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SOME ASPECTS OF MADISON CAWEIN'S POETRY

A T H E S I S

SUBMITTED TO THE FACULTY OF THE

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE

IN CANDIDACY FOR THE DEGREE

OF

MASTER OF ARTS

BY

J U L I A C . K I N G .

JUNE 1916.

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RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

ENGLISH LITERATURE

1.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

OF

MADISON CAWEIN'S POETRY.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY OF MADISON CAWEIN'S POETRY.

After a careful study of Madison Cawein's poetry, and comparing his views on religion and philosophy with those of some of the great English poets, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson and Browning, I shall summarize them as follows, and treat each subject by comparison with these writers and with selections from his and their poems, substantiating these statements:

1. Cawein's Conception of God is That God is the Fountain of all Mind, Beauty, Truth and Love.

2. His Poetry Embodies the Idea of Pantheism.

3. His Poetry Teaches the Evolution of the Soul.

4. His Poetry Expresses the Platonic Philosophy of Pre-Existence.

5. His Poetry Expresses a Belief in the Immortality of the Soul.

6. His Poetry Does Not Treat of the Doctrines of Christianity.

(1) GOD IS THE FOUNTAIN OF ALL MIND, TRUTH,
BEAUTY, AND LOVE.

The spirituality of Cawein's poetry reveals his conception of God as the fountain of all mind, truth, beauty, and love; and the soul of man is a spark of God's essence, clothed with flesh. Into his poetry, Cawein, like Wordsworth, Shelley, and Browning, breathes a feeling of profound love, worship, and mystery for the mighty Being of Infinity.

The lines which follow express the poet's conception of God:

Deity.

That lifts man upward, heart, and soul, and mind,
From matter to ideal potencies,
Up to the source and fountain of all mind,
Beauty and truth and everlasting love.

----- The soul shall see
Resplendencies of empyrean light
Swift - lightening out of spheric harmonies:
Prisms and facets of ten million beams
Starring a crystal of wild-rainbowed rays:
And in it - eyes: of burning sapphire, eyes
Deep as the music of the beautiful:
And o'er the eyes, limpid hierarchal brows,
As they were lilies of seraphic fire:

Lips underneath of trembling ruby - lips
Whose smile is light and each expression song.

Prelude I.

Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe!
Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought.

Wordsworth.

Adonais.

Where'er that Power may move
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

Shelley.

Epipsychidion.

The winged words on which my soul would pierce
Into the height of Love's rare universe.

Shelley.

The Sensitive Plant.

And the spring arose on the garden fair
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere.

Shelley.

Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.

Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form.
Shelley.

Hebrew Melodies.

Creatures of clay - vain dwellers of the dust,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light.
Byron.

Cain.

God, the Eternal! Infinite! All-wise!
Who out of darkness on the deep didst make
Light on the waters with a word, all hail!
Byron.

In Memoriam.

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element.
Tennyson.

Browning's conception of God is that He is the
perfect Poet, infinite Mind and Love, as the following lines
show:

Paracelsus.

God is the perfect poet.

God! Thou art mind! Unto the master-mind
Mind should be precious.

- - - - -

God! Thou art love! I build my faith on that.

Take me to thyself

Eternal, infinite love!

(2) HIS POETRY EMBODIES THE IDEA OF PANTHEISM.

Pantheism is that system of philosophy which in its spiritual form identifies the universe with God, and, in its material form, God with the universe, dating back to the old Hindu doctrine that matter and mind are both absorbed into the fathomless abyss of illimitable and absolute being. The Mosaic account of creation excludes any pantheistic cosmogony.

Spinoza is perhaps the greatest and most rigorous pantheist the world has known.

Neither England, France, nor America has produced a great pantheistic philosopher.

The idea of pantheism abounds in literature, and we frequently find it in Cawein's poetry, expressing a belief that God is the animating Spirit of the universe, and also a belief in re-absorption by Nature after death. In this conception Cawein is like Shelley and other poets of the Nineteenth Century. The following selections embody the idea of pantheism:

Intimations of the Beautiful.

A spirit sparkles in the dew,
The trees have tongues that speak to me.

In Solitary Places.

There is
A brotherhood that speaks unwordable
In every tree, in every stream you meet.

Storm.

I looked into the night and saw
God writing with tumultuous flame.

Mysteries.

The murmured music God breathes alway
Through the hearts of all things growing.

The Beautiful.

Her (Night's) lips are still - for she hath heard
God's voice that moves the universe.

Night.

God moves with thee: we seem to hear His feet,
Wind-like, along the floors of heaven beat.

Disenchantment of Death.

Hush! She is dead - - - -
Of earth she is now - - - -
The winds of spring that whisper to the grass
Shall hint of her: and she herself shall pass
Like prayer, into each flower with memory crowned.

Adonais.

He is made one with nature. There is heard
His voice in all her music from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.

- - - - -
The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near,
'Tis Adonais calls.

- - - - -
He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made so lovely.
Shelley.

Tintern Abbey.

(God) Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
A motion and a spirit that impels
And rolls through all things.
Wordsworth.

Sonnet.

Listen! the mighty Being is awake
And doth with His eternal motion make
A sound like thunder- everlastingly.
Wordsworth.

Manfred.

Oh, that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound
- - - - - born and dying
With the blest tone which made me.
Byron.

The Dream.

And they were canopied by the blue sky,

So cloudless, clear and purely beautiful
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

With the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues.
Byron.

In Memoriam.

Thy voice is on the rolling air,
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun
And in the setting thou are fair.

Though mixed with God and Nature thou
I seem to love thee more and more.
Tennyson.

The Vision of Sin.

And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.
Tennyson.

Paracelsus.

(God)

From whom all being emanates, all power
Proceeds; in whom is life forevermore;
Yet whom existence in its lowest form
Includes.

Thus he dwells in all,
9.

From life's minute beginnings, up at last
To man.

Browning.

Saul.

-----God is seen God

In the star, in the stone, in the flesh,

in the soul and the clod.

Browning.

(3) HIS POETRY TEACHES EVOLUTION OF THE SOUL.

Cavein has embodied in song what other poets have done before, that is the theory of the evolution of the soul which seizes the spiritual side of the scientific fact and fuses it with imagination.

In his "Preface to the Lyrical Ballads" Wordsworth says, "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. If the time should ever come when what is now called science shall be ready to put on a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration.

It has been ominously foreboded that in this baldly practical age the poet would come singing of science;* but Cavein's thought is supplanted with beauty and charm, and the scientific truth, seen through the lens of the poet's imagination, takes on a halo of light.

The following lines present evolution:

Deity.

Thus I divine him: When the soul refined
Through love and wisdom through a thousand years,
Shall mount as pure intelligence and pierce
The separate cycles singing unto God -
Their iridescent evolutions orb'd

* (Foot note) The Hermetic Philosophy of the ancient Egyptians treats of the nature of God and the soul, and pretends to solve and explain all the phenomena of nature on a scientific basis.

- - - - - it shall see
Resplendencies of empyrean light.

- - - - -
Intimations of the Beautiful.

Should man,
All ignorant of heavenly ends,
Despise the means, since earth began
God works by to perfect His plan,
Which through immediate forms ascends
Of Nature lifting, race by race,
Man to the beauty of his face?

- - - - -
Intimations of the Beautiful.

As Nature in herself resolves
All parts of beauty to one whole,
And from the perfect whole evolves
The high ideals that control
Advancement, till the time be ripe
To doff disguise and, type by type,
Reveal the emanated soul.

- - - - -
The Excursion.

- - - - - Our blooming girl
Caught in the gripe of death and was conveyed
From us to inaccessible worlds, to regions
Where height, or depth, admits not the approach
Of living man.

Wordsworth.

Tennyson expresses the theory of evolution in these words from his poem, "Maud":

"So many a million of ages have gone to the making of man:
He now is first, but is he the last? Is he not too base?"

- - - - -
Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.

Many an aeon moulded earth before her highest, man,
was born,

Many an aeon too may pass when earth is manless and
ferlorn.

Tennyson.

- p - - - - -
In Browning also we find the same doctrine.

Paracelsus.

----- So in man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types,
Of a dim splendor ever on before
In that eternal circle life pursues.

- - - - -
Evelyn Hope.

I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn, much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.
Browning.

- - - - -
Paracelsus.

Are strewn confusedly everywhere about
The inferior natures, and all lead up higher

All shape out dimly the superior race

And Man appears at last. *

Browning.

- - - - -

* (Foot note)

Edith Thomas, an American poet, presents the doctrine
of evolution in the following lines:

"In the fold of His garment I slept, without
motion, or knowledge, or skill,
While age upon age the thought of creation
took shape at His will.

(4) HIS POETRY EXPRESSES THE PLATONIC PHILOSOPHY OF PRE-EXISTENCE.

Plato's idea of pre-existence, or the existence of the soul before its union with the body, has entered into the popular creeds of many nations and is known in classic Greek literature as the Platonic philosophy, which also teaches that the soul ascends from the love of the beautiful many to the love of absolute beauty. Cawein expresses this idea of pre-existence; also Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning in the selections which follow:

Intimations of the Beautiful.

No thing occult of heaven or earth,
Or influence of such, I feel,
But hath a meaning and a worth
God, in His wisdom, doth conceal:
Reflections of another birth,
Existent with and kin to ours.

- - - - -

The reminiscences that flame,
Memories, through the mind of man,
Of things his memory can not name,
Lost things his knowledge can not scan, -
Hints of past periods are not these,
His soul hath lived since it had birth
In God.

- - - - -

What far, aeolian echoes lead
My longing? -----
What echoes, blown from lands that lie

Meledious 'neath no mortal sky?

Wordsworth's philosophy differs somewhat from Plato's in holding the new-born soul nearer to God and truth than the aged philosopher.

Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Wordsworth.

The Mountain Echo.

-----Yet we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave
Recognized intelligence.
Wordsworth.

Epipsychidion.

And every motion, odor, beam, and tone
With that deep music is in unison:
Which is a soul within the soul, - they seem
Like echoes of an antenatal dream.
Shelley.

The Two Voices.

Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams.
Tennyson.

- - - - -

Browning's dedication to Mrs. Browning after her death of "The Ring and the Book" acknowledges the idealistic belief of pre-existence.

"O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
When the first summons from the darkling earth
Reached thee and thy chambers, blanched their blue,
And bared them of the glory - to drop down,
To toil for man, to suffer, and to die."

(5) HIS POETRY EXPRESSES A BELIEF IN THE IMMORTALITY
OF THE SOUL.

Cawein's poetry expresses a firm belief in the immortality of the soul, and his verses glorify the eternal dawn as the great sages and poets have done from Plato, Milton, Shakespeare, and Goethe down to the present day. The spiritual light of immortality bursts through Cawein's poem, "The Intimations of the Beautiful" from which these lines are taken:

"Sufficient for my faith is such:
That, in the narrow night that binds
The seed, its life shall feel in touch
With light above it seeks and finds.

Behind all death a purpose stands
With hallowed and magnetic hands
Beneficent and strong to heal."

Nepenthe.

A living glory in the tomb,
Whose night shall end in light;
An intense splendor veiled with gloom,
Too blinding for earth's sight.

Which.

Sweet is the voice behind me
Of life that felloweth;
And sweet the voice before me

Of life whose name is Death.

A Sleet-Storm in May.

Alas ! sad heart, break not beneath the pain!
Time changeth all; the Beautiful wakes again.

Cawein accepts immortality as a fact, but Browning in the poem, "La Saisiaz, tries to prove the immortality of the soul in an argument between Fancy and Reason, but leaves it an unproved hypothesis.

Fancy thrusts and Reason parries.

Fancy.

Life has worth incalculable, every moment that man
spends

So much gain or loss for that next life, which on this
life depends.

Reason.

----- Certainly as God exists,

As He made man's soul, as soul is quenchless by
the deathly mists.
Browning.

Saul.

By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning inten-
sified bliss,

And the next world's reward and repose,
by the struggles in this.
Browning.

Pauline.

Sun-treader, I believe in God and truth

And love. -----

----- but live thou on forever,
♦ And be to all what thou has been to me!
Browning.

Wordsworth's famous "Ode" breathes of the intimations
of immortality.

(The child) "Thou, ever whom thy immortality
Breeds like the day."

Evening Voluntary.

My soul, though yet confined to earth,
Rejoices in a second birth.
Wordsworth.

Lines from Shelley and Tennyson suggest the same belief
in the immortal soul.

Epipsychidion.

For in the fields of immortality
My spirit should at first have worshipped thine.
Shelley.

On Death.

O Man! hold thee on in courage of soul,
And the billows of cloud that around thee roll
Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day.
Shelley.

In Memoriam.

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affection beld
Should be the man whose thought would held
An hour's communion with the dead.

Vastness.

Peace, let it be! for I loved him and love him forever:

The dead are not dead but alive.

Tennyson.

St. Simeon Stylites.

Courage St. Simeon! This dull chrysalis

Cracks into shining wings, and hope ere death

Spreads more and more and more.

Tennyson.

(6) CAWEIN'S POETRY DOES NOT TREAT OF THE DOCTRINES
OF CHRISTIANITY.

In his collection of poems this poet makes very beautiful references to Christ, but considering his poetry on the whole, we find that he has not incorporated any of the doctrines of revealed religion; but we may believe like Matthew Arnold that the "sweet reasonableness" of Christianity appealed to the heart and the mind of the poet.

In this he is again like Shelley, who in a reverential tone refers to Jesus as one of gentle worth in "Prometheus Unbound."

Browning, as we all know, is the champion of Christianity and the Apostle of Christ in poetry.

His poem "A Death in the Desert" is a defence of the Christian faith, while "The Arab Physician" and "Cleon" set forth the doctrine of the incarnation.

The following passages are from Cawein's poems, bearing reference to Christ.

Message of the Lilies.

We are His lilies, lilies,
Whose praises here we sing!
We are the lilies, lilies
Of Christ our Lord and King.

A Legend of the Lily.

And a flower arose on the mound of green,
White as the robe of the Nazarene:
To testify of the life unseen.

-----And night

Stood Christ-like with its starry smile.

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion we may define the religion and philosophy expressed in Cawein's poetry as idealistic and pantheistic, with a profound worship of the Deity and a deep passion, potent with a belief in a life beyond the grave, whose veil of darkness his subtilized spirit seems to penetrate.

He is like Plato in his philosophy, Wordsworth in his idealism, Shelley in his pantheism, and like Browning in his strong and fervent faith in God.

2.

CAWEIN'S
POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

CAWEIN'S POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

In appealing to the poetic instinct of the child, let us examine carefully Cawein's poems and compare them with those of other poets, who have written verses for children, viz., Wordsworth, Blake, Mrs. Browning, Stevenson, Eugene Field, and James Whitcomb Riley.

The phases of likeness and difference which we shall find are as follows:

Phases of Likeness.

1. Cawein Associates Nature and Childhood.
2. Cawein Appeals to the Imagination.
3. Cawein Does Not Point Out the Moral Element.

Phases of Difference.

1. His Persistent Personification of Nature and Abstract Ideas.
2. His Introduction of Mythological Characters.

Now let us proceed to verify these statements, considering each separately.

FIRST PHASE OF LIKENESS.

(1) Cawein Associates Nature and Childhood.

Cawein very intimately associates the child with the various forms of Nature, and he has the gift of touching the commonest thing in Nature and making it live as a part of the child's life, thus enriching his experience and laying the foundation of character.

His nature poems that lure the child into the field and forest are a great force for the development of his appreciation of beauty, and they form a link of sympathy between him and the lower strata of life and awaken a kindred feeling for all creatures of the woods and fields,

"The Twilight Moth,"

"The Tree Toad,"

"The Leaf Cricket,"

"The Blue Bird,"

"The Owlet,"

are poetised with tender feeling and love. What can be more appealing to a child than the baby owlet's cry?

"Then from the hills there comes a cry,

The owlet's cry:

A shivering voice that sobs and screams

With terror screams:-

Who is it, who is it, who-o-o-?

Who rides through the dusk and the dew,

With a pair of horns

As thin as thorns

And a face a bubble-blue?

Who, Who, Who!

Who is it, who is it, who-o-o?"
(The Owlet)

"Dumpy toadsteels grew close by
Our old peach tree." (Toadsteels)

"And I am going to laugh and run
And be the comrade of the Sun."
(Sun and Flowers)

Here we find Cawein dealing with some of the simplest forms of life and in this way enlarging the mind's capability of appreciation.

In his preface to the "Lyrical Ballads" Wordsworth says, "The human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants ----- and one being is elevated above another in proportion as he possesses this capability. --- To endeavor to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which a writer can be engaged."

Now let us see how Wordsworth associates Nature and childhood. In the "Kitten and Falling Leaves" the poet abandons himself to the spirit of playfulness and the child enjoys the sport.

"That way look, my infant, lo!
What a pretty baby show!
See the kitten on the wall
Sporting with the leaves that fall."

In the ballad of "Lucy Gray the child is associated with the snow-storm and the lonesome wild.

"And you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild."

William Blake, the Celtic poet, in his "Songs of Innocence" writes of pastoral scenes, the shepherd, the little lamb, thus awakening the child's sympathy for all God's creatures. This poet paints from real life, just as he finds it.

The Little Lamb.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead
Gave thee clothing of delight
Softest clothing, woolly bright:
Gave thee such a tender voice
Making all the vales rejoice.
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Elizabeth Barret Browning associates the child mind with the pine trees, earth and sky.

A Child's Thought of God.

They say that God lives very high;
But if you look above the pines,
You can not see our God and why?

Robert Louis Stevenson often takes the natural environment of the child and weaves his verses for childhood of birdies and their eggs, the friendly cow, "Rain," "The Wind," "Nest Eggs," "The Flowers," etc.

The Cow.

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might
To eat with apple tart.

Time to Rise.

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you' shamed, you sleepy-head."

Eugene Field lets the child browse in clover bloom,
lie under the blossoming apple-tree or gambol with the flowers.

Buttercup, Poppy Forget-me-not.

Buttercup gambolled all day long,
Sharing the little child's mirth and song,
Then stealing along on misty gleams
Poppy came bearing the sweetest dreams.

- - - - -
And we found betimes in a hollowed spot
The selace and peace of Forget-me-not.
- - - - -

Riley's "Little Red Apple Tree" is typical of his associating Nature and childhood.

"The little red apple tree!

O the little red apple tree!

When I was the little-est bit of a boy,

And you were a boy with me.

Riley.

Thus we see that Cawein brings Nature into the child's being as other poets do, utilizing it for his picture as a setting, which the child instantly recognizes as a part of his own experience.

SECOND PHASE OF LIKENESS.

(2) Cavein Appeals to the Imagination.

In all of his poems Cavein appeals to the "sacred spirit of wonder" as Carlyle says and the poet's overflow of soul widens the intellectual perception, enriches the imagination, and unfolds the spiritual life of the child.

This writer feels the sacredness of childhood, which is entrusted to his care, and which Wordsworth feels when he says,

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy."
(Ode on Intimations of Immortality.)

In many of Cavein's poems we find fairies, giants, witches, gnomes, pixies, elves, and the door of fairy land is unlocked by his creative genius and the child's mind teems with phantasms of the imagination. "The Faery Ring," "Faery Child," "Giant and the Star," "The Ghost," "There are Faeries," "Land of Candy" all appeal strongly to the imaginative faculty of the reader.

"The Faery Ring" is a description of the dance of the fairies at midnight.

"And round the toadstools, white as milk,
They danced with flying locks,
Their trousers made of moon-flower silk,
Their gowns of four-o'clocks.

"A cricket piped, a frog drummed near -
In pixy minstrelsy.
And round and round in moonlight clear
They led their revelry.

"Until far off I heard a cock
Crew and the elves were gone,
Leaving these toadsteels by the rock
For us to see at dawn."

There are Fairies.

There are fairies, bright, of eye,
Who the wildflower's warders are.
Ouphas, that chase the firefly,
Elves, that ride the shooting-star:
Fays, who in a cobweb lie,
Swinging on a moonbeam bar.

The child's eyes open in wonderment at the Giant who
blew out the star and devoured the wanderers that lost their
way.

Giant and the Star.

"I'll just blow it out," he said,
And heaved up his bulky bones,
And went grumbling up the stones
To the very mountain's head,
Shaking with his mighty tread

All the crags and pines around
And began to blow and blow,
Till at last, so slow, so slow,
Duller grew that star's bright glow.

Saying "This will be its death."
Bulged his cheeks and blew at it,
Blew and blew and never quit
Till the star was blown quite out."

Land of Candy.

First place that they came to, why,
Was a weed that reached the sky:
Forest of stick candy. My!

In these poems we see how the child's unfettered imagination soars with a free wing from the little green frog that drums in pixy minstrelsy to the elfin fairies of the moon. Cawein is persistent and definite in his appeal to the imagination impulses, and the stimulus is healthful and conducive to the growth of the mind.

Wordsworth being a poet-philosopher throws the glamour of his imagination over experiences "whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect." Thus the "dancing daffodils" and "dancing leaves" are a part of the child's every day life.

The Daffodil.

I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;

Beside the lake beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Wordsworth.

The Green Linnet.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A Brother of the dancing leaves.
Wordsworth.

(Blake)

The imaginative force of Blake's "Songs of Innocence" is not so dominant as Cawein's, dealing more with thoughts within the child's experience and only occasionally sailing through the realms of imagination, as is evident in the following lines:

"Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
In a cloud I saw a child
And he laughing said to me."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, knowing by psychic analysis the questionings of a child's mind, and revealing the mystery which enshrouds his being, presents these lines, which, she thinks, shows how the innocent mind imagines God.

"God is so good he wears a field
Of heaven and earth across his face."
(A Child's Thought of God.)"

