Birds and Flowers in Tennyson’s Poetry.

Graduating Thesis

by

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of the

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Introduction.

In the following quotations no special system of classification has been adopted and all the quotations which the subject includes have been taken without special 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 a trust both pleasing and instructive and so I leave you to judge, hoping that you gain as much from their personal as he who has selected them.

W. H. G.
Part I.

Birds.

New Year's Eve.
Before the red cock crowed from the farm upon the hill.
Stanza 9, line 3.

Rosalind:
Any frolic feline with bright eyes.
Page 13.

Eleanor (O my life is full):
The sparrows chirp on the roof.
Page 61.

The Amber Daughter:
And their damp bodies now flushed with rays, Ring sudden scratchings of the jay.
Page 94. Stanza 99, line 11.

Aeneas:
Each morn my ship was broken thro' By some wild skylarks' matin song.
The Palace of Art:-

The snowy peak and snow whiter exteract
Frail'd the callow lark.

Page 114

Stanza 31.

On else flushed Ganymede, his rosy thigh
Half buried in the Eagle's down.

The Palace of Art:-

To nightingale delighteth to prolong
He is low, foremost all alone.

Page 115. Stanza 44.

Pictures: (The Gardener's Daughter)

In whispers, like the whispers of the leaves
That tremble around a nightingale.

Page 74.

Bolstey Court:-

When quail and pheasant, dark and covert lay.

Page 180.

And while the blackbird on the Juniper hung.

Page 181.
Pictures.

From the woods
some voices of the well-contented doves,
The lark would scarce get out his note to enjoy,
But shook his song together as he neared
his happy home, the ground. To left and right
the cuckoo told his name to all the hills
the mellow owl fluted in the elm;
the redcap whistled; and the nightingale
sang aloud as tho' he were a bird of clay.

Page 170.

Walking to the Bash
Ah, by, the blossom fades and they that loved
At first like dove and dove, were cat and dog.

Page 183.

The Talking Oak
in which the gloomy Brewer said
Went by me like a stock.


And livelier than a lark.

St. Simeon Stylites:-
I dream'd whooping of the owl with sound
Of f ions hynmz.

Page 190.

The Golden Age:-
Shall eagles not be eagles? were we wrong?
If all the world were falcon, what of that?
The wonder if the eagle were the least
But he not less the eagle.

Page 208.

Dorothy Heli:-
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 air changes on
The burnished dove;
In the Spring the young man's fancy lightens
By turns to thoughts of love.

Page 214 Stanzas 9 and 10.
Locksley Hall:

As the many wintered crows that lead
The changing rookery home.

Page 217. Stanza 34.

Day Dream! (The Sleeping Palace)
The peacock in his laurel bower,
The parrot in his gilded wires,
Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs.

Page 226. Stanza 2 and 3.

Amphion:

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


The Eagle:

Sometimes the hawk supped his song
Sometimes the thrush whistled strong
Sometimes the buzzard whistled along.

Page 263.

Supposed confessions:
Let them do
Shadow me over and my sins be unremembered.

Page 13.
To —

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

Vol. II

Albemarle Field—
Sleep 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's glee
Garrulous under a roof of pine.
Page 78 Stanza 5.

Annie and Winnie—
Started a green bonnet out of the croft.
Page 98 Stanza 5.
In the Garden at Swainston:

Oughtingales warble without
Within was weeping for thee.
Oughtingales sang in the wood.
The master was far away.
Oughtingales warbled and sang
Of a passion that lasted but a day.
Page 90. Stanza 1 and 2.

Béatrice:

Must the ravening eagle's peak be taken
Annihilate us?
Page 93. Stanza 2.

The Roman Eagle shadow there.
Page 94.

Ry:-

Be merry in heaven, O! brave, and far away.
Page 108
Spring:
and you my woman with a crown of gold
Upon my Queen of the wrens:
Upon 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 126.

A Lover's Tale:
If he loved one another's voice more
Than the gray cuckoo loves his name.
Page 128.

