

UNIT 35 THE ROMANTIC AGE : A REVIEW

Structure

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35.1 OBJECTIVES

You would be able to achieve three objectives by reading this unit. They are as below:

- Review your study of blocks six and seven ;
- Look at the Romantic movement as a whole ; and
- Gain insights into the writing of critical questions.

35.2 INTRODUCTION

This is the last unit on the Romantic period. What would we have done if we had been in a face to face situation ? After having completed a period such as the Romantic Revival we would have thrown the discussion open for your participation. Perhaps we who had taught this period to you over a period of two or three months would have taken our seat in the audience and asked you to present your papers. Alternatively we would have given you a set of questions and asked you to write your answers. We would have then evaluated your answers and may be asked some of you to read your essays aloud for the benefit of your friends. As I am aware that quite a few of you would not visit the study center due to your personal problems so this unit should help you partially overcome the handicap.

In this unit you are going to read five short essays such as you might be asked to write at the final exam. On the one hand they will help you review what you have read in the present and the previous blocks and on the other offer you models for your own answers to critical questions.

You should not have to spend too long on this block because new ideas are not being presented here; new facts will not be discussed. What you are going to learn is the manner of presentation. Each section in this unit has a question written in the italics and the answers to those questions follow in the remaining part of that section.

35.2 ROMANTICISM AND THE REAL WORLD

The peculiar quality of Romanticism lies in this that in apparently detaching us from the real world, it restores us to reality at a higher point. Discuss, illustrating from the poetry of the nineteenth century.

The statement presumes that Romanticism detaches us from the real world in some sense. This deserves examination.

The Augustan poets took the urban society as their milieu. The British poets of the early nineteenth century found this society not a society in perfection but being made bad and unhygienic by the Industrial Revolution. Its polite character was being spoilt by the increasing number of the uneducated, homeless workers in the towns. This society became a symbol of greed and trickery, deceit and hypocrisy and the Romantic poets, emerged from this old centre and base of culture and politeness. This may be more true of Blake than of Keats but there would have been some agreement among the Romantic poets on this issue.

This social change affected the thoughts of the people. The range of experience of the previous age was found to be narrow and limited and the permissible interests and sentiments few and limits of good sense and decency soon-reached. The new themes thus were the child's experiences, or interests of peoples remote from the cities or even national life or the unexplored human passions, sentiments and feelings that were more a part of human existence than just reason.

Coleridge's *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, and *Kubla Khan* demonstrate the effectiveness of the non-rational and discursive in literature as vehicle for communicating states of mind and feeling that cannot be readily justified in explicit statements. *The Ancient Mariner* is set in the solitariness of the gruesome sea. It is a tale of adventure and more than that, a tale of adventure into the unexplored areas of the psyche. The Mariner is afflicted by a strange urge to tell his tale to someone who is fit for it. Still the morality is a mundane one, but something that was not considered worthy of notice by the predecessors of the Romantic.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

Christabel has the setting of a medieval castle, where an innocent girl like the kin of the bridegroom in *The Ancient Mariner* is introduced into the complexity of a world of love, witchery, supernatural elements and senility. All these poems express man's willingness to pay serious attention to facts of mind untainted by reason.

Coleridge however was not alone in this matter. Blake had gone farther than Coleridge and imagined a whole world of beings. *America*, *The Four Zoas*, *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, and *The Book of 'Urizen'* are all inhabited by mythical beings of Blake's creation. But analysed on the level of symbols like *Urizen* for reason they all explain their validity and meaning.

Wordsworth or the subject of his poetry the common people, uncorrupted by civilization, the child who has not allowed his innocence to get corrupted by understanding. 'Michael', 'The Cumberland Beggar' and the girl in 'We are Seven' are symbols of innocence. Michael gets corrupted by the new society which he joins. Civilization has not reached others (in the two poems mentioned above), to corrupt them.

In poems like 'The Daffodils' or 'The Sky Lark' or 'The Solitary Reaper' artefacts of nature are seen as a personal, not a public object.

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work
And o'er the sickle bending : -
I listen'd, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more,

As the anarchism of Godwin professed man's complete independence from external control the Romantics emphasized the autonomy of a poet's world.

Byron was not an escapist. He remained highly sociable. But while in the society, he wished to fight with the despotism of his time. He set himself against all the monarchies of his day. On the question of Greek independence he recalled Homer, the battles of the Greeks against the Trojans; and nearer in time the memory of the Crusades came surging over his mind. The poetry of *The Vision of Judgment* in theme and treatment is of the previous age. *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* are earthly and even profane. But they are at a great remove from the setting of the poetry of Dryden, Pope and Dr. Johnson.

Shelley was a revolutionary and joined Byron in his philhellenism. He declared – 'we are all Greeks'. But his poetry is more airy and more than any other romantic poet, worthy of Arnold's sneer.

It asserts the romantic heresy which the poetry of the age had committed in proclaiming the self-sufficiency of the individual. 'To a Skylark' is perhaps the most perfect example of airiness converted into the charms of poetry :

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from, thy presence showers a rain of melody.

In sublimating the concrete Shelley licenses our imagination to the extremes of flight and offers a portrait of the purest of human aspirations, not of concrete objects.

Keats loved the vernal bloom, the taste of wine, the fragrance of flowers, the gentle breeze and above all to be lulled to sleep by the one sweet call of a nightingale :

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Keats later repudiated his cult of beauty. In his later poetry such as 'Epistle to John Hamilton Reynolds' he laments,

"... Oh, never with the prize,
 High reason, and the love of good and ill,
 Be my award."

Or again,

Or is it that imagination brought
 Beyond its proper bound, yet still confin'd
 Lost in a sort of Purgatory blind,
 Cannot refer to any standard law
 Of either earth or heaven ?

Still the standard law which Keats and his contemporary poets adhered to, and recognized the short-comings of, did restore the honour and mystery that surrounded human beings. It is in this sense that they portrayed reality but again it was a part of the reality. In the change of focus if new areas had been discovered old ones had gone into the shade, if not completely eclipsed.

35.3 ROMANTICISM, EMOTION AND IMAGERY

'Intense emotion coupled with an intense display of imagery, such is the frame of mind which supports and feeds the new literature.' Discuss the Romantic Revival in the light of this statement.

Intense emotions of love, beauty and patriotism are generally accompanied with an intense display of images. But when a poet meditates upon an object or an idea his intellect provides him with philosophy or a sublime strain of poetry rather than the glimmer of images.

Shelley's skylark is a product of quivering imagination. The bird has been compared with a 'Cloud of fire', an 'un-bodied joy', a 'star of heaven', 'the arrows of that silver sphere', 'a poet hidden in the light of thought', 'a high-horn maiden', 'a glow-worm golden' and 'rose embower'd in its own green leaves', and with these images go intense emotions. To quote a few stanzas

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Or

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee;
 Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Or

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

For Shelley, the bird becomes a symbol and then it grows until it becomes an agent which participates with him in his flights of fancy, his passions of life, his yearnings for freedom.

Keats is another poet whose emotional experience is conveyed through images. The nightingale is called 'light-winged Dryad of the trees' and Keats thinks of the emperors and clowns of the past:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:

But Wordsworth's emotional response is for meditation. Much of his imagery is replaced by a 'visionary gleam'. Still his Skylark is 'Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!' And Wordsworth requests humanity to,

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine
 Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam –
 True to the kindred point of Heaven and Home.

This coupling of emotion and imagery is true in other contexts as well. Byron's portrait of the ocean is majestic and conveyed through bold images:

Roll on thou deep and dark and blue Ocean – roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over there in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with rain - his control
 Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The majesty and grandeur of the ocean is put in contrast with the littleness of man through appropriate images.

Byron used such images for other purposes like the expression of love of the beauty of women :

She Walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes ;

The lady is as beautiful and majestic as a cloudless night, full of stars.

Wordsworth finds the image of an 'apparition' in his 'phantom of delight':

A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament ;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
 Like twilight's too, her dusky hair
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn
 A dancing shape, an image gay
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.'

When he sees her from a nearer view she remains 'a spirit, yet a woman too !' and in the last stanza when Wordsworth sees her with his 'screene' eyes she appears to be

The very pulse of the machine
 A being breathing thoughtful breath
 A traveller between life and death.

Shelley's call to his beloved is the most intense in this series :

The fountains mingle with the river
 And the rivers with the ocean,
 The winds of heaven mix for ever
 With a sweet emotion ;
 Nothing in the world is single,
 All things by a law divine

In one another's being mingle –
Why not I with thine ?

Here once again intense emotion has been mixed with intense imagery with a telling effect. The elements of nature wake us to the elements of our own sweet being.

Keats in the 'Ode on the Grecian Urn' talks of the '...still unravished bride of quietness thou foster-child of silence and slow time'. The coming together of 'still unravished bride' with a product of 'silence and slow time' make the portrait on the urn a permanent source of inspiration.

This intensity of emotion when coupled with an intense display of imagery produces the sweeping, pervasive and permanent effect of Romantic poetry.

Gyan Ratna

35.4 POLITICAL DISCONTENT AND HUMANITARIAN ASPIRATIONS

The Romantic movement at the end of the eighteenth century expressed the aesthetic and emotional sensibilities of the age, the political discontents, and the humanitarian aspiration. Discuss.

George I and George II had been interested more in their province of Hanover from where they had come than their new kingdom of Great Britain. George III ascended the throne in 1760 and remained on it until his death in 1820. He wanted to get back for himself what his two predecessors had lost, i. e. the power to reign as well as rule. This involved a great deal of shady dealings and false play, unfair elections and bribery of parliamentarians and voters. The society had become corrupt and the elite wished a change. The days of despotic rule were over and democracy had dawned across the Atlantic on their (The English men's) own kins in 1776 in the United States of America. The poet of *The Traveller* recorded this passing away of reliance on the king and the waning of the adoration of authority :

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.

The narrowness of the urban society and 'good sense' in philosophy and in poetry, the 'ancient rules' and the crippling medium of the 'heroic couplet', were felt to be a burden which the new age wished to discard. Writing about the metre of the previous age, Blake wrote in his *Poetical Sketches*:

The languid strings do scarcely move !
The sound is forc'd, the notes are few !

But more than the disenchantment with the old medium was the asperity towards the old subjects which desiccated the hearts of men, and narrowed the range of the experience of the educated. These new romantic poets lived in remote places, away from the control-room of the state. The poets of the previous age - Swift and Prior, Milton, Marvell Addison and Donne - were close to the powers that were.

Blake took for his subject the chimney sweeper or the village green and innocent children. Wordsworth directed his interest towards the poor people like the Cumberland beggar or Michael's father and mother. An innocent girl like Lucy or the one in 'We are Seven' drew his attention as much as his own childhood, the 'fair seed time' in which he was 'fostered alike by beauty and by fear.' In this novel realization of man as an autonomous being, his self-sufficient status, lay the secret of Wordsworth's poetic gleams, his aesthetic expressions :

An auxiliary light
 Came from my mind, which on the setting sun
 Bestowed new splendour ; the melodious birds,
 The fluttering breezes, fountains that run on
 Murmuring so sweetly in themselves obeyed
 A like dominion, and the midnight storm
 Grew darker in the presence of my eye :
 Hence my obeisance, my devotion hence,
 And hence my transport.