Stevenson has many poems appealing to the imagination, "Fairy Bread," "Land of Counterpane," "My Bed is a Boat" etc.

Land of Counterpane.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

Some of Eugene Field's imaginative poems are "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," "Seeing Things at Night," and "The Duel," between the gingham dog and the calico cat.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe -
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.

- - - - -

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.

Riley's "Little Orphant Annie" is well-known to all children who read verse:

"And the goblins 'll git you
Ef you don't watch out."

Having compared the imaginative poems of these writers we may now state that Cawein appeals strongly, definitely, and more persistently to the imagination than Wordsworth,

Mrs. Browning, Blake, Stevenson, Field, and Riley.

Wordsworth throws the charm of imagination over Nature as she enters into his daily life; Blake has here and there a fairy or a pixy; Mrs. Browning has only one poem which she mistakingly thought was written in child language, "A Child's Thought of God," which awakens the imaginative impulse; and Stevenson, Field, and Riley stimulate the imagination of the child but not with the same degree of persistence as Cawein.

THIRD PHASE OF LIKENESS.

(3) Cawein Does Not Point out the Moral Element.

Madisen Cawein is no hemiletic singer, obtruding a moral.

The religious motif does not enter into his poetry for children, and never does he put on the heavy weights of moral teaching or didacticism. In this respect he is like the other poets considered in this thesis excepting William Blake and our staunch friend, William Wordsworth, who says:

"Every great poet is a teacher; and I wish to be considered as a teacher or as nothing. To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, think, and feel, and sincerely virtuous -----"

that was his vocation; to show that the mutual adaptation of the external world and the inner mind is able to shape a paradise from the "simple produce of the common day" - that was his high argument.

"Lucy Gray" and "We Are Seven" are philosophical poems, the first teaching the spiritualization of character, and the second that a little child knows nothing of death.

One of the most striking characteristics in Blake's songs for children is his element of faith in God.

"Little boy lost in a lonely fen
Led by a wandering light
Began to cry; but, God ever nigh

"Appeared like his father in white."

PHASES OF DIFFERENCE.

The phases of difference between Cawein and Wordsworth, Blake, Mrs. Browning, Stevenson, Field, and Riley to be discussed are:

1. Cawein's Persistent Personification of Nature and Abstract Ideas.
2. His Introduction of Mythological Characters.

FIRST PHASE OF DIFFERENCE.

(1) Cawein's Persistent Personification of Nature and Abstract Ideas.

The most striking difference between Madison Cawein and these poets is his persistent personification of Nature and abstract ideas, endowing them with human attributes, thus bringing them nearer to the heart of us.

While the poets under consideration evince this characteristic, each in his own degree, yet they do not possess it to the unlimited extent as our Kentucky poet. The following quotations personify Nature:

"The Morning drew a shawl
Of misty lace around her."
(Morning Road)

"Pale as a ghostly girl
Lost 'mid the trees, - looks down the moon
With face of pearl."
(Morning Road)

"The young-eyed Dusk comes slowly down
Her apron filled with stars."
(At Sunset)

"But all night long,
Winging its hands, I heard it wail its love
Unto the Moon."
(The Gray Wood)

"Slipping rings of marigolds on her chilly fingers,
Binding her gipsy locks with gems."
(Autumn)

"This is the tomboy month of all the year,
March who comes - - - - -
a windflower in her ear."
(March)

The poet personifies abstract ideas in the next few lines:

"One stood quite young and fair,
Peace, with the golden hair,
----- guarding constantly
Her babe, named Song."
(Morning Road)

"She sits among the sunset hills,
Or trails a silken skirt of breeze.

She rests upon a lichened stone,
Her moonbeam hair spread bright around."
(Witchery)

Wordsworth.

To quote from "Lyrical Ballads" Wordsworth says, "The Reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes, and are utterly rejected as in ordinary device to elevate the style and raise it above prose."

Hence we do not find abstract ideas or Nature personified for the child, but we do find these personifications in his poems of deeper thought.

Ode to Duty.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!

O Duty!

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace.
Wordsworth.

Ode on Immortality.

The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare.
Wordsworth.

Blake does not use personification often but the
"Laughing Song" is a good specimen.

"When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by:
When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene."

Mrs. Browning does not use personification for children
but we often find it in her "Sonnets from the Portuguese" into
which she has poured the full flood of her profoundest thought
with exquisiteness.

Sonnet.

When some beloved voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness faileth suddenly
And silence against which you dare not cry
Aches round you like a strong disease and new,
What hope?

Mrs. Browning.

Stevensen frequently personifies sun, moon, stars, birds, etc., but not so repeatedly and unceasingly as Cawein.

"Late lies the wintry sun a-bed,
A frosty fiery sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then
A blood-red orange, sets again."
(Wintry Time)

Again we often find it a forceful factor in some of the poems of Field and Riley.

"And the night would say in its ghostly way:
Yoooooee."
(Field's "The Night Wind").

"The sun burst forth in glee, -
And when that bluebird sang, my heart
Hopped out of bed with me!"
(Riley's "First Bluebird").

Judging from the foregoing data our deduction is that Cawein clings tenaciously to the figure of personification, and with a greater degree of persistency than the other poets, which makes his poetry stronger, more vivid in imagery, and more powerful in awakening the deep feeling of kinship between the child and the created universe for

"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

SECOND PHASE OF DIFFERENCE.

(2) His Introduction of Mythological Characters.

Another striking difference, which stands out in alto-relievo, between Cawein and the other poets is his constant allusion to mythological characters or forms, the nymph, dryad, faun, Pan, Pandora, and Mercury; and these are especially good for dramatization, familiarizing children with the Greek classics, and cultivating a taste for Hellenic literature.

In his love for the Greek Cawein is like Keats, whose poetry is nearer the Greek than any other English poet.

Of course these poems creating mythic figures are addressed to elder children who would no doubt go athirst for higher knowledge concerning the fair isles of Greece.

In this phase of his work Cawein is again persistent and the following quotations show this unique characteristic:

-----"a toad hopped out,
Creaked, and crept Pan's feet about."
(Pan of the Beech Woods).

"I saw the Dryads sit at ease
Within the hiding hearts of trees;
And in brambles, watching these
The Faun that none hath found."
(Faery Forest).

"Of fair Pandora and her box, of old
You've heard perhaps. - - - - -

And it was Mercury

**"The cunning messenger of the gods."
(Pandora's Box).**

CONCLUSION.

Having compared Cawein's juvenile poetry with that of other poets, we have clearly proved that he stands in high rank among them, by developing in the child a sympathy with Nature, thereby moulding his character and awakening a spiritual dawn, by appealing to the imagination and endowing it with a wealth of beauty, by widening his intellectual perceptions and filling him with a deep love for the Spirit of the Universe.

THE HUMAN ELEMENT OF MADISON CAWEIN'S POETRY.

We shall now consider Cawein's poetry under the following topics:

- I. His Human Poetry Includes an Expression of Love, Hatred, Despair, Melancholia, Hope, Faith, Pride, Jealousy, and Joy. His Poetry Shows Also an Interest in Science, Music and Art.
- II. His Poetry Shows Interest in the Following Phases of Life: The Humble, Mountain and Feud Life, The Gipsy Life, The Slums, The Vampire, The Indian, The Negro, The Charcoal-Man, The Miser, The Child Life, and Historic Periods.
- III. Human Poetry of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Shelley and Browning.
- IV. Cawein as Compared with these Poets.

L O V E.

Love is a predominant element in Cawein's poetry. Some of his lyrics have the spirit of true love in them and are fully charged with isolated emotion. They are beautiful with a beauty of their own, and full of that natural abandonment of the whole world for one moment with the woman he loved, which youth and the hours of youth in manhood feel. The lyrical eclogue, "One Day and Another," is a conversation between two lovers whom death parts; but who recurrently find themselves and each other in the gardens and the woods, and on the waters. The effect is that which is truest to youth and love, for these transmutations of emotion form the disguise of self which makes passion tolerable.

- - - - -

She, all my heaven of silvery, numberless
Stars and its moon, shining golden and slumberless;
Who on my life, that was thorny and lowery,
Came and made beautiful; smiled and made flowery.
She, to my heart and my soul a divinity!
She, who - I dreamed - seemed my spirit - affinity.
(One Day and Another).

- - - - -

Remembered.

She was my all. I loved her as men love
A high desire, religion, an ideal,
The meaning purpose in the loss whereof
God shall alone reveal.

- - - - -

Heart of My Heart.

Stars are not truer than your soul is true;
What need I more of heaven than than you?
Flowers are not sweeter than your face is sweet-
What need I more to make my world complete?

Heart of my heart.

- - - - -

Words.

Look in my eyes: read there confession:
The truest love hath least of art:
Nor needs it words for its expression
When soul speaks soul and heart speaks heart.

- - - - -

To Gertrude.

These are flowers I bring to thee,
Heart's ease, euphrasy and rue,
Grown in my garden of poetry.
Wear them, sweet, on thy breast for me:
The first for thoughts; and the other two
For spiritual vision, that's always true,
So thou with thy soul mayst ever see
The love in my heart I keep for thee.

- - - - -

Browning's poem, "By the Fireside" is a tribute to his wife whom he loved with all his soul, and he recalls the moment of early passion while yet they looked on one another and felt their souls embrace before they spoke.

- - - - -

Think, when our one soul understands
The great Word which makes all things new,
When earth breaks up and heaven expands,
How will the change strike me and you
In the house not made with hands.

- - - - -

So grew my own small life complete,
As nature obtained her best of me -
One born to love you, sweet.

- - - - -

Note Browning's intensity in his love which made him
stand and withstand in the battle of life, ever a fighter to the
close.

Prospice.

I was ever a fighter, so-one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that Death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
And bade me creep past.

- - - - -

And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave
Shall dwindle, shall blend
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

- - - - -

This love made Browning the strong man he was; the fire
caught and purified the passion of his soul.

Shelley, though intense in his love, is idealistic, and the weight of thought and feeling burdened him heavily. You read his sufferings in his attenuated frame, while you perceive the mastery he held over them in his animated countenance and brilliant eyes. Epipsychidion is an expression of abstract beauty and is his conception of ideal love.

- - - - -

I love thee; yes I feel
That on the fountain of my heart a seal
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee, since in those tears thou has delight.

- - - - -

Beloved, O too soon adored by me !
For in the fields of immortality
My spirit should at first have worshipped thine.

To Mary Shelley.

As sunset to the sphered moon,
As twilight to the western star,
Thou, beloved, art to me.

Byron's love was a variable quantity, inconstant, and vacillating, judging from his lines

To Caroline,
To Emma,
To Mary,
To M.S.G.,
When We Two Parted,
Maid of Athens, etc.

Byron's women are mostly in love with Byron under various names, and he rarely strays beyond the woman who is loved or in love. The following examples set Byron's standard of love

which we shall see is not very high:

To M.S.G.

Whene'er I view those lips of thine,

Their hue invites my fervent kiss:

Yet, I forego that bliss divine,

Alas! it were unhallowed bliss.

To Mary on receiving her picture is of a little higher order and we all know the pretty little lyric, Maid of Athens.

To Mary.

Through hours, through years, through time 'twill
cheer;

My hope in gloomy moments raise;

In life's last conflict 'twill appear,

And meet my fond expiring gaze.

To Caroline.

Again, thou best beloved, adieu!

Ah, if thou canst overcome regret,

Nor let thy mind past joys review,-

Our only hope is to forget.

H A T R E D

The romance, Accolon of Gaul, reveals the bitter hatred of Morgan Le Fay for her brother, King Arthur, and her husband, Urience. She pauses with uplifted dagger before she slays her husband and says:-

"Nay, Nay! too long hast thou lived!

- - - - - My sorrow! who for years
Hast leashed my life to thine, a bond of tears,
A weight of care, a knot that thus I part!
Into the naked elements."

- - - - -

For her half-brother Morgan had conceived
Unnatural hatred; so much so, she grieved,
Envious and jealous.

"Masks," from the setting no doubt a story of Venice, portrays the hatred and revenge of Gaston and Viola, the woman scorned by Balka, a monk, who is masked to meet Flora, the Count's daughter. Viola promises to marry Gaston if he will murder Balka and Flora. Gaston speaks: "I saw him

Stalking towards the church: around it
Dogged him, marking how he smiled
In the moonlight where he waited
----- His form bejeweled
Gleamed. My very blood burned dry
With the hate his presence fueled.

Our revenge! up-pushing slightly
Cowl, the mask fell and revealed

Balka, as the poniard whitely
Flashed. The hollow nave re-pealed
One long shriek the loft repeated.
Swift, I stabbed her thrice. She reeled
Dead. - - - - -
On her face the mask hung, married
To its camphor pallor: wide
Eyes with terror."

D E S P A I R.

Despair through which faith finally gleams is the central theme of "The Glow-worm."

And thinking of one whom my heart had held dear,
Like terrible waters, a gathering fear

- - - - -

Came stealing upon me with all the distress
Of loss and of yearning and powerlessness.

- - - - -

(Then suddenly fell)

My soul to abysses of nothingness where
All light was a shadow, all hope, a despair.
Finally he beheld at his feet

- - - - - a glimmering flame,
An ember; a sparkle of dew and of glower;
Like the lamp that a spirit hands under a flower.

- - - - -

And hushed was my soul with the lesson of light
That God had revealed to me there in the night.

- - - - -

Though mortal its structure, material its form,
The spiritual message of worm unto worm.

Out of the Depths.

Let me forget her, God!

Her who made honeyed love a bitter rod
To scourge my heart with, barren with despair;
To tear my soul with, sick with vain desire!
Oh, hear my prayer!

Out of the hell of love's unquenchable fire
I cry to thee, with face against the sod,
Let me forget her, God!

M E L A N C H O L I A .

Cawein has a poem, "Melancholia", which somewhat resembles the mad-scene in Tennyson's Maud. One of the most famous physicians for the insane said of the mad-scene in Maud that it was the most faithful representation of madness since Shakespeare. Maud is not a treatise on insanity any more than Cawein's poem is a treatise on melancholia, yet both writers show that these diseases, which so often baffle science, have a side of feeling which they interpret in their poetry.

Melancholia.

Then suddenly - perhaps it was the strain
Snapped in my temples - laughter seemed to twist,
With evil, night's dead mouth that bent to mine and kissed.

- - - - -

Insanity! two leaves that dabbled down,
Touched me with drizzle; and that laugh - ah well,
No laugh! an owlet hotting at the frown
Night's hag face tortures while she works her spell
And I stood stark among the sodden stones,
Icy with fever, hearing in each gale
Strange footsteps. - - - - -

Then I remembered that within a tale
Once I had read - how one shall not fail
To find unsought the Fiend.

Was that his laugh? and that his vulture hand?

No! No! for in the legend it was said,

"Though moonless midnight curse the barren land

Sathanas' shadow follows him as red

As Hell's red cauldron is.

And so she (melancholy) brought me to the river's brink
To plunge me downward. All the night was mine;
And so, exulting, to Death's darker drink
I stooped and drank. - What better drink divine,
O man, hast thou? What wiser way is thine?
Who find'st me carrion on a hungry coast,
Sand in mine eyeballs, in my hair the brine,
And o'er my corpse with bitter lips dost boast -
"Poor fool! Poor ghost! Alas! poor melancholy ghost."

Maud.

Dead, long dead,
Long dead !
And my heart is a handful of dust,
And the wheels go over my head,
And my bones are shaken with pain
For into a shallow grave they are thrust.

O me, why have they not buried me deep enough?
Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough;
Me that was never a quiet sleeper.
I will cry to the steps above my head
And somebody, surely, some kind heart will come
To bury me, bury me
Deeper, ever so little deeper.

H O P E.

Intimations.

The love and hope God grants me,
The beauty that lures me on,
Are but masks of an ancient sorrow
Of a life long dead and gone.

- - - - -

A Motive in Gold and Gray.

How blessed is he who, gazing in the tomb,
Can yet behold - - - - -
Upon dead lips no dust of Love's dead bloom;
And in dead hands no shards of Faith's rent flask;
But Hope, who still stands at her starry task,
Weaving the web of promise on her loom!

- - - - -

The House of Fear is a symbolic drama in which Love,
Hope, Fear, Sorrow, etc., are personified. Hope speaks to Man
and in the halo of her brightness Despair and Sorrow disappear.

(Hope): I am the last on whom thine eyes shall gaze;

Immortal Hope!

(Death slowly enters)

(Man): Light breaks around me and the winds of dawn
Sweep the wild mists of tempest far to sea.
There is no darkness now, but rivered light
Flowing from out the source of boundless day.

- - - - -

Faith.

The poet who can dream dreams of a purer and higher
life and give beauty and power in expression of his faith in

God renders divine service to mankind, and unnumbered millions
climb their way to Calvary with the poet's song in their hearts.

Face to Face

Dead! and all my heart's a cup
Hollowed for repentant tears,
Bitter in the bitter years
Slowly brimming up.

Peace! 'tis well! But might have been
Better. - Yes, God's time makes right!
Better for me in His sight
With my soul washed clean.

Peace! be still I kiss your hair.
Sweet, good-by. Upon your breast
Let this long white lily rest -
God will find it there.
There beyond the sad world and
Clouds and stars and silent skies,
Where your eyes shall meet His eyes,
There - He'll understand.

- - - - -
Life.

Behind all being a purpose lies,
Undeviating as God hath willed;
And he alone it is who dies
Who leaves that purpose unfulfilled.

Life is an epic the Master sings
Whose theme is Man and whose music Soul

Where each is a word in the Song of Things
That shall roll on while the ages roll.

Pride.

Face to Face.

Woman true, I falsely blamed;
Whom I killed with scorn and pride;
Woman pure, of whom I lied
With the nameless name.

End of All.

I do not love you now,
O narrow heart, that had no heights but pride!
You, whom mine fed; to whom yours still denied
Food when mine hungered; and of which love died -
I do not love you now.

J E A L O U S Y.

The Alcalde's daughter is jealous because her lover is going to meet the Lady Iona, and kills him with a dagger which she draws from her hair.

The Alcalde's Daughter.

The times they had kissed and parted
That night were over a score;
Each time that the cavalier started
Each time she would swear him o'er.

Thou art going to Barcelona!
To make Naxera thy bride!
Seduce the Lady Iona!
And thy lips have lied! have lied!

And they kissed farewell: and higher,
The moon made amber the air;
And she drew for the traitor and liar,
A stiletto out of her hair.

J O Y.

The feeling of joyousness and high-spiritedness is felt
by the poet in the beauties of Nature.

Mood of the Earth.

My heart is high as the day is clear,
As the wind in the wood that blows;
My heart is high with a mood that's cheer,
And glows like a sun-blown rose.

In Solitary Places.

Up, up, my heart, and all thy hope put on;
Array thyself in splendor.

Out, out, my heart, the world is white with spring.
Long have our dreams been pleaders.

S C I E N C E .

The doctrine of evolution has been discussed in this thesis under the head of Religion and Philosophy of Cawein's Poetry. Excerpts from his poems prove the poet's belief in this theory. Cawein, like Tennyson, was interested in science and her glorious achievements.

Science.

Miranda-like, above the world she waves
The wand of Prospero; and, beautiful,
Ariel the airy, Caliban the dull, -
Lightning and Steam, - are her unwilling slaves.

Oglethorpe University. (Atlanta, Ga.)

----- She shall stand
For what truth means to man;
For science and for art and all that can
Make life superior to the things that weight
The soul down.

Poetry and Philosophy.

----- From the stars that burned
Above the mountains ether, Science learned
The first vague lessons.

One Day and Another.

I could not tell you how disease hid me a viper germ,
Precedence slowly claiming and so slowly fixing firm.

These lines evince a belief in the germ theory advanced

by Science today. A young girl suffering from tuberculosis breaks the engagement with her betrothed on account of her diseased body.

Music.

The Valley of Music.

Then she flung in her song the emotion,
Triumphant of heart and of soul;
Till the passion and pain were an ocean
That swept her with billowing roll.

- - - - -

Music.

Thou, oh thou!
Thou of the chorded shell and golden plectrum,
Thou of the dark eyes and pale pacific brow!
Music. -----
Touch with thy all - mellifluous finger-tips
Or thy melodious lips,
This sickness named my Soul.

- - - - -

A r t.

Cawein frequently refers to art in his poetry and in his Song of Songs he says:

"Art that is voice and vision of the soul of man."

Beauty and Art.

To him - whatever facts may say -
Who sees the soul beneath the clay
Is proof of a diviner day.

- - - - -

That lifts the soul above the clod,
And, working out some period

Of art, is part and proof of God.

II. HIS POETRY SHOWS INTEREST IN THE FOLLOWING

PHASES OF LIFE:

The Humble.

Cawein's poems of the farm give us a true picture of country life and he sings of the joyousness of this simple way of living. Some of the poems of this class are:

On the Farm,
The Farmstead,
Evening on the Farm,
The Vintager, etc.

On the Farm.

He sang a song as he sowed the field,
Sowed the field at break of day:

He trilled a song as he mowed the mead,
Mowed the mead as noon begun.

He hummed a song as he swung the flail,
Swung the flail in the afternoon.

He whistled a song as he shouldered his axe,
Shouldered his axe in the evening storm:

"When the snow of the road shows the rabbits' tracks
And the wind is a whip that the Winter cracks,
With a herdsman's cry, o'er the clouds black backs,

Halloo and oh!

Halo for home and a fire to warm!"

The Vintager.

Among the fragrant grapes she bows;
Long violet clusters heap her hands;
And with bright brows on him bestows
Sweet looks, like soft commands.

And from her sunburnt throat at times,
As bubbles burst on new-made wine,
A happy fit of merry rhymes
Rings down the hills of vine.