Cries the partridge like a rusty key
Tuned in a lock, out a hook, and out houndwhips
Broke me not.
Page 138.

The First Snare:
"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:
Shuttering the hatchet of the crown listing long.
Page 190.

The Voyage of Chalesone:
And the daws flew out of the towers and,
Jangled and wrangled in vain.
Page 206.

Montenegro:
They rose to where the sovereign eagle sought.
Page 236.

The Battle of Brunamburk:
Left for the white-tailed eagle to tear it and
Left for the honey-billed raven to rend it and
Give to the gargle-winged buzz-hawk to gorge it.
Page 240.

Sonnets:
The nightingale with long and low swanlike.
Page 246.
Early Spring:
The blackbirds have their meals
The thrushes, too.

Page 246.

The blackbirds have their meals
And frogs, too.

Page 247.

Despair!-
When that bat comes out of his cave and
out are whooping at noon.

Page 253.

Demeter and Persephone!-
A sudden nightingale
Saw the two and flashed into a frolic of song.

Page 270.

The Ring!-
With April and with swallow.

Page 284.

I heard the colt roar
And carrion crow cry, "Mortgage!"

Page 287.
Forbore!—
On the night of the night
When owls are waiting.
Page 297.

Happy!— (The White Bird).
Why was your pretty face so? and what is it that you fear
And there the heron rises from his watch beside the mere.
Page 294.

Happy!—
Any beauty hid that Falcon from his eyry on the fell.
Page 302.

To Mary Boyle—
I heard
One such a call.
Page 318.
The Progress of Spring—

With the first blush, gone wild to welcome her, 
About her glances the fitch and shrinks the jay, 
Before her skims the gambant woodpoxer, 
The humming storm rushes at her gaze, 
While round her brow a woodling Shuttle flits, 
Watching her large, light eyes and gracious looks 
And in her open palm a Chalybes sits.

Page 311.

Now past her put the swallow circling flits a clamorous cuckoo stirs to meet her hand.

Page 312.

The blackcap warbles and the turtle hurls, 
The startled claps his wing cascandra 
Still round her forked while the woodland dove.

The ringeln fills her footprint.

The steaming marshes of scarlet cranes.

Page 313.
O Summne III

Chant:
The mayfly is torn by the swallow, the
sparrow feared 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 satyr once hoped to win her,
With his shrill cries in her ear.
Page 42.

In Memoriam:
Let darkness keep his raven glance
Page 53.
O somewhere, mark unconscious love.
Page 56.
So as a dove when up she springs on the lake.
Page 60.
It hat holds the shadow of a hark.
Page 64.
And like but as the linnets sing.
Page 67.
On Ambrosias:

The finnet born within a cage.
Page 71

Short swallow flights of song.
Page 83.

But ere the lark has left the sea (I wake).
Page 97.

And autumn with the noise of rooks
Page 110.

When rarely pipe the mounted thrush.
Page 117.

Then flew a dove

And brought a summons from the sea.
Page 128.

The lark becomes a sightless song.
Page 138.

I found him not in world or sky
On eagle’s wing.
Page 144.

The Prince of—

As a parrot turns
Only thro’ gift of wax
Page 161.
The Prince:

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

And the women sang
Between the rougher voices of the men
Like hineti in the parades of the wind.
Page 163.

There sat along the forms (infinite) like
Morning dew.
Page 173.

Blushed on the cheek
Where things like swallow coming out of time.
Page 181.

Smoothed a ruffled peacock down.
Page 182.

The crane, "I said," may chatter of the crane
The dove may murmur of the dove
An eagle, clings 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 wood.

What time I watched the swallow winging with.

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 196.

A troop of snowy doves.

Page 197.

But bids the nightingale.

Page 199.

I build the nest

To hatch the cuckoo.

Page 202.
The Princess:

And Swords

The culture feed and taken at the heart.
Page 238.

And morn by morn the last
Shots up and skilled in flickering gyro.
Page 234.

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

Eagles heady gypsy alone
Page 238.