Scott, similarly took Young Lockinvar or an innocent Maisie for his theme :

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
 Walking so early
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush
 Singing so rarely.
 'Tell, me thou bonny bird,
 When shall I marry me?'
 When six braw gentlemen
 Kirkward shall carry me.

Coleridge's imagination, however, did not turn to things so simple. His imagination was conditioned by his addiction to laudanum. Poetry depicts man's response to uncommon situations. 'Kubla Khan', said to be written in a dream is in its very perfection in this class of poetry :

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree
 Where Alph, the sacred river ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.

The 'measureless caverns' that Coleridge envisioned was a great fact of his humanitarian aspiration and in accepting the remote and the far fetched as a theme for his poetry, he countenanced the immense possibilities that man was capable of. This conditioned the music of his poetry and ensured its charm :

Weave a circle round me thrice
 And close your eyes with holy dread
 For he on honey dew hath fed
 And drunk the milk of paradise.

The music of 'The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner' is gruesome:

Alone, alone, all all alone,
 Alone, on a wide wide sea,
 And never a saint took pity on,
 My soul in agony.

Or

Day after day, day after day :
 We stuck nor breath nor motion ;
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.

Coleridge's gruesome music occupies its place in the full bloom of the joy of marriage :

What loud uproar burst from that door !
The wedding-guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are :
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer.

The poetry of Coleridge re-enacts the medieval motif of *Est in Arcadia ego* - death in Arcady, right in the heart of joy of life. It responds in this way to a deep seated psychological aspect of the human mind.

But the romanticism of the early generation of the romantic poets did not go farther. Wordsworth had written of the Fall of Bastille:

Bliss was it in that down to be alive
But to be young was very heaven

But when the dawn turned into a gory afternoon, repressive and conservative attitudes took hold of the minds of men. Pitt, who was in favour of reforms set all his energy against any liberal measure till the Battle of Waterloo relieved the British people of the liberal sympathies upsetting the pattern of the society. The second generation came to express views against oppression and in favour of liberalism, in support of reforms and the utopian creed of anarchism of Godwin and Bakunin and of the socialistic creed of Robert Owen of New Lanark.

Ajay Kumar

35.5 WONDER OF THE ROMANTICS

'The wonder' of the Romantics is the enthralling discovery, the progressive lightning up of an inner horizon, which extends beyond the limits of clear consciousness. How far is this an adequate assessment of the Romantic Movement in English literature?

The great neo-classical poets from Dryden to Dr. Johnson wrote on themes of peoples, which the titles of their poems bear out - 'An Essay on Man', 'An Essay on criticism', 'London', 'The Vanity of Human Wishes' or 'The Village School-Master'. The Romantic poets took private themes and glorified the individual. In the absence of public themes they looked for private matters as the proper stuff for poetry.

Children, birds, beauty of nature, flowers, remote lands, mysterious and even fear inspiring landscape or seascape became their themes for poetry. Hence there could not emerge an organized society and a familiar set of norms to which Pope claimed to conform :

That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long
But stoop'd to Truth, and moralized his song

Keats's and in some ways the dilemma of all romantics was whether they were 'fanatics', i.e. of the dreamer tribe or poets.

Fanatics have their dreams,
Wherewith they weave
A paradise for a sect;
The savage too
From forth the loftiest fashion of his sleep
Guesses at Heaven ;

The poet, Keats resolved

... is a sage ;

A humanist physician to all men.

Review

As 'physicians' that the Romantic poets were, they reclaimed imagination for the polite society. A child was born with the 'glories of the imperial palace' whence he had come. Wordsworth beholds

... the child among his newborn blisses
A six year's darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses
With light upon him from his father's eyes !

But this was common. What others could not see was

... at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life
Shaped by himself with newly learned art ;

Whether Wordsworth succeeded in persuading his contemporaries of the 'Mighty prophet ! Seer Blest' we do not know but he did incite curiosity into a new field or rather a dormant field of human interest.

'The Daffodils' records another aspect, towards which the romantic poets looked with wonder :

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

The beauty of flowers extended to all things of nature. Shelley heard in the West Wind the "trumpet of a prophecy" ;

O wild West wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale and hectic red,

This mighty force gradually goes far away, beyond the range of clear-sight of the poet somewhat like the two children, in 'Dream Children' who from realities slip to the spectral unrealities on the shores of Lethe or like the Sky lark which floats and runs 'like an unbodied joy whose race has just begun' -

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest
And singing still dost soar and soaring ever singest.

Keats's nightingale does not soar in the sky. It has its

Melodious plot
Of beechen green and shadows numberless

from where it invites Keats and he is ready to 'fade far away, dissolve and quite forget.'

Coleridge's imagination hardly woke up from the forgetfulness imposed upon him by opium. He heard mysterious voices in the air, in the ghostly moonlit nights, in the striking of the clocks, and in the howls of an old toothless mastiff:

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
Tu-whit! - Tu-who!
And hark, again! The crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

What wonder enwrapped the inland objects with the medieval *leit motif* was given a ghostly tinge when the scene was the sea or the 'ancestral voices prophecying war' when the same was Kublai Khan's palace in China.

All the concrete objects in major Romantic poetry except perhaps those of Byron and Southey have a tendency to 'dissolve' into the liquid state and in vapours. Here is *Hyperion*:

His flaming robes steamed out beyond his heels
And gave a roar as if of carthy fire,
That scar'd away the meek ethereal hours
And made their dove wings tremble. On he flared
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bowers of fragrant and entwathed light,
And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades
Until he reached the great main Cupola;
There standing fierce beneath, he stamped his foot,
And from basements deep to the high towers
Jarr'd his own golden region.

It was in this ability of the romantic poets to turn a massive character like *Hyperion* into liquid fire and only sound that the unique achievements of the romantic poets lie.

Devraj Kumar

35.6 AWE AND WONDER IN THINGS FAMILIAR

'By associating single sensible experiences with some undefinable superior order of things the Romantics have enriched our appreciation of the familiar world and awakened a new awe and wonder at it.' Discuss.

It is often assumed that there is no human emotion that cannot be found in Shakespeare. Dryden said, '... he had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of Nature were still present to him ...' Nature, to Dryden and his contemporaries meant far more than it means to us and included human nature as well, but the treatment of nature that we find in the poetry of the Romantic poets was a revolution in literature.

The case of 'the daffodils' of Wordsworth may be taken for example. Wordsworth reports,

Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

But these 'ten thousand' flowers are immediately seen against the background of the milky way, the dance of the waves and the dance of the flowers themselves. As it were, the entire creation is seen in a cosmic dance. We are forced to question whether Wordsworth knew something about the cosmic dance of Shiv. Ultimately, he thinks of the value of this encounter with a 'never ending line' of daffodils;

For oft when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills
 And dances with the daffodils

By the time we reach these lines we start questioning about the sources and aims of romantic poetry. Is Romantic Poetry about nature? Or is it about man. Romantic poetry is primarily about man and only secondarily about nature, but it is nature-poetry because nature is the measure of all things and both the medium and object of the search. The poets of the classical age had the urban society as the standard, the romantic poets replaced it with nature. The song of the solitary reaper reminds Wordsworth of a grand order: 'of old unhappy far off things and battles long ago' of the nightingale and the cuckoo, the traveller in a desert and the voice of the cuckoo from Hebrides in spring. Once again a common song is heard against the background of entire creation as it were. Once again we get tempted to know whether Wordsworth had any knowledge of the 'Natyashastra' of Bharata and our concept of Rasas for in one lyric Wordsworth invokes the entirety and our experience becomes universal. The same applies to fearful sights as well. Wordsworth saw his own boating experience against the background of fearful forms, of the rock extending toward him like a ghost and the mountains all around. All his childish delinquencies, he admits, were reproved by nature's 'ministries of fear'.

It is for such a treatment of nature that common experiences became so valuable to the people of nineteenth century Britain. Coleridge decided to keep his child in the midst of nature:

...thou my babe, shall wander like a breeze
 By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
 Of ancient mountain and beneath the clouds

It was Wordsworth's influence, besides being the influence of the age that made him think that nature was the repository of grand forms and of Eternity.

...So shall thou see and hear
 The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
 Of that eternal language, which thy god
 Utters who from eternity doth teach
 Himself in all and all things in Himself.

Hence it was a common belief among the poets of the romantic revival that in nature existed something more than the casual more than the eye could meet without the assistance of the seeking mind. Nature could be a reflection of God himself, was what Coleridge felt. The matin bells, or the bark of the toothless mastiff are agencies of some preternatural beings. Caverns to him were measureless and passed into the sunless sea. The experience of marriage was to be seen against the perspective of the experiences of the Ancient Mariner who felt a pain at certain hours and must tell his experiences to others.

Keats and Shelley see things and evaluate experiences less against the background of mysterious forces and supernatural visitations. To the former, love and immortality are the connecting principles. To the latter, human aspirations of freedom and liberty

and revolution and reform and the amelioration in the condition of mankind take the place of Wordsworth's 'ministeries of nature'. The nightingale's voice cannot be overlooked by generations to come:

Thou wast not born for death immortal bird,
No hungry generations tread thee down,
The voice I hear this passing night was heard,
In ancient days by emperors and clowns.

And it was heard in ancient days by the 'emperors and clowns' just like Yeats's handiwork;

Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
Of hammered gold or gold enamelling
To keep a drowsy emperor awake
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past or passing or to come.

But the difference is all the more pronounced. While the 'golden bird' is a classical image – Yeats eager to live in his peculiar classical past – the nightingale is something that communicates with us in our real existence. The golden bird is part of a bardic pose. The nightingale is the passionate dream of the poet's life. The bird singing on the golden bough is avowedly unreal and elevates the familiar; the nightingale so common to our daily life becomes thing unreal and awful.

Shelley's treatment of the skylark make the romantic stance clear once again. It is raised to the highest heavens:

Hail to thee blithe spirit
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Although the bird is unreal when looked through Shelley's eyes – 'bird thou never wert', – it can still give a message to humanity:

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

However unreal the bird may become in the intensity of experience, of aspiration, dreams or desires it still communicates with humanity whereas the golden handiwork of Yeats, or any other classicist for that matter, speaks only to lords and ladies of the august company. It is for this reason that nature, before the Romantic poets started writing was never seen with the wonder and awe with which it came to be seen after them. Wordsworth expressed the ethos of his age in just two lines:

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The meanest flower, the Cumberland beggar, Peter Bell, Michael, the river Duddon were never seen before in the same spirit nor were the matin bells or the marriage songs heard with the same intensity or the dance of lovers on a grecian urn seen with

the same passion or the west wind welcomed as 'destroyed or preserver' with the same compelling force that it was by the great Romantics.

Review

Upendra Sharma

35.7 LET'S SUM UP

In this unit you reviewed the poetry of the Romantic Revival as a whole and gained insights into the craft of writing answers of critical questions that you may be asked in the term-end (i.e. final) examination. Hope you found the unit useful for your self-study. Would you like to read out some of your essays before your friends at the Study Centre or a self-organised group as some students did in this class?



