

Chapter 1 : The Forsaken Merman - The Strayed Reveller, and Other Poems - Matthew Arnold, Book, etex

*Berlie Doherty is a superb writer. Her great forte is the tangle of relationships we build, threaten and sometimes destroy in our daily life. Delicate prose and sensitive, believable dialogue combine to create powerful multi-generational narratives which linger long after the story ends.*

COME, dear children, let us away; Down and away below. Now my brothers call from the bay; Now the great winds shoreward blow; Now the salt tides seaward flow; Now the wild white horses play, Champ and chafe and toss in the spray. Children dear, let us away! This way, this way! Call her once before you go! Call once yet! In a voice that she will know: Surely she will come again. Call her once and come away; This way, this way. Come, dear children, come away down; Call no more. She will not come though you call all day; Come away, come away. Children dear, was it yesterday We heard the sweet bells over the bay? In the caverns where we lay, Through the surf and through the swell, The far-off sound of a silver bell? Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep, Where the winds are all asleep; Where the spent lights quiver and gleam; Where the salt weed sways in the stream; Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round, Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground; Where the sea-snakes coil and twine, Dry their mail and bask in the brine; Where great whales come sailing by, Sail and sail, with unshut eye, Round the world for ever and aye? When did music come this way? Children dear, was it yesterday? Children dear, was it yesterday Call yet once that she went away? Once she sate with you and me, On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea, And the youngest sate on her knee. And I lose my poor soul, Merman! Children dear, were we long alone? From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers, But we stood without in the cold blowing airs. She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear: Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door. Come away, children, call no more! Come away, come down, call no more! Down to the depths of the sea. She sits at her wheel in the humming town, Singing most joyfully. Hark what she sings: For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well; For the wheel where I spun, And the blessed light of the sun! She steals to the window, and looks at the sand; And over the sand at the sea; And her eyes are set in a stare; And anon there breaks a sigh, And anon there drops a tear, From a sorrow-clouded eye,.

**Chapter 2 : The Forsaken Merman By Matthew Arnold A Creation of Beauty. Appreciation By P S Remesh**

*The Forsaken Merman and Other Story Poems [Berlie Doherty] on [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com) \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. Combining the best qualities of both storytelling and poetry, this rare collection has a special magic that will enchant readers.*