And in his heart, remorseless, sweet
Grew big the red-grape, passion, there;
His heart that ever at her feet
Was filled with love's despair.

But she, who ne'er the honeyed must
Of love had drained, a grown-up child,
Saw in him - merely one to trust -
And broke his heart and smiled.

The Old Herb Man paints a picture of old age, forlornly
poor.

On the barren hillside lone he sat;
On his head he wore a tattered hat;
In his hand he bore a crooked staff;
Never heard I laughter like his laugh,
On the barren hillside, thistle-hoar.

Cracked his laughter sounded, harsh as woe;
As the croaking, thinned of a crow:
At his back hung pinned a wallet old,
Bulged with roots, and simples caked with mould:
On the barren hillside in the wind.

There is nothing sadder than old age;
Nothing saddens more than that stage
When forlornly poor, bent with toil,
One must starve or wring life from the soil,
From the barren hillside wild and hoar.

Down the barren hillside slow he went
Cursing at the cold, bowed and bent!;
With his bag of mold, herbs, and roots
In his clay-stained garments, clay-caked boots
Down the barren hillside, poor and old.

The Old Swing brings back memories of childhood days to
one who is watching a child in the swing.

Under the boughs of spring
She swung in the old rope-swing.

Her cheeks, with their happy blood,
Glowed pink as the apple-bud.

And I - who leaned on the fence-
Watching her innocence

Had given the rest of my years,

With their blessing and hopes and fears

To have been as she was then:

And just for a moment again

A boy in the old rope-swing

Under the boughs of spring,

Mountain and Feud Life.

Cawein portrays mountain life in Kentucky in Dead Man's Run, Moonshiners, and feud life in The Feud, Lynchers, Ku Klux, The Man Hunt.

Dead Man's Run.

He rode adown the autumn wood,
A man dark-eyed and brown;
A mountain girl before him stood
Clad in a homespun gown.

"To ride this road is death for you!
My father waits you there;
My father and my brother too -
You know the oath they swear."

These lovers elope and as they ride they meet her
father and brother who fire rifle shots at him. Finally the
lovers are drowned in the stream.

Ku Klux.

We have sent him seeds of the melon's care,
And nailed a warning upon his door;

By the Ku Klux laws we can do no more.

Only a signature, written grim

At the end of the message brought to him -

A hempen rope and a twisted limb.

So arm and mount! and mask and ride!

The hounds can sense though the fox may hide:

For a word too much men oft have died.

The Lynchers.

At the moon's down-going let it be

On the quarry hill with its one gnarled tree.

The rocks that ooze with the hue of lead,

Where we found her lying stark and dead.

The scraggy wood; the negro hut,

With its doors and windows locked and shut.

A secret signal; a foot's rough tramp;

A knock at the door; a lifted lamp.

A group of shadows; the moon's red fleck;

A running noose and a man's bared neck.

A word, a curse, a shape that swings;

The lonely night and a bat's black wings.

Gipsy Life.

The poem of the gipsy maiden, Flamencine is full of beauty and tender pathos for that class of society that always seems to possess the spirit of romanticism.

It was a gipsy maiden
Within the forest green;
It was a gipsy maiden
Who shook a tambourine:
The star of eve had not the face,
The cascade's foam had not the grace
Of Flamencine.

Her bodice was of purple,
Her shoes of satin sheen;
Her bodice was of purple
With scarlet laid between:
The wind of eve was in her tread,
The black of night was on the head
Of Flamencine.

There lies a gipsy maiden
Within the forest green;
There lies a gipsy maiden
Beside her tambourine:
These many years I am her slave -
The violets grow upon the grave
Of Flamencine.

Carmen is the same fascinating gipsy girl of old Seville, who coquettes with the Spanish soldiers.

Proud, wicked head, and hair blue-black

Whence the mantilla, half thrown back,
Discovered shoulders and bold breast.
Bohemian brown. And you were dressed
In some short skirt of gypsy red
Of smuggled stuff; and stockings, -dead
White silk. -----Flirtingly
You walked by me: and I did see
Your oblique eyes, your sensuous lip
That gnawed the rose I saw you flip
At bashful Jose.

----- I saw you dance
With wily motion and glad glance,
Voluptuous, the wild romalis,
Where every movement was a kiss.

Some still night in Seville: the street
Candilejo: two shadows meet:
Swift sabres flash within the moon-
Clash rapidly - A dead dragoon.

We find in the works of Cawein several poems touching
life in the slums and the vampire theme made famous by Kipling.
Those are:

Of the Slums,
The Woman Speaks,
A Woman of the World,
The Vampire.

Of The Slums.

Red-faced as old carousal, and with eyes
A hard, hot blue; her hair a frowsy flame,
Bold, dowdy bosomed, from her window frame

She leans, her mouth all insult and all lies.

The flaring lights of alley-way saloons
The reek of hideous gutters and black oaths
Of drunkenness from vice-infested dens
Are to her senses what the silvery moon's
Chaste splendor is -----
----- to innocence.

The Woman Speaks.

Why have you come? To see me in my shame?
A thing to spit upon, despise and scorn?
You, you who ask me! You by whom was torn
Then cast aside, like some vile rag, my name!

The Vampire.

I drew her dark hair from her eyes,
And in their depths beheld a while
Such shadowy moonlight as the skies
Of Hell may smile.

God shall not take from me that hour
When round my neck her white arms clung!
When 'neath my lips, like some fierce flower,
Her white throat swung!

A selection from Falls of the Ohio gives a description of the Indian in his native environment and an idea of his habits. Other poems which refer to the Indian are An Indian Legend, The Ocklawaha, and The Cumberlandds.

Falls of the Ohio.

Here once the Indian stole in natural craft
From wahoo-bush to bush, from tree to tree,
His head plumes like a bird, below, above,
Fluttering and nodding mid the undergrowth;
In his brown hand the pliant, polished bow,
And at his back his gaudy quiver filled
With tufted arrows beaded blue with flint.

The Ocklawaha River.

Osceola! Osceola!
Phantoms of your vanquished race
Seem around me: overawe
All my soul here. Mossy regions
Swarm with Semioles:lost legions
Rise, the war-paint on each face -
Dead, long dead for Florida.

The Cumberlandds.

Fireflies

Gleaming in the tangled glade
Seemed the eyes of warriors,
Stealing under watching stars
To some phantom ambushade;

To the tepees there that gloomed,
Wigwams of the mist! that slept
By the woodland side, whence crept
Shadowy Shawnees moonbeam-plumed.

The Menace deals with the negro race question with which our country has been confronted since the days of slavery. We ask ourselves - What is the solution to this problem? How can we elevate the negro? Is it the Whiteman's fault that the negro is so degraded and revengeful? This is a greater menace than the "yellow peril."

Cawein's poem seems to be a warning finger against the Whiteman's own selfishness and dearth of feeling for this benighted race.

The Menace.

The hat he wore was full of holes,
And his battered shoes were worn to the soles.
His shirt was a rag held together with pins
And his trousers patched with outs and ins,
A negro tramp, a roustabout,
Less safe than a wild beast broken out.

But the bird's glad song and the scent of the rose
Meant nothing to him of the love man knows.
If he heard or heeded 'twas but a curse-
Love had no place in his universe.

And there in the lane one met with him -
A girl of ten who was fair and slim;
A farmer's daughter -----
Innocent, trusting, free from guile,
She met his look with a friendly smile.
And he? He laughed when the child had passed
And a furtive glance about him cast, -
Then turned and followed. His chance was now

To serve the Whiteman out somehow.
He would get even for many a kick.--
Now was his time to turn a trick.

Next day they found her battered and torn,
Her small child's body hid under a thorn.
And oh! I wonder, good brother of mine,
Why God in His heaven gave never a sign.
Why she, the lovely, the young, the shy,
Like a beast of the field should have to die;
While he, the hideous, kin to the ape,
God in His heaven should let escape.

The Ghost reveals the psychological effect of fright upon the negro mind and shows that the poet well knew the attitude of the race under certain mental stimulus.

The Ghost.

Here's a house across the street
That nobody goes into;
Say it's haunted, yes, they do;
Ghosts live there, they say, or meet:
Saw one in a winding sheet
At a window once and took
To my heels and ran and ran,
Never gave another look,
Till I met a nigger-man.

And I told him. And he said
"Dat ole house am ha'nted sure.
'Deed it was a ghost! A pure

Sure nuff ghost, I am afred.

----- Lawzy me!

I won't pass that house ter-night.

Onct I passed under dar: whut'd I see?

Why, I seed a walking light.

"Yep: and it went up and down

Like a fire-bag. I wuz skeered

Wus'n you wuz. And I heered

Chains a-tramping all aroun':

And I laid dar on de groun'

Skeered to def. And then I seed -

Whut'd yer reckon? seed- my lands!

Seed a skel'ton hands.

"Den I run'd jest like you did-

Ought ter t'ar dat ole house down."

Who does not remember in the days of his youth "The Charcoal Man," with his sooty face and croaking voice, who is surrounded by a crowd of mimicking boys?

Cawein's poem gives us a good view of this phase of life, and our sympathy goes out to that class of society that earns its bread crying through the streets.

Once a charcoal wagon passed

And an old black charcoal man,

"Blacker than a midnight blast",

Mother said. And he began

Crying, "Charcoal! charcoal!

Come and buy my charcoal."

And the boys they mocked him so.

- - - - -
But he never looked at them,
Only cracked his blacksnake whip,
Sucking at his old pipe-stem,
Not much blacker than his lip
Crying, "Charcoal! Charcoal!"

- - - - -
And the boys they mimicked him
While he rode on black and grim:

- - - - -
Down he got then from his team,
In his old patched coat and hat
Rags and dirt at every seam,
Blacker than our old black cat
Crying, "Charcoal - - - - -."
And the boys they stood far off,
Mocking him with gibe and scoff:
I felt sorry for him then:
And my mother called him in:
Bought a boxful. Gentlemen!
Ought to 've seen him laugh and grin
Crying, "Charcoal! - - - - -!"

The Miser is another window through which the poet
observes Life in a beggar's coat, clutching his hoards of gold.

Withered and gray as winter; gnarled and old,
With bony hands he crouches by the coals;
His beggar's coat is patched and worn in holes;
Rags are his shoes: clutched in his claw-like hold

A chest he hugs wherein he hoards his gold.
- - - - -

Let the winds howl! and let the palsy twitch

His rheum-racked limbs; here's that will make them glow

And warm his heart! - - - - -

How the gold glistens! Rich he is! how rich -

Only the death that knocks outside shall know.

Cawein's love and sympathy for children are indicated in his poetry for children. He has written a number of poems revealing their imaginative faculty, their simple credulity and childish ways. A few of those poems are:

Bad Luck, Ragamuffin,
The Boy Next Door,
Land of Candy,
Boy on the Farm,
The Poppet Show,
Little Boy and His Shadow, etc.

Bad Luck.

Once a rabbit crossed my road

When I went to see my aunt;

And another time a toad

Hopped right in my way. - You can't

Kill toads, for that makes it rain,

And would spoil your day again.

He then recounts the bad luck he had because the rabbit crossed his road. He fell out of bed that night, stumped his toe, and got a whipping.

No sir, I don't want to see

Any rabbits anyways

Cross my road. Why, Geemenie!

If I saw one - only one,
I would turn and run and run.

Ragamuffin.

But the worst thing that he does,
So I think, is poking fun
At poor beggars -----
----- And he laughs
Fit to kill, and apes, and chaffs
Every cripple! lies in wait
Just to mock: pretends he's lame:
Jeers then, "Say! Why ain't you straight?
Ragamuffin is his name.

Boy Next Door.

There's a boy who lives next door;
And this boy is just as bad
As a boy can be: and poor!
----- Out at knee;
And no shoes; and more than that,
Hardly any shirt or hat
He's as poor as Poverty.

But I like him: yes, I do.
He can play most any game,
And tell fairy stories too;
Funny stories, just the same
As my father does. And he
told me one about a frog,
Living near a lake or bog,
Frog that married a bumblebee.

----- (and) the old witch that
Sits before the fire alone
Frying fat for her black cat.

Historic Periods.

Cawein revives the Arthurian period of romance in Accolon of Gaul, Peredur and Isolt, the French period in The Troubadour and Love As It Was In The Time of Louis XIV, life in the Orient, in Behram and Eddetma, Jaafer the Barmecide, and Ishmael; Norse mythological period in Loke and Sigyn; and his frequent references to the Greek myths bring to our minds the golden age of Greek literature in which we find the living, throbbing, surging heart of Greece.

III. HUMAN POETRY OF WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth's exaltation of Nature gives humanity a secondary place. He set himself to understand, so far as he might, the human agency which co-operate with external powers, and makes beauty and grandeur possible. He also learned and taught

"How the mind of man becomes

A thousand times more beautiful than the earth

On which he dwells."

Wordsworth does not dissect the human mind as Browning does; but he watches it at work, in the hope that among the attitudes into which it is thrown he may find some aid to his vision.

The fascination that children had for him is best illustrated by the poems founded on incidents of his conversation with them. He was attracted by the very indifference of children to the things on which he was brooding. In the Ode he says:

"Thou eye among the blind,

That deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,

Haunted Forever by the eternal mind."

In *We Are Seven* the simplicity of the little cottage girl, her refusal to share in his wonder at the mysteries of life and death seem to him a marvellous thing. In the *Anecdote for Fathers* he asks the little boy if he would rather be at Kilve, by the sea-shore, or here at Liswyn farm. In the poem called *Beggars* he writes of two ragged boys who are in the wildest high spirits chasing a butterfly. What could be more natural in our own childhood than chasing a butterfly!

I did espy
A pair of little boys at play
Chasing a crimson butterfly;
The taller followed with his hat in hand,
Wreathed round with yellow flowers.

Wordsworth's observation of peasantry yielded him the best and finest part of his poetic harvest. Here, he thought, are none of the deceits of idle fashion, the social vanities and the intellectual pretensions that overlay the fundamental facts of life in a more ambitious society.

Wordsworth was resolved to reduce human life to its lowest terms, to see whether it is in itself a thing of worth. The men who pass their lives under a weight of labor and hardship, battling for bare subsistence, would be able, he thought, to tell him more than all the theorists and economists. "There I heard," he says,

From mouths of men obscure and lowly, truths
Replete with honor.

Among the vagrants and beggars and pensioners who were his chosen subjects he found those qualities which gave Rome her empire, in the ancient world. Thus he saved his poetry from that touch of unreality and brought it back to the miracles that transform the face of daily life.

The Old Cumberland Beggar is, like the Leech-gatherer, a commissioner from Heaven, calling forth, wherever he passes, acts of human kindness, pity and love.

He sat, and ate his food in solitude:
And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,
That, still attempting to prevent the waste,

Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers
Fell on the ground.

Peter Bell is a being compounded of the elements.
His face was keen as was the wind
That cuts along the hawthorn-fence;
There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye.

Wordsworth loved to write of the humble and rustic life because in that condition he says, "The essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, and are less under restraint, and can speak a plainer and more emphatic language; and because our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity. In the following lines we find scenes of lowly and pastoral life heightened by generic interest:-

Lucy Poems.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there was none to praise
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

Michael.

Upon the forest side in Grasmere Vale
There dwelt a shepherd, Michael was his name;

An old man, stout of heart and strong of limb.

The Wanderer.

----- Many a passenger
Hath blessed poor Margaret for her gentle looks
When she upheld the cool refreshment drawn
From that forsaken spring.

In the White Doe of Rylstone, or the Fate of the
Nortons, the poet summons all the powers of grief and anguish
to do their worst on a single devoted soul.

The inevitable doom that falls on Richard Norton and his
sons is foretold to Emily by her brother Francis, who bids her
take comfort in the thought that she is permitted to go with
him to meet it with unblinded eyes.

Weep if that aid thee; but depend
Upon no aid of outward friend;
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
To fortitude without reprieve.

When the doom falls Emily suffers and is strong and
worthy of the grace of God. She is raised by the force of sorrow
beyond the reach of any further disturbance of the soul.

Her soul doth in itself stand fast,
Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,
And awfully impenetrable.

Wordsworth was not a dramatic poet; and he did not
explore the darkest recesses of the soul, but he portrayed humble
and lowly life in its natural surroundings.

His emotional enthusiasm for the French Revolution had
humanized him and brought him out of the sacred cloister of

Nature to be with the poor and simple of humanity.

TENNYSON.

HUMAN POETRY.

Frederic Harrison, speaking of the literary production of the Victorian Era, says:

"Our literature today has many characteristics; but its central note is the dominant influence of sociology - enthusiasm for social truths as an instrument of social reform." *

Literature gives life and power to facts which of themselves are inert and dead and brings these facts to the knowledge of multitudes who would otherwise be ignorant of them.

Tennyson faced the gloomy facts of social and industrial life, but believed that these only imposed the obligation upon all members of society to live together as brethern. Penetrating all disguises and all deceptive appearances, he found the cause of social unrest and suffering and disorder in the selfish spirit that pervades society.

There are hardships which the poor alone suffer and the principles of brotherhood lay upon the rich an obligation to give to their poorer brethern sympathy and aid. This is the teaching we find in Tennyson's human poetry.

There was nothing nobler for the penitent, redeemed Guinevere to do than to give the remnant of her life to the distribution of charity to the poor and sick:

"So let me - - - - -

Walk your dim cloister, and distribute dole

To poor sick people - - - -

And treat their loathsome hurts."

* (Foot-note) Studies in Victorian Literature, P. 13.

Leonard in Locksley Hale Sixty Years After is exhorted
to follow the example of him who

"Strove for sixty widowed years to help his homelier
brother men

Served the poor and built the cottage, raised the school
and drained the fen."

He praised those who gave to the sick and poverty-stricken. This praise was a part of the honor accorded Marie Alexandrovna

"Whose hand at home was gracious to thy poor,"--

In The Promise of May (Act III) the evils of working men wasting their wages at a pothouse are recognized, if not fully and powerfully pictured.

The Northern Cobbler gives the most striking dramatic portrayal of the terrible results of the drink habit upon one who has become a slave to it. He lost his customers, abused his wife and child, but at last new light and life came to him only when he resolved with all his might to quit his evil way.

And one night I cooms 'hoam like a bull gotten loose at a
fair

----- And I gild our Sally a kick

And I smashed the tables and chairs, and she and the
babby bealed(cried)

For I knawed naw mair what I did nor a mortal beast of the
feald.

No poet has yet arisen to do for the enslaved millions of the liquor habit what Harriet Beecher Stowe did for the negro in her imaginative prose.

Tennyson looked upon the church as one of the great institutions of organized society and he believed that the

church exists to meet a real social need.

When men have false ideas of the character of God and of his requirements, superstitions arise, wrong systems of worship and loss of faith in God. The poem Despair was based upon the following incident, which appealed strongly to the poet.

Loss of faith in God and immortality caused a man and his wife, who were utterly miserable in this life, to resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman was drowned but the man was rescued by a minister of the sect he had abandoned. The poem expresses the despair of a soul from whom faith in God has departed. Thus the rescued man addresses his rescuer:

----- I know you of old -
Small pity for those that have ranged from the
 narrow warmth of your fold,
Where you bawled the dark side of your faith
 and a God of eternal rage,
Till you flung us back on ourselves, and the
 human heart, and the Age.

In the May Queen we have reference to a higher type of minister:

And that good man, the clergyman, has told me
 words of peace,
O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver
 hair.

The Marriage Tie.

One distinct danger that society has to recognize and meet is that which comes from marriage for money, rank, or policy. Here the poet held the mirror up to his time, and disclosed the direful results of degrading so sacred an institution by such ignoble motives. No one can read the poems of Tennyson which treat of this subject and be blind to the contempt he feels for the match which is barren of love and is prompted by selfish or unworthy aims. It is not difficult to detect in such lines as these the real contempt felt by the poet for marriage when Mammon is the priest:--

She went, and in one month
They wedded her to sixty thousand pounds,
To lands in Kent, and messuages in York
And slight Sir Robert with his watery smile
And educated whisker.
(Edwin Morris)

The crime and sorrow of such an alliance are shown again and again. The woman betrothed to one whose face she loathes, in order to save the ancestral estate, calls to her sister:

----- The morn appears
When he will tear one from your side, who bought me for
his slave;
This father pays his debt with me, and weds me to my
grave.
(The Flight)

Dora in The Promise of May is confronted by a similar condition, and is tempted to marry Farmer Dobson, whom she "can't abide", because in the financial straits of her family he could "keep their heads above water."

So likewise in The Foresters, Marian was urged to marry one who would pay the mortgage, and the girl spurned the suggestion

with all the strength of her resolute soul.

Before true marriage can be consummated, God must have wrought "Two spirits to one equal mind." (Miller's Daughter)

WOMAN.

Tennyson has written much concerning the place and mission of woman and has pictured many types of female character. In King Arthur the poet has given us the ideal man, and this beautiful character has no feminine counterpart. Tennyson has portrayed women of wondrous virtue, beauty and love; but there is not one in all the gallery of his art to whom we can point and say:

"This is the ideal woman."

The noblest women of his song are not the creations of his imagination, but the product of his photographic skill. Lilian, Mariana, Madeline, Oriana, Margaret, are not without attractiveness; but when he wrote of Victoria, in whom

A thousand claims to reverence closed

In her as Mother, Wife and Queen;

or of his own mother as he did in Isabel, he wrote with a power not evinced in the descriptive analyses of the women of his imagination.

The women of his brain are pretty girls. The noblest women he knew were strong in character, life and love. In general it is true that the lines written in earlier manhood portray women whose attractiveness is transient and external, while his maturer genius delighted to present those whose power is in intellect and noble qualities of heart. He views woman primarily from the standpoint of sex. The charms of her nature bring warriors to her feet and by her loves she makes and unmakes men and kingdoms. Vivian conquers Merlin. Guinevere dooms the round table to dissolution. The Princess as a college president is a fizzle, but as the beloved of the amorous prince she is winsome, strong and womanly.