The moan of doves in immemorial shrines
Page 239.

Volume IV

The Coming of Arthur:
The Roman reign here again
And I scavenge eagle,
Page 6.

I have seen the eagle chased by serpents
Page 9.
Hawkyck—
A shun of apple blossom.
Page 32.

Gareth and Lynette—
And there they placed a peacock in his pride
Before a dam in
Page 42

What knowest thou of birds, talk, maria, mesh, sunit?
Page 48

Oxigh upon that hour
When the love has forgot 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: Right, the sparrowhawk.
A thousand pips eat up your sparrow-hawk
Tits, sores, and all wing'd nothing shall him dead.
Page 65
'Srant and Enid:
O wretched set of sparrow-hawks, one and all
Who judge 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 thief, the sparrow-hawk.
Page 66.

There is the nightingale.
Page 67.

The sparrow-hawk, what is he?
Page 68.

That is the sparrow-hawk, this nephew, fight
Make thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies.
Page 70.

Here is a place a silver wand
And over that a golden sparrow-hawk.
Page 70.

Toppling over all antagonism
He has earned himself the name of sparrow-hawk.
Page 71.
Geraint and Enid:
Pastime both of hawk and hound
Page 76.

The Prince
Has picked a ragged robin from the hedge
Page 77.
And all the windy clamors of the daws.
Page 85.
Looked as bunchy at her
As careful robin eye the delivers evil.
Page 91.

Oswin and Olivien:
He has given me a fair falcon which he
trained.
Page 116.
Casting 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:

But threes than our falcon yesterday
Or he lost the hern.

Page 150.

I love it as we lose the bark of heaven
Page 150.

The owl

Waiting had grown upon her.
Page 159.

Or necklace for a neck to which the swan
Is fairer than her own nest.
Page 164.

The Holy Grail:

And almost plastered like a martins nest
To these old walk
Page 185.

I remember now

That pelican on the casque.
Page 184.

Clear as a lark, high as me as a lark
A sweet voice singing.
Page 193.

And thrive as blind as any noontide owl
Page 194.
The Last Tournament:

Started thro' mid-air

Bearing an eagle nest.

Page 213.

Place to three eagle horns.

Page 214.

Followed a rush of eagle wings

Page 224.

Roaked! -

The raven flying high.

Page 237.

Guinevere:

As the thistle shakes

When three gray hounds wrangle for the read.
Part II
Vol. I

The Lady of Shalott:

And up, and down the river goes,
Gazing where the lilies blow.

_lines 6 and 7_

Water-lily!

She saw the water-lily bloom.

Stanza 13 line 3.

The May Queen:

Honeysuckle round the porch has woven
its wavy towers,

And by the meadow trenches blow the

_faint sweet cuckoo flowers.

And the wild marsh marigold shimmers like fire,
in swamps and hollows gray.

Stanza 8 lines 12 and 8.

New Year's Eve:

I only wish to live until the snowdrops come again.

Stanza 4 line 2.
New Year's Eve:

But till she when I am am gone, to train
the rosebush that is set
about the parlor window and the top of
mignonette.
Stanza 12, lines 8 and 9.

The May Queen:
The rowels and the crowfoot are over all the hill.
Stanza 10, line 2.

Liliana:

Till the lightning laughed dimphile
The baby rotes on her cheek.

Like a rocked I will crush thee
Fairy Liliana.

New Year's Eve

Now soadly, I remember now the morning of Pagis
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet
Stanza 1, lines 3 and 4.

O sweet is the new violet that comes beneath the trees.
Stanza 2.
The Lotus Eaters:- (6 Love 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 mossed deeps,
And thru the moss the ivy creeps,
And in the stream the long laved flowers weep,
And from the cragggy ledge the spilsly hangs veilily.
Stanza 1. Lines 8, 9, 10, and 11.

But mock on beds of amaranth and willy
Stanza 2.

A Dream of Fair Women:-
Growth of Jasmine twins.
Their humid arms fastening tree to tree,
And at the root three had green grasses
Bound the red anemone.
Stanza 18.