JOHN CONSTABLE THE HAYWAIN. 1821, Oil on canvas, 51¼ x 73"
(130.1 x 185.4 cm). The National Gallery London.



JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER THE SLAVE SHIP
1840. Oil on canvas, 35¼ x 48" (90.5 x 122 cm). Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

APPENDIX

POEMS PRESCRIBED FOR DETAILED STUDY

I
THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE
P. B. SHELLEY

- Swift as a spirit hastening to his task
Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth
Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask
- Of darkness fell from the awakened Earth.
The smokeless altars of the mountain snows 5
Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth
- Of light, the Ocean's orison arose
To which the birds tempered their matin lay.
All flowers in field or forest which unclose 10
- Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day,
Swinging their censers in the element,
With orient incense lit by the new ray
- Burned slow and inconsumably, and sent
Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air, 15
And in succession due, did Continent,
- Isle, Ocean, and all things that in them wear
The form and character of mortal mould
Rise as the Sun their father rose, to bear
- Their portion of the toil which he of old
Took as his own and then imposed on them; 20
But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold
- Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem
The cone of night, now they were laid asleep,
Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem
Which an old chestnut flung athwart the steep 25
Of a green Apennine: before me fled
The night; behind me rose the day; the Deep
- Was at my feet, and Heaven above my head
When a strange trance over my fancy grew
Which was not slumber, for the shade it spread 30
- Was so transparent that the scene came through
As clear as when a veil of light is drawn
O'er evening hills they glimmer; and I knew
- That I had felt the freshness of that dawn
Bathed in the same cold dew my brow and hair 35
And sate as thus upon that slope of lawn.
- Under the self same bough, and heard as there
The birds, the fountains and the Ocean hold
Sweet talk in music through the enamoured air,
And then a Vision on my brain was rolled..... 40

As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay
 This was the tenour of my waking dream.
 Methought I sate beside a public way

Thick strewn with summer dust, and a great stream
 Of people there was hurrying to and fro 45
 Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,

All hastening onward, yet none seemed to know
 Whither he went, or whence he came, or why
 He made one of the multitude, yet so

Was borne amid the crowd as through the sky 50
 One of the million leaves of summers bier.-
 Old age and youth, manhood and infancy,

Mixed in one mighty torrent did appear,
 Some flying from the thing they feared and some 55
 Seeking the object of another's fear,

And others as with steps towards the tomb
 Pored on the trodden worms that crawled beneath,
 And others mournfully within the gloom

Of their own shadow walked, and called it death... 60
 And some fled from it as it were a ghost,
 Half fainting in the affliction of vain breath.

But more with motions which each other crost
 Pursued or shunned the shadows the clouds threw
 Or birds within the noonday ether lost,

Upon that path where flowers never grew; 65
 And weary with vain toil land faint for thirst
 Heard not the fountains whose melodious dew

Out of their mossy cells forever burst
 Nor felt the breeze which from the forest told 70
 Of grassy paths, and wood lawns intersped

With overarching elms and caverns cold,
 And violet banks where sweet dreams brood, but they
 Pursued their serious folly as of old.....

And as I gazed methought that in the way
 The throng grew wilder, as the woods of June 75
 When the South wind shakes the extinguished day.—

And a cold glare, intenser than the noon
 But icy cold, obscured with [blinding] light
 The Sun as he the stars Like the young Moon

When on the sunlit limits of the night 80
 Her white shell trembles amid crimson air
 And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might

Doth, as a herald of its coming, bear
 The ghost of the her dead Mother, whose dim form 85
 Sends in the dark ether from her infant's chair.

- So came a chariot on the silent storm
Of its own rushing splendour, and a Shape
So sate within as one whom years deform
- Beneath a dusky hood and double cape
Crouching within the shadow of a tomb,
And o'er what seemed the head a cloud like crape 90
- Was bent, a dun and faint ethereal gloom
Tempering the light; upon the chariot's beam
A Janus-visaged Shadow did assume
- The guidance of that wonder-winged team. 95
The Shapes which drew it in thick lightnings
Were lost: I heard alone on the air's soft stream
- The music of their ever moving wings.
All the four faces of that charioteer
Had their eyes banded... little profit brings 100
- Speed in the van and blindness in the rear,
Nor then avail the beams that quench the Sun
Or that these banded eyes could pierce the sphere
- Of all that is, has been, or will be done—
So ill was the ear guided, but it past 105
With solemn speed majestically on...
- The crowd gave way, and I arose ghastr,
Or seemed to rise, so mighty was he trance,
And saw like clouds upon the thunder blast
- The million with fierce song and maniac dance 110
Raging around; such seemed the jubilee
As when to greet some conqueror's advance
- Imperial Rome poured forth her living sea
From senatehouse and prison and theatre
When Freedom left those who upon the free 115
- Had bound a yoke which soon they stooped to bear.
Nor wanted here the just similitude
Of a triumphal pageant, for where'er
- The chariot rolled a captive multitude
Was driven; all those who had grown old in power 120
Or misery, —all who have their age subdued,
- By action or by suffering, and whose hour
Was drained to its last sand in weal or woe,
So that the trunk survived both fruit and flower;
- All those whose fame or infamy must grow 125
Till the great winter lay the form and name
Of their own earth with them forever low—
- All but the sacred few who could not tame
Their spirits to the Conqueror, but as soon
As they had touched the world with living flame 130

- Fled back like eagles to their native noon,
Or those who put aside the diadem
Of earthly thrones or gems, till the last one
- Were there; for they of Athens and Jerusalem
Were neither mid the mighty captives seen 135
Nor mid the ribald crowd that followed them
- Or fled before... Swift, fierce and obscene
The wild dance maddens in the van, and those
Who lead it, fleet as shadows on the green,
- Outspeed the chariot and without repose
Mix with each other in tempestuous measure 140
To savage music... Wilder as it grows,
- They, tortured by the agonizing pleasure,
Convulsed and on the rapid whirlwinds spun
Of that fierce spirit, whose unholy leisure 145
- Was soothed by mischief since the world begun,
Throw back their heads and loose their streaming hair,
And in their dance round her who dims the Sun
- Maidens and youths fling their wild arms in air
As their feet twinkle, now recede and now 150
Sending within each other's atmosphere
- Kindle invisibly, and as they glow
Like moths by light attracted and repelled,
Off to new bright destruction come and go,
- Till like two clouds into one vale impelled 155
That shake the mountains when their lightnings mingle
And die in rain, —the fiery band which held
- Their natures, snaps..... ere the shock cease to tingle
One falls and then another in the path
Senseless, nor is the desolation single, 160
- Yet ere I can say *where* the chariot hath
Past over them; nor other trace I find
But as of foam after the Ocean's wrath
- Is spent upon the desert shore. —Behind,
Old men, and women doully disarrayed 165
Shake their grey hair in the insulting wind,
- Limp in the dance and strain with limbs decayed
To reach the car of light which leaves hem still
Further behind and deeper in the shade.
- But not the less with impotence of will 170
They wheel, though ghastly shadows interpose
Round them and round each other, and fulfill
- Their work and to the dust whence they arose
Sink and corruption veils them as they lie—
And frost in these performs what fire in those. 175

Struck to the heart by this sad pageantry,
Half to myself I said, "And what is this?
Whose shape is that within the car? And why?"

I would have added-"is all here amiss?"
But a voice answered..."Life"... I turned and knew
(O Heaven have mercy on such wretchedness!) 180

That what I thought was an old root which grew
To strange distortion out of the hill side
Was indeed one of that deluded crew,

And that the grass which methought hung so wide
And white, was but his thin discoloured hair,
And that the holes it vainly sought to hide 185

Were or had been eyes-"If thou canst forbear
To join the dance, which I had well forborne,"
Said the grim Feature, of my thought aware 190

"I will tell all that which to this deep scorn
led me and my companions, and relate
The progress of the pageant since the morn;

"If thirst of knowledge doth not thus abate,
Follow it even to the night, but I
Am Weary"... Then like one who with the weight 195

Of his own words is staggered, wearily
He paused, and ere he could resume, I cried,
"First who art thou?"..."Before thy memory

"I feared, loved, hated, suffered, did, and died,
and if the spark with which Heaven lit my spirit
Earth had with purer nutriment supplied 200

"Corruption would not now thus much inherit
Of what was once Rousseau-nor this disguise
Stain that within which still disdains to wear it.- 205

"If I have been extinguished, yet there rise
A thousand beacons from the spark I bore."
"And who are those chained to the car?" "The Wise,

"The great, the unforgotten they who wore
Mitre and helms and crowns, or wreathes of light,
Signs of thought's empire over thought; their lore 210

"Taught them not this-to know themselves; their might
Could not repress the mutiny within,
And for the morn of truth they feigned, deep night

"Caught them ere evening." "Who is he with chin
Upon his breast and hands crost on his chain?"
"The Child of a fierce hour, he sought to win 215

"The world, and lost all it did contain
Of greatness, in its hope destroyed; and more
Of fame and peace than Virtue's self can gain 220

Without the opportunity which bore
Him on its eagle's pinion to the peak
From which a thousand climbers have before

"Fall'n as Napoleon fell." - I felt my cheek
Alter to see the great form pass away 225
Whose grasp had left the giant world so weak

That every pigmy kicked it as it lay -
And much I grieved to think how power and will
In opposition rule our mortal day -

And why God made irreconcilable
Good and the means of good; and for despair 230
I half disdain'd mine eye's desire to fill

With the spent vision of the times that were
And scarce have ceased to be... "Dost thou behold,"
Said then my guide, "those spoilers spoiled, Voltaire,

"Frederic, and Kant, Catherine, and Leopold, 235
Chained hoary anarchists, demagogue and sage
Whose name the fresh world thinks already old -

"For in the battle Life had they did wage
she remained conqueror - I was overcome 240
By my own heart alone, which neither age

"Nor tears nor infamy nor now the tomb
could temper to its object." - "Let them pass" -
I cried - "the world and its mysterious doom

Is not so much more glorious than it was 245
That I desire to worship those who drew
New figures on its false and fragile glass

"As the old faded" - "Figures ever new
Rise on the bubble, paint them how you may;
We have but thrown, as those before us threw. 250

"Our shadows on it as it past away,
But mark, how chained to the triumphal chair
The mighty phantoms of an elder day -

"All that is mortal of great Plato there
Expiates the joy and woe his master knew not; 255
That star that ruled his doom was far too far -

"And Life, where long that flower of Heaven grew not,
Conquered the heart by love which gold or pain
Or age or sloth or slavery could subdue not -

"And near [him] walk the [Macedonian] twain.
The tutor and his pupil, whom Dominion 260
Followed as tame as vulture in a chain -

"The world was darkened beneath either pinion
Of him whom from the flock of conquerors
Fame singled as her thunderbearing minion. 265

"The other long outlived both woes and wars,
Throned in new thoughts of men, and still had kept
The jealous keys of truth's eternal doors

"If Bacon's spirit [eagle] had not leapt
Like lightning out of darkness; he compelled
The Proteus shape of Nature's as it slept

270

"To wake and to unbar the caves that held
The treasure of the secrets of its reign-
See the great bards of old who inly quelled

"The passions which they sung, as by their strain
May well be known: their living melody
Tempers its own contagion to the vein

275

"Of those who are infected with it-I
Have suffered what I wrote, or viler pain!-

"And so my words were seeds of misery-
Even as the deeds of others"- "Not as theirs."
I said-he pointed to a company

280

In which I recognized amid the heirs
Of Caesar's crime from him to Constantine.
The Anarchs old whose force and murderous snares

285

Had founded many a sceptre bearing line
And spread the plague of blood and gold abroad,
And Gregory and John and men divine

Who rose like shadows between Man and god
Till that eclipse, still hanging under Heaven,
Was worshipped by the world o'er which they strode

290

For the true Sun it quenched. - "Their power was given
But do destroy," replied the leader - "I
Am one of those who have created, even

"If be but a world of agony"-
"Whence camest thou and whither goest thou?
How did thy course begin." I said, "and why?"