Tennyson does not sanction the theories of Lady Psyche and Lady Blanche, who maintained

----- That with equal husbandry
The woman were an equal to the man.

He does not join in the effort of the Princess

"To lift the woman's fallen divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man. "

Much less does he approve of the low ideal of the fat-faced Edward Bull

"God made the woman for the use of man
And for the good and increase of the world."
(Edwin Morris)

On the contrary, the fundamental fact is

----- Either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal nor unequal. -----

The two-celled heart beating with one full stroke,
Life.
(Princess)

Tennyson was an ardent lover of children and a firm believer in the exalted mission of children in the family and the state. It was a child that called forth the tender affection of Guinevere and later it was a child within the cloister, who became the companion of the despairing queen. The child is really the heroine of The Princess and brings the college to sanity and success.

The importance of the child to the family and to society gives to the perils that threaten him very great significance.

One of the children of Enoch Arden died because of poverty. This was but one of the many such innocent sufferers.

In Maud we read of the time
When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,
And Timour - mammon grins on a pile of children's bones.

We now conclude that the human element of Tennyson's poetry is wide and varied. He deals with problems of state, church, industry, society, man, woman, and child.

SHELLEY.

Human Poetry.

Much of Shelley's poetry is dedicated to the service of mankind. It does not treat of human life as we find in Browning, Wordsworth, or Tennyson; but it treats of human life as it may be when it is freed from evils.

Shelley brought those evils forward, described them as he hated them, and caused a great number of people to hate them and oppose them more heartily. Few in poetry have done more to overthrow false conceptions of God, to undo the network of false reverence; to shake the foundations of injustice, of cruel superstition, of tyranny, of caste, of slavery of mind and body. This is a part of the grave matter of his poetry. He denounced injustice, freedom was dear to him, and above all love; and his human poetry is as much steeped in these ideas as a summer garden is in sunshine.

There is no tenderer song of the loveliness and duty of absolute and unrevenging forgiveness than is heard through Shelley's poetry.

These are serious things that he has given to us, and the world will always be grateful for this religious gravity in his teaching. It is a high matter for a poet's work and it will have more and more effect on men; for the whole question of the social future of man is rising in a special way into increasing eminence; and the method Shelley laid down for attaining the perfect state is that of Jesus Christ; and is stated by him with strong reiteration. That method is in direct opposition to the method of force and punishment. To teach justice and mercy, love and freedom, to lay down spiritual means of

their attainment and to extol them in exultant verse was Shelley's service to mankind. He was intensely interested in all social problems and he was ever seeking a solution. He believed in goodness, in its ultimate triumph; and he hated materialism both as a philosophy and a practice. He taught the duty of an unworldly life, and he defended the cause of the poor and the workmen. The fragment of Charles I shows that he could go straight to the human matter and write of it with incisive power.

He is the poet of certain distinct human ideas and of their corresponding emotions. His work shows extraordinary intensity in his feeling towards mankind.

In the following lines he cries down oppression:

Queen Mab.

Oh many a widow, many an orphan cursed
The building of that fane; and many a father,
Worn out with toil and slavery, implored
The poor man's God to sweep it from the earth.

For the iron rod of Penury still compels
Her wretched slave to bow the knee to wealth.

The following lines show false conceptions of religion and God:

Twin-sister of Religion, Selfishness,
Rival in crime and falsehood, aping all
The wanton horrors of her bloody play.

The self-sufficing, the omnipotent,
The merciful and the avenging God, -

Who, prototype of human misrule, sits

High upon a golden throne.

Towards a social change Shelley's work in poetry concerning mankind is an element of power; and it moves far more strongly than is believed among the numerous body in the working classes who think and feel concerning the condition of humanity.

Shelley was a true child of the French Revolution. His radical spirit expressed itself in an unrestraining denunciation of the past with its tyrannical government of kings and emperors.

Queen Mab is Shelley's first poem of importance, boldly professing his radical ideas, and it is a fierce diatribe against kings, priests, religion, and political government. It was a systematic attack upon the institutions of society. Unlike Queen Mab, the second revolutionary poem, the Revolt of Islam, did not aim to expound any system of political ideas. It was written solely to stir up emotion and enthusiasm for liberty and reform. It endeavored to show that love was the sole law which should govern the moral world.

Prometheus Unbound, the last finished revolutionary poem, presents in an allegorical way the program of Queen Mab. It is a drama, dressed in the garb of the ancient Greek, but with the soul of modern times. Jove is the personification of law and tyranny; he stands for the kings and priests of Queen Mab. Prometheus is the human spirit chained by the tyranny of Jove, yet with an unconquered will. Asia, his promised bride, is the spirit of love in Nature. The Triumph of Life, another revolutionary poem, was left as a fragment. Hence we see that Shelley was intensely interested in the social

institutions and reforms of mankind.

The women we find in Shelley's poetry melt into philosophic mist, or are used to build up a political or social theory.

Cyntha, Rosalind, Asia, Emilia are ideas, not realities in flesh and blood.

Beatrice is alive, but she was drawn for him in the records of her trial. The Cenci is Shelley's tragedy. Here we find the dramatic situation strong, especially the attitude of Beatrice resisting her father. In this drama the poet is confessedly great, and we discern the noble image of that courageous and enduring element in Shelley himself which gives force to his gentleness and dignity to his innocence.

The following passage shows the undaunted strength and fearlessness of Beatrice:

(Beatrice)

Tortures! Turn

The rack henceforth into a spinning-wheel!
My pangs are of the mind and of the heart
And of the soul: ay of the inmost soul,
Which weeps within tears as of burning gall.

Beatrice is a gentle, loving woman, yet firm and strong, accepting death fearlessly.

Browning.

Humanity.

The genius of Browning, with his broad knowledge of humanity, has evolved out of the clash of human passions many men and women with powerful emotions, because he had the gift of singing straight from the heart, and was fearlessly truthful in his presentation of human nature; and because he was drawn by his dramatic bent to the strong situations which can not be evolved out of mild sentiments.

In this fearlessness, as well as subtlety of his psychology, he stand with Balzac rather than with his contemporaries of England.

Browning represented as far as he could all types of human nature; and, more audacious still, types taken from many diverse ages, nations, and climates.

He wrote of times and fold as far apart as Caliban and Cleon, as Karshish and Waring, as Balaustion and Fifine, as St. John and Bishop Blougram. The range and contrasts of his subjects are equally great. He did this work with a searching analysis, a humorous keenness, a joyous boldness, and an opulent imagination at once penetrative and passionate. I do not think he ever repeats any one of his examples, though he always repeats his theory, and they are likely to charm, at least by variety, for they are taken from all ages of history, from as many diverse phases of human act, character, and passion as there are poems which concern them; from many periods of the arts; from most of the countries of Europe, from France, Germany, Spain, Italy, with their specialised types of race

and of landscape; and from almost every class of educated modern society. He picked up his subjects as a man culls flowers in a mountain walk, moved by the ever-recurring joy and fancy in them - a book on a stall, a bust in an Italian garden, a face at the opera, the market chatter of a Tuscan town, or a picture in some Accademia.

None since Shakespeare has had a wider range. His portraiture of life was so much more varied than that of Tennyson and so much more extensive and detailed.

Browning often based his poems on the history of times, climes, and people as we find in *The Ring and the Book* all Rome painted to life, and all the soul of the time. The same historic work was done for phases and periods of the Arts from Greek times to the Renaissance and down through the nineteenth century.

Balaustion's Prologue concentrates the passage of dramatic poetry from Sophocles to Euripides. Aristophanes' Apology realises the wild license in which art and freedom died in Athens, and the passionate sorrow of those who loved what had been so beautiful. Cleon takes us into a later time when men had ceased to be original, and life and art had become darkened by the pain of the soul.

Periods and phases of art and religious history are equally realised. Caliban upon Setebos begins the record of religious history; then follows study after study, from *A Death in the Desert* to Bishop Blougram's Apology.

Sordello stands out as the history of a specialised soul, with its scenery and history vividly mediaeval. The

Spanish Cloister, The Laboratory, A Grammarian's Funeral, The Bishop Orders His Tomb, each paints a historical period or a vivid piece of its life.

Browning's most intense war incident is taken from the history of the French wars under Napoleon, and Herve Riel is another ringing and dashing poem of war.

He does not write, as Tennyson loved to do, of the daily life of the English farmer, squire, miller, and sailor, but of the work-girl Pippa, at Asolo, the Spanish monk in his garden, the Arab in the desert, the Duchess flying through the mountains of Mildavia, poor painters at Fano and Florence, the threadbare poet at Valladolid, the peasant girl who fed the Tuscan outlaw, the Jews at Rome, and of the girl at Pornic with gold hair. Browning resolved to dedicate his art and life to love of Humanity, that pale dishevelled girl, unlovely and lovely, evil and good; and to tell the story of individual men and women, and of as many as possible; to paint the good which is always mixed with their evil; to show that their failures and sins point to a success and goodness beyond, because they emerged from aspiration and aspiration emerged from the divinity at the root of human nature.

All passions, feelings and emotions are found in Browning's characters from the wild cry of despair of Ottima and Sebalde steeped in sin, the worldly Bishop Blougram, the charlatan Sludge, the shrewd, discerning "Tertium Quid," the spiritual growth of Paracelsus, the philosophical Rabbi Ben Ezra, the soul of music in Abt Vogler, the lack of soul in the art of Andrea DellSarto, the strong pure love of Caponsacchi, the beautiful mother love of Pompilia, John's faith in Christ in A Death in the Desert to Browning's own deep worshipful love for Elizabeth

Barret Browning.

The excerpts which follow show characterization.

Pippa Passes.

(Ottima) Beggar-my-slave- a fawning, cringing lie!
Leave me! Betray me!
A lie that walks, and eats and drinks.

(Sebald) I, having done my deed, pay too its price!
I hate, hate, curse you. -----
My brain is drowned now: All I feel
Is a hurry-down within me as of waters
Loosened to smother up some ghastly pit -
There they go - whirls from a black fiery sea.

Bishop Blougram's Apology.

With me, faith means perpetual unbelief
Kept quiet like the snake 'neath Michael's foot
Who stands calm just because he feels it writhe.

Mr. Sludge, "The Medium."

They had their peep into the spirit-world.
----- I cheated when I could
Rapped with my toe-joints, set sham hands at work,
Wrote down names.

The Ring and the Book.

(Tertium Quid) His wife's heart swelled her bodice, joyed
its fill
When neighbors turned heads wistfully at
church,
Sighed at the load of lace that came to
pray.

Paracelsus.

Let men
Regard, and the poet dead long ago
Who loved too rashly; and shape forth a third
And better-tempered spirit warned by both.

Andrea Del Sarto

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-gray
Placid and perfect with my art.

Abt Vogler.

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can
- - - - -
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound but
a star.

The Ring and the Book.

(Caponasacchi) ----- How should I lie quiet in my grave
Unless you suffer me wring drop by drop
My brain dry, make a riddance of the drench
Of minutes with a memory in each
Recorded motion, breath or look of hers
Which poured forth would present you one pure glass
Mirror you plain - As God's sea glassed in gold,
His saints - the perfect soul Pompilia.

- - - - -

(Pompilia) I never realized God's birth before.
How he grew likest God in being born.
This time I felt like Mary, had my babe
Lying a little on my breast like hers.

A Death in the Desert.

----- The acknowledgment of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it.

Many passages in Browning refer to his love for
Mrs. Browning; By the Fireside, the last lines of Prospice, and
the dedication to her of The Ring and the Book.

BROWNING'S THEORY OF HUMAN LIFE.

We shall now consider Browning's special view of human nature, human life, and the relation of both to God. It marks his originality that this view was entirely his own. Ancient thoughts of course are found in it, but his combination of them is original. His theory is partly shaped in Pauline and fully set forth in Paracelsus.

He asks what is the secret of the world; of man and man's true purpose, path and fate. He proposes to understand God and his works and all God's intercourse with the human soul.

We are here, he thinks, to grow enough to be able to take our part in another life or lives; but we are surrounded by limitations which baffle and retard our growth. That is miserable but not so much as we think; for the failures these limitations cause prevent us - and this is one of the main points in Browning's theory - from being content with our condition on earth. There is that within us which is always endeavoring to transcend those limitations, and which believes in their final dispersal. This aspiration rises to something higher than any possible actual on earth. It is never worn out; it is the divine in us; and when it seems to decay, God renews it by spiritual influences from without and within, coming to us from Nature as seen by us, from humanity as felt by us, and from himself who dwells in us.

If we take this world and are satisfied with it, cease to aspire, beyond our limits, to full perfection in God; if our soul should ever say, "I want no more; what I have here - the pleasure, fame, knowledge, beauty, or love of this world - is all I need or care for," then we are indeed lost. The worst failure is better than contentment with the success of earth; and seen in this light, the failures and misery of earth are actually

good things, the cause of a chastened joy. Our failures are prophecies of eternal successes.

Two points are then clear in Browning's theory:

1. The attainment of our desires for perfection, the satisfaction of our passion for the infinite is forbidden to us on earth by the limitations of life. We are made and kept imperfect here; but we must do all our work within the limits this natural imperfection makes.

2. We must, nevertheless, not cease to strive toward the perfection unattainable on earth, but which shall be attained hereafter. Our destiny, the God within us, demands that; and we lose it, if we are content with our earthly life, even with its highest things, knowledge, beauty or love.

The failures of earth prove the victory beyond: For

----- What is our failure here, but a triumph's
evidence

For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or
agonised?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might
issue thence?

Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be
prized?

(Abt Vogler)

Love opens heaven while Earth closes round us; and at last limitations cease to trouble us. They are lost in the vision. Therefore in this confused chaotic time on earth -

Earn the means first. God surely will contrive

Use for our earning.

Others mistrust and say: "But time escapes;

Live now or never!"

He said, "What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!

Man has Forever!"

(A Grammarian's Funeral.)

To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success.

----- If I stopp

Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,

It is but for a time; I press God's lamp

Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,

Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.

(Paracelsus.)

So in La Saisiaz" earth is man's probation place" by
which he finds perfection in the life beyond the grave.

BROWNING AS A POET OF ART.

The theory of human life which Browning conceived underlies the poems.

The subject of the arts, from the earliest music and poetry to the latest, interested Browning profoundly; and he speaks of them, not as a critic from the outside, but out of the soul of them, as an artist. He is the only poet of the nineteenth century till we come to Rossetti, who has celebrated painting and sculpture by the art of poetry; and Rossetti did not link these arts to human life and character with as much force and penetration as Browning. Browning saw that the source of all art was love.

The poem Abt Vogler is dedicated to music. The substance of the poem is this: When I, Abt Vogler, touched the keys I called the Spirits of Sound to me, and they have built my palace of music. For a moment I touched in my music the infinite perfection; but now it is gone; I can not bring it back. This was a flash of God's will which opened the Eternal to me for a moment; and I shall find it again in the eternal life.

With this thought he returns to human life, content to labor in its limits and the common C. Major Chord is his.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too
hard,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard.
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,

The C. Major of this life.

Another poem on the arts, which is mixed up with Brown-
ing's theory of life is Andrea del Sarto.

Andrea has chosen earthly love; Lucrezia is all in all;
and he has reached absolute perfection in drawing - "I do what
many dream of, all their lives."

He can reach out beyond himself no more. He has gained
the earth but lost the heaven. He says, "The soul is gone
from me, that vext, suddenly-impassioned, upward-rushing thing,
with its play, insight, broken sorrows, sudden joys, pursuing
uncontented life. Others who aspire reach a heaven shut out from
me. Lucrezia, I am judged."

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-grey,
Placid and perfect with my art: the worse!

The next poem on art is the second part of Pippa Passes.
Jules, the French artist, in his work, in his pursuit of beauty,
has found his full content - his heaven upon earth; but now the
living love of a woman has stolen in, and he finds her an un-
educated girl; and his dream of perfection in the marriage of
art and love vanishes. Having failed in art and love, he passes
into a higher conception of both and makes a new world in the
woman and in the art.

His first new sculpture will be the creation of her
soul.

And further, to evoke a soul
From form ----- This new soul is mine!

Fra Lippo Lippi is another art poem also A Toccata of Galuppi's.

Sordello, Aprile, and the poet in Pauline give a sketch of the poetic art.

The natural man in Sordello was eager to seize what actual joys were within reach but was prevented by the poet - side of his nature - the side which aspired to the ideal.

Browning believed that a living spirit was in the marble which aided the sculptor and even did some of his work. This is a subtle thought peculiarly characteristic of Browning's thinking about painting, music, poetry, or sculpture.

Knowing and feeling the spirit of art we may well call Browning the poet of art.

WOMANHOOD IN BROWNING.

We now pass to another characteristic of Browning's genius and work. An interest in events, in the actions of men and women, is universal in human nature. On the contrary an interest in the anatomizing and laying bare of the workings of the mind is a scientific tendency, shared only by the intellectual attitude in depicting subtleties of character and psychological situations not known since the days of Chaucer and Shakespeare.

Shakespeare gave us the widest and keenest analysis of the human heart and mind; Chaucer was the second great English poet to do this; and Browning the third.

Pauline is the first woman we meet in his poetry. She is a twofold person, exceedingly unlike the woman usually made by a young poet. She is not only the Pauline, idealised and also materialized by the selfish passion of her lover, but also the real woman whom Browning has conceived underneath the lover's image of her.

Michel, in Paracelsus, is a mere silhouette of the sentimental German Frau, a soft sympathiser with her husband and with the young eagle Paracelsus. She is set in a pleasant garden landscape. Twice Browning tries to get more out of her and lift her into reality; but the men carry him away from her, and she remains undrawn.

Palma, in Sordello, runs through the poem, and her appearances mark turning points in Sordello's development. The poem is not a dramatic characterisation but a magnificent individualisation of Palma. She has beauty and intellect - that terrible combination and she lays her magic on Sordello. She dreams of some soul beyond her own, who, coming, should call on all the

force of her character; and this soul was Sordello. Softness and strength, intellect and feeling meet in her. Palma is nobly carved; and the step from Michel, Pauline, and Lady Carlisle to her is an immense one.

In this new outrush of his genius he created Pippa, the Asolan girl from the silk mills, at the other end of society from Palma, and at the other end of feminine character.

Ottima, alive with passion, in the fire of which the murder of her husband seems a mere incident, is an audacious sketch, done in splashes of ungradated color. In the end her love passes from the flesh into the spirit, when self-sacrifice dawns upon her and she begins to suffer the first agonies of redemption. The girls on the steps of the Duomo near the fountain are excellently drawn and varied from each other. In them we find natural grace of soul and tenderness in memory of their childhood.

Fifine at the Fair is partly a study of that temper which comes and goes in the life not only of poets but of ordinary men and women.

Polyxena, in King Victor and King Charles, is partly the political woman and partly the sensible and loving wife of a strangely tempered man. In her the intellect of the woman is of a higher quality than the intellect of the man.

Mildred and Guendolen are the two women in A Blot in the 'Scutcheon. Guendolen is the incarnation of high-hearted feminine common sense, of clear insight into the truth of things, born of the power of love in her. Guendolen is the rock on which we can rest; the woman of the world, yet not worldly; just, strong, and full of love and pity.

Mildred is the innocent child girl who loves for love's sake, and continues to be lost in her love. The Duchess in Colombe's Birthday is innocent, frank, brave, simple and constant among a group of false and worldly courtiers.

No women have been more sweetly, nobly, tenderly, and wisely drawn than Pompilia and Balaustion.

Pompilia, a child of the woman of the streets, grew to beautiful womanhood in mean and vulgar circumstances. When she meets a fine character like Caponsacchi he is touched in a moment by the sight of this star of innocence and spiritual beauty and becomes her soul mate. Her love for her child is deep and tender, and Browning's whole treatment of her motherhood is true and full of feeling.

So vivid is the presentation of Balaustion that she seems to be with us in our daily life. She has the Greek gladness of life, the Greek intelligence and passion, and the Greek harmony. Made of the finest clay, exquisite and delicate in grain, she is yet strong, when the days of trouble come, to meet them nobly and to change their sorrows into spiritual powers.

Each of Browning's women is distinct from the rest. That is a great comfort in a world which, sometimes through laziness, wishes to busy itself with classes rather than with personalities. I do not believe that Browning ever met a man or woman without saying to himself, "Here is a new world; what distinguishes it from the rest - that I will know and describe."

IV. CAWEIN AS COMPARED WITH THESE POETS.

By comparing Cawein's human poetry with that of some of the Nineteenth Century poets, and passing judgment from the foregoing selections, we may now state that Cawein shows interest in many phases of life, revealing the human passions in their elements but not in their multiform complexities as Browning presents them.

Wordsworth exalts Nature and gives humanity a secondary place; Tennyson studies social and industrial life with the hope of alleviating mankind, and portrays his own love and grief in "In Memoriam;" Shelley's attitude towards life was intense; his poetry is dedicated to the service of mankind; and Browning shows a broader knowledge of humanity than any other English poet except Shakespeare and Chaucer.

Thus we see that Cawein stands in rank with these poets who have studied life and its meaning, and all have found a solution in faith.

-THE METRIQUE OF MADISON CAWEIN'S POETRY.

After some study of the metrique and technique of Madison Cawein's poetry, I have made the following classifications and shall treat each with illustrations of the metrical scheme.

(1) Madison Cawein's Verses Range, Inclusively,
From One-Stress to Seven -Stress Rhythm Waves.