The smell of violet hidden in the green.

On a Journey:-
Wells out the homely thickest screen,
And makes the purple blue reafs.

Page 147. Stanza 2.
A Song:

The streams through many a ledged row
Down caroling to the crested sea,
Low tinkled with a bell-like flow.

Between the blossoms, "We are free."

Page 14

Stanza 2.

My life is dull
And at my headstone whispers slow,
And tell me if the woodwinds slow.

Page 62

Stanza 2.

Ode to Anemone:

With splayed slavers of the trailing rose,
Long alleles falling down to twilight grots,
On opening upon level fields of crowned silvers,
Standing near

People spiked lavender.

Page 35

Stanza 5.
Leonine Elegiack:
Cresting through blossoming rushes and
borders of rose blooming bushes.
Down by the poplar tall, revolute battle
and fall.
Barketh the shepherd dog chauly: the grass
hopper carol the chauly.
Deeply the wood dove coos: shrilly the bull
shaloos.
Windz crep: dewz fall chilly: in her fist
she lift earth breather chilly.
Page 15
lines 3 to 8.

A Song:
Heavily hang the broad sunflower
Over the grave in the earth so chilly:
Heavily hang the holly hock,
Heavily hang the tiger lily.

The Poet A Mind:
Holy water will o' pour
Into every spicy flower
Of the laurel shrubs that hedge it around.
Page 40. Stanz 2.
A D Ring:-
The woodbine and clematis
Drift sweter down than tears in tears.
Page 45, Stanza 4.
Round the bow, self-pitched dute,
Bramble roses faint and pale.
Page 45, Stanza 5, line 1 and 2.
The golden y Ring cups June;
The maid blue bell passes over
Rare blooby of the purple clover.
Stanza 6, line 1, 2, and 3.

A circumstance:-
Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-
tower
Washed with still rain and daily
Shimmered.
Page 49, line 6 and 7.

The Two Voices:-
Oot here the bee would range his cell
The furry pricked fire the cells.
The foghove cluster dastifered belle.
Page 80, Stanza 24.
The Desert's Daughter:

The tall flag flowers when they spring
Belong the range of stitching stones.

Page 44. Stanza 5.

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

Stanza 26 lines 3 and 4.

A none:

Then to the bowers they came
Baked they came to the smooth arched bowers
And at their feet the crowns brake like fire,

Violet, Amaracus, and azaleas,
Lotus and lilies, and a wind arose
And overhead the wandering vine.

Page 103. Stanza 10

From the violets her light feet
Shone rosy white.

Stanza 16 lines 7 and 8.

Pictures:

Thro' crowded blue ambush trimly perned.

Page 171.
Althina:
Whence that fair bloom of thine
Like a lily which the sun
Looks thro' in his sad decline
And a rosebush leans upon.

Margaret:
Your melancholy, sweet and fair
As perfume of the cocked flower.

The Two Voices:
The prudent partner of his blood
Lean'd on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

Picture 1:
But she a Rose
In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil.
Page 171.
Walking to Mill;
And a skin
his clean and white as privet when
it flowers.

Page 183.

The Talking Oak:
be cowslip, unto other is
so sumb the boy.

Page 188. Stanzas 27.

Sir Galahad:
Pure like his eternal peace
Whose obses haunt my dreams;


Adeline:
With what a voice the violet wore
To his heart the silver dew?

Or when little airs arise
How the merry thistle rings
To the moose underneath?

Hat thou looked upon the breath
Of the hills at sunrise?

Page 54. Stanzas 3.
Adeline:-
Some honey converse fade thy mind
Some spirit of a crimson rose.
And ye talk together still
In the language where with Spring
Letter cowslips on the hill?
Stanza 5.

The Two Voices:-
In her still place the morning wept
Touched by his feet the icy shght.
Page 87. Stanza 92.

The Pictures:-
Waves all its lazy ladies, and creeps on
Page 169.

