.

Page 210 Stanza 9

Early Spring:-

Warm as the crocus cup
Like snowdrops pure.

Page 247, Stanza 5

Chasture.

Vastness:-

Pleasure who flaunts on her wide down-way
with her flying robe and her poisoned rose.

Page 256 Stanza 8

Vol I

744

5

Supposed Confessions:-

What Devil hat'd the heart to scatter
Flowers thou hadst reared - to brush the dew
From thine own lily.

Page 10

Vol II

Aylmers Field:-

Made blossom ball or daisy chain.

The little dells of cowslips.

Page 13.

The Hidden Heart:-

Broke from a bower of vine and honeysuckle
One looked all rose tree; another wore
A close set robe of jasmine sown with stars;
This had a rosy sea of gilly flowers
About it; this a milky way on earth
Like visions in the Northern dreamer's heavens,
A lily avenue climbing to the doors;
One almost to the martin-haunted eaves,
A summer burial deep in holly hocks.

Pages 14 and 15.

The Daisy:-

What slender campanuli grew
By bays, the peacocks neck in hue;
Where here and there on sandy beaches
A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew.

Page 75. Stanza 4.

Where slender flushed the bed.
Stanza 9.

Personification

The Brook:-

Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy.
Page 42.

A Lover's Tale:-

The dewy touch of pity had made
The red rose there a pale one.
Page 132.

God Save the Queen:- (Additional Verses)
Farewell first rose of May.
Page 259. Stanza 2.

Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham:-

Rose of Lancaster

Red is thy birth, redder with household war
Now reddest with blood of holy men.
Redder to be red rose of Lancaster.

Page 189. Stanza 5.

Vol III

Inaud:-

Bright English hly breathing a prayer, to be
friends, to be reconciled.

Page 29 Stanza 5

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin bassoon

Page 33. Section 22, Stanza 3.

Queen, rose of the rosebud garden of girls
Come hither the dances are done;
An gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls
Queen hly and rose in one.

Page 34. Section 22 Stanza 9.

The Princess:-

The hly like Anahita drooped her brows.
Page 196.

Nature.

W. A. II

To Rev. L. F. Maurice:-

But when the wreath of march has blossomed
crocus, anemone, violet.

Page 74 Stanza 2.

The City Child:-

All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,

Roses and lilies and canterbury bells

All among the meadows, the clover and ^{the} clematis.

Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle flowers,

Page 91

At The Window:-

Vine, vine and eglantine

Clasp her window, trail and twine

Rose, rose and clematis,

Trail and twine and clasp and kiss.

Page 104.

A Lover's Tale:-

The color and the sweetness from the rose.

Page 118.

A man in some still still garden should perfume.

Rich attar in the bosom of the rose.

Page 120.

Season.

746 5

A Lover's Tale

Which with earhest volleys
And lavish carol of clear-throated larks
Fill'd all the March of life

Page 121.

But I and the first daisy on his grave
From the same clay, came into light at once.

Page 118

Nature.

Or what use
To know her father left us just before
The daffodil was blown?

Page 131

So I wove
Even the dull-blooded poppy-stem.

Page 122

And the wild briar had driven
Its knotted thorns through my unpruning
brows,

Leaning its roses on my faded eyes.

Page 130

In The Childrens Hospital:-
Little guess what joy can be got from
a cowslip out of the field.

Page 186.

The Voyage of Inaeldune:-
And the red passion flower to the cliffs and
the dark blue climatis hung
And star'd with a myriad blossom the
long convolvulus hung
And the topmost spire of the mountain
was like in line of snow
And the like like glaciers, winded down,
running out below,
Thro' the fire of tulip and poppy, the blaze
of gorse, and the blush
Of millions of roses that sprang without leaf
or thorn from the bush
And we rolled upon carpets of crocus and vane
nated our kith and our kin
And we wallow'd in beds of lilies and
chanted the triumphs of Fume.

Page 203

Prefatory Sonnet:-

Hear in the roaring moon of a daffodil
And crocus, to put forth and brave the blast.