(2) His Stanzas Include Couplets, Tercets, Quatrains,
and Stanzas from Five to Fourteen Lines Inclusive.

(3) His Poetry Includes Lyrics, Ballads, Sonnets, Blank
Verse and Dramas.

(1) MADISON CAWEIN'S VERSES RANGE, INCLUSIVELY, FROM
ONE-STRESS TO SEVEN-STRESS RHYTHM WAVES.

The One Stress.

Cawein often uses the one-stress metrical verse, with an anacrusis, in some of his lyrics for poetic effect.

 I seem to see her lean
 More lovely than a star
 Of mien
 (Intimations.)

 A spirit singing neath the moon
 To me.
 (Sea Spirit)

 When Autumn sits in the wayside weeds
 Telling her beads
 Of haws.
 (A Threnody.)

The Two Stress

In the following two-stress rhythm waves the alternate lines are catalectic, both light syllables being omitted.

Ever a mystery
 Here to his heart;
 In his life's history
 Love played no part.
 (Poet's Epitaph)

In the next two lines the poet uses the two-stress in combination with the three-stress verse.

An hour from dawn:
 The snow sweeps on

As it swept with the sleet last night:

The earth around

Breaths never a sound,

Wrapped in its shroud of white.

(A Belgian Christmas.)

The Three Stress.

How oft the swallow darted

Above its deeps of blue,

Where leaves close clung or parted

To let the sunlight through!

Where roses, honey-hearted,

Hung full of living dew.

(A Hollow of the Hills.)

The moon, like a round device

On a shadowy shield of war,

Hangs white in a heaven of ice

With a solitary star.

(Snow)

The Four Stress.

Yes: I have seen it all in dreams:

Naught is forgotten - naught it seems -

The strangled face, the matted hair,

Drowned, of the woman trailing there.

(The Mill-Water.)

In the following lines the poet uses the four-stress trochaic meter to express the supernatural.

Hildegard the daemons name.

Her, who meets me on the mountain:

Her, whose hair is like the flame

Of a sunset-fevered fountain:

I can tell her by her eyes,

[˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘
 Dreadful eyes of bitter beryl,
[˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘
 Where the anguish never dies,
[˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘
 And the suffering soul sits sterile.
 (Hildegard.)

[˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘
 Stars above her, stars beneath
[˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘
 White, she rose as white as death.
 (Water-Fairy.)

The poet also uses the four-stress dactylic to express the tragic as in the following lines:

[˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘
 Had I forgotten? and did she remember?
[˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘
 She who is dead, whom I cannot forget:
[˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘
 She, for whose sake all my heart is an ember
[˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘ [˘]˘
 Covered with ashes of dreams and regret.
 (Ghosts.)

The Five Stress.

With Chaucer we have the first deliberate use of the five-stress couplet, in continuous verse, known to English poetry.

His earliest use of the pentameter line was in the "Compleynte to Pitee" in the "rime royal" stanza. He uses the pentameter couplet in the "Canterbury Tales" in his description of "Chauntecleer" and "Pertelote."

Chauntecleer.

His coomb was redder than the fyn coral,
 And bataillied as it were a castel wall;
 His byle was blak, and as the jeet it shoon;
 Lyk asure were his legges and his toon;
 His nayles whiter than the lylle four,
 And lyk the burned gold was his colour.

Pertelote.

Of whiche the faireste hewed on hir throte

Was cleped faire damoysele Pertelote.

Curteys she was, discreet and debonaire,

And compaignable, and bar hirsself so faire.

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In Chaucer we find 16,000 lines in this couplet with a variety of cesuras. Although it was an experiment in English verse, it has perhaps hardly been used since with greater skill.

Cawein uses this form of verse with artistic grace in his poem "A Sleet-Storm in May."

eet-Storm in May."
 The lily-fingered spring came o'er the hills,
 Waking the crocus and the daffodils.
 Life woke and rose in gold and red and blue;
 Robed in the starlight of the trembling dew.
 With timid tread adown the barren wood
 Spring held her way, when lo! before her stood
 White-mantled Winter, At her breast he tossed
 A glittering spear of ice and piercing frost,
 And struck her down, dead.

God moves with thee: we seem to hear His feet
Wind-like along the floors of heaven beat;
To see His face, revealed in awfulness,
Through thee, O Night, to ban us or to bless.
(Night.)

O dark-eyed spirit of the marble brow,
 Whose look is silence and whose touch is night,
 Who walkest lonely through the world, O thou,
 Who sittest lonely with Life's blown-out light.
 (To Sorrow.)

Cawein sometimes combines the five rhythm waves with three, showing skill in technique, and creating a rhyme scheme with the touch of an artist.

The purple priesthood of the evening waits
 With golden pomp within the templed skies;
 There is a harp of worship at the gates
 Of heaven and earth that bids the soul arise.
 With columned cliffs and long
 Vales, music breathes among,
 Here is the land of Song.
 (Youth.)

The Six Stress.

The Alexandrine, or iambic-hexameter, was introduced into the English from the French about the thirteenth century. It was confused by Middle English writers with the septenary.

The Alexandrine is not a favorite form because the verse is too long to admit of much variation in placing the cesura. Almost the only important English poems written in this metre are Drayton's "Polyobion" and Browning's "Fifine at the Fair." Using this form of verse demands a skilful ear and hand to adjust the cadence.

Cawein uses the six-stress verse but not the pure Alexandrine in the following lines:

And the East was a priest who adored with offerings
 Of gold and gems,
 And a wonderful carpet unrolled for the inaccessible
 Of the glistening robes of her limbs; that lily
 Swept glorying on and on through the temples of
 cloud and mist.
 (Anthem of Dawn.)

The six-stress metrical line is not often found in Cawein's poetry.

The Seven-Stress.

The septenary, or seven-stress verse, was a familiar measure of mediaeval Latin poetry. There it was more commonly trochaic than iambic, as in the famous drinking song of the Go-liards:

"Meum est propositum in taberna mori:

Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,

Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori,

'Deus sit propitius huic potatori.'"

The earliest appearance of the septenary in English is in the "Poema Morale" dated about the year 1170. The following is a specimen:

"Blessed beo thu, lavedi, ful of hovene blisse

Sweet flur of parais, moder of miltenisse;

Thu praye Jhesu Crist thi sone that he me i-wisse,

Thare a londe al swo ihc.beo, that he me ne i-misse."
(Hymn to the Virgin.)

Chapman's translation of Homer is an important English poem in the septenary meter.

Cawein uses this verse in "John Davis, Boucanier."

"High time, high time, good gentlemen, to sail
the Spanish Main,
Three months we've watched for galléons and /
treasure bound for Spain."

Generally the meter breaks up into four and three stresses alternating, as the common metre of hymn books. Cawein does this in "Laus Deo."

In her vast church of glimmering blue,
Gray-stoled from feet to chin,
Her dark locks beaded with the dew
The nun-like Dawn comes in.

(2) CAWEIN'S STANZAS INCLUDE COUPLETS, TERCETS, QUATRAINS,
AND STANZAS FROM FIVE TO FOURTEEN LINES INCLUSIVE.

The Couplet.

x / x x / x x /
The Wind was a wizard who muttering strode
x x / x / x x / x /
In a raven cloak on a haunted road.
(Moon-Men.)

Unfulfilled.

x / x / x x / x /
The rippling drip of a passing shower
" / x / x x / x /
Rinsed wild aroma from herb and flower.

The Tercet.

x / x /
x Before the Tomb.
The way led under cedared gloom
Where o'er the entrance of her tomb,
The moon hung, like a cactus bloom.

Other examples of poems in tercets are "Tabernacles,"
"Legend of the Lily," "Wind of Summer," etc.

Tennyson uses the tercet effectively in "The Two Voices."

The Quatrain.

The quatrain is the familiar stanza of the early ballads.
Many of Cawein's poems are written in quatrains.

On Stony Run.

" / x / x / x /
No more shall bend her laughing face
x / x / x / x /
Above it where the rose is!
" / x / x / x /
Sigh softly past the burial-place
" / x / x / x /
Where all her youth reposes.

"Bare Boughs," "Arcturus," "Days and Days," etc. are
expressed in quatrains.

Five Line Stanzas.

Some of the poems under this head are:

"Drought in Autumn."

"Assumption."

"Rose Leaves."

Six Line Stanzas.

A few of his poems written in this form are:

"The Ideal."
"Self and Soul."
"Clairvoyance."

Seven Line Stanzas.

"Esoteric Beauty."
"Purple Valleys."
"Love of Loves."

Eight Line Stanzas.

"The Naiad."
"Under Dark Skies."
"Old House by the Mere."

Nine Line Stanzas.

"The Limnad."
"Lethe."
"Indian Legend."

Ten Line Stanzas.

"Poppy and Mandragora."
"Jessamine and Morning-glory."

Eleven Line Stanzas.

"Night."
"Dolce Far Niente."

Twelve Line Stanzas.

In the "Leaf Cricket" and other poems Cawein has used short metrical lines. This is characteristic of the stanzas of the lyrical poets of the first part of the seventeenth century.

Thirteen Line Stanzas.

"To Sorrow."

Fourteen Line Stanzas.

"Motive in Gold and Gray."

(3) HIS POETRY INCLUDES LYRICS, BALLADS, SONNETS, AND
BLANK VERSE.

Lyrics.

Some of Cawein's lyrics are highly musical, but quite often the theme is too romantic to have convincing value as "Mignon," "Helen," "The Quest," and "Floridian." Our poet strikes the troubadour note in his lyrical love poems with a lightsome grace of phrase and fancy. He can, however, strike a deeper chord as in the poem called

"End of All."

I do not love you now,
O shallow soul with depths but to deceive!
You, whom mine watered; to whom yours did give
No drop to drink to help my love to live -
I do not love you now.

Sonnets.

The sonnet is an Italian verse form in fourteen five-stress lines, introduced into England during the sixteenth century. Sonnets are divided into the Italian and Shakesperian sonnets. The sonnet was made glorious by Dante, Michael Angelo, Tasso, Ariosto, and Petrarch.

Some of Cawein's sonnets are:

"The Death of Love."
"Unanswered."
"January."
"February."
"Unto What End."
"The Miser."
"Zero."

In his sonnet arrangement Cawein follows the Italian metrique; the octave being based on two rhymes (abbaabba); and the sestet follows the rhyme scheme (cdcdcd.)

"Death of Love."

So Love is dead, the love we knew of old!
And in the sorrow of our heart's hushed halls.
A lute lies broken and a rose-flower falls;
Love's house stands empty and his hearth lies cold.
Lone in dim places, where sweet vows were told
In walks grown desolate, by ruined walls
Beauty decays; and on their pedestals
Dreams crumble, and the immortal gods are mold.
Music is slain or sleeps; one voice alone,
One voice awakes, and like a wandering ghost
Haunts all the echoing chambers of the Past -
The voice of memory, that stills to stone
The soul that hears; the mind, that, utterly lost,
Before its beautiful presence stands aghast.
(Cawein.)

Other forms of metrique, which are found in Cawein's poetry, are ballads, romances, and blank verse; and other characteristics are alliteration, medial rhymes, refrains, and tone qualities.

Alliteration.

"Her shoes of satin sheen."
"The darklin' dells between."
"Ghostly glade."
"Glow-worms glimmer green."
(From Flamencine.)

Medial Rhyme.

Dark, drear, and drizzly, with vapor grizzly,
The day goes dully unto its close;
Its wet robe smuthces each thing it touches,
Its fingers sully and wreck the rose.
(A Wet Day.)

Refrains.

And again I looked behind

As I rode -

Dark as night and swift as wind,

Towering, he rode behind,

As I rode.

(Headless Horseman.)

The rain hath sicklied day with haze,

Drearily;

My tears run downward as I gaze

Wearily.

(Woman's Portion.)

Tone Quality.

The selection of sound has much to do with the melodious effect of poetry. The poet may choose different sound qualities just as a musician may choose the varying qualities of the different instruments in the orchestra.

Madison Cawein knows the true value of this element in poetry, for Nature has sung to him in every tone which her Aeolian harp can strike.

The following are examples of tone quality:

And the gleam of the dew on the fern's green tip

Was a sylvan passing with robe a-drip.

For the Wind clasped hands with the water's rush,

And I heard them whisper

"Hush, oh hush!"

(Moon-Men.)

"No spotted serpent hisses near her shrine."
(Chryselephantine.)

^x [∩] ^x [∩] [∩] [∩] ^x [∩] ^x [∩]
 The gate, on iron-hoarse hinges, stiff with frost,
[∩] [∩] ^x ^x [∩] [∩] ^x [∩] ^x [∩]
 Croaks open; and harsh wagon-wheels are heard
[∩] ^x [∩] [∩] [∩]
 Creaking through cold. (Zero Weather.)

C O N C L U S I O N .

In conclusion, I may state that Cawein's poetry is
 opulent in metrical variety, carrying music in his lucid words,
 rhythm in his lines, often fitting emotional and poetic stress
 and dignity in his slow-moving, meditative verse.

CAWEIN'S METRICAL ROMANCES AND IDYLLS.

Having studied Cawein's collection of poems called "Old World Idylls," I am now prepared to treat the following themes and shall amplify them with various selections from his poetry and from the poetry of other authors:

I. The Arthurian Cycle is the Source of
Some of Cawein's Metrical Romances and Idylls.

II. Cawein's Relationship to Other Arthurian Poets;
the Early Writers Being:

Geoffrey of Monmouth,
Marie De France,
Chrétien De Troies,
Layamon,
Chaucer,
Malory,
Spenser,
Milton.

The Nineteenth Century Writers Being:

Wordsworth,
Lowell,
Arnold,
Swinburne,
Tennyson.

I. The Arthurian Cycle is the Source of Some of Cawein's Metrical Romances and Idylls.

The Arthurian cycle of legends serve as a touchstone of romanticism, and many poets, who found a source in this rich, poetic mine, have not dug out the ore for themselves, but taking what their predecessors have given, they have moulded and polished it with their own individuality.

The stories of King Arthur are worthy of study for various reasons. For one, they were the favorite fiction of our mediaeval ancestors, surpassing in popularity the native French hero-tales which clustered around Charlemagne; the native Germanic hero-tales, of which the most famous are those of Siegfried; and the literary tales invented during the later Middle Ages about the fictitious Amadis of Gaul.

The Amadis romances are dead. The native French cycle is dead.* The old Germanic cycle, at least in Wagner's Nibelungen tetralogy, has waked recently to a new but rather uncertain life; but the Arthurian cycle, which in the eighteenth century seemed moribund, has in the nineteenth century come out with the lusty vigor of renewed youth.

In the last fifty years no English narrative poem has been more liked than Tennyson's Idylls of the King; and no opera more popular than Lohengrin, the story of the Swan-Knight, sent from the Grail Castle to aid Elsa of Brabant. Tristan und Isolde is generally counted one of the greatest music tragedies of the world; and Wagner's treatment of Parsifal and other Arthurian

*(Foot-note) I refer to the French and Germanic cycles as subjects for serious literature. In a popular way they are more alive than the Arthurian cycle. Siegfried is still the hero of many a German Volksbuch. In Italian puppet - shows one may still see Roland's heroic struggles against the Saracens.

themes commands a large audience. Finally, the legend of the Holy Grail has of late given Mr. Abbey subjects for pictures which have been widely noticed in two continents.*

Thus we see the Arthurian stories are very much alive today, at least for the English race, both in the British Empire and in the American Republic; and Madison Cawein, our Kentucky poet, found the Arthurian cycle a source for some of his metrical romances and idylls, as we shall see from selections from some of the following poems:

Accolon of Gaul.
Peredur, the Son of Evrawc.
Isolt.
Tristram to Isolt.
The Dream of Sir Galahad.
Morgan LeFay.
The Daughter of Merlin.

* (Foot-note) The pictures were painted for mural decorations in the Public Library of Boston, Massachusetts.

Accolon of Gaul.

Sir Accolon of Gaul was a brave knight of Arthur's court, who loved the king's beautiful and wicked sister, Morgan Le Fay.

Through her love for this knight and her treachery to the king, Accolon, without his knowledge, obtained possession of Arthur's sword, Excalibur.

Accolon fought with the king, who recovered Excalibur during the conflict, and mortally wounded the knight whose dead body was sent to Morgan Le Fay as a gift from King Arthur, the iron-husked flower of war. Meanwhile, Morgan Le Fay, thinking that Arthur would be slain, and hoping to crown Accolon of Gaul King of Arthur's realms and herself queen, slew her husband, Urience in sleep.*

Cawein's metrical romance, Accolon of Gaul, contains about 1690 lines of iambic pentameter verse written in couplets. This is the best of Cawein's collection of poems called "Old World Idylls."

After the prelude the story begins with a love scene between the knight and Morgan LeFay.

"Again I hold thee to my heart, Morgane;
Here where the restless forest hears the main
Toss as in troubled sleep. Now hear me, sweet,
While I that dream of yesternight repeat."
----- "Why dost thou look
So serious? Nay! learn lightness from this brook,
And gladness from these flowers, my Accolon."

"Still, thou art troubled, Morgane, and the mood
Deep in thy fathomless eyes glows. -Canst not keep
Mine eyes from seeing! Dark thy thought and deep
As that of some wild woman."

(Foot-note)* Here Cawein does not show fidelity to the old romances. According to Sir Thomas Malory, Sir Ewaine, son of Morgan Le Fay and Urience, stays the hand of his mother as she lifts the sword to slay her husband.

The death of Sir Accolon is well motivated in the next few lines:

With shadowy eyes long, long she gazed in his,
Then whispered dreamily the one word, "Bliss."
And like an echo on his said mouth sate
The answer: "Bliss?" - deep have we drunk of late!
But death, I feel, some stealthy-footed death
Draws near! whose claws will clutch away - whose breath?
I dreamed last night, thou gather'dst flowers with me
Fairer than those of earth.

Then to charm away his gloom she sings this beautiful little lyric of four stanzas:

Will love be less, when comes the Summer tall?
Her throat a lily, long and spiritual:
When like a poppied swath, - hushed haunt of bees, -
Her form is laid in slumber on the leas,
Will love be less?

- - - -

Will love be less, when Winter at the door
Shakes from gray locks the icicles, long and hoar?
When Death's eyes, hollow o'er his shoulder, dart
Dark looks that wring with tears, then freeze the heart,
Will love be less?

Her beauty filled him with divine despair,
Around his heart she seemed to wrap her hair,
Her raven hair, and drag him to his doom;
Her looks were splendid daggers in the gloom
Of his sick soul his heart's invaded tower,
Stabbing, yet never slaying, every hour.

----- He felt no awe
When low she kneeled beside him, beautiful
As some lone star and white, and said, "To lull
Thy soul to sleep, lo, I have come to thee.
Didst thou not call?"

- - - -

The murder of Urience shows the dramatic touch of the poet.

The sword she took; and to the chamber, where
King Urience slept, she glided. -----

She paused upon his threshold; for a while

Listened; and, sure he slept, stole in and stood
Crouched o'er his couch. About her heart the blood
Caught, strangling; then rose throbbing, thud on thud,
Up to her wide-stretched eyes, and up and up,
As wine might, whirling wildly in a cup.

So she stood pondering with the sword; her lips
Breathless, and tight as were her finger tips
About the weapon's hilt. And so she sighed,
"Nay, nay! too long hast lived who shouldst have died

----- who for years
Hast bound my life to thine, a bond of tears,
A weight of care, a knot that thus I part'.
Thus harshly sever'. Ugly that thou art
Into the elements naked!" O'er his heart
The long blade paused and - then descended hard.
Unfleshed, she flung it by her murdered lord,
And watched the blood spread darkly through the sheet,
A drip, a horror, at impassive feet
Pooling the polished oak. -----

----- in her ecstasy
A lovely devil; demon crowned, that cried
For Accolon, with passion that defied
Control in all her senses.

And while she stood revolving if her deed's
Secret were safe, behold! a noise of steeds,
Arms, jingling stirrups, voices loud that cursed
Fierce in the northern court. To her, athirst
For him, her lover, war and power it spoke,
Him victor and so king. And then awoke
Desire to see and greet him: and she fled,
Like some wild spectre, down the stairs; and red,
Burst on a glare of links and glittering mail,
That shrunk her eyes and made her senses quail.
To her a bulk of iron, bearded fierce,
Down from a steaming steed, into her ears,
"This from the King, O Queen!" laughed harsh and hoarse
Two henchmen beckoned, who pitched sheer, with force,
Loud clanging at her feet, hacked, hewn, and red,
Crusted with blood, a knight in armor-dead:
Her Accolon! flung in his battered arms
By what to her seemed fiends and demon forms,
Wild-torched, who mocked; then, with the parting scoff,
"This from the King!" phantoms in fog rode off.

The artistic beauty of this poem, Accolon of Gaul, enriches
the romance; the metrique, having the five rhythm waves of Tenny-
son's Idylls, is musical; and Cawein always knows the true value
of Nature as a setting for his verse. In parts of this poem we
find a happy blending of contemporary sentiment with old manners,
and customs, picturesqueness, gallantry and chivalry.

Less modernism would make it too aloof from us; and less mediaevalism would take away the romantic picturesqueness.

PEREDUR, THE SON OF EVRAWC.

Peredur, a knight of Arthur's court, loves Angharad, a maiden in attendance on Queen Guinevere. Scorned by this girl, Earl Addanc besieges her castle, but Peredur comes to the rescue, and, with the consent of the Queen, marries Angharad. Such is Cawein's romance of about 426 lines.

According to Professor Rhys (Arthurian Legend ch.6) Peredur, the Welsh hero, and Lancelot were originally identical. The Peredur in Lady Guest's Mabinogion loved an indefinite "empress," who was confounded by French romancers with Guinevere.