295

"Mine eyes are sick of this perpetual flow
Of people, and my heart of one sad thought. -
Speak" "Whence I leame, partly I seem to know,

300

"And how and by what paths I have been brought
To this dread pass, methinks even thou mayst guess;
Why this should be my mind can compass not;

"Whither the conqueror hurries me still less
But follow thou, and from spectator turn
Actor or victim in this wretchedness,

305

"And what thou wouldst be taught I then may learn
From thee-Now listen... In the April prime
When all the forest tops began to burn

<p>“With kindling green, touched by the azure clime Of the young year, I found myself asleep Under a mountain, which from unknown time</p>	310	Shelley
<p>“Had yawned into a cavern high and deep And from it came a gentle rivulet Whose water like clear air in its calm sweep</p>	315	
<p>“Bent the soft grass and kept for ever wet The stems of the sweet flowers, and filled the grove With sound which all who hear must needs forget</p>		
<p>“All pleasure and all pain, all hate and love, Which they had known before that hour of rest: A sleeping mother then would dream not of</p>	320	
<p>The only child who died upon her breast At eventide, a king would mourn no more The crown of which his brow we dispossess</p>		
<p>“When the sun lingered o’er the Ocean floor To gild his rival’s new prosperity- Thou wouldst forget thus vainly to deplore</p>	325	
<p>“Ills, which if ill, can find no cure from thee, The thought of which no other sleep will quell Nor other music blot from memory-</p>	330	
<p>“So sweet and deep is the oblivious spell- Whether my life had been before that sleep The Heaven which I imagine, or a Hell</p>		
<p>“Like this harsh world in which I wake to weep, I know not, I arose and for a space The scene of woods and waters seemed to keep</p>	335	
<p>“Though it was now broad day, a gentle trace Of light diviner than the common Sun Sheds on the common Earth, but all the place</p>		
<p>“Was filled with many sounds woven into one Oblivious melody, confusing sense Amid the gliding waves and shadows dun.</p>	340	
<p>“And as I looked the bright omnipresence Of morning through the orient cavern flowed, And the Sun’s image radiantly intense</p>	345	
<p>“Burned on the waters of the well that glowed Like gold, and threaded all the forest maze With winding paths of emerald fire-there stood</p>		
<p>“Amid the sun, as he amid the blaze Of his own glory, on the vibrating Floor of the fountain, paved with flashing rays</p>	350	
<p>“A shape all light, which with one hand did fling Dew on the earth, as if she were the Dawn Whose invisible rain forever seemed to sing</p>		

- "A silver music on the mossy lawn,
And still before her on the dewy grass
Is her many coloured scarf had drawn. — 355
- In her right hand she bore a chrystal glass
Mantling with bright Nepenthe; —the fierce splendour
Fell from her as she moved under the mass 360
- Of the deep cavern, and with palms so tender
Their tread broke not the mirror of its billow,
Glided along the river, and did bend her
- "Head under the dark boughs, till like a willow
Her fair hair swept the bosom of the stream 365
That whispered with delight to be their pillow. —
- "As one enamoured is upborne in dream
O'er aly-paven lakes mid silver mist
To wondrous music, so this shape might seem
- "Partly to tread the waves with feet which kist 370
The dancing foam, partly to glide along
The airs that roughened the moist amethyst,
- "Or the slant morning beams that fell among
The trees, or the soft shadows of the trees;
And her feet ever to the ceaseless song 375
- "Of leaves and winds and waves and birds and bees
And falling drops moved in a measure new
Yet sweet, as on the summer evening breeze
- "Up from the lake a shape of golden dew 380
Between two rocks, athwart the rising moon,
Dances! the wind where eagle never flew. —
- "And still her feet, no less than the sweet tune
To which they moved, seemed as they moved, to blot
The thoughts of him who gazed on them, and soon
- "All that was seemed as if it had been not, 385
As if the gazer's mind was strewn beneath
Her feet like embers, and she, thought by thought,
- "Trampled its fires into the dust of death,
As Day upon the threshold of the east
Treads out the lamps of night, until the breath 390
- "Of darkness reilluminates even the least
Of heaven's living eyes—like day she came,
Making the night a dream; and ere she ceased
- "To move, as one between desire and shame
Suspended, I said—if, as it doth seem, 395
Thou comest from the realm without a name,
- "Into this valley of perpetual dream,
Shew whence I came, and where I am, and why—
Pass not away upon the passing stream

Arise and quench thy thirst, was her reply. 400

And as a shut lily, stricken by the wand
Of dewy morning's vital alchemy,

"I rose and, bending at her sweet command,
Touched with faint lips the cup she raised,
And suddenly my brain became as sand 405

"Where the first wave had more than half erased
The track of deer on desert Labrador,
Whilst the fierce wolf from which they fled amazed

"Leaves his stamp visibly upon the shore
Until the second bursts—so on my sight
Burst a new Vision never seen before— 410

"And the fair shape waned in the coming light
As veil by veil the silent splendour drops
From Lucifer, amid the chrysolite

"Of sunrise ere it strike the mountain tops— 415
And as the presence of that fairest planet
Although unseen is felt by one who hopes

"That his day's path may end as he began it
In that star's smile, whose light is like the scent
Of a jonquil when evening breezes fan it. 420

"Or the soft notes in which his dear lament
The Brescian shepherd breathes, or the caress
That turned his weary slumber to content. —

"So knew I in that light's severe excess
The presence of that shape which on the stream
Moved, as I moved along the wilderness, 425

"More dimly than a day appearing dream,
The ghost of a forgotten form of sleep,
A light from Heaven whose half extinguished beam

"Through the sick day in which we wake to weep
Glimmers, forever sought, forever lost, —
So did that shape its obscure tenour keep

"Beside my path, as silent as a ghost,
But the new Vision, and its cold bright car,
With savage music, stunning music, crost

"The forest, and as if from some dread war
Triumphantly returning, the loud million
Fiercely extolled the fortune of her star. —

"A moving arch of victory the vermilion
And green and azure plumes of iris had 430
Bult high over her wind-winged pavilion,

"And underneath aetherial glory clad
The wilderness, and far before her flew
The tempest of the splendour which forbade

"Shadow to fall from leaf or stone;—the crew
Seemed in that light like atomies that dance
Within a sunbeam. —Some upon the new 445

"Embroidery of flowers that did enhance
The grassy vesture of the desert, played,
Forgetful of the chariot's swift advance; 450

"Others stood gazing till within the shade
Of the great mountain its light left them dim. —
Others outspeded it, and others made

"Circles around it like the clouds that swim
Round the high moon in a bright sea of air,
And more did follow, with exulting hymn, 455

"The chariot and the captives fettered there,
But all like bubbles on an eddying flood
Fell into the same track at last and were

"Born onward—I among the multitude
Was swept; me sweetest flowers delayed not long,
Me not the shadow nor the solitude. 460

"Me not the falling stream's Lethean song
Me, not the phantom of that early form
Which moved upon its motion—but among 465

"The thickest billows of the living storm
I plunged, and bared my bosom to the clime
Of that cold light, whose airs too soon deform-

"Before the chariot had begun to climb
the opposing steep of that mysterious dell.
Behold a wonder worthy of the rhyme 470

"Of him who from the lowest depths of Hell
Through every Paradise and through all glory
Love led serene, and who returned to tell

"In words of hate and awe the wondrous story
How all things are transfigured, except Love,
For deaf as is a sea which wrath makes hoary 475

"The world can bear not the sweet notes that move
The sphere whose light is melody to lovers—
A wonder worthy of his rhyme—the grove 480

"Grew dense with shadows to its inmost covers,
The earth was grey with phantoms, and the air
Was peopled with dim forms, as when there hovers

A flock of vampire-bats before the glare
Of the tropic sun, brining re evening 485
Strange night upon some Indian isle, —thus were

Phantoms diffused around, and some did fling
Shadows of shadows, yet unlike themselves,
Behind them some like eaglets on the wing

<p>“Were lost in the white blaze, others like elves Danced in a thousand unimagined shapes Upon the sunny streams and grassy shelves;</p>	490	Shelley
<p>“And others sat chattering like restless apes On vulgar paws and voluble like fire Some made a cradle of ermined capes</p>	495	
<p>“Of kingly mantles, some upon the tair of pontiffs sale like vultures, others played Within the crown which girt with empire</p>		
<p>“A baby’s or an idiot’s brow, and made Their nests in it; the old anatomies Sate hatching their bare brood under the shade</p>	500	
<p>“Of demon wings, and laughed from their dead eyes To reassume the delegated power Arrayed in which these worms did monarchize</p>		
<p>“Who make this earth their channel-Others more Humble, like falcons sate upon the fist Of common men, and round their heads did soar,</p>	505	
<p>“Or like small gnats and flies, as thick as mist On evening marshes, thronged about the brow Of lawyer, statesman, priest and theorist.</p>	510	
<p>“And others like discoloured flakes of snow On fairest bosoms and the sunniest hair Fell, and were melted by the youthful glow</p>		
<p>“Which they extinguished; for like tears, they were A veil to those from whose faint lids they rained In drops of sorrow-I became aware</p>	515	
<p>“Of whence those forms proceeded which thus stained The track in which we moved; after brief space From every form the beauty slowly waned.</p>		
<p>“From every firmest limb and fairest face The strength and freshness fell like dust, and left The action and the shape without the grace</p>	520	
<p>“Of life; the marble brow of youth was cleft With care, and in the eyes where once hope shone Desire like a lioness bereft</p>	525	
<p>“Of its last cub, glared ere it died; each one Of that great crowd sent forth incessantly These shadows, numerous as the dead leaves blown</p>		
<p>“In Autumn evening from a poplar tree- Each, like himself and like each other were, At first, but soon distorted, seemed to be</p>	530	
<p>“Obscure clouds moulded by the casual air And of this stuff the car’s creative ray Wrought all the busy phantoms that were there.</p>		

“As the sun shapes the clouds—thus, on the way
 Mask after mask fell from the countenance
 And form of all, and long before the day” 535

“Was old, the joy which waked like Heaven’s glance
 The sleepers in the oblivious valley, died,
 And some grew weary of the ghastly dance

“And fell, as I have fallen by the way side,
 Those soonest from whose forms most shadows past
 And least of strength and beauty did abide.” — 540

“Then, what is Life?” I said...the cripple cast
 His eye upon the car which now had rolled
 Onward; as if that look must be the last,

And answered.....: “Happy those for whom the fold
 Of” 545

II
HYPERION: A FRAGMENT
JOHN KEATS
HYPERION. BOOK I

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest. 10
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
No further than to where his feet has stray'd,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unseceptred: and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth, 20
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with kindred hand
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel. 30
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,
When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun,
As if the vanward cloud of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear 40
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.
One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there.
Though and immortal, she felt cruel pain
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenour and deep organ tone:
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents; O how frail 50
To that large utterance of the early Gods!
"Saturn, look up!—though wherefore, poor old King?"