Essays In Criticism was his monumental work in which he let no great poet go unscathed. Usually such critics would be asked a question: After creating a few more poems, he returned to academics and criticism. The Cornish legend holds that Matthew can still be heard singing from the deep sea. Matthew Arnold Portrait Matthew Arnold relates a very strange story in his poem The Forsaken Merman. The poem is beautiful and picture-like, descriptions of seascape and landscape vivid, and presentation of the theme logical. But the story is actually impossible to happen, and the inspiration for this theme has been traced to a spectacular sea-side village named Zennor in the County of Cornwall in England. Perhaps Arnold might have heard or read about this legend. One day Matthew found out, fell deeply in love with her, and followed her to her deep-sea cavern beneath the waves. They were never seen again on the land. The Cornish legend holds that, in silent nights, Matthew can still be heard singing from the deep sea, the sweet music faintly brought to shore by the breeze. Matthew Arnold only reversed the role of characters in his poem- it was the woman who went to the sea in the poem and later returned to land, abandoning her husband and children. A lady from the land making her home in the deep sea cavern. Ocean is nothing but land submerged. Margaret, a lady from the land, happened to fall in love with and marry a King of the Sea, a merman. She now has her home and her children in a cavern in the deep sea where they live. The winds are all asleep there. We know the wind rages only on the surface, and beneath it, everything is calm except for ocean currents. The cavern is sand-strewn, cool and deep, and cold and dark as the abyss is. Sea plants, sea animals and sea snakes coil and twine all around their home. Sometimes great whales could be seen swimming by, like the great ships moving on the surface of the sea. Margaret has a loving husband and endeared children in that abysmal wonderland and she is now leading a happy and contented life in the depth of the sea, apparently. Life arriving alighted on meteorites from cosmic realms. Lady from the land makes home in sea cavern. Days of festivities in the land are endeared and nostalgic to all terrestrial human beings living far away from land. One day, on a silent Christmas night, the sounds of pealing church bells from the land reach the ocean bottom. Man is mortal, temperamental and selfish. But the watery world is something precious, rare and ethereal. Ocean is where life originated, smithereens of which arrived alighted on meteorites from cosmic realms unimaginably distant, and deposited there on the ocean aeons ago. Sea life is ancient and primeval whereas land life is recent and experimental, aged only a few million years. The sea demands much in loyalty from her inhabitants but the loyalty of land-locked beings to the place of origin of their life is brittle and untested. This test of character is what we are going to see in the poem now. Church bells from the land reach where the winds are all asleep. Where the winds are all asleep. Hearing the toll of church bells from far away land, Margaret becomes home-sick and wishes to rise to the surface, reach land and take part in the Christmas festivities there. She forgets she is a mother and wife now. It is terrible and strange that she has become tired of sea-life by overnight. Or has she been always disliking sea life but pretending to liking it- the terrestrial conceit of a woman? And I loose my poor soul Merman, here with thee. The land has its thrills, beauties and enjoyments just as the sea has its. Soon Margaret forgets her family left behind in the deep sea. From the deep sea in search of beloved wife. The church on the hill side. Mermen and angels are thought to be alike in many respects. Ardence, affection, kindness and mercy are their characteristics. Monarchs of the deep, reflecting the magnanimity and loftiness of the limitless ocean, keep their vows of chastity and integrity. At last, being anxious, one day, with their children, he too rises from the sea, comes to land and visits the church where Margaret usually prayed. They secretly stood outside and peeped inside through the church window. Being not humans and therefore aliens in land, they dared not go inside. This grief-stricken trio consisting of father, daughter and son knew nothing about the Christian kindness that may or may not be flowing through that church. They were a holy trinity unto themselves, stricken by grief. Generations of grief - creative grief - had been what caused that cosmic

particle from stars deposited aeons ago on the ocean to germinate, grow and evolve into life forms. Wind and waves and sky, and the warmth of the earth, could never have quietened the tumult in their souls. God manifests through man in his acts of kindness, consideration and ardence. A mother of ingratitude, her eyes sealed to the holy book. Through mutually understandable gestures, the Merman King tried in many ways to signal to her that their children very much longed for her. The children called their mother in their voices familiar to her. It was all in vain. Steps to the Church where Aliens walked. Is the holy book an excuse for causing pangs of pain in other hearts? To alleviate the pain in other hearts, to act as the representative of God—that was what human beings were sent to the world for and given the holy book. So it was useless persuading her to go back with them to the sea, they learned. She was determined not to return to sea. We will gaze from the sand hills, at the white sleeping town. Before returning to sea with his children, the Merman once again visited the church and the town where his wife lived. He could see she was living a very happy and contented life. She was seen always singing of supreme joy. She was, must have been, actually sad for her children left at sea. The cold, strange eyes of her little girl child looking at her through the cold church window must have created pangs in her guilty soul. The insolent indifference of this earthly woman orphaned her little children then and there. So, the disappointed merman with his children decided to return to sea. Before he goes, he proposes to his children to visit the land in moonlit nights again. They would come and see the church and the town by nights. Her eyes were sealed to the Holy Book. The pain in the eyes of a girl-child left out by her mother. Matthew Arnold created the closing lines of this poem ever memorable. It is unspeakable taboo, sacred. Tennyson perfectly put this more touchingly than anyone in his sensational classic, In Memoriam: Arnold wished to make the world weep with his poem; he succeeded. A special note on Matthew Arnold and his musical experiment. We will gaze from the sand hills at the lost town. The son did not fail his father even once, and not only shone like a star in literature, but excelled as an Academic and Inspector of Schools also. Even though he was a critic in his blood, we will forget he is, once we get deep into his poems. He is a very imaginative and gifted poet by birth too. What he really was— a fine critic or a finer poet— perhaps he himself might not have known well. Anyway, his over-indulgence in and unquenched thirst for literary criticism was responsible for the scantiness of his poems. We would wish, had he produced more poems. His creations in both fields are excellent and equally respected. It is known that no one has ever orchestrated The Forsaken Merman in full, which is great loss to the world. Matthew Arnold used a variety of exotic tunes in the song to express each move and twist in mood appropriately and touchingly along the song which, it seems, he conceived as a complete musical entertainment for the world. I approached this song not as an academic but as an appreciator, an enjoyer, earnestly trying to sing it. I was thrilled at my success, at how Matthew Arnold was there to guide me through the movements of music in each line, through each phrase. It was like simplicity and humbleness unlocking a closed and secured thing of precious beauty through perseverance and consistence; academic achievements and pedagogical experience have nothing to do with it. It was that simple. It must be said that this clever poet skillfully locked his lines and hid his music to prevent the lazy and the haughty from accessing the sublime beauty in them. He wished only the genuinely interested and adequately unorthodox persons to succeed in singing his lines. The musical experiment Matthew Arnold did in The Forsaken Merman is unique in the field of music as well as in the field of literature. Only one other poet has ever attempted such a bold, thrilling experiment in music as well as in literature.

