

## DOWNLOAD PDF V. 3. POEMS BALLADS (SECOND AND THIRD SERIES AND SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES.

### Chapter 1 : Longfellow: Searchable Database of Longfellow Poems

*the collected poetical works of algernon charles swinburne vol. iii poems & ballads (second and third series) and songs of the springtides.*

Where the birds are singing, singing, singing, crying aloud  
The song of the red, red rose that blossoms beyond  
the seas. Would I could see it, the rose, when the light begins to fail.  
The dusk comes gathering grey, and the darkness dims the West,  
The oxen low to the byre, and all bells ring to rest; But I ride over the moors,  
for the dusk still bides and waits. That brims my soul with the glow of the rose  
that ends the Quest. My horse is spavined and ribbed, and his bones come through his hide.  
It will happen at last, at dusk, as my horse limps down the fell,  
A star will glow like a note God strikes on a silver bell,  
And the bright white birds of God will carry my soul to Christ,  
And the sight of the Rose, the Rose, will pay for the years of hell.  
Like a slow sweet piece of music from the grey forgotten years;  
Telling tales, and beating tunes, and bringing weary thoughts to me  
Of the sandy beach at Muertos, where I would that I could be.  
We anchored at Los Muertos when the dipping sun was red,  
We left her half-a-mile to sea, to west of Nigger Head ;  
And before the mist was on the Cay, before the day was done,  
We were all ashore on Muertos with the gold that we had won.  
The moon came white and ghostly as we laid the treasure down.  
We smoothed the place with mattocks, and we took and blazed the tree,  
Which marks yon where the gear is hid that none will ever see.  
And we laid aboard the ship again, and south away we steers,  
Through the loud surf of Los Muertos which is beating in my ears.  
And I know where all that gold is hid, if I were only there.  
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine. Stately Spanish galleon  
coming from the Isthmus, Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,  
With a cargo of diamonds, Emeralds, amethysts. Topazes, and cinnamon,  
and gold moldores. Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan. Oh some are fond  
of fiddles, and a song well sung And some are all for music for to lilt upon  
thg tongue ; But mouths were made for tankards, and for sucking at the bung.  
Like an old bold mate of Henry Morgan. Coram St 32 An old Song re-sung  
I SAW a ship a-sailing, a-sailing, a-sailing, With emeralds and rubies and sapphires  
in her hold; And a bosun in a blue coat bawling at the railing Piping through a  
silver call that had a chain of gold ; The summer wind was failing and the tall  
ship rolled. I saw a ship a-sinking, a-sinking, a-sinking. With glittering sea-water  
splashing on her decks, With seamen in her spirit-room singing songs and drinking.  
Pulling claret bottles down, and knocking off the necks, The broken glass was  
chinking as she sank among the wrecks. They rhyme and chime and mingle,  
They pulse and boom and beat, And the laughing bells are gentle And the  
mournful bells are sweet. Then hey for croft and hop-yard, and hill, and field,  
and pond, With Bredon Hill before me and Malvern Hill beyond. Oh London tunes  
are new tunes, and London books are wise. And London plays are rare plays,  
and fine to country eyes. But I was going westward, and the ship waited me.  
Dirt, and drink, and stink, and crime, In Spanish port. Port of Holy Peter.  
I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils, Bringing the springing grass  
and the soft warm April rain. Coram St, 36 The Seekers Friends and loves we have  
none, nor wealth nor blessed abode, But the hope of the City of God at the other  
end of the road. Not for us are content, and quiet, and peace of mind. For we go  
seeking a city that we shall never find. There is no solace on earth for us  
â€” for such as we â€” Who search for a hidden city that we shall never see.  
And the watch fire under stars, and sleep, and the road again. We seek the City  
of God, and the haunt where beauty dwells, And we find the noisy mart and the  
sound of burial bells. Never the golden city, where radiant people meet. But the  
dolorous town where mourners are going about the street. Friends and loves we  
have none, nor wealth nor blest abode, But the hope of the City of God at the  
other end of the road. And in the dim green quiet place far out of sight and  
hearing, Grant I may hear at whiles the wash and thresh of the sea-foam  
About the fine keen bows of the stately clippers steering Towards the lone  
northern star and the fair ports of home. Tettenhall 4t Dawn The dawn comes  
cold: Down in the town a clock strikes six. The grey east heaven burns and  
glows, The dew shines on the thatch of ricks, A slow old crone comes  
gathering sticks,. The red cock in the ox-yard crows. Beyond the stack where  
we have lain The road runs twisted like a