I have no comfort for thee, no not one.
 I cannot say, O wherefore sleepest thou?
 For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
 Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God,
 And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
 Has from thy sceptre pass'd, and all the air
 Is emptied of thine hoary majesty
 Thy thunder, conscious of the new command
 Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house,
 And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
 Scorches and burns our once serene domain
 O aching time! O moments big as years!
 All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
 And press it so upon our weary griefs
 That unbelief has not space to breathe
 Saturn, sleep on, O thoughtless, why did I
 Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
 Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
 Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep."

60

70

As when, upon a tranced summer-night,
 Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods,
 Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
 Save from one gradual solitary gust
 Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
 As if ebbing air had but one wave;
 So came these words and went; the while in tears
 She touch'd her fair large forehead to the ground,
 Just where her falling hair might outspread
 A soft silken mat for Saturn's feet.
 One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
 Her silver seasons four upon the night,
 And still these two were postures motionless,
 Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern;
 The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
 And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet:
 Until at length old Saturn lifted up
 His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,
 And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
 And that fair kneeling Goddess; and then spake,
 As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
 Shook horrid with such aspen-malady
 "O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
 Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face;
 Look up, and let me see our doom in it;
 Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
 Is Saturn's; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice
 Of Saturn, tell me, if this wrinkling brow,
 Naked and bare of its great diadem,
 Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power
 To make me desolate? whence came the strength?
 How was it nurtur'd to such bursting forth,
 While mine seem'd strangled in my nervous grasp?
 Sit it is so; and I am smother'd up,
 And buried from all godlike exercise
 Of audience benign on planets pale
 "Widimantous to the woods and seas,
 Of peaceful way above man's harvesting,

80

90

100

110

And all those acts which Deity supreme
 Doth ease its heart of love in __ I am gone
 Away from my own bosom I have left
 My strong identity, my real self,
 Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit
 Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search!
 Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round
 Upon all space, space starr'd, and lom of light;
 Space region'd with life-air; and barren void;
 Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell, __ 120
 Search, Thea, search! and tell me, if thou soest
 A certain shape or shadow, making way
 With wings or chariot fierce to repossess
 A heaven he lost erewhile; it must __ it must
 Be of ripe progress __ Saturn must be King.
 Yes, there must be a golden victory;
 There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
 Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
 Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
 Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir 130
 Of strings in hollow shells; and there shall be
 Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
 Of the sky-children: I will give command:
 Thea! Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?"

This passion lifted him upon his feet,
 And made his hands to struggle in the air,
 His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat,
 His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.
 He stood, and heard not Thea's sobbing deep;
 A little time, and then again he snatch'd 140
 Utterance thus, __ "But cannot I create?
 Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth
 Another world, another universe,
 To overbear and crumble this to naught?
 Where is another chaos? Where?" __ That word
 Found way unto Olympus, and made quake
 The rebel three __ Thea was startled up,
 And in her bearing was a sort of hope.
 As thus she quick-voic'd spake, yet full of awe.

"This cheers our fallen house: come to our friends,
 O Saturn! come away, and give them heart:
 I know the covert, for thence came I hither."
 Thus brief, then with beseeching eyes she went
 With backward footing through the shade a space:
 He follow'd, and she turn'd to lead the way
 Through aged boughs, that yielded like the mist
 Which eagles cleave upmounting from their nest,

Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed,
 More sorrow like to this, and such like woe,
 Too huge for mortal tongue or pen of scribe: 160
 The Titans fierce, self-hid, or prison-bound,
 Groan'd for the old allegiance once more,
 And listen'd in sharp pain for Saturn's voice
 But one of the whole mammoth-blood still kept
 His sov'reignty, and rule, and majesty __
 Blazing Hyperion on his orb'd fire

Still sat, still snuff'd the incense, teeming up
 From man to the sun's God; yet unsecure:
 For as among us mortals omens drear
 Fright and perplex, so also shuddered he 170
 Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated screech,
 Or at the familiar visiting of one
 Upon the first toll of his passing-bell,
 Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp;
 But horrors, portion'd to a giant nerve.
 Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright
 Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
 And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,
 Glar'd a blood-red through all its thousand courts.
 Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries. 180
 And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
 Flush'd angerly: while sometimes eagle's wings,
 Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
 Darken'd the place; and neighing steeds were heard,
 Not heard before by the Gods or wondering men.
 Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
 Of incense, breath'd aloft from sacred hills,
 Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
 Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick:
 And so, when harbour'd in the sleepy west, 190
 After the full completion of fair day, ___
 For rest divine upon exalted couch
 And slumber in the arms of melody,
 He pac'd away the pleasant hours of ease
 With stride colossal, on from hall to hall:
 While far within each aisle and deep recess,
 His winged minions in close clusters stood,
 Amaz'd and full of fear: like anxious men
 Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
 When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers. 200
 Even now, while Saturn, rous'd from icy trance,
 Went step for step with Thea through the woods,
 Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
 Came slope upon the threshold of the west:
 Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew open
 In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,
 Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
 And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies:
 And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
 In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye, 210
 That inlet to severe magnificence
 Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.

He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
 His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels.
 And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
 That scar'd away the meek ethereal Hours
 And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,
 From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
 Through bowers of fragrant and entwined light,
 And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades, 220
 Until he reach'd the great main cupola,
 There standing fierce beneath, he stamped his foot.
 And from the basements deep to the high towers
 Jarr'd his own golden region: and before

The quavering thunder thereupon had ceas'd.
 His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
 To this result. "O dreams of day and night!
 O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
 O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom!
 O lank-ear'd Phantoms of black-weeded pools! 230
 Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why
 Is my eternal essence thus distraught
 To see and to behold these horrors new?
 Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
 Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
 This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
 This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
 These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
 Of all my lucent empire? It is left
 Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine. 240
 The blaze, splendour, and the symmetry,
 I cannot see__but darkness, death and darkness.
 Even here, into my centre of repose,
 The shady visions come to domineer,
 Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp.__
 Fall!__No, by Tellus and her briny robes!
 Over the fiery frontier of my realms
 I will advance a terrible right arm
 Shall scare the infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
 And bid old Saturn take his throne again,"__ 250
 He spake, and ceas'd, the while a heavier threat
 Held struggle with his throat but came not forth,
 For as in theatres of crowded men
 Hubbub increases more they call out "Hush!"
 So at Hyperion's words the Phantoms pale
 Bestirr'd themselves, thrice horrible and cold,
 And front the mirror'd level where he stood
 A mist rose, as from a scummy marsh.
 At this, through all his bulk in agony 260
 Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown,
 Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
 Making slow way, with head and neck convuls'd
 From over-strained might. Releas'd, he fled
 To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours
 Before the dawn in season due should blush,
 He breath'd fierce breath against the sleepy portals,
 Clear'd them of heavy vapours, burst them wide
 Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.
 The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode 270
 Each day from east to west the heavens through,
 Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds:
 Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold, and hid,
 But ever and anon the glancing spheres,
 Circles, and arcs, and broad-belted colure,
 Glow'd through, and wrought upon the muffling dark
 Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir deep
 Up to the zenith,__hieroglyphics old
 Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers
 Then living on the earth, with labouring thought 280
 Won from the gaze of many centuries:
 Now lost, save what we find on remnants huge
 Of stone, or marble swart; their import gone,
 Their wisdom long since fled__Two wings this orb

Possess'd for glory, two fair argent wings,
 Ever exalted at the God's approach;
 And now, from forth the gloom of their plumes immense
 Rose, one by one, till all outspreaded were;
 While still the dazzling globe maintain'd eclipse,
 Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
 Fain would he have commanded, fain took throne
 And bid the day begin if but for change. 290
 He might not:—No, though a primeval God:
 The sacred seasons might not be disturb'd.
 Therefore the operations of the dawn
 Stay'd in their birth, even as here 'tis told.
 Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
 Eager to sail their orb: The porches wide
 Open'd upon the dusk demesnes of night:
 And the bright Titan, phrenzied with new woes,
 Unus'd to bend, by hard compulsion bent 300
 His spirit to the sorrow of the time;
 And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
 Upon the boundaries of day and night,
 He stretch'd himself in grief and radiance faint.
 There as he lay, the Heaven with its stars
 Look'd down on him with pity, and the voice
 Of Cœlus, from the universal space,
 Thus whisper'd low and solemn in his ear.
 "O brightest of my children dear, earth-born
 And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries 310
 All unrevealed even to the powers
 Which met at thy creating, at whose joys
 And palpitations sweet, and pleasures soft,
 I, Cœlus, wonder, how they came and whence;
 And at the fruits thereof what shapes they be,
 Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,
 Manifestations of that beauteous life
 Diffus'd unseen throughout eternal space:
 Of these new-form'd art thou, oh brightest child!
 Of these, thy brethren and the Goddesses! 320
 There is sad feud among ye, and rebellion
 Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,
 I saw my first-born tumbled from his throne!
 To me his arms were spread, to me his voice
 Found way from forth the thunders round his head!
 Pale wox I, and in vapours hid my face.
 Art thou, too, near such doom? vague fear there is:
 For I have seen my sons most unlike Gods,
 Divine ye were created, and divine
 In sad demeanour, solemn, undisturb'd, 330
 Unruffl'd, like high Gods, ye liv'd and rul'd;
 Now I behold in you fear, hope, and wrath;
 Actions of rage and passion; even as
 I see them on the mortal world beneath,
 In men who die.—This is grief, O Son!
 Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and fall!
 Yet do thou strive: as thou art capable,
 As thou canst move about, an evident God:
 And canst oppose to each malignant hour
 Ethereal presence:—I am but a voice; 340
 My life is but the life of winds and tides,
 No more than winds and tides can I avail:—

But thou canst. — Be thou therefore in the van
 Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb
 Before the tense string murmur. — To the earth!
 For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his woes.
 "He came, I will keep watch on thy bright sun,
 And if thy seasons be a careful nurse." —
 Ere half this region-whisper had come down,
 Hyperion arose, and on the stars
 Lifted his curved lids and kept them wide
 Until it ceas'd: and still he kept them wide:
 And still they were the same bright, patient stars.
 Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
 Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
 Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
 And plung'd all noiseless into the deep night.