Wall Watchful:-
The violet of a legend blow
Among the chopst and starks.
The Princess:
A rosebud set with little wilful thorns.
Page 161.

Alone:
The golden bee
Is lady cradled.
Page 162. Stanza 3.

Day Dreams: (Thibaud)
And is there any moral, shat
In the bosom of the rose?
Page 232.

Adornent.
The Palace of Art:
Ornate gilded organ pipes—her hair
Wound with white roses, slept at leisure.

Lady Clare:
With a single rose in her hair.
Page 252. Stanza 15.
Vol II
A Lover's Tale:-
- Her hair
  Studded with one rich Provence rose.
  Page 142.

The younger Julian who himself was crowned
With roses, none so rosy as himself.
  Page 151.

The First Quarrel:-
He wrought me the dainty chain - he made
  me the cowslip tall.
  Page 157.

Vol III
The Princess-
  Blush again, thus wear
Those lilies.
  Page 174.

In Memoriam!-
  She takes a ribbon or a rose.
  Page 56.
Lancelot and Elaine:
Set in her hand a lily.
In her right hand a lily.
Page 163.

A Picture:
Far up the porch there grew an eastern rose.
Page 171.

O'er one rose
One rose by those fair fingers cull'd.
Page 172.
Nor yet refused the rose.
Page 172.

Saw her not more at the 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 thyme; then for roses or musk.
Page 173.
Dora:
Across the wheat and sat upon a mound
That was unknown, where many florets grew.
Page 177

The Golden Year:
O'er flourished with the hoary climatis.
Page 209

St. Agnes Eve:
On this first snowdrop of the year
That is my bloom, lies.
Page 238, Stanza 1

Lady Clare:
It was the time when lilies now
Page 251, Stanza 1

Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere:
And mosses wilt with violet.
Page 261, Stanza 4

On his travels in Greece
She silver lily heaved and fell.
Page 274, Stanzas
Gift. Vol. II.

Lucretius:

But even a rose were offered thee.
Page 6.

The Daisy:

I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.
Page 7. Stanza 2.

Happy:

Any rose—will he take them now?

Vol. III.

In Memoriam:

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring
Knowing the primrose yet is dear.
The primrose of the latter year
Page 112.

She keeps the gift of years before
A mother's violet is her bliss.
Page 123.
Comparison

Vol. II.

Asylum Field—
When the red rose was redder than itself
And York's white rose as red as Lancastor.
Page 12.

The Sirens—
Among our civil wars and earlies too
Among the roses.
Page 210, Stanza 9

Early Spring—
Warm as the brow of Cupid
Like snowdrops pure.
Page 247, Stanza 6

Vastness—
Pleasure who flaunted on her wind-down-way
With her flying robe and her poisoned rose.
Page 256, Stanza 8
Vol. I
Suggested Confessions.
What devil had the heart to sear the flower then hadst reared - to bruise the dew from thine own lily.

Vol. II
Anthers Field.
Made blossom ball of daisy chain.

The little spells of childhood.

Page 18.

The Hidden Heart.
Broke from a tower of vine and honeysuckle.
One looked all rose tree; another wore a closest rose of jasmine woven with stars.
This had a rosy sea of gilly flowers about it; thus a milky way on earth.
Like visions in the Northern dreamer's heaven,
A lily avenue climbing to the door;
One almost to the martin-haunted cave,
A summer burial deep in holly hocks.

Pages 14 and 15.
The Daisy:
What slender companil gro\nBy bay, the peacock neck in she:
Where here and there on sandy beaches\nA milky-bell'd amaryllis blew.
Page 75. Stenza 4.
Where Scander flushed the bed.
Stenza 9.

Personification

The Brook! -
Purpling the primrose fancies of the boy.
Page 42.

A Lover's Tale! -
The dewy touch of Euty had made
The red rose there a pale one.
Page 132.