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snake The white road to the land of Spain , The road that we must foot again, Though the feet halt and the heart ache. Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span. Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man. Laugh and be merry: The splendid joy of the stars: Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin. Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn, Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt of the music ends. Laugh till the game is played ; and be you merry, my friends. In a warm golden glow The woods are steeped. The shadows grow ; The bat has cheeped. Sweet smells the new-mown hay ; The mowers pass Home, each his way, Through the grass. The moon I The dew's descend. Love, can this beauty in our hearts end? One road leads to the river, As it goes singing slow; My road leads to shipping, Where the bronzed sailors go. My road calls me, lures me West, east, south, and north; Most roads lead men homewards, My road leads me forth To add more miles to the tally Of grey miles left behind. In quest of that one beauty God put me here to find. This is that holiest night of the year When the mowers say may be heard and seen The ghostly court of the English queen, Who rides to harry and hunt the deer. And the woodland creatures cower awake A strange unrest is on harts and does, For the maiden Dian a-hunting goes, And the trembling deer are a-foot in the brake. Oh soon the forest will ring with cries, The dim green coverts will flash: The hurrying feet will range unstayed Of questing goddess and hunted fawn, Till the east is grey with the sacred dawn. And the red cock wakens the milking maid. When night had fallen and lights and fires Were darkened in the homes of men, Some sighing echo stirred: Till every heart was all ablaze " Hasty each foot " to obey the call To triumph or to funeral. Could I begin again the slow Sweet mournful music filled with tears, Surely the old, dead, dusty ears Would hear; the old drowsy eyes would glow. Old memories come; old hopes and fears. And time restore the long ago. So beautiful, so purely wrought, Like a fair missal penned with hymns, So gentle, so surpassing thought " A beauteous soul in lovely limbs, A lantern that an angel trims. To round a moondd poem rhymed To tunes the laughing bells have chimed. The pitiful bones are laid at ease. The grass has grown in his tangled hair, And a rambling bramble binds his knees To shrieve his soul from the pangs of hell, The only requiem bells that rang Were the harebell and the heather bell. Hushed he is with the holy spell In the gentle hymn the wind sang. And he lies quiet, and sleeps well. The vetches have twined about his bones, The stragglng ivy twists and creeps In his eye-sockets: S6 Sorrow of Mydath Weary the cry of the wind is, weary the sea, Weary the heart and the mind and the body of me, Would I were out of it, done with it, would I could be A white gull crying along the desolate sands. Outcast, derelict soul in a body accurst, Standing drenched with the spindrift, standing athirst. For the cool green waves of death to arise and burst In a tide of quiet for me on the desolate sands. Down in the valley the lamps, and the mist, and a star over all. There by the rick, where they thresh, is the drone at an end. Twilight it is, and I travel the road with my friend. I think of the friends who are dead, who were dear long ago in the past, Beautiful friends who are dead, though I know that death cannot last ; 59 TWILIGHT Friends with the beautiful eyes that the dust has defiled, Beautiful souls who were gentle when I was a child. O beauty on the darkness hurled. Be it through me you shame the world. So she passed swaying, where the green seas run, Her wind-steadied topsails were stately in the sun; There was glitter on the water from her red port light. So she passed swaying, till she was out of sight. They have to mangle hard, And stitch at dungarees till their finger-ends are scarred. Thinking of the sailor-men who sang among the crowd. Hoisting of her topsails when she sailed so proud. With sturdier limbs and brighter brain The old soul takes the roads again. Such is my own beHef and trust ; This hand, this hand that holds the pen, Has many a hundred times been dust And turned, as dust, to dust again ; These eyes of mine have blinked and shone In Thebes, in Troy, in Babylon. Is curse or blessing justly due For sloth or effort in the past. I know that in my lives to be My sorry heart will ache and burn, And worship, unavailingly, The woman whom I used to spurn, And shake to see another have The love I spurned, the love she gave. And I shall know, in angry words, In gibes, and mocks, and many a tear, A carrion flock of homing-birds, The gibes and scorns I uttered here The brave word that I failed to speak Will brand me dastard on the cheek 65 F A CREED And as I wander on the roads I shall be helped and healed and blessed ; Dear words shall cheer and be as goads To urge to heights before unguessed. My road shall be the road I made ; All that I gave shall be repaid. Be smithied all to kingly

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gold. There is cool green grass there, where men may lie at rest, And the thrushes are in song there, fluting from the nest.

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### Chapter 2 : The poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne. - CORE

*v Poems and ballads (first series) -- v Songs before sunrise. Songs of two nations. -- v Poems and ballads (second and third series). Songs of the.*

Kyrielle A Kyrielle is a French form of rhyming poetry written in quatrains a stanza consisting of 4 lines , and each quatrain contains a repeating line or phrase as a refrain usually appearing as the last line of each stanza. Each line within the poem consists of only eight syllables. There is no limit to the amount of stanzas a Kyrielle may have, but three is considered the accepted minimum. Some popular rhyming schemes for a Kyrielle are: Mixing up the rhyme scheme is possible for an unusual pattern of: The rhyme pattern is completely up to the poet. Guiding me strongly, yet so kind, beyond horizons of mere mind. Given choices, each step I took, good would tingle and evil shook. Some paths in life, perhaps, would wind beyond horizons of mere mind. At times, I stumbled into pits, drowning in darkness - causing fits. Spirit, nothing will ever bind, beyond horizons of mere mind. The first, second and fifth lines, the longer lines syllables , rhyme. The third and fourth shorter lines syllables rhyme. Limericks are very light hearted poems and can sometimes be utter nonsense. They are great for kids to both read and write as they are short and funny. The last line of a limerick is normally a little farfetched or unusual. The term derives from a form of Ancient Greek literature, the lyric, which was defined by its musical accompaniment, usually on a stringed instrument known as a lyre. In some cases, the form and theme of a lyric poem are inter wed. However, it is just as common for the form and theme to be opposites, which brings the readers interest on whether the poet can successfully bridge a union between the two. Lyric poetry is made of two main types: Elegy A poem of mourning or reflection on the death of an individual. Ode A serious or thoughtful poem, usually with a formal structure. This type of poem is generally seen as a way to pay homage to a thing or person. This type of lyric is the most popular and includes the sub-genre of sonnets. So why, Love, should we ever pray To live a century? The butterfly that lives a day Has lived eternity. The flowers I gave thee when the dew Was trembling on the vine, Were withered ere the wild bee flew To suck the eglantine. So let us haste to pluck anew Nor mourn to see them pine, And though our days of love be few Yet let them be divine. A Pantoum is a type of poem with a verse form consisting of three stanzas. It has a set pattern within the poem of repetitive lines. The pattern in each stanza is where the second and fourth line of each verse is repeated as the first and third of the next. The pattern changes though for the last stanza to the first and third line are the second and fourth of the stanza above penultimate. The last line is a repeat of the first starting line of the poem and the third line of the first is the second of the last. The Word born to the frailty of flesh, He lies wrapped in the cloths of mystery, And seals our life within his endlessness, In infant finitude eternity. He lies wrapped in the cloths of mystery, The straining of small limbs, unopened eyes. In infant finitude, eternity And love invisible we recognize. Draw us from torchlight to the light of glory. Pindaric ode Pindaric ode, ceremonious poem by or in the manner of Pindar, a Greek professional lyrist of the 5th century B. Pindar employed the triadic structure attributed to Stesichorus, consisting of a strophe two or more lines repeated as a unit followed by a metrically harmonious antistrophe, concluding with a summary line in a different meter. These three parts corresponded to the movement of the chorus to one side of the stage, then to the other, and their pause mid-stage to deliver the epode. The collection of four books of Epinician odes influenced poets of the Western world since their publication by Aldus Manutius in The metaphors, myths, and gnomic sayings that ornament the odes are often difficult to grasp because of the rapid shifts of thought and the sacrifice of syntax to achieving uniform poetic color. Poets worked in pairs or small groups, taking turns composing the alternating three-line and two-line stanzas. To create a renga, one poet writes the first stanza, which is three lines long with a total of seventeen syllables. The next poet adds the second stanza, a couplet with seven syllables per line. The language is often pastoral, incorporating words and images associated with seasons, nature, and love. In order for the poem to achieve its trajectory, each poet writes a new stanza that leaps from only the stanza preceding it. It is a short poem consisting of fifteen lines

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that have two rhymes throughout. The rondeau began as a lyric form in thirteenth-century France, popular among medieval court poets and musicians. The challenge of writing a rondeau is finding an opening line worth repeating and choosing two rhyme sounds that offer enough word choices. We are the dead; short days ago We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow, Loved and were loved, and now we lie In Flanders fields. Take up our quarrel with the foe! To you from failing hands we throw The torch; be yours to hold it high! If ye break faith with us who die We shall not sleep, though poppies grow In Flanders fields. This is a type of concrete poetry. It could be a circle-shaped poem describing a cookie, or a poem about love shaped like a heart.