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HYPERION. BOOK II

Just at the self-same beat of Time's wide wings
 Hyperion slid into the rustled air,
 And Saturn gain'd with Thea that sad place
 Where Cybele and the bruised Titans mourn'd.
 It was a den where no insulting light
 Could glimmer on their tears; where their own groans
 They felt, but heard not, for the solid roar
 Of thunderous water falls and torrents hoarse,
 Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where.
 Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seem'd
 Ever as if rising from a sleep,
 Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns:
 And thus in thousand hugest phantasies
 Made a fit roofing for this nest of woe.
 Instead of thrones, hard flint they sat upon,
 Couches of rugged stone, and slaty ridge
 Stubborn'd with iron. All were not assembled:
 Some chain'd in torture, and some wandering,
 Cæus, and Gyges, and Briareüs,
 Typhon, and Dolon, and Porphyryon,
 With many more, the brawniest in assault,
 Were pent in regions of laborious breath;
 Dungeon'd in opaque element, to keep
 Their clenched teeth still clench'd, and all their limbs
 Lock'd up like veins of metal, cramp't and screw'd;
 Without a motion, save of their big hearts
 Heaving in pain, and horribly convuls'd
 With sanguine feverous boiling gurge of pulse.
 Mnemosyne was straying in the world,
 Far from her moon had Phoebe wandered,
 And many else were free to roam abroad,
 But for the main, here found they covert drear.
 Scarce images of life, one here, one there,
 Lay vast and edgeways: like a dismal cirque
 Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
 When the chill rain begins at the shut of eve,
 In dull November, and their chancel vault,
 The Heaven itself, is blinded throughout night.
 Each one kept shroud, nor his neighbour gave
 Or word, or look, or action of despair.
 Creus was one, his ponderous iron mace

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Lay by him, and a shatter'd rib of rock
 Told of his rage, ere he thus sank and pined.
Iäpetus another: in his grasp,
 A serpent's plashy neck; its barbed tongue
 Squozz'd from the gorge, and all his uncurl'd length
 Dead: and because the creature could not spit
 Its poison in the eyes of conquering Jove.
 Next **Cottus**: prone he lay, chin uppermost,
 As though in pain, for still upon that flint 50
 He ground severe his skull, with open mouth
 And eyes at horrid working. Nearest him
Asia, born of most enormous **Caf**,
Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs.
Though feminine, than any of her sons:
 More thought than woe was on her dusky face,
 For she was prophesying of her glory;
 And in her wide imagination stood
 Palm-shaded temples, and high rival fanes. 60
 By **Oxus** or in **Ganges'** sacred isles.
 Even as **Hope** upon her anchor leans,
 So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk,
 Shed from the broadest of her elephants.
 Above her, on a crag's uneasy shelf,
 Upon his elbow rais'd, all prostrate else,
 Shadowed **Enceladus**; once tame and mild
 As grazing ox unworried in the meads;
 Now tiger-passion'd, lion-thoughted, wrath,
 He meditated, plotted, and even now 70
 Was hurling mountains in that second war,
 Not long delayed, that scar'd the younger Gods
 To hide themselves in forms of beast and bird.
 Not far hence **Atlas**; and beside him prone
Phorcus, the sire of the **Gorgons**. Neighbour'd close
Oceanus, and **Tethys**, in whose lap
 Sobb'd **Clymene** among her tangled hair.
 In midst of all lay **Themis**, at the feet
 Of **Ops** the queen all clouded from the sight:
 No shape distinguishable, more than when 80
Thick night confounds the pine-tops with the clouds;
And many else whose names may not be told.
 For when the **Muse's** wings are air-ward spread,
 Who shall delay her flight? and she must chaunt
 Of **Saturn**, and his guide, who now had climb'd
 With damp and slippery footing from a depth
 More horrid still. Above a sombre cliff
 Their heads appear'd, and up their stature grew
 Till on the level height their steps found ease:
 Then **Thea** spread abroad her trembling arms 90
 Upon the precincts of this nest of pain,
 And sidelong fix'd her eye on **Saturn's** face:
 There saw she direst strife: the supreme God
 At war with the frailty of grief,
 Of rage, of fear, anxiety, revenge,
 Remorse, spleen, hope, but most of all despair.
 Against these plagues he strove in vain; for **Fate**
 Had pour'd a mortal oil upon his head,
 A **disappointing** poison: so that **Thea**,
 Affrighted, kept her still, and let him pass
 First onwards in, among the fallen tribe. 100

As with us mortal men, the laden heart
 Is persecuted more, and fever'd more,
 When it is sighing to the mournful house
 Where other hearts are sick of the same bruise;
 So Saturn, as he walk'd into the midst,
 Felt faint, and would have sunk among the rest,
 But that he met Enceladus's eye,
 Whose mightiness, and awe of him, at once
 Came like an inspiration; and he shouted,
 "Titans, behold your God!" at which some groan'd; 110
 Some started to their feet; some also shouted;
 Some wept, some wail'd, all bow'd with reverence;
 And Ops, uplifting her black folded veil,
 Show'd her pale cheeks, and all her forehead wan,
 Her eye-brows thin and jet, her hollow eyes.
 There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
 When Winter lifts his voice; there is a noise
 Among the immortals when a God gives sign,
 With hushing finger, how he means to load
 His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought, 120
 With thunder, and with music, and with pomp:
 Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines:
 Which, when it ceases in this mountain'd world,
 No other sound succeeds; but ceasing here,
 Among these fallen, Saturn's voice therefrom
 Grew up like organ, that begins anew
 In strain, when other harmonies, stopt short,
 Leave the dim'd air vibrating silverly.
 Thus grew it up__ "Not in my own sad breast,
 Whence is its own great judge and searcher out, 130
 Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
 Not in the legends of the first of days,
 Studied from that old spirit-leaved book
 Which starry Uranus with finger bright
 Sav'd from the shores of darkness, when the waves
 Low-ebb'd still hid it up in shallow gloom;__
 And the book ye know I ever kept
 For my firm-based footstool;__ Ah, infirm!
 Not there, nor in sign, symbol, or portent
 Of element, earth, water, air, and fire, 140
 At war, at peace, or inter-quarreling
 One against one, or two, or three, or all
 Each several one against the other three,
 As fire with air loud warring when rain-floods
 Drown both, and press them both against the earth's face,
 Where, finding sulphur, a quadruple wrath
 Unhinges the poor world;__ not in that strife,
 Wherefrom I take strange lore, and read it deep,
 Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
 No, no-where can unriddle, though I search, 150
 And pour on Nature's universal scroll
 Even to swooning, why ye, Divinities,
 The first-born of all shap'd and palpable Gods
 Should cower beneath what, in comparison,
 Is untremendous might. Yet ye are here,
 O'erwhelm'd, and spurn'd, and batter'd, ye are here!
 O Titans, shall I say, 'Arise!'__ Ye groan. What can I then?
 O Heaven wide! O unseen parent dear!

What can I? Tell me, all ye brethren Gods,
 How we can war, how engine our great wrath!
 O speak your counsel now, for Saturn's ear
 Is all a-hunger'd. Thou, Oceanus,
 Ponderest high and deep: and in thy face
 I see, astonish'd, that severe content
 Which comes of thought and musing: give us help!

So ended Saturn: and the God of the Sea
 Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
 But cogitation in his watery shades,
 Arose, with locks not oozy, and began,
 In murmurs, which his first-endeavouring tongue
 Caught infant-like from the far-foamed sands.
 "O ye, whom wrath consumes! who, passion-stung,
 Writhe at defeat, and nurse your agonies!
 Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears,
 My voice is not bellows unto ire.
 Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring proof
 How ye, perforce, must be content to stoop:
 And in the proof much comfort will I give,
 If ye will take that comfort in its truth.
 We fall by course of Nature's law, not force
 Of thunder, or of Love. Great Saturn, thou
 Hast sifted well the atom-universe;
 But for this reason, that thou art the King,
 And only blind from sheer supremacy,
 One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,
 Through which I wandered to eternal truth.
 And first, as thou wast not the first of powers,
 So art thou not the last; it cannot be:
 Thou art not the beginning nor the end.
 From chaos and parental darkness came
 Light, the first fruits of that intestine broil,
 That sullen ferment, which for wondrous ends
 Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour came,
 And with it light, and light, engendering
 Upon its own producer, forthwith touch'd
 The whole enormous matter into life.
 Upon th' very hour, our parentage,
 The Heavens and the Earth, were manifest.
 Then thou first-born, and we the giant race,
 Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.
 Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
 O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
 And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
 That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
 As Heaven and Earth are fair, fairer far
 Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs,
 And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
 In form and shape compact and beautiful,
 In will, in action free, companionship,
 And thousand other signs of purer life;
 So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
 A power more strong in beauty, born of us
 And fated to excel us, as we pass
 In glory that old Darkness nor are we
 Thereby more conquer'd, than by us the rule
 Of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the dull soil

There came enchantment with the shifting wind,
 That did both drown and keep alive my ears.
 I threw my shell away upon the sand,
 And a wave fill'd it, as my sense was fill'd
 With that new blissful golden melody. 280
 A living death was in each gush of sounds,
 Each family of rapturous hurried notes,
 That fell, one after one, yet all at once,
 Like pearl beads falling sudden from their string:
 And then another, then another strain,
 Each like a dove leaving its olive perch,
 With music wing'd instead of silent plumes,
 To hover round my head, and make me sick
 Of joy and grief at once. Grief overcame,
 And I was stopping up my frantic ears, 290
 When, past all hindrance of my trembling hands,
 A voice came sweeter, sweeter than all tune.
 And still it cried, Apollo! young Apollo!
 The morning-bright Apollo! young Apollo!
 I fled, it follow'd me, and cried 'Apollo!
 O Father, and O Brethren, had ye felt
 Those pains of mine; O Saturn, hadst thou felt,
 Ye would not call this too indulged tongue
 Presumptuous, in thus venturing to be heard."

So far her voice flow'd on, like a timorous brook 300
 That, lingering along a pebbled coast,
 Doth fear to meet the sea: but sea it met,
 And shudder'd; for the overwhelming voice
 Of huge Enecladus swallow'd it in wrath:
 The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves
 In the half-glutt'd hollows of reef-rocks,
 Came booming thus, while still upon his arm
 He lean'd; not rising, from supreme contempt.
 "Or shall we listen to the over-wise,
 Or to the over-foolish, Giant-Gods? 310
 Not thunderbolt on thunderbolt, till all
 That rebel Jove's whole armoury were spent,
 Not world upon world these shoulders piled,
 Could agonize me more than baby-words
 In midst of this dethronement horrible.
 Speak! roar! shout! yell! ye sleepy Titans all.
 Do ye forget the blows? the buffets vile?
 Are ye not smitten by a youngling arm?
 Dost thou forget, sham Monarch of the Waves,
 Thy scalding in the seas? What, have I rous'd 320
 Your spleens with so simple words as these?
 O joy! for now I see ye are not lost:
 O joy! for now I see a thousand eyes
 Wide-glaring for revenge!" — As this he said,
 He lifted up his stature vast, and stood,
 Still without intermission speaking thus:
 "Now ye are flames, I'll tell you how to burn,
 And purge the ether of our enemies:
 How to feed fierce the crooked stings of fire,
 And singe away the swollen clouds of Jove, 330
 Stifling that puny essence in its tent.
 O let him feel the evil he hath done;
 For though I scorn Oceanus's lore,

Much pain have I for more than loss of realms:
 The days of peace and slumberous calm are fled.
 Those days, all innocent of scathing war,
 When all the fair Existences of heaven
 Came open-eyed to guess what we would speak:—
 That was before our brows were taught to frown,
 Before our lips knew else but solemn sounds;
 That was before we knew the winged thing,
 Victory, might be lost, or might be won.
 And be yet mindful that Hyperion,
 Our brightest brother, still is undisgraced—
 Hyperion, lo! his radiance is here!”