God Save the Queen! (Additional verse)
Farewell first rose of May.
Page 259. Stenza 2.
Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham:
Rose of Lancaster
Red is thy birth, redder with household war
Now redder with blood of holy men.
Redder yet, red rose of Lancaster.
Page 184. Stanza 5.

Vol III
Brand!
Bright English lily breathing a prayer, to be
Found, to be reconciled.
Page 29. Stanza 5.
All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon.
Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls
Some within, the dances are done;
In glaze of satin and glimmer of pear;
Queen lily and rose in one.
Page 34. Section 22. Stanza 9.

The Princess:
The lily-like Archidea drooped her brow.
Page 196.
Nature.

**N. A. II**

To Rev. D. F. Maurice:

But when the wreath of March has blossomed cress, anemone, violet.

Page 74 Stanza 2.

The City Child:

All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones, Rose and lilies and Canterbury bells.

All among the meadows, the cloves and smoked Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle flowers.

Page 91.

At the Window:

Vine, wine and eggplant

Chop her window, trail and turn
Rose, rose and climatia,

Trail and turn and clash and kiss.

Page 104.

A Lover's Tale:

The color and the sweetness from the rose.

Page 118.

A maid in some still still still garden shoulders

Rich atar in the bosom of the rose.

Page 126.
Season.

A Lover's Tale

Which with earliest violets
and lavish card of clear-throated lark
till'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.

On what use
To know her father left us just before
The daffodil was born?
Page 131

So I wove

E'en the stub-hooded frosty-stem.
Page 122

And the wild brier had driven
Its knotted thorns through my unpruning
Crowns,

Leaving its roses on my faded eyes.
Page 130

O in the Children's Hospital:

Little guess what joy can be got from
a couch'd out of the field.
Page 186.
The Voyage of O'reolone:

And the red passion flower by the cliffs and
the dark blue climatis hung
And star'd with a myriad blossom the
long convolvulus hung
And the topmost sphere of the mountain
was lilies in lieu of snow
and the hills 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 hail
or thorn from the bush
and we rolled upon coveys of crocus and vau
med our kith and our kin
And we wallowed in beds of lilies and
chanted the 'Trumblah Flim.

Page 203

Prefatory Sonnet:

Hear in the roving moon of a daffodil
And crows, 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.

Sonnets:
And in and out the woodlines flowery arches
The summer midgets wove their wanton gambol
Page 246.

On The Jubilee of Queen Victoria:
Fifty times the rose has flowered and faded.
Page 247

The King:
— The tiny fist
Had grasped a daisy from your mother's grave.
Page 242.

Happy:
The rose that you cast aside— once more
I bring you thee.
Page 306

I brought you— you remember, these roses.
Page 303.
I. **Odyssey**:
Any yucca which in winter quells
With the months have scarce begun
Has pushed toward our faintest sun
A spire of half accomplished bells.
Page 326.

To Mary Boyle:
A rhyme that flowered between the whitening she
And kingcup page.
Page 329.

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 Throstle
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend.
Page 329.
The Progress of Spring:
The ground flame of the crown breaks
the mould.
Hair Spring shone hither, as southern sea,
Wavers on her thin stem the snowdrop cold,

** **

An hour by hour unfolding woodbine leaves

Page 311

And the thy violet sucken into sore
Lodge with me all the year.

** **

Thy gay lent-hillies wave and put thine
And out once more in unvarnished glory
shine

Thy stars of celandine.
Page 312.

Roses on Terrace:

Roses 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
Glowed in the time of fifty make away.
Page 328
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Anond—

Found

The shining daffodil.
Page 8

You have fed on the roses and lain in the

Shine of life.
Page 10.

Gathering woodland lilies

****

Anond is here, here, here,
In among the lilies.
Page 14.

For her feet must have touched the

Meadows

And lift the daisies rosy.
Page 26.

Anond 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
O maid:
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 paint 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 swore 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
On violet blue as your eye.
Page 34.
The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk bloom on the tree.
Page 34.
Brandi—
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 love, my dear:

Page 35.

The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near,"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late".
The larkspur lisens, "I hear, I hear,"
And the lily whispers "I await."