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### Chapter 3 : Full text of "Ballads and poems"

*The Poems Of Algernon Charles Swinburne: Poems And Ballads. Second And Third Series And Songs Of The Springtides [Algernon Charles Swinburne] on www.nxgvision.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers.*

We have tried to make the abbreviations obvious. The abbreviations used are listed below. Unless otherwise specified, books are fully indexed, i. Some books which contain both folk and non-folk songs have been partially indexed -- that is, only songs known to be folk or already included in the index have been included in the references. Care should always be taken to see whether a book is indexed by Page or by Number, i. Numbers have been preferred where possible, as they are less likely to change with new editions. In general, pages are preceded by the symbol p. For books added starting with version 1. Belden was added in Release 1. Abbot, collector; Alfred J. Ballads cited by Number. Partially indexed by Paul J. Added in version 4. There is no copyright date, but two introductory notes from Swan and Abbot respectively are dated July Ballads cited by Page. Indexed by Robert Waltz. This is a textbook rather than a songbook, and as such contains both fragments of songs and full songs. AbrahamsRiddle -- Roger D. Abrahams, Deep the Water, Shallow the Shore Indexed by Ben Schwartz. The third essay are songs Abrahams collected among the St. Vincent "blackfish" [pilot whale] whalers; how many are local, and how many are found among songs of other whalers? Added in version 2. Indexed by Robert B. The first edition of this book was published in as Colonial Ballads, and this was also the title of the second edition of The current title was first applied to the third edition of , which is the one indexed here. Great Folk Songs from the Revolution to Rock Partially Indexed by Robert Waltz. The final section of this book "Atomic Age to Space Age," pp. Indexed by Paul J. This is a collection of reprints of broadsides, not of field collections, with the broadsides numbered but with un-numbered inserts, so finding songs is very difficult. It is made even more difficult in the D. Goodchild reprint, which cuts off most of the song numbers. You may have to refer to the Table of Contents to find the approximate location of the song. This calls itself "A Selection of New Zealand Popular Songs and Ballads," implying that it is primarily composed, many of them folk songs. In fact it is mostly a selection of poetry by non-professional poets, although it has some folk songs also it seems to have been the first attempt to publish a collection of New Zealand folk works. Ballads cited by Number and Page. But there is so much that is related to traditional song some items that I indexed it as best I could. The annotations are frequently useful, if far from complete. Added in version 1. Barton -- William E. Bruce Olson, "Broadside Ballad Index: Beck-Maine -- Horace P. Beck, The Folklore of Maine Behan -- Dominic Behan, Ireland Sings, Partially indexed by Robert Waltz. Added in version 3. All the songs in this volume are either composed usually by Behan or Wolfe Stephens or are listed as rewritten to some degree by Behan. Unfortunately, he does not indicate to what degree. Songs which are recognizably variants of traditional songs are indexed; those which are listed as composed are not; those which Behan says are traditional but which do not seem to appear in other anthologies are included if they seem as if they might be traditional. Indexed by Robert Waltz omitting a few non-traditional pieces. A very large fraction of the material in Bell is derived from the works of Dixon. Bell has rearranged, changed the notes, and added and dropped some items, but where Dixon and Bell are both cited, Dixon is generally the source for Bell and presumably should be examined first. Grace Note Publications, Ballads cited by Page and Track Reference Number. A collection of the Newfoundland singer Jerome Downey. French Texts collected by Anna C. I have not indexed "Robin Hood Song," Blondahl p. Robin Hood Flour Mills Limited; that song was in the center signature which is missing from my copy of the book, not available from any of my sources including Robin Hood Flour Mills Limited, and would probably have been omitted in any case. Bone -- David Bone, Capstan Bars Wolfe, Folk Songs of Middle Tennessee: The George Boswell Collection Botkin, A Treasury of American Folklore Partially Indexed by Nathan Rose. Botkin contains occasional odds and ends of songs throughout, but only the section devoted specifically to music Part Nine "Where the Blues Begin" , pp. Botkin contains occasional odds and ends of songs throughout,

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but only the section devoted specifically to music Part Five, Sections I "Ballads and Songs" , pp. Botkin, A Treasury of Southern Folklore ; reprinted Botkin and Alvin F. Brewster -- Paul G. Brewster, Ballads and Songs of Indiana BroadwoodCarols -- Lucy E. Broadwood, English Traditional Songs and Carols Maitland, editors, English County Songs London, ? Bronner-Eskin1 -- Simon J. Bronner, editor, "Folksong Alive: Bronner-Eskin2 -- Simon J. Bronson -- Bertrand H. Ballads cited by Child Number. Indexed by Abby Sale. BronsonSinging -- Bertrand H. It uses the same version numbers as the major work; these numbers are noted in the Ballad Index entries to allow inter-reference. BrownII -- Henry M. Folk Ballads from North Carolina Folk Songs from North Carolina The Music of the Ballads The Music of the Folk Songs Ballads cited by Number the game songs at the end of the book have no numbers and are indexed by page. Browne -- Ray B. Browne, The Alabama Folk Lyric: This is a very inconsistent book, citing scraps of doggerel along with genuine songs, and with inconsistent and sometimes highly inaccurate notes. Much that is included is clearly not traditional. And much of what is included has had large sections chopped out. Nonetheless I have indexed everything which appears it might be traditional, even if only excerpted. Burton, editor, Tennessee Traditional Singers: Manning and Minnie M. If you think the title is pompous and silly -- yep, it is. And Cambiaire includes some of his own poetry, which naturally is not indexed. No sources are cited for most of the songs. All in all, a very irritating book, but one with many interesting texts.