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All eyes were on Enceladus' face
 And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name
 Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,
 A pallid gleam across his features stern:
 Not savage, for he saw full many a God
 Wroth as himself. He look'd upon them all,
 And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
 But splendor in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
 Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel
 When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove.
 In pale and silver silence they remain'd,
 Till suddenly a splendour, like the morn,
 Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
 All the sad spaces of oblivion,
 And every gulf, and every chasm old,
 And every height, and every sullen depth,
 Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams:
 And all the everlasting cataracts,
 And all the headlong torrents far and near,
 Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
 Now saw the light and made it terrible.
 It was Hyperion:—a granite peak
 His bright feet touch'd, and there he stay'd to view
 The misery his brilliance had betray'd
 To the most hateful seeing of itself.
 Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,
 Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
 In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
 Of Memnon's image at the set of the sun
 To one who travels from the dusking East:
 Sighs, too, as that Memnon's harp
 He utter'd, while his hands contemplative
 He press'd together, and in silence stood.
 Despondence seiz'd again the fallen Gods
 At sight of the dejected King of Day,
 And many hid their faces from the light
 But fierce Enceladus sent forth his eyes
 Among the brotherhood: and, at their glare,
 Uprose Iapetus, and Cronus too,
 And Phorcus, sea-born, and together strode
 To where he towered on his eminence.
 There were four shouted forth old Saturn's name:
 Hyperion from the peak loud answered, "Saturn!"
 Saturn sat near the Mother of the Gods,
 In whose face was no joy, though all the Gods
 Gave from their hollow throats the name of "Saturn!"

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Thus in alternate uproar and sad peace
 Amazed were those Titans utterly
 O leave them, Muse! O leave them to their fate,
 For thou art weak to sing such tumults dire,
 A solitary sorrow best befits
 Thy lips, and antheing a lonely grief
 Leave them, O Muse! for thou anon wilt find
 Many a fallen old Divinity
 Wandering in vain about bewildered shores
 Meantime touch piously the Delphic harp,
 And not a wind of heaven but will breathe
 In aid soft warble from the Dorian flute,
 For lo! 'tis for thee, Father of all verse,
 Flush every thing that hath a vermeil hue,
 Let the rose glow intense and warm the air,
 And let the clouds of even and morn
 Float in voluptuous fleeces o'er the hills;
 Let the wine within the goblet boil,
 Cold as a bubbling well; let fant-lipp'd shells,
 On sands, or in great deeps, vermilion turn
 Through all their labyrinths; and let the maid
 Blush keenly, as with some warm kiss surpris'd,
 Chief isle of the embowered Cyclades,
 Rejoice, O Delos, with thine olives green,
 And poplars, and lawn-shading palms, and beech,
 In which the Zephyr breathes the loudest song,
 And hazels thick, dark-stemm'd beneath the shade,
 Apollo is once more the golden theme!
 Where was he, when the Giant of the Sun
 Stood bright, amid the sorrow of his peers?
 Together had he left his mother fair
 And twin-sister sleeping in their bower,
 And in the morning twilight wandered forth
 Beside the osiers of a rivulet,
 Full ankle-deep in lilies of the vale,
 The nightingale had ceas'd, and a few stars
 Were lingering in the heavens, while the thrush
 Began calm-throated, throughout all the isle
 There was no covert, no retired cave
 Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves,
 Though scarcely heard in many a green recess
 He listen'd, and he wept, and his bright tears
 Went trickling down the golden bow he held
 Thus with half-shut suffused eyes he stood
 While from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard by
 With solemn step and awful Goddess came,
 And there was purport in her looks for him,
 Which he with eager guess began to read
 Perplex'd, the while melodiously he said
 "How cam'st thou over the unfouted sea?
 Or hath that antique mien and robed form
 Mov'd in these vales invisible till now?"
 Sure I have heard those vestments sweep the air
 The fallen leaves, when I have sat alone
 In cool mid-forest. Surely I have trac'd
 The rustle of those ample skirts about

19

20

30

These grassy solitudes, and seen the flowers
Lift up their heads, as still the whisper pass'd,
Goddess! I have beheld those eyes before,
And their eternal calm, and all that face,
Or I have dream'd. "Yes," said the supreme shape,

60

Thou hast dream'd of me, and awaking up
Didst find a lyre all golden by thy side,
Whose strings touch'd by thy fingers, all the vast
Unwearied ear of the whole universe
Listen'd in pain and pleasure at the birth
Of such new tuneful wonder. Is't not strange
That thou shouldst weep, so gifted? Tell me, youth,

70

What sorrow thou canst feel: for I am sad
When thou dost shed a tear: explain thy griefs
To one who in this lonely isle hath been
The watcher of thy sleep and hours of life,
From the young day when first thy infant hand
Pluck'd witless the weak flowers, till thine arm
Could bend that bow heroic to all times.

Show thy heart's secret to an ancient Power
Who hath forsaken old and sacred thrones
For prophecies of thee, and for the sake
Of loveliness new born." __Apollo then,
With sudden scrutiny and gloomless eyes,
Thus answer'd, while his white melodious throat
Throb'd with the syllables. __"Mnemosyne!"

80

Thy name is on my tongue, I know not how:
Why should I tell thee what thou so well seest?
Why should I strive to show what from thy lips
Would come no mystery? For me, dark, dark,
And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes:

I strive to search wherefore I am so sad,
Until a melancholy numbs my limbs;

90

And then upon the grass I sit, and moan,
Like one who once had wings. __O why should I
Feel curs'd and thwarted when the liegeless air
Yields to my step aspirant? why should I
Spurn the green turf as hateful to my feet?

Goddess benign, point forth some unknown thing:
Are there not other regions than this isle?

What are the stars? There is the sun, the sun!
And the most patient brilliance of the moon!
And stars by thousands! Point me out the way
To any one particular beauteous star,

100

And I will flit into it with my lyre,
And make its silvery splendour pant with bliss.
I have heard the cloudy thunder: Where is power?
Whose hand, whose essence, what divinity
Makes this alarum in the elements.

While I here idle sit on the shores
In fearless yet in aching ignorance?

O tell me, lonely Goddess, by thy harp,
That waileth every morn and eventide,

110

Tell me why thus I rave, about these groves!
Mute thou remainest __mute! yet I can read

A wondrous lesson in thy silent face:
Knowledge enormous makes a God of me
Names, deeds, grey legends, dire events, rebellions,
Majestics, sovran voices, agonies,

Creations and destroyings, all at once
 Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,
 And deify me, as if some blithe wine
 Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,
 And so become immortal." __ Thus the God, 120
 While his enkindled eyes, with level glance
 Beneath his white soft temples, stedfast kept
 Trembling with light upon Mnemosyne.
 Soon wild commotions shook him, and made flush
 All the immortal fairness of his limbs;
 Most like the struggle at the gate of death:
 Or like still to one who should take leave
 Of pale immortal death, and with a pang
 As hot as death's is chill, with fierce convulse
 Die into life: so young Apollo anguish'd: 130
 His very hair, his golden tresses famed
 Kept undulation round his eager neck.
 During the pain Mnemosyne upheld
 Her arms as one who prophesied. __ At length
 Apollo shriek'd; __ and lo! from all his limbs
 Celestial * * * * *

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SUPPLEMENTARY READING

I
ROMANTICISM AND CLASSICISM
T. E. HULME

I want to maintain that after a hundred years of romanticism, we are in for a classical revival, and that the particular weapon of this new classical spirit, when it works in verse, will be fancy. And in this I imply the superiority of fancy - not superior generally or absolutely, for that would be obvious nonsense, but superior in the sense that we use the word good in empirical ethics - good for something, superior for something. I shall have to prove then two things, first that a classical revival is coming, and secondly, for its particular purposes, fancy will be superior to imagination.

So banal have the terms Imagination and Fancy become that we imagine they must have always been in the language. Their history as two differing terms in the vocabulary of criticism is comparatively short. Originally, of course, they both mean the same thing, they first began to be differentiated by the German writers on aesthetics in the eighteenth century.¹

I know that in using the words 'classic' and 'romantic' I am doing a dangerous thing. They represent five or six different kinds of antitheses, and while I may be using them in one sense you may be interpreting them in another. In this present connection I am using them in a perfectly precise and limited sense. I ought really to have coined a couple of new words, but I prefer to use the ones I have used, as I then conform to the practice of the group of polemical writers who make most use of them at the present day, and have almost succeeded in making them political catchwords

I mean Maurras, Lasserre and all the group connected with *L'Action Française*.²

At the present time this is the particular group with which the distinction is most vital. Because it has become a party symbol. If you asked a man of a certain set whether he preferred the classics or the romantics, you could deduce from that what his politics were.

The best way of gliding into a proper definition of my terms would be to start with a set of people who are prepared to fight about it - for in them you will have no vagueness. (Other people take the infamous attitude of the person with catholic tastes who says he likes both.)

About a year ago, a man whose name I think was Fauchois gave a lecture at the Odeon on Racine, in the course of which he made some disparaging remarks about his dullness, lack of invention and the rest of it. This caused an immediate riot: fights took place all over the house; several people were arrested and imprisoned, and the rest of the series of lectures took place with hundreds of gendarmes and detectives scattered all over the place. These people interrupted because the classical ideal is a living thing to them and Racine is the great classic. That is what I call a real vital interest in literature. They regard romanticism as an awful disease from which France had just recovered.

The thing is complicated in their case by the fact that it was romanticism that made the revolution. They hate the revolution, so they hate romanticism

I make no apology for dragging in politics here; romanticism both in England and France is associated with certain political views, and it is in taking a concrete example of the working out of a principle in action that you can get its best definition

What was the positive principle behind all the other principles of 1789? I am talking here of the revolution in as far as it was an idea, I leave out material causes - they

only produce the forces. The barriers which could easily have resisted or guided these forces had been previously rotted away by ideas. This always seems to be the case in successful changes: the privileged class is beaten only when it has lost faith in itself, when it has itself been penetrated with the ideas which are working against it.

It was not the rights of man - that was a good solid practical war-cry. The thing which created enthusiasm, which made the revolution practically a new religion, was something more positive than that. People of all classes, people who stood to lose by it, were in a positive ferment about the idea of liberty. There must have been some idea which enabled them to think that something positive could come out of so essentially negative a thing. There was, and here I get my definition of romanticism. They had been taught by Rousseau that man was by nature good, that it was only bad laws and customs that had suppressed him. Remove all these and the infinite possibilities of man would have a chance. This is what made them think that something positive could come out of disorder, this is what created the religious enthusiasm. Here is the root of all romanticism: that man, the individual, is an infinite reservoir of possibilities; and if you can so rearrange society by the destruction of oppressive order then these possibilities will have a chance and you will get Progress.