**Chapter 3 : The Forsaken Merman. - Time Upon My Window Sill**

*An anthology of story poems, which span the centuries from Robert Browning, Lewis Carroll and Alfred Tennyson, to contemporary favourites such as Roald Dahl. The poems range from the suspense of "The Listeners", to the sadness of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" and the humour of "The Train to Glasgow".*

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through man in his acts of kindness, consideration and ardence. A mother of ingratitude, her eyes sealed to the holy book. Steps to the Church where Aliens walked. Through mutually understandable gestures, the Merman King tried in many ways to signal to her that their children very much longed for her. The children called their mother in their voices familiar to her. It was all in vain. Is the holy book an excuse for causing pangs of pain in other hearts? To alleviate the pain in other hearts, to act as the representative of God- that was what human beings were sent to the world for and given the holy book. So it was useless persuading her to go back with them to the sea, they learned. She was determined not to return to sea. We will gaze from the sand hills, at the white sleeping town. Her eyes were sealed to the Holy Book. Before returning to sea with his children, the Merman once again visited the church and the town where his wife lived. He could see she was living a very happy and contented life. She was seen always singing of supreme joy. She was, must have been, actually sad for her children left at sea. The cold, strange eyes of her little girl child looking at her through the cold church window must have created pangs in her guilty soul. The insolent indifference of this earthly woman orphaned her little children then and there. So, the disappointed merman with his children decided to return to sea. Before he goes, he proposes to his children to visit the land in moonlit nights again. They would come and see the church and the town by nights. We will gaze from the sand hills. Matthew Arnold created the closing lines of this poem ever memorable. It is unspeakable taboo, sacred. Tennyson perfectly put this more touchingly than anyone in his sensational classic, In Memoriam: Arnold wished to make the world weep with his poem; he succeeded. A special note on Matthew Arnold and his musical experiment. We will gaze from hills at the lost town. The son did not fail his father even once, and not only shone like a star in literature, but excelled as an Academic and Inspector of Schools also. Even though he was a critic in his blood, we will forget he is, once we get deep into his poems. He is a very imaginative and gifted poet by birth too. What he really was- a fine critic or a finer poet- perhaps he himself might not have known well. Anyway, his over-indulgence in and unquenched thirst for literary criticism was responsible for the scantiness of his poems. We would wish, had he produced more poems. His creations in both fields are excellent and equally respected. It is known that no one has ever orchestrated The Forsaken Merman in full, which is great loss to the world. Matthew Arnold used a variety of exotic tunes in the song to express each move and twist in mood appropriately and touchingly along the song which, it seems, he conceived as a complete musical entertainment for the world. I approached this song not as an academic but as an appreciator, an enjoyer, earnestly trying to sing it. I was thrilled at my success, at how Matthew Arnold was there to guide me through the movements of music in each line, through each phrase. It was like simplicity and humbleness unlocking a closed and secured thing of precious beauty through perseverance and consistence; academic achievements and pedagogical experience have nothing to do with it. It was that simple. It must be said that this clever poet skillfully locked his lines and hid his music to prevent the lazy and the haughty from accessing the sublime beauty in them. He wished only the genuinely interested and adequately unorthodox persons to succeed in singing his lines. The musical experiment Matthew Arnold did in The Forsaken Merman is unique in the field of music as well as in the field of literature. Only one other poet has ever attempted such a bold, thrilling experiment in music as well as in literature. In this song Tennyson invented and used a number of tunes to move in synchronization with the tantalizingly changing actions of his intoxicated characters. He adapted even the swaying to-and-fro motions of the ship carrying the lotos-eaten dreamers to the island to corresponding movements in the music in this poem. The world is still waiting for good orchestrated and choreographed versions of The Forsaken Merman and The Lotos-Eaters.