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### Chapter 4 : Bab Ballads - Wikipedia

*Poems and Ballads (First Series). II. Songs before Sunrise, and Songs of Two Nations. III. Poems and Ballads (Second and Third Series), and Songs of the Spring-Tides. IV.*

This baronet, who exercised a strong influence over his grandson, the poet, had been born and brought up in France, and cultivated the memory of Mirabeau. In habits, dress, and modes of thought he was like a French nobleman, of the ancien regime. Lady Jane was a woman of exquisite accomplishment, and widely read in foreign literature. From his earliest years Algernon was trained, by his grandfather and by his mother, in the French and Italian languages. He was brought up, with the exception of long visits to Northumberland, in the Isle of Wight, his grandparents residing at The Orchard, Niton, Ventnor, and his parents at East Dene, Bonchurch. He had been born all but dead and was not expected to live an hour; but though he was always nervous and slight, his childhood, spent mainly in the open air, was active and healthy. His father, the admiral, taught him to plunge in the sea when he was still almost an infant, and he was always a fearless and, in relation to his physique, a powerful swimmer. This volume had been given to him by his mother when he was six years of age. Up to the time of his going to Eton he had never been allowed to read a novel, but he immediately plunged into the study of Dickens, as well as of Shakespeare released from Bowdler, of the old dramatists, of every species of lyrical poetry. The embargo being now raised, he soon began to read everything. He began, before he was fourteen, to collect rare editions of the dramatists. Any day he could be found in a bay-window of the college library, the sunlight in his hair, and his legs always crossed tailor-wise, with a folio as big as himself spread open upon his knees. It has been falsely said that Swinburne was bullied at Eton. He did not dislike Eton, but he cultivated few friendships; he did not desire school-honours, he never attempted any game or athletics, and he was looked upon as odd and inaccountable, and so left alone to his omnivorous reading. He was a kind of fairy, a privileged creature. Immediately on his arrival at Eton he had attacked the poetry of Wordsworth. Earlier in the same year Lady Jane had taken her son to visit Rogers in London; and on this old man also the child made a strong impression. In the catholicity of his poetic taste there was one odd exception: His Greek elegiacs were greatly admired. In there was some talk of his being trained for the army, which he greatly desired; but this was abandoned on account of the slightness and shortness of his figure. All his life he continued to regret the military profession. After the first year his high-church proclivities fell from him and he became a nihilist in religion and a republican. In this year, while at Capheaton, he formed the friendship of Lady Trevelyan and Miss Capel Lofft, and was for the next four years a member of their cultivated circle at Wallington. Here Ruskin met him, and formed a very high opinion of his imaginative capacities. In the autumn Edwin Hatch [q. He now accompanied his parents to France for a long visit. He cultivated few friends except those who immediately interested him poetically and politically. But he was a member of the club called the Old Mortality, in which he was associated with Nichol, Dicey, Luke who was drowned in , T. Green, Caird, and Pater, besides Mr. Jowett thought it well that Swinburne should leave Oxford for a while at the end of Easter term, , and sent him to read modern history with William Stubbs [q. In consequence of some strictures made by Stubbs, Swinburne destroyed the only draft of the play, but was able to write it all out again from memory. He was back at the university from 14 Oct. Jowett was convinced that he was doing no good at Oxford, and he left without taking a degree. His father was greatly displeased with him, but Algernon withdrew to Capheaton, until, in the spring of , he came to London, and took rooms near Russell Place to be close to the Burne-Joneses. He had now a very small allowance from his father, and gave up the idea of preparing for any profession. Capheaton was still his summer home, but when Sir John Swinburne died 26 Sept. When Algernon returned to London early in his friendship with D. The company also included Stirling of Keir afterwards Sir W. The relationship which ensued was not altogether fortunate. Burton was a giant and an athlete, one of the few men who could fire an old-fashioned elephant-gun from his shoulder, and drink a bottle of brandy without feeling any effect from it. Swinburne, on the contrary,

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was a weakling. He was being painted by Rossetti in February when the wife of the latter died so tragically; Swinburne gave evidence at the inquest 12 Feb. In the spring of that year he joined his family in the Pyrenees, and saw the Lac de Gaube, in which he insisted on swimming, to the horror of the natives. Swinburne joined Meredith and the Rossettis 24 Oct. Rossetti believed that it would be good for Swinburne to be living in the household of friends who would look after him without seeming to control him, since life in London lodgings was proving rather disastrous. Moreover, about this time he began to be afflicted with what is considered to have been a form of epilepsy, which made it highly undesirable that he should be alone. In Paris, during a visit in March, he had made the acquaintance of Whistler, whom he now introduced to Rossetti. From the Isle of Wight, at the close of February, Swinburne went abroad for what was to remain the longest foreign tour in his life. He passed through Paris, where he saw Fantin-Latour, and proceeded to Hyeres, where Milnes had a villa, and so to Italy. From Rossetti he had received an introduction to Sejmaour Kirkup [q. Swinburne found Landor in his house in Via della Chiesa, close to the church of the Carmine, on 31 March, and he visited the art-galleries of Florence in the company of Mrs. Two autumn months of this year were spent in Cornwall, at Tintagel in company with Jowett, at Kynance Cove, and at St. On his return to London he went into lodgings at 22a Dorset Street, where he remained for several years. Rossetti, was published by Edward Moxon [q. This also was warmly received by the critics, but there were murmurs heard as to its supposed sensuality. He met, on the other hand, with many assurances of eager support, and in particular, in November, he received a letter from a young Welsh squire, George E. Moxon, I well remember, was terribly nervous in those days, and it was only the wishes of mutual good friends, coupled with his own liking for the ballads, that finally induced him to publish the book at all. The critics in the press denounced many of the pieces with a heat which did little credit to their judgment. Moxon shrank before the storm, and in July withdrew the volume from circulation. Another publisher was found in John Camden Hotten [q. In the autumn he spent some time with Powell at Aberystwyth. His name was constantly before the public in the latter part of, when his portraits filled the London shop-windows and the newspapers outdid one another in legendary tales of his eccentricity. His friends now included Simeon Solomon [q. In June, while staying with Lord Houghton at Fryston, he had a fit which left him seriously ill. In August, to recuperate, he spent some time with Lord Lytton at Knebworth, where he made the acquaintance of John Forster. Mazzini strongly discouraged the idea, advising him to confine himself to the cause of Italian freedom, and he declined. Swinburne now became intimate with Adah Isaacs Menken [q. He was very busily engaged on political poetry during this year. Here Offenbach visited them. At this time, too, the youthful Guy de Maupassant paid the friends a visit, of which he has given an entertaining account. Swinburne, much recovered in health, was in delightful spirits; like Jowett, he was ardently on the side of France. In September he went off for a prolonged walking-tour through the highlands of Scotland, and returned in splendid condition. The life of London, however, was always bad for him, and in October he was seriously ill again; in November he visited George Meredith at Kingston. Locker-Lampson set up in type for him; this play, however, was not finished for several years. His intercourse with D. Rossetti had now ceased; his acquaintance with Mr. Theodore Watts afterwards Watts-Dunton began. In July and August of this year he was again staying at Tummel Bridge with Jowett, and once more he was the life and soul of the party, enlivening the evenings with paradoxes and hyperboles and recitations of Mrs. Rogers, which was published the following summer. Meanwhile he spent some autumn weeks with Jowett at Grantown, Elginshire. In April he was put, without his consent, and to his great indignation, on the Byron Memorial Committee. Two volumes of reprinted matter belong to this year, In July he was poisoned by lilies with which a too enthusiastic hostess had filled his bedroom, and he did not completely recover until November. Admiral Swinburne, his father, died on 4 March Theodore Watts, with the consent of Lady Jane Swinburne, removed him from 3 Great James Street to his own house, The Pines, Putney, where the remaining thirty years of his life were spent, in great retirement but with health slowly and completely restored. Under the guardianship of his devoted companion, he pursued with extreme regularity a monotonous course of life, which was rarely diversified by even a visit to London, although it lay so near. Swinburne had, since about, been afflicted with