Page 235

Anacreon lies:-

With roses musky breathed
And drooping daffodilly
And silver leaved lily
And ivy darkly wreathed.
Page 243.

Sonnet:-

And in and out the woodbines flowery arches
The summer midges wove their wanton gambol
Page 246.

On The Jubilee of Queen Victoria:-

Fifty times the rose has flowered and faded.
Page 267

The King:-

- The tiny fist
Had grasped a daisy from your mothers grave.
Page 292.

Happy:-

The roses that you cast aside — once more
I bring you these.
Page 300.

I brought you — you remember; these roses.
Page 303.

To Ulysses:-

My yucca which no winter quells
Altho' the months have scarce begun
Has pushed toward our faintest sun
A spike of halfaccomplished bells.
Page 306.

To Mary Boyle:-

A rhyme that flowered betwixt the whitening snow
And kingcup blaze.
Page 309

Romney's Remorse:-

And gather the roses wherever they blow.
Page 322.

The Snowdrop:-

Prophet of the May time
Prophet of the roses.
Page 329.

The Thrush

And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend.
Page 329.

The Progress of Spring:-
The ground flame of the crocus breaks

the mould
Fair Spring slides hither o'er southern sea,
Wavers on her thin stem the snowdrop cold,

* * * *

An hour by hour unfolding woodbine leaves,

Page 311

And tho' thy violet sicken into sere
Lodge with me all the year.

* * * *

Thy gay lent-hill's wave and put them by
And out once more in unvarnished glories

shine
Thy stars of celandine.

Page 312.

Roses on Terrace:-

Rose on the terrace fifty years ago

When I was in my June, you in your May
Two words, "My rose," set all your face aglow,
And now that I am white and you are gray,
That blush of fifty years ago-my dear,
Blooms in the Past, but close to me today
As this red rose which on our terrace here
Glowz in the blue of fifty miles away,

Page 328

Vol. III.

Grand:-

Found

The shining daffodil.

Page 8

You have fed on the roses and lain in the
lilies of life.

Page 10.

Gathering woodland lilies

Grand is here, here here,
In among the lilies.

Page 14.

For her feet must have touched the
meadows

And left the daisies rosy.

Page 20.

Grand has a garden of roses
And lilies fair on a lawn.

Page 21.

He is clasped by a passion flower.

Page 22

Roses are on her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.

Page 24

Grand:—

For I know her rose garden,

* * * *

The garden rose that I found,

Page 32.

And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the odor is blown,

Page 33.

To faint in the light she loves
On the bed of a daffodil sky,

Page 33.

I said to the lily,

Page 33.

I said to the rose,

Page 33.

I swear to the rose

Page 34.

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,

Page 34.

He set the jewel prints of your feet
In violets blue as your eye,

Page 34.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk bloom on the tree,

Page 34.

Grand:—

But the rose was awake all night for your sake,

Page 34.

There has fallen a splendid tear

From the passion flower at the gate,
She is coming, my dove, my dear;

Page 35.

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;"

And the lily whispers "I wait."

Page 35.

Ah to be

Among the roses tonight.

Page 32.

Bright English lily breathing a prayer

To be friends, to be reconciled.

Page 29.

The Princess:—

The lilylike Melissa droop'd her brows,

Page 196

To the Queen:-

The laurel greener from the brows
Of him that uttered nothing base.

Then-while a sweeter music wakes:-

And thro' wild March the thrush calls
Where all about your palace walks
The sunlit almond-blossom shakes.

Page 7.

Claribel:-

Her song the lark white swelleth
The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth
The callow thrush hspeth.

Page 7.

The Garden.

All made up of lily and rose.

Page 45.

And the shining daffodil dies.

Page 47

Vol. III.

In Memoriam:—

From his ashes are made
The violet of his native land.

Page 65.

As a maiden in the day
When first she wears her orange flower.

Page 79

Who usheth in the dolorous hour
With thy quick tears that made the rose
Pull sideways and the daisy close
Her crimson fringes to the showers.

Page 97.

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

Page 106.

Made cypress of her orange flower.

Page 107.

We heard behind the woodland veil.

Page 116.

When rosy plumlets tuft the larch.