**Chapter 4 : Berlie Doherty - Wikipedia**

*Come, dear children, let us away; Among the major Victorian writers sharing in a revival of interest and respect in the second half of the twentieth century, Matthew Arnold is unique in that his reputation rests equally upon his poetry and his prose.*

Matthew Arnold 24 December 1795 – 15 April 1849 was an English poet and cultural critic who worked as an inspector of schools. He was the son of Thomas Arnold, the famed headmaster of Rugby School, and brother to both Tom Arnold, literary professor, and William Delafield Arnold, novelist and colonial administrator. Matthew Arnold has been characterised as a sage writer, a type of writer who chastises and instructs the reader on contemporary social issues. This poem is made up of ten stanzas. Each of these stanzas is again made up of a varying number of lines. The speaker in the poem is the eponymous merman himself, and he is speaking to his children in the first person. Here is a complete line by line summary of The Forsaken Merman. In this stanza, the merman tells his children to move away from the shore back to their habitation in the depths of the sea. His fellow mermen are calling out to them to return, he says. Tumultuous winds have started blowing over the shore, and the high tide is separating land from sea with the fierceness it is creating in the waves. The merman then proceeds to lead his children towards his home, pointing the way out to them. The second stanza consists of six lines. In this stanza, we are first introduced to an absent female figure, for the merman entreats his children to call out to her just once before they begin their journey homeward. The third stanza consists of seven lines. In this stanza, the merman tells his children that their mother will not be able to bear the pain in their voices as they entreat her to come, and will surely listen to their appeal. The children must call out to her once before leaving and tell her that they will be unable to wait for her on the shore any longer, for the weather has gotten altogether unbearable, as one can see from the fretting of the horses on the shore. Then, in a gesture of desperation, he himself calls out to his wife by her name twice. The fourth stanza consists of seven lines again. They must glance only one last time at the white walls of the buildings in town, and the diminutive grey church that stands at one end of it, on the shore. Seeming to give up hope, he tells his children that their mother will not appear even if they keep calling her name the entire day. The fifth stanza consists of eighteen lines. In this stanza, the merman asks his children whether it was yesterday when they had heard the bells of the church ringing, as they were resting in their caverns beneath the sea. He then goes to describe the tranquillity of those caverns, saying that they are embedded with soft sand, and are both cool and deep within. The lights from the shore almost die out by the time they reach the caverns. However, this low light creates a magical effect as the sea weeds sway in time with the current of the water. Sea-beasts live all around the caverns, and feast on the slime on the sea floor. Sea-snakes are visible as they coil and uncoil themselves. So are whales, which seem never to sleep, but rather to keep swimming continuously till they traverse all the sea and oceans of the earth. The stanza ends with the merman once again asking if it was yesterday that the musical sounds of the bell were heard by them all. Here the merman continues questioning his children, and asks whether it was yesterday when their mother had left. In reply, the merman had told her to go up to church, finish her prayer, and return swiftly to the underwater caverns where they stayed. The seventh stanza consists of twenty-one lines. Here the merman asks the next logical question to his children – whether they have been living without Margaret for a long time or not. The smaller children start to moan about how stormy the sea is getting. He then urges his children again to get going, saying that the prayers of human beings must take a long time indeed. He recalls how they had started the day walking up the beach till they reached the town on its shore. The narrow paths leading to the church which was at an elevated location were deserted. From inside the church, they could hear people praying, but they did not go in. Instead they went to the cemetery behind the church, and stood on the gravestone to look into the church through its windowpanes. They saw their mother sitting by the pillar, and the merman called out to her, asking her to hasten to the place where they were all waiting for her for the smaller children were growing anxious about the stormy weather, and he himself felt that they had been away from her for a very long time. However, Margaret was staring into the Bible so intently that she failed to notice the merman. The priest was praying loudly, and the door