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increasing deafness, which now from onwards made general society impossible for him. In February he made the acquaintance of J. Lowell, who had bitterly attacked his early poems. Watts took him for some weeks to Guernsey and Sark. His history now dwindles to a mere enumeration of his publications. In June his public rupture with an old friend. Whistler, attracted notice; it was the latest ebullition of his fierce temper, which was now becoming wonderfully placid. His daily walk over Putney Heath, in the course of which he would waylay perambulators for the purpose of baby-worship, made him a figure familiar to the suburban public. In he wrote two of the most remarkable of his later poems: Hia latest publications were: In November he caught a chill, which developed into double pneumonia, of which he very nearly died. Although, under great care, he wholly recovered, his lungs remained delicate. Watts-Dunton was prostrated by influenza.

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### Chapter 5 : Poetry Forms - Definitions and Examples

*Songs before sunrise, and Songs of two nations*sv. 3. *Poems and ballads, second and third series, and Songs of the springtides*sv. 4. *Tristram of Lyonesse, The tale.*

In Fun was started, under the editorship of Mr. With much labour I turned out an article three-quarters of a column long, and sent it to the editor, together with a half-page drawing on wood. I hardly knew how to treat the offer, for it seemed to me that into that short article I had poured all I knew. I had exhausted myself: However, the printer encouraged me with Mr. I did try, and I found to my surprise that there was a little left, and enough indeed to enable me to contribute some hundreds of columns to the periodical throughout his editorship, and that of his successor, poor Tom Hood! For ten years Gilbert wrote articles and poems for Fun, of which he was also the drama critic. The first known contribution is a drawing titled "Some mistake here" on page 56 of the issue for 26 October Plumb , p. The earliest pieces that Gilbert himself considered worthy to be collected in The Bab Ballads started to appear in , and then much more steadily from to The series takes its title from the nickname "Bab", which is short for "baby". Gilbert did not start signing his drawings "Bab" regularly until , and he did not start calling the poems The Bab Ballads until the first collected edition was published in From then on his new poems in Fun were captioned "The Bab Ballads". Gilbert also started numbering the poems, with "Mister William" published 6 February as No. However, it is not certain which poems Gilbert considered to be Nos. Ellis counts backwards, including only those poems with drawings, and finds that the first "Bab Ballad" was "The Story of Gentle Archibald" Ellis , p. However, Gilbert did not include "Gentle Archibald" in his collected editions, while he did include several poems published earlier than that. Nor did Gilbert limit the collected editions to poems with illustrations. In the remaining forty years of his life Gilbert made only a handful of verse contributions to periodicals. Some posthumous editions of The Bab Ballads have included these later poems, although Gilbert did not. The period during which they were written extended over some three or four years; many, however, were composed hastily, and under the discomforting necessity of having to turn out a quantity of lively verse by a certain day in every week. As it seemed to me and to others that the volumes were disfigured by the presence of these hastily written impostors, I thought it better to withdraw from both volumes such Ballads as seemed to show evidence of carelessness or undue haste, and to publish the remainder in the compact form under which they are now presented to the reader. In Gilbert produced Songs of a Savoyard, a volume of sixty-nine detached lyrics from the Savoy Operas , each with a new title, and some of them slightly reworded to fit the changed context. Many of them also received "Bab" illustrations in the familiar style. He also included two deleted lyrics from Iolanthe footnoted as "omitted in representation". The effect was that of a new volume of "Bab Ballads". This volume included all of the "Bab Ballads" that had appeared in any of the earlier collected volumes, the sixty-nine "Songs of a Savoyard" published in , and eighteen additional lyrics in the same format from the four operas he had written since then. The Bab Ballads and the illustrated opera lyrics were alternated, creating the impression of one integrated body of work. Gilbert also added more than two hundred new drawings, providing illustrations for the ten ballads that had previously lacked them, and replacing most of the others. I have always felt that many of the original illustrations to The Bab Ballads erred gravely in the direction of unnecessary extravagance. This defect I have endeavoured to correct through the medium of the two hundred new drawings which I have designed for this volume. I am afraid I cannot claim for them any other recommendation. It was in this form that The Bab Ballads remained almost constantly in print until the expiration of the copyright at the end of Identification and Attribution[ edit ] There is no universally agreed list of poems that constitute The Bab Ballads. The series clearly includes all the poems that Gilbert himself published under that title, but there are others he did not include in any of the collected editions published in his lifetime. Most writers have accepted as "Bab Ballads" any poems, whether illustrated or not, that Gilbert contributed to periodicals, not counting poems written or repurposed as operatic lyrics. These attributions are provisional and have not been accepted

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by all scholars because the poems themselves are unsigned and Gilbert sometimes provided illustrations for the work of other writers. The second column shows the reference for the periodical in which each poem originally appeared and the third column shows the collections that have included the poem. The following abbreviations are used: The "Bab" Ballads London: John Camden Hotten, More "Bab" Ballads London: Fifty "Bab" Ballads London: The Bab Ballads, James Ellis, ed. Starting with "Mister William" Gilbert assigned numbers to most of the ballads that appeared in Fun. Those numbers are shown in the second column after the source reference.