In Cawein's poem, after the first meeting of Peredur and Angharad, she sings a lyric asking him to forget her. The reply of the knight touches a deep human chord:

"Aye! that I will! thy face, thy form, thy voice,
O bird of spring! whose beak is in my heart.
Take out thy beak, and sing me back my soul!
O bird of spring," he said, "when flowers are dead
Thy wing will winter underneath the pine,
And hunger, for the summer that is gone,
Will slay thy music with the memory.
God give thou find no winter in thy heart
When as dost find the frost invades thy voice;
Ah, lovelier than thy song, there's that in me
That harps and sings of thee; that troubadours
Thy beauty! ballades, sonnets it! and makes
A lyric of each heart-beat- all in vain.
----- And this
To one who'd love thee over all belief
Above all women and beyond all men."

After Peredur rescues Angharad from the iron claw of Addanc the tale ends happily.

"She loves me! Yea, she loves me!" and it seemed
He heard her as men hear the voice of hope
Upon despair's black brink; and see one star
Bloom, like a lily with a heart of fire
Throbbing within it, slowly out of night.
Each syllable the petal of a flower
A rose of music, welcome as a star,
The first the eve gives silvery utterance to;

As Isolt's, and said: "The way is clear!
There is no use in waiting here!
Come! let me Isolt's heart that burns
Come! let me still this soul that thirsts!"

The Tristram and Isolt legend, the last of the chief
in heaven, the others lie asleep.

Arthurian romances, is, with its overpowering, passionate love,
These walls of flesh that hold and keep!
and its wild, sea-washed Celtic lands, the most poetic of them
The term its fellow, and last of
all. The earliest extant Tristram narrative is from the pen of
an Anglo-Norman, Bereul, who wrote during the twelfth century.

Tristram, nephew to King Mark of Cornwall who chose for

his queen the beautiful Princess Isolt of Ireland, was sent by
the King to escort her to Brittany. Isolt married King Mark
but loved Tristram, and out of their undying love grew this
mediaeval romance.

Upon the following excerpt from Sir Thomas Malory's
LeMorte d'Arthure Cawein write his poem Isolt, wailing the wild
passionate grief of Isolt at the death of Tristram:

"But when the queen, La beale Isoude heard these
tidings shee made such sorrow that shee was full night
out of her minde, and so upon a day shee thought to
slay herself, and never for to live after Sir Tristram's
death." - Le Morte d'Arthure.

Isolt.

And reaching out her arms she cried:
"O God! O God! that I had died!
O Tristram! Tristram! art thou near?
O love, be near me in this hour!
This hour of anguish and of fear!
Which - (like yon fountain's ceaseless foam,
Unseen, beneath this starlit tower,
Deep in the shadow of its dome)
Throbs on and on within my life,
The utter darkness of its woe;
O hour of grief! O hour of strife!
Why must my young heart suffer so?
Why must my sick soul sigh and sigh,
And God not hear nor let me die?"
When rose the moon, and far away
A nightingale beneath the tower,
Heard through the fountain's falling spray,
Made lonelier yet that lonely hour;
And 'twixt the nodding grove and lake
A glimmering fawn stalked through the night,
And snuffed the wind, then bent to slake
Its thirst; she veiled her face, - as white

As death's, and said: "The way is clear!
 There is no use in waiting here!
 Come! let me cure this heart that bursts
 Come! let me still this soul that thirsts!
 Upon the lake as thick as stars
 In heaven, the lilies lie asleep.-
 Here lies a way beyond these bars,
 These walls of flesh that hold and keep!
 The nightingale shall find its mate,
 The fawn its fellow, and must I,
 The spouse of grief, the wife of hate,
 Live on alone until I die?
 How long, how long, O God to wait!"
 Far through the darkness went her cry.

From these closing lines of Cawein's poem we see that the poet follows the old romance with a good deal of fidelity, that La beale Isoude "thought to slay herself."

Matthew Arnold's tragedy of Iseult, who stifles from necessity the longings of her heart and struggles on amid unsympathetic environment, is a form of suffering more acute now than in the less introspective Middle Ages. With it naturally goes more self-control than the Iseult of old ever had.

Contrast Cawein's wild, grief-impassioned Isolt, who is more mediaeval, with Arnold's Iseult suffering for her love in a cool, self-controlled, nineteenth century way.

Iseult.

Altered, Tristram? Not in courts, believe me,
Love like mine is altered in the breast:
Courtly life is light, and can not reach it;
Ah! it lives, because so deep-suppressed.

--

What! thou think'st men speak in courtly chambers
Words by which the wretched are consoled?
What! thou think'st this aching brow was cooler,
Circled, Tristram, by a band of gold?

--

Hush, no words! that smile I see forgives me.
I am now thy nurse, I bid thee sleep.
Close thine eyes: this flooding moonlight blinds them.
Nay, all's well again! thou must not weep.

--

Tristram.

I am happy! yet I feel there's something
Swells my heart, and takes my breath away.
Through a mist I see thee; near come nearer!
Bend-bend down! I yet have much to say.

--

I am dying. Start not, nor look wildly!
Me, thy living friend, thou canst not save.
But, since living we were ununited,
Go not far, O Iseult! from my grave.

--

Now to sail the seas of death I leave thee -
One last kiss upon the living shore.

Iseult.

Tristram! Tristram! stay-receive me with thee
Iseult leaves thee, Tristram! nevermore.
(Matthew Arnold.)

Swinburne's story of Tristram of Lyonesse begins on that fatal day when Tristram and Iseult, sailing by the Cornish coast, drank the love potion from the flask which Brangwain had carefully guarded.

I am he indeed, thou knowest, and he is I.
Not man and woman several as we were.

Their heads neared, and their hands were drawn in one,
And they saw dark, though still the unsunken sun
Far through fine rain shot fire into the south.
And their four lips became one burning mouth.

In such delight as pain delight to death,
Burn my soul through.

But thou feel, thou, this heartbest whence my heart

Henceforth the two are held in chains of love till
And know by even response what life is thine.

death. But thou not hear one cry of all or mine?

O Tintagel's heart, love I as part in thee!

In depicting this love, Swinburne is not essentially

different in spirit from Gottfried von Strassburg and other

mediaeval poets, Swinburne yet has his own style, as

mediaeval romancers. Each of his lovers, like theirs, is ready
we should expect of an author of the nineteenth century.

for self-sacrifice, so the other be helped, as Iseult shows in

like Marie, he tries to more, than mediaeval writers

her prayer when she keeps lonely vigil at Tintagel.

So get at the motives of his characters, he may have the thoughts

--

and emotions which their great love inspires. In other words

Nay, Lord, I pray thee let him love not me,

by this Love me not any more, nor like me die, too, in his

And be no more than such a thing as I.

Turn his heart from me, lest my love too lose

Thee as I lose thee, and his fair soul refuse

For my sake thy fair heaven, and as I fell

Fall, and be mixed with my soul and with hell.

Let me die rather, and only; let me be

Hated of him so he be loved of thee,

Lord: for I would not have him with me there

Out of thy light and love in the unlit air,

Out of thy sight in the unseen hell where I

Go gladly, going alone, so thou on high

Lift up his soul and love him.

--

In Swinburne's presentation of the story, comes al-
most directly the passion which is more emphasized than the
unselfishness of the lovers. None of his mediaeval masters
made it stronger.

--

Yea, since I surely loved him and he sinned
Surely, though not as my sin his be black,
God, give him to me - God, God, give him back!
For now how should we live in twain or die?

Wagner's Tristan und Isolde.

From dramatic necessity Wagner has selected for his three acts three incidents which he thought most significant in the adventures of his lovers. Two of these were the drinking of the love potion and the death of the lovers. It was less easy to choose a dramatic third for we know that the mediaeval writers gave Tristram and Iseult many sweet meetings, when they narrowly escaped detection, and many adventurous partings, which each feared might be final.

Wagner, with sure dramatic instinct, chose a meeting which was typical of all, and yet marked a crisis: that one when King Mark surprised his queen and Tristram together, having told his knights that he was going to the hunt, but in reality was spying near his palace.

Two considerable changes Wagner made in the incidents of the legend. He states clearly what mediaeval writers only hint at, that the potion is after all but symbolical of the love which, against their will, has sprung up between Tristram and Iseult. The following selection is taken from Act II of the opera where both sing with rapture to the Wagnerian music.

Beide.

Bist du mein?
Hab' ich dich wieder?
Darf ich dich fassen?
Kann ich dir trauen?
Endlich! Endlich!
An meiner Brust!
Fühl' ich dich wirklich?
Bist du es selbst?
Dies deine Augen?
Dies dein Mund?
Hier dein Herz?
Bin ich's? Bist du's?
Halt' ich dich fest?
Ist es kein Traum?
O Wonne der Seele!
O süsse, hehrste
Kunst, schönste

Seligste Lust!
Ohne Gleiche!

court life still in its parity:---

Tennyson's Isolt.

The Tristram and Isolt of Tennyson in "The Last Tournament" show degeneration, and they appear nowhere so petty and selfish in their love and nowhere do they die more ignobly. The following selection shows the petty selfishness of the lovers as compared with the self-sacrificing love of those of Swinburne:

Then Tristram, ever dallying with her hand,
"May God be with thee, sweet, when old and gray
And past desire!" a saying that angered her.
"May God be with thee, sweet, when thou art old
And sweet nor more to me! I need him now
For when had Lancelot uttered aught so gross
Even to the swineherd's malkin in the mast?
The greater man, the greater courtesy.
Far other was the Tristram, Arthur's knight!
But thou, thro' ever harrying thy wild beasts -
Save that to touch a harp, tilt with a lance
Becomes thee well - art grown wild beast thyself.
How darest thou, if lover, push me even
In fancy from thy side, and set me far
In the gray distance, half a life away.
Flatter me rather, seeing me so weak,
Broken with Mark and hate and solitude,
Thy marriage and mine own, that I should suck
Lies like sweet wines: lie to me: I believe:
Will ye not lie: -----
Swear to me thou wilt love me even when old
Gray-haired, and past desire, and in despair."

Then Tristram, pacing moodily up and down,
"Vows! did you keep the vow you made to Mark
More than I mine? Lied, say yet? Nay, but learnt
The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself -
My knighthood taught me this - ay, being snapt -
We run more counter to the soul thereof
Than had we never sworn: I swear no more."

Here Tennyson presents the human frailties of Tristram and Isolt, and in consecutive narrative of the Idylls he emphasizes the steady, pitiless growth of corruption at Arthur's court; although the tale of Gareth, a sweet idyll of youth, shows

court life still in its purity:

 

[illegible]

 

The Dream of Sir Galahad.

This poem of Cawein has thirteen six-line stanzas. Sir Galahad is sitting in a chapel in Lyonesse with the knights Peredur and Gawain, telling his dream while the dawn slowly reddens on the sea, gray-seen through the open door. In his dream three angels appeared to him, and his soul, clad in glory soared with them, who sang,

"Christ awaits thee, Galahad."

Cast on sleep there came to me
Three great angels, o'er the sea
Moaning near the priory:
Cloudy clad in awful white,
Each one's face, a lucid light,
Rayed and blossomed out of night.

And I saw their mouths were fire,
Ruby-red as the desire
Of the Sanc Graal: fair and dire
Were their lips, whereon the kiss
Of all heaven lay; the bliss
Of all happiness that is.

Grew my soul with light: that saw
The embodiment of awe,
Love, divinity, and law
Orbed and eoned: and the power,
Circumstance, like some vast flower;
From which time fell, hour and hour.

To my lips her lips she pressed;
And my new-born soul, thrice-blessed,
Clasped her radiance and caressed:
Mounted and in glory clad,
Soared with them who chorused glad:
"Christ awaits thee, Galahad!"

Origin of the Holy Grail.

We owe the earliest extant form of this mystical legend of the Holy Grail to Chretien de Troies of the twelfth century. He is said to have written his Perceval or Conte du Graal at the request of Count Philip of Flanders.

Perceval was the hero of the Grail story, but Chretien died, leaving an unfinished poem of 10,601 lines, to which another poet named Gautier added 20,000 more lines, and Manessier concluded it, making a sum total of 45,000 lines.

Still another author, Gerbert, wrote another conclusion of 15,000 verses, thus making the Conte du Graal, with these additions and the interpolations to them, a rambling metrical romance of over 63,000 lines.

In Chretien's account of the Grail, the earliest we have, nothing definite is said of its sacred Christian character. With Chretien's continuators, the nature of vessel changes and it becomes an object of Christian significance; and the lance and the sword which accompany it are made holy objects by Gautier who says that the lance pierced the side of the Son of God.*

Later on, we learn that the Grail caught the blood from Christ's wounds on the day he was crucified: *

"----- c'est icel Graal por voir
que de son saint sanc l'onora
Au jor que il fu en croix mis."

(Foot-note) * Cf. John XIX, 34, "But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water."

It is probable that Gautier's explanation of the sanctity of the Grail was not his, but an interpolation made after Robert de Boron wrote his poems on the Grail. It is likely, then, that Robert de Boron, and not Gautier, first gave the Grail Christian significance. However, it is certain that Boron was the first to attach the fully developed legend of the Grail to the Arthurian cycle.

Boron wrote a trilogy - Joseph d'Armiathie, Merlin and Perceval. The Joseph makes the vessel sacred for it was used by Christ himself at the Last Supper; and afterwards a soldier of Pontius Pilate, Joseph of Arimathea,* who loved Christ and took His body down from the cross, caught His holy blood in it when the wounds began to bleed afresh. Boron's Joseph is concerned chiefly with showing how the Grail was carried to Britain.

The Quest of the Holy Grail, or Quete du St. Graal, is another prose romance whose authorship is undetermined. In the Quest a new character appears, Sir Galahad, and Perceval is no longer the hero. It foretells that Galahad, the virgin knight, shall be keeper of the Grail.

This form of the story the later poets used in metrical composition; and Cawein makes Sir Galahad the pure knight of the Grail story.

(Foot-note) * The Gospels give no hint of Joseph's being a soldier, According to Matthew, he was "a rich man of Arimathea, -- who also himself was Jesus' disciple;" according to Luke, "A counsellor A good man and a just."

Morgan Le Fay.

This poem by Cawein has fifteen stanzas; and, following his story, Morgan Le Fay, enchantress and sister of King Arthur, tempts Sir Kay by her witching beauty, and finally leads him to a castle where she pronounces her curse upon him. Here Arthur's Knights rise as once and pierce his body with their swords.

Morgan LeFay.

In dim samite was she bedight,
On her hair a hoop of gold,
Like foxfire, in a tawn moonlight,
Was glimmering cold.

"Oh, come with me! oh, come with me!
Oh, come with me, my love, Sir Kay!"
How should he know the witch, I trow,
Morgan Le Fay?

How should he know the wily witch,
With sweet white face and raven hair?
Who through her art, bewitched his heart
And held him there.

Eftsoons, his soul had waxed amot
To wold and weald, to slade and stream;
And all he heard was her soft word
As one adream.

Then from Sir Kay she drew away,
And cried on high all mockingly:
"Behold, sir knights, the knave I bring,

Upàn him, yea, there rests my curse:
Now let him die!"

And on his body, bent and bowed,
The hundred blades as one blade fell:
While over all rang long and loud
The mirth of hell.

Morgan Le Fay* figures in the romance entitled "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" of Irish origin and written by an unknown author between 1350 and 1375.

The Green Knight appears at Arthur's Court through the enchantment and machinations of the king's malicious sister, Morgan Le Fay, who had sent him thither to terrify Guinevere.

We find at times, as in the fourth stanza quoted, that Cawein, like Scott, has well imitated the language of mediaeval romance.

And lo, the king's sister, the lady of the lake,
In her own hall, she was sitting alone,
And she was looking at the king's brother,
And she was looking at the king's brother,
And she was looking at the king's brother,
And she was looking at the king's brother.

It is clear to all eyes that the lady of the lake
was the daughter of the king's brother, the king's brother,
the king's brother, the king's brother, the king's brother,
the king's brother, the king's brother, the king's brother,
the king's brother, the king's brother, the king's brother,
the king's brother, the king's brother, the king's brother.

The earliest story of Merlin is closely connected with
Arthur's court, and the story of the king's brother, the king's brother,
the king's brother, the king's brother, the king's brother,
the king's brother, the king's brother, the king's brother,
the king's brother, the king's brother, the king's brother,

(Foot-note)* The English prose Merlin makes Nimiane (i.e. Vivien), originally not a lady of the lake, as in Malory, but the daughter of a nobleman, Dionas. Merlin taught her necromancy. There is no doubt she was originally a fairy. Prof. R.H.Y.S. identifies her with Morgan Le Fay.

The Daughter of Merlin.

Amid the mountain's hoarse call and the dash of the wild cataracts, the Daughter of Merlin appears to the poet as a shadow and says:

"Lo! You must follow
And our path is o'er myriads of graves."

Together they climb higher and higher until they enter the starry summit of light and music.

--

As we clomb - till the limbo of spirits
Of lusts and of sorrows below
Swung nebular; and we were near its
Starred summit, its glory of glow.
And we entered its light and could hear its
White music of silence and show.

--

If we wish to allegorize Cawein's poem we may look upon the Daughter of Merlin as typifying perfection of human science, thus paralleling Cawein's idea with that of Tennyson, who gave his sanction to articles in the Contemporary Review for January 1870 and May 1873 in which he admitted that Merlin typified intellect.

The earliest story of Merlin in close connection with Arthur appears as far back as the time of Nennius, a Welsh monk who lived about the year 800. He tells of a boy of marvelous birth, whose name was Ambrosius, and according to Geoffrey, Ambrosius Merlin, and later simply Merlin. According to the Merlin of Robert de Boron, Uther Pendragon, Arthur's father, established the Round Table by the advice of this sage, in commemoration of the table of the Last Supper.

Later, Merlin became enamoured of Vivien, the damosel of the lake, who wove about him spells, which, through her

blandishments, she had persuaded him to teach her. After that Merlin was seen no more.

Merlin appears in Spenser's Faerie Queen as a great sage who lived at King Ryence's court in South Wales, instead of at Arthur's. Again we find his name in Scott's Bridal of Triermain and in Tennyson's Idylls.

Other poems in Cawein's collection of Old World Idylls

are:

After the Tournament,
The Forester,
An Old Tale Retold,
The Knigh-Errant,
A Princess of Thule,
The Rosicrucian.

The Rosicrucian is a visionary alchemist who, through his magic art, creates a sylph born of his own soul.

Cawein also throws the flashlight of his genius upon

life in the Orient in The Slave,

The Khalif and the Arab,

Arabah,

The Seven Devils, a legend of Mohammed,

Behram and Eddetma, etc.

(2) CAWEIN'S RELATIONSHIP TO OTHER ARTHURIAN POETS.

Geoffrey of Monmouth.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, though not a poet but a historian, whose chronicles are the first extensive literary treatment of some of the Arthurian stories, was the first to give them literary dignity and consideration which they had not enjoyed before. This writer was born towards the close of the eleventh century. His *Historia Regnum Britanniae*, which appeared about 1137, is a chronicle of the British kings * from "Brute, the first King of the Britons," down to a period later than the Saxon conquest.

When Geoffrey comes to the reigns of Uther Pendragon and his son Arthur, his history grows more circumstantial than either before or afterwards.

Geoffrey's *Prophecies of Merlin* is a work in Latin and the *Vita Merlini* is a Latin poem in which Arthurian characters appear.

Here we may state that Geoffrey has a remote influence upon our nineteenth and twentieth century poets, who have taken mediaeval themes as subjects of their poetry. Within a century of Geoffrey's death, *lais*, metrical romances, and prose romances had helped to establish these legends in their exalted position and to spread knowledge of them far and wide.

Nearly all the *lais* extant in French are in octosyllabic couplets, and love and knightly adventure, with magic, are the usual subjects. Marie de France wrote the best *lais*. Lanval

(Foot-note) * Many stories now took literary form for the first time which have given material to poets ever since. The story of King Lear, for instance, and his three daughters is told with considerable detail.

Continuation of the Cycle.

is one in which Arthur and Gawain figure, and Chievrefoil is another in which Tristram and Isolt figure.

French writers of the Round Table romances, the earliest of which work has survived is anything but fragmentary French Christian text, the Arthurian poems. The first was the story of Tristram, composed about 1150, and which it has been said, is the earliest source of a later prose romance which is called the story of the Holy Grail.

The next Arthurian story was the story of the Holy Grail, which was composed about 1170, and which is the earliest of the French Arthurian romances. The next was the story of the Holy Grail, which was composed about 1170, and which is the earliest of the French Arthurian romances. The next was the story of the Holy Grail, which was composed about 1170, and which is the earliest of the French Arthurian romances. The next was the story of the Holy Grail, which was composed about 1170, and which is the earliest of the French Arthurian romances.

Chretien de Troies.

Layamon.

Chretien de Troies, the most gifted and most famous French writers of the Round Table romances, is the earliest whose work has survived in anything but fragmentary form. Chretien wrote six Arthurian poems. The first was the story of Tristram, composed about 1160, and though it has been lost, it is the surmised source of a later prose romance from which Malory drew material for his Tristram.

His next Arthurian story was Eric and Enide, best known today through Tennyson's *Geraint and Enid*. About 1170 Chretien wrote *LeChevalier de la Charrette*, which tells of the loves of Lancelot and Guinevere; and his last Arthurian poem was *Perceval*, or *Le Conte du Graal*, which he left unfinished, and which gives us the first literary mention of the Holy Grail.

"This story is also drawn from the
in the story of Lancelot de la
that Lancelot was in full great reverence."

And in the end of the tale:

"The story tells of the love of Lancelot
the knight and the French king's daughter,
which is the story of Lancelot's
and the story of Lancelot's love with Guinevere
and the story of Lancelot's love with Guinevere."