Page 116.

May breathe with many roses sweet.

Page 117.

In Memoriam:-

A gathering fresh air overhead swung
The heavy folded rose and flung
The lilies to and fro.

Page 121.

Unloved the sunflower shining fair
Ray round with flames her disc of seed
And many a rose caranation freed
With summer spice the humming bird.

Page 126.

We glided wandering under ranks
Of iris and the golden reed.

Page 128.

There in due time the woodbine blows
The violet comes, but we are gone.

Page 130

About the flowering squares and thick
By ashun roots, the violet blows.

Page 138.

In my breast
Spring wakens too: and my regret
Becomes an April violet

Page 139.

Every thought breaks out a rose.

Page 143

In Memoriam:-
O when her life was yet in bud
He too foretold the perfect rose.
Page 149.

The Princess:-
A little clockwork steamer paddling piled
And shook the lilacs.
Page 159.
Splash and stir
Of fountains spouted upwards an showering
down

In rushes of jasmine and rose,
Page 169.
And caught the blossoms of the flying
terms
But miss'd the nightingale of Avian
place
The little hearth flower Lilia.

Page 161
The Prince, the chimera of his age as tho'
there were
One rose in all the world.
Page 171.

The Princess!—

A college gown
That clad her like an April daffodilly
Page 178.

And sated with the innumerable rose
Beat balm upon your eyelid.

Page 186.

O Bulbul, any rose of Guhstan
Page 195.

More crumpled than a poppy from a sheath.
Page 209.

There's no rose that's half so dear to them
Page 212.

The violet varies from the lily as far
As oak from elm.

Page 213.

Pretty bud

Lily of the vale.

Page 227.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up.
Page 238.

Oo lily-handed Baronet he.
Page 243.

Enoch Arden:—

The late and early roses from his wall.

The slender coco's drooping crown of plumus,
The lustré of the long convolutus.
Page 264.

Vol IV

Geraint and Enid:—

Have I beheld a hly like yourself.
Page 96.

Lancelot and Elaine:—

Her hly in her hand.

Page 160.

Farewell. fair hly.

Page 169.

The Holy Grail:—

And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail
Red rose with beatings in it, as if alive
Page 174.

Pallas and Etlare:—
 For large he violet eyes looked.
 Page 198.

Garth and Lynette:—
 A ship pavillion
 And all Lent-lilly in hue,
 Page 43.

Lancelot and Elaine:—
 How came the lily maid by that good shield
 Page 133.

And close behind them stept the lily maid.
 Page 137

The lily maid Elaine,
 Page 139.

Low to her own heart said the lily maid.

The lily maid had striven to make him
 cheer.

Page 141

Lily maid,
 For fear our people call you lily maid
 In earnest, let me bring your color back.
 Page 143

Lancelot and Elaine.

Lancelot and the hly maid
Smiled at each other.

Page 152.

Then spake the hly maid.

Page 161.

Whereon the hly maid of Astolat
Lay smiling.

Page 165.

Gareth and Lynette:-

Pray, the boat hath rosemaries and bay.

Page 48.

A bridge of treble brow

All in a rose red from the west.

Page 48.

Merlin and Vivien

Shall we call him over quick
To crop his own sweet rose before the hour.

Page 125

The high dawn piercing the royal rose
In Arthurs casement:

Page 125

Pallas and Ettare:-

A worm within the rose

Page 206

A rose, but one, none other had I
 A rose, one rose, and this was wondrous fair.
 One rose, a rose, that gladdened earth and sky.
 One rose, my rose, that sweetens all mine air
 I cared not for the thorns; the thorns were there.
 One rose, a rose, to gather by and by
 One rose, One rose, to gather and to wear
 One rose but one — what other rose had I?
 One rose, my rose, a rose that will not die.

Guinevere:-

Rode sheets of hyacinth
 That seemed the heavens up breaking thro' the earth.

The Last Tournament:-

The snow drop only flowering through the year
 Would make the world as blank as Wintertide.

Page 219.

And glowing in all colors, the hive grass
 Rose, camphor, bluebell, kingcup poppy.

Page 219.