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### Chapter 6 : poems | Academy of American Poets

*Poems and ballads (first series)--v. 2. Songs before sunrise, and songs of two nationsv. 3. Poems & ballads (second and third series) and Songs of the springtides.*

At Eton, he won first prizes in French and Italian. Swinburne spent summer holidays at Capheaton Hall in Northumberland, the house of his grandfather, Sir John Swinburne, 6th Baronet , who had a famous library and was president of the Literary and Philosophical Society in Newcastle upon Tyne. Swinburne considered Northumberland to be his native county, an emotion reflected in poems like the intensely patriotic "Northumberland", " Grace Darling " and others. He enjoyed riding his pony across the moors, he was a daring horseman, "through honeyed leagues of the northland border", as he called the Scottish border in his Recollections. In , Swinburne visited Menton on the French Riviera , staying at the Villa Laurenti to recover from the excessive use of alcohol. Scott writes in his memoirs that, as they walked by the sea, Swinburne declaimed the as yet unpublished " Hymn to Proserpine " and "Laus Veneris" in his lilting intonation, while the waves "were running the whole length of the long level sands towards Cullercoats and sounding like far-off acclamations". Algernon Charles Swinburne with nine of his peers at Oxford, ca. He also met William Morris. Boniface Church, Bonchurch , Isle of Wight, pictured in Swinburne was an alcoholic and algolagniac and highly excitable. He liked to be flogged. Swinburne died at the Pines [13] on 10 April at the age of 72 and was buried at St. Boniface Church, Bonchurch on the Isle of Wight. Housman , a more measured and somewhat hostile critic, had great praise for his rhyming ability: The English language is comparatively poor in rhymes, and most English poets, when they have to rhyme more than two or three words together, betray their embarrassment. They betray it, for instance, when they write sonnets after the strict Petrarchian rule: This is at least somewhat contextual, as it tends to mirror the popular and academic consensus regarding his work, although his Poems and Ballads, First Series and his Atalanta in Calydon never have been out of critical favour. Atalanta in Calydon in particular has been lauded as one of his best early works, written in , before the passionate excesses of later works earned him a sordid reputation for blasphemy and depravity among contemporary critics. Writing on Swinburne in *The Sacred Wood: Essays on Poetry and Criticism*, Eliot wrote Swinburne had mastered his material, and "he is more reliable to them than Hazlitt , Coleridge , or Lamb: However, Eliot judged Swinburne did not master it to the extent of being able to take liberties with it, which is everything. Swinburne was nominated for the Nobel Prize in Literature every year from to and again in Lovecraft considered Swinburne "the only real poet in either England or America after the death of Mr. Poems and Ballads caused a sensation when it was first published, especially the poems written in homage of Sappho of Lesbos such as " Anactoria " and " Sapphics ": Swinburne devised the poetic form called the roundel , a variation of the French Rondeau form, and some were included in *A Century of Roundels* dedicated to Christina Rossetti. Swinburne wrote to Edward Burne-Jones in I hope you and Georgie [his wife Georgiana, one of the MacDonald sisters ] will find something to like among a hundred poems of nine lines each, twenty-four of which are about babies or small children". Opinions of these poems vary between those who find them captivating and brilliant, to those who find them merely clever and contrived. The little eyes that never knew Light ". His versification, and especially his rhyming technique, remain in top form to the end.

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Chapter 7 : I could suffice for Him, I knew () by Emily Dickinson - Poems | [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com)

*I. Poems and Ballads (First Series). II. Songs before Sunrise, and Songs of Two Nations. III. Poems and Ballads (Second and Third Series), and Songs of the Spring-Tides.. IV.*

Drummer, beat, and piper, blow, Harper, strike, and soldier, go. Free the flame and sear the grasses Till the dawning Red Star passes. This song heads the first section of the first part Weyr Search of the book Dragonflight. This song also heads the tenth section of the fourth part The Cold Between of the book Dragonflight which is the same as the second part of the story Dragonrider, published in Analog of January. This song is also heading Chapter 1 of Dragonsong. From the Weyr and from the Bowl, Bronze and brown and blue and green, Rise the dragonmen on Pern, Aloft, on wing, seen, then unseen. This song heads the second section of the first part Weyr Search of the book Dragonflight. This song also heads the fourth section of the second part Dragonflight of the book Dragonflight. The second part was not published in series of three short stories published in Analog October January. This song also heads the eleventh section of the fourth part The Cold Between of the book Dragonflight which is the same as the second part of the story Dragonrider, published in Analog of January. Honor those the dragons heed, In thought and favor, word and deed. Worlds are lost and worlds are saved, From those dangers dragon-braved. This song heads the third section of the first part Weyr Search of the book Dragonflight. It does not appear in the same place in the original story Weyr Search, where it appears on page. In fact, the whole section third section of the book does not appear in the short story. The first verse is also heading the second section of the second part Dragonflight of the book Dragonflight. The first verse is also heading the sixth section of the third part Dust Fall of the book Dragonflight which is the same as the first part of the story Dragonrider, published in Analog of December. The last two sentences of the first verse are used as a second verse of a poem heading the seventh section of the third part Dust Fall of the book Dragonflight. This song also heads Chapter 2 of Dragonsong. The first verse given here is, slightly reworked, their first verse of their Duty Song. The Hold is barred,.