The story shows that Lancelot was in full great reverence

Lancelot, but his reference to Guinevere is truly a reference

"After having taken definite shape in French, the Arthurian legends speedily found their way into German, English, Spanish, Italian, Scandinavian and Dutch. see also the work of Geoffrey of Monmouth, his old successor, who wrote some years before the birth of Layamon, the first Arthurian poet writing in English, wrote his Brut about 1200. He made three important contributions to the legends. He gave a circumstantial account of the founding of the Round Table; he gave a more detailed account than the earlier writers of the departure of Arthur for Avalon; and he made Arthur, who had already changed from a British chieftain to a French Anglo-Norman king, into a king with a good deal of English blood in him.

Chaucer unfortunately tells none of the Arthurian stories; they did not seem to attract him. He places the scene of the Wife of Bath's Tale at Arthur's court, but for the sole reason, apparently, of giving the tale a picturesque background. In Sir Thopas he mentions Sir Libeaus, the son of Sir Gawain, and Sir Perceval. In the Nonnes Preestes Tale his reference to Lancelot shows that Chaucer knew this knight as the beau ideal courtly lover.

"This storie is also trewe, I undertake,
As is the book of Launcelot de Lake
That wommen holde in ful gret reverence."

Again in the Squieres Tale:

"Who coude telle yor the forme of daunces,
So uncouth and so fresshe contenances,
Swich subtil loking and dissimulinges
For drede of jalouse mennes aperceyvinges?
No man but Launcelot, and he is deed."

We may surmise that Chaucer had no high opinion of Lancelot, but his reference to Gawain is truly appreciative.

to Malory and his contemporaries was a great debt. Langdon, Arnold, Swinburn, and many others found his Morte Darthur a source

Sir Thomas Malory.
Sir Thomas Malory was born about 1400. Very little definite information is known concerning his life; but his principal work, Morte Darthur, concerns us. Fortunately for English literature, Malory lived at a time when the Arthurian stories were very popular in England, and he produced about the middle of the fifteenth century his Morte Darthur. His principal sources were the French Merlin, Tristram, and Lancelot romances in prose (the last including the stories of the Grail, Elaine of Astolat, and of Arthur's death), the English alliterative Morte Arthure, and Le Morte Arthur in English octosyllabic verse.

Malory was original in emphasizing Arthur as the central figure of his tale.

Malory, at the end of the line of mediaeval romancers, was near enough to our own time to make the England of his Arthur something like the England we know. In reading Malory we feel that vividness is a distinguishing quality of his style; and his Morte Darthur is filled with distinct little pictures such as the following:

"Now speak we of Sir Lancelot du Lake that lieth under the apple tree sleeping.

Even about noon there came by him four queens of great estate; and, for the heat of the sun should not annoy them, there rode four knights about them and bare a cloth of green silk on four spears, betwixt them and the sun, and the queens rode on four white mules." (Book 6, Ch. 3).

"Queen Guenever let make herself a nun, and wore white clothes and black, and lived in fastings, prayers, and alms-deeds." (Book 21, Ch. 77).

With all their external reality, Malory's characters are only partially alive, for Malory had but little psychological interest in them and but little invention. Accepting his people as he found them, he did not develop them further; but

Edmund Spenser.

Spenser is remarkable as one of the most inventive of our English poets, for he created his own poetic language and a stanza of unusual beauty. During 1590 appeared the first three books of the Faerie Queene, and in 1596 appeared the fourth, fifth and sixth. In the Faerie Queene we find the influence of the Arthurian legends, which Spenser knew through Malory; and the first quest in the Faerie Queen is strongly reminiscent of the Arthurian quest. Spenser shows a free treatment of the old romances. He does not try to tell the old stories at all, or to reproduce the old characters; but his aim is to make up a new story, for which he draws material from all possible sources.

Mr. MacCallum * maintains that Spenser made so little use of the old knights because they were not suited for his personified vices and virtues. The reason is rather to be found in Spenser's extreme catholicity of taste and exuberance of imagination. Gawain would have served as well as Callidor for the knight of courtesy; and Gallahad would have made an excellent knight of Chastity; had Spenser wished it; but it served his purpose better to make his knight of Chastity Britomart, a woman, that he might pay a compliment to Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen. He regarded these old stories as a rich storehouse from which he might select at will ornaments for his new poem. Still he does show fidelity in one respect. The Faerie Queene is full of the old romantic tone, and of such supernatural machinery as we find in mediaeval Arthurian tales.

(Foot-note) * Tennyson's Idylls and Arthurian Story P.132.

John Milton.

The next great English poet who was influenced by the stories of Arthur was John Milton. He seems to have been attracted to them by the Faerie Queen, which he admired, and by Malory's Morte Darthur, and Geoffrey's History. In Paradise Lost, in recalling famous warriors, whose forces united would not have equalled Satan's, he says:

"... what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights."

(Book 1, line 579).

Again in Paradise Regained, he speaks

"Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenere."

(Book 2, line 359).

It would be hard to find two references more sensitive to the beautiful poetry of the old romances. No wonder Scott * expressed his well-known regret that Milton did not write an Arthurian epic. Many critics have believed that Milton was wise in not writing an Arthurian epic as well as Paradise Lost. Others regret with Scott that Milton's genius did not produce such a poem.

Whether or not the Milton of later days was too much of a Puritan to give his whole heart to it, the Milton of Comus would have treated the theme grandly.

(Foot-note) * Scott's Dryden, Introduction to King Arthur.

Wordsworth.

Skipping over an age of prose and reason, during which Dryden wrote a dramatic opera entitled "King Arthur for the Glorification of Charles II," we come to an awakening of the old themes in the nineteenth century by Wordsworth, Lowell, Arnold, Tennyson, and Swinburne. Wordsworth's Egyptian Maid takes the form of a clumsy moral. Because the Egyptian Maid, who is a princess, personifies purity, she is the destined bride of Galahad who is the purest knight of the Round Table. In thus marrying off this ascetic mediaeval celibate, Wordsworth is modern with a vengeance. Such a fundamental change one would expect in the age of prose and reason rather than in Wordsworth's.

That Wordsworth had the right feeling for the Arthurian stories he proved early as 1800 in lines of exquisite beauty, comparing a stately fern on the beach of Grasmere to the

"Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance."
(Poems on the Naming of Places, 4).

James Russell Lowell.

James Russell Lowell in the Vision of Sir Launfal is the least successful in combining the old romances with the new thought. Like Wordsworth in the Egyptian Maid, Lowell has exaggerated the moral that he wished to teach; and as his own note on Sir Launfal explains, he has virtually rejected all the old material and invented a new incident, which may be termed Arthurian only so far as the Grail, that sacred quest of Arthur's knights, is sought by the hero of Lowell's poem.

Lowell says:

"The plot (if I may give that name to anything so slight) of the poem is my own, and, to serve its purpose, I have enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include, not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the date of King Arthur's reign."

To his newly invented Grail-Quester, Lowell has given the name of Launfal, a name which comes indirectly from Marie de France's Lanval. Thus we see that, in his incidents, Lowell is anachronistic. He has kept, however, to the best spirit of the Grail story, and so constructed a poem of which one sees the faults more clearly as time passes, but of which the sweetness will never die.

In his vision, while riding from his castle gate, Sir Launfal lightly tosses a coin to a leper who crouches at the gate begging for alms. The leper tells him that gold, given from sense of duty without sympathy, is no alms at all. Sir Launfal rides the world over seeking the Holy Grail which he never finds.

At last as an old man he returns to his castle and there finds another leper more loathsome than before, again begging for alms. Sir Launfal, remembering with regret how haughty he had been to the first leper, felt

"The heart within him ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl, -
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul."

The leper, transfigured in the image of Christ, said to Sir Launfal that the Holy Grail was there in that vessel which he had just filled at the brook; for to him only might the Grail appear who knew true charity.

The reproaches which critics have brought against this poem are not undeserved. The introductions do not really introduce; the castle in the north of England is surrounded by a New England country; and the famous day in June is all New England June; yet with all its faults, the poem teaches a lesson which touches the hearts of men; and Lowell makes the sweetness of it go far towards disarming unfavorable criticism.

Arnold and Swinburne.

Matthew Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult*, which has been previously discussed in connection with *Cwein's Isolt*, keeps the facts of the old story, except for a few changes, but two of these are radical. He makes Iseult arrive at Tristram's sick-bed just before instead of just after his death - a change which the deeper sympathy of the nineteenth century should bring about, for it seemed a cruel fate which forbade the lovers even one last word. The other important change is that he gives Iseult of Brittany two children, and he endows his characters with nineteenth century feelings.

Nevertheless in reading *Tristram and Iseult* we do not lose the charm of the Middle Ages. Hence we may say that Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult* shows half-way mediaevalism.

Swinburne's *Tristram of Lyonesse*, also previously discussed, has its modern side as well as mediaeval. He is psychological in his analysis; but as Mr. Andrew Lang says this poem "merely showed that among Mr. Swinburne's many gifts the gift of narrative is not one. The story is clogged by the heavy splendor of the style." *

The *Tale of Balen* is a better narrative than *Tristram of Lyonesse*, though inferior in poetic imagery; and this story of the two brothers and their mutual slaughter, neither recognizing the other, is one of the best in Malory's *Morte Darthur*, and Swinburne has done wisely to modernise it but little. In

(Foot-note) * Dr. Sommer's Edition of *Morte Darthur* Vol. 3, P. 24.

~~Tennyson~~

consequence, his version is better than Tennyson's in the Idylls. Tennyson puts too much moral into the old tale and makes Balen a victim of his own violent nature, while Malory and Swinburne make him the victim of fate. At the close of the tragedy Balen and Balen died -

And there with morning Merlin came,
And on the tomb that told their fame
He wrote by Balen's Balen's name,
And gazed thereon and wept.

(Swinburne)

Tennyson.

Whether or not the world will deem the Idylls of the King Tennyson's most important work, they are his life work. If we look upon the allegorical unity of the Idylls, Arthur represents the Soul, the spiritual ideal, which is always warring with sense. Arthur, in slaying beasts, driving out the heathen, and suppressing robbers, is not only the just king of the romantic chroniclers, but man's spiritual ideal overcoming base passions. In the last scene, Arthur, in talking to Guinevere, is really Soul explaining its failure in the war with Sense.

Tennyson's teaching that the soul sees its best visions and gets glimpses of the Grail, not in unpractical ascetic quests, but by working among men is like Lowell's moral in Sir Launfal and Wolfram's in Parzival.

We see a blending of the old and new in the setting of the Idylls, a pleasant English country, both mediaeval and modern. In fact, the whole poem is a happy blending of contemporary sentiment with old manners and customs, picturesqueness, gallantry and chivalry.

Critics have called the Idylls the noblest English blank verse since Milton. Tennyson has adapted the legends to modern times with such a genius that we may well believe many a day will pass before any poet attempts again to tell in English the whole long story. Tennyson is the only one of our greater English poets, who has treated the Arthurian legends adequately.

C O N C L U S I O N .

Having thus taken a kodak view of some of the

works of the Arthurian poets, we may state that Cawein's relationship to them is as follows:

(1) From the earlier writers he received inspiration; and a knowledge of their works, especially Malory's, awakened in him the true romantic spirit of mediaeval days.

(2) Like the Nineteenth Century Poets, he blends the old spirit of romance and chivalry with some psychic analysis and modern sympathy and feeling.

1. Some Characteristics of the Technique of
**CAWEIN'S BALLADS BEAR SPECIFIC MARKS OF OLD
ENGLISH AND SCOTCH BALLADRY.**

The Ballad Has Choral Origin.

Much do we regret that Madison Cawein has not written more ballads, for his poetry seems to have the true romantic spirit of old balladry, and his lyric narratives hold attention to the story in simple rhythm.

We shall now consider his ballads with the old English and Scotch ballads under the two following topics:

**I. Some Characteristics of the Technique of
Old Balladry:**

1. The Ballad has Choral Origin.

2. Refrain and Incremental Repetition.

3. Popular Motifs of Old Ballads.

4. Simple Metrique.

**II. Cawein's Ballads Bear Specific Marks of Old
Balladry.**

The other sciences have Old Balladry. Bucher, a German professor of sociology, in The Ballad Has Choral Origin, suggested the term

The ballad as the name implies was originally inseparable from the dance, and the first part played by women, taken from the dance; and was the oral literature of the people, or rather of a class itself.

The average audience of a building has not only increased, and another, may have chanted each his verse, composed on the spur of the moment, and the sum of these various contributions made

The English versions of *The Lord of the Rings* have a mishap with his boat, sturdy companions push him out into the dancing throng, and first one and then another stanza is improvised upon the fatal theme, until a complete story of the situation with much repetition and dramatic action

(Foot-note) * With us communal composition has sunk into mere children's games as "Here we go round the gooseberry bush" and "London Bridge is falling down." For proof that games like these are descended from dances see "Games and Songs of American children." by W. W. Newell.

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Ethnology has gathered an immense amount of savage and half-savage literature in which, under certain limitations, the scholar can see a reflection of poetry in its primitive form. The other sciences have given help. Bucher, a German professor of sociology, in his *Arbeit und Rhythmus* demonstrated the vast importance of this primitive verse in the early stages of man's social career, and the great part played by choral rhythm in the making of society itself.

The modern science of folklore has actually revealed amid byways of civilized life a host of survivals in song, dance, chorals* of the festal year, refrains of labor and the march, all pointing to a time when such verse was found everywhere in Europe, and sprang from social conditions under which the universal gift of improvisation was still mainly unchecked. The ballad was not confined to one country alone; for instance, there were many versions of *The Maid and the Palmer*, which is a popular story of the Samaritan woman in the gospel, in Danish, Faroe, Norwegian, Swedish, and Finnish. *Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight* has currency in Poland, Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, and among the Latin nations.

The English versions of *The Maid Freed from the Gallows* are defective. The same story is told in Finnish, Esthonian, and variations of the theme occur in Russia; but the best ballad of the cycle is the Sicilian "*Sciibilia Nobili*."

Gathering these characteristics of old balladry we may say that ballads were originally choral, communal, improvisatory, and popular in other countries.

(Foot-note) * Discussions about the relative priority of epic, lyric, drama were settled by Mullenhoff who showed that choral poetry, inclusive of all three, is the primitive form: and here the German scholar joined hands with Aristotle.

II. REFRAIN AND INCREMENTAL REPETITION ARE
CHARACTERISTIC OF BALLADRY.

Simple refrain is a very familiar feature of the ballad style and can never have been the invention of the solitary brooding poet of our modern conditions.

It presupposes a crowd of singers and dances, and as ballads get farther and farther away from the people, they tend to lose their refrains.

Dialogues and refrains make up many a ballad still, and they can be distinctly traced in the dialogues of older ballad versions.

Supplying the refrain, "Sheath and Knife" ends this:

There is ships of your father's sailing on the sea,
(The brume blooms bonnie and says it is fair)
That will bring as good a sheath and a knife unto thee
(And we'll never gang down to the brume onie mair.

A simple trait, to which Francis Gummere in "The Popular Ballad" has given the apposite name of incremental repetition, is seen in The Twa Sisters and The Cruel Brother.

"O what will you leave to your father dear?"
"The silver-shod steed that brought me here."

"O what will you leave to your mother dear?"
"My velvet pall and my silken gear."
(Cruel Brother)

Then bespake the treble string,

"O yonder is my father, the king."

Then bespake the second string,

"O yonder sits my mother, the queen."

And then bespake the strings all three,

"O yonder is my sister that drowned mee."
(The Twa Sisters.)

No better case of incremental repetition, along with refrain, as sole material of the ballad, could be found than in the Danish Ballad, "Liden Kirstins"* which echoes the very steps and motions of the dance, -

"Christine, Christine, tread a measure for me!
A silken sark I will give to thee"

"Christine, Christine, tread a measure for me!
Silver-clasped shoes I will give to thee."

Many other old ballads such as Sir Patrick Spens and Mary Hamilton show repetition. Mary Hamilton, the heroine, is told to put on her robes of black or else her robes of brown, but refuses, repeating the negative for each, and adds:-

"But I'll put on my robes of white,
To shine thro Edinbro town."

Incremental repetition leads up to the cause of tragedy, but in no dramatic situation, and with the relative-climax subordinate.) In other words, the ballad, bound to set forth certain facts, chooses the old structural method and holds it to the end. In shorter compass, incremental repetition gives an emphatic effect.

"Methinks I hear the throstlecock
Methinks I hear the jaye;
Methinks I heare Lord Barnett's horne,
Away, Musgreve, away."
(Little Musgreve and Lady Barnard.)

So common is repetition in all religious rites, that its vogue in poetry is now and then ascribed to a liturgical source rather than to the obvious communal and festal influence.

(Foot-note) * Grundtvig, 5, 119 f.

All poetry which begins in public rites, in funeral, marriage, and festal occasions, has an insistent note of repetition, at first literal and then incremental.

In the old ritual of the Arval Brothers in Rome most of the verses are given three times in laborious repetition in its invocation to Mars.

Old Corsican funeral songs were not only called lamenti, but ballate, because of the dance. "Make wide the circle," ran the ancient lament, "and dance the caracolu, for this sorrow is very sore," and it long held the incremental repetition of choral grief.

III. POPULAR MOTIFS OF OLD BALLADS.

English and Scottish ballads may be grouped according to their subjects, but the popular motifs we may generalize as follows:

Riddle Ballads,

The Stolen Bride,

Elovements,

Mother-in-law and Step-mother,

Filial Relation,

Infidelity in Marriage,

Love,

Fairies,

Preternatural Lovers,

Transformation,

Ghosts,

Legendary,

Border Ballads,

Greenwood Ballads.

Riddle Ballads.

Professor Child, who has made a study of old balladry, has placed riddle ballads, as the oldest, in the forefront of his collection.

Riddles play an important part in popular story from very remote times. No one needs to be reminded of Samson, OEdipus, Apollonius of Tyre. Riddle tales, which, if not so old as the oldest of these, may be carried in all likelihood some centuries beyond our era, still live in Asiatic and European traditions, and have their representatives in popular ballads. A suitor can win a lady's hand by guessing the riddle; or a clever lass can win a husband.

In an old Scottish ballad a strange knight asks a widow for her three daughters; but he will choose the one who answers his riddles for his bride. The youngest girl wins the contest.

O what is heigher nor the tree?
And what is deeper nor the sea?

Or what is greener nor the grass?
Or what is waur (worse) nor a woman was?

O heaven is heigher nor the tree,
And hell is deeper nor the sea.

The pies (poison) are greener nor the grass,
And Clootie's (the devil) waur nor a woman was.

In the ballad of The Elfin Knight the knight imposes tasks, of which the girl stands acquitted if she can match each of them with another of no less difficulty. The elf is an

interloper of some other ballad; the suitor should be mortal.

"For thou must shape a sark to me,
Without any cut or heme," quoth he.

"Thou must shape it knife - and - sheer - lesse,
And also sue it needle - threedlesse."

Whereupon the maid replies:

"I have an aiker of good ley - land
Which eyeth low by you sea - strand.

"For thou must eare (plough) it with thy horn,
So thou must sow it with thy corn.

"Thou must barn it in a mouse-holl,
And thrash it into thy shoes soll.

"When thou hast gotten thy turns well done,
Then come to me and get thy sark then."

The mere flash of riddle and answer, the thrust and
parry of alternate demand for impossible things, might well
satisfy a festal and choral throng.

Other ballads of this class found in Child's collection
of old ballads are:

Captain Wedderburn's Courtship.
King John and the Bishop.
Proud Lady Margaret.
The Two Magicians.

Ballads of The Stolen Bride.

The robbery of bride or sweetheart was common material and found frequent dramatic, choral presentation in ballads of the primitive type like that Faroe song of the Frisian pirates and its English version of "The Maid Freed from the Gallows."

A girl has fallen into the hands of corsairs; and father, mother, sister, brother, all refuse to pay ransom except her lover.

"Oh father, oh father, a little of your gold,
And likewise of your fee!
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree."

"None of my gold now you shall have,
Nor likewise of my fee;
For I am come to see you hanged
And hanged you shall be."

At last the sweetheart answers:

"Some of my gold now you shall have,
And likewise of my fee,
For I am come to see you saved;
And saved you shall be."

Earl Brand, with many Scandinavian ballads of the same group, seems to belong among the numerous ramifications of the Hildesaga. Earl Brand elopes with the girl and they are pursued by her seven brothers. Almost the same incident occurs in the Danish "Ribold and Buildborg." (Grundtvig No. 82).

Earl Brand.

"Where hae been riding this lang simmer-day
Or where hae stolen this lady away?"

The lady looked over her left shoudder-bane;

"O guid Earl O Bfan, we'll all be taen!
For yond are all my father's men."

Another ballad of this type is Erlinton, where the
lovers are pursued by fifteen knights who are slain by Willie,
her "ain true-love."

Elopements and Abductions.

If elopement ballads which belong to the older period, and show elements of romance or myth, linking them to versions current throughout Europe, "Fair Annie" is a good specimen. This ballad is preserved in Danish and Swedish. The story is also told in the *Lai del Fresne* of Marie de France about 1180.

"There came a knight out o'er the sea
And steald my sister away;
The shame scoup (move) in his company
And land whereer he gae!"

"Gil Brenton" has the same romantic interest, and the same averting of tragedy in a closely allied plot. This ballad has many Scandinavian relatives. For example, see Grundtvig No. 274.

The first stanza reads like a good old ballad,
"Fair Annie" is a good old ballad,
"Fair Annie" is a good old ballad,
"Fair Annie" is a good old ballad.

The Abduction.

In "The Abduction" the story is told of a girl who was
abducted by a knight and taken to the "Land of the Living."