Page 35.

Ah, to be
Among the roses tonight.

Page 32.

Bright English lily breathing a pray
To be friends, to be reconciled.

Page 29.

The Princess—
The lily like Andessa droop'd at her brow.

Page 146
To the Lord,—

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

Thru-while a sweet, music wakes—
And thru' wild March the thrush calls
Where all about your palace walls
The sunlit almond-blossom shaka
Page 7.

Elaribel!—
Her song the first white swallow
The clear-voiced magpie swallow
The cawing thrush the lepeth.

Page 7.

The Garden
All made up of lily and rose.

Page 45.

And the shining daffodil dies.

Page 47
Ars. II.

In Memoriam:

From his ashes are made

The sight of his native land.
Page 65.

as a maiden in the day

When first she wore her orange flower.
Page 79.

Who worship in the dawning hour

With the quick tears that made the rose
Fall sideways and the daisy close
Her crimson fringes to the showers.
Page 97.

Bring orchis, bring the forget-me-not,
The little spudelle his dazzling blue,
Deep tulips dappled with fiery dew,
Laburnums, drooping wells of fire.
Page 106.

Made sylphs of her orange flower.
Page 107.

We heard behind the woodland veil.
Page 116.

When rosy plumule tuft the bough.
Page 116.

May breathe with many roses sweet.
Page 117.
In Memoriam:
A gathering fresh his overhead swing
The heavy folded rose and flung
The hills to and fro.

Page 121.

A lover's sunflower shining fair
Ray round with flames her spot of salt
And many a rose caravation freed
With summer spice the humming bird.

Page 126.

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

Page 133.

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

Page 134.

About the flowering square and thick
By ashen roots, the violet blowe.

Page 138.

In my breast
Springs 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 prattling filled
And shook the blue.
Page 159.

Splash and stir
Of fountains spouted upwards an showering down
In muskets of jasmine and rose.
Page 169.

And caught the blossoms of the flying thums
But miss'd the nightingale'savian pitch
The little heart flower Lyra.
Page 161.

The Prince, the chimer 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 rated with the innumerable rose
Beat balm upon your eyelid.
Page 186.

O Bulbul, any rose of Substan
Page 195.

More crumpled than a sleepy 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 thing

Lily of the vale.
Page 227.

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

Our lily-handed Baronet he.
Page 243.
Enoch Arden:—
The late and early roses from his wall.

***
The slender coccoderooping crown of thorns
The husk of the long convolvulus.
Page 264.

Vol III
Geraint and Enid:—
Have a heed! a holy host yourself.
Page 96.

Lancelot and Elaine:—
Her lily in her hand.
Page 160.
Farewell, fair lily.
Page 169.

The Holy Grail:—
And down the long beam stole the holy lead
Red rose with droppings in it, as if alive
Page 174,
Pallas and Ettare—
For large he violet eyes looked.
Page 148

Gareth and Lynette—
A ship pavilion
And all tent-lily in line.
Page 43

Lancelot and Elaine—
How came the lily maid by that good shield
Page 133,
And close behind them stilt 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 colors back.
Page 143
Lancelot and Elaine.
Lancelot and the holy maid
Smiled at each other.

Page 152.

Then spake the holy maid.

Page 161.

Whoso the holy maid of Astolat
Lay smiling.

Page 165.

Gareth and Lynette—
Now, the boar hath rosemary and bay.

Page 48.

A bridge of treble brow
All in a rose red from the west.

Page 48.

Oneshin and Arvien
Shall we call him o'er quick
To crop his own sweet rose before the hour.

Page 125.

The high dawn focusing the royal rose
In Arthur's 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 sweetened all men's 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:

Rod shrubs of hyacinth
That raised the heavens up, breaking two the earth.

The Last Tournament:

The snowdrop, only flowering through the year
Would make the world as rank as Winterlake.
Page 214.

And glowing in all colors, the hive grass
Rose, campion, bluebell, kingcup, joyly.
Page 214.