remained closed. This is why he has been telling his children to stop calling out to their mother, and to begin their journey back home. The eighth stanza consists of twenty-three lines. In this stanza, the merman tells his children that they must go down to the sea, for their mother appears to be happy on land, as she sits and the spinning wheel and sings joyfully about all that she sees in the human world. However, that note of mirth is not pure. As the spindle of her wheel drops down to the ground and she stoops to pick it up, for a moment she gazes longingly out of the window at the sea, and as she remembers her husband and children, she sighs and sheds tears. The ninth stanza consists of sixteen lines. Here the merman tells his children that when the evening falls, their mother will be able to hear the storm – the gusts of wind, and the roar of the waves. From their dwelling beneath the sea, they will also be able to see the light from the shore shimmering on the surface of the water, making it take on the hues of amber and pearl. However, by then, the gap will have gotten too large to bridge, and a prophetic voice will say that since their mother has been faithless, she will never be able to return, and they – the kings of the sea – will live alone forever. The tenth and final stanza consists of twenty lines. At that time, they will again make the long journey into town and towards the church. While returning from there, they will sing about how a loved one of theirs lives in that town, but that she has been cruel enough to leave the kings of the sea alone forever. Hope you enjoyed reading the summary of The Forsaken Merman.

**Chapter 5 : Berlie Doherty - The Forsaken Merman and other story poems**

*The Strayed Reveller, and Other Poems: The Forsaken Merman [First published Reprinted , '54, ' ] COME, dear children, let us away; Down and away below.*

Come, dear children, let us away; Down and away below! Now my brothers call from the bay, Now the great winds shoreward blow, Now the salt tides seaward flow; Now the wild white horses play, Champ and chafe and toss in the spray. Children dear, let us away! This way, this way! Call her once before you go! Call once yet! In a voice that she will know: Call her once and come away; This way, this way! The wild white horses foam and fret. Come, dear children, come away down; Call no more! She will not come though you call all day; Come away, come away! Children dear, was it yesterday We heard the sweet bells over the bay? In the caverns where we lay, Through the surf and through the swell, The far-off sound of a silver bell? Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep, Where the winds are all asleep; Where the spent lights quiver and gleam, Where the salt weed sways in the stream, Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round, Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground; Where the sea-snakes coil and twine, Dry their mail and bask in the brine; Where great whales come sailing by, Sail and sail, with unshut eye, Round the world for ever and aye? When did music come this way? Children dear, was it yesterday? Children dear, was it yesterday Call yet once that she went away? Once she sate with you and me, On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea, And the youngest sate on her knee. And I lose my poor soul, Merman! Children dear, were we long alone? From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers, But we stood without in the cold blowing airs. She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear: Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door. Come away, children, call no more! Come away, come down, call no more! Down to the depths of the sea! She sits at her wheel in the humming town, Singing most joyfully. Hark what she sings: For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well; For the wheel where I spun, And the blessed light of the sun! She steals to the window, and looks at the sand, And over the sand at the sea; And her eyes are set in a stare; And anon there breaks a sigh, And anon there drops a tear, From a sorrow-clouded eye,.

Chapter 6 : What is the summary of Matthew Arnold's poem, "The Forsaken Merman"? | eNotes

*Matthew Arnold's poem, "The Forsaken Merman," tells the story of a merman (a male version of a mermaid) and his human wife who live beneath the seas. The two have borne children and seem happy.*

Now my brothers call from the bay, Now the great winds shoreward blow, Now the salt tides seaward flow;  
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**Chapter 7 : The Forsaken Merman Poem by Matthew Arnold - Poem Hunter**

*Context: 'The Forsaken Merman' was published in , as part of the collection of poems entitled The Strayed Reveller, and Other Poems. This was Arnold's first published work, and thus 'The Forsaken Merman' is an early work.*