"I am a young man and
I am a young man and
I am a young man and
I am a young man and

Mother-in-law and Step-mother.

In Gil Brenton the mother-in-law is jealous of her son's rights, but helpful in disentangling a bad knot and preventing tragedy. A German scholar and historian of ancient things, Professor Schrader, has recently written a little monograph * on the mother-in-law which deserves to be widely known. For a few cases of the bad mother-in-law in ballads see Professor Child's account of the "Testament" formula, I, 143 f. In the ballad "Willie's Lady" our bosc Schweigermutter stands out plain enough.

He's wooed her for her yellow hair
But his mother wrought her mickle care.

Advice comes chiefly from the mother, as we see in the best version of Lord Thamas and Fair Annet. The mother of Lord Thomas tells him to marry the nut-browne girl because she has gold.

The nut-browne bride has gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has nane;
And the little beauty fair Annet has
O it will soon be gane.

The Step-mother.

The figure of the stepmother flits dimly across the ballad. She gets short shrift in the "Laily Worm."

I was but seven year ald
Fan my mider she did dōe,
My father married the warst woman
The wardle did ever see.

ote) * Die Schweigermutter und der Hagestolz, Braunschweig, 1904.

She changed me to a laily (loathsome) worme
That layes at the fitt of the tree,
And my sister Messry
To the makrell of the sea.

The stepmother appears in "Rose the Red and White
Lily" and "Lady Isabel" is bridden by her abusive stepmother to
drink poisoned wine.

Come in, come in, Lady Isabel,
And drink the wine with me;
I have twa jewels in ae coffer
And one of them I'll gie ye.

Filial Relation.

In the vigorous old ballad of "Sir John Butler" Ellen,
the daughter faces the invaders and declares her father is
abroad.

Then down came Ellen Butler
And into her father's hall
And then down came Ellen Butler,
And shee was laced in pall.

Infidelity in Marriage.

Ballads of this group are:

Our Goodman.
Child Owlet.
Queen of Scotland.
The Bonny Birdy.
Old Robin of Portingale.
Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard.

Love.

Balladry knows that stolen love is sweet, and romances
know that a happy ending is desired. Ballads with this theme

are:

Child Waters,
The Gray Cock,
The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter,
and others.

Fairies.

Commerce of mortal with creatures of the other world is among the oldest themes in story. To kiss a fairy or a ghost puts a mortal within the jurisdiction of the dark powers; if he eats food in fairyland he will never come back to earth.

In the ballad "Thomas Rymer" the queen of Elfland takes with her a mortal loaf and claret wine as refreshment for Thomas.

Thomas of Erceldoune, otherwise Thomas Rymer, had the gift of prophecy given to him by the Fairy Queen and his vaticinations are cited by various chroniclers.

The queen of Elfland says to him:

"But I have a loaf here in my lap
Likewise a bottle of claret wine;
And now we go farther on,
We'll rest a while, and ye may dine."

In the ballad of Bonnie Annie the ship can not sail because

"There's fey fold in our ship, she winna sail for me."

The queen of Elfan's Nourice is another fairy type of ballad.

Preternatural Lovers.

"James Harris" or the "Daemon Lover" is a formidable broadside called "A Warning for Married Women, being an example of Mrs. Jane Reynolds," who was unfaithful to her husband and wooed away by the daemon.

"You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips;
 They had not sailed a league, a league,
 A league but barely three, my clay-cold lips,
 When dismal grew his countenance
 And drumlie grew his ee.

"Sweet William's Ghost" and "Child of Arden" are

--

of this group. Lynde often danced back to give back.
 They had not sailed a league, a league,
 A league but barely three, "Sweet William's Ghost" a good father once.
 When she espied his cloven foot
 And she wept right bitterlie.

--

"O Whaten a mountain is yon," she said,
 All so dreary with frost and snow? "O yon is the mountain of hell," he cried,
 "Where you and I will go."

A mermaid is loved and deserted in the ballad of "Clerk Colvill."

Transformation

Another group deals simply with transformation by magic and a happy solution, if such is to be. Ballads of this group are:

Kemp Owyne, I have never seen
 The Laily Worm,
 The Earl of Mar's Daughter, and others.

Ghosts.

Three ballads deal with the spirit world and the doings of the departed soul. In "The Unquiet Grave" a youth mourns at his sweetheart's grave for a year; then she speaks and complains that he disturbs her rest.

He says:

"Tis I, my love, sits on your grave,
 And will not let you sleep;
 For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,
 And that is all I seek."

"You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips;
But my breath smells, earthy strong;
If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,
Your time will not be long."

"Sweet William's Ghost" and "Child of Bristowe" are others of this group. Spirits often demand back or give back plighted faith; in the "Child of Bristowe" a dead father makes the effort twice.

Legendary.

Sacred tradition is the source of many ballads of this type, such as the "Cherry-Tree Carol," treating of Joseph, Mary and the Saviour; "The Carnal and the Crane" in which a crow wishes to know many things about the birth of Christ; and the "Bitter Withy." "Mary Hamilton," a fine old ballad, may be called a legend of the court of Mary Queen of Scots.

Mary Hamilton is to be hanged for child murder; and her defiance, her reckless flouting of a weak king, her reproach for the queen's ingratitude make her sufficiently individual.

"Yestreen I made Queen Mary's bed,
Kemmed down her yellow hair;
Is this the reward I am to get,
To tread the gallows-stair?"

Border and Greenwood Ballads.

"The Lads of Wamphray" and "Dick O' the Cow" are border ballads and the tales of Robin Hood are ballads of the greenwood.

IV. BALLAD METRIQUE.

Ballad rhythm differs, of course, although a severe simplicity marks all ballads; but the rhythmical scheme shows no attempt at originality. Ballad meters are almost uniform; the range is very slight; and they can all be reduced to variations of the immemorial verse of four accents which savage poetry prefers and which may even lie behind later developments like the hexameter and the Saturnian. The four rhythm accents are preserved in the old two-line ballads:

Gil Brenton has sent o'er the foam,
He's woo'd a wife and brought her home.

We also find the four and three rhythm waves alternating, reducing the two lines to a septenarius.

But all this day Child Waters rode,
She ran barefoote through the broome;
Yet he was never so courteous, a knight
As to say, "Put on your shoone."

Summarizing the general characteristics of the technique of old balladry we may say that ballads are of choral origin, communal, improvisatory, narrative, having refrain and incremental repetition, and treating of the themes herein described in simple four and three rhythm waves.

The ballad above contains, in condensed form, the
story of (2) CAWEIN'S BALLADS BEAR SPECIFIC MARKS OF OLD
BALLADRY.

His Ballads of the Stolen Bride. In the first
of these ballads, the story of the stolen bride is told.

Cawein has two ballads of the stolen bride motif; one
is Childe Ronald and the other is Dead Man's Run.

Childe Ronald has twenty-seven stanzas. While a girl is
waiting for her lover the knight carries her off to his towers,
but because she loves another and can not free herself she
plunges a dagger into her heart.

Childe Ronald took her by the hand
And drew her to his side
"Thou shalt be my lady of the tower"
He said and he was glad.

"Thou shalt be my lady of the tower"
He said and he was glad
"Thou shalt be my lady of the tower"
He said and he was glad.

Childe Ronald took her by the hand
And drew her to his side
"Thou shalt be my lady of the tower"
He said and he was glad.

Childe Ronald took her by the hand
And drew her to his side
"Thou shalt be my lady of the tower"
He said and he was glad.

Childe Ronald took her by the hand
And drew her to his side
"Thou shalt be my lady of the tower"
He said and he was glad.

The ballad shows refrain, incremental repetition, and simple meter. We may well call it an American cousin to the old Scotch and English Ballads of Gil Brenton, Earl Brand, Erlinton, Fair Annie, and the Danish ballad of Ribold and Guldborg, with Scandinavian ramifications of the same theme.

1.

Childe Ronald rode adown the wood,
His spear upon his knee;
When, lo, he saw a girl who stood
Beneath an old oak tree.

2.

Childe Ronald took her by the hand
And drew her to his side -
"Thou shalt be a lady of the land;
Now mount by me and ride."

3.

"Unbush, unbush her, tire-girls!
Take off those rags," quoth he.
"And clothe her body in silk and pearls,
And red gold, neck and knee."

4.

"Unbush, unbush me, tire-maids,
Now it hath come to lie
Comb down my locks in simple braids,
A simple maid am I."

5.

And there is wonder and there is wail,
And pale is every guest;
Childe Ronald too is pale, is pale,
Far paler than the rest.

6.

The guests are gone: all wild and wan
He saw the guests depart;
But she is wanest of them all,
A dagger in her heart.

Oh who are they? and whither away?
 Oh whither do they ride?
 Across the world till Judgment Day,
 Childe Ronald and his bride!

This last stanza adds a touch of the supernatural wholly in accordance with the old ballads.

Now let us compare the following stanza of Childe Ronald with some of the old ballads.

She needs must mount: and through the wood
 They rode unto the sea:
 When in his towers at last she stood
 A pale-faced girl was she.

Earl Brand.

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
 And himself on a dapple grey,
 With a bugelet horn hung down by his side
 And lightly they rode away.

Erlinton.

They'd ridden a mile in that bonnie wood,
 They had not ridden but only ane,
 When there came fifteen of the boldest knights
 That ever boor flesh, blind and bane.

Fair Annie.

There came a knight out oer the sea,
 And steald my sister away.
 The shame scoup (move) in his company
 And land whereer he gae.

Here we find a likeness in theme, rhythm, simple narrative, and in the third and fourth stanzas quoted in Childe Ronald refrain and incremental repetition. These surely are specific marks of old balladry.

Belonging to this same class is:

"Dead Man's Run".

He rode adown the autumn wood
A man dark-eyed and brown; leaped on the elf-trail
A mountain girl before him stood
Clad in a homespun gown.

He holds her by one berry-brown wrist
And by one berry-brown hand; and then
And he hath laughed at her and kissed
Her cheek the sun hath tanned.

Then they galloped off

And they had passed by Devil's Den,
And come to Dead Man's Run,
When in the brush rose up two men
Each with a levelled gun.

"Sit fast, sit fast by me, sweetheart!
The bank is steep to ride!
The bank is steep for a strong man's leap!
And her eyes are staring wide.

This ends tragically for

Young hair of gold and a face death-cold
The wild stream sweeps away.

However she charms him to sleep and reverses the
Cawein's Ballads of Demons and Fairies.

Impending tragedy.

With his ~~all~~ "The Demon Lover." Next is the ballad (broad) line,
With his dip-dip-dip (jagger) and said as she sang him;
Cawein's Demon Lover may be classified with the Daemon

lover of the old ballads, and "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight."

Here again we note marks of similarity in the Demon Lover.

which ending except in the last quoted ballad.

The moon hangs white
In the winter night:
And the wind blows fierce and free:
And Floranmane

Her place hath ta'en
Beneath the haunted tree.

popular ballad that prayer and good deeds will protect the soul.

--

The ballad line is called with a refrain. The refrain is suggested

What is it whines?
What is it shines?
With owl-eldritch light?
With raven plume
Forth from the gloom
And a man stalks still and white.

As I rode
Dark as night and swift as wind
Towering he rode behind;

What is it gleams?
What is it streams?
So wan on Floranmane?
And the moonlit breeze?
Or his heart, she sees
Through the stab, like a burning stain?

And my soul called out in prayer
As I rode. --

Cawein has made this verse arrangement no doubt for

artistic purposes, but the meter is the same.

Now a ballad entitled The Daemon Lover. (Old Ballad)

are concerned after death. He is murdered by the devil's daughter

He's tane her by the milk-white hand,
And he's thrown her in the main;
Full five and-twenty hundred ships
Perished all on the coast of Spain.

--

(Note: * The Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight. is a flower of
North -umberland, "Sir Michael," etc.

This maiden had scarcely these words spoken
Till in at her window the elf-knight was leaping.

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--

However she charms him to sleep and reverses the
impending tragedy.

With his ain sword-belt sae fast as she ban (bound) him,
With his ain dag-durk (dagger) sae sair as she dang him.

--

Here again we note marks of similarity in theme and
tragic ending except in the last quoted ballad.

The Headless Horseman.

This ballad bears the specific mediaeval mark in the
popular belief that prayer and good deeds counteract the evil one.
It is a three line * ballad with a refrain. The rider is pursued
by a headless horseman who is a demon dispelled by prayer.

--

And again I looked behind,
As I rode -
Dark as night and swift as wind
Towering he rode behind,
As I rode.

--

And my soul cried out in prayer
As I rode
Lo! the demon went in air,
When my soul called out in prayer
As I rode.

--

The old ballad, "Sir Hugh, or The Jew's Daughter," tells
how a little child's prayers and devotion to the Blessed Virgin
are rewarded after death. He is murdered by the Jew's daughter
and thrown into Our Lady's well, yet he speaks to his mother when
she comes to the well.

(Foot-note) * Old three-line ballads are "The Faire Flower of
North - umberland," "Sir Lionel," etc.

Then softly down a tangled way
A Sir Hugh, on The Jew's Daughter.

Rode on a palfrey silvery gray.
She neared Our Lady's deep draw-well,
"Was fifty fathoms deep: wild and pale,
"Where'er you be, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."

In answer with the Holy Grail.

--

"Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,

Prepare my winding sheet, Then all was still!"
And at the back of merry Lincoln

The morn I will you meet."

--

This same miracle is celebrated in Chaucer's Prioress's
Tale.

"My throte is kut unto my nekke boon,"
Seyde this child, "-----"
And for the worship of Christ's mooder deere
Yet may I sing 'O Alma' loud and cleere.

the queen of heaven -- because they were permitted to return, but

In the old ballad, "Brown Robyn's Confession," Brown

Robyn is carried to heaven by Our Blessed Lady and her Son on
account of Robyn's good confession. The Blessed Lady says:

"It's for no honor ye did to me, Brown Robyn,
It's for no good ye did to me;
But all is for your fair confession
You've made upon the sea."

Fairy Ballad - Urganda.

Sir Elid returns to his wife, Helis, after three years of
war and tells her that while he was riding through the woods at
Hallowmas, he met a woman riding on a palfrey, and farther down
the vale he saw an angel with the Holy Grail. This woman is Ur-
ganda, the Unknown, whom he follows by her charm and who leads
him to death.

--

"It was at Hallowmas I spurred
Through woods wherein no wild thing stirred,
No sound of brook, no song of bird.

"When softly down a tangled way
A dim fair woman, white as day,
Rode on a palfrey misty gray."

"I stared like one, who wild and pale,
Spurs hag-led through the night and hail;
When lo! adown a forest vale
An angel with the Holy Grail.

"Straight onward by some mighty will
Into the stream below the hill
She (Helis) saw him ride. Then all was still."

While bending over the dead warrior Helis hears a voice

saying:

"Beware, Helis! beware! beware!

My curse! my kiss that is despair!

Kiss not his brow, lest unaware,

Helis, Helis, my curse be there!"

This ballad by Cawein may suggest the old ballads of
"Thomas Rymer" and "Tam Lin," both of whom were carried away by
the Queen of Fairies. However they were permitted to return. But
Sir Elid of Cawein's ballad has a tragic fate.

Ballad of Thomas Rymer.

True Thomas lay o'er yond grassy bank,
And he beheld a ladie gay,
A ladie that was brisk and bold
Come riding o'er the fernie brae.

Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,
Her mantle of the velvet fine,
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

Thomas takes her for the Queen of Heaven but she says to

him:

"O no, O no, True Thomas," she says

"That name does not belong to me;

I am but the queen of fair Elfland

And I am come here for to visit thee."

"But you maun go with me now, Thomas,
True Thomas, ye maun go with me;
Far ye maun serve me seven years

"Thro weel or wae as may chance to be."

This young woman is happy because she has found her true love.

Tam Lin.

And once it fell upon a day,
A could day and a snell (keen)
When we were from the hunting come,
That from my horse I fell;
The Queen of Fairies she caught me
In yon green hill to dwell.

Along the mountain path.

--

Cawein's ballad of Urganda runs parallel with Thomas Rymer and Tam Lin in the fact that a mortal was lured or taken away by a creature of the unknown world. Here again is a likeness to the old ballads.

On the side of the tree, I was by the hill,
I was by the rye and the corn,
I was by the hill and the hill,
Ballads of Love.

Cawein's ballads of love are:

Ballad of The Rose,
The Ride,
The Alcalde's Daughter,
Ballad of Low-Lie-Down.

They stood in the balcony over
The old house Ballad of The Rose.

Booted and spurred he rode toward the west,
A rose from the woman he loved the best,
Lay warm with her kisses there in his breast
And the battle beacons were burning.

And the battle beacons were burning,
The rose was in his hand;
And the battle beacons were burning,
The rose was in his hand.

Again the cavalier turned and gazed,
Then quick to his lips the rose he raised,
And kissed it crying, "Now God be praised,
And help her there when mourning.

And the battle beacons were burning,
The rose was in his hand;
And the battle beacons were burning,
The rose was in his hand.

Quoth Hugh of the Hills, "To yonder tree
Now hang him high where she may see;
Then bear this rose and message from me-
'The ravens feast at the turning.'"

The Ballad of Low-Lie-Burn
The Ride.

gypsy love. This swears of mountain life in Kentucky.

This young woman is happy because her old husband is dead

and she rides to meet her lover.

John-o-Breene and Thomas-Burnum
Come riding into town

At the sign of Jug-and-Jorum

"She rode o'er hill, she rode o'er plain,
She rode by fields of barley,
By morning-glories filled with rain
Along the woodside gnarly.

Braze in shoes of hominy leather
Hedise blue and gip-ty down.

And a rap on fur and leather.

"The morning ploughed the east with gold,
And planted it with holly;
And I was young and he was old,
And rich and melancholy.

Martha Burns kissed her lightly.

Smiled into her eyes of brown;

And her waist and held her tightly

"I ride by tree, I ride by rill,
I ride by rye and clover,
For by the church beyond the hill
Awaits my first true lover."

They with many an oath and swearer

As a man of great strength.

On the beach he flapped his dagger.

The Alcade's Daughter is a ballad of jealous love.

They stood in the balcony over
The old Toledo square;
And, weeping, she took for her lover
A red rose out of her hair.

For a little while she pondered;
And they kissed farewell; and higher
The moon made amber the air;
And she drew, for the traitor and liar
A stiletto out of her hair.

One man at the corner's turning
Quite dead, in a moonlight band,
In his heart a dagger burning,
A red rose crushed in his hand.

Both look the outlaws, yet they are true to their king.

The Ballad of Low-Lie-Down has for its theme fickle or gypsy love. This savors of mountain life in Kentucky.

Low-Lie-Down.

John-a-Dreams and Harum-Scarum
Came ariding into town
At the Sign of Jug-and-Jorum
There they met with Low-Lie-Down.

--

Brave in shoes of Romany leather
Bodice blue and gipsy gown,
And a cap of fur and feather,
In the inn sat Low-Lie-Down.

--

Harum Scarum kissed her lightly,
Smiled into her eyes of brown;
Clasped her waist and held her tightly
Laughing, "Lovely Low-Lie-Down."

--

Then with many an oath and swagger
As a man of great renown,
On the board he clapped his dagger,
Called for sack and sat him down.

--

Harum-Scarum rides off and leaves her and then John-a-Dreams begins his wooing.

--

For a little while she pondered:
Smiled! then said, "Let care go drown!"
Rose and kissed him. Forth they wandered,
John-a-Dreams and Low-Lie Down."

Zyps of Zirl.

We may look upon this ballad as a Tyrolese offspring of the Robin Hood Cycle of greenwood ballads. Both Zyps of Zirl and Robin Hood are outlaws, yet they are true to their king.

In the best of Robin Hood the king, disguised as a monk,
Kaiser Maximilian is hunting the chamois and falls over
hears Robin swear loyalty to him. Later Robin recognizes the
a precipice but is rescued by the outlaw Zyps of Zirl.
king on account of his skillful archery. Robin says:

--
"I love no man in all the world
And this is the tale the burghers tell:
The Abbot of Witlaw stood at his cell
Where the Solstein lifts its pinnacle.

--
A chamois, he saw, from span to span,
had leapt; and after it leapt a man:
And he knew 'twas the Kaiser Maximilian.
And fell that night."

--
But see! though rash as the chamois he,
His foot less sure. And verily
If the King should miss! Jesue! Marie!

--
"The King hath missed!" And look he falls!
Rolls headlong out to the headlong walls.
What saint shall save him on whom he calls?

--
No voice of the eagle is that which rings!
And the shadow, a wiry man who swings
Down, down, where the desperate Kaiser swings.

--
"By his cross-bow, baldric, and cap's black curl,"
Quoth the Abbot below, "I know the churl."
'Tis the hunted outlaw Zyps of Zirl."

--
And lo! the hand of the outlaw grasps
The arm of the King- and death unclasps
Its fleshless fingers from him who gasps.

--
And safe at last stand Kaiser and churl
On the mountain path where masses curl -
And this the revenge of Zyps of Zirl.

In the Gest of Robin Hood the king, disguised as a monk,
hears Robin swear loyalty to him. Later Robin recognizes the
king on account of his skillful archery. Robin says:

"I love no man in all the world
So well as I do my kyng;
Welcome is my lordes seale;
And monks, for thy tyng."

"Forth he led our comely kyng,
Full faire by the hand;
Many a dere there was slain
And full fast dyghtande."

C O N C L U S I O N .

Having reviewed some of Cawein's ballads in connection with the old English and Scotch ballads, it is plainly obvious, judging from the selections herein quoted, that his ballads bear specific marks of old balladry in technique, that is being a narrative, having refrain and incremental repetition, dealing with popular motifs of old ballads, and possessing simple metrique.