One can define the classical quite clearly as the exact opposite to this. Man is an extraordinarily fixed and limited animal whose nature is absolutely constant. It is only by tradition and organization that anything decent can be got out of him.

This view was a little shaken at the time of Darwin. You remember his particular hypothesis, that new species came into existence by the cumulative effect of small variations - this seems to admit the possibility of future progress. But at the present day the contrary hypothesis makes headway in the shape of De Vries's mutation theory, that each new species comes into existence, not gradually by the accumulation of small steps, but suddenly in a jump, a kind of sport, and that once in existence it remains absolutely fixed. This enables me to keep the classical view with an appearance of scientific backing.

Put shortly, these are the two views, then. One, that man is intrinsically good, spoiled by circumstance; and the other that he is intrinsically limited, but disciplined by order and tradition to something fairly decent. To the one party man's nature is like a well, to the other like a bucket. The view which regards man as a well, a reservoir full of possibilities, I call the romantic; the one which regards him as a very finite and fixed creature, I call the classical.

One may note here that the Church has always taken the classical view since the defeat of the Pelagian heresy² and the adoption of the sane classical dogma of original sin.

It would be a mistake to identify the classical view with that of materialism. On the contrary it is absolutely identical with the normal religious attitude. I should put it in this way: That part of the fixed nature of man is the belief in the Deity. This should be as fixed and true for every man as belief in the existence of matter and in the objective world. It is parallel to appetite, the instinct of sex, and all the other fixed qualities. Now at certain times, by the use of either force or rhetoric, these instincts have been suppressed - in Florence under Savonarola, in Geneva under Calvin, and here under the Roundheads. The inevitable result of such a process is that the repressed instinct bursts out in some abnormal direction. So with religion. By the perverted rhetoric of Rationalism, your natural instincts are suppressed and you are converted into an agnostic. Just as in the case of the other instincts, Nature has her revenge. The instincts that find their right and proper outlet in religion must come out in some other way. You don't believe in a God, so you begin to believe that man is a god. You don't believe in Heaven, so you begin to believe in a Heaven, on earth. In other words, you get romanticism. The concepts that are right and proper at the time you

sphere are spread over, and so mess up, falsify and blur the clear outlines of human experience. It is like pouring a pot of treacle over the dinner table. Romanticism then, and this is the best definition I can give of it, is spilt religion.

I must now shirk the difficulty of saying exactly what I mean by romantic and classical in verse. I can only say that it means the result of these two attitudes towards the cosmos, towards man, in so far as it gets reflected in verse. The romantic, because he thinks man infinite, must always be talking about the infinite; and as there is always the bitter contrast between what you think you ought to be able to do and what man actually can, it always tends, in its later stages at any rate, to be gloomy. I really can't go any further than to say it is the reflection of these two temperaments, and point out examples of the different spirits. On the one hand I would take such diverse people as Horace, most of the Elizabethans and the writers of the Augustan age, and on the other side Lamartine, Hugo, parts of Keats, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Swinburne.

I know quite well that when people think of classical and romantic in verse, the contrast at once comes into their mind between, say, Racine and Shakespeare. I don't mean this; the dividing line that I intend is here misplaced a little from the true middle. That Racine is on the extreme classical side I agree, but if you call Shakespeare romantic, you are using a different definition to the one I give. You are thinking of the difference between classic and romantic as being merely one between restraint and exuberance. I should say with Nietzsche that there are two kinds of classicism, the static and the dynamic. Shakespeare is the classic of motion.

What I mean by classical in verse, then, is this. That even in the most imaginative flights there is always a holding back, a reservation. The classical poet never forgets this finiteness, this limit of man. He remembers always that he is mixed up with earth. He may jump, but he always returns back; he never flies away into the circumambient gas.

You might say if you wished that the whole of the romantic attitude seems to crystallize in verse round metaphors of flight. Hugo is always flying, flying over abysses, flying up into the eternal gases. The word infinite in every other line.

In the classical attitude you never seem to swing right along to the infinite nothing. If you say an extravagant thing which does exceed the limits inside which you know man to be fastened, yet there is always conveyed in some way at the end an impression of yourself standing outside it, and not quite believing it, or consciously putting it forward as a flourish. You never go blindly into an atmosphere more than the truth, an atmosphere too rarefied for man to breathe for long. You are always faithful to the conception of a limit. It is a question of pitch; in romantic verse you move at a certain pitch of rhetoric which you know, man being what he is, to be a little high-falutin. The kind of thing you get in Hugo or Swinburne. In the coming classical reaction that will feel just wrong. For an example of the opposite thing, a verse written in the proper classical spirit, I can take the song from *Cymbeline* beginning with 'Fear no more the heat of the sun'. I am just using this as a parable. I don't quite mean what I say here. Take the last two lines:

Golden lads and lasses must,
Like chimney sweepers come to dust.

Now, no romantic would have ever written that. Indeed, so ingrained is romanticism, so objectionable is this to it, that people have asserted that these were not part of the original song.

Apart from the pun, the thing that I think quite classical is the word lad. Your modern romantic could never write that. He would have to write golden youth, and take up the thing at least a couple of notes in pitch.

I want now to give the reasons which make me think that we are nearing the end of the romantic movement.

Hulme

The first lies in the nature of any convention or tradition in art. A particular convention or attitude in art has a strict analogy to the phenomena of organic life. It grows old and decays. It has a definite period of life and must die. All the possible tunes get played on it and then it is exhausted; moreover its best period is its youngest. Take the case of the extraordinary efflorescence of verse in the Elizabethan period. All kinds of reasons have been given for - this the discovery of the new world and all the rest of it. There is a much simpler one. A new medium had been given them to play with - namely, blank verse. It was new and so it was easy to play new tunes on it.

The same law holds in other arts. All the masters of painting are born into the world at a time when the particular tradition from which they start is imperfect. The Florentine tradition was just short of full ripeness when Raphael came to Florence, the Bellinesque was still young when Titian was born in Venice. Landscape was still a toy or an appanage of figure-painting when Turner and Constable arose to reveal its independent power. When Turner and Constable had done with landscape they left little or nothing for their successors to do on the same lines. Each field of artistic activity is exhausted by the first great artist who gathers a full harvest from it.

This period of exhaustion seems to me to have been reached in romanticism. We shall not get any new efflorescence of verse until we get a new technique, a new convention, to turn ourselves loose in.

Objection might be taken to this. It might be said that a century as an organic unity doesn't exist, that I am being deluded by a wrong metaphor, that I am, treating a collection of literary people as if they were an organism or state department. Whatever we may be in other things, an objector might urge, in literature in as far as we are anything at all - in as far as we are worth considering - we are individuals, we are persons, and as distinct persons we cannot be subordinated to any general treatment. At any period at any time, an individual poet may be a classic or a romantic just as he feels like it. You at any particular moment may think that you can stand outside a movement. You may think that as an individual you observe both the classic and the romantic spirit and decide from a purely detached point of view that one is superior to the other.

The answer to this is that no one, in a matter of judgment of beauty, can take a detached standpoint in this way. Just as physically you are not born that abstract entity, man, but the child of particular parents, so you are in matters of literary judgment. Your opinion is almost entirely of the literary history that came just before you, and you are governed by that whatever you may think. Take Spinoza's example of a stone falling to the ground. If it had a conscious mind it would, he said, think it was going to the ground because it wanted to. So you with your pretended free judgment about what is and what is not beautiful. The amount of freedom in man is much exaggerated. That we are free on certain rare occasions, both my religion and the views I get from metaphysics convince me. But many acts which we habitually label free are in reality automatic. It is quite possible for a man to write a book almost automatically. I have read several such products. Some observations were recorded more than twenty years ago by Robertson on reflex speech, and he found that in certain cases of dementia, where the people were quite unconscious so far as the exercise of reasoning went, that very intelligent answers were given to a succession of question on politics and such matters. The meaning of these questions could not possibly have been understood. Language here acted after the manner of a reflex. So that certain extremely complex mechanisms, subtle enough to imitate beauty, can work by themselves - I certainly think that this is the case with judgments about beauty.

I can put the same thing in slightly different form. Here is a question of a conflict of two attitudes, as it might be of two techniques. The critic, while he has to admit that changes from one to the other occur, persists in regarding them as mere variations to a certain fixed normal, just as a pendulum might swing. I admit the analogy of the pendulum as far as movement, but I deny the further consequence of the analogy, the existence of the point of rest, the normal point.

When I say that I dislike the romantics, I dissociate two things: the part of them in which they resemble all the great poets, and the part in which they differ and which gives them their character as romantics. It is this minor element which constitutes the particular note of a century, and which, while it excites contemporaries, annoys the next generation. It was precisely that quality in Pope which pleased his friends, which we detest. Now, anyone just before the romantics who felt that, could have predicted that a change was coming. It seems to me that we stand just in the same position now. I think that there is an increasing proportion of people who simply can't stand Swinburne.

When I say that there will be another classical revival I don't necessarily anticipate a return to Pope. I say merely that now is the time for such a revival. Given people of the necessary capacity, it may be a vital thing; without them we may get a formalism something like Pope. When it does come we may not even recognize it as classical. Although it will be classical it will be different because it has passed through a romantic period. To take a parallel example: I remember being very surprised, after seeing the Post Impressionists, to find in Maurice Denis's account of the matter that they consider themselves classical in the sense that they were trying to impose the same order on the mere flux of new material provided by the impressionist movement, that existed in the more limited material of the painting before.

There is something now to be cleared away before I get on with my argument, which is that while romanticism is dead in reality, yet the critical attitude appropriate to it still continues to exist. To make this a little clearer: For every kind of verse, there is a corresponding receptive attitude. In a romantic period we demand from verse certain qualities. In a classical period we demand others. At the present time I should say that this receptive attitude has outlasted the thing from which it was formed. But while the romantic tradition has run dry, yet the critical attitude of mind, which demands romantic qualities from verse, still survives. So that if good classical verse were to be written tomorrow very few people would be able to stand it.

I object even to the best of the romantics. I object still more to the receptive attitude. I object to the sloppiness which doesn't consider that a poem is a poem unless it is moaning or whining about something or other. I always think in this connection of the last line of a poem of John Webster's¹ which ends with a request I cordially endorse:

End your moan and come away

The thing has got so bad now that a poem which is all dry and hard, a properly classical poem, would not be considered poetry at all. How many people now can lay their hands on their hearts and say they like either Horace or Pope? They feel a kind of chill when they read them.

The dry hardness which you get in the classics is absolutely repugnant to them. Poetry that isn't damp isn't poetry at all. They cannot see that accurate description is a legitimate object of verse. Verse to them always means a bringing in of some of the emotions that are grouped round the word infinite.

The essence of poetry to most people is that it must lead them to a beyond of some kind. Verse strictly confined to the earth — and the definite (Keats is full of it) might seem to them to be excellent writing, excellent craftsmanship, but not poetry. So