For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaid  
And the gleam of her golden hair. Come away, away children  
The hoarse wind blows coldly; Lights shine in the town. She will start from her slumber  
When gusts shake the door; She will hear the winds howling, Will hear the waves roar. We shall see, while above us  
The waves roar and whirl, A ceiling of amber, Singing: And alone dwell for ever  
The kings of the sea. We will gaze, from the sand-hills, At the white, sleeping town;  
At the church on the hill-side-- And then come back down. She left lonely for ever  
The kings of the sea. We ask and ask -- Thou smilest and art still, Out-topping knowledge.  
For the loftiest hill, Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty, Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,  
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling place, Spares but the cloudy border of his base  
To the foiled searching of mortality; And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,  
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure, Didst tread on earth unguessed at.  
All pains the immortal spirit must endure, All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,  
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow. And thy gay smiles no anodyne.  
Give me thy hand and hush awhile, And turn those limpid eyes on mine, And let me read there, love!  
Are even lovers powerless to reveal To one another what indeed they feel? I knew the mass of men concealed  
Their thoughts, for fear that if revealed They would by other men be met With blank indifference,  
or with blame reproved; I knew they lived and moved Tricked in disguises, alien to the rest  
Of men, and alien to themselves -- and yet The same heart beats in every human breast!  
But we my love! And many a man in his own breast then delves, But deep enough, alas!  
And we have been on many thousand lines, And we have shown, on each, spirit and power;  
But hardly have we, for one little hour, Been on our own line, have we been ourselves --  
Hardly had skill to utter one of all The nameless feelings that course through our breast,  
But they course on for ever unexpressed. And then we will no more be racked  
With inward striving, and demand Of all the thousand nothings of the hour  
Their stupefying power; Ah yes, and they benumb us at our call! The eye sinks inward,  
and the heart lies plain, And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.  
And there arrives a lull in the hot race Wherein he doth for ever chase  
That flying and elusive shadow, rest. An air of coolness plays upon his face,  
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast. And then he thinks he knows  
The hills where his life rose And the sea where it goes. Thou thyself must break at last.  
Let the long contention cease! Geese are swans, and swans are geese. Let them have it  
how they will! They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee? Better men fared thus  
before thee; Fired their ringing shot and passed, Hotly charged - and sank at last.  
Charge once more, then, and be dumb! Let the victors, when they come, When the forts of folly fall,  
Find thy body by the wall! Physician of the iron age, Goethe has done his pilgrimage.  
He took the suffering human race, He read each wound, each weakness clear;  
And struck his finger on the place, And said: Thou ailest here, and here!  
The end is everywhere, Art still has truth, take refuge there! And he was happy, if to know  
Causes of things, and far below His feet to see the lurid flow  
Of terror, and insane distress, And headlong fate, be happiness. Wordsworth has gone from us--and ye,  
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we! He too upon a wintry clime Had fallen--on this iron time  
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears. He found us when the age had bound  
Our souls in its benumbing round; He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears. Others will teach us  
how to dare, And against fear our breast to steel; Others will strengthen us to bear--  
But who, ah! The cloud of mortal destiny, Others will front it fearlessly--  
But who, like him, will put it by? Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,  
O Rotha, with thy living wave! Sing him thy best!

**Chapter 8 : Berlie Doherty - Poetry**

*The Forsaken Merman by Matthew www.nxgvision.com dear children let us away Down and away below Now my brothers call from the bay Now the great winds shoreward blow Now the salt tides seaward.*