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### Chapter 8 : Swinburne, Algernon Charles (DNB12) - Wikisource, the free online library

*Poems and ballads, second and third series, and Songs of the springtides -- v. 4. Tristram of Lyonesse, The tale of Balen, Atalanta in Calydon, Erechtheus -- v.*

Throughout her life, she seldom left her home and visitors were few. The people with whom she did come in contact, however, had an enormous impact on her poetry. She was particularly stirred by the Reverend Charles Wadsworth, whom she first met on a trip to Philadelphia. He left for the West Coast shortly after a visit to her home in , and some critics believe his departure gave rise to the heartsick flow of verse from Dickinson in the years that followed. While it is certain that he was an important figure in her life, it is not clear that their relationship was romantic—she called him "my closest earthly friend. By the s, Dickinson lived in almost complete isolation from the outside world, but actively maintained many correspondences and read widely. She spent a great deal of this time with her family. Her father, Edward Dickinson, was actively involved in state and national politics, serving in Congress for one term. Her brother, Austin, who attended law school and became an attorney, lived next door with his wife, Susan Gilbert. Lavinia and Austin were not only family, but intellectual companions for Dickinson during her lifetime. Though she was dissuaded from reading the verse of her contemporary Walt Whitman by rumors of its disgracefulness, the two poets are now connected by the distinguished place they hold as the founders of a uniquely American poetic voice. While Dickinson was extremely prolific as a poet and regularly enclosed poems in letters to friends, she was not publicly recognized during her lifetime. The first volume of her work was published posthumously in and the last in She died in Amherst in Dickinson assembled these booklets by folding and sewing five or six sheets of stationery paper and copying what seem to be final versions of poems. The handwritten poems show a variety of dash-like marks of various sizes and directions some are even vertical. The poems were initially unbound and published according to the aesthetics of her many early editors, who removed her unusual and varied dashes, replacing them with traditional punctuation. The current standard version of her poems replaces her dashes with an en-dash, which is a closer typographical approximation to her intention. The original order of the poems was not restored until , when Ralph W. Franklin used the physical evidence of the paper itself to restore her intended order, relying on smudge marks, needle punctures, and other clues to reassemble the packets. Since then, many critics have argued that there is a thematic unity in these small collections, rather than their order being simply chronological or convenient. Selected Bibliography *The Gorgeous Nothings: Poems of a Lifetime* Little, Brown, *Poems: Third Series* Roberts Brothers, *Poems:*

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### Chapter 9 : Poems. A New Edition. ( )

*Best books related to "Poems and Ballads (Third Series) / Taken from The Collected Poetical Works of Algernon Charles / Swinburne" Vol. III": Poems and Ballads (Second Series) / Swinburne's Poems Volum.*

He loved music and painting, practical activities such as carpentry, and experimented with photography. Swinburne had a warm relationship with his mother, a cultured, maternal woman who had spent time in Italy and was able to teach her children French and Italian. Ober suggested that Swinburne was a premature baby with mild arrested hydrocephaly. This diagnosis sheds light on the nervous, involuntary movements of the feet and hands which Swinburne exhibited throughout life, as well as his strange, floating walk, difficulty with writing, his habit of covering one eye to read more easily, occasional epileptiform fits, and his masochism. East Dene commands a fine view of the English Channel, with wooded slopes rising spectacularly to the downs above. The proximity of the sea fostered in Swinburne the intense love of the ocean which permeates his writing. One of his earliest memories was being thrown head first into the sea by his father. His beloved grandfather Sir John Edward Swinburne "was prominent in Northumbrian life, owning thousands of acres and heading such bodies as the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle and the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle. Swinburne saw himself as descended from a line of Catholic and Jacobite exiles whom he romantically portrayed as martyrs in the cause of the Stuarts; he had a lifelong fascination with the figure of Mary Stuart. William Sewell wrote of the young Swinburne: Very small, delicately formed, very small feet and hands, golden hair"it was not red exactly, pale eyes, freckled complexion, feminine features, a shy manner, but not awkward. And the moment you talked to him as if you respected him, he brightened up, and talked freely, especially of his passion for Shakespeare and Italian poetry. And he was then quite a boy. Rooksby, 17 Swinburne had four sisters, Alice " , Edith " , Charlotte " , and Isabel " , and one brother, Edward " The family was high-church Anglican. Swinburne wrote of his ecstatic participation in the mass as a child and youth but his later irrevocable rejection of Christianity caused some strain in family relationships. William Sewell suggested to the family that Swinburne would be better placed at Radley College, near Oxford, but on 24 April Swinburne entered Eton. His skin was very white"not unhealthy, but a transparent tinted white, such as one sees in the petals of some roses " another characteristic which Algernon inherited from his mother was the " exquisitely soft voice with a rather sing-song intonation " His language, even at that age was beautiful, fanciful and richly varied. Rooksby, 28 Swinburne lived in the house of his tutor, James Leigh Joynes, and later spoke fondly of the kindness Mrs Joynes showed him at a difficult time when he felt vulnerable and cruelly deprived of East Dene and its environs. Through its library he discovered writers who remained lifelong enthusiasms, such as Sappho, Catullus, Hugo, and Landor. He avidly read each novel of Dickens as it was published serially. Predictably, given his unusual appearance and manner, Swinburne was bullied by the other boys, and neither Joynes nor his parents took this seriously. In adult life Swinburne enjoyed composing scenes in verse and prose in which schoolboys experience the terror and masochistic ecstasy of being beaten by figures of authority such as schoolmasters and fathers. No sexual acts are described, nor obscene words used, and the focus is obsessively on a few motifs. It is unlikely that Eton alone created this obsession in Swinburne but probable that the more brutal aspects of its regime stimulated a latent masochism, a psychological trait perhaps rooted in the physiological results of the arrested hydrocephaly which Ober has posited. Swinburne left Eton toward the end of his seventeenth year, either in late or early The exact reason for his departure is unknown. It may have been at this time that he met Pauline, Lady Trevelyan and her husband, Sir Walter Trevelyan, whose home of Wallington was only a few miles from Capheaton Hall. The Trevelyans were the centre of an important artistic circle and Swinburne formed a respectful relationship with the cultured Lady Trevelyan who attempted to exert a restraining influence when the poet was about to publish the controversial Poems and Ballads. He asked his parents if he could enlist and they refused. In an impulsive demonstration of a courage he thought they thought he lacked, Swinburne risked

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his life climbing the dangerous Culver cliff, a few miles north of Bonchurch. An account he wrote for his cousin Mary Gordon "claimed that he only just succeeded in reaching the top, and there narrowly avoided losing consciousness and falling off. They visited France and Germany and Swinburne, ever ready to revel in the elements, was thrilled when they were caught in an unforgettable display of thunder and lightning during the return crossing over the channel. He did not take to Oxford particularly well. Neither what he described as its foggy damp weather nor its atmosphere of recent theological controversy appealed to him. At Balliol he came under the influence of Benjamin Jowett, classicist and later master of the college. In the summer of Swinburne spent a few weeks visiting Radley College. The two men holidayed together in the western isles of Scotland in the summer of and in Guernsey in Old Mortality was convened in November, though the second meeting was not held until May. The society published three numbers of a journal, Undergraduate Papers December "April, to which Swinburne contributed five pieces. Swinburne also had a short account of Congreve published in the Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography. After a second-class pass in moderations Swinburne chose to read for honours in law and modern history. Despite his winning the Taylorian prize for Italian and French in June, his academic studies were steadily eclipsed by other interests. Above all, Swinburne experimented with a number of poetic forms and voices, some medieval, but also imitating Browning, Shakespeare, Morris, and Keats. Early drafts of his first published works, the plays *The Queen Mother*, *Rosamond*, and *Chastelard*, originate from this period. He spent the first months of at Navestock in Essex studying law and medieval history with the Revd William Stubbs, later bishop of Oxford. On his return to Oxford he successfully resat his examination in April but his work for finals was interrupted by a fall from a horse at the end of May. He told his mother that if he felt unable to get a distinguished pass he would not sit the examinations. As a consequence, Swinburne left Oxford without a degree. By the end of his first book, *The Queen-Mother, and Rosamond*, was published by Basil Montagu Pickering, the cost met by the author. It appears to have attracted only two brief, dismissive reviews. Although Swinburne published no more books until, the quantity of his writing during these years is astonishing, and gradually from the imitative labours of the apprentice an individual voice and themes emerged. At no later period did he match the creativity of the six years between his leaving Oxford and the publication of *Poems and Ballads*. In May he met Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, who granted Swinburne access to his exotic library at Fryston in Yorkshire, and introduced him to the writings of the marquis de Sade in August. Despite epistolary disclaimers, Swinburne became obsessed with de Sade and *La nouvelle Justine*, ou, *Les malheurs de la vertu*, frequently quoting or burlesquing this work in his letters. Another important friendship was with the explorer Richard Burton, whom Swinburne met in June. Burton introduced Swinburne to the freethinking, progressive conversation of the Anthropological Society which Swinburne formally joined in April and its wilder offshoot, the Cannibal Club. Georgiana Burne-Jones memorably described Swinburne at this period: His appearance was unusual and in some ways beautiful, for his hair was glorious in abundance and colour and his eyes indescribably fine. When repeating poetry he had a perfectly natural way of lifting them in a rapt, unconscious gaze, and their clear green colour softened by thick brow eyelashes was unforgettable. He was restless beyond words, scarcely standing still at all and almost dancing as he walked, while even in sitting he moved continually, seeming to keep time, by a swift movement of the hands at the wrists, and sometimes of the feet also, with some inner rhythm of excitement. He was courteous and affectionate and unsuspecting, and faithful beyond most people to those he really loved. He was one of the last people to see her alive and testified at the inquest held into her death in February. William Michael Rossetti and George Meredith also nominally participated in this scheme, though neither of them spent very much time at Tudor House, and Swinburne was often away. He suffered a further blow when in February his favourite sister, Edith, was taken severely ill at Bournemouth with the consumption first diagnosed in. She was expected to die there but recovered sufficiently to be taken back to East Dene. He spent most of the summer at East Dene, where Edith died in September. Significantly, about this time he commenced the play that made him famous, *Atalanta in Calydon*, the central image of which is a person consumed as a brand thrust into a fire, a

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vivid symbol for the inner wasting fever of consumption. The Gordons were close friends and blood relatives of the Swinburnes. Originally intending to stay only a week Swinburne remained from October until the spring of 1851, the longest period that he and his cousin Mary Gordon had spent together since childhood. This stay marked the closest moment in their relationship. If there were strong feelings on his part for Mary this was probably the time when they were at their most intense, heightened by his loss of Edith. Mary delighted Swinburne when she played Handel on the Northcourt organ, the music filling his mind with new verses. In 1851 Swinburne congratulated Gosse on his impending marriage, adding: In Cecil Y. They married in June. It is not known how or when Swinburne found out about this engagement. During the stay in Cornwall Swinburne corresponded with Mary and he saw her in London when he returned. Given the lack of evidence, this seems the likeliest time for her to have told him of her decision to marry Colonel Disney Leith. It drew on a story in Ovid and Apollodorus, and although there was disagreement as to whether as a tragedy Atalanta was truly Greek, reviews were favourable and some went as far as to hail Swinburne as a new poetic talent of the first magnitude. In November it was followed by a five-act play, *Chastelard*. Many reviews complained about the immoral nature of the passion of *Chastelard* for Mary, queen of Scots, and his wilful pursuit of romantic self-destruction. In December there was an important exchange of letters between Swinburne and Lady Trevelyan, who was concerned that he should censor his own forthcoming poems so they could be enjoyed by the greatest number of readers. Swinburne chose largely to ignore this advice. Others whose opinion Swinburne respected, such as Ruskin, gave up trying to counsel the headstrong poet. *Poems and Ballads* sparked a controversy which has few rivals in English poetry. It was a dazzling collection. Swinburne had developed an original poetic voice, lyrical and possessed of an energy only matched in the period by Gerard Manley Hopkins, and written in a marvellous variety of stanza forms and metres. Much as Swinburne admired Tennyson, Browning, and Shelley, his work stood clear of theirs. His themes were guaranteed to be shocking to many Victorian readers. The poems espoused republicanism, fulminated against priests and kings, rejected the theology and consolations of Christianity, and celebrated decadent romantic and sexual feelings. The book was learned and cosmopolitan in outlook. It established Swinburne as not only the leading new poet of the day but an international icon for progressive thinkers. The next day, frightened by rumours of imminent prosecution, James Bertrand Payne, head of Moxon, withdrew the book from sale. After seeking advice from friends, an irate Swinburne struck a deal with John Camden Hotten to reissue the book, despite the fact that Swinburne had that March rejected Hotten as a potential publisher of his work. *Poems and Ballads* appeared again in September and the debate over its merits resumed and persisted into 1852, but there was no prosecution. Carleton printed the book in America, where the controversy served to boost sales. Witty and articulate, it is one of his best critical essays and a crucial document in the history of aestheticism and freedom of expression. From Christmas to February Swinburne stayed with his family at their new home of Holmwood, Shiplake, near Henley-on-Thames, where they had moved after quitting East Dene in 1851. There must have been some tensions between the poet and his parents, sisters, and brother, given the public outcry over his poems and their anti-Christian content.