The Forsaken Merman by Matthew Arnold: A Creation of Beauty. Essays In Criticism was his monumental work in which he let no great poet go unscathed. Usually such critics would be asked a common question: After creating a few more poems he returned to Criticism and Academics. Ocean is nothing but Land submerged. Poem by Matthew Arnold. Matthew Arnold relates a very strange story in his poem The Forsaken Merman. The beautiful poem is picture-like, the descriptions of the sea-scapes and land-scapes vivid and presentation of the theme is logical. But the story is impossible to happen, though his inspiration for the theme can perhaps be traced to a spectacular sea-side village named Zennor in the County of Cornwall in England. One day Matthew found out, fell deeply in love and followed her beneath the waves to her deep sea cavern. They were never again seen on land. The Cornish legend holds that in silent nights Matthew can still be heard singing from the deep sea, faintly brought to land by the breeze. Lady from the land makes home in sea cavern. A lady from the land making her home in the deep sea cavern. Margaret, a lady from the land happened to marry a King of the Sea, a merman. She now has her home and her children in the deep sea where they live in a cavern. The winds are all asleep there. The cavern is sand-strewn, cool and deep. The cavern is cold and dark also. Sea plants, sea animals and sea snakes are all around. Sometimes great whales can be seen passing by, resembling great ships on the sea surface. She has a loving husband and is leading a happy life in the depth of the sea. Where the Winds are all asleep. Life arriving alighted on meteorites from cosmic realms. Days of festivities in the land are endeared and nostalgic to all terrestrial human beings who are far away from land. One day, on silent Christmas nights, the sounds of pealing church bells reaches the ocean bottom from the land. Man is mortal, temperamental and selfish. But water is something rare, precious and ethereal. Ocean is where life originated, smithereens of which arrived alighted on meteorites from the cosmic realms and deposited there aeons ago. Considering the length and brevity of history of life in the sea and in the land, there is difference in the subtlety in loyalties. The sea demands much in loyalty but the loyalty of a land-locked being is brittle. The Church on the Hill Side. Church bells from the land reaches where the winds are all asleep. Hearing the tongs of bells from the far away land, Margaret became home-sick and wishes to rise to the land to participate in the Christmas celebrations there. She forgets she is a mother and wife. It is terrible and strange that she is tired of sea-life overnight. And I loose my poor soul Merman, here with thee. Margaret forgot her family left behind in the deep sea. From the deep sea in search of beloved wife. From the deep sea in search of a beloved wife. Mermen and the angels are thought to be alike in many respects. Ardence, affection, kindness and mercy are considered to be their characteristics. Mighty monarchs of the deep, perfectly reflecting the magnanimity and loftiness of the oceans, keep their vows of chastity and integrity. So one day, with their children, he too rose up from the sea, came to land and visited the church where Margaret usually prayed. Steps to the Curch where Aliens walked. Generations of grief in the tumultous soul of the holy trinity. They stood secretly outside and peeped inside through the church window. Being not humans and therefore aliens in land, they dared not go inside. This grief-stricken trio consisting of father, daughter and son knew nothing about Christian kindness. They were a holy trinity unto themselves. Generations of grief had been what caused that cosmic particle deposited on the ocean to germinate and evolve itself into life forms. Wind and waves and sky can never quieten the tumult in their souls. Her eyes were sealed to the Holy Book. A mother of ingratitude, her eyes sealed to the holy book. Her face was burried deep in the Bible. Through mutually understandable gestures, he tried in many ways to hint that their children very much longed for her. The children called their mother in their voices familiar to her. It was all in vain. So it was useless persuading her to go back with them to the sea. She was determined not to return to sea. We will gaze from the sand hills. We will gaze from the sand hills, at the white sleeping town. Before returning to the sea with his children, the Merman once again visited the church and the town where his wife lived. He could see that she was living a very happy and contended life. She was seen always singing of supreme joy. She was actually sad for her

children left at sea. The cold, strange eyes of her little girl child looking at her through the equally cold church window had created pangs in her guilty soul. So the disappointed merman with his children decided to return to the sea. Before he goes, he proposes to his children to visit the land on moonlit nights again. They would come and see the church and the town by nights. The pain in the eyes of a girl-child left out by her mother. Matthew Arnold created the closing lines of this poem ever memorable. The grief of a girl-child who is left out and abandoned by her beloved mother can never be and shall be described in words. The readers will never forget the pain in the cold strange eyes of the girl child looking at her mother through the church windows. Arnold wished to make the world weep with his poem; he succeeded.

#### Chapter 9 : Summary of The Forsaken Merman by Matthew Arnold - Beaming Notes

*This poem summary focuses on 'The Forsaken Merman' by the English poet Matthew Arnold. Matthew Arnold (24 December - 15 April ) was an English poet and cultural critic who worked as an inspector